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THE MISSIONARY AND SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD

FOR
SEPTEMBER,
1851.



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THE MISSIONARY
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SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

V. VIII.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1851.

No. 9.



Old Simon's Advice.

"Listen to me," said old Simon, as he looked around on his younger friends, "for I have furrows in my brow and grey hairs on my head. If I have lived longer in the world than you have, and had more experience, then I ought to know more than you; and if I know more, you may listen to me with advantage."

"I know the up-hill of life, without knowing the down-hill; but I know them both. While we are going up-hill, that is, while we are young, there is always some bubble or other floating before us in the air, very bright and of very beautiful colors. We see friends around us, and we never dream of losing them. Hope promises us everything that our hearts desire, and we doubt not the truth of the promise; we see time, in the distance, coming towards us, bearing treasures on his wide-

spread wings. We are to grow taller and stronger, and richer and wiser; so that, however happy we may be, we think that by-and-by we shall be much happier. Thus it is with us in the up-hill of life, when health sparkles in our eyes, and joy animates our hearts.

"When, however, we come to the down-hill of life, leaving youth and vigour behind us, things are very different. The bright and beautiful bubbles are burst, most of our friends are gone, and not one in ten of the promises made by Hope has been fulfilled. Time, that was to bring us so many treasures, took something away for what he brought us. True, we did for a season grow taller and stronger, and we ought to have grown much wiser; but what has become of the sparkling eye, the rosy cheek, the nimble foot, and the ardent heart? We used to run, now we can only creep; we used to

smile, now we look very grave; we used to enjoy action, but now we seek for repose.

"This being the case, listen to the words of Old Simon, for I will not keep you long. I am not going to rob you of a single pleasure, nor to inflict upon you a single pain; but just to make a few kindly remarks.

"Look a little before you, and remember that the pleasures of youth will not last for ever. Like the bubbles that I spoke of, they will pass away, and you will do well, now and then, to ask yourself this question: The things that are so pleasant at the beginning of life, what will they be worth at the end of it?

"Learn to be as temperate as you can in your desires, for it will spare you many a sorrow. When you see fruits and flowers around you of all kinds, never expect or wish to have them all. Be content with a few of them, and do not clutch them hastily: he who too greedily grasps at a rose, will find by his torn fingers that it blooms on a brier.

"Mingle prudence with your pleasures, and mind that you keep out of the path of temptation and sin. Many a one who has gone laughing into error, has come out of it weeping. Many a one in an hour of thoughtless folly, has planted a thorn in his dying pillow.

"Make up your mind for sudden changes, that you may not be taken by surprise. A shine and a shower sometimes come in an hour, and he who is ready for the one is not always prepared for the other. The sun that rises in the east sets in the west; and the traveller will do well in the light of day to bear in mind that the darkness of night is coming on.

"It is not what begins well, but what ends well, that will supply us with peace. The fountain of joy may flow to-day freely, and yet on the morrow it may be dry. Rest assured of this, that the happiest life is nothing more than a life of woe, if it be spent in sin and end in a sorrowful death. Not only

seek to be happy in time; but seek first to be happy in eternity.

"While you are on this side the grave, keep your eye on the other side of it. While you are on earth, aim after heaven, looking

'Up to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll.'

Remembering that this world is every moment passing away, and that a sinner is lost without a Saviour. Bear in mind these things, and the up-hill and down-hill of life will be all the pleasanter. Bear in mind these things, and you will never regret listening to the words of Old Simon."—*Child's Companion*.

Hindustan as it was and as it is.

BY A NATIVE TEACHER.

