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THE

CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY

AND

SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

1844.

MONTREAL:

PUBLISHED FOR THE CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION,

By J. C. Bisset, St. Paul Street.

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Map of Palestine, facing Title of November No. 11.

Woodcut—Human Sacrifices—Facing Title of December No. 12.



MEAT IN THE SACRIFICES

THE
CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

VOL. I

JANUARY 1, 1844.

No. 1.

TO OUR READERS.

DEAR CHILDREN,

Those amongst you who have read the number of the *Children's Missionary and Sabbath School Record*, published in November, will, perhaps, be surprised to find in the first page of this number, which begins another year, and comes to you as a little New Year's Gift, the same, or nearly the same address as in the last. Prefaces are not generally great favorites with either old or young readers, and to give you the same preface twice, requires perhaps some apology. We think we have a very good apology, and hope you will think so too, when we tell you that the first number you read was just a forerunner to prepare the way and tell you what kind of a little book we were anxious should find its way into the hands of the children of Canada. Now the forerunners were comparatively few, and as we hope the number you hold in your hand and its successors will find their way into many families and schools which the last number never reached, it is necessary to tell them the object and plan of this little work.

There are two reasons why this *Record* has peculiar claims upon the attention and affections of the children of Canada. 1st, It is their own; sent forth, dedicated to their special use, and for the sole purpose of gathering

their young affections around those holy things which alone possess a real and lasting interest. 2d. Because the material is simple and easily understood, and such as you will feel, come home to you as children.

The object of a *Missionary Record* is,—just to gather into one little book all the most interesting portions of missionary intelligence; and present it from time to time, to the friends of the Saviour that they may be stirred up to work and pray without ceasing for the perishing souls of poor heathens.

And such, dear children, will be your *Missionary Record*.

It will be, in short, a Missionary Newspaper. Its news will come from every quarter of the world,—from every country, and nation, and tongue,—from the ice-clad mountains of Greenland, and “from India’s coral strand,”—and from every spot where a Missionary husbandman is planting and watering the seed of the Word, and God is giving it the increase.

And this will be the nature of its news:—

It will speak of Missionaries,—telling their many trials, their many dangers, and their many deliverances: and proving how true is the Bible promise, that ‘as our day is so shall our strength be.’

It will speak of Heathen,—showing the awful depths of sin into which they have sunk, and their unspeakable wretchedness in the life that now is, and in that which is to come; and proving how true is the Bible declaration, that ‘the wages of sin is death.’

It will speak of Wars,—not those bloody wars that wicked men wage against each other; but spiritual wars, waged against the Prince of Darkness and the powers of Hell. Of victories, too, it will speak—bloodless victories—won by the peace-speaking blood of JESUS.

It will speak of Wonders,—wonders far more wonderful than any ever told in nursery story or tale of fancy—wonders that God Himself hath wrought; how

blind souls have received sight,—how dead souls have been raised to life,—how wicked hearts have been taken away, and new hearts given instead,—children of the devil have become children of God,—the blood-thirsty savage has become the meek and lowly Christian,—and, as the Prophet Isaiah foretells, the lion has become like the lamb.

And then, last of all, what it speaks will never pass away. Its news will never grow old; for it will not speak of those idle vanities of time, which fly away as quickly as time itself; but of those great realities which shall endure for ever. It will record the doings of that Kingdom, which is an Everlasting Kingdom; and write in its pages the histories of those whose names shall be written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

Dear Children, we would like to teach you some of those wondrous doings of the Lord; and we would like to introduce you to some of those dear Lambs of His little flock; that so, when you meet them in the Fold above, as we fondly hope you will, you may know them and love them there. And, therefore, we do now, with an earnest prayer for your everlasting welfare, affectionately inscribe to you,—this little MISSIONARY RECORD.

The First of Another Year.

DEAR CHILDREN,

The beginning of the year is a very interesting season, and the interest is somewhat increased on the present occasion, from the fact, that we now present you with the first number of the first *Children's Missionary and Sabbath School Record* ever published in Canada; but we do not mean to speak particularly of it at present; we deem it unnecessary to ask you to take it, we feel satisfied that it will soon obtain a wide circulation. We incline rather to say a few things which suggest themselves at the commencement of a New Year.

