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FOR
DECEMBER,
1852.



THE
MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH
SCHOOL
RECORD

TERMS: 1s per Annum, in advance, Exclusive of Postage. The profits of this publication go to the funds of the Canada Sunday School Union.

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THE MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

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No. 12



THE FIRST TURN ABOUT.

A WHISPER OF THE PAST.

Evening in a pleasant sitting room.]

"I BLESS God for my first turn about!" said one of the gentlemen.

"His first turn about! I wonder what it was!" whispered a lad who was sitting at the table, and whose attention the exclamation had arrested.

"I should like to know," answered his elder brother, looking up from his Latin grammar.

"Perhaps Mr. Franklin will tell us," said the father, observing the interest which the remark excited.

"Do the boys want to hear?" asked the gentleman, looking round pleasantly upon the lads, "yes, I will tell them, I will tell them."

Then Mr. Franklin drew his chair towards the table, and spake thus:

"My father died when I was about

fourteen years old; it was a sudden death, and a strange, terrible, afflictive change did it make in the family; for days every thing seemed icy. I wanted to cry, and I could not; I said to myself again and again, 'Father is dead,—he will never come back again,' and yet I could not realize I should never see him more. I shall never forget my mother's look when she first called us together, after he was gone; it was the deepest grief, and yet there was holy resignation. 'My poor, fatherless children,' she began, and it was all she could say. I remember I went and stood by her side, and put my arm about her neck, and gently drew her head upon my shoulder, while I said in a choking voice, 'I will help you, mother,—I can go to market, and tend the store, and when you go to

church, you can lean upon my arm, mother; faint consolation, but it came from a full heart.

"You must indeed be your poor mother's helper, Curtis," and she pressed me tearfully to her bosom. Johnny came and took my hand, as if claiming my protection; little Amos was helped up between mother and me, and the girls drew up their crickets close beside us,—a sorrowing, yet loving group. I looked around, and for the first time felt all the responsibility of an elder brother; and I then solemnly resolved to do all I could to make my mother and the little ones comfortable and happy.

"I want to be like my father," I said aloud.

"You look some like father," whispered Johnny.

"Be as good," added Sarah.

"Yes, Curtis, be as good," sighed my mother.

Weeks passed away, and I was true to my resolution. My mother's quiet and uncomplaining sorrow chastened and improved me; while the confidence she placed in me, and the assistance I was able to afford in settling her business, gave me a sense of responsibility which I had never felt before. I desired nothing so much as to merit her good opinion and her love. Those were happy days, when I was in constant intercourse with such a mother as mine was.

The next winter, in order to pursue my studies to more advantage, I attended a higher school, and was there thrown among a new set of boys, boys older than myself, and very differently trained. There was something in their dashing, off-hand style, that attracted me; their bravado and recklessness I mistook for courage and generosity; they hated study, evaded every regulation, and played jokes upon the teacher; and this wretched want of principle I fancied was only a certain free and easy manner, common to young gentlemen. A skating party was talked of about this time. The next moonlight

evening, it was proposed to skate five miles up the river, and have a supper at the Fall House, a hotel somewhere in that region, of great gaming reputation. I was strongly urged to go, and as strongly did I desire it, especially as I was proud of a title earned among the boys, of 'the swift skater;' it seemed an excellent opportunity of exhibiting my skill to my new comrades. Somehow or other I felt a strange backwardness to speak to my mother about it. Ah, there is always something wrong, when children are afraid to talk with a mother, regarding their plans and pastimes. At last the very morning came, and as yet it had not been mentioned at home. 'Now or never,' I said to myself, going into her chamber after breakfast, in some degree braced for a refusal. The plan was partly laid open.

"Who did you say the boys were, Curtis?" she asked.

"Why, Tom Jones, and Sam Coburn, and George Kent, and some others,—but skating so, I don't suppose I should see much of them," I added, with a tone of apology.

"They are not the companions you should choose for my son," she said gently.

"Well, mother, I suppose we can always expect to associate with such boys as we like;" and this was the first time I, in any degree, questioned her opinions.

"Yes, Curtis, we are at liberty to choose our companions. Duty obliges us into close contact with those whom we can neither respect nor admire, whom we should never think of selecting as companions; treat all kindly and civilly, but be careful not to admit them to the easy intercourse of friendship," said my mother earnestly.

