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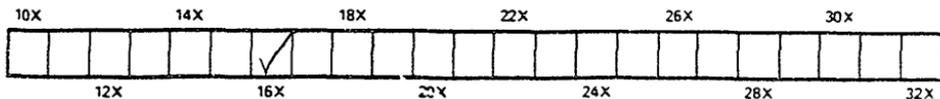
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THE
CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

Vol. II.] FEBRUARY 1, 1845. [No. 2.



Come Over and Help us!

*The profits of this Publication to go to the Funds
of the Canada Sunday School Union.*

MONTREAL:
PRINTED BY J. C. BECKET, SAINT PAUL STREET.
1845.

We devote the whole of our present cover, to the excellent address given by the Rev. C. STRONG, to the Teachers of the associated schools, which have met for some years back, on the 1st of January, for the purpose of dedicating themselves anew to the great work in which they are engaged. On account of our limited space, we have been under the necessity of omitting the first paragraph.

* * * * *

The responsibilities of one who undertakes the work of a Sabbath School teacher are of a very serious nature, and, duly considered, they will deter him from a misapplication of his efforts, as well as stimulate him to do his appropriate work with interest and zeal. His responsibility consists mainly in his power over his pupils. Legally they are not under his control, but morally they are his because of his ability to lead them at his will. Everything seems to conspire to give him influence. The mother yields her jewels to his keeping that they may not only be his jewels but Christ's—the approbation of the Church, the sacredness of the Sabbath, and the solemn influences of the sanctuary, enforce his lessons. The pupil is under his influence at that period of life when, of all others, he is most susceptible, and when the impressions made are the deepest and most permanent. Men rarely stand in the attitude of Cornelius when he said to the apostle Peter “Now are we all here present to hear all things that are commanded thee of God;” but children generally. Their minds are in a waiting posture—information is received with readiness; their unsuspecting hearts regard the instructions of teachers as of an oracle, and their warm affections, unrestrained in the expression and with sweet simplicity yielded up to his influence, may be swayed to and fro as trees by the wind, and easily enlisted, we should think, in the service of Christ. Every word, every act of his goes to assist in the formation of their characters. Children possess the faculty of observation to a remarkable degree, and are very shrewd (as if by instinct) in applying the rule, “By their fruits ye shall know them.” Severity of deportment and imprudent language, or manifestations of temper seem to justify their imitation, while they detract largely from a teacher's influence. But this only confirms what has been said in regard to the moral power of a teacher, which amounts in truth to almost unlimited control, and that influence reaches forward through the whole life, and stops not at the grave; it affects more or less sensibly the condition of the soul through its total existence, so that it is not, my friends, the amount but the quality of your influence which calls for your deepest concern, because it is accompanied with a serious responsibility—a responsibility not merely for any harm done, but for any good which may be done and is not. “To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not to him it is sin.” It becomes then a practical question of the first importance—how many a Sabbath School teacher meet these solemn responsibilities? I answer very summarily.

MADAGASCAR.



Sarah. who died in England, in 1841.

(SEE 29th PAGE)

THE
CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY
AND
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FEBRUARY 1, 1845.

[No. 2.

THE LITTLE FLOWER.

When God made Adam and Eve, he put them into the garden of Eden. That was a chosen spot where God himself was frequently and specially present. God has no *such* garden now, yet He has a garden in this world. We cannot see it, but God knows it well, it is not temporal but spiritual. God's garden is his church.

There are flowers too, in this garden, and some there are *little flowers*, which beautify and adorn it, young saints who love Christ, and rejoice in the light of his countenance. These are scattered up and down through the garden, sometimes in secluded corners where their loveliness is scarcely seen, but when we do meet with them, they are beautiful indeed—and sometimes when Christ, as we are told in the Song of Solomon, goes down to his garden, he gathers some of these flowers and takes them to himself, he transplants them to the heavenly courts, to flourish in his sight for ever. We extract from another *Children's Record*, an interesting account of a little flower, which grew a few years ago, in a quiet corner in Scotland, and was gathered in God's good time to heaven.

