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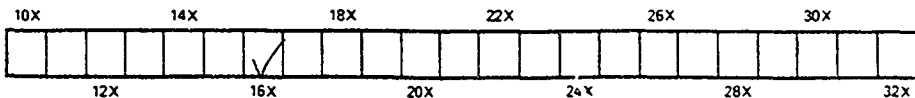
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Rev. Mr. Ansell

Vol. II.]

[No. 5.

THE
CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH SCHOOL [RECORD.

MAY 1, 1845.

Terms : 1s per Annum, in Advance, exclusive of Postage.



Come over and Help us.

*The profits of this Publication to go to the Funds
of the Canada Sunday School Union.*

MONTREAL:
PRINTED BY J. C. BECKET, SAINT PAUL STREET.

1845.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We call the attention of our subscribers to the notification on the first page, of the terms of the *Record*—payable in advance, and we trust our friends will recollect this, and enable us to adhere to our rule in this matter.

We would also remind them, that by a little exertion they might materially increase our circulation—and that we trust they will endeavour to obtain new subscribers, now, before the year is further advanced, as it will be better for all parties to receive the numbers singly each month, than to delay subscribing, and running the risk of not being able afterwards to obtain the back numbers. The twelve numbers for the past year may be had bound in a very neat little volume price 1s 8d, by application to Mr. BECKET. This book is very suitable for Sabbath School libraries—and for presents to the young.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have again to request our friends to bear in mind, that we shall be most happy to receive communications stating any local exertion through the country that may be made for the great Missionary cause. Any instance of the power of Divine grace amongst members of our schools, we desire particularly to be acquainted with—and we would deem it a favour were teachers who are acquainted with such instances to communicate with us. It is not necessary that formal communications be written—intelligence, and information with respect to these interesting circumstances, is what we desire.

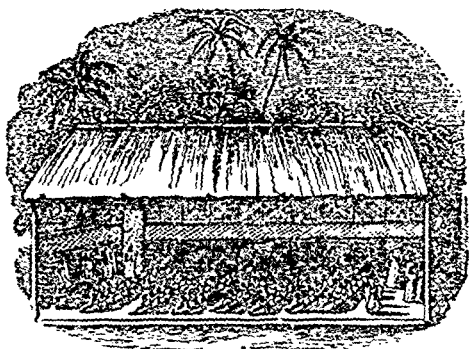
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| Mrs. Atkinson, Quebec..... | 2 | 10 | 0 |
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| Alexander Kidd, Dumfries..... | 0 | 15 | 0 |



NATIVE SCHOOL IN INDIA.

THE
CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

Vol. II.]

MAY 1, 1845.

[No. 5.

NATIVE SCHOOL IN INDIA.

(SEE WOOD-CUT.)

DEAR CHILDREN.—The little picture on the opposite page shows you the interior of a simple school-house in India. It is not very large or very grand, for it seems to be made chiefly with Bamboo, but the most interesting thing is to see so many children learning to read the Bible and other good books within. How nicely the little black children are sitting, and how busy they are at their lessons. They are very anxious to learn. And when we think that if Missionaries had not gone to them with the Bible, these very children might have been, as is common in heathen India, killed soon after they were born, very likely thrown into the river Ganges and drowned, and even if they did live, they would learn nothing but to worship idols, we must be all interested in every school like this.

Many Sabbath schools in Britain support by themselves, a native convert, who can teach a school of this kind, and in this way the children in these Sabbath schools do a great deal of good.

Perhaps some of our own Sabbath schools, will soon have something to spare for a purpose like this.

DEAR CHILDREN.—We have been asked by many kind friends, who take deep interest in your welfare to publish in the *Record*, the following very interesting Memoir of a Sabbath School boy ; so in this number we begin to do so. We give you the story in the words of the Minister whose church he attended, the Rev. R.M. McCheyne of Dundee. Of this good Minister you know a little also, for last year we gave in the *Record* his nice addresses, called “Reasons why children should fly to Christ without delay,” and the “Lambs of the flock.” As James Laing was a Scotch boy, and all of you may not quite understand what he says, you will find that we put the meaning in English of some expressions, at the foot of the Page, in which they occur.

ANOTHER LILY GATHERED,

BEING A NARRATIVE OF THE CONVERSION & DEATH OF JAMES LAING.

“My beloved is gone into his garden—to gather lilies,” Song vi. 2.