"I really do not see the necessity of being so very particular; only once, it cannot harm me." Perhaps there was a pout on my lips; certainly was a pout in my heart.

"If a young man would keep his tongue he must be particular in little things."

Curtis; tampering with temptation for only a just once, has ruined many a good boy,—remember you have no father to watch over you; you must possess the firm, manly, self-denying spirit; and her lips quivered.

“My heart was steeled; I arose hastily up, and went out. Tied to wrong-strings, I think, as Tom Jones said, I muttered to myself, walking angrily down the street.

“The bad influence of bad companions was already at work in my heart. At recess, being still undecided, I believe they suspected the cause.

“I should take the liberty of judging for myself, once in awhile, and sometimes acting for myself,” cried one, with a sneering emphasis.

“Yes, that I should,” added another, drawing himself independently up.

“Shant we have a first rate skate?” exclaimed a third. “What a pity that you can’t decide to go, Curtis, you are such a capital skater.”

“Altogether it seemed as if I must

o.
 “Evening came,—my mother was well in her chamber. ‘I am for bed,’ I said to Sarah, soon after supper, taking up a lamp and going to my little bed-room. The door I carefully locked after me. ‘Yes, I shall go,’ muttered my headstrong will, and immediately drew on my great coat, tying on a sippet and fastening down my cap. Carefully did I open the window. It was a glorious night. The moon and stars glittered above, and the snow and icicles below. Then came misgivings. What was I about to do? What bold step was I taking? But I dashed away every whispering of a better spirit, and put my foot upon the window sill. In an instant was I creeping over the roof of a shed beneath the window, from the shed I jumped into a snow-bank, and then, skates in hand, fled towards the place of meeting. The boys greeted me with loud huzzas. ‘Ready, all ready,’ was the cry. We started in the race. The ice was smooth, the air still, and we flew up the river. Soon

I got the better of my companions, and soon was far ahead,—on,—on,—on, their voices echoed in the distance, and I was alone in a narrow bend of the river, amid the bare branches of high, leafless trees. I stopped to tighten on one of my skate straps; the stillness and solemnity of the place awed me some. My mother’s quivering voice appeared to float on the air a stern reproof. I seemed to be a wanderer from the dear fireside of brothers and sisters. Just then a broad and dreadful oath from Tom Jones broke upon my ear.

“‘Oh, for the whiskey punch,’ cried Kent.

“‘I’m for a good cigar, and a glass of wine,’ shouted another, ‘aye, and I’ve not forgot the cards.’

“‘Profanity, drunkenness, and smoking! Have I abused my mother’s confidence; outraged her wishes; left my studies and home for companions like these? What sneaking, pitiful conduct is this! I am losing my own self-respect, and shall feel nothing but guilt and shame when I go back; besides, how can I tell my little brothers what is right, if I do so wrong myself? How can I dare open the Bible and read at family prayers? Why, every verse would condemn me! And what am I gaining? Nothing. I cannot really enjoy what I am ashamed of; and I am ashamed of such associates.’ All this passed through my mind with the rapidity of thought, and I instantly decided, ‘I will turn about, I will! It is not too late. I will turn about now, quick, before it is too late;’ and I made a great returning sweep on my skates.

“‘There’s Curtis! What! Why, you are going the wrong way, my boy, cried several voices.

“‘Right way! I am for home,’ I shouted manfully.

“‘Home,—what do you mean?’ they exclaimed at once.

“‘Home, ho! home, ho! ho!’ I shouted, and skated away.

“They thought—but it was no matter what they thought; I had broken away from their influences.

"I retired to my chamber as I departed from it—cold and cheerless both in body and spirit. It proved one of the most uncomfortable nights I ever passed; and when the sun arose into the window in the morning, there was no sunshine in my soul; a great dark, heavy cloud was there.

"I had no peace, no appetite, no relief, until I went to my mother, and with many tears, and deep contrition, made a full and free confession of my foolish and wicked conduct.

"She looked pale and disquieted; then forgave me; then kissed, and faintly smiled upon her penitent boy. Ah, that smile was worth more to me than hours and years of forbidden pleasures.

"That was my first turn about, and I have never ceased to rejoice in it. Every one of those boys have made bad men, and some have found a drunkard's grave."

John Wilkinson, the Collier-Boy.

