

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

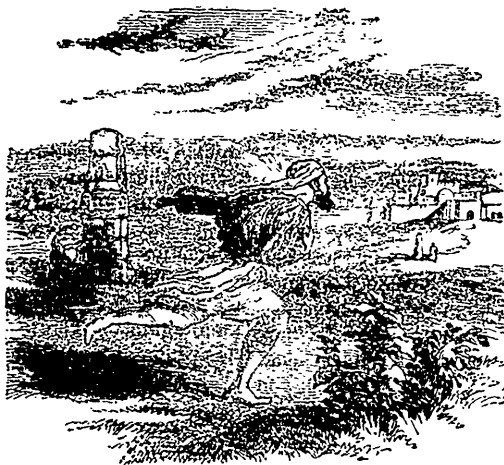
10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

THE MISSIONARY AND SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

Vol. VII.]

DECEMBER 1, 1850.

[No. 12



CITIES OF REFUGE.

There were six of the Levitical cities divinely appointed by the Jewish law as asylums, to which those were commanded to flee, for safety and protection, who had been undesignedly accessory to the death of a fellow creature. The kinsmen of the deceased, or other person who might pursue to kill him, could not molest him in one of these cities, until his offence was investigated, and the judgment of the congregation passed. If he was not within the provisions of the law, he was delivered to the avenger and slain. The custom of *blood revenge* was deeply rooted among the Israelites, and continues among the Arabs to this day; and the institution of cities of refuge was wisely designed to check the violence of human passion. Several sections of the Jewish law have relation to this subject. For the size and situation of the cities, see Num. xxxv. 4, 5, 14; the description of persons, and the manner of killing, in cases which entitled the slayer to protection, Num. xxxv. 15—23. Deut. xix. 4—11. For the mode of ascertaining whether the offence was worthy of death, and the consequences of the judgment, see Num. xxxv. 24—33; and for the rules to be observed by the manslayer, in order to avail himself of the benefit of the city of refuge, see Num. xxxv. 25—28. It is doubtful whether the trial of the manslayer was had at the city of refuge, or in the vicinity of the place where the offence occurred. Perhaps there were two processes; one introductory to the other, as we have a preliminary examination to determine if the party accused shall be held to answer for his offence. This first process might have been at the city of refuge. The Jew-

ish writers say that, at every cross-road, signs were erected in some conspicuous place, pointing to the cities of refuge, on which was inscribed, "*Refuge, Refuge,*" which, with many other similar provisions, were designed to direct and facilitate the flight of the unhappy man who was pursued by the avenger of blood.—*Bible Dictionary.*

CALABAR FABLES.

How dreadful it would be to be without books! How much are we dependent on them for entertainment and instruction. As you are aware the Old Calabar people were entirely without them; their language lived only on their tongue, and we found them destitute of even that traditionary knowledge which is frequently found amongst tribes that have no written language. It is true, the Calabar people have many old traditionary stories, *in* like they call them, but they are the silliest fables you can well think of. I shall tell you one or two of them, and you will see how silly they are.

How fire was brought to the earth.

—At first man did not possess this useful minister to his comfort; it existed with Abase, the supreme being. Being desirous to receive a portion of it, man wrapped around his dog a quantity of dried grass, and the dog going near to the fire of Abase, soon found himself enveloped in flame, and immediately scampered off to his master, who thus possessed himself of this element.

How corn was brought to the earth.

—Abase was accustomed to supply all the creatures he had formed from his large stores of food, but man wished to have corn that he might plant it for himself. In order to procure it, he asked the bird to carry some of it in its crop to him the next time that Abase distributed his bounty, and the bird agreed to do so. Corn was thus conveyed to the bosom of the ground, so that it sprung up and multiplied; but whenever the

bird sees corn growing in a field, it goes and eats of it, for it says, "That's mine."

How the elephant has such small eyes.

—In the times of old, the little bush-tortoise was the wisest of animals.—Abase had given it this superiority, and it had frequent wars with its huge neighbor the elephant. On one occasion, by its tricking, it had got the better of the elephant and deprived him of his eyes. The elephant found himself in a sad plight, and all the worse that this misfortune befel him on Abase's chop day,—for it seems Abase had his feast days as the Calabar chiefs have, when he invited all his creatures to his table.—Seeing the worm crawling along on its way to the chop, the elephant says to it, "I have lost my eyes, pray lend me yours, for I am such a big beast I shall readily be missed, and when I come back from the chop I shall give you them again." The worm consented to this proposal, and gave the elephant its eyes; but the elephant forgot to return the loan, and so it comes to pass that the elephant has small eyes and the worm none at all.

The tortoise, however, had not always the advantage over the elephant, for on one occasion the elephant seized it with his trunk and dashed it against a tree, so as to break all its skin. Upon this the tortoise had to set to and patch up its skin again; and thus it happens that the shell of the tortoise has that form which it now exhibits.

