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THE MISSIONARY  
AND  
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

[Vol. VI.]

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[No. 8]



THE VICTORY BY LOVE.

Neither shall they learn war any more."  
Micah iv. 3.

THIS text was delightfully fulfilled the island of Raiatea, in the South sea, some years ago. The Christians here had destroyed the temple of Oro, god of war, and abolished as far as they could, his worship in the land. To no small vexation of the heathen party, who assembled their forces at sea, and proceeded to attack them. The poor Christians were greatly distressed, but committing themselves to God in prayer, prepared for the battle. They hid themselves behind the bushes near the place where their enemies were landing, and being commanded by their leader to make no noise, lay still for the word of battle. As soon as it was given, up they jumped, shouting out, they terrified their enemies, who ran in different directions to escape beyond their reach. The Christians pursued and took many prisoners,

all of whom fully expected to be put to death without any mercy. In this, however, they were quite mistaken, for instead of this, every one that was taken was led up to the commander very gently and there told his life was spared, while a herald called out, "Welcome, welcome, you are saved by Jesus, and the influence of the religion of mercy we have embraced." In this way they continued to deal with every prisoner, till at last a very cruel chief was brought, who trembled much and expected only to be murdered. When he came up to Tamatoa, the conquering chief he cried, "Am I dead?" "No, brother," was the answer, "cease to tremble; you are saved by Jesus!"

After this the Christians ordered a feast to be prepared, and invited all their enemies to sit down and enjoy the food; but they were so affected by this strange course of conduct that no one could eat. At last one of them got up

and made a speech, declaring himself won to the new religion by the conduct of the people. Others followed with like words, and the scene was very striking. At last they prepared to separate, but before they did so the Christians engaged in prayer, and the heathen joined in singing with them a song of praise. It was indeed a day of victory more glorious than any arms could ever win, for it was, you see, a victory by love.

Dear children, learn from this to conquer not by anger, but by love, and mark the power of that gospel which can thus teach savage nations to "lessen war no more."—*Abridged from the Juvenile Missionary Annual.*

## MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

### CEYLON.

*Letter from Mr. Spaulding, Feb. 9, 1849.*

It is the design of Mr. Spaulding in this letter to show that the preaching of the word has not been altogether in vain in Ceylon; inasmuch as it has constrained the degraded and the lost, with the divine blessing, to flee from the wrath to come. There has been much, indeed, to try the faith and patience of our brethren in that field; and it cannot be denied that the expectations of some of their friends in this country have not been fully realized. Still it is manifest that the Lord has put his own undoubted seal upon their labors; and many, we may hope, will be found at last to have heard the gospel to the saving of their souls.

"The following notice of one member of our church at Oodooville who died last year," Mr. Spaulding says, "may encourage you to hope unto the end in regard to some at least of our converts. In the midst of idolaters and of Roman Catholics, and in a land where everything tends to Antichrist, it is exceedingly cheering to see our church members manifest so much consistency in life, and so much faith and joy in the immediate anticipation of death. Similar cases have occurred at other stations recently. Happy shall we be, if at last it shall be found that we have not broken the bruised reed, or quenched the

smoking flax, or offended one of these little ones for whom Christ died. Pray for us, that we may watch over all, even as a nurse over her child, or a shepherd over his lambs, until our work shall be finished."

### DEATH OF ISABELLA GRAHAM AVERY.

#### *Fruits of Missionary Labor.*

Isabella Graham Avery was the daughter of Roman Catholic parents, belonging to Panditeripo. She was received into the female boarding-school at Oodooville as a pupil in 1837, being then, as was supposed, about eight or nine years old. She was diligent in the various duties that devolved upon her in connection with the school, respectful in her deportment, and neat and tidy in her person. Though her talents were not of the highest order, she made tolerable proficiency in her studies.

In the year 1842, she gave evidence of having passed from death unto life; and having been subsequently received as a member of our church, she maintained a Christian character so long as she remained in the school. On the 10th of November, 1847, she was married to Mr. Joseph Avery; and she soon removed to Barbery, where her husband held the office of postholder, and also taught at an English school under the Government.—"While she resided at Barbery," her husband says, "she was in the habit of reading and explaining the Bible to her household, and singing hymns, and of prayer. She also taught a few children who came to her; and she read selections from the Bible, and explained them to those who called to see her. She continued this during the six months she remained at Barbery. She then removed to Chilaw. When she left for her journey, she sang 'The Traveller's Hymn.'" After her arrival in Chiaw, she continued her former practice of reading the Bible, singing and prayer with her family. When I saw what earnestness she did this, I did what I could to save her time and to encourage her. This continued until December, 1848, when her sickness commenced."

In speaking of her last sickness and death her husband proceeds as follows:—"Early on Wednesday, December 6, 1848, she became the mother of a son. From that day until December 12, she was afflicted with dysentery and occasional stupor. One night after the birth of the child, she had a dream, which she told me. 'While I slept,' she said, 'a beautifully splendid host came to me, dressed in white robes, and said to me, 'Come with us. Let us go to the place prepared for you.' I had a great desire to go with them, and went. They then said to me, 'You must wait a little while, and then we shall go with us. We will come again. Wait till we come.' After this she frequently asked me to read the Bible to her. Accordingly,

read some of the Psalms and some hymns. I also prayed with her, and conversed with her about such things as would tend to strengthen her faith. She also sung several hymns alone.

On the fourth day after she was taken sick, early in the morning, she rose up and said, 'I am now well. Bring me the child, that I may nurse it. The child was brought; and, after nursing it, she said, 'I thought that this child was mine; but it is not mine. It is the Lord's. He must train it up. God calls its mother. I also promised to come. His host is round about me. It is certain that I must die. Do not mourn for me, but rejoice and praise God. He is exalted. He calls me.'

