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FOR
APRIL,
1852.



THE
MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH
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AND
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APRIL 1, 1852.

No. 4.



Joseph Sewall.

Dr. Sewall's Lectures.

The smallness of the space which must of necessity allot to each article, as to give variety to the *Record*, prevents us from doing more at present than giving a short notice of this excellent S. library Book.

The author, Rev. Joseph Sewall, D., was born in Boston, August 15th, 1738. His father was the Hon. Samuel Sewall, descended from a long line of noble ancestors. He graduated at Harvard College in 1767; and conducted his residence in Cambridge to

study divinity. From his earliest days Dr. Sewall was the subject of religious impressions. While but a youth, there was such an uncommon seriousness and strict regularity in his whole walk, as to attract the notice of all his acquaintance, and command the respect of his superiors in age.

The Book is published by the Mass. S. S. Society. And is composed of four Lectures, on the work of the Holy Spirit. We give the following short extract from the last, on these words, "the Holy Spirit Convinceth of Judgment":—

Be not dismayed if you should find a violent struggle, when our Lord is coming by his Spirit to deliver you from the destroying power of Satan. But encourage yourselves to seek the Lord more earnestly that he would rebuke the tempter, and not suffer you to be tempted above what you are able to bear. Do not listen to the suggestions of this evil one; but look to Jesus to execute judgment upon him. If he tempt you to hurt your bodies, hearken to that word, Do thyself no harm. Or if he should tempt you to destroy your souls by presumption or despair, reject his evil motions with abhorrence, and labor to cherish the motions of the good Spirit of God in opposition to him. Be not afraid to worship God in secret, lest he should appear to you; but consider, our Saviour holds him as in a chain, and can control him at his pleasure. Say to the Lord, Rule thou over us, and let this usurper be cast out of our hearts. And pray to God to subdue every lust, that there may be none retained whereby the devil shall keep possession of your souls.

There are two kingdoms which divide the whole world, the kingdom of God's dear Son, and the kingdom of darkness. And we must belong to the one, or the other. Here none may presume that they can stand neuter. If you refuse to stand on Christ's side, you must expect to be treated as enemies to him. Here then, I set before you life and death, blessing and cursing. If you continue under the power of Satan, you must finally perish with him in hell. But if you now submit to Christ, you shall obtain the blessings of the kingdom of grace, and in due time be advanced to the kingdom of glory, where there is neither adversary, nor evil occurrent. Be persuaded then to stand on this side, and you will have the best cause, the best leader, and certain victory in God's time; the reward of which is not a fading laurel, but a crown of glory which fadeth not away.

And here give me leave to direct the exhortation,

To Children. Submit to Christ, and list under his banner. Dear children, your tender years need not discourage you from engaging in this war; for our Lord ordains strength out of the mouth of babes, that he may still the enemy and the avenger. The power and grace of our Saviour are magnified, while he perfecteth praise out of your mouths, and makes you victorious over the sinful follies and vanities of childhood.

To young men. Do you also submit to Christ, and list under his banner. Obey that word, Thou therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. 2 Tim. ii. 1. Flee youthful lusts which war against the soul; and while you strive for the mastery, be temperate in all things. When Satan tempts you to walk in the ways of your heart, and after the sight of your eyes, realize that for these things God will bring you into judgment, and then say, How can I do this wickedness, and sin against God? How shall I be able to lift up my head, when I must appear before the judgment seat of Christ? Thus resist the devil, and he shall flee from you. O, how lovely a sight is it, to behold our youth denying the solicitations of Satan, when he urgeth them to gratify their carnal appetites, in this age of pleasure! I have written unto you, fathers, because ye have known him that is from the beginning. I write unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one. 1 John ii. 14.

Little John and his Mother.

In the village of R—— lived a little boy whose name was John. His father died when little John was but six years old, and his mother was but very poor, so that she had to toil hard—very hard—to obtain even the cheapest food for herself and little John. But still she did not complain. Little John was so young that he could not help her much, but he was a good little boy—had resolved to make her the least trouble he could.

and always be kind to her and obey her. His mother taught him to read and pray; and often, when his dear mother was hard at work with her needle, little John would sit down by her side and read to her from the Bible, or his Sabbath school book. Often did his infant prayer ascend before the throne of God.