James Laing was born in Dundee, a town in the east of Scotland, on 28th July, 1828, and lost his mother before he was eight years old. Not long after God took away the mother, he dealt so graciously with the elder sister that she was thenceforth fitted to watch over the other children with a mother's tenderness.

James was seized with the same fever as that of which his mother died, and he never enjoyed good health afterwards. He was naturally a very quiet and reserved boy, not so rough in his language as many of the boys around. One day when he was lying on his dying bed, I was asking his sister what kind of boy he had been. She said that he was as wicked as other boys, only he did not swear. After I was gone he told his sister that she was wrong. He never used to swear at home because he was afraid he would be punished for it; but when among his companions he often

used to swear. "Ah! (added he) it is a wonder God did not send me to hell when I was a swearer." Another day, hearing some boys swearing near his window, he said, "It is a wonder God did not leave me to swear among these boys yet." Such was the early life of this boy. He did not know the God who guided him, and in whose hand his breath was; and such is the life of the most of our children—they "cast off fear, and restrain prayer before God."

The Holy Spirit strives even with children. And when they grieve him, and resist his awakening hand, he suffers long with them. The first time that James shewed any concern for his soul, was in the autumn of 1839. It was a solemn time in this place; St. Peter's† was like Bethel. The divine ladder was set down in the midst of the people, and its top reached up to heaven, and even strangers were forced to say. "Surely God is in this place." O that these sweet days would come back again! His elder brother Alexander, a sailor boy, was at that time awakened, and the same glorious Spirit seemed to visit James for a time. One evening their sister Margaret, returning home from a meeting, found her two brothers on their knees earnestly crying for mercy. She did not interrupt them, but Alexander afterwards said to her, "Jamie feels that he needs Christ too. We will easily know if he be in earnest, for then he will not need to be bidden to pray." The test was a trying one; James soon gave up secret prayer, and proved that his goodness was like a morning cloud and the early dew which goeth away. This is the mark of the hypocrite laid down by Job, "Will he always call upon God?"*

Another night Margaret observed James coming from the prayer-meeting in the school in great distress. He kept close by the wall of the church that he might escape observation. He was much concerned that

† St. Peters was the name of Mr. M'C's church, where it pleased God to cause a great revival of religion to take place at that time.

* Job xxvii. 10.

night, and after retiring to rest said to his sister, in his own Scottish dialect, "There's me come awa' without Christ to-night again."*

One Thursday evening he attended the weekly meeting held in the church. The passage explained was Rom. iv. 4—6, and sinners were urged to receive the "righteousness without works." Many were deeply affected, and would not go away even after the blessing. James was one of those who remained, and when I came to him he was weeping bitterly. I asked him if he cared for his soul. He said, "Whiles."† I asked if he prayed. He said, "Yes." He was much concerned on his return home that night both for others and for his own soul. But these dew drops were soon dried up again.

He attended the Sabbath School in the lane where the cottage of his parents stands. Often when the teacher was reading the Bible, or some awakening anecdote, the tears flowed down his cheeks; but he tried to conceal his emotion from the other boys lest they should laugh at him. He afterwards said in his last illness, "O that I had just another night of the Sabbath School, I would not care though they should laugh at me now." Sometimes, during the reading and prayer in the family, the word of God was like a fire to him, so that he could not bear it, and after it was over he would run to his wild companions in order to drown the cries of his awakened conscience.

In July 1841 he went up to Glammis for his health. I was preaching in the neighbourhood, and he wished much to go and hear, but was not able to walk the distance. One night he heard Mr Cormick preach in a cottage on John vii. 37. He felt it deeply, and wept bitterly, but he remarked that none of the people wept. He knew well when people shewed any concern for their soul; and he often remarked that to be anxious

* Here am I come away without Christ to-night again.

† Sometimes.

is not to be *in Christ*. When he came home he spoke much of the carelessness of the people where he had been. "Ah! Margaret, there was no Bible read yonder. The people a' went to their bed just as if there had not been a God."

One night after his return a neighbour was sitting by the fire reading the work of an old divine. It stated that even carnal men sometimes received a conviction they can never forget. She turned to James, and asked him if he had never received a conviction that he could not forget. "Yes, (he said) I can never forget it; but we cannot seek Christ twice." Thus did the long-suffering of God wait upon this little boy; the good Spirit strove with him, and Jesus stood at the door and knocked; but he would not hear.