A great many such silly stories they have, and the wives of the chiefs shut up in their harems spend much of their time, for they have nothing else to do, in rehearsing these old inke. How sad to think of the blindness of their minds, even as to the knowledge of this world, and their childishness when such absurd fables are their mental food and their only stores of instruction. Improve your privileges of instruction, my young friends. You do not know how highly God has blessed you in bestowing them upon you; and ever remember that

word, "To whom much is given, of them much shall be required."—*Rev. Mr. Goldie.*

CHILD STEALING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Some of you, I dare say, have heard stories about gipsies, and other wicked people who steal little children, and carry them away from their happy homes and their dear fathers and mothers. Such things, I hope, are hardly ever done in our country now, but they have been done. And I am sure that, if you knew of any little boy or girl who had been kidnapped, you would be very sorry for them, and very glad that it was not you. And you can easily think how dreadful it must be for a poor child, whose parents loved him, and taught him, and did everything they could to make him happy, to be dragged away by a dark-looking woman, with fierce eyes, and long black hair. And you may fancy how he would feel, when, poor little fellow! he found himself in a thick wood, and a great way from home, amongst none but ragged, and dirty, and wicked people. Don't you think, if you were served in such a way, you would be dreadfully frightened, and would cry till your heart was ready to break? When the dark night came on, how sad and sorry you would be, if you thought you would never more see the face of your dear father, or have a kiss from your loving mother, or play again with your sister, or sit in your own little chair, or read once more your pretty books, or sleep in your snug little bed! And when you found out that you were to climb up chimneys, or to do other hard work for the people who had stolen you, how miserable you would be! Now, dear young friends, though the children of the heathen have not so many comforts as you have, they loved their friends and their homes as much as you love yours. The little huts they lived in, the trees and rocks they loved to climb, the woods where they often gathered the wild fruits, or watched the beautiful birds, or started the timid deer

of their sunny land, with the wide plains over which they sported, and the swift streams into which they plunged, are as dear to them as your houses, and gardens, and games are to you. And sad, indeed, must they feel when they are dragged away from all these pleasant things. Surely, then, you ought to pity such children, and do what you can to send missionaries to teach and to save them.

Now there *are* such children—they live in South Africa. The tribe to which they belong are called Lighoyas and Bushmen. Many and many of them are caught and carried away by a fierce people called Corannas. Yes, hundreds of little girls and little boys are thus kidnapped. But why are the Corannas so cruel and wicked? What have these children done to offend them? Nothing. Then, what is the use of stealing them? It is sad to say, that they tear them away from their homes and their friends, to sell them to white men—to Dutch farmers—who live to the north of Cape Colony, and who are, therefore, not prevented by British law from buying them, and making them little slaves. How shocking, is it not, that people who call themselves Christians should tempt the very heathen to do wicked things which they would never have thought of otherwise? But so it is, and there is now many a village where all the children have been carried away by the Corannas, and sold for money and cattle to the Boers.

When the two Missionaries, Dumas and Cassalis, were travelling about in South Africa, they came to a place called Ralitabane. The chief received them kindly, and said a good deal about his people; but there was one thing he told them which seemed so very strange that they could scarcely believe it. He said that all his own children, and all the children of his subjects, except the infants, had been taken away from them. And this they found to be true, for not a boy nor a girl more than four years old could they see in the place. All above that age had been stolen by

the Corannas. The Missionary talked to many of the parents about their lost children, and they were so unhappy, that it was quite sad to see and hear them. Some of the people said, that a little while before, a number of their children were led by Dutch farmers across the plain upon which they live. Their parents saw them, and they saw their parents. Both ran towards each other,—mothers caught up their daughters, and fathers took hold of their sons, but it was of no use. Though the Lighoyas cried very much, and begged the Dutchmen to give them back their little ones, these hard-hearted men were not moved by their cries and tears. Instead of pitying them, they drove the wretched parents away, saying, "Get you gone, wicked Caffros! These children are ours. We bought them from the Corannas." And then dragging the poor children from their fathers and mothers, they drove them across the plain to a land far away from all they loved.

Though the Boers employ the Corannas to do this great wickedness, they themselves sometimes rob the poor heathen. These vile men, when the dark night hides them from the view, and after the Lighoyas have lain down to sleep, will, all at once rush in upon their villages with swords and guns, set their houses on fire, and then carry off their children! So common is this practice in one part of South Africa, that the people are filled with fear at the sight of any Dutchman, and will cry out, "Here is the white man! He is coming to take away our children!"

I am sure you will not wonder that these poor children sometimes run away from the wicked men who had stolen them, and try to get back to their fathers and mothers. Many of them die in the attempt; but some succeed, though they often suffer a great deal before they reach their homes. "Late-ly," writes a Missionary, "I saw two of these children, who had taken the long and dangerous journey from Natal to Jammberg. During this journey they slept in the bushes, or under rocks,

and lived upon roots. One day they had the good fortune to find a gnu, which had been killed by the lions," and as they were afraid to light a fire lest they should be seen, they greedily ate the raw flesh of the dead animal.