Little John was loved by all. He was pleasant to every person he met, and never looked cross and peevish. His teacher said he was the best boy in his class. But alas! he fell sick, and was confined to his bed. Every assistance was given, and every effort made for his recovery, but all was in vain; and in a short time he died. The last sentence he uttered was this, "Mother, don't cry; I am going to **JESUS.**"

Little children, can you all truly say what little John said? Do you feel that you are ready to die? Remember that the Son of man cometh in an hour when you think not. Always be ready for that hour. Let not a moment pass carelessly. Remember that for every idle word or thought, God will call you into judgment. Think of these things, little children. Be kind and affectionate to all, and you will be beloved by all. Treat your parents as did little John—never give them cause for grief, but rather cause for joy; and thus treat all. Love God, and pray to him that he would forgive your sins, and make you his own dear children.—*Well Spring.*

A Child's Faith.

"A strong man will carry me over the mountains." These were almost the last words of a dear little boy, just five years and seven months old, who died a few weeks ago, in the city of Boston. About the middle of the night in which he died, he saw something very beautiful which he could not very well understand. He was much delighted with the vision; and his parents assured him that God had given him a glimpse of heaven. But

they soon perceived that the vision was somewhat marred, by the appearance of *mountains* which he saw before him. Almost in a moment, however, after they were discovered, he exclaimed, '*A strong man will carry me over the mountains!*' Thus at once did the eye of faith rest upon One that is mighty to save; and thus it will ever be with those who put their trust in the Lord. He then called the family around him, and asked each one to give him a kiss. He also entreated his father and mother to '*go up with him.*'"—*Well Spring.*

WHERE?

BY THE REV. ANDREW A. BONAR, COLLAGE.

(From *Christian's Miss. Record.*)

Many times in Scripture you will find questions put, without any answer given. The reason of this is, not that there is no answer to be found, but that the question put is itself sufficient to make any one *feel* the answer; and you know it is far better to feel deeply than merely to know and speak.

The two first questions in the Bible are found in Genesis iii. 9, and Genesis iv. 9. The one is, "*Where art thou?*" the other is, "*Where is Abel, thy brother?*" I do not know any two questions that might teach us more than these, when rightly thought upon.

1. "*Where art thou?*"

When God put this question to Adam, He well knew the answer. He knew where Adam had hid himself. He knew where to find him. Be sure of this—God knows where to find you; for every sin of yours cries to Him, "Here, holy Lord, here!" And as certainly, if you have got Christ's blood, that precious blood invites Him to you, as if it said, "Holy Lord God, behold here, and love this soul."

But where ARE you? Not in heaven. No; and therefore you need to ask about your hope of ever being there. Not in hell. No; and therefore you may still find the way of reaching heaven. But we ask again, *Where are*

you? *In the city of refuge!* Happy if you are! *Fleeing to it, but not yet at it!* Then flee fast; make haste for thy life; tarry not in all the plain, lest the avenger come upon thee, for you are exposed every moment to his hot wrath, till you have entered in. *Not yet on the way!* Then yours is a dismal state: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

Ask yonder believer, "*Where art thou?*" He says, "In the Ark, Christ Jesus." No flood shall reach him there. He says again, "In the chambers whose door-posts are sprinkled with the blood of the slain Lamb." No destroying angel shall touch a hair of his head. Would you, too, not like to be there? He says again, "In Christ Jesus." And you know it is written, "There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." (Rom. viii. 1.) And why should you not be there too?

Remember, dear reader, the question, "*Where art thou?*" determines the question, "Where are you to be at the great day?" If you are not in Christ now, where will you be found then? Not with those whose names are in the book of life; not among those who enter in by the gate into the city; but among those whose names are blotted out of the book of life,—among the tares bound up in bundles for the fire—in hell, among the lost!

Again, therefore, we ask each of you, *Where art thou?* In Satan's arms, or in Christ's? In your sins, or in Christ's righteousness? Can you answer the question? Is it settled? Are you sure that it is settled well? You have often felt your need of salvation; where, then, are you now? Perhaps you say, "*Just where I was.*" Ah, no! you are far more the servant of sin than ever. At times when others are praying, your heart is wandering; at times when others are looking to Christ, your heart is fixed on vanity. Take care, lest when at last your teacher, or father, or sister, or friend, cries amid the multitude, "*Where art thou,——?*" there be no answer—

they have to look for an answer down to the lake that ever burns!

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Publican and his Wife.