The day of Immanuel's power, and the time of love, was however near at hand. As the cold winds of October set in, his sickly frame was much affected; he became weak and breathless. One Tuesday, in the end of October, he turned decidedly worse, and became intensely anxious about the salvation of his soul. His lamentable cry was, "Oh, Jesus, save me—save me!" Margaret asked if his concern was real, for he had often deceived her hopes before. He wept and said, "Yes." His body was greatly pained, but he forgot all in the intense anxiety for his precious never-dying soul. On the Saturday I paid a visit to their humble cottage, and found the little sufferer sitting by the fire. He began to weep bitterly while I spoke to him of Jesus, having come into the world *to save sinners*. I was enabled in a simple manner to answer the objections that sinners make to an immediate closing with Christ. Margaret wondered; for the minister could not have spoken more to the case of her brother if he had known it; and she inwardly thanked God, for she saw that he was directing it. James spent the rest of the day on his knees in evident distress of soul. Oh how little the most of those called Christians know what it is to pass through such deep waters! Margaret asked him if he

was seeking Jesus. He said, "Yes." She asked, "If he would like anything—a bit of bread?" He said, "No; but I would take a bit of the bread of life if you would give it me." She replied, "I cannot give you that; but if you seek it you will get it." He remained alone till evening, and was never off his knees. Towards night he came to the other end of the cottage, and put this question, "Have I only to believe that Jesus died for sinners? Is that all?" He was told "Yes." "Well, I believe that Jesus died for me, for I am a poor hell-deserving sinner. I have been praying all this afternoon, that when Jesus shed his blood for sinners, he would sprinkle some of it upon me, and *he did it.*" He then turned up Rom. v. 8, and read these words, "While we were yet sinners Christ died for us." His sister wept for joy, and James added, "I am not afraid to die now, for Jesus has died for me." Often after this he bade his sister read to him Rom. v. Psalm cxvi. These were favourite portions with him.

(To be Continued.)

HOW CAN I HELP MISSIONS?

This is the question that we wish every reader to put to him or herself. We asked, "what we were doing at home," a few weeks ago, and now taking for granted, that you would all wish to do something, we will try and tell you of some simple ways of helping the good cause. We may tell you of some of the plans which in Britain and the United States, Sabbath school children take of raising money for Missions, and which we are glad to say some Sabbath schools in Canada have tried with success.

One of the best ways is to form a little Missionary Society in each Sabbath school. Some of these are conducted by a number of the older boys in the school, others are left altogether to the children themselves to manage; and others are entirely directed by the teachers. We under-

stand that the last kind, work best, and the way such a Society can be organized is this: The teachers of the school meet together, and after prayer, they agree on certain rules for the Society—then they gather the children together, tell them what they are wanted to do, interest them in the work by telling them anecdotes about Missions, such as are found in this *Record*, and then perhaps, give to every boy or girl who wishes one, and who will promise to collect, a small box or collecting card. The collectors have all their names put down in a book, and then they and the teachers form this Society. The teachers and the collectors meet then at certain times, and bring all that they have gathered together since their last meeting, and at the end of the year, they vote the money to any one or more Mission in which they feel an interest. In some schools, they have one large box for the whole Sabbath school, and in others they have a box for each class. All these have been proved to be good plans, and we would like very much to know that every Sabbath school in Canada had, if not a Missionary Society, at least a Missionary box, and that the children who learn in these schools about Christ, who came from heaven to save sinners, would first give themselves to Christ, as indeed his children, and then remembering how many millions there are in the world, who have never heard of Christ at all, gather money, to help in sending the Word of God, and the ministers of God, to tell the perishing heathen of their danger, and of the Saviour who is willing to receive them and save them for ever. If any of our readers are inclined to begin collecting for Missions, we would recommend boxes rather than cards as they are less troublesome, and last longer.

But when we have begun we must not *flag* in so good a work, and we should endeavour to know as much as possible about the need that there is for Missions throughout

the world, and what success also, God is giving to them. All the children who read this *Record*, should do so carefully, and if they can get any other magazines like it, they should read them, that we may have as much knowledge as possible about the work of the Lord in heathen lands, and in Sabbath schools at home and abroad. Frequent meetings of children and teachers, to hear and speak about this important subject, would be found very pleasant. In Montreal, for instance, on New Year's day, it is the custom of the Sabbath schools to meet in various churches, and hear addresses from ministers, suitable to the New Year. These are always pleasant meetings, and looked forward to, by the children with delight, indeed we think it would be well if they met oftener.