Another Year has just come to a close, and we are all looking forward, and no doubt thinking what we shall be employed

about during the New Year on which we are just entering. It is a time this, that should make us all think,—twelve months have passed away, and since they began, how many changes have taken place in this world, where all is change. How many changes have come over each one of us. You might, a year ago, be in sickness, you may now be in good health. Perhaps, friends whom you loved dearly, have died, and the world looks more lonely to you than it did a year ago. You may be richer or you may be poorer. Many, very many blessings have each of you received from God, during the past year. Much have you to be thankful for, for it is he that has given you all; and if you are not only called Christian children, but really and truly so, every thing, whatever you may think of it now, will work together for your good.

There cannot be a boy or girl, who reads this, but knows well that if we regard any thing as very dear or precious to us, we think much about it; most of you have felt this yourselves, when, for instance, you expect to see some friend you love, and whom you have not seen for a long time; from the first notice you receive of his intended visit until he come, is a time of much anxiety, and seems to pass away very slowly. The farmer thinks much about his crops, the merchant of his ships on the wide sea, carrying his precious cargoes from port to port; the soldier delights to hear that his king is gaining victories over his enemies, and he feels his bosom glow as he hears of the exploits of his comrades. Dear Children, let us tell you, the Christian is a soldier. He serves under the captain of his salvation, the Lord Jesus Christ. He does not fight with earthly weapons, and yet he has a sword, but it is the sword of the Holy Spirit, which is the "Word of God;" and he is glad to hear that sinners, who are Christ's enemies, have yielded to the force of this two edged sword—the Bible.

Reader, has your heart been pierced by this sword? If not, ask yourself, why? You come to the Sabbath School, as God's children do, to receive instruction—they profit by it, do you? You may deceive yourselves, but you cannot deceive God, who sees the heart. No friend of the Redeemer can be careless, either about his own soul or the souls of others, and he must always take a deep interest in the prosperity of his cause. If you love Christ

because he died for sinners, you will be glad to hear, that sinners are turning to Christ. One way by which young energies to Christ may be made his friends, if he grant his blessing, is by attendance on Sabbath Schools, for there they hear and read God's word, and Christ offers them there, to save them forever, if they will be his.

We shall be happy, from time to time, to tell you of instances of children whose souls were saved by means of the Sabbath School, and we pray, that you may all obtain this, the best gift. We intend also to tell you of the fearful state of those people who have never heard of Christ—how savage, and how cruel they are, how miserable the state of the poor heathen children, and how thankful you should be that you were born in a Christian land. The Gospel is the only thing that can make them better and more happy. It has done so to many and it can do so to all. But how can they learn unless some person teach them. You cannot teach them, for many of them, are thousands of miles away, but you can help to send Bibles and Missionaries to them, and you see there is need for every one to give something to this work. All of you who read this, let us press upon you the necessity of attending first to the salvation of your own souls, and then to the souls of others, and do not let 1844 pass without some testimony that it has not come in vain; and when you kneel in prayer to God, morning and evening, to supplicate for your own souls, do not forget to pray that these poor heathens, may soon hear the good news that Christ has come into the world to save sinners, and that before this New Year is done, you may, in Canada, be stirred up as little active missionaries, to do what you can to hasten the time when all shall know the Lord from the least even to the greatest.

HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

With this New Year, come let us raise
Anew to God the song of praise;
His mercies are for ever new,
And such should be our praises too.

His hand has been our guide and stay,
Duly with each returning day;

Throughout the year that now is gone,
The sunshine of his goodness shone.

With this New Year, O Lord, forgive
The sins that stain each day we live ;
And grant us grace that so we may
Begin our lives anew this day.

Breathe on our souls, and let us be
New creatures fashion'd after thee ;
New hearts create, new life infuse,
Awake new hope, new joys, new views.