Here, then, dear young friends, is another reason for sending Missionaries to the poor heathen. Where they go, such wicked practices cease. They are the protectors of those who have no power to protect themselves. Neither Corannas nor Boers, nor any other man-stealers, will venture, for such a purpose, near to a Missionary station. Indeed, many who once did these things have since learned to love their neighbors as themselves. And if there were servants of Jesus Christ in all the towns and villages of Africa, the men-of-war which are sent to the coast of that unhappy continent to catch slave-ships, and thus to stop the slave-trade, would have nothing to do, and slavery would soon cease forever.—*Juv. Mis. Magazine.*

SIBERIAN MISSION—BURIAT NOTIONS OF A FUTURE STATE.

The Buriats have strange ideas about that state in which we all shall live after our bodies are dead. They think there are many places where the souls of the departed go. But as there are different kinds of character in the world, some better, and others worse, they think there will be different places in the next life, to suit them. They do not know that God only looks upon two classes, *the good and the bad*; but they say there are eighteen heavens and eighteen hells: the first heaven for those who are *just* good, but the eighteenth for those who are *very* good, who do many good works, feed many priests, and worship idols *most*. The first hell is the mildest kind of suffering, where those are sent who have sinned only a little. But the eighteenth hell is the most dreadful state of punishment. Ah! poor people! when they sin they always hope they will only go to a mild hell, and so they sin on and on, and

expect to get out of suffering in time. How well it is to know that there is *no little sin* against God. *All* "sin is an abomination unto Him." I will tell you about the hottest hell, and you can try to fancy what the others are. In this place they say there is a large iron box, eight cubic feet square, as large as a good dining-room, filled with grains of corn. This box has a heavy iron lid. It stands in a lake of fire, into which the wicked are thrown. Once in a thousand years the lid is opened, just wide enough for a hand to pass through. Then the wicked are allowed to take out *one* grain only, when the lid is shut up for another thousand years, and so on till the box is emptied of the corn. All this while the wicked are suffering the torments of the burning lake. When they empty this box they are put into the next hell, and, not until they have passed through all the eighteen hells, do they reach a heaven. How awful to be under such a mistake! How dreadful to find out after death, when *too late*, that the happiness and glory of that world is to be with God, and like God—without sin and without fear; and that separation from God—not to have him to love, and to make us holy, nor to hope any more for mercy,—is the doom of every sinner alike! Oh, it was so difficult to teach the Buriats such things. Often the Missionaries went to their tents to explain these truths to them. And those who came for books and for medicine seldom went away without hearing something about God, and sin, and salvation. The Buriats are very kind to their visitors. When they see any one coming, they meet him at a post a little way in front of the tent, and invite him to come into the tent, though they had never seen him before. They never say "What do you want," or "Why have you come?" as they do in England. They were very kind to the Missionaries when they visited them. Often they sat for hours in their tents talking to the people, or went about preaching "from house to house,"

as Paul did, when the priests, and men, and women, and children, would sit round the fire, on the ground, and listen and ask questions. The Missionaries often left with heavy hearts, for the people were so ignorant, that it was very difficult to make them understand spiritual things. Still, all this visiting and talking prepared for something better. It was the clearing and digging, the sowing and watering of seeds, some of which afterwards sprung up, and brought forth much fruit.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

"Out of the Mouths of Babes and Sucklings."

William Hone, a noted English author, was a deist. While passing a turnpike gate, as he was travelling on foot through Wales, he saw a young girl taking her dinner of goat's milk and bread, and just of a character to impress him. On entering into conversation with her, he was overwhelmed with astonishment to find this poor, bare footed, unsophisticated girl "mighty in the Scriptures," and listened to the use she made of them, and to the power they had on her soul. His heart was subdued, and soon after he avowed himself a believer in Christ, and united with the church.

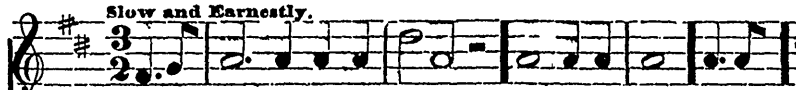
Look to the Foundation and Persevere.

In the years of my childhood, when I little thought that my brow would ever be graven with wrinkles, or my head covered with grey hairs, I was once amusing myself in building a card house, but so unsuccessfully, that time after time, the frail tenement fell before it was completed. My father happening to be a witness of my disappointment, whispered in my ear, "Look to the foundation and persevere."

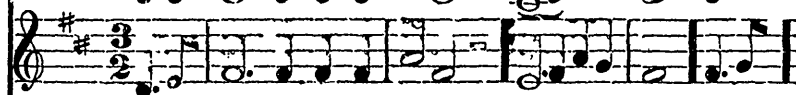
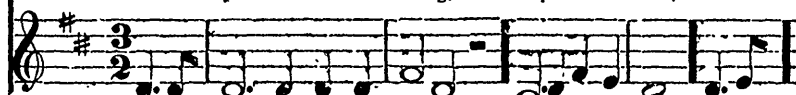
Prayer is a key which unlocks the blessings of the day, and locks out the dangers of the night.