About two miles from Shortley-Bridge, in the county of Durham, stands a row of cottages, inhabited by colliers and their families. Many of these people are living in the enjoyment of true religion. Indeed, members of the Methodist Society may be found in twenty of the twenty-seven houses known as Derwent Cottages. In the centre of the row, a building rises above the level of the others, and is used as a Wesleyan chapel and Sunday-school. Here, until lately, John Wilkinson might be seen, a scholar and worshipper. John's disposition, naturally mild and amiable, was rendered doubly attractive and sweet by the influence of Divine grace.

Although he was little more than twelve years of age when he died, yet he was used to work. While more favored children were sent to school, and were cheered with sunshine, and gladdened with flowers, John Wilkinson had to go down, every day below the surface of the ground, into a dark and dangerous coal-pit. Here, hidden

from the light of day, and removed from the singing of birds, he was employed in driving a horse. On his return home, he would cheerfully wash away the coal-dust from his body, and spend the evening in religious meetings, or in trying to improve his mind. With other lads were engaged in mischief. John might be seen at the preaching-services or the prayer-meeting, or at the class, of which his father was Leader. Nor was his religion confined to those occasions. It was displayed in the pit as well as in the chapel. "How is it?" said he at one time to his father. "how is it, father, that when the other drivers try to tease me about religion I am not ashamed of Jesus? I felt a little ashamed at first, but I never feel ashamed now."

But God had prepared for this youthful disciple a brighter place than the dark and disagreeable coal-mine. On the 23d of April, 1852, He sent the messenger of affliction to call him home. John was prepared. His heart was filled with the love of God; and although his affliction was very painful, yet his patience was very great.

The answers which he gave to questions relating to his spiritual state were of the most satisfactory kind. When asked if he feared death, he said, "No; I have an interest in the blood of Christ." "You are very ill," said his father to him. "Yes," he replied; "but I am very happy." The passages of those hymns which he learned in the Sunday school referred to the heavenly state, were often on his lips; and that voice, which was so wont to sing with angels, frequently exclaimed in death, "Heaven is my home."

He took a most affectionate farewell of his father and mother, and brothers and sisters, by kissing them all most tenderly, and commending them to God. He then disposed of all the little property of which he was possessed. His Bible he gave to his mother, and his Hymn-book to his father. And he did the bereaved parents value his simple bequest of their sainted son.

After a few days' illness, John Wilkinsoo, young in years, but mature in holiness, departed "the nearest way to the celestial gate."

A Death Without Hope.

COMMUNICATED BY J. HAWKINS, ESQ.

"The fear of man bringeth a snare," is a declaration of inspired wisdom; and at no period of our lives are we in greater danger of falling into this snare than when we are young, and are surrounded by ungodly companions. Let my young readers remember that the first successful act of resistance to temptation makes the second far more easy, and that we are never safe unless we are decided in our religion. The following narrative, from which a solemn lesson may be learned, is contained in a letter lately received from India:—

"A young man arrived in this country. He was amiable, steady, high principled; endowed with all the advantages of a religious education, added to a pleasing and gentlemanly manner and appearance.

"But, alas! Mr. ——— was unfortunately posted to a regiment in which the officers, with but one or two exceptions, all joined in an utter disregard of everything sacred. Such subjects were never mentioned but with a sneer; ridicule the most unobtrusive was levelled at the new-comer. And in time *he became care less as the rest*. Few could see him among his young companions without being struck by his animated smile, and his gay and buoyant spirits: or without remarking him as a picture of health and strength.

"Little could they have anticipated that sickness and death, were at hand, and that a few short hours would see him lying prostrated by burning fever. *Then*, when all his occupations were gone, and death approaching, he felt the awful neglect of which he had been guilty; and recollecting that it was never too late to repent, he begged his companions to read the

Bible to him—that once much prized book, the parting gift of his beloved mother.

"They refused. Why should his mind be disturbed by such subjects? The doctor had ordered that he was to be kept perfectly calm,—as if he could be calmed by the absence of the only source from which he could expect comfort at such an hour. Another day passed, and feeling still more certain that he was dying, he again implored them to read to him, or at least to send for one who he knew would be only too happy to do so. Both requests were denied; and they sought to turn the thoughts of the dying man from what they termed 'gloom and nonsense,' by retailing to him all the news and gossip of the station, and wondered he should seek for anything more!