The account is given in a letter from the teacher of the young one we refer to, who taught an infant school for little girls.

It was on the 10th of October 1838, that R— entered my school-room, with his daughter Eliza in one hand, and her younger brother Hugh in the other. He told me that he had brought his little boy to my school; and as he went off with Eliza, I could not help looking after her, and wishing from my heart that she also had remained. In a few minutes, however, he returned, and said, “I have brought back my little girl. She has besought me with tears to allow her to attend your school: they are motherless children, and I cannot bear to hear them cry.” I shall never forget the emotion of my heart at the sound “motherless!” I felt my mind solemnized as I beheld the dear children seated together, and I lifted up my heart to God, to pray that He would give me wisdom and grace to supply to them, in some measure, the want of a mother,—in an especial manner to Eliza, who had sought it with tears.

God heard and answered my prayers; and although he has frustrated my plans, his plan was best. A few weeks passed by without any thing particular occurring: Eliza was one of my best readers, naturally sprightly, and a good singer. She was regular in her attendance, and always came very clean, although her father's only house-keeper. I am told that her management of household affairs was quite wonderful for one of her age. One day, when I observed her sad, and inquired what was the matter, she burst into tears, and told me that her brother had used a bad word. She had entreated him to pray for forgiveness, which he refused to do, and she looked in my face most tenderly, saying, “Oh, ma'am, I am afraid he will go to hell.” In the beginning of March 1839, she came to me, looking very happy, and said, “Mistress, I have got a half-penny to buy a roll for my dinner, but I wish rather to put it in the Mission-

Box." I told her that God did not require so much at her hand—that I only wished her to bring the half pence which she used to waste ;—she added, "Please ma'am put it in ; I am so sorry for the poor children who have no teacher, no minister, no Bible, and who do not know how to pray to God." As I took the little, or rather the great sacrifice, I felt ashamed of myself, for I never made such a one. She continued to bring her halfpenny every day, and when I tried to dissuade her, she would look so sweetly in my face, and tell me she would run and get a potatoe from her grandmother. In the course of the following month, another little girl brought me a halfpenny, and said, "Please ma'am, take this, to help to get light for the poor children who live in darkness."—Before I had time to reply, Eliza said, "Margaret, the children in Africa have the sun as well as we—it is the darkness of the heart !"

Soon after this her father was seized with inflammation in the eyes, which appeared to distress her sorely. She often told me what a good father he had been, and that she was afraid lest he should die ; and when I tried to comfort her, by telling her God is a father to the fatherless, and that he would care for her and her little brother, she still looked sad, and said, "Oh, my dear mistress, if my father dies, will you take me and Hughie ?—and we will work for you when we grow old !" So much tenderness combined with grace was indeed a lovely sight ! I took her with me once to visit a dying child of her own name,—one who I believe was also a child of God, and remarkable for patience. Eliza was deeply affected ; and I learned afterwards from the mother of the child, that she had called several times by herself, had sung some of her hymns, and said the prayer that is used in the school,—doing all in her power to cheer and comfort the dying girl.

She was of great use to me in school, and all the children loved her. I think I see her at the dinner hour making the little ones repeat from her own lips a Grace,

Words cannot express the care and love this little girl showed myself: when I was confined to bed she walked so softly through the room and often read to me. Once when going from home, I asked Eliza to sleep with the little girl who lived with me. On my return I asked if they had read a chapter, and said their prayers? She answered, "Oh we were very happy; we sung the eighth Psalm—I read a chapter and Eliza prayed." Will not these children rise up and condemn those who neglect this duty? Verily, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God has perfected praise?

Our readers may ask,—Were there no traits of our fallen nature in that child? Did she never behave amiss—did she always display such a lovely picture of a child of God as you have here described? It must be confessed that in many respects she was much like other children; still, with all her faults, there was something more than nature,—grace had been at work. On one occasion she told a lie; but she was soon brought to feel this grievous sin, came and confessed it before the whole school, and begged that I would pray God to forgive her.