With this new New Year, let us record
Anew our vow to serve the Lord :
To him ourselves entire to give,
To him to die, to him to live.

And whether we the next New Year,
Be in the world beyond, or here,
May we be paying then the vow
That we would humbly utter now.

THE MORAVIANS.

The first Missionary Society we are going to tell you about, is a people called the Moravians, and sometimes the "United Brethren," because they are very remarkable for the true unity that is amongst them, so that it may be truly said of them "see how these Christians love one another." If you will look on your maps you will find the country from whence the Moravians came, it is generally now included in Germany. The true light of the Gospel is never lost, it cannot be put out, though sometimes its light seems to burn very dimly—a little light in a dark place. At a time when the whole world was lying in wickedness, God had many hidden ones among the poor Moravians, "who loved not their lives unto the death." "Many perished in deep dungeons with hunger—others were inhumanly tortured, while some fled to the thick forests, where, fearing to be betrayed in the day-time, they kindled their fires only at night,

around which they spent hours in reading the Scriptures and in prayer. One of their number, John Huss, was burned to death for maintaining the simple truth, which you now dear children are invited and entreated to accept. This was several hundred years ago before Columbus discovered America. Sometimes these poor persecuted people had a little time of rest, and then the persecutions would begin again, severer than before. At one time their enemies determined to crush them entirely, but God had work for them to do, they were chosen vessels to him, to bear his name before all people. A few families fled for refuge to the estates of a great, and he must also have been a good man, called Count Zinzendorf, (in Lusatia,) and there they built an humble village; by and by a few of their countrymen, pious people, when they saw that they were permitted to remain their in quite and in peace, joined them, and formed a happy little village of praying people, altogether about 600. One would think that now they might rest in peace, after all their sufferings, and enjoy safety and repose; but no, the Moravians did not desire to rest from the service of God, till they entered into the heavenly rest. It was at this time they became a nation of missionaries, and ever since then the chief end of the Moravian Church has been "to preach the Gospel to every creature."

In 1732, (above one hundred years ago,) pitying the misery of the Negroes in the West Indies, two Brethren sailed to the Danish Island of St. Thomas, and such was their devotedness to the work, that having heard that they could not otherwise have intercourse with the slaves, they went with the full purpose of submitting *to become slaves*, that they might have the opportunity of teaching the poor Africans the way of deliverance from the captivity of sin and Satan.

"Although this was not actually required of them, yet hardships scarcely less painful were cheerfully submitted to for many years, during which they had to

'eat their bread in the sweat of their brow' and to maintain themselves by manual labour, under a tropical sun, while every hour of leisure was employed in conversing with the Heathen. The fruits of their zeal and perseverance in due time appeared; and, in the West Indies, (Danish and British,) there are now about 49,000 Negroes, joined to the Brethren's congregations, and a vast number have entered into eternal rest, steadfast in the faith of Christ."

"Not a step behind the first Missionaries to the Negroes in ardent and self-denial were those who went to Greenland in 1733. In order to effect the benevolent purpose of converting the Greenlanders to the faith of Christ, Mathew Stach, and his cousin, Christopher Stach, proceeded to Copenhagen early in the spring of that year. Nothing can more strikingly exhibit the zeal of those devoted servants of Christ, than the truly apostolic spirit in which they entered upon their arduous labours in His vineyard. They literally obeyed the injunction of Christ to His disciples, when He sent them out to preach the Gospel, 'Take nothing for your journey, neither staves, nor scrip, neither bread, neither money, neither have two coats a-piece.' 'There was no need of much time,' says one of them, 'or expense for our equipment. The congregation consisted chiefly of poor exiles, who had not much to give, and we ourselves had nothing but the clothes on our backs.' A few shillings constituted their pecuniary resources; they travelled to Copenhagen on foot; the unfavourable prospect on reaching that city did not dispirit them; they committed their cause to Him 'who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will,' fully persuaded that if their intentions were pleasing in his sight, He could be at no loss for ways and means of bringing them to Greenland, and of supporting and protecting them when they landed there. In this confident hope they were not disappointed;—Count Pless, one of the Nobles of Denmark after much deliberation, interested himself for them

and at his recommendation, the King wrote a letter, with his own hand, to M. Egede, the Danish Missionary in their behalf.