"Delirium came on; and *then* it was too late. In one of the paroxysms of fever he sprung from his bed, threw himself on his knees, and calling out that he was going into the presence of his offended Maker, he turned to his horrified companions, and said, 'It is you who have driven me there, unprepared. When I would have gone to church, you ridiculed me; when I would have avoided talking lightly on sacred subjects, *you* compelled me to listen, and scoffed if I did not join. When lying on my death-bed, I have implored you to let me hear the Word of God. You have refused, and tried to force back my thoughts from my eternal welfare to the folly and the sinfulness going on around me. *You* prevented those from approaching me who would have done me good; and now, alas! I have no time left for repentance. It is *you* who have to answer for this!' Here his strength failed; and he was laid, *helpless—hopeless*, on his dying bed."

My dear young friends, think of death and judgment, and be decided for God!

—
If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendships in constant repair

The Sailor Boy and his Bible.

In 1816, a vessel from Stockholm was driven upon the coast of Scotland in a tremendous gale. In a short time after the vessel struck she went to pieces. All on board perished, except one person, who was driven to the shore by the waves upon a piece of the wreck, half naked and half drowned, and was relieved by those on the beach.

As soon as they had rescued him, they observed a small parcel tied round his waist with a handkerchief. Some thought it was his money, others thought it was the ship's papers, and others thought it was his watch. The handkerchief was unloosed, and, to their surprise and astonishment, *it was his Bible!* Upon the blank leaf was a prayer written by the lad's father, that the Lord might make it the means of saving his son's soul. The Bible bore evident marks of having been often and carefully read.

Certainly the lad valued his Bible, or he would not have sought to preserve it as he did. Young reader, do you value yours?

BENEVOLENCE OF THE DEITY.

God is love,—1 John, 3.8,—all his perfections and procedures are but so many modifications of his love. What is his omnipotence but the arm of his love? What his omniscience but the medium through which he contemplates the objects of his love? What his wisdom but the scene of his love? What are the offers of the Gospel but the invitations of his love? What the threatenings of the law but his love? They are the hoarse voice of his love, saying, "Man! do thyself no harm." They are a fence thrown round the pit of perdition, to prevent rash men from rushing into ruin. What was the incarnation of the Savior, but the richest illustrations of his love? What were the miracles of Christ, but the condescensions of his love? What were the sighs of Christ, but the breath of his love? What

were the prayers of Christ, but pleadings of his love? What were the tears of Christ, but the dew-drops of his love? What is the earth, but the theatre for the display of his love? What is heaven, but the Alps of his mercy, from whose summits his blessings, flowing down in a thousand streams, descend to water and refresh his Church, situated at its base.—*Rev. Dr. Waugh.*

RECORD—1853.

In addition to the improvements already promised in the *Record*, we intend to add to our teachers' department, Lessons suitable for the Sabbath School, so that Superintendents in the country may have no difficulty in deciding on the plan to be followed. We will give two different sets, that Schools may take either. This idea has been suggested from the various complaints that have been made to us from different quarters, of difficulty experienced on this head.

[FOR THE RECORD.]

Child of sorrow, ne'er despair,
While there's one who heareth prayer.

Look above with tearful eye,
Christ, thy Saviour's, ever nigh;
He will ease thy woe and care—
Child of sorrow, ne'er despair!

He will calm thy bosom's strife
While you tread the path of life
He will pluck the thorns which grow
O'er thy pathway here below:
Hope, that anchor of the soul,
Cherish till thou reach the goal.

When thou'rt tempted to repine,
Look aloft, that God is thine;
He will hear the feeblest cry,
He will see with pitying eye.
Go to him with fervent prayer,
Child of sorrow, ne'er despair.

Mortal, when he died for thee,
Canst you suffer cheerfully;
He, to save lost man below,
Drank the bitter cup of woe.
Couldst thou all his sufferings bear—
Tell me wouldst thou e'er despair?

C. F. E. N.

Lancaster, 1852.



THE SHORN SHEEP AND THE LOST LAMB.

BY THE REV. WALLACE DUNCAN, PEBBLES.

I was walking lately, along with some young friends, up one of the beautiful valleys for which the island of Arran is so remarkable. As we looked down the slopes of the mountain along which we wound our way, we saw some shepherds diligently engaged in shearing a large flock of sheep.