After this the doctor came. While he sat by her, she said, 'You need not give me any more medicine; it can never make me well. Have you power to save my life? Why do you take so much trouble? The doctor said, 'You had better take some medicine. It is not well to refuse to take it.' She replied, 'Very well, then, I will take it. My departure is sure.' Saying this, she took the medicine cheerfully. When I went near her, and asked her what I should do for her, she told me to read two hymns, one being 'God our shepherd,' and the other, 'Everything is under God's control,' and the fifth chapter of Matthew. She listened very attentively, and then prayed. When those who stood round her, saw this, they greatly wondered.

She again called me, and said to me, 'I cannot tarry longer. Do not grieve for me. My time is finished. I have not written to you, and Mrs. Spaulding and Miss Agnew. You must ask their forgiveness; and assure the missionaries and those who taught me the way of salvation and other good things, that I am not ungrateful. Of this your monthly letters will be the evidence and the remembrance of me.' When I asked her to pray that she might get well, she said, 'My prayer will not be heard. If I ask to be well, contrary to the will of the Lord, will he be answered? While I am ready and waiting to die, will he hear my prayer to stay? If you wish, you may pray. If he is pleased to hear me, then I am willing. You need not do anything but this. But since God has been pleased to call me, he will not hear your prayer. Let no one mourn or weep on this account. I am exceedingly rejoiced that I am beloved by you all; and with the hope of salvation.' She then wished us to read the tenth chapter of John, and a hymn 'on the love of Christ and heaven, and the vanity of the world,' which we did.

The day before she died, she said to me, 'You need not think that I shall get well again. You have all loved me. I am grieved to part with you. But be not sorrowful at my death. I say to you. I know that your love is true; but death must dissolve all these lovely ties. Do you think it right to resist God?

Be not sorrowful on my account. If your child is spared, try to train it up in the knowledge of Christ. Strive to lead my mother and brothers and sisters in the true way of salvation, and write to them monthly. Ask the missionaries also to assist them in this way. I am no longer responsible for them.' She then listened while we sung another hymn, 'on trusting in Jesus in view of death;' and then she prayed silently. In this way she frequently prayed during her sickness. Those who stood about her, saw this, and asked her what she was doing. "She replied, 'I am committing my soul to Jesus Christ.'

On the seventh day of her sickness, though she suffered greatly she spoke as though she was well. 'Why do you sorrow for me? Do you not know the word of God or his will? Nothing can take place without his knowledge. He knows the sorrow you have on my account. Pray to God for me. The time for my leaving you is come. I go to enjoy unspeakable happiness. Can I delay, when Christ calls me? You also must strive to come to the place where I am going. Turn your household into the good way. My infant is the Lord's, not mine. If it lives, train it to be submissive to the will of God.' While she was thus speaking to me, a lad sat near her, reading the Bible.' At sunset she called me and said, 'Write to the missionaries and their wives, who taught me the way of Christ, and also to my mother, brothers and sisters, and to the girls in the Oodooville school, that I die very happily. I go joyfully with the Lord and with his host. Write this to Mrs. Spaulding and to Miss Agnew. What more shall I say? Christ is my refuge.' She then listened to the thirty-ninth Psalm, and to a hymn on 'comfort in affliction from the hope of heaven.' While she listened, her speech failed. She several times raised her hands in prayer; and on the morning of December 13, 1848, without the least fear of death, she gave up her soul as one falling asleep. All those who knew her, and all those who came to help in time of sickness, and those who called to see her, were astonished in view of the steadfastness of her faith and her happy death."

## MADRAS.

### HUMAN SACRIFICES IN GOOMSOOR.

#### Letter from Mr. Winslow.

Mr. Winslow has turned aside from his usual course in the following communication. Instead of describing the progress of the missionary work at Madras, he presents a frightful picture of human guilt and degradation in Goomsoor, a district which lies partly in the presidency of Madras, and partly in that of Bengal. Much has been accomplished for

India by the Christian religion, particularly in mitigating the horrors of heathenism; but the reader will see that there are some "dark places" still, which may be emphatically called "the habitations of cruelty."

You are doubtless aware that the inhabitants of Goomsor, called Khonds, have from time immemorial offered human sacrifices, after a very singular and cruel manner. The oblation is made to the "earth goddess," their principal deity. They have also a sun god, a moon god, a god of arms, a god of hunting, a god of births, a god of small pox, a hill god, a forest god, a rain god, a god of fountains, a god of rivers, a god of tanks, and village gods; but the earth goddess is the central object of worship, the most affecting exhibition of which is in the form of human sacrifices.

The earth goddess appears to be worshipped under two distinct characters, not often separately considered, however; namely, that of the supreme power, and that which presides over the productive energies of nature. In the former character, she is said to be worshipped in one case only; that is, when a tribe engages in war, its enemies being of another race. Her name is then invoked, and vows of sacrifices, in case of success, are made. Her nature is purely malevolent; but she does not interfere with other deities, in their respective spheres. As presiding over the operations of nature, or as the energizing principle, her supposed attributes are the reflected image of the wants and fears of an agricultural population, in an elementary or uncivilized state. She rules the order of the seasons; sends the periodical rain; gives fruitfulness to the soil; as also health or sickness to the people. On her depends the preservation of the patriarchal houses and the safety of flocks and herds. She has no fixed bodily shape; and she is worshipped neither in any temple nor under any symbol or image. In common with inferior divinities, however, she may assume temporarily any form, as that of a tiger, for purposes of wrath. Her favor is sought by sacrifices both of men and animals.