I must now come to the last day she was in school, Sabbath 19 January 1840. Every one observed her on that day to be unusually attentive, and that her eye never wandered from me for one moment. I remarked it myself, and thought she was afraid I did not love her as I had done,—little did I think she was within a few hours of eternity!

On the Monday following, Eliza was left at home to prepare the dinner, while her aunt was at the mill. In putting the pan of potatoes on the fire, her apron caught the flames, and before any one came to her assistance she was burnt in a dreadful manner. It was about one o'clock when they came to tell me the sad news. On entering the room I saw the form of a child standing in the bed, and heard from it a well-known voice,—“Mistress, do you know me? I am a’burnt; I have no mother, and my father is far away—Oh, this is dreadful suffering!”

I took her in my arms, and said, "It is, my lamb; but you know who suffered more."—"Oh, yes," she exclaimed, "my Saviour. I know I am dying; but I am not afraid to die. There is no fire in Heaven, that happy place." I said, "are you glad, my dear, that you have been taught to know and to love your Saviour?" She said, "Oh, yes! If I had not known and loved my Saviour, I must have gone to hell, where I could never have got a drop of water to cool my tongue. But though this fire burns my body, it cannot hurt my soul; and I cannot go to hell, because I love God, and he loves me." I could not help saying to myself, "happy child! though the chariot be of fire that is come for thee, it will safely carry thee to thy Father's house, into the immediate presence of God, where there is fulness of joy, and to His right hand, where there are pleasures for evermore."

She repeated several of her hymns: in particular, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," and "Here we suffer grief and pain," &c. I asked her if she was able, in the midst of her own sufferings to think of her Saviour's? She said, "Oh, yes! I shall soon see him; and he will not have a crown of thorns upon his head!" Her sufferings, were extreme, and it was only for a short time that she could speak. She said, "Oh mistress, Heaven must be a happy, happy place! You told us on the first Sabbath of the year, that it was possible some of us would die before the year was over: you said you did not know which you could best spare; but God knew which to take. I must die first—but I am not afraid. How sweet is that hymn—'But if some one of us should die,' " &c. She said, "Oh, let me see my own brother Hughie?" I took him in my arms to the side of her bed, when she said, "Oh, Hughie, keep from the fire, say your prayers, and do not learn bad words, or you will go to a bad place."

She asked me to lie down beside her, which I did, and heard her repeat, "Oh, send thy beloved angels to carry my soul, like that of Lazarus, into Abraham's bosom, which is heaven, where holy children dwell." This was

part of a prayer which she had learned at school. She bore her sufferings with great patience, and they must have been very great. The flesh was quite burnt off her hands—I saw the bare bones—yet she murmured not. She shewed great affection for her friends, asked if they were all come, and often cried out for her dear father. When I asked her if she would like the Minister to pray with her! she told me he was not at home, and bade me pray myself. I asked her if she wished to get better? She looked at me half surprised, and said, “Oh, I cannot get better; pray that I may go to heaven, that happy place. I felt my whole soul drawn out in behalf of the little sufferer. She lay perfectly quiet, and listening to every word, and when I had done, she said “Thank you, ma’am; will you kiss me? I know you love me; do not cry, it will not make me better,—we shall meet in heaven, that happy place.”

At about half-past ten the same evening, she breathed her soul into the hands of her Redeemer. My heart was filled with gratitude to God for his mercy in releasing her so soon.

Eliza R———died on the 20th January 1840, aged nine years.

Let us hope there are many such flowers in this bleak world—who will all be gathered in at last to God’s presence for ever. May there be many of our readers thus growing up loving and serving that gracious Saviour, who offers his salvation to all sinners who put their trust in him.

HYMN.

Once upon a Saviour’s ear,
 Glad hosannas sweetly fell;
 Children’s voices soft and clear,
 Mingled in that music’s swell.

But the Saviour sojourned then,
 In this world of sin and woe;
 Now a bright and glorious train
 Round his heavenly footstool bow.

Listen to their lofty song,
 As in melody it floats;
 Listen! 'mid that ransomed throng,
 Childhood blends its feeble notes.