We observed that, while all those that were not actually in the hands of the shearers were bleating as loudly as they could, these that were being shorn were quite silent. I reminded my young friends of Isa. liii. 7—"He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth;" shewing how true and beautiful an image it was of the spotless Lamb of God when He was crucified for us.

But while we were making this observation, the door of the fold was thrown open, and all the sheep came pouring forth, like a large congregation out of a crowded church, every one bleating at the top of its voice. As they all rushed in a long stream toward the mountain, we could see great num-

bers of little lambs flocking from various quarters to meet them, for, you must know, the sheep were their mothers.

As we watched all that was going on, and witnessed the happy meeting, our eyes were arrested by one little lamb that had wandered away among the enclosed fields at the mouth of the valley, and was running about in all directions but the right one, seeking to get back to its mother and the rest of the flock. Our hearts were sore for the silly, helpless little one, but we soon saw that it was not forgotten, for one of the shepherds seeing it from a distance, left the main flock, and taking a dog with him, went after it to bring it back.

As soon as it saw them coming, it got terribly afraid, and ran with all its might into a hedge, when the shepherd caught it and lifted it up into his arms.

It was then that I asked the children what that should remind us of. And they said, that it should remind us of the parable of the shepherd, who left ninety and nine in the wilderness, and went after the one that was lost, until

he found it. "Yes," I replied; "but there is one thing wanting; you remember it is said, that the shepherd laid the lost sheep on his shoulders." Scarcely had I made that remark when we observed the man, though at a great distance off, give the little lamb a great swing, and in an instant it was on his shoulders, and he carried it safe and sound to the rejoicing multitudes, now high up upon the mountain's side.

It was a pleasing incident, and it gave me a fine opportunity of pointing out to the children the compassion and the love of the Lord Jesus, the Good Shepherd of both sheep and lambs, who is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come unto Him and live. My dear young friends, you are all like the poor little wandering lamb of which I have been telling you. You have "gone astray" (Isa. liii. 6), and, do what you may, you will never be able, without aid and direction from above, to find your way back again to the fold. But Jesus has His eye upon you, and even now He is seeking to save you. Don't flee away from Him. Rather run to meet Him. He is your best friend. He has proved that He is so by having "given His life for the sheep" (John x. 11). "I love them," says He, "that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me." And remember, "there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance."

Missions in Ireland.

What follows is extracted from a powerful paper read by the Rev Dr Edgar of Belfast, at a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, held in Dublin, at the end of August last.

METHODIST MISSIONS.

The itinerant system of Methodism qualifies it for such a field as Ireland, and in Ireland, since the days of Wesley, Methodists have laboured with their accustomed zeal, and with much success. The Primitive Wesleyans have

twenty missions in Ireland, comprising not less than 400 mission stations or congregations, which are so widely scattered, that their missionaries have not travelled less than 42,000 miles during the past year, and have paid 48,000 family visits for reading the Scriptures, and prayer. The other chief Methodist body have eighteen missionary stations, and twenty-five missionaries in Ireland, and in their last report they say, that such an amount of success has been realised as to afford cheering hopes for the future.

IRISH CHURCH MISSIONS.

No missionary society has, of late years, engaged more of public attention than the Society for Irish Church Missions. It employs 13 ordained missionaries, 1 lay superintendent, 3 lay agents, 83 readers, 41 teachers, making in all 141 agents employed, besides 274 teachers, who instruct 3,520 Romanists in reading the Irish Scriptures. These missionaries officiate in 21 congregations, having an average attendance of 3,892, all of these being either settled converts from Romanism or inquiring Romanists, sufficiently emboldened to defy the vengeance of the priests. In the appeal which the Bishop of Tuam has made for the building of eight new churches, and the enlargement of two others, on account of the success of these missions, he says, that in the district there are 13 congregations of converts and inquiring Roman Catholics, and 24 schools, in which 2,500 children are taught the Scriptures.