Human sacrifices are either public or private. Of the former, every farm should receive, at a fixed time and in-gathering, a portion of the flesh and blood of a victim; and according as the prospect of a crop varies, it should have some intervening oblations. A sacrifice is also required in case of sickness among men or animals, and also in the event of the destruction of the latter by wild beasts. If the "abbaya," or priest, is visited with sickness in his family, the failure of his crops, or the loss of his stock, the same thing must be done; as his prosperity is an index of the disposition of the goddess towards the people over whom he presides.

The more private sacrifices are offered in case of any extraordinary calamity, indicating the anger of the goddess towards a particular

house; as when a child, watching a flock, carried off by a tiger. If a human sacrifice cannot then be obtained, a goat is led to the place of sacrifice, and its ear is cut off and cast bleeding upon the ground, as a pledge to be redeemed with human blood at the appointed time within the year.

By recent publications, in connection with a report of the agency which has been employed by the government for more than seven years to put a stop to their sacrifices, it appears that in a small section of the country, three or four hundred innocent victims are annually torn to pieces in this horrid rite. Several hundred have from time to time been rescued. On one occasion one hundred and twenty-five victims, valued at ten or twelve thousand rupees, were voluntarily given up to the agency. And in one year one hundred and forty-two were saved, and were afterward variously distributed; some having been left with the missionaries in Orissa, some having been brought to Madras, whom I saw, and some females having been given in marriage to Khond chiefs.

It is to be regretted that the efforts of the Government have not hitherto been entirely successful in abolishing this horrid custom. The day must soon come, however, when such offerings will cease throughout India.

#### PROCURING THE VICTIMS.

The following description of these human sacrifices, with the usual preliminaries, has been extracted by Mr. Winslow from an account to which he obtained access in India.

The unhappy persons who are to be offered in sacrifice, are known in the native language under the designation of "merias." They are not usually native Khonds, but are provided by a class of Hindoo procurers, who purchase them without difficulty upon false pretences, or kidnap them from the poorer classes of Hindoos in the low country, and send them to the order of the priests, or upon speculation. When conveyed to the mountains, their price is determined by the demand, varying from fifty to a hundred lives, that is, of sheep, cows, fowls, pigs, &c. A few are always kept in reserve in each district, if possible, to meet sudden demands for atonement. Victims of either sex are equally acceptable to the goddess. Children, however, whose age includes a knowledge of their situation, are, for convenience sake preferred. Brahmins, who have assumed the sacred thread, being permanently regarded as already consecrated to the deity, are held to be not quite so acceptable; but the word of the procurer is the only guarantee of fitness in these respects which is required. But whatever be the real class, rank or nature of the victim, it is a highly characteristic feature of the system, pregnant with important consequences, that in all cases it must

bought with a price; an unbought life being an abomination to the deity.

#### TREATMENT OF THE MERIA.

The meria, or person to be offered in sacrifice, is brought blindfold to the village by the procurer, the individual who supplies the victims, and is lodged in the house of the abbaya. He is kept in fetters, if grown up; but he is left at perfect liberty, if a child. During life, he is regarded as a consecrated being; and if at large, he is eagerly welcomed at every threshold. Victims are not unfrequently permitted to attain to years of maturity in total ignorance of their situation; although it is not easy to understand how this ignorance can be maintained. Should one in such circumstances form a temporary alliance with a native female, thankfulness is expressed to the deity for the distinction. Generally, however, to a meria youth who thus grows up, a wife of one of the Hindoo castes upon the mountains is given. Farm stock and land are presented to him; and should a family be the result, it is held to be born to the fearful condition of the sire. The sacrifice of lives which are surrounded by these ties, is often forgone; but should the dread divinity require an atonement not easy to be afforded, the victim father, with all his children, is dragged without hesitation to the altar. It is a rule, however, that persons standing in the relation of direct descent shall not be sacrificed in the same district. This is a law so rigidly observed, that when a victim is thought in any degree to resemble a former mature sacrifice, he is always, out of precaution, re-sold or exchanged. By this means also the risk is avoided of sacrificing, according to the ideas of the Khonds, the same life twice to the divinity.

#### PRELIMINARIES OF THE SACRIFICE.

All the arrangements, connected with the ceremony of a human sacrifice, are conducted by the patriarch in concert with the priest. The divine will is in every case declared by the latter, as it is communicated to him in visions; and he may demand a victim at any time, even when no visible signs of divine displeasure appear.

From the festivals of sacrifice no one is excluded; and at them all feuds are forgotten. They are generally attended by a large concourse of people of both sexes. They continue for three days, which are passed in the indulgence of every form of gross and indescribable excess. The first day and night are spent exclusively in drinking, feasting, and obscene riot.

Upon the second morning, the victim, having fasted from the preceding evening, is carefully washed, dressed in a new garment, and led forth from the village in solemn procession, with music and dancing, to the meria grove. This grove consists of a clump of deep and shadowy forest trees, and usually stands at a short distance from the hamlet, by

a rivulet which is called the meria stream. It is kept sacred from the axe, and is studiously avoided by the Khond as haunted ground. In the middle of it, an upright stake is fixed, at the foot of which the victim is seated, and bound back to it by the priest. He is then anointed with oil, ghee, and turmeric, and adorned with flowers; and a species of reverence, which it is not easy to distinguish from adoration, is paid to him throughout the day. There is now infinite contention to obtain the slightest relic of his person; a particle of the turmeric paste with which he is smeared, or a drop of his spittle, being esteemed, especially by the women, of supreme virtue. In some districts, small rude images of beasts and birds in clay are made in great numbers and stuck on poles; but of the origin or meaning of this practice there is no satisfactory explanation.