WHEN THE SPARK OF LIFE IS WANING.

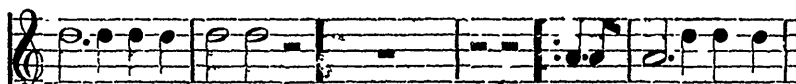
Slow and Earnestly.



1. When the spark of life is wan-ing, Weep not for me; When the



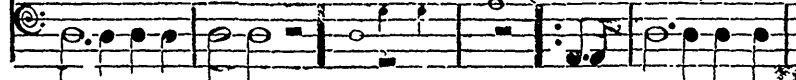
2. When the pangs of death as - sail me, Weep not for me; Christ is



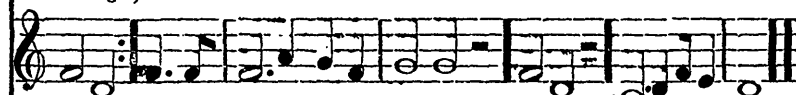
languid eye is streaming, Weep not for me; { When the fee - ble pulse is
'Tis the fetter'd soul's re-



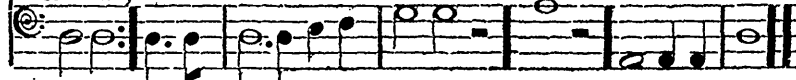
mine, he can - not fail me— Weep not for me; { Yes, though sin and doubt en -
From his love my soul to

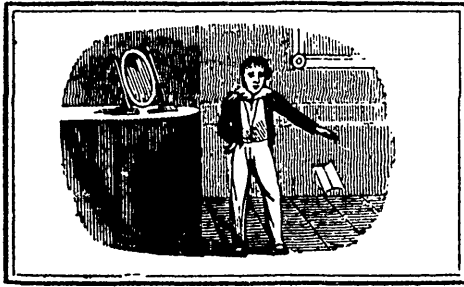


ceas - ing, } Start not at its swift de-creasing, Weep, weep not for me.
leas - ing. }



dea - vor } Jo - sus is my strength for ever, Weep, weep not for me.
se - ver }





THE IDLE SCHOOLBOY.

"I hate my teachers, I hate my school, I hate the very sight of my books!" exclaimed a bright-eyed boy, as he threw his satchel vexatiously on the table.

"Why, Henry, what has happened now?"

"Happened! why, that old good-for-nothing Sampson, who thinks he knows something, rattaned me, because I forgot my lesson. I wish I was a man, I do, there!" he pettishly exclaimed; "then I should have nothing to do with these hateful declensions, these ugly moods and tenses."

"I think an ugly mood has considerable to do with you now, Henry," said his mother half smiling. "I am sorry you are so angry, so uncourteous in your language, but above all, so prejudiced against your books."

"Well, mother, to be punished for forgetting, as if I could help—"

"Was it forgetfulness or ignorance?" asked Mrs. Hall quietly.

"I'm sure I studied hard enough," answered the boy, blushing slightly; "it's the very lesson I've had three times over."

"No wonder the master was angry," said his mother, with a reproachful look.

"Hateful old Sampson," continued Henry, hardly noticing her reprimand; "why is it some boys have to dig off to school every day? I wish I was Tom Jenks; his mother got him a fine place in a store, where he has half a dollar a week, only think; and you are as poor as Mrs. Jenks, and need the

money as much. Do let me come from school, mother."

"No, Henry. You little know the misery that entire want of education entails on a youth. I had rather suffer almost ever; privation; I would willingly live on bread and water, to secure you such learning as will make you independent of the world when I am gone. I wept many a time, thinking of my only son's ingratitude towards a mother who is striving to benefit him constantly. Oh, Henry, if you would only love your school!"

Henry looked down with a very red face, and bit his lip.

"You see Billy Saunders pass here every day," continued Mrs. Hall; "now sit down a moment, and I will tell you something about him; for I knew him when he was very young. He, I presume, little thought, that at the age of thirty he should go bending beneath his saw-horse, his cheek sal-low, his health ruined by early idleness and dissipation. But all this arose from his hatred for his book."

"How so, mother?"

"Why I have frequently seen him go weeping to school, uttering all kinds of maledictions on every thing connected with it, just as you so often do. His mother strove for a long time to keep him to his studies, till at last, tired with the trouble he constantly caused her, instead of urging him on with pleasant inducements, or compelling him to go, she weakly surrendered to his entreaties, and the idle boy thought that he had obtained complete happi-

ness. He avoided school companions, and found more congeniality in those whose tastes were similar to his own—whose leisure time was occupied in foolish amusements. At first, his pride revolted from the really vulgar and low youths who surrounded him, but his foolish love of pleasure and fun soon reconciled him to their society, for many of them were not over honest, and did not scruple to use means unlawfully obtained, to gratify themselves. It was not long before he became reckless, and a spendthrift.