Lately a native teacher in Benares, called Treloke, delivered the following address:—"What has God done in India the last thirty years? I remember that once an officer of the Government, who was a Christian, came to our village, and we all cried out, 'Alas for us! he will destroy us all!' But, behold, in five years, I was a Christian myself, and I must again exclaim, 'What great things the Lord hath done for us!' Hindustan was for years a land of darkness, so thick, that I can only compare it to the deepest midnight. There were, indeed, stars to be seen, greater or less; but so faintly did they glimmer through the darkness, that they could give no light to others. Such stars were the holy books of the Hindoos, together with the Rishies and Fakirs. In this darkness the moon arose, who gave more light than the stars. That was the occupation of the land by the troops of Britain, when justice and protection began to take the place of cruelty and lawless oppression. But the moon does not shine with her own light. What she has is borrowed. She could not, therefore, improve the Hindoos; she could not warm the earth, nor make it fruitful. She left the land desolate and dead. But when Hindustan was thus quite hopeless

behold the Sun arose—the Sun of righteousness, with healing in his wings. The stars disappeared; the moon grew pale before his glance; and, behold, his light spread warmth, and, with the warmth, life and joy. We have to thank that blessed Sun that Hindostan is not now a howling wilderness, as it was. What the moon and the whole host of stars could not do, this Sun has done. This Sun is Jesus Christ the Lord. Where his beams alight, there arise love, joy, and delight. He has brought us peace, rejoiced the sorrowful, and quickened the heart of the despairing. He alone gives eternal life to sinners. I re-echo what I said before—What neither the stars of Hindooism or Mahometanism, nor the moon of the reign of just British laws, borrowing their light from the Bible, could do, Jesus with his glorious Gospel has brought to pass. He has brought salvation to lost sinners, and spread over all who hear his word and receive it, life and happiness.”—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine*.

Magicians.

Among all nations there have been wicked people who pretended to knowledge and power, such as none but God possesses, or could give to men. These deceivers have been known by many names. Some have been called *diviners*, of those who could look into the future; others *enchanters*, a class who in ancient Egypt pretended to prophesy by means of serpents; others, again, named *necromancers*, who professed to converse with the dead. There were also star-gazers, who were thought to get supernatural knowledge from observing the heavenly bodies; and *wizards*, *sorcerers*, or *magicians* (for these names belong to one class), who used arts or supposed enchantments, generally to the injury of their fellow-creatures. Many deceivers of this kind were found amongst the Jews: and there are some such still, even in the most enlightened countries. It is not surprising, there-

fore, that they should be numerous amongst the heathen; and that those who know not God, and the truth he has taught, should “seek unto” such pretenders to superior power and wisdom. This has been the case with pagan nations of old, and it is so still. Of this our Missionaries saw sad specimens, in which these workers of iniquity have not only deceived, but destroyed the people. Thus it is amongst the Zoolus, a powerful African race; for when one of them, from a feeling of revenge, or for any wicked purpose, desires the death of an individual, he employs a magician. A young man, for instance, wishes the removal of his elder brother, that he may get his property or his power. But he cannot get what he wants without some pretext. What does he do? He bribes a sorcerer to say that his brother is a traitor; and so generally are these worthless deceivers trusted, nobody will contradict their words. Without proof or trial, therefore, the unhappy being thus accused is either speared on the spot, or is forced to sit down upon red-hot stones until his body is burned to a cinder. Were not the laws of Moses against such wizards and sorcerers, wise and just and kind? and should not we do our utmost to deliver the poor heathen from these cruel deceivers and destroyers, and from that great adversary, the devil, by whom they are employed?—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine*.

Ideas of the Zoolus about a Future State.

Many heathen nations, whose “foolish hearts are darkened” by sin and superstition, still believe some things that are very true and good, though these are generally mixed with others that are just as false, foolish, and wicked. It is so with the Zoolus, a tribe of South Africa. They suppose that the world is ruled by two beings—one good, whom they call *Naputsa*; the other evil, and named *Kofane*. These powers, they believe, are cons-

tantly working against each other. How they are thought to do this, will be seen from the following fable, the subject of which is the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body:—

“The Lord (*Morena*) sent in the former times a grey lizard with this message to the world: ‘*Men die—they will be restored to life again.*’ Then the chameleon* set out from his chieft, and, arriving in haste, he said, ‘*Men die—they die for ever.*’ Then the grey lizard came and cried, ‘The Lord has spoken, saying, ‘*Men die—they shall live again.*’” But men answered him, ‘The first word is the first; that which is after is nothing.’”