In the village of Ramham, in Kent, a few tracts were received by an individual, and, finding his own mind deeply impressed with the truths they contained, he became anxious to distribute them to others. His first attention was naturally directed to his aged parents, who were at that time keeping a public-house in the village, and were living without God and without hope in this world. Knowing the temper and prejudices of his father, he could not venture to give him the tract; he gave one, however, to his mother, entitled "Consolation under Convictions." This tract made a deep impression upon her mind; she became restless and alarmed. Soon after this, she received a tract from the worthy minister of the parish, the Hon. and Rev. Gerard Noel, entitled "Conversation between two Christian Friends," which deepened her convictions and her fears, and awakened the earnest inquiry, "What must I do to be saved?" Every opportunity was embraced, in order to read and meditate upon the tract, and to peruse the sacred Scriptures. The husband, with a heart full of enmity against God and religion, could not witness these things with indifference; every means which enmity and passion could devise was made use of to intimidate; but all was in vain. One day, as he came into the room, he found her, as usual, reading the tract; his passion immediately rose to the highest pitch; he could contain himself no longer. With inexpressible rage, he tore the tract from her hand, and put it into his pocket. There it remained. He could not destroy it. After a little time, he became solicitous to know what there was in this tract which had occasioned such anxiety in the mind of his wife. He read it: his heart began to tremble. He repaired to his son with great agitation of mind

and, pulling out the tract from his pocket, he said, as the tears gushed from his eyes, "This is the book which has made your mother so uneasy. She says" (and evidently feeling the same thing himself) 'it has set all her sins before her face.'" From that time they both gave themselves up unto the Lord, and, after a life of faith and obedience, they died rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. And if departed spirits are permitted to know the transactions of earth, they are privileged in seeing their children, and their children's children, walking in the fear and ordinances of God, and actively engaged in distributing those messengers of mercy which had been made so useful to them. The little tract, still exhibiting marks of a diligent perusal, and of many a fallen tear, is carefully preserved as a sacred relic in the family, and doubtless will be transmitted to posterity, to proclaim the victory of Almighty grace.—*Jubilee Memorial of the religious Tract Society.*

Anecdote of a Kaffir Young Woman.

While conversing one day with Mr. Birt, he related to me a very pleasing instance of the firm, but gentle and forgiving, temper of a Kaffir young woman. She had renounced her Kaffir dress and heathen customs, put on European clothing as a sign of the change, and attended instruction. Her brother, still a heathen, wanted her to accompany him to a heathen dance. She refused. He fetched a stick, and threatened he would compel her to accompany him. He beat her, tore off her clothes, and again beat her till the stick broke. She never uttered a cry, or a word of reproach. He went to procure another stick: native women interposed and rescued her; they thought she had suffered enough. He then covered her with some heathen dress; and then she wept and sobbed bitterly, as though she had returned back to Heathenism. "Why didn't

you cry before?" said her brother: "when I beat you, you were silent; now I dress you, you weep!" Some time rolled by, and the brother came again to visit her. He would not enter the hut: he was, perhaps, ashamed of his conduct; he might have met with reproach. No, he mistook her; he had not yet learned Christianity. She could forgive: she went out, and met him at the entrance, gave him her hand, and with it a sister's kiss. That subdued him. Woman's tenderness conquered this untamed Kaffir; and she continued her attendance on the instruction of the Missionary. I called on her, in company with Mr. Birt. I admired her for her patient and amiable spirit. I wished her many blessings, and was delighted to leave with her a trifling present as a token of esteem.—*Rev. J. J. Freeman.*

Friendly Cautions.

Never tell an untruth. Remember the eye of God is always upon you; your thoughts, words, and actions (past, present, and future) are all known to him. God has said, "He that speaketh lies shall not escape." Prov. xix. 5. And, as he is the God of truth, whatever he has threatened he will perform. O, my dear young friends, whenever you are tempted to commit this sin, say within yourselves, "However I may deceive others, I cannot deceive God. No; I will not be guilty of falsehood; lying is an abomination unto thee, O Lord. Prov. xii. 22. If I indulge in it, thou wilt surely punish me, perhaps with shame and disgrace in this world; and, unless I obtain forgiveness of it through the merit of my Saviour, eternal misery in the world to come."

Let it be your constant prayer, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." Ps. cxli. 3.

"From lying and deceitful ways
Do thou protect me, Lord;
And let me learn, in youthful days,
Obedience to thy word."

—*Youth's Friend.*

Love the Bible.

BY THE REV. ADAM HLYTH, GIRVAN.

The Bible is the best of all books. All who have been truly great and gracious, have had the highest view of its priceless worth. The word of Christ, like Christ himself, must be ever precious to them that believe.

There is one respect in which the Bible differs from all other books. As our acquaintance with it increases, so also will our estimate of its preciousness and excellence. It is impossible to exhaust its beauties, or become possessed of all its riches. The great Sir Isaac Newton was content, after all he had learned of human nature, and written of human science, to be a man of *one book*, and that book was the Bible.