On the third morning, the victim is refreshed with a little milk; while the licentious feast, which has scarcely been intermitted during the night, is vociferously renewed. The acceptable place for the intended sacrifice has been discovered, during the previous night, by persons sent out for this purpose. The ground is probed in the dark with long sticks; and the first deep chink that is pierced is considered the spot indicated by the earth goddess.

#### THE CONSUMMATION.

As the victim must not suffer bound, or, on the other hand exhibit any show of resistance, the bones of his arms and, if necessary, those of his legs, are now broken in several places. The priest, assisted by the abbaya and by one or two of the elders of the village, then takes the branch of a green tree, which is cleft in the middle for a distance of several feet. They insert the meria within the rift; fitting it, in some districts, to his chest, in others to his throat. Cords are next twisted round the open extremity of the stake, which the priests, aided by his assistants, strives with his whole force to close. All preparations being now concluded, the priest about noon gives the signal, by slightly wounding the victim with his axe. Instantly the promiscuous crowd, that awhile had issued forth with stunning shouts and pealing music, rush with maddening fury upon the sacrifice. Wildly exclaiming, "We bought you with a price, and no sin rests on us," they tear his flesh in pieces from the bones! And thus the horrid rite is consummated. Each man then bears away his bloody shreds to his fields, and from thence returns directly to his house.

For three days after the sacrifice, the inhabitants of the village which afforded it remain dumb, communicating with each other only by signs, and remaining unvisited by strangers. At the end of this period, a buffalo is slaughtered at the place of sacrifice, when all tongues are loosened.

## GENTRY. 8, 8, 4, 4, 8, 8.

Words by E. T. Fletcher. Melody by G. S. Stevens. Arranged for the M. S. Advocate.

When the rud - dy morn is break - ing, And the sweet-toned

birds are wak - ing From dreams of night, To hail the light,

That smiles on na-ture eve - ry-where; Lift up thy voice to God in prayer.

When the noon-day beam is glancing,  
 And the bright sun ray is dancing,  
 O'er babbling brook,  
 And flowery nook;  
 Forget awhile each earthly care,  
 And lift thy voice to God in prayer.  
 When the evening sun's declining,  
 And the day with night's entwining,  
 And shrouds of gold  
 The clouds enfold;  
 O, let the passing zephyr bear  
 On high to God thy humble prayer.

When the wearied earth is sleeping,  
 And the night her tears is weeping,  
 And moonbeams pale  
 Rest on the vale;  
 O then, unheard by mortal ear,  
 Pour out thy soul to God in prayer.  
 Thus, as down life's stream we're drifting,  
 Let our hearts be ever lifting  
 To Him above,  
 Who sheds his love  
 On every humble spirit here,  
 That seeks the great I AM in prayer.



### THE LOST LAMBS.

AN ALLEGORY.

(By the Author of "The Three Kingdoms.")

THERE lived in the midst of a wild, moorland country—a shepherd, named Soter. He had a large flock of sheep to take care of. It was not always easy work to tend and guard the sheep. Many of the hills around were barren and boggy; some were fair to look at, but among the greenest grass there often grew poisonous plants; and some of the uplands were covered with heath and furze, beautiful to look at, and tempting, but dry and prickly to the taste. Soter was a wise and experienced shepherd, and he led his flocks into green pastures, and beside still waters, for many of the streams were turbulent and muddy; and when the way was rough with stones and thorns, he would lift the youngest and weakest of the lambs, and carry them in his arms. He knew all his sheep by name; and they knew his voice, and would follow it, even when they did not see him. He did not drive them before him, but walked first himself, finding out the best path for them, and they followed in his steps; and yet his eye was always watchfully upon them, and none could be faint or ill, or attacked without receiving help; or careless and wandering, without being recalled to the way.

One night, when leading them to the fold, and counting them as usual,—for of all entrusted to him he lost not one,—he saw that two of the lambs were missing. What was to be done? It was a rough night, the day's work had been trying, the

shepherd longed to go home to his snug little hut in a sheltered valley below.—Had not these lambs heard his call, like the rest? Must they not righteously suffer for their error? But the wind which would chill him might kill them, and the shepherd's heart was tender, and he turned away from the path into the valley, and set out on his search over the moors.

The stormy wind almost benumbed him, as it blew in long gusts over the wide pasturages, scarcely interrupted by the few piles of rocks scattered here and there, against which rattled the dry branches of the stunted shrubs growing in their crevices. The cold rain washed away in its driving showers the warm tears of pity which flowed down the shepherd's face. He had a lantern, but it scarcely kept his feet from dashing against the stones, or slipping into holes; twice he nearly sunk into bogs, and once he got wet through by slipping into a stream, swollen to a torrent by the rain, but inaudible on account of the noisy wind. It was necessary to go very slowly over the ground, lest he should overlook the lambs, and often he mistook the large, smooth stones lying about for what he sought, and tired and delayed himself very much by stooping to feel them.

Soter had foreseen all this, but he loved his lambs and the master who had given them to him better than he loved himself, and he was content.

At last, after some hours, he thought he heard a faint cry. He drew nearer, and could discern amongst the sounds of the storm the bleating of a lamb. It seemed to issue from below. Soter perceived that he was standing on the brink of a sudden precipice; the bleating was at the bottom. The lambs then had fallen down—and were no doubt hurt, though alive. It was possible to rescue them, even yet, by descending the difficult side; but it was not possible to descend without considerable danger and pain. The shepherd calmly prepared to encounter this pain. He climbed down the crags; catching by a few thorn-bushes which grew from them and placing his foot warily on little ledges of the rock. The thorns, as he had foreseen, pierced his hands and his feet, and even his side; and one long, trailing bough twisted itself like a crown round his head—so that by the time he reached the bottom, the blood was flowing over his face and clothes and thus wounded and bruised, he went to seek the transgressors.