We should be glad to hear that such meetings as these had become common throughout Canada, and we may take another opportunity of giving some hints as to the way in which children's meetings and especially little Missionary Societies can be best conducted.

VALUE OF A HYMN BOOK IN AFRICA.

Mr. Moffat the celebrated Missionary of whom we have told you often, was once a Sabbath School Teacher in Manchester, England; and though God in his good providence had seen fit to call him far away, to instruct the heathen, yet he did not forget his class and the Sabbath School which he had left, for when he visited his native country he very soon found his way to the Sabbath School which he had left. It was on one of these visits, he gave the following anecdote of a heathen who had been brought in some measure to see the truth—his desire to be further instructed puts us all to the blush:—

You, I dare say, have hymn-books or bibles of your own; but it is not so in Africa: even the grown-up people there can scarcely get a book at all, and would

give a great deal for some of those which children here often throw carelessly about. One day Mr. Moffat was sitting in his house, when in came a man in such a hurry he could scarcely speak, but his dark face was full of meaning as he exclaimed, "I want a hymn-book! I want a hymn-book!"—"Well," said Mr. Moffat, "sit down a little."—"I can't sit down—I want a hymn-book! I want a hymn book!" And this was all he could say, "I've come a long way for a hymn book! I want a hymn book!"—"Well; but," said Mr. Moffat, "I have only one for Mrs. Moffat and myself—I cannot give you that. Go down to the village, and try if you can beg one,"—"Ah," said the man, "that wont do; you don't know the Bechuanas, but I do. If I had a hymn-book I know I would not give it away." Just then a bright thought seemed to come into his head. "Do you think I could *steal* one?" (Remember, dear children, he was a heathen, and only just beginning to "feel after God.") "Oh no, you must not steal one, that would be wrong."—"Why," said the man, "your people have plenty; they can look over one another: mine have none. Where would be the harm of my just 'taking the lend of one,' and carrying it off with me?" But Mr. Moffat would not hear of this, so off the poor man set, out he returned with a sorrowful countenance;—not one would part with a hymn-book. And two days he stayed; but on the third, his face looked brighter, and Mr. Moffat began to fear he really had stolen one; but no—he had a better thought now.

Far, far across the mountains lived a friend, to whom this man had lent a fine fat sheep. (They have no money there, but barter, as you know is so often done in Canada.) And so, away over hill and valley travelled this poor man, more, I think, than a hundred and thirty miles, till he came to the friend's home;—he entered, and "I'm come for my sheep!" was all he said, but oh! in *such* a voice! "Well," said his friend, "sit down, and tell us the news,"—"I'm come for my sheep!" was

the answer. This was *bad news* for the man, for the sheep was ten miles away across the mountains, so he said, "But not now friend?"—Yes, *now*,—"I'll have my sheep now!" And whatever the man urged, "I'll come for my sheep!" was the reply; till, at length, changing his tone, the visitor said, "Well, then, give me your hymn-book."

Now, the poor man had been all the way to the Missionary station for the hymn-book, and had only returned with his treasure the night before, and it was hard to part with it so soon. But the other had heard of his journey, and that was the reason he followed in such a hurry.

While they were talking, the stranger, touching a skin mantle which hung against the wall, spied under it another book tied round with a string and hanging from a hook, to keep it from the mice. "Oh! give me that!" he said. "No," the man replied, "I cannot give you that;—that book first led me on the way to find the Babe of Bethlehem." Then the visitor begged again for the hymn-book; but the man who loved God, at last said, "I cannot give up my book, but my wife and I will sit up with you all night, and teach you the hymns, and you can carry them away *in your head* instead." At length, the man was persuaded; so there they sat all night, the man, his wife, and the stranger, reading and singing hymns, and with the morning light, the poor man went away; and I hope (do not you?) that the next time any books were to be had, he would be one of the first to get one. Dear children! prize your books, but try to *put them into your heads too*; and oh! pity those who have neither books nor teacher!—*To be Continued.*

The story of the babe of Bethlehem, in our next.

Missionary Intelligence.

THE NESTORIANS.

If you will look at a large map of Asia, you will see

a number of mountains marked upon it, as lying at the head of the river Tigris, to the south of Arminia, and the north-west of the ancient Mesopotamia. It is amongst these mountains the Nestorians live. They are an extraordinary people, and are at present exciting such interest, both in America and in Britain, that we think we must give you some account of them.