“The following anecdote will illustrate a little the self-devotion of these eminent servants of Christ:—In one of his conversations with them, Count Pless asked, how they intended to maintain themselves in Greenland? Unacquainted with the situation and climate of the country, our Missionaries answered, ‘By the labour of our hands and God’s blessing;’ adding, ‘that they would build a house, and cultivate a piece of land, that they might not be burthensome to any.’ He objected, that there was no timber fit for building in that country. ‘If this is the case,’ said our Brethren, ‘then we will dig a hole in the earth and lodge there.’ Astonished at their ardour in the cause in which they had embarked, the Count replied, ‘No, you shall not be driven to that extremity; take the timber with you, and build a house: accept of these fifty dollars for that purpose.’”

When the Brethren arrived in Greenland, they experienced often the greatest difficulty in procuring a subsistence; they now and then earned a little by writing for the Danish Missionaries, till the stock of provisions at the colony began to fail. By this time, however, they had not only learned to be satisfied with very mean and scanty fare, but had also inured themselves to the eating of seal’s flesh, mixing up a little oatmeal with train oil. Those who know the nature of train oil, may form some idea of the hardships endured by them. Yet even this was a delicacy, compared to some of the fare which the calls of hunger obliged them to use.

(To be Continued.)

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

I dare say most, if not all, of the children who read the *Children’s Missionary Record*, have looked at the little pic-

ture on the cover, and perhaps have wondered what it meant; if you will look in the xi. chap. of Isaiah 6 verse, you will see the subject of the picture, and the following beautiful little story will show you the hidden meaning of it:—

A chief, who was once a very bloody warrior, but whose heart was changed, and who lived in the Mission settlement of New Zealand, was greatly opposed by another chief, who was still as blood-thirsty as ever. A little girl, who was a slave of this last chief's was hired from him by the Missionaries; she was put to school and carefully taught the Gospel of Christ; she was however, some time afterwards claimed by her master; and, as there were no means of retaining her, the Missionaries were obliged to let her go. The first evening she was at the chief's house she knelt down and prayed to God, and repeated some hymns. The chief forbade her, but next morning she did the same. He then beat her, and continued to use her very harshly; but she said, though he killed her she would not give up praying to God. This surprised the chief, and by the working of the Holy Spirit, he began to desire to know what could render a feeble child so resolute. He therefore determined to visit the Mission, and sent a messenger to intimate his intention; the news was heard with the greatest alarm, and a council held as to whether they should take up arms and meet him, or patiently wait his arrival, and if it must be so, die. Ere they could come to any resolution, they were told he was already come with his followers—but not to kill or destroy. He came in peace and unarmed. He entered the Mission settlement, leading by the hand the little slave girl, and said, 'I want you to teach me what you taught this little girl.' The next day was the Sabbath, and in going into the church, great was the delight and wonder of the minister to see sitting, arm in arm, the two chiefs who till then had been deadly foes. He took for his text, 'the wolf and the lamb shall lie down

together, and a little child shall lead them.' Next morning one of the congregation came to him, and said, he feared his sermon had done mischief, 'for native man no like to be compared to wild beast.' So the minister went to see the chief, and found him in the school, standing in one of the classes, learning the A, B, C, from the lips of the man whom, a short time before, he would have murdered. The minister expressed his pleasure at seeing him there, and began to apologise for having said anything that had wounded his feelings; but he was stopped by the chief, saying, 'Oh, no, it is all true, it is all true.' He remained attending to the instruction of the Missionaries, and by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, became a truly converted man.

HONESTY AND DISHONESTY.