A single fact gives every man the means of judging of the Society's success. In the district of West Galway there were, ten years since, not more than 500 Protestants, there are now between five and six thousand. Or look to the district of Doon, on the borders of Limerick and Tipperary. What Doon was may be judged from the fact that the sale of a cow, not long ago, was effected there by a very strong force of police and military, supported by artillery, who were opposed by 70,000 men. From hill and dale, from mountain and

bog, these thousands came at the command of the priest. The priest's power was lately tried in the same district. "Every man, from the Shannon to the Galtes, will come at my call," said the priest, "to shout and groan the Bishop of Gashel." The bishop came, but neither priest nor groaning mob was there. And why? The power of the priest is gone. In 1848, after three years' labour of Irish readers, eight persons in the parish of Doon renounced Romanism; and, in another year, ten more. Then came on a period of terrible persecution, but the truth of God triumphed; and now, in that district, there live not less than 800 converts from Romanism, while at least 200 more have carried reformed hearts to lands beyond the sea, or the land beyond the grave; thirty-two are either acting as teachers and readers, or preparing to teach others that truth which has made themselves enlightened and free.

The Society for Irish Church Missions is carrying forward a bold and successful system of aggression on Romanism, in some of the large towns of Ireland, by maintaining with Romanists friendly controversy on the leading tenets of their system, and, in a loving religious spirit, overturning their errors, and establishing scriptural truth. Such is the interest awakened among Romanists by this system, that sometimes a thousand of them are present at a single meeting in Dublin; and such is the success, that 150 converts from Romanism have, in a single district of our metropolis, joined the communion of the Established church. It has been repeatedly published, on high authority, that in the diocese of Tuam alone there are 10,000 converts from Popery; and the Rev. Wm. Marable, in his pamphlet on Irish Church Missions, states that 30,000 converts have, within the last two years, been, by various societies brought out of Romanism.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH MISSIONS.

In Connaught, the chief sphere of the Episcopalian mission in Ireland, as well as in Tyrone, Kerry, Birr, and

other places, the Irish Presbyterian Church, aided by the Free Church of Scotland, have, for many years, employed a varied and powerful agency. What renders the Presbyterian mission in Connaught so peculiarly interesting is, not its scriptural school, though they contain 2,000 Roman Catholic children; nor its industrial system, though the means of earning a livelihood have been furnished to very many; nor its teachers, readers, and missionaries, though they command the admiration and love of all who know them—the delightful, joyous, and hopeful feature of this mission is, that in its rise, progress, and prosperity, it is a student's mission—cherished, supported, and raised to its present great prosperity by the young candidates for the Presbyterian ministry. The sending forth of their first missionary, Michael Brannigan, one of themselves, is no tale of yesterday; he went alone into the wilderness; he hearded the Romish lion in his den; he went everywhere preaching the Word to Irish Romanists in the Irish tongue; he established schools; he introduced industry; he triumphed over opposition in many a savage form; he was agent, in the time of famine and pestilence, for a large and varied benevolence; he was the breake up of the way, over whole counties, for others who now profit by his labours; and the news of his trials, toils, and success, created a wide interest, and kindled a noble zeal, which continue steadily to furnish for the Connaught mission field large means, and self-denied faithful men. Then more of their number have gone after him to the same field, volunteers for the privations, opposition, and hardships of wild Connaught—their aim being to convert Romanists, not to a sect, but to Christ; hence some of them labour under the special patronage of pious Episcopalians, and some preach in houses of worship built for them by pious Episcopalians; and all of them have so endeared themselves to the poor Roman Catholics of the west, whose children they teach, and whose

homes they visit in the hours of sickness and death, that wherever they go they are received with a thousand hearty Irish welcomes; and so open is their field, and so multiplied are their opportunities for good, that their prayer and cry is, that God would send forth labourers to cut down the ripe and ready harvest.

THE GOOD SUNDAY SCHOLAR.

I.—THE GOOD SUNDAY SCHOLAR IS PUNCTUAL.

"We are in good time; they have only just done prayers," said a lad who, with two or three companions, was just entering the school to which they all belonged. Was he a good Sunday scholar? It is said of the great General Washington, that when he expected friends to dine with him, he never asked his servant, "Has the *company* arrived?" but simply, "Has the *hour* arrived?" Now, the superintendent of the Sunday school does not consider, in regard to opening the school, "Have the *scholars* arrived?" but merely, "Has the *hour* arrived?" So the good scholar will always feel it to be his duty to be as punctual as the hour itself. When the time arrives for opening the school, he will be found in his place. He is not behind-hand, but is quite ready to begin the appointed services. He says.