The storm was a little abated, and he called the lambs by their names to come to him and be saved. One was named Metanoia, the other Sclerocardia. Both were severely injured. The fall had bruised them, and their white fleeces had become soiled with the dirt. They had vainly been trying to find rest and shelter but the wind seemed fitfully to blow from all quarters, and they found no place not open to it. Then they tried to find a path leading up again—but all the tracts disappointed them, after they had travelled a few yards. Metanoia was lying exhausted among some sharp prickles, into which she had thrown herself, by way of clearing and disentangling her bespattered and clogged fleece, and she did not at first recognize the voice of the shepherd. But he bent over her, and said: "It is I, Soter, fear not, little lamb; believe in me and you shall be saved."

Then Metanoia knew his voice, and she let him take her in his arms, and she nestled in his bosom close to his warm beating heart; and she looked at him, and her face brightened, and she was no longer afraid, and she forgot the storm, for she was safe in the arms of the kind shepherd. But Sclerocardia had just seen a path upwards which looked promising, and quite heedless of her spotted and torn fleece, she frisked away when she heard Soter's voice—thinking she would meet him at the top, and not be carried, like the timid fearful Metanoia. So on she went, through the storm, soiling her fleece worse at every step; and Soter called after her several times, but she would not listen, and he turned sorrowfully away. "I came to seek both—both were lost," murmured he, "but she will not come to me that she might have life." Soter wrapped his cloak around the trembling Metanoia and carried her home. He washed her clean in pure water, and fed her with bread and milk from his own supper—and laid her in a soft bed by the fire.—Metanoia's life was saved, and her wounds gradually cured; but she never recovered her former beauty and vigor. Her fleece had lost its brightness and grew more easily soiled; her steps had lost some of their spring, her limbs some of their strength, her eyes some of their clearness of sight. But she kept close to the shepherd's side,—he cleansed her stains, he supported her failing feet, his eyes saw the way when her's were dim; and if she was ever tempted to stray from his side, she looked on him who had been

pierced for her, and loved him more than ever she did before her rescue.

Sclerocardia's path never led her back to Soter. She wandered irregularly about—despising Metanoia's way of seeking him. None of the flock ever saw her again; only once or twice, on the part of the moors near the precipice, a distressed bleat was said to have been heard—but all was very soon as still as before.

### THE MUTE BOY.

I will tell you about a little deaf and dumb boy, who had the misfortune to lose his father at an early age.

The bereaved mother took the kindest care of him and an infant sister, with whom it was his chief delight to play from morning till night. After a few years, the village where they resided was visited with a dangerous fever, and this family all lay sick at the same time. The mother and daughter died, but the poor little deaf and dumb orphan recovered. He had an aged grandmother, who took him to her home, and seemed to love him better for his infirmities. She fed him carefully, and laid him in his bed with tenderness; and in her lonely situation he was all the world to her. A great part of every day she labored to understand his signs, and to communicate some new idea to his imprisoned mind. She endeavored to instruct him that there was a great Being who caused the sun to shine, and the grass to grow; who sent forth the lightning and the rain, and was the Maker of man and beast. She taught him the three letters G, O, and D; and when he saw in a book this name of the Almighty, he was accustomed to bow down his head with the deepest reverence. But when she sought to inform him that he had a soul accountable and immortal when the body died, she was grieved that he seemed not to comprehend her. The little silent boy loved his kind grandmother, and would sit for hours looking earnestly in her wrinkled face, smiling, and endeavoring to sustain the conversation. He was anxious to perform any service for her that might testify his affection: he would fly to pick up her knitting-bag or her snuff-box when they fell, and traverse the neighboring meadows and woods to gather such flowers and plants as pleased her. Yet he was sometimes pensive, and wept, she knew not why. She supposed he might be grieving for the relatives he had lost, and redoubled her marks of ten-

derness. She often perused, with great interest, accounts of the intelligence and happiness of the deaf and dumb who enjoy a system of education adapted to their necessities; and thought, if any thing could separate her from her beloved charge, it would be, that he might share such an inestimable privilege.

At length the eyes of this benevolent lady grew dim through age; and when the little suppliant, by his dialect of gestures, besought her attention, she was unable to distinguish the movements of his hands, or scarcely the form of his features. It was then her earnest request that he might be placed at the American Asylum in Hartford for the education of the deaf and dumb. There, when his first regrets at separation had subsided, he began to make rapid improvement. He became attached to his companions and teachers, and, both in his studies and sports was happy. When he had nearly completed the period allotted for a full course of instruction there, a conversation like the following took place one evening, between him and a preceptor whom he loved.

"I have frequently desired to ask what were some of your opinions before you became a pupil in this institution. What, for instance, were your ideas of the sun and moon?"

"I supposed that the sun was a king and a warrior, who ruled over and slew the people as he pleased. When I saw brightness in the west at closing day, I thought it was the flame and smoke of cities which he had destroyed in his wrath. The moon I much disliked. I considered her prying and officious, because she looked into my chamber when I wished to sleep. One evening I walked in the garden, and the half-moon seemed to follow me. I sought the shade of some large trees, but found she was there before me. I turned to go into the house, and advised her not to come, because I hated her; but when I laid down in my bed, she was there. I arose and closed my shutters: still there were some crevices through which she peeped. I bade her go away, and wept with passion because she disregarded my wishes. I thought she gazed at me more than at others, because I was deaf and dumb. I feared also that she would tell strangers of it; for I felt ashamed of being different from other children."