Though they know not that “heaven of joy and love” which the Bible describes, they have some dim idea of a better world than this—a happy world beyond the grave. This appears from a hymn which the afflicted, and especially widows, are very fond of. These, when death has taken away some friend, meet together and sing this hymn in chorus, beating the ground softly with their feet, and using a kind of tambourine, made of an earthen vessel, covered with the skin of a kid. The following are the first two verses of this poem:—

“We are left outside, [meaning on the earth,]
We are left in sorrow,
We are left to despair,
Which increases our miseries.

“Why have I not wings to fly to heaven?
Why does there not come down from heaven
a twisted rope?
I would cling to it, I would mount on high
I would go and live there.”

Thus you see, dear young friends, that the very “light which is in” these poor heathens, “is darkness.” “They grope like the blind.” And they will remain in this wretched state until that gospel is sent to them which “brings life and immortality to light.” But then, like many who were as ignorant as they are, they will discover the happy road which leads to joys on

earth. When shall all that sit in darkness see this great light?—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

Julia, the Heathen Girl.

Perhaps there are none of my dear little readers who have not heard the gospel from their early days. They have been told so many times of the love of a Saviour, that it ceases to affect their hearts, and for that reason they go away and forget the instructions they have received. Not so with little Julia. She had lived to the age of ten years without ever having heard of a Saviour, with no kind parents or teachers to tell her about Jesus, and what she must do to be saved. In this sad condition a Missionary found her, and placed her in a mission-school, where she would be taught the way of salvation. She had been in school only a few months, when she gave her heart to the dear Redeemer, and became one of his precious lambs. She loved Jesus very much, and used often to go away by herself, to pray to him. One day, after she had been praying, she went to her teacher and said, “My heart is so wicked, I can’t pray; I have to cry all the time.” But, when she was told that God would forgive her all her sins, if she was truly sorry for them, she wiped away her tears, and said, “Yes, I know the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. I know he will forgive me!” and then went away and prayed again. She did this, dear children, because she loved her Saviour so much, and now she is dwelling with him in heaven. Soon after she was taken very sick, and her teacher feared she could not live. She was then asked if she thought she should receive, to which she replied, “If it is God’s will; if not, I don’t want to.” On being asked if she was willing to die, she replied, “O yes, for then I shall be with Jesus?” She was then asked if the Saviour seemed near to her; to which she promptly said, “Yes; he is with me *all the time.*” When asked if she would like to get well again, she

* The slow-moving grey lizard is a great favourite with them, but they very much dislike the nimble and cunning chameleon.

her health failed, and she was the first to follow her father to the grave.

When confined by sickness to her bed, many were the happy hours she spent in her favorite employment of repeating texts and hymns. One day, after praying with her, Mr. B. read the description of the New Jerusalem, in the book of the Revelation, when she raised herself in bed, and said:—"Yes! there I shall be before long, and there will be a place and a harp for me!"—The missionary asked her upon what such a hope rested, when she replied: "Has not Jesus died for me?" "But thou art but a child," he answered; "art thou convinced thou art a sinner?" "Above all things," she said, "although I am but a child. Have you not often said that children must pray for the pardon of their sins, and for a new heart, before they can be saved? I have often thought of those words in the dark night, and prayed that I might have that new heart. I felt I was a sinner, but I now know that Jesus has forgiven me, and taken me as his child!" "But would you not rather wish to live a little longer?" he asked. "Yes!" she answered, "I might wish to live, but if my life were prolonged I might fall into sin. You have often said there is no sin in heaven—no pain nor death there. I would rather be there, and"—after a little while she added,—"I shall be there soon."

Amelia sunk rapidly, and the evening before her death she was so weak that she scarcely gave a sign of life.—We prayed, says the missionary, around her bed, and begged the Lord to shorten her sufferings and take her to rest.

She arose suddenly and uttered a hearty Amen! She then called to her young brother: "John, where art thou?" The boy reached forth his hand to her, when she said:—"Remain the night with me, and thou also my sister Leonora. Oh! love the Lord Jesus! Look at me, how happy I am, and yet I am about to die, and to leave you all, and all I love on earth, and to enter the dark grave, but my Saviour is there!"

She sank fainting on the bed, and, in a few hours, her happy spirit took its flight to glory. She was seven years old.