However, at the age of twenty-six, he reformed, partially, but his character was almost ruined, and his mind entirely uncultivated. A little learning, now, would have been of great value to him; but he was no accountant, a wretched scrawler, in fact he was fit for no genteel employment. I remember how sorry I was—he was so fine looking a young man—when I saw him doing small jobs for porter-houses, or engaged in that most contemptible employment, rinsing glasses for the bar keeper. He seemed to have lost all energy. Finally, he married a pretty, ignorant girl, and now he has a large family, dependent upon his poor labor, and the mean pittance it brings him.”

“Why, mother! all that trouble, because he did not love school!”

“Yes; and more it will soon bring, I fear, for he cannot live long.”

“Oh dear! I wish I *did* love school better.”

“By being diligent, Henry, you will soon learn with ease, and gain the affection of your teacher. Then you will not find it so hard to attend school. When I die, Henry, I wish to leave you that which is better than houses and lands.”

“Oh, mother, don't talk of dying; indeed I will do better; and whenever I want to stay at home, for play, I'll think of Billy Saunders.”

SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

Those subscribers to the *Recoy* who have not paid, either for 1849 or 1850, will not have it sent for 1851, not knowing whether or not they desire to have it continued.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Our account for 1850 will soon be sealed up in that book, kept in the high court of heaven, which will be opened no more till the final judgment. Before that seal be set, I wish to call your thoughts to a solemn review of the past year, and may God grant his Holy Spirit to assist in the retrospect, and bless this feeble attempt to promote your best good.

And first, Professors, and you who hope in Christ, what have been your lives the past year? What have you done? What answer comes from your closet—that *holy of holies* to the pious soul? With how much zeal have you served your chosen Master? What have been your charities to the 500,000,000 heathen without the gospel—to the destitute in your own country? What for the Sabbath school cause—for the cause of Christ generally? Have you had in lively exercise, faith, hope, and a prayerful spirit? Dear brethren, examine yourselves and know “whether ye be in the faith.”

Impenitent Readers, permit me to put a few questions to you. I would speak with tenderness, yet faithfulness, knowing that you are in the utmost danger of losing your souls. What then, impenitent friend, has been your conduct the past year? Have you endeavored to give up your heart to God? Have you been to Jesus, and thrown yourself upon his mercy, and have you been *spurned* from his cross? Have you broken off from all known sin, and resolved, God helping you, to sin no more? Have you, in a word, used diligently every means of grace, in reliance on the assistance of God? Or, on the contrary, have you kept back your heart—bound your affections to earth—kept away from Jesus—rejected all his mercy—trampled on his precious blood—lived on in habitual and known sin—and slighted the means of grace? Let conscience answer. If you allow conscience to speak now, you *may* be saved; if you stifle its voice, you *may* be sealed over

to endless wo. Then conscience *will* smite you, but it will be too late. My friend, deal faithfully and truly with your own soul. I must leave you with the solemn injunction, "Prepare to meet thy God."

Parents and Teachers, what answer does your conscience make to the above question? Have you freed your skirts from the blood of the precious charge which God has committed to you? Are you ready to meet them at the bar of God? What if one of them should rise up against you in judgment, could you answer to his charge? Think well—think long. Be not deceived, I beseech you, on this most vital subject.

Children and Sabbath school Scholars, let me put the same question to you. How does your conscience, that something in your bosoms, that tells you when you do wrong, and when not, how does your conscience answer the inquiry, How have you spent the past year? Have you been good children—good scholars? Have you loved and obeyed your parents and teachers? Have you endeavored to avoid all bad company—naughty actions and words? Have you attended meetings—read the Bible and good books—prayed every day—loved your Sabbath school? Above all, have you loved God—thought about that great king, about Christ, and all he has done for you and all men? Dear children and youth, I wish you would think of these questions much, and answer them just as if God was right before you, waiting for an answer. He is before you, for *he* is every where. He sees your heart and knows all things. If you have been good, and continue so hereafter, God will soon take you home to heaven, and make you happy through eternity; but if not, if you continue to be wicked, God will drive you away into that *dark* and *unhappy* place, where is the devil and his angels, and there you will be shut up forever.

Children and Sabbath school chil-

dren, *think* of these things, and remember you all will soon be dead. In the grave there is no repentance. Do not wait then, but ascertain whether you are ready to die before another year shall begin. Now is the accepted time. To-day is yours.

"To-morrow never yet
On mortal rose or set." E. W.

—*Sabbath School Treasury.*

THE END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

In the good providence of God, we have been spared to see the close of another volume of the *Record*. The present number closes the seventh volume, and we think it a suitable time to thank our numerous readers, who have cheered us on by their aid. It has been our study to gratify and do them good, and we would hope that our exertions have not been without success. As formerly intimated, we have now to announce that we have succeeded in obtaining, from London, some additional illustrations, which we hope will give further interest and variety to our sheet, and that our subscribers will not only appreciate our efforts, to interest and instruct them, but that they will feel it to be a duty to extend our circulation. We have no reason to complain of the present circulation, were all subscriptions paid up; yet, it is by no means so extensive as it ought to be. Our arrangements, as to wood-cuts, are now much more complete—so that we may indulge the hope that the *Record*, henceforth, will be more acceptable to our juvenile readers; while we pray that it may, more fully than ever, be blessed, for awaking a Missionary spirit among them.