There was some years ago, in a village in Yorkshire, a boy named Frank. Being left without parents, property or friends, his attention was early turned to the means of obtaining a living. As no opening appeared for him in his native county, he went to London, where country youths are often corrupted by evil communications. The first situation which he obtained was that of a waiter in a public-house, where he had many temptations. The principal business of the house was during the night. One morning he found a pocket-book, containing bills to a considerable amount, which had been lost by one of the customers, who it seems spent the remaining part of the night in bad company. On his next visit he mentioned to the waiter what had happened; intimating that, from the company in which he had spent the night, he had not the smallest hopes of ever recovering his money. Frank, with a smile of honest pleasure on his countenance, suddenly pulled the lost article out of his pocket, which the owner eagerly took and examined, when all its contents were found safe.

The proof of uprightness so much interested this person in behalf of the waiter, that he immediately offered to procure him a better and more agreeable situation. As Frank wrote a good hand, and was a good arithmetician, his patron obtained for him a place in a respectable school. In the course of a few years, sobriety, diligence, and talent so established his reputation, that he opened a school on his own account, at R—, in the county of B—. Here he married into a respectable family, obtained a property, and lived for many years in honour and credit. While this example illustrates the maxim, that “honesty is the best policy,” mark the consequences of the opposite conduct in the following case:—

Many years since, two men were executed at Carlisle for burglary. A minister of my acquaintance, then living in that city, was moved by compassion to apply to the judge for a respite: he was given to understand, that, on account of the cruelty attending the robbery, capital punishment must be inflicted. His lordship recommended their humane intercessor to use the only means which could now be available to the culprits, to prepare them by Christian instruction for the awful change which awaited them. In the course of his benevolent visits to this gloomy abode, he questioned the prisoners how they had been led from the path of honesty to commit such crimes. In answer to these enquiries, one of the unhappy men declared that his first step to ruin was, taking a half-penny out of his mother's pocket while she was asleep. From this sin, he was led, by small but fatal degrees, to the crimes for which he was soon to suffer a shameful death. Reader, beware of the first and least temptation. Seek grace from Christ, not only to pardon your sins, but to keep you in the path of uprightness and holiness: “Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.”

“Every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed; then when lust is conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.”—*James* i. 12, 14, 15.

Missionary Intelligence.

What shall we tell our young readers about Missionaries, and Missions? Large books might be completely filled with news of the brave servants of Christ who are labouring among the heathen, and accounts of their success. Let no child think that they only go to one or two countries of the earth. Blessed be God, the lamp of truth is lighted in many corners of the world. Those among you who have maps know how Europe, Asia, Africa and America are placed, and perhaps you are aware, that by far the most of the people who live on the face of the earth are heathens, who do not know and have not heard about Jesus the Saviour of the world. Christians in many places, especially in Europe and America, have joined themselves together, formed societies, and resolved that they will raise money to support Missionaries and teach the heathen, that their souls may be saved. We can not tell you in one number of your *Record*, the names of all of these, or where each society has sent Missionaries, and how they are getting on with their work. From time to time we will do so, and try to tell you in what places, and in what way God is pouring out his blessings on his servants. The London Missionary Society is one that has been long established, and God has given it his blessing. It has now 167 Missionaries and 603 Assistants in all parts of the world; in the East and West Indies, in China, and the Islands of the Pacific Ocean, in Madagascar, and Africa, preaching the word. Other societies have Missions also in some of these countries, Some have Missionaries among the icy mountains of Greenland, and the rocky coasts of

Labrador; some have sent them to seek the lost sheep of the house of Israel, God's ancient people, the now wandering Jews, who, without a country to call their own, are beloved for "the father's sake." American Missionaries are now labouring in Palestine, Syria, and the mountains of Armenia, where the same Gospel was preached eighteen hundred years ago, by the apostles of Jesus Christ. You see how wide the field is, for it is the world. The candle of the Lord is lighted at a few spots on its surface, and although it gives light to those around it, it is but for a short distance, and serves to show how very dark and gloomy is the mass of superstition stretching out far beyond. "The work truly is great, but the labourers are few, pray ye the Lord of the harvest that he would send more labourers into his vineyard." Does any reader ask what can these few missionaries, good men as they are, do against the multitude of enemies they meet with? True, they can of themselves do nothing towards saving one single soul, but Christ their master gives them his blessing, and under his protection they are stronger than all their enemies, for God is on their side. God is blessing them at all the missionary stations, and savage heathens are becoming converts as it is called, that is they are turning to Christianity. We have only space at this time for one instance of Good fruit.

