



THE  
CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY  
AND  
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

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**The first Missionary Meeting.**

DEAR CHILDREN,—Can any of you tell where the first Missionary Meeting was held? Do you think it was in Canada, or in Scotland or England? We shall find it was held long before any one knew that there was such a country as America, and long before either of the great capitals, Edinburgh or London, were built. What would you think of the first Missionary meeting being held in Jerusalem 1800 years ago. We have two or three reports of it, one by Matthew, who, before he was called to be a Missionary, was a Tax-gatherer; another by Mark; and a third report by a very eminent physician, who wrote the first Missionary Record, called the Acts of the Apostles. From all these reports we have a pretty full account of this meeting, and can easily picture it to ourselves. First, we will look at their place of meeting. If any of you have ever been at a Missionary Meeting you probably went to some large Hall, or Church, well lighted and fitted up, where there was a platform for the speakers, and a chair for the president, and comfortable seats for the people who went to listen; but this meeting we are going to tell you of, was held neither in a Church nor Hall, but in a small upper room, probably in some retired and unobtrusive part of the town, and great care was taken to keep the doors fastened, in case those who met should be disturbed, and perhaps taken to prison. This was not a large meeting, there were eleven men, and probably a few women.

The subject of conversation and discussion was one of deep interest, but it seemed also to have been of a perplexing nature, for their language was that of doubt and uncertainty, struggling with hope and rising confidence. "The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared unto Simon," was the announcement that filled every heart with wondering, yet joyful, expectation. While they talked thus among themselves, new confirmation was given to their awakened hopes and expectations, by the sudden arrival of two friends, who had not long before left Jerusalem to go down to Emmaus; their unexpected appearance, the ardent expression of their countenances, the haste which had evidently attended their return, plainly showed that some occurrence of no ordinary nature had taken place, and bespoke them the heralds of no common tidings. And what were these tidings? "The Lord is risen indeed," had been tremblingly whispered by the eleven. "The Lord is risen indeed," was plainly and distinctly confirmed by these midnight travellers, as they related, with burning hearts, to their companions, what things were done in the way, and how he was made known to them in breaking of bread. With eager, breathless attention, they listened to the wondrous story of the speakers, and while still listening, and scarce believing for very joy of heart, lo! Jesus himself stood in the midst of them; they heard him not, they did not see him enter among them, the doors were shut, and the first thing that broke the spell of their absorbing meditations, was the sound of that well-known, much-loved voice, saying, "Peace be unto you."

And what was the particular object of Jesus in thus appearing to them? It was to strengthen