We propose no change in the coming volume of the *Record*, having seen no reason for departing from its original design, which is expressed in the following extract from our first prospectus:—

The *Record* will be devoted to Missionary information, and notices of Sabbath Schools. It will be the *Missionary Record*, not of one church or of one denomination, but of the world—it will take a panoramic view of all Missionary stations—it will travel round the globe on a voyage of discovery, and rest at every verdant spot where the gardens of the Lord are planted.

In the size or shape of the *Record* we have seen no cause to make any alterations. It will, therefore, be continued in all respects as at present, at the same price, 1s per annum, exclusive of postage.

As formerly intimated, we present, with the first January number, each of our subscribers who have paid up to the end of the present year, with a Pictorial number, as an acknowledgment for their attention; of course, none others can expect it until they have complied with these conditions, and which, alone, could justify us in incurring so much additional expense.

In all places where we have Agents, and where the subscribers are not paid up, we will send one copy to the Agent, as a specimen; and so soon as subscribers comply with our terms, we will send to each the Pictorial number.

THE "LIGHT-SHIP."

[FOR THE RECORD.]

A few months ago, a vessel which had successfully crossed the broad Atlantic, had encountered many a blast, and tossed on many a rough and stormy sea—at length neared the desired haven. Land again visible, was a joyful sound to the wearied passengers; and as the vessel slowly proceeded between the Welsh and Irish coasts, the distant hills, with their changeful hues, now casting their deep shadows, and now standing out in sunny relief, seemed to wear an air of loveliness never before discovered, and to bear a character of happy security, never before appreciated.

Proceeding onward, new sights and objects of interest continually presented themselves to view. One attracted especial attention, and gave rise to many enquiries. It was a vessel of moderate size and peculiar form. One or two sails were set, and the vessel lured and headed, but no progress was apparent on the ocean-path. No Captain, Pilot or sailors were visible; it seemed to carry no cargo—to transport no passengers. It was not a wreck left to the mercy of the angry waves. Evidently it was there for some purpose; it had some end to serve! What could it be? By-and-bye the enigma was solved. The shades of evening closed,

the darkness fell upon the deep waters, when suddenly, from this seemingly idle vessel, there shone out three bright lights, becoming at once, a warning and a guide to the many ships that frequented these dangerous coasts. It was a "*Light Ship*," constructed and anchored there for the single purpose of giving light. It reminded me that the business of the christian was to give light. 1st. Before the christian can make his light useful, like the "*Light ship*," he must be anchored. Were the *Light ship* not anchored in a sure place, but allowed to drift at the will of winds and waves, its lights could be no safe guides; they would not mark the dangerous shoals to be dreaded, or the hidden rocks to be avoided; they would not point out the proper channel which would lead the mariner in safety to port; but aimless and useless, its shining meteors would only bewilder the hapless pilot; perhaps beguile him into danger, if not ruin. Where must the christian be anchored? On Christ. He must have fled to Him for refuge; must be one with him—must be resting on this foundation alone:—He must have Christ for his Saviour, he must come to him for justification and for sanctification. He must trust to Him alone for pardon, for righteousness, for grace—for all he is—for all he needs. All profession without this foundation is a light that serves to destroy, but can never save.

2nd. The christian must carry his light high, that it may be a useful light. The *Light-ship* had its lights suspended high on the mast, in order that they might be seen at a great distance. So the light of truth, when it has once been discovered to and received by a soul, is not to be selfishly confined to its own benefit—it is to be confessed—to be borne aloft—"made manifest"—"set on a hill." Light is a contagious thing, it brightens all it approaches; it shines on all within its influence; it inflames all it touches. So should our love to Christ shine forth, that all can tell, from the halo around us, that we have been with Jesus. This blessed love ever poured into our hearts, should ever flow out in tender compassion to souls in danger of shipwreck; in earnest warnings and entreaties to those who are pursuing a dangerous course, heedless of the breakers they are rushing into.

3d. It was in the darkness the *Light-ship* was specially important. In the day, with the light of the sun shining full upon the voy

agers, the light-ship was not without its uses. Its position denoted something. The spot where it was anchored was one deserving attention and caution. There must be a dangerous coast near, and a reference to the chart would point out where. But it is when the sun has gone down, and darkness, as a veil, covers the face of all nature, the light-ship becomes the guiding star of the bewildered voyager, who steers by its friendly light, and feels himself in safety.

And so, in days of darkness, should the christian's light shine forth with no uncertain brightness. In times of trial and adversity, if we are safely anchored, if we carry our lights high, the surrounding darkness of the valley of humiliation, in which we are called to walk, will only make it burn with a purer and a steadier light. The very shadows of the hills of difficulty, over which we pass, will but bring out, in greater contrast, this precious light. The deep waters through which we pass, will but reflect its brightness. The most rugged paths we tread, will but render more invaluable this guide to the path, this lamp to the feet. My dear reader, are you a light-ship—shining thus—giving to others what has been given you? A medium of communication between Jesus and the world, by your lesser light proclaiming Him who is the light of the world.