If then when he sojourned here
 And if now he reigns above,
 "Little ones" are welcomed near
 By a Saviour's tender love :

Then may children, young as we,
 Still their lowly praises bring;
 Saviour! we would come to thee;
 Teach us *in our hearts* to sing

And to many a distant strand,
 Let the tuneful notes resound,
 Blessing every heathen land
 With the gospel's joyful sound.

Then tho' death our voice may still,
 When we sing on earth no more,
 We shall swell the notes which pea!
 Soft and full o'er Canaan's shore.

Sketches of Missions.

American Board for Foreign Missions.

This Society, a brief account of which is now to be given, is one to which God has manifested himself in a peculiar manner, as the deliverer and defender of his own people and his own work. The flames of persecution and tribulation often fiercely blazed but could not destroy—the waters rose high but they could not overflow. For this thing was of God and none might overthrow it. The commencement of this Society claims the particular attention of our young readers, for, it was to one, yet in early years, it owed its origin; it was a youthful hand that planted in America

this precious grain of seed, which, falling on prepared ground, has brought forth a hundred fold.

The mother of Samuel John Mills, like Hannah of old, said of her child, I have lent him to the Lord as long as he liveth. She would often speak of Brainard and of Elliott, and sought to fill his young heart with love to the souls of the poor Heathen. One day little Samuel heard his mother say, when talking of him to some, "I have consecrated this child to the service of God as a Missionary." This remark he never forgot; and when he came to know and love God for himself, he often said, he could think of no course of life so delightful as to preach the Gospel of salvation to the poor Heathen. His first step was, while attending college, to form a little Association with two or three who felt the same desire. This was in the year 1808. Each of the members endeavoured to form, in other colleges, similar Societies. They next endeavoured to interest in their schemes—ministers and pious men of influence, who could give them effectual assistance and organize some plan for the execution of their wishes.

In 1810 the subject of Missions was brought before the General Association of Massachusetts, when the proposal of an American Foreign Missionary Society was acceded to, and four young men declared themselves in readiness to go forth, whenever they should be sent. These were Messrs. Judson, Mills, Nott and Newell. The next step for the committee was to select its field of labour, and send forth its labourers. They came to the determination of establishing a Mission in the Burman Empire, and another among the American Indians in Canada.

Four Missionaries were therefore appointed to sail for Asia, with directions to establish themselves where the Lord would open a door of entrance. To two of these Missionaries, Messrs. Hall and Nott, the extensive Mission at Bombay, owes its establishment. On their arrival they

met with many and great difficulties, the principalities of this world were arrayed against them; these fearless messengers of the cross were branded as political and hostile agents. And it was not until well nigh worn out with anxiety and repeated disappointments, they at length received permission to remain in the country, and begin their labour of love. "It is an unspeakable joy to us," they now write, "that we can do something for the religious instruction of the Heathen every day; we shall go daily among the people and preach to five, fifty, a hundred or more, if we may find opportunity." They established a printing press, and opened schools for all classes of children, including the Jews, who were taught the Hebrew and Maharratta languages. Several other Missionaries joined the station and filled up the blanks caused by the removal of those who, having fought the good fight, were called to receive the victor's crown.

In the year 1832, about 18 years after its commencement, the report of the Mission states, "The schools are thirty-four in number, and comprise one thousand four hundred and eighty-five boys, and four hundred and fifty-five girls; about one-fourth of these can read the Scriptures intelligently; most of them can repeat a Catechism of sixteen pages." During this period, also, parts of the Bible were translated into several of the native languages, and in the course of a few years the Missionaries acquired the power of preaching in various dialects of Hindoostanee, so that many were amazed, saying one to another, "What meaneth this—we do hear them speak in our own tongues—the wonderful works of God."