"What did you think of the stars?"

"They were more agreeable to me. I imagined that they were fair and well-

dressed ladies, who gave brilliant parties in the sky; and that they sometimes rode for amusement on beautiful horses, while their attendants carried torches in their hands."

"Had you any conception of death?"

"When my little sister died, I wondered why she lay still so long. I thought she was lazy, to be sleeping when the sun had arisen. I gathered my hands full of violets, and threw them in her face, and said in my dialect of signs, 'Wake up! wake up!' and I was displeased at her, and went so far as to say, 'What a fool you are!' when she permitted them to put her in a box, and carry her away, instead of getting up to play with me."

"Afterwards, when my mother died, they told me repeatedly that she was dead, dead, and tried to explain to me what death meant. But I was distressed when I asked her for bread, that she did not give it to me; and when she was buried, I went every day where they had laid her, waiting, and expecting that she would rise. Sometimes I grew impatient, and rolled upon the turf that covered her, striking my forehead against it, weeping, and saying, 'Mother, get up! get up! Why do you sleep there so long with the child? I am sick, and hungry, and alone. Oh, mother! mother!' When I was taken to my grandmother's house, I could no longer visit the grave, and it grieved me; for I believed, if I continued to go and cry there, she would at length hear me and come up."

"I knew that more pains were taken to insinuate religious principles into your mind than are commonly bestowed upon the deaf and dumb: will you tell me what was your opinion of the Supreme Being?"

"My kind grandmother labored, without ceasing, to impress me with reverence for the Almighty. Through her efforts I obtained some idea of the power and goodness which are visible in the creation; but of Him who wrought in the storm and in the sunshine, I was doubtful whether it were a strong man, a huge animal, or a vast machine. I was in all the ignorance of heathen sin, until, by patient attendance on your judicious course of instruction, knowledge entered into my soul."

He then expressed to his teacher the gratitude he felt for the blessings of education, and affectionately wishing him a good night, retired to his repose.—*Teacher's Offering.*

### MAMOE, THE SAMOAN CHIEF.

One of the best missionary meetings I ever attended, was one held the other day in a town in the south of Engiand. Mr. Stair, missionary from Upolu, one of the Samoan islands, and Mamoe, a converted chief of that island, and now a native teacher, were present. The Samoan chief freely mixed with the people, made several addresses, and answered willingly the questions which were put to him.

Till 1830 the Samoan islands had been unvisited by the light of the gospel.—Eighteen centuries had passed, and the glad tidings of great joy had not been heard there. The people were still sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death, and had not yet seen the great light shining. The tyrant, sin, was rapidly destroying both their bodies and souls. Under the desolating influence of heathenism, and its attendant vices, the population of these beautiful islands was fast diminishing, and likely soon to become extinct. But the fulness of time for them was come, and God shewed that he had yet purposes of mercy for this people. In the year referred to, 1830, Mr. Williams visited the island with his ship, and left there some native teachers. These teachers had very much to contend against; but, in the course of several years, the fruit of their labors began to appear. As Mamoe beautifully said, "The seed now at length began to grow." Mamoe was amongst "the first-fruits of the gospel" in the island of Upolu. And let it be observed, he was converted by a native evangelist. He stood before us an object of unspeakable interest. His noble frame was tall and muscular; he had a fine head, an eye of fire, and a wonderfully expressive countenance. Every thing that he spoke was earnest, glowing, and life-like. The tones of his voice were most exquisite and powerful, and his soft language was music. We could almost understand what he said, from his expressive action, even before it had been explained by the missionary.

He told us that, till the introduction of the gospel, the natives of Upolu were the most miserable and degraded idolaters.—They worshipped insects, snakes, bits of wood, and their fellow-men. "It was always," said Mamoe, "War, war, war!" We used to worship one man of great strength, but he oppressed us very much, and we rose up against him, and killed him. Then war arose. One party was

determined to avenge the murder of the god. After fierce fighting, our party conquered. We then gathered together all the women and children, as many (I should think) as there are in the body of this place of worship—i. e. some hundreds. We lit up a large fire, and we burnt them all. I shall never forget," said Mamoe, "one thing which I saw. We had once taken a large number of captives, and were about to cast them into a blazing fire. The children were thrown in first and then the mothers. Those children who were big enough to run away, first received a blow on the back of the head to prevent their being able to run. One mother had four children, who were thrown in, and she was thrown in after them." He then described most touchingly the action by which the mother rushed into the midst of the fire, and, imprinting a wild kiss on the lips of the youngest child, perished in the sweet embrace. Shortly after this dreadful war, the gospel was introduced, and for fifteen years afterwards, they had undisturbed peace. Close by the very spot where the dreadful fire was kindled, Mr. Stair has stood hundreds of times to preach the gospel.

Mamoe was once a wretched idolater, a chief, and a ringleader in wickedness.—He had murdered many men in war, and had thrown many poor captives into the flames. He had revelled in sensuality and ferocity; yet here he stood before us, the very soul of kindness, gentleness, and child-like simplicity. This forcibly reminded me of the command of Christ, "Cast out devils." I could not but think of the poor wretch described in Mark vi. "A man out of the tombs with an unclean spirit, who had his dwelling among the tombs; and no man could bind him, no, not with chains. And always night and day he was in the mountains, and in the tombs, crying and cutting himself with stones." Yet Jesus spake the word, "Come out of the man thou unclean spirit;" and mark the change! The people of the country who come to Jesus, "see him that was possessed with the legion, sitting, and clothed, and in his right mind!" Such had been the degradation of Mamoe, and such was the benign and healing influence of the gospel upon him. Formerly he was a reproach even to our fallen nature; now he was a bright and noble specimen of man redeemed. In the Samoan islands, there are now hundreds of converts, very many of whom are as noble and intelligent as Mamoe.

## MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

It was thirteen year's since my mother's death, when, after a long absence from my native village, I stood beside the sacred mound, beneath which I had seen her buried.

Since that mournful period, great changes had come over me. My childish years had passed away, and with them had passed my youthful character. The world was altered too; and as I stood at my mother's grave, I could hardly realise that I was the same thoughtless, happy creature, whose cheek she had so often kissed in her excess of tenderness. But the varied events of thirteen years had not effaced the remembrance of that mother's smile. It seemed as if I had seen her yesterday; as if the blessed sound of her voice was even then in my ear. The gay dreams of my infancy and childhood were brought back so distinctly to my mind, that had it not been for one bitter recollection, the tears I shed would have been gentle and refreshing. The circumstance may seem a trifling one; but the thought of it even now agonizes my heart; and I relate it, that those children who have parents to love them, may learn to value them as they ought.

My mother had been ill a long time, and I had become so much accustomed to her pale face and weak voice, that I was not frightened at them as children usually are. At first, it is true, I had sobbed violently, for they told me she would die; but when, day after day, I returned from school, and found her the same, I began to believe she would always be spared to me.

One day when I had lost my place in the class, and done my work wrong side outward, I came home discouraged and fretful. I went into my mother's chamber. She was paler than usual, but she met me with the same affectionate smile that always welcomed my return. Alas! when I look back through the lapse of thirteen years, I think my heart must have been stone not to have been melted by it.

She requested me to go down stairs, and bring her a glass of water. I pettishly asked why she did not call the maid to do it. With a look of mild reproach, which I shall never forget if I live to be a hundred years old, she said "and will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?"

I went and brought the water, but I did not do it kindly. Instead of smiling and kissing her, as I was wont to do, I set the glass down very quick, and left the room.

After playing a short time, I went to bed, without bidding my mother "Good night." But when alone in my room, in darkness and silence, I remembered how pale she looked, and how her voice trembled when she said, "Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?" I could not sleep; and I stole into her chamber to ask forgiveness. She had just sunk into an uneasy slumber; and they told me I must not awaken her. I did not tell any one what troubled me, but stole back to my bed, resolved to rise early in the morning, and tell her how sorry I was for my conduct.

The sun was shining brightly when I awoke, and, hurrying on my clothes, I hastened to my mother's room.

She was dead! She never spoke to me more; never smiled upon me again. And when I touched the hand that used to rest upon my head in blessing, it was so cold it made me start. I bowed down at her side, and sobbed in the bitterness of my heart. I thought then I wished I could die, and be buried with her; and old as I now am, I would give worlds, were they mine to give, could my mother but have lived to tell me she forgave my childish ingratitude.

But I cannot call her back; and when I stand by her grave, and whenever I think of her manifold kindness, the memory of that reproachful look she gave me will "bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder."—*Children's Friend.*

## TEACHERS' CORNER.

Brompton, July 10, 1849.

Sir,—Since the receipt of your July number, containing a notice of Ebenezer Sabbath School, Owen's Sound, I am constrained to express a wish for its success, and would hope that in succeeding numbers of your interesting periodical, I may hear of more of such schools springing up throughout Canada. I agree with the writer of the article in question in deploring the apathy of the clergy as shown by most of them to the wellbeing of such works of love. Sectarian differences are a great hinderance to the progress of vital religion, but self-satisfied ignorance is a complete barrier, in many places, to improvement. Allow me to offer a few hints suggested by what I have observed in this country. The memory is too much taxed to the total exclusion of the understanding and practical bearing of the Holy truths contained in the texts upon the heart and conduct. It is far easier to learn by rote, a hundred verses, than to act upon one. "My son give me thy heart," is neither felt nor acted upon. There is a pride in getting and repeating a chapter in the

presence of others, but self-abasement in feeling ourselves lost sinners in our private communing with God, is a state of mind too much neglected. I have heard a girl of ten years of age repeat the first chapter of St. John's Gospel, perfectly, but on being questioned as to its meaning, she showed deplorable ignorance; she did not know that Jesus Christ was the Son of God; she knew nothing of Him as her Redeemer.

We agree with our correspondent that we are still far behind, generally speaking, in the science, so to speak, of the Sabbath School cause, but we were glad to find from the Report of the Agent of the Canada Sunday S. Union for last year, that great advances had been made in the work, and that the Sabbath Schools in the larger towns, throughout Canada, were efficiently conducted. No doubt were ministers of the Gospel to countenance the work of Sabbath-school instruction, as we think it their duty to do, it would wonderfully accelerate their advancement.

#### SKETCH OF THE IRISH SOCIETY.

No subject for many years past has occupied a more prominent place in the councils of our country, been the object of keener political debate, or the topic of greater wonder and disputation, than the state of Ireland. Government after government has sought to reduce her to peace and quiet; the strong arm of martial law has striven to break the spirit that would not bend. Generous and lenient treatment has been tried in turn, and what is the result? The country remains as unsettled and disorderly as ever. Year after year sinking deeper in wretchedness and misery. But there is one plan for the amelioration of Ireland that has been overlooked by the wise men of this world, and yet this plan alone contains within itself all the elements capable of counteracting the evils which have so long defied every effort. This is the Gospel plan, which sets side by side these precepts, "Fear God," "Honor the King," "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," "The truth shall make you free."