Till within the last few years, very little indeed was known of them. The difficulty of getting through the mountain passes, beyond which they live, the numbers of thieves and murderers in the tribes by which they are surrounded, together with other causes, prevented travellers from visiting them, and giving us the information that we wished. From what was known about them, great interest was felt in them, and a desire excited in America to send to them the Gospel. The American Board of Missions has, for some time, had *Missionaries in the plains about Ooroomiah*, who met often with such Nestorians as were living in their neighbourhood; but as the chief body of the people, amounting to above 100,000, resided in the mountains, they gave orders in 1839 to one of their Missionaries, Dr. Grant, a Physician as well as a Missionary, to try to gain admittance to them.

It will give you the best idea of the work, as it has been begun, if we relate Dr. Grant's account of his journey just as he has given it, only putting it in simple words.

The country through which he had to pass is inhabited by a race of people called the Koords, a very cruel and deceitful set. Some of these people live in tents, and journey from place to place to feed their flocks, in the manner of Abraham of old. Others have built small villages, and planted fields, from which they make excursions into the neighbouring districts, to steal the cattle, or whatever they may be able to obtain; and others, living in the higher mountains, directly round the Nestorians, keep up a contin-

ual warfare with their neighbours. They are a most cruel race, and, being used to scenes of blood, care nothing about taking the lives of any that fall into their hands.

Dr. Grant knew well their habits, but as he could travel in the capacity of a physician, he hoped his life would be safer in their hands. He at first intended to be accompanied by a Mr. Holmes, another Missionary; but as this could not be accomplished, he set out alone, after taking a most affecting farewell of his companion in a church in the town of *Mardin*.

It was necessary he should visit the city of *Môsul* before he entered the country of the Nestorians, and to that he first repaired. At this city he was well received by the Pacha, who gave him a passport through the country, and furnished him with some attendants, consisting of two Nestorians of Persia, a Koordish muleteer, and Turkish *Carass*, or police officer. He crossed the Tigris soon after leaving *Môsul* by means of a bridge of boats. The bridge was crowded by Koords, Arabs, Turks, Jews, and Christians, with mules, horses, bullocks and camels, all laden with the fruits of the country, and going to the market; and when he listened to the confusion of their different languages, he thought of the tower of Babel, near the site of which he then was journeying,

Very near this place he came to *Ninveh*, the great city where Jonah preached. It is all lying in ruins, and when he looked upon them, he thought of the prophecies concerning it. Nahum, iii.

From this place he came to the country of the Yezidees, the reputed worshippers of the devil. Here he was kindly treated but hastened on to the village in which he had to spend the night. He was much fatigued, but was hospitably received by the people, and treated to a good supper of butter-milk and herbs. There is but little dew in this country, and often the people of whole villages sleep out of doors by spread-

ing their beds upon the ground, or on the flat house tops. This was the case the night that Dr. Grant was there, and he lay down to sleep with nothing but the canopy of heaven above him.

(To be Continued.)

SOUTH SEAS.

THE FEEJEE ISLANDS.—One of the Wesleyan missionaries, Mr. Hunt, has lately made a voyage round the largest of these islands, called Navitilevu, an island about 300 miles round. Very few places in it had been visited before by a Missionary, but Mr. Hunt found most of the people willing to be taught. Some of the inhabitants are *cannibals*, that is, they roast and eat human beings. At one place where he landed he found the town burnt down, and was told that the day before a party of savages had attacked it, killed many of its inhabitants and then devoured them. The Bible says, and we are always proving its truth, "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitation of cruelty." And so they are.

At another of the places where he landed, he found the people so ignorant as to be worshipping a little fish something like a *shrimp*. There are many of this fish found amongst the islands; but, as they are brown in all other places, and only red here, this is the only place where they are worshipped. The poor people believe that the mother of these little fish, and which is the goddess of the island, is of an enormous size, and lives in a cave far inland. They took Mr. Hunt to see her, and, for two miles, the road to the cave led through a perfect garden, being thickly planted with bread-fruit, cocoa-nut, and banaan trees. When they got to the cave, the priest stood and cried, "Ura, Ura, come, that the chief from England may see you!" but, as with the prophets of Baal, about whom you read in 1 Kings xviii., there was no voice replied, and no god

appeared. The missionary tried to prove to him the folly of his worship, and to lead him to the knowledge of the true God, whose ear is always open to our cry, and whose presence may be always felt. The man seemed to feel deeply all he said; and the Missionary hopes it may be blest by God for good to his soul. All round the island there are openings for teachers; and Mr. Hunt begs earnestly, that the Society will send out more labourers.