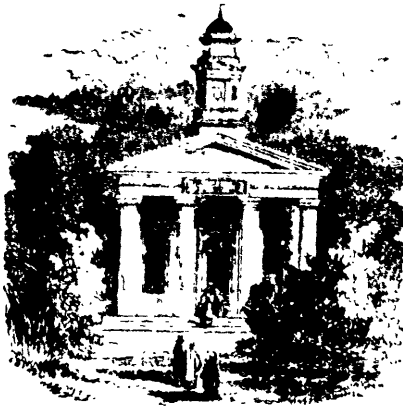
Her elder sister Leonora, did not long survive her. She also died a happy death, and went in peace to the home of her Redeemer. On her death-bed, she loved to dwell upon the words:—"The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin." One morning, after she had passed a restless night, Mr. Bernau asked her how she felt; she answered: "To-day I shall be quite well, for I feel a certainty that it will be my happiest day!" "Do you feel much pain?" he asked. "None whatever," she answered; "only my limbs are cold and stiff. Tell my brother John I want to see him before I die.—O dear father (for a father you have been to us all)—care for him; and the Lord Jesus will reward you."

When John came, she said; "John, my brother, thou alone remainest of our family. Come to Jesus, for he has been a friend to your sisters, and will be so to you. I go to"—here her breath failed her, but after a little, she continued.—"I go—to—the angels in heaven, and to-day I shall be there!" John began to weep, but she said "weep not, brother, for me, I shall soon be happy; learn and live!" She sunk backwards, and shortly after passed into eternity.

Do you not see, dear children, that the salvation which is in Christ Jesus, is able to make even the beds of dying Indian children—

"Feel soft as downy pillows are."

Had the word of the faithful missionary done no further good, than provide the salvation of the Indian father and his two daughters, in the desolate land of Guiana, he would not have lived in vain, or the money which sent him there been spent in vain. These instances, however, of the grace of God, are but a few among many, and thousands upon thousands of those who were ignorant heathen are, through missionary exertions, now singing the praises of Immanuel, before the throne of God.—*Juvenile Missionary Mag.*



Missionary Mirror.

THE RELIGION OF THE CHINESE.

A stranger, on arriving in China, would think that the Chinese were a very religious people, for they have many gods, and they seem to pay them a great deal of worship. They burn much incense to their gods, and fire off a great many crackers, and do not appear at all ashamed to be seen worshipping their idols in the most public manner.

The Chinese think there are a great many gods, some male and others female. It is hard to say which they regard as their supreme god, or whether they have any such. They commonly worship *Tien*, which seems to mean the same with them that heaven does with us. They also worship the sun and the earth, and the Dragon King, or the god of rivers. They have also the god of learning, the god of riches, and a very great many others. Besides these gods, there are the spirits of their ancestors, and a great many other spirits that they worship. There are, for instance, the spirits of the mountains, and the spirits of the hills, and the spirits of the valleys, and the spirits of rivers and brooks, and the spirits of trees, and the spirits of rocks, and the spirits of roads and bridges, and many others.

The principal way in which they worship these gods and spirits is by burning incense before them, offering them pieces of gilt or silvered paper,

and making sacrifices either of animals or of some kind of food and drink. The incense that they burn is commonly either sandal wood, which gives a very pleasant odour when burnt, or else a kind of composition made of the dust of sandal wood and other substances, which is formed into little sticks, about as large as a common goose-quill. These sticks are called *joss-sticks*. They are sold in almost every shop by the hundred, and there is hardly a person in China who does not use a great many of them every year.

Although a stranger would think the Chinese a very religious people, on seeing their many idols, and how constantly they burn incense before them; they do not care much in their hearts about them. It is very easy work to light a joss-stick before an idol, or burn some silvered paper, or fire off some crackers, or write or print a prayer, and lay it on the altar, or place a cup of tea and some rice before the idol. All this can be done while the heart is thinking about something else. It does not require any repentance or sorrow for sin, any mortification of sinful passions and feelings, any self-denial, or any faith in another for salvation. They can do all this, and yet lie, and cheat, and steal, and be angry, as though they thought their gods did not care whether they were good men or bad men. Now this is a very easy kind of worship. It does not take much

time or thought, and therefore they like it: their fathers did so before them, and they do not want to change their customs, and therefore they do the same.