"I would be there when prayer begins,
To ask the pardon of my sins."

He will not stop by the way to have a *side* on the pond in winter, or loiter about the village street in the summer.

II.—THE GOOD SUNDAY SCHOLAR COMES WITH HIS LESSONS PREPARED.

We do not know how to account for it, but it is true, that a great many children of the Sunday school seem to think that they *come to school to learn their lessons*. They ought to know better than this. They ought to know that lessons are to be learned at home; and that this home-preparation the scholar requires, that he may be fitted to recite his lessons and receive all the

further instruction which may be given respecting them.

Lucy L—— always studied her lessons at home. She looked out the Scripture references, and she asked her mother to explain some of the questions; and in this way she made all the preparation she could before Sunday came. To be sure, Lucy was the best scholar in her class; but it was this very preparation that helped to make her so. Let each one learn all he can at home and then will he be in the way of learning a great deal more when in his place in the class.

III.—THE GOOD SUNDAY SCHOLAR GIVES HIS BEST ATTENTION TO THE EXERCISES OF THE SCHOOL.

He comes to the school *to be taught*. He does not think that the Sunday school is a place for play or for idleness. He thinks it is a place for serious attention to serious and holy things. When a hymn is to be sung, the good scholar joins in the singing both with his heart and with his voice. In the same way also does he join in the prayers of the school; and thus also he engages in the appointed lessons.

Now we have seen Sunday scholars look around to see whether the superintendent or any of the teachers were observing them; and, if not, then they would commence talking or playing with those near them. They supposed that the eyes of men were not upon them; but forgot the great truth which the Scriptures tell us, that "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good." The good scholar is attentive, because he wants to learn. And he keeps from trifling and playing, not only because his teacher may see him, but because he knows that to "hate evil" and to "do good" are "well-pleasing in the sight of God."

We will not now notice any other points in the character of the good Sunday scholar. There are others which we shall mention hereafter. We have at present referred to three. What are they? PUNCTUALITY, HOME-PREPARATION, and ATTENTION AT

SCHOOL. Now, if you are a Sunday scholar, let conscience answer this question: Do I obey in all three?

OLYMPIA MORATA.

CONTINUED.

We left Olympia moving in an elevated and accomplished society, an inmate of the family of Duke Hercules of Ferrara, herself an honored member of that noble circle. Courts are not in general favorable to growth in Christian knowledge; but, as in the time of Paul, some of Caesar's household believed it so in all ages, are found some who count all the world's glory but dross, that they may win an eternal crown that fadeeth not away. Such was Pence, the wife of Hercules, the friend and guide of Olympia's opening mind. The reformed doctrines had spread too rapidly in Italy to escape the jealousy of the Romish Church. The fearful inquisition was re-organized, and a storm of persecution was let loose upon the devoted Protestants. Olympia Morata was one of the first objects of suspicion and attack. Her character was misrepresented, her reputation injured, and so successful were her enemies, that she was removed from Court, and deserted, and treated with the greatest indignity by those who were indebted to her for instruction, and owed many of their attainments to her talent and ability. Olympia returned to the duties of her home, and resumed, with increasing avidity, the study of the Sacred Scriptures, though she exposed herself, by so doing, to the risk of imprisonment and death. She watched the deathbed of her father, who departed in peace, having a sure confidence in Him in whom he believed. After her father's death, she took the management of the family, and employed herself in the education of her brothers and sisters, devoting the leisure moments to the composition of Greek poems. She pursued her course of domestic duties till her marriage with Andreas Grundler, a German physician.

She accompanied her husband to Germany, where she found a temporary calm, after having been long tossed by the stormy waters of persecution. Her letters, at this period, breathe much of gratitude and joy to God, who had thus rescued and preserved her, and given her much to satisfy and enjoy. In order that they might be enabled openly to profess the Gospel, Dr. Grundler and his wife finally settled at Schweinfurt. Here, Olympia wrote many learned treatises and poems, which are still prized as works of great merit. But this period of repose was brief. Germany was at this time distracted by intestine warfare. Schweinfurt was closely besieged by the Elector of Saxony and the Duke of Brunswick. This siege lasted fourteen months. Its progress was marked by the ravages of pestilence and famine. It was finally entered and given up to the flames. Olympia and her husband made their way out of the city just as the flames rose on all sides. They departed, plundered of every thing, even their clothes were forcibly taken from them in the street. Separated from her husband, she knew not for some time what was his fate. She travelled on foot, without shoes, and covered with rags, to Hamelburgh, a little town about 10 miles from Schweinfurt.