The Mission at Ceylon was established about the same time as that at Bombay. Five Missionaries were at once placed in different parts of the Province. The spiritual success among the young was very great. Day and boarding schools were largely attended; so that in 1821, the

number of pupils under their care was one thousand two hundred and forty-nine. Mr. Winslow gives us an interesting notice of the work of God among the boys in his school. "During sermon," he says, "many were in tears. More than thirty expressed a desire to forsake all for Christ. In a school of about forty-five boys, nearly half profess themselves to be the Lord's. They would leave their beds at night and go into the garden to pray. Their constant cry was, 'What shall I do to be saved?' and, 'Lord send thy Spirit.'" Dear children have you ever so prayed, or must those children come from the East and from the West, to condemn you?

(To be Continued.)

THE PRAYING BOY.

A Gentleman was not long since called upon to visit a dying female. On entering the humble cottage where she dwelt, he heard, in an adjoining room, an infant voice. He listened, and found that it was the child of the poor dying woman engaged in prayer. "O Lord, bless my poor mother," cried the little boy, and prepare her to die!—O God, I thank thee that I have been sent to a Sunday School, and there have been taught to read my Bible; and there learn that 'when my father and mother forsake me, thou wilt take me up!' This comforts me, now that my poor mother is going to leave me—may it comfort her and may she go to heaven and may I go there too! and pity my poor dear mother; and help me to say, Thy will be done." He ceased, and the visitor, opening the door, approached the bed-side of the poor woman. "Your child has been praying with you," said he, "I have listened to his prayer." "Yes," said she, making an effort to rise, "he is a dear child. Thank God he has been sent to a Sunday School—I cannot read myself, and he has read the Bible to me, and I hope I have reason to bless God for it. Yes, I have heard from him that I am a sinner;

I have heard from him of Jesus Christ, and I do—yes, I do, as a poor sinner, put my trust in him. I hope he will preserve me. I hope he has forgiven me! I am going to die, but I am not afraid; my dear child has been the means of saving my soul. Oh how thankful am I that he was sent to a Sunday School!’

Missionary Intelligence.

MADAGASCAR.

(SEE WOOD-CUT.)

In our last number we told you that SARAH, one of the native Christian women, who went to England with the Missionary Mr. JOHNS, died there. We now present our readers with a likeness of her; and we have further to state, that by the latest news we have received of Madagascar, there is some ground for hope that God will by and by open up the way for the recommencement of the Mission.

Some time ago the queen called her chief men together, and told them she heard that many of them were not so attached to her as they ought to be, and that they were ready to help the Christians and the English to take her kingdom from her. She did this to try them, and at once they all of them,—amounting to 10,000, including their wives and children,—offered to take a poisonous draught, which if they were innocent, they believed would do them no harm, but if guilty, would bring about their death. The draught was given, and, horrible to relate, 3000 of them died in consequence. Amongst these were the principal persecutors of the Christians, the men that have constantly advised the queen against them; and, while we cannot but be distressed to hear that so many should be sacrificed to a wretched superstition, we at the same time hope it may in God’s hands, bring about some glorious change in favour of the Gospel.

MISSION TO DAHOMI.

On the West coast of Africa, is a large country called Guinea, it is both a rich and beautiful country. There grows the light and elegant palm, shooting up its high head above the other trees; and there the rich wide-spreading banyan; while the ground is covered in the open lands with a rich carpet of lovely flowers. Birds of the finest colours fill the woods, and monkeys in great numbers live amongst the trees. There too the leopard and hyena, which you only see in cages in this country, run wild, and live in fullest liberty.

The people there are very wicked and very cruel. Till lately Europeans scarcely dare visit them, and very little was known about them. A few years ago, a person of the name of Lander travelled in the country, and described their cruel sacrifices in a way that almost makes our blood run cold. He saw a large tree covered with pieces of human flesh, with thousands of vultures feeding on them, and so painful was the sight, that he fainted as he looked at it. Every year this is done, and the blood of the poor people so put to death is poured upon the graves of the relatives of those that make the sacrifices.

You may be quite sure these people have often been thought of, and Christians have much wished to be able to get to them with the Gospel. But they have been prevented till now.