The good John Newton, you may remember, used to say—“I have many books that I can sit down to read. They are, indeed, good and sound; but, like half-pence, there goes a great quantity to a little amount. There are silver books, and a very few golden books; but I have one book worth more than them all, called the Bible, and that is a book of bank notes.”

A distinguished infidel was once asked the question, “How is it that no other book like the Bible has ever been written?” His reply was, “Because there is not room in the world for two such books!” Yes, my young friends, the Bible is pre-eminent among all other books—it is super-human—it is divine.

Beware, then, my young friends, of coldness or formality in reading the Bible. See that you do not take it up from force of habit merely, but from intensest love to its holy truths. Make certain that you do cherish a love for the Scriptures, and that you read with joy your daily portion therefrom. “Read your Bible, and read till you love to read.” Let it be yours, when thus engaged, to have a warm heart, as well as an inquiring mind. Rest assured, to know the Bible truly, is to

love it ardently. He loves the Bible most who knows it best.

How precious is the Bible! It is the statute-book of heaven—the guide of human life. It is emphatically a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path. It tells us what we are—what we ought to be—and what, through grace, we may yet become. It is God’s messenger of peace and mercy to guilty souls, pressing the acceptance of free pardon now, with the offer of unmingled happiness hereafter. It is fraught with the richest blessings of the gospel to the life that now is, and with the most cheering promises of heavenly glory for the life that is to come. *Missionary Record.*

The Prodigal’s Return.

How far I’ve wander’d from my home,
And pined a father’s breast;
Remote from all the bliss I roam,
With want and toil oppress
I’ve wasted all the wealth I had,
With strangers and : : sin;
And now there’s none to give me bread,
Or kindly take me in.

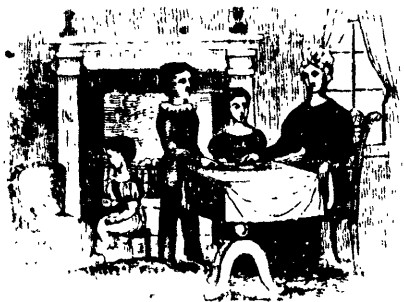
My father’s house is richly stored,
There’s bread enough to spare;
The servants that attend his board,
His bounty richly share.
Yet I, with hunger, perish here,
In this debased employ;
Denied with swine their food to share,
And lost to every joy.

Without delay I will arise,
And to my father go;
With broken heart and streaming eyes,
I’ll tell him all my woe:
“My father, I’m a child undone,
I’ve sinned against thy grace;
I cannot claim to be thy son,
Give me a servant’s place.”

The Death Bed of the Godly.

A thousand fears of dreadful name
Ungodly men surprise;
But, oh! in what a heavenly frame
The pardoned sinner dies.

With glory shining round his head,
And sunbeams on his breast,
He lays him calmly on his bed,
And smiling sinks to rest.



The Happy Family.

"I have been staying a month," said Miss West, "at my friend Mrs. Brown's, in H——, and I think I never saw so happy a family in my life."—"Indeed!" replied her friend, to whom she was speaking; "and how many children are there?"—"Five; the eldest twelve years old, and the youngest three."—"And what is it makes them so happy a family?"—"Their mutual forbearance, affection, and kindness; they seem to take so intimate an interest in each other's welfare, that if one enjoys pleasure, they all seem to partake of it too; and if one is dull and in pain, they all seem to feel it also: they have had the best instructions and examples set before them, and they have indeed profited by them. When I asked little Mary why they were all so happy, she said, 'She did not know, unless it were because they all loved each other so well.'"

Dear little children, your parents' hope and joy, be meek and good; strive to obey those who are set over you. If you behave properly, your friends will rejoice; and will you turn their hearts against you, and drive them with disgust from your dwelling? I hope better things from many of the readers of this magazine; for, after all the accounts of good boys and girls they have had, and the wholesome instructions they have received, I think, yea I know, they must be ashamed of themselves when they are naughty. Hear what the palmist says, "Behold, how good

and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity," &c. Read the whole, (Ps. cxxxiii.) and learn it if you are able. Be then kindly affectioned one to another; and remember that there is One who sees all your ways, and hears all your words. He notes down your conduct. How delightful a sight is a happy family! Well might Miss West regret leaving her friend's house; for *where all seemed so comfortable she could not but be comfortable too.*—*Youth's Friend.*