On the 30th of July, 1841, a Missionary writes from Sierra Leone, in the West of Africa, thus describing a visit to a dying Negro school boy :—

I visited one of my scholars, and was much affected by the manner in which the poor boy embraced me. During my previous visit to him I had much difficulty in reconciling him to the gracious dealings of God with him. His extreme weakness of body, together with great feebleness of mind, kept him confined to his bed. Satan was also permitted to harass him, and to bring him under a horrible fear of death. He often cried out that he saw his coffin, winding-sheet &c.—

that he must not take him—that he was going to die, &c. All that I could say or do was of little use in quieting his mind. The poor boy almost despaired of any hope of Salvation. He said, “I know God is my Father, and Jesus Christ my Saviour; but I cannot see them”—he could not feel that they were reconciled to him. I read the Scriptures to him, and prayed with him; and at last it pleased the Lord to relieve him, delivering him from the fear of death, and his mind from darkness. To-day his heart seemed to be full of joy: it was expressed in his countenance. When I went into his room, he said, “My Father is come to see me to-day.” “What has made you glad Thomas?” I said. He replied, Ah! God live there, Jesus Christ live there,” laying his hand on his breast. “What is God to you Thomas?” “He is my Father, Sir.” “What is Jesus Christ to you?” “He is my Saviour, Sir, I do not fear to die now: the Devil has no power to trouble me now.” “But have you nothing to answer after you die, Thomas?” “No, nothing. I know I have sinned; but Christ live there: Christ died for my sin.” “What did Jesus Christ do for you?” “He shed His blood for me.” “Where is Jesus?” “He is gone to heaven, ‘to prepare a place for me.’ I will live again.” He often spoke to his affectionate father: “Mind me good here; do not fear—pray—God live there—Christ live there.” I sincerely hope this little boy is gathered into the fold of Jesus on earth, as one of his lambs, and will soon be numbered with “the spirits of the just made perfect.”



Cruelties to which Children of the Heathen are exposed.

At the Varonee Festival (says Mr. Wm. Carey,) a large concourse of Hindoos assembled, from all parts of the adjoining country to bathe in the Ganges, at a village about two miles from Serampore. While the crowd were employed in bathing, an inhabitant of Orissa advanced to the banks of the river, leading in his hand his

son, a beautiful boy, of about six years of age. Having anointed his body with turmeric, surrounded his temples with a garland of flowers, and clothed him in new apparel, he repeated the incantations prescribed by the *Shaster*; then descending into the river, and holding up his son in his arms, he said, "O Mother Ganges! this child is thine; to thee I offer it:"—so saying, he cast the little boy into the river, who sunk and rose no more! The crowd, which were witnesses of this shocking scene, testified their approbation by a loud shouting.

Poetry.

The Indian Child's Lament.

I wish I were a Golden Star,
 Up in yon Shining Heaven afar;—
 I wish I were a—little Flower,
 Blossoming in some sunny bower;
 I wish I were—a Bird quite wild,
 And not—a weeping Indian child.

I hear there are some Stars divine,
 That bright and brighter ever shine;—
 Some lovely Flowers that never die,
 In blissful gardens of the sky;
 And some blythe Birds, whose beautiful song
 Chaunts holy music all day long—
 Oh! that I knew that happy shore,
 I would rise—and away—and weep no more.

Is there no path to that fair land?
 Is there no outstretch'd helping hand,
 To lead poor wanderers away,
 From earth's black night to Heaven's bright day?
 —Has there no voice of mercy come
 'To bid the weary—welcome home?
 —Has there no eye of pity smiled
 On the woes, of the weeping Indian Child?

Alas!—For me, no mercy's here!—
 My only solace is this tear;—
 My only hope is Death—dark gloom;—
 My only Heaven is in the tomb.—
 Oh! that this weary life were o'er,
 That I might die—and weep no more.