About two years ago a mission was begun in a neighbouring kingdom, Ashanti, by Mr. Freeman, a missionary on the coast, and since then he has always been resolved to try if possible to get into Dahomi, and last September he accomplished it. He set sail in a vessel from Cape Coast Castle, and landed at a large town called Badagry, where he was most kindly received. Here he began preaching in company with another missionary, a Mr. De Graft. Many of the chiefs of the town attended, and he explained to them the subject of his visit, which pleased them very much. As soon as the King of Understone, a large town in the country, heard of his arrival, he sent

a messenger to him with a present of a strong pony, well saddled and bridled, assuring him of his friendly feeling. This greatly encouraged Mr. Freeman, and he resolved to go to the King. It was a long and trying journey, through dense forests, and over swamps, which they crossed in canoes. The people were at war at the time, and had been so for three years, which made the journey all the more difficult. As they drew nearer the capital the towns were more numerous and much larger, and they found it a very well inhabited country. At last they got to Understone, and very fine indeed was its appearance. It lay amongst rocky hills and beautiful valleys, and every here and there large masses of rocks rose up above the houses, giving a strange but beautiful effect. Large crowds of natives were met to welcome them, and cried out as they passed along, "Aka, Aka," ("Welcome, welcome,") They were at once conducted to the king, who was waiting to receive them under a large Verandah, surrounded by many of his people. He was sitting on the floor, as their custom is, but was supported by a beautiful cushion of leather. He was dressed very richly, and seemed much delighted to see the Missionaries. He had a fine open countenance, and it was lighted up with joy, while his black eyes sparkled with delight. The Missionaries told their errand; how they wanted to do his people good, and how the Queen of England was anxious to be his friend. Sodake, the king, seemed quite overjoyed; and forgetting the presence of all he rose up, threw his arms around the Missionary, told him he would be his friend, and hoped both he and the English would be his too.

You will wonder how it was Sodake was so ready to receive the Missionaries. We will tell you. There is a colony on the coast, called Sierra Leone, to which all the slaves taken from slave ships used to be sent. Many of these slaves were stolen from this part of Africa, and living at Sierra Leone some of them were converted to God. Of these several have gone from time to time back to

Understone, and as they have done so, they have told about the English, and what they knew about their religion and their habits, and their kind feelings towards other nations. All this has opened the way. The King and his people were delighted with their accounts, and often wished the English would come to them; so when they really did come, all their hopes were realized, and they gave them the welcome that they did. You see how God often goes before us, and opens up the way. May he soon open the way in all the quarters of the earth!

(*To be Continued.*)

Poetry.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

God gave to Afric's sons
 A brow of sable dye,
 And spread the country of their birth
 Beneath a burning sky;
 And with a cheek of olive made
 The little Hindoo child,
 And darkly stained the forest tribe
 That roam the western wild.

To me he gave a form
 Of fairer, whiter clay;
 But am I therefore in his sight
 Respected more than they?
 No'tis the hue of deeds and thoughts
 He traces in his book,
 'Tis the complexion of the heart
 On which he deigns to look.

Not by the tinted cheek
 That fades away so fast,
 But by the colour of the soul
 We shall be judged at last.
 And God, the judge, will look at me
 With anger in his eyes,
 If I my brother's darker brow
 Should ever dare despise!

He must have high aims. He must not content himself with a punctual attendance and a routine performance of duty. He must not be satisfied with communicating instruction, even the best. If he aims to make his pupils proficient in the knowledge of the Bible he seeks a good object, but not the object which should be dearer than all others to his heart. Ah! many a man knows the truth full well while its only effect is to make him a more intelligent not a better man. Truth must be taught, but this is a means not an end. It must be taught in order to a practical influence, and the teacher should aim to apply the truth to the conscience, not merely to engrave it upon the memory, but to write it on the heart—first, to explain its meaning with a simplicity which shall forbid confusion or misapprehension, and then enforce it upon the conscience. The pupil should be made not only to *know* but to *feel* the truth, and this demands what has been quaintly called “heart-work” in the teacher. He needs to feel its force himself in order to awaken feeling in others. He needs prayer as well as study to qualify him for his duty, and the deep conviction that the souls of his pupils are in danger, and may be saved by the instrumentalities at his disposal, and that without the belief of the truth and the love of the truth and the practice of the truth they never can be. Their personal salvation then is to be his aim, and he is to persuade them in Christ’s name to be reconciled to God. Now if he has any secret persuasion that they are not sinners and do not need forgiveness, or if he thinks them too young to repent, or that repentance is not an immediate duty to be performed now, and to be apparent now, then his object sinks into that of mere instruction, and his success amounts to nothing more.