Madagascar

Continues shut. Not only is the christian missionary excluded, but all intercourse with foreigners is strictly prohibited. It is rarely, therefore, that any communication can be held with the interior, even by letter. But the last intelligence, which bears the marks of authenticity, is most deeply affecting. About twelve hundred were summoned to the capital, to answer for the offence of worshipping the only true God, and believing on his Son. Four of the most distinguished for rank and devotedness were sentenced to be burned to death; and their lingering tortures must have been awfully aggravated, as, three times, while their bodies were consuming, torrents of rain descended and extinguished the fires. Fourteen others were thrown from a rocky eminence near the city, and dashed to pieces. A letter, dated Mahilla, August 29, 1850, signed by two Christians from Mada-

agascar, and addressed to the Rev. Andrew Steedman, at present in England, gives the following details:—

“Believers and unbelievers in Madagascar are still laboring under great sufferings, arising from the vindictive spirit of Rainchats (the Queen’s prime minister.) A few of them have reached Mahilla; they are those who were captured in approaching the Sackslave at Ambongo (a large village on the western side of Madagascar,) and were sold as slaves to the Arabs who brought them here. They have since been ransomed by the sovereign of this place. It is now four months since they fled. The following is the latest news brought by them from Madagascar:—

“Rakotosahema (young prince, heir to the throne,) had ordered his male followers to go in search of the Ampamosary (sorcerers and malefactors.) Rakatosahaly, one of the lower class, having disobeyed, was beaten by Ramaka, which raised in him a spirit of revenge, in consequence of which he seized an opportunity, when Ramaka and his friends were worshipping in a remote place, to inform against them, and they were all detected in the very act of praying in the house they had erected for that purpose. The crowd that accompanied the Tsialaingia (constable of high grade,) seeing the great number of Christians, were struck with surprise, as in this meeting there were 2000. The constable then set to work in seeking for the ringleaders, and the builders of the chapel, and also to trace out those who had already been warned by the sovereign against embracing the Gospel, from those who had lately become Christians. Their trial soon ensued, in the presence of the whole population assembled for that purpose. Ramongo, the nephew of the Queen, was encouraged by the young prince, his cousin, to refuse the oath, in these words:—‘Do not accuse yourself, or repent, or take the oath, for he that will put an end to your life, will put an end to mine also.’ Therefore, when called upon, he refused, which brought the

whole of his relatives (which are also those of the Queen) around him to entreat him to obey. But all was in vain, he still persisted in his refusal. Then they retired, and told the sovereign he had complied, by swearing, in the strongest terms; that he would never again pray. However, he was reduced to the rank of a private soldier.

“Four nobles, who were Christians, were burned to death,—Andriantsiano, of Tanjoinbato; Ramitaba, nephew of Andriantsiano; Andriampaina, and his wife. Fourteen were killed by being thrown down a fearful precipice, called Ampamarima; a great number, being securely bound, were let down this precipice a certain distance, to frighten them, so as to induce them to take the oath, and all who did so were saved, but those who persisted were dashed to pieces. Ramanabona astonished the spectators; on being placed at the edge of the precipice, he entreated a little time to pray, ‘as on that account,’ said he, ‘I am to be killed.’ It being granted, he prayed most fervently; after which he addressed his executioners, and spoke in the strongest terms:—‘My body,’ said he, ‘you will cast down this precipice, but my soul you cannot, as it will go up to heaven to God. Therefore it is gratifying to me to die in the service of my Maker.’ Thus are the servants of the Lord destroyed.

“What would have been the doom of the multitude cannot be determined, had not the Prince of Madagascar, at the risk of his personal safety, now interposed, as the protector and patron of the Christians, and boldly withstood the authority of their cruel adversary, the prime minister of his Royal Mother. Subsequent results are unknown; but while these tragical events must excite our deepest sympathy, and fervent prayers for the confessors and martyrs of Madagascar, they supply also reflections that strengthen faith and demand thankfulness. Upwards of fourteen years since, all the faithful shepherds were driven from the island, and the

fold of Christ was left like lambs among wolves; but after enduring fourteen years of fiery trials, still they live, and still increase. Between forty and fifty have been doomed, for the sake of the Lord Jesus, to meet death, in forms the most agonising and terrific; but none have drawn back unto perdition—all have been faithful, even to the death. The blood of the martyrs has proved the seed of the church; and for one Christian there are ten, and for tens there are hundreds."—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine*.

The Little Missionary.

One Sabbath evening, some years ago, the superintendent of a Sabbath-school, observing a little girl sobbing and crying in a corner of the school-room, alone with her beloved teacher, was anxious to ascertain the cause.