But what good does all this do them? Can these dumb idols hear them? Sometimes they beat the drum and bell in their temples to waken their gods and make them listen and attend to their worship; but these painted and gilded blocks of wood and stone can never hear. Some of them will admit this themselves, if you talk to them about it. Very few of them seem to know much about what they worship.

Oh, how thankful you ought to be, that you have heard about the true God, and the way of worshipping him! Why were you not born in China, and taught to burn paper to the devil, as Chinese children have been taught to do? Dear children, it will be a terrible thing for you, if, after hearing about the true God and Jesus Christ, as you have done, you should never learn to worship him aright. You will be far worse off than these Chinese who have never heard of him. Bless God, then, that he has given you the Bible; and pray to him, that he would give you a new heart.

The Missionaries in China are labouring hard to bring the people to the knowledge of the Saviour. They are engaged in printing books and tracts, teaching children, preaching the gospel, and building Christian places of worship. At the beginning of this article you will see a picture of a new church built at Ho-g-Kong, a seaport in China.—*Child's Companion.*

The Dying Boy's Request.

The sweet soft air of a June morning fanned the round red cheeks of a fine-looking boy, some eight years of age, as with satchel on his arm, and smiles on his lips, he ran gaily along the grassy path to school. He was a child one might love at first sight—so frank and honest an expression of counte-

nance, that you would feel yourself immediately attached to him. Then so ruddy withal, none would fear that he would be the occupant of an early grave. Alas! what are more deceitful than appearances? Nothing!

It is now high noon. The breeze is sleeping, the sun is pouring out the full blaze of his glory upon the earth; our little friend, we may call him Edward, is returning from school. His step, however, is slow and feeble, his cheek pale, his eye dull, and an air of languor has gathered upon all his features. The boy is sick!

Rapid are the steps by which he descends to the gates of death. There he lies in the last hour of life; the struggle with the king of terrors has commenced. Looking up to his father, he says, "Pa, must I die?"

"Yes, my dear boy, I fear you must," replies the heart-broken parent. "Pa, won't you go into the grave with me?"

"I can't my child!"

"But, pa, I don't like to go there alone; it looks so dark."

"Be not afraid, my son; Jesus, the Friend of sinners, will go with you, if you ask him."

The child looked earnestly at his father, slowly turned his face toward the wall, and for a short time his lips moved like those of faithful Hannah. Presently, he turned his head toward his father with a smile of ineffable joy playing on his quivering lips, and said, "Pa, I am *not* afraid to die now, for Jesus *will* go with me, and I shall be safe."

Gradually his eyes closed, his features settled into the fixedness of death, his breathing grew less and less distinct until his pulse stood still, his heart ceased its action, and the suffering boy was changed into the bright seraph, floating on silvery wings in the sweet atmosphere of heaven.

Children! would you die as died little Edward! Then pray to him who says, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

and he will deliver you from the power of sin and the fear of death. Pray, I say to Jesus, and trust your souls to his care.—*Sunday School Advocate.*

Boys out after Nightfall.

Parents will please read the following and profit by it.

I have been an observer, as I am a sympathizing lover of boys. I like to see them happy, cheerful, gleesome. I am not willing that they be cheated out of the rightful heritage of youth. Indeed, I can hardly understand how a high-toned, useful man can be the ripened fruit of a boy who has not enjoyed a full share of the glad privileges due to youth. But while I watch with a very jealous eye all rites and customs which trench upon the proper rights of boys, I am equally apprehensive lest parents, who are not forethoughtful, and who have not habituated themselves to close observation upon this subject, permit their sons indulgences which are almost certain to result in their demoralization, if not in their total ruin; and among the habits which I have observed as tending most surely to ruin, I know of none more prominent than that of parents permitting their sons to be in the streets after nightfall.