Here, the fugitives received but a cold welcome, as the inhabitants were afraid of drawing upon themselves the resentment of the victorious party, by sheltering the refugees from Schweinfurt. Again, Providence smiled upon the fortunes of Olympia and her husband, by raising up, in the Protestant Courts, Rhnieck and Ezbach, warm friends and generous protectors. Shortly after these events, Dr. Grundler received an appointment to the Professorship of Medicine, in the University of Heidelberg. Here, they once more settled; and as they had lost every possession they had, they had to begin the world anew.

They experienced great kindness from friends, many of whom sent them presents of books, furniture, &c. &c. Another period of repose ensued, but it was but the forerunner of an everlasting rest, for it shortly appeared consumption had taken deep root in the constitution of Olympia, and she was rapidly hastening to the grave; but the messenger found her ready to meet her Lord at the appointed hour. "I resign myself (she say-) wholly to God, and my desire is, to depart and be with Christ." A short time before her death, in awaking from sleep, she was observed to smile sweetly. On being asked the cause, she replied, "I beheld just now a place filled with the clearest and brightest light." Her husband said to her—"My dearest wife, you are about to dwell in that beautiful light." She smiled again, and added—"I am all gladness—I can scarcely see you—but all places appear to me to be full of the fairest flowers."

Olympia Morata is a rare instance of the highest talent and most brilliant intellectual endowments, joined to her humble and devoted Christian piety. She had learned to place all human knowledge in its true position as handmaids to divine knowledge, and to count as nothing the highest attainments, in comparison with the knowledge of Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

Hints for Daily Practice.

1. Come by faith to the blood of Christ that all your sins may be pardoned. Lev. xvii. 11; Heb. ix. 14. 22; Eph. i. 7; ii. 13; 1 Pet. i. 19; 1 John i. 7.

2. Seek by prayer the help of the Holy Spirit. Luke xi. 13; Rom. viii. 26, 27; Gal. v. 22, 23; Eph. ii. 18; James iii. 17.

3. Try to recollect continually that God is always present, knowing every thought you think, hearing every word you speak, and observing every thing

you do. Prov. xv. 3; Psa. cxxxix. 2—4, 12; Ezek. xi. 5; Heb. iv. 13.

4. Live upon Christ as the life-giving root of all true holiness. John vi. 47—53; xv. 4—8; Col. ii. 3—9.

5. Before you speak, ask these three questions:—Is what I am going to say true? Is it useful? Is it kind? Psa. cxx. 2 cxi. 3; Prov. xv. 1, 2; Eph. iv. 15, 25, 29, 31, 32

6. Pray for a calm and thoughtful state of mind, trusting always in the Lord, for you know not what a day may bring forth. Job xxii. 21; Isa. xxvi. 3; Hag. i. 5; Matt. xi. 29; John xiv. 16, 27; Phil. iv. 5—7; Jas. i. 2—7.

7. Remember, if religion has done nothing for your temper, it has done little for your soul, and see, therefore, that your temper be kind, merciful, cheerful, meek, and affectionate. Rom. xiii. 10; James i. 26; 1 Pet. iii. 8—11.

8. Work while it is called to-day for the glory of God, and the good of men. John ix. 4; 1 Cor. x. 31; Gal. vi. 10.

[FOR THE RECORD.]

Speak not to me of earth's vain joys,
Away! away! ye worthless toys,
But give to me that precious gem,
Religion, priceless diadem!
Ah ye may flock to pleasure's bower,
But give me one sweet lonely hour
To spend with Jesus, that dear friend,
In whom my hopes, my all depend.
Nay, tempt me not, from thee I fly,
To one true friend who's ever nigh.
I heed not thy loud scornful laugh,
Votary of pleasure, thou mayest quaff
The cup of bliss, but from thy lip
It will soon be dash'd, as thou dost sip.
Then turn thee ere it be too late,
Flee to the strait and narrow gate;
Flee from this world's vain fleeting charms,
Take refuge in thy Saviour's arms.

C. F. E. M.

Lancaster, 1852.

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