This is the basis upon which the Irish Society was founded: its standing motto is "search the Scriptures." It holds that Popery is the curse of Ireland, the Irish Bible its cure. This Society has for many years been

working in faith and prayer, sowing the seed beside all waters; and now, in not a few instances, it has begun, in the very midst of temporal destitution, to gather a spiritual harvest. The one object this Society has ever had in view, is to give the Bible to the people in their own language. It is well known the devoted attachment the Irish bear to their own tongue. The Irish, they say, gets into the heart, while the English goes no further than the head.

Then, there is one channel left open for the entrance of good, and of this the Irish Society have fully availed themselves. The work undertaken by this Society may be divided into two parts—the employment of Irish Readers and the support of Schools. The Irish Reader is one who thoroughly understands his native tongue, who takes his Bible in his hand and travels through the length and breadth of the land, turning into every cabin where they will receive him, and reading to all who will hear it, the story of peace. Often must he take his life in his hand and be content to lay it down for Christ's sake. Much vehement opposition does Satan raise to the word of God. Salary is not made an object; some teachers are employed at £5 per annum. They cannot, for so small a sum, give up the whole of their time to the cause; and when it can be done, the Society endeavor, by adding a little, to redeem them of their time for the sacred work. One or two instances, out of very many, may be given to shew what manner of men these Irish Readers are: Michael M'Daniel labored first in King's County, afterwards in Dublin. He possessed a peculiar simplicity of character, joined with the most unflinching boldness in the cause of truth. During his illness, which was short, he was visited by several friends. One asked him had he peace. "Surely," said he, "I long ago laid my burden on One well able to bear it; my name was written before the foundation of the world in the Lamb's book of life." He was asked would he like to see a Priest? He answered, "I want no Priest, Christ is my great High Priest." A few hours before his death a Roman Catholic said to him, "I hope you will be saved." "All that," said he, "was done for me by my Saviour before I was born. If I had to put my hand to the work it would soon be undone. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." In a few minutes after this he fell asleep in Jesus. Many Romanists attended his funeral.

(To be Continued.)

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## CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE IRISH SCHOOL SOCIETY.

We acknowledge the kind donations from different quarters received up till July 20, and subjoin some of the letters that have accompanied the donations:—  
Pickering, June 26, 1849.

Sir,—Enclosed is Ten Shillings which I wish you to transmit to the Treasurer of the Irish School Society. The Address printed in the *Record* I read to the children under my care, in School, Division No. 8, Township of Pickering, and, while their eyes filled with tears, and their hearts ached from sympathy, they contributed to the utmost extent of their ability, I believe, and if they had had more they would have given it freely. Be kind enough, therefore, to see that this, their gift, is applied to the proper purpose, and, from time to time, let us hear of their prospects through your *Sabbath School Record*.—D. C.

[We would thank our correspondent for the name of the party referred to in the latter part of this communication. Mrs. Sleigh's *Record* has been regularly sent from this to the Brougham P. O.—ED. RECORD.]

Sorel, June 28, 1849.

Sir,—The enclosed trifle (5s.) is in answer to the eloquent and heart-stirring appeal addressed to the youth of Scotland in behalf of the poor famishing Irish children, contained in the last month's *Record*. Small as is what I have to spare I cannot withhold it, for that reason—for the Widow's mite was more valued than the many larger sums which preceded it.—I remain, yours, &c.,  
L. G.

Brompton, June 26, 1849.

Sir,—The enclosed 10s. had been collected for a different purpose, but the extract from the *Juvenile Missionary Record*, in connection with the Church of Scotland, published in the June number of the *Missionary and Sabbath School Record*, induced me to send the money to you for the purpose of being transmitted to the Treasurer of the Irish School Society. I am sorry that the sum is so small. I could more easily feed and clothe two children here than I could procure a few dollars in cash to send for their use; such is the case with many in this country. Children would be fed and taught to be useful members of society by those who deeply sympathise with the sufferers at home, yet are unable to send money or money's worth to them—A MEMBER OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

### List of Subscribers to the Fund for the Relief of the Children attending the Irish Bible Schools.

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| E. T. Renaud, Esq.,.....                                   | 1 | 5  | 0    |
| A Friend,.....   | 0 | 10 | 0    |
| Mrs. Willoughby,.....                                      | 0 | 5  | 0    |
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| A Little Girl.....   | 0 | 0  | 7½   |
| Mr. Gibb,.....   | 0 | 5  | 0    |
| Mr. M'Nab,.....  | 0 | 5  | 0    |
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| D. Davidson, Esq.,.....                                    | 0 | 5  | 0    |
| Mrs. Davidson,.....  | 0 | 5  | 0    |
| Mr. Thomas Davidson,.....                                  | 0 | 5  | 0    |
| Mr. James Davidson,.....                                   | 0 | 5  | 0    |
|  |   | 8  | 5 11 |

#### *Received per Mr. J. C. Becket.*

|   |   |    |      |
|---|---|----|------|
| Master Harold,.....   | 0 | 0  | 11   |
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| United Presbyterian Sabbath Schopl,.....                    | 1 | 7  | 10   |
| Jane and George Gouldie, Laprairie,.....                    | 0 | 5  | 0    |
| R. Hunt, Sorel,.....  | 0 | 5  | 0    |
| L. G., Sorel,.....  | 0 | 5  | 0    |
| Sabbath School Scholars, Breadalbane, per Mr. M'Laren,..... | 0 | 11 | 3    |
| 8th Division, Pickering, per Mrs. Clarke,.....              | 0 | 10 | 0    |
|   |   | 3  | 15 0 |

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