It is ruinous to their morals in all instances. They acquire, under the cover of night, an unhealthy state of mind; bad, vulgar, immoral, and profane language; obscene practices; criminal sentiments; a lawless and lawless bearing. Indeed, it is in the night after nightfall, that the boys principally acquire the education of the bad, and capacity for becoming rowdy, dissolute, criminal men. Parents should in this particular have a rigid and inflexible rule, that will not permit a son, under any circumstances whatever, to go in the streets after nightfall, with a view of engaging in out-of-door sports, or meet other boys for social or chance occupation. A

rigid rule of this kind, invariably adhered to, will soon deaden the desire for such dangerous practices.

Boys should be taught to have pleasures round the *family centre-table*, in reading, in conversation, and in quiet amusements. Boys, gentlemen's sons, are seen in the streets after nightfall, behaving in a manner entirely destructive of all good morals. Fathers and mothers! keep your children home at night, and see that you take pains to make your homes pleasant, attractive, and profitable to them; and, above all, with a view of their security from further destruction, let them not become, while forming their characters for life, so accustomed to disregard the moral sense of shame as openly to violate the *Sabbath day* in street pastimes during its day or evening hours.—*A True Friend of the Boys.*

The Christian Spectator.

We have just received this interesting publication, issued by the London Religious Tract Society. If all tract distributors could have an opportunity of perusing the work, they could not fail to give God thanks, and commence with renewed zeal to the better discharge of their important work. They would see in it much to encourage them in the continued discharge of their self denying work. We give the following Extract:—

THE FIFTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT.

An interesting record of the operations of the Religious Tract Society during the past year has been prepared as usual, and is ready for transmission to all its friends and supporters. It is extremely gratifying to find, by an inspection of the contents of the Fifty-second Annual Report, that at no period in the history of this Institution, have the signs of prosperity and progress been more striking. There has been an increase in nearly all its sources of income: while, at the same time, the number and amount of its grants, the circulation of its varied messengers of religious truth, its co-operation with kindred agencies, and the assistance it has afforded to deserving enterprises, have received a corresponding enlargement and extension. Such a commencement of the second half of this eventful century is matter for devout joy and gratitude, and should

be an incitement to fresh activity. The capabilities of the Society are limited only by the necessities of the world, and the offerings consecrated by the Christian church. With a view of promoting a wider knowledge of its manifold workings, and its strong claims upon the sympathy and liberal support of all Protestant Christians, we would urge the perusal of the Society's new Report. We have given, under the heading "Home," several instances of usefulness selected from its pages.

The foreign intelligence will supply to the subscribers and donors to the funds of this Society, matter for profitable study, and which will bring their hearts into more sympathetic contact with the devoted men and struggling churches in foreign lands, whose labors are partly sustained, and whose spirits are cheered, by their contributions. Let such friends read the warm expressions of thankfulness with which their gifts are invariably welcomed, and they will feel that they are richly recompensed for the pecuniary gifts they may have made. Let benevolent individuals also, whom God has favored with ample resources, and who are anxious to discover the most acceptable channels for the diffusion of their beneficence, search the pages of the Report for this purpose; and they will soon find missions languishing, enterprises paralyzed, auxiliaries embarrassed, and distributors pausing in their labors, for want of that aid which their wealth is able to impart.

Extracts from Mr. Cumming's Journal.

We are happy to inform our readers that since the following sentences were written by Mr. Cumming, about four or five months ago, the Caffre war has entirely ceased.

Dukwana came and told me that a man has just brought information of Sandili's having sent out spies for the purpose of examining this place, as he has declared, that whenever the troops enter his country, parties of his warriors will come and attack the school. I told Dukwana to see that the place was well watched, and that God was our shield; that we should not run away; that God had the hearts of the heathen in his hand.

I feel I cannot desert the people here. I have been preaching and impressing upon their minds that God is omnipotent, and can deliver us from the hands of our enemies. How can I illustrate my belief in this great truth so much as by my continuing firm at my post? Mrs. Cumming is also with me. No doubt she would prefer a place less

exposed to danger, but still she will not remove as long as I continue. On her account it is, therefore, a time of much greater trial to me, than it is upon my own. Lord, thou dost reign over the heathen. Our waiting eyes are towards thee; let us glorify thee by trusting in thy glorious name. Do thou magnify thy word to us, that none were ever put to shame who put their trust in thee.