Further, *he must have large expectations.* His sanguine hopes should anticipate the conversion of all his pupils. But, you say, they will not all be converted. I say they *may be*, and this possibility affords encouragement enough, and will rise to a probability if he labors for it and prays for it and expects it. And if they should not be, it is of the last importance to him not to be the cause of such a result: it is of the last importance to him to do what he can, if for no other reason than that he may be delivered from blood-guiltiness. But instances have occurred in which whole classes have become decided and steadfast disciples of Christ, not in name only but in deed and in truth; but not one, so far as I know, in which the teacher was not seeking this very object. Some times conversions excite surprise, but generally they are anticipated whenever they occur, and there is probably in every case some one or more praying for and expecting it, or some one who has prayed for and expected it. I beseech you, Christian friends, to look for such results from your labours, and with an eagerness which, to use inspired and therefore lawful language, gives God “no rest” until he designs to answer your request.

Finally, *the teacher must feel deep personal interest in his pupils.* A love for them which relieves toil of its weariness and makes labor a delight, which leads him to their dwellings to watch over them during the week, to ascertain the cause of an occasional absence, and to keep them from the grasp of the destroyer—an in-

terest so deep that he will not look upon his work as drudgery, nor wish release from it—so deep that he will not yield to discouragement, but have long patience until the desire of his heart is realized, and until his pupils are safely gathered into the fold of Christ. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him;" and if you thus prosecute your work, my friends, in humble dependence upon God, your labour will not be "in vain in the Lord."

Monies Received on Account of Record, since Dec. 1.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Robert Wyllie, Ayr	5	0	David M'Culloch	1	0
St. Gabriel St. Sabbath School	37	6	Margaret M'Fee	1	0
Hugh Warnock	20	0	Margaret M'Lochlan	1	0
John Turnbull, St. Peter Street			David Briggs, Oshawa	40	0
Sabbath School	22	6	Mount Pleasant Sabbath School	1	0
W. H. Colt	24	0	Rev. Mr. M'Alister, Port Sarnia	1	0
American Presbyterian Sabbath School	120	0	J. Robinson	0	6
Eliza Ponder	1	0	T. O. Adkins, Gananoque	21	0
Isabella M' Martin	1	0	Rev. A. Kennedy, Lachute	3	0
J. H. Maitland	84	0	Mr. Kady, Amherstburgh	24	0
			J. Douglass	6	0

AGENTS FOR THE RECORD.

Adelaide.....	James Hart,
Amherstburgh.....	Rev. R. Peden.
".....	Samuel R. Kedey,
Ayr.....	Robert Wyllie, P. M.
Brantford.....	E. Roy,
Brighton.....	J. Lockwood, P. M.
Brockville.....	H. Freland,
Bytown.....	D. Kennedy,
Clarendon.....	Robt. Creasor,
Cobourg.....	G. Hart,
Danville.....	Thos. C. Allis, P. M.
Gananoque.....	T. O. Adkins,
Hamilton.....	R. Roy,
Hereford.....	Alex. Rea, P. M.
Kingston.....	George Hardy,
".....	Robt. Wallace,
Merrickville.....	J. T. Graffe,
Niagara.....	A. R. Christie,
Otonabee.....	M. Short, P. M.
Perth.....	J. Allan,
Ramsay.....	Mr. Wyllie, P. M.
Sherbrooke.....	William Brooks, P. M.
Stanstead.....	P. Hubbard, P. M.
St. Laurent.....	Mr. R. M'Nee,
Toronto.....	Alex. Christie,
Whitby.....	Rev. R. H. Thornton