Poetry.

HYMN FOR A MISSIONARY MEETING.

God of love—before thee now—
 Help us all in love to bow;
 As the dews on Hermon fall,
 May thy blessing rest on all.

Let it soften every breast,
 Hush ungentle thoughts to rest,
 Till we feel ourselves to be,
 Children of one family.

Children who can look above—
 For a Heavenly Father's love;
 Who shall meet, life's journey past,
 In that Father's house at last.

But while thankfully we stand,
 Round thy footstool, hand in hand,
 Yet one humble, earnest plea,
 Father, we would bring to thee.

Far across the ocean's wave,
 Brethren, sisters too, we have,
 But they have not heard of thee.
 Wilt thou not *their* Father be?

Let *them* hear the Shepherd's voice,
 And beneath his care rejoice;
 And together let us come
 To the fold,—“there yet is room.”

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**PUBLISHED FOR THE CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL
UNION, FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION, BY THE
REV. WM. ARNOT, MINISTER OF ST. PETERS,
GLASGOW.**

In submitting to the public, and to Sabbath school teachers in particular, this second series of Scripture lessons, we would invite special attention to the few prefatory remarks here subjoined.

The "course" issued last year, having given such general satisfaction that the whole impression has been for some time disposed of, the present series has been published with the view of supplying the demand felt for a manual of this kind. The present is not a *continuation* of the same series, it is similar in some respects, whilst it has other peculiar characteristics which we shall state in the language of the Rev. Author.

"The Table of lessons contains, 1st, the number of lessons, amounting to 50.

2nd, A column left blank for the date—that it may be begun at any season of the year.

3rd, The passages to be read in the class.—It is understood that the Teacher, in prescribing each lesson, will press the children to read it carefully at home, especially those passages which may be found too long for being wholly read in the class.

4th, A verse or verses to be committed, selected from the lesson, or cograte texts from other parts of scripture.—Where two or three verses are noted, one or more may be committed, according to the discretion of the Teacher, and the capacity of the children.

5th, The subjects showing as much as possible their mutual relation and natural sequence.

6th, Jottings of the more prominent points in the lesson, to help inexperienced Teachers in fixing on the things to be more fully explained and applied.—It will be observed that there is in this column no attempt to expound the passages; the hints which it contains are intended, not to inform the Teacher, but to keep before his eye the many subjects which he ought to go over, that he may guard against the error of spending all his time with the first one or two. It will be found that many of the lessons are too long to be fully taken up in one evening; in these cases, this column will be of use—from the topics suggested in it, he may select beforehand a few to be more minutely examined.”

J. C. BECKET.

Montreal, April 1, 1845.

AGENTS FOR THE RECORD.

| | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| <i>Adelaide</i> | James Hart, |
| <i>Ankerstburgh</i> | Rev. R. Peden. |
| “ | Samuel R. Kedey, |
| <i>Ayr</i> | Robert Wyllic, P. M. |
| <i>Brantford</i> | E. Roy, |
| <i>Brighton</i> | J. Lockwood, P. M. |
| <i>Brockville</i> | H. Freeland, |
| <i>Bytown</i> | D. Kennedy, |
| <i>Clarendon</i> | Robt. Creasor, |
| <i>Cobourg</i> | G. Hart, |
| <i>Danville</i> | Thos. C. Allis, P. M. |
| <i>Gananoque</i> | T. O. Adkins, |
| <i>Hamilton</i> | R. Roy, |
| <i>Hereford</i> | Alex. Rea, P. M. |
| <i>Kingston</i> | George Hardy, |
| “ | Robt. Wallace, |
| <i>Merrickville</i> | J. T. Graffe. |
| <i>Niagara</i> | A. R. Christie, |
| <i>Otonabee</i> | M. Short, P. M. |
| <i>Perth</i> | J. Allan, |
| <i>Ramsay</i> | Mr. Wyllic, P. M. |
| <i>Sherbrooke</i> | William Brooks, P. M. |
| <i>Stanstead</i> | P. Hubbard, P. M. |
| <i>St. Laurent</i> | Mr. R. M'Nee, |
| <i>Toronto</i> | Alex. Christie, |
| <i>Whitby</i> | Rev. R. H. Thornton |