A Prayer-Meeting at Chumie.

The special prayer-meeting was held this day. Nearly the whole of the members were present. It was a solemn and a hallowed meeting. The members were first invited to consider and confess their sins as a church, which, in some measure, had exposed them to so great calamities during the last eighteen months; that at the present moment, a thunder-cloud of Divine judgment, seemed about to break over the heads of the inhabitants of the land in the anticipated renewal of the war. Several of the members were called on to pray. One sentiment of Dukwana's prayer was striking—"True, O Lord," said he, "my house has been burned by the enemy, and the walls only remain; but thanks be to thee for preserving such a great company as we see here present this day." Yes, the casket has been destroyed, but the jewels are safe. Never, perhaps, was so goodly a meeting of members present within the church before. It was certainly the most heartfelt meeting that I have witnessed since coming to Africa. It was a Bochim; and in separating, I exhorted them not to consider the object of the meeting accomplished, but have it deeply impressed upon their minds, that war was Satan's delight—*Juv. Miss. Mag. United Pres. Church.*

The Shepherd King.

BY MRS. E. T. R.

There are few children who do not find pleasure in a garden, it is a natural and healthful enjoyment; you like to enter the enclosure

and admire the gay variety of nature, the brilliancy of color, the elegance of form, and the variegated hues of the parterre. The sweet fragrance of the flowers please no less than their beauty, your mind is filled with a pleasurable sensation—but that is all. It is not till you take a single flower from the beautiful group—and sitting down beneath the shadow of some tall tree, proceed carefully to examine your treasure, that you are struck with the beauty of its proportions—the delicacy of the exquisitely tinted petals—the minute and curious construction of its nectary and seed-vessel, with all the provisions for producing and bearing away the seed. You now feel more than mere admiration; you recognize a wisdom and discern a purpose you did not think of at first.

And so it is with regard to the Bible garden I would wish you to enter with me. Few things are more attractive to children than stories, therefore God filled the Bible with beautiful stories, that they might be attracted towards it and learn to love it; but a short visit, a brief survey will not do you; you may see the contents and admire, but you must examine closely and carefully ere you can perceive the full beauty or derive all the instruction and interest contained in these stories. The story of the Shepherd King is one of the most beautiful specimens that can be culled in the Bible garden. Do you like to hear of quiet and peaceful enjoyment; you have the young shepherd sitting by the still waters singing sweet melodies to the music of his harp. Do you love deeds of daring and of courage; you have the combats with the dreaded giant, and the still more terrible king Goliath; do you wish for the excitement of a full of change and romance, you find the shepherd boy transformed into the flattered courtier. Again the Monarch's favorite becomes the persecuted outlaw: once more the scene changes and the wearied wanderer is the King of Israel. Let us examine this story somewhat more minutely. 1st. David in the fields. 2nd. David in the wilderness. 3rd. David on the throne.

David was the youngest of eight brothers, but their father, Jesse, unlike Jacob of old, does

not seem to have shown him any partiality on this account. He seems rather to have been treated with coldness and neglect, for at a great sacrifice, when Jesse and his sons were particularly invited to be present, it did not seem to have occurred to Jesse that David the shepherd, was expected to make his appearance. Thus his early years were probably spent much in the field with his flock, till he learnt to love the solitude of the mountain, the deep shade of the lofty cedars, and to find sweet companionship in the murmuring of the brooks and the songs of the little birds. He would often take his lute or his harp, and seated under the shadow of a great rock, or beside the still waters, he would pour forth melodies of praise and songs of joy. He wrote down a great many of these songs, and thus we know what he used to think about. When he saw a beautiful tree planted by the rivers of water, bringing forth its fruit in its season, putting forth its leaves green and flourishing, he thought it was just like a child of God who delighted to draw nourishment from his grace to do his will and walk in his way; and, he felt sure, that just as the rivers of water nourished the tree and made it fair and fruitful, so would God's grace nourish the christian and make all he did to prosper well. David liked to think about God, to love Him in all His works. He thought how much the sun and the firmament shewed the greatness and the glory of God; and he would look up on a moon-light night, and think how, night after night, its pure light preached the knowledge of God to every clime and in every tongue, and wondering at the hardness of men's hearts, he would exclaim: Oh! that men would praise the Lord. But David's shepherd life was not one of unbroken quiet, of uninterrupted contemplation. Stirring incidents occurred requiring no common degree of intrepidity. It happened one day, while watching "his father's sheep, there came a lion and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock: He went out after him, and delivered it out of his mouth; and when the lion rose against him, he caught him by his beard and slew him: he slew both the lion and the bear." No small feat for an unarmed shepherd boy. An event of another nature more remarkable and unexpected broke in upon his peaceful life.