M. A. R.

TEACHERS' CORNER.

ADDRESS

Read by one of the Superintendents of the Congregational Sabbath School, Adelaide Street, Toronto, at a quarterly public prayer meeting in the Congregational Chapel, 14th October, 1850.

The work of instruction has been very appropriately compared with gardening, for in many respects are the duties of the Teacher similar to those of the gardener. The word of God has by Christ himself been called the seed, but I would ask my fellow teachers, what they would think of the gardener who should sow the seed without preparing the ground? A good gardener will not only dig the ground, but he will also make it his study, to sow in every particular spot, the seed which is best suited for it: so the good teacher will study the dispositions and qualifications of his scholars, and adapt his instructions to the wants of every one of them. As the gardener will consider before he enters upon his work, what he has to do, and bring with him what is required, so the teacher should come to his seat prepared beforehand for the work of the day. It is required next that the seed should be watered, and as he who should neglect this important duty, would

be considered a very foolish gardener, so is that teacher foolish indeed, who neglects to water by his prayers, and not only occasionally, but daily, the instructions which he imparts. As the gardener watches the plants as they spring up out of the ground and continue to grow, so ought the teacher to watch the progress of his scholars, and not only at school, he should also make it his duty to visit them from time to time at their homes. Another important work in a garden is weeding, rooting out that which would hinder the growth of the plants; and the teacher also finds enough of this work, for much of that which is evil has he to root out in the hearts of the children.—In the different success they meet with there is likewise great similarity. Some trees seem hardly to bring forth leaves, but a good gardener will not despair, he will still try another year and dig around them; other trees are filled with blossoms, but even there, though they promise ever so fair, may still disappoint; others again are already shewing some fruit, but perhaps the fruit is sour—there may be knowledge without being a saving knowledge; the conversion of the soul, that ripe delicious fruit, which every faithful laborer looks forward to with faith and prayer, and which he will surely obtain though it may be delayed.

I would add a few words to the Parents. What would you think of the owner of a garden, who would content himself with engaging a gardener and never go near the spot to see if he did his duty, to see what plants were growing in his garden, if they were healthy and promising, bearing flowers and fruits, or if they were sickly and stunted, perhaps choked by weeds, by thorns and briars? How greatly encouraged will a gardener feel, when the owner shows, that he appreciates his endeavors to make this garden a pleasant spot, that he delights to spend an hour amongst the flowers and trees, bestowing praise on the faithful laborer for his diligence and care, and conversing with him upon what is promising and what might be improved, and by supplying what is wanted. We would therefore again invite the parents, as we have done before, to visit our garden, and above all things to water the seed which we sow by their prayers. We would entreat them to consider, that their children are with us only a small part of one day out of the seven, and as a garden, which had only the occasional care of a gardener, would require a great deal of the owner's labours; so do your children need a vast amount of your care, and much can you do, to assist the teachers by enquiring of your children when they return from school what they have learnt, and urging, yea, even assisting them to prepare during the week for the lessons of the next Sunday.

Who would, however, be so foolish as to

destroy the good seed sown by the gardener in his garden, or to sow weeds upon the beds on which he has bestowed so much care? And are not some parents foolish enough to counteract the influence of the teacher over their children, by speaking disparagingly of the teacher, or by encouraging them to oppose or, at least, to slight the teacher's wish? Are not others sowing weeds by indulging in the very practices, which their children are taught in the school to look upon as displeasing to God? And what is more powerful than a parent's example? Is it not natural in a child to look up to those from whom he derived his existence as more perfect than others, and to excuse himself by saying, "My father, my mother does it?" Do not some parents even foster the very sins in their children, which they have been told by their teacher to abhor? Let the lesson, for example, be about covetousness. The teacher says, "It is the root of all evil!" and at home the child is trained to look upon money as one of the things most to be desired. Or pride and vanity may be exposed, while perhaps the parent teaches the child to place a great value on a fine dress, or fosters vanity by continually saying in the presence of the little favorite, "what a pretty little girl she is," or "how clever the little boy is." Again the teacher exposes the sin of anger. The boy is teased during the week by one of his schoolmates, he revenges himself, and his father calls him "a spirited boy."

I would wind up this illustration with a remark, that the gardener as well as the teacher will labor in vain, unless God gives the increase, and I entreat, therefore, all to pray earnestly, not only in these quarterly meetings, but every day in their families and in their closet, for the prosperity of the schools.

V. D. S.

Monies received on account of Record.