Upon inquiry, he found her weeping most bitterly because she was about to be separated from her teacher, from the school, and from the means of grace. Her father and mother were about to remove to an outlandish part of America, where there was very little population, no Sabbath-school, no professors of religion, no place of worship. The Lord, of His infinite mercy, having touched her heart, given her to see the evil of sin, and the beauties of the Saviour, she was weeping at the thought of being cut off from all those sweet enjoyments the society of the godly is calculated to impart, more especially to those who are earnestly inquiring after the things of eternal life.

Her beloved teacher was trying to console her with the thought that she might even there become a little missionary, and she appeared to gather some comfort and consolation from the idea. She soon, however, had to bid all her Christian friends adieu, and had to start with her parents for the wilds of America, neither of her parents having any knowledge of sin, or love to the Saviour of sinners.

When she had arrived at her destined place of abode, the desire still haunted her to become a little missionary. When the Sabbath morn came, she felt her loss of the advice and counsel of her devoted teacher; but after she had made known her desolate and disconsolate state to her heavenly Father, she gathered up into her bag her two favorite books, her Bible and

hymn-book, and set out, in a strange land and alone, but in the name and strength of the Lord her God.

On her tour as a little missionary, she had not proceeded very far before she saw two women talking together by the wayside; now, she thought to herself, is the time for me to muster up all my courage and begin my work; but when she came up to them, they fixed their eyes so intently upon the little stranger, that her confidence fled, and she could not speak a word, but walked forward. After a while she came up to another woman, who appeared so to wonder to see such a child alone, that she was completely overcome by her looks, and could not muster courage to speak to her of the love of Christ. She walked on, and after a while beheld a group of children, apparently at play; now, thought she, is the time; she came up to them, and found in the midst of them a grey-headed old man; and his age and grey hairs so frightened her, that she could not make known to them her wishes; she therefore passed on, and began to think the Divine Being would not employ her as a little missionary.

When she had gone as far as she thought prudent, she returned, and as she was returning she again came up to the group of children. The old man had gone into the house, and they were amusing themselves in play; she gladly availed herself of the opportunity, and joined their ranks. She asked them if she might read a nice verse to them, and they all gladly assembled around her to hear her read; then she asked them if she might read a nice hymn, to which they at once agreed; she then asked if she might read a few verses out of her Bible, and talk to them about the love of the Saviour to guilty sinners; they gladly listened to her reading and to the remarks she made. When the time drew near that she might go, they were exceeding sorry to part with her, and very much pressed her to come again and read to them, to which she very gladly acceded.

The next Sabbath came: she again went to her little flock, and found she was welcomed by them. In addition to the group of children, she had the grey-headed old man for a hearer; and in a short time his hard heart became touched by the finger of God, and he became a true believer. The return of her visits became hailed by him as well as by the children, and she began to love her employ; the

children soon increased, and she had a goodly school.

In process of time there was a regular Sabbath-school, then a house of God; and, as the population of the village increased, the chapel became too small; there was a second erected; and now, at the present time, in that village (which is now a town) there are three large churches in a flourishing state, and the little girl stands an honored member of one of those churches. Thus we see what individual effort can do, if made in a right spirit, from right motives, and with a single eye to the glory of God.

Now, it is not necessary that all who desire to be useful to others in the world should leave their native land, their neighborhood, or their home. Some, it is true, may be wanted abroad, "for the fields are white and the laborers are few;" but there is large scope at home, in the town, village, or hamlet where we live, among our neighbors, and even in our own house. How many of our near relatives are strangers to God and to the word of His grace! Let it be the earnest desire of every reader of this narrative to imitate this little girl; and, either abroad or at home, amongst neighbors or amongst dear relatives, to become a Missionary.—*Juvenile Missionary Herald*.

God Sees Me.

Persons inclined to the sin of stealing are satisfied if they can only be certain they shall not be discovered. I once heard it related, that a man who was in the habit of going to a neighbor's corn-field to steal the ears, one day took with him his son, a boy of eight years of age. The father told him to hold the bag, while he looked if any one was near to see him. After standing on the fence, and peeping through all the corn-rows, he returned to take the bag from the child, and began his guilty work. "Father," said the boy, "you forgot to look somewhere else." The man dropt the bag in a fright, and said, "Which way, child?" supposing he had seen some one. "You forgot to look up to the sky, to see if God was noticing you." The father felt this reproof of the child so much, that he left the corn, returned home, and never

again ventured to steal; remembering the truth his child had taught him, that the eye of God is always upon us. "God sees me," is a thought that would keep us from many evil acts, if we tried constantly to feel its truth.—*Youth's Friend*.

What Missionary Work Is,

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Very lately, there was a dustman in London, who broke the third commandment, the fourth, the fifth, and, indeed, every one of the commandments; for he was a notorious drunkard, who feared neither God nor man. A city missionary visited him—visited him often—went to him again and again, remembering our Lord's words, "How often would I have gathered thee!" During five long years he had been in the habit of giving these visits, generally on the Sabbath mornings, for it was only then that the man was to be found at home. Was not the missionary, like some of our Sabbath school teachers, who find their scholars only on the Lord's day, and know that these precious souls are full of the world all the rest of the week! Well, let them not be discouraged.

At length it happened that the missionary read to the man the parable of the Prodigal Son, in the 15th chapter of Luke, and the man was arrested by it. For the first time he seemed moved, and soon after he was taken ill, so that for some weeks the missionary saw him often. The Holy Spirit was working by the Word and by Providence.

He now sent his children to the Ragged School; and one of his little daughters was soon able to read the Bible, and became her father's teacher. See how children may carry home a blessing to their parents! And so eager was the father now to know the Bible, that the missionary found him always with his book near him. Was he thinking of John v. 39?

He got well again. And now he shewed great love to the ordinances of God. He bought a coat that he might

attend church decently, and sought out week-meetings too—sometimes attending such services on the week-nights every second night. When people are thirsty, they go often to where the living waters flow. Our prayer meetings on week-nights would be better filled if there were more thirsty souls, young or old.

He next sought to do good to others. The man who drove the dust-cart along with him, was the first to whom he told his change; and this man was so moved that he went home and said to his wife, "Sarah, we have been doing wrong all our lives, for we have never prayed to God." That very night, this man, too, began to seek the Lord, and during the week bought clothes, and was in church the next Sabbath.

In a few weeks the dustman had led four more to come with him and his companion to the house of God. And why should not *you* try and do the like? The Lord blessed this man in his attempts to do good, the same Lord that blessed Andrew when he spoke to his brother, and Philip when he told Nathaniel, "We have found him!" (John i. 41—45.)

But "all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution," (2 Tim. iii. 12.) The poor dustman was turned off from his employment because he would not work on the Lord's day, and was for a time so reduced that he had to be satisfied with one meal a-day.—But the Lord, by giving a hundred-fold more joy, makes up to his servants all they lose, and promises, besides, that they shall reign with him hereafter, if they suffer for him now. When spoken to about this trial, the dustman seemed to rejoice that he was counted worthy to endure any thing for his Master.

He has since been cared for. He is now a communicant in the church, and is walking soberly, righteously, and godly.

Now, dear children, that person who first visited the dustman,—and that girl who first taught her father to read the

Bible,—and the dustman himself after his change,—and the dustman's companion when he spoke to his wife,—all shew you what kind of work *Missionary work* is. It is just carrying to others the good news we have got for ourselves.—*Children's Mis. Rec.*

Irish Scripture Schools.

(Continued from our last)

I have already mentioned, that Patscy's father was killed in a faction fight. His brother and sister took the widow into their house, and to her and to her children have devoted their lives. The aunt lost her health watching over the little girl who died,—and not all the horrors of famine have made them desert their brother's widow and their brother's orphans. Now, their whole affections seem concentrated on their nephew. They know nothing of Scripture; but because Patscy read it and loved it, they allowed no one to speak against it in their house. "So you were at the fair, Downy?" I said about a year ago to his uncle. "Not for my own pleasure though," he replied; "I do not wish to lose half a day's work." "Why do you go then?"—"I heard that a party of men were to be there to *whack* against the *cut brachs*," (that is, to attack the *speckled cuts*, a nickname given to the Roman Catholics who read the Irish Testament, from this being one of the first sentences in the Irish Primer.) "But you are not a *cut brach*; why should that report take you to the fair?"—"I am not one myself, but Patscy is,—and no one would attack them where I am; I went to protect them." He spoke truth, for when a Downy was present, no one of the faction on his side would molest any one contrary to his wish; and no person of the opposite faction could have done so, without having to fight the Downy faction in a body. I mention this fact, to show the influence for good of even one person in the family reading the Bible. Patscy, a poor weak child read it; and his doing so led his strong and feared uncle to give up his work and endanger himself, in order to protect those who were likewise reading it.

While at Ballybroad, Mr. Poer strained every nerve to give work; and you may be sure Downy was never left idle; neither was the poor child permitted to want the nourishment so necessary to his weakened constitution. On leaving, I arranged a weekly allowance till such time as his uncle was likely to get into employment; but there were so many others entitled to help, that all my struggling efforts could do but little. There was a widow with two most promising children. There was an invalid, who for five

years has been unable to work, and his four clever children. These, and several others, had stood firm for the school; and for so doing, lost the public relief. The invalid is a most interesting person. He knew his letters, but nothing more. Hearing his children repeat the weekly texts, interested him. He procured one of our school cards, containing ten texts on the leading doctrines of the Gospel. To use his own expression, he "studied on, and studied on, and the children helped him;" and he ceased not to study on, till one morning, to my great surprise, a message was brought, "that Denny White was come to say his card." The idea of the old man having learnt, or attempted to learn to read, never occurred to me; however, he was ordered into the school-room, (a room in which the school was held before the school-house was built, and which was appropriated to Roman Catholics who came for instruction.) This sickly old man repeated the verses on the card, without missing a word. By the continual spelling over these verses, he had so improved himself, that, with a little study, he can now read his chapter in the Testament, and he seems to have been taught of God. The Word has been to him a savour of life. Hour after hour he strained his poor inflamed eyes to "study on the chapter;" while his ghastly countenance beams with joy when he speaks of his Saviour's love. He cannot live long, and we hope to be enabled to keep him out of the poor-house.

To the utmost of our ability, we have tried to give work, and stimulate both parents and children to help themselves. One family of eight, were assisted to begin a little shop; another of four, to get a donkey and cart, for selling turf. If the converts are driven to the poor-house, others are deterred from reading and inquiring. No one can tell the wear and tear of mind it is, to work with any measure of success in Ireland, unless there are some public funds.

Another object we aimed at, was allowing intelligent men to pass a few days at Ballybrood, for the purpose of giving them farther instruction in the Scriptures. Many of these are now quietly working among their neighbors, unknown save to God's all-seeing eye; others have become schoolmasters and Scripture readers. They come from various places; some ten miles off, others thirty.

To the credit of our school children, I must mention, that we had them for four years and a-half in our own house. At one time, there were more than 80; and for some months, I had to act as master and mistress. The elder pupils assisted in teaching the younger ones for the first two hours. We had the study full, an outer and inner hall; and in warm weather, the classes were arranged under the trees in the lawn. They were ragged, and half-starved; still, though daily in the house, not the smallest thing was ever pilfered; they

had to come through the garden, but neither shrub nor flowers were ever injured. Sometimes a few gooseberries and currants enlivened their studies; later in the season, a wind-fall from the apple trees made many an eye gladden; and in these little pleasures, poverty and misery were forgotten.

But to return to Patsy,—the same desire of spreading the knowledge of God's Word animated him in sickness as in health. A stranger called one day, and said, "I would like to know something about, and be like that little boy in the school." "How do you know him?" I asked. "I went into a cabin to light my pipe, and heard a weak voice saying, 'Can you read?' I said, 'I can.' 'But can you read Irish?'—'No,' I answered, and went over to the bed. 'The little boy said, 'Sit down, and I'll teach you.' That boy is a wonder. He understands every word in the Primer, and the meaning of all the parables in it; but he says you understand more than he does."

This man had come to visit a friend who is a great opposer of the Gospel; but he continued to study under his friend's roof, until he became a fair Irish scholar, a Protestant, and, we trust, a child of God.

Lately, a pedlar has been visiting Patsy to read and argue. I hear "the little fellow" has always the best of the argument; still the pedlar, as he goes his rounds, returns again and again. With the uncle who died, Patsy tried, and tried in vain. He induced him to read a little, and brought him to me for instruction; but as illness increased, superstitious fears led him to send for the priest. When the poor child was safe at school, and the whole family out, he called a boy off the road, and dispatched him for the priest. Before he came, the females had returned home; he turned them out of the room, saying, they belonged to the little heretic. Great was the triumph of the Romanists, and great the depression of Patsy. For a day or two, he rose not from his bed; and when I saw him, he barely alluded to the subject, his eyes filled with tears, and he ceased speaking. As his uncle had never given the least proof of a change of mind, I was not surprised; but the less experienced child sorrowed over one he loved. His other uncle sorrowed too; for he was indignant that the man who cursed Patsy should have been sent for;—then, and not till then, did we perceive that he had some desire to inquire.

HYPOCRISY.—It is a sure mark of a hypocrite to have his devotion come by fits and starts, and, like a drift of snow, to be thick in one place and none in another; to seem zealous as angels for a time, and to live like atheists for many days or weeks after. Surely grace acts more evenly, and never is so unlike itself.—*Day-Star.*

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