David might have heard of the preparations for a sacrifice of more than ordinary solemnity, or perhaps he might be at some distant post with his charge; but at all events he was not deemed of sufficient consequence to be recalled from his occupation to take his place among his brethren, until a special and urgent message was sent by Samuel, refusing to sit down to the feast, until he appeared. Summoned hastily from the field, he entered the presence of the Prophet, his beautiful countenance animated by the ruddy glow of health. The secret pleasure which filled the Prophet as he gazed upon him, was rendered more intense by the inward assurance of the Lord, that now His mission was fulfilled; that the chosen one, the man after God's own heart, stood before him. To the astonishment equally of the youthful David and his family, Samuel anointed him in the midst of his brethren. It is not probable that the whole of God's purpose with regard to him was made known to David, but this much he knew, he was to accomplish some great and glorious destiny. He returns to wait the further development of God's plans in the simple pursuit of his usual occupation. But again his reveries are disturbed, his solitude invaded by a second summons; this time it is a messenger from Saul, the king. The fame of David, as the sweet singer of Israel, had reached the ears of Saul; he seeks to assuage the restlessness of a remorseless conscience by the soothing melodies of David's harp, and our shepherd boy becomes the favorite companion of royalty. But the simplicity of David seems to have withstood the temptation of a court, and in his release from attendance upon Saul, he returned to feed his father's sheep, at Bethlehem. When he again quits his favorite haunts, it is to seek not the court but the camp. Sent to bring tidings of his brethren, he is astonished at the apathy and ungodliness which pervade the Israelitish camp. He burns to take away the reproach from Israel, and by the eye of faith sees in the uncircumcised Philistines, who defied the armies of the living God, a foe not more formidable than the lion and the bear which he slew. His request, strange and foul-hardy as it appeared, is granted; and arrayed not in the costly armour and brilliant array of Saul, but in his simple shepherd's dress, his staff and

slung his only armour, he goes forth; the smooth stone from the brook is cast from the sling, and not at a venture; its aim is true; the giant is overthrown; and David's faith remains triumphant.

(To be continued.)

Friendly Hints to Teachers, Parents, and Children.

The vast importance of training up the rising race in the way they should go, is my apology for giving the following advice.

Having for more than thirty years attempted to teach, I trust, that I may, without giving offence make a few remarks upon a subject of great importance.

The prosperity of the Church and State depends upon the proper training of the rising race.

Divine wisdom must be sought daily by every teacher and parent; therefore, every school and private family, should be opened and closed with a short prayer. The Lord's prayer, being a part of the holy volume, might be repeated without giving offence. This, with other portions of the Bible, ought to be repeated in every school and family. To recite a few verses of the Holy Scriptures, in every school and private family, daily would tend greatly to improve the mind and strengthen the memory.

The children, in the Bethel school, in Queen Street, have long been accustomed to this useful exercise; and I do most respectfully recommend it in all schools and families.

On my late journey to the west, I have addressed upwards of a hundred schools, in all which I have earnestly recommended the above plan, with the Saviour's rule recorded in Mat. vii. 12; also, Paul's advice to one who was about to destroy himself, viz., "Do thyself no harm." These short rules, if obeyed by all the population would save thousands of lives and millions of pounds annually.

That all ministers of religion, parents, and teachers, may exert themselves to promote temperance and pure religion is the respectful request of their humble servant,

THADDEUS OSGOOD.

Montreal, August 27, 1851.

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