1849.—Farnham East, M Palmer, 1s; Penotanguishene, Miss C Campbell, 1s; Addison, W McCrum, 2s; Goderich, John Shaw, 1s; Warwick, H M Carroll, 1s; Beauharnois, John Rutherford, 1s; Lachute, W Brown, 1s; L'Original, W Brown, 1s; Fingal, Geo Robb and John Crosbie, 1s each; Dunham Flats, E Finlay, 1s; Perth, Miss E Sinclair, 1s; Bytown, Thos M'Kay, jun, 5s; Niagara, Robert Ball, 1s; Brockville, Mr Freeland, 48-49, 10s 6d; Lachute, D M Kerricher, 1s; Three Rivers, W Ginnis, 1s.

1850.—Grand River, A Mitchell, 5s; Montreal, Mrs Lapelletrie, P LeSueur, 1s each; Guelph, Miss J Meikle, 10s; North Huntley, D Moorehead 1s; Bromley, Mr Banning, 1s; St Eustache, W Starke, 8s; Addison, W M'Crum, 1s; Carleton Place, A Stevenson, 12s; Wulpole, Jessie Miller, 1s; Rainham, G L Beamer, 1s; Petite Nation, W Dickson, 1s; St Andrews, M M'Leod, 1s; Sorel, Miss Stayner, 1s 6d, Miss Stephens,

Miss Collins, Mr Griffin, P M'Nie, W Mountain, Miss Woodley, N Hall, Miss Boyd, C Pope, 1s each; New Glasgow, Rev A Lowden, 4s; Lachute, T Barron, 1s; Perth, J R Matheson, 1s; Easton's Corners, Charles Wickwire, 1s; Montreal, Mr Bell, 12s; Beauharnois, John Rutherford, 1s; Lachute, Andrew Duncan, 1s; L'Original, G Walker, 1s; Eaton, W Sawyer, 3s; North Georgetown, Miss J Peddie, 1s; Guelph, Jas Peters, 5s; Cowansville, Jos Taylor, 6d; Bromo, S Jackson, 1s; Dunham Flats, E Finlay, 1s; Stanbridge, Miss L Jenkins, 1s; La Guerre, John M'Donnell, Angus M'Pherson, 1s each; Huntingdon, J Clyde, W Caldwell, W Cowan, James Brown, Miss Sarah Thompson, 1s each; Rev J Brock, Rev A Wallace, 1s 3d each; John Laird, Thomas Cockburn, 2s each; Perth, Miss E Sinclair, 1s; Merickville, Rev J Findlay, 2s; Parth, John Campbell, 1s; Carleton Place, G Dunnet, 1s; Sault au Recollet, G W Weaver, 1s; Peterboro', J Edwards, 3s; Norwich, John Wildman, 1s; English River, J Robinson, 1s; Cornwall, Jno Hunter, 1s; Bytown, Thomas M'Kay, jun, 25s; Frelighsburg, Dr Ellsworth, 1s; Granby, John Lorimer, 1s; Bytown, J Durie, 41s; St Brigid, Mrs Lauric, 1s; Brockville, Mr Freeland, 7s; Lachute, D McKerricher, 1s; Kingston, Mrs Captain Abbey, 1s 3d; Three Rivers, W Ginnis, 1s; Quebec, Mr. Ross, 22s.

1851.—Perth, P Kilpatrick, 1s; Bathurst, N B, Rev G M'Donald, 5s; St Thérèse, Rev D Black, 1s; Cornwall, Alex M'Dougall, James Craig, sen, 1s each; Stanstead, B F Hubbard, 8s; Huntingdon, Robt Ford, John White, 1s each; Melbourne, Janet Clow, 1s 3d; Oak Creek, W Eddie, A Buckham, Jno Gillies, Thomas Helm, W Glennie, Miss J Danskin, 1s each; Sorel, Miss L Allen, 1s; Montreal, Rev T Osgood, 5s, Mr Anderson, 7½d; Burlington, Vt, Miss Catherine Reynolds, 2s.

Per R D Wadsworth—1850.—Doon Mills, J Craig, 15s; Seneca, Miss Ferrier, 5s 6d; Owen Sound, Robert Larter, John Creighton, 1s each; Penetanguishene, Miss C Campbell, Miss C Simpson, J Patterson, Miss A Miller, Jas Ellis, Miss Mary Hamilton, Mrs Wright, Mrs Jeffrey, 1s each; Barrie, Miss P Warnica, 4s, James Edwards, 3s, C Bell, Miss Janet Lout, J M'Watt, Miss E Simpson, B W Smith, Miss Mary Brewer, Mrs Lowrie, Mrs Sproule, A Morton, W H Partridge, W Ront, Miss Mary Warnica, 1s each; Bradford, J M Rice, 1s; Orillia, Mrs Dr Darling, 1s; Wellington Square, J Lyons, Jas Lyons, 1s each; Grimsby, Miss Bailey, 1s; Guelph, Rev Mr Torrance, 5s; Woodstock, C Conger, 7s, C Hendry, 1s 3d; Fingal, Geo Robb, 1s; Goderich, John Shaw, 10d; Warwick, H M Carroll, 1s; Fingal, John Crosby, 1s, E Willson, 4s; Niagara, Robert Ball, 1s.

Irish School Fund.—Miss Catherine Reynolds, Burlington, Vt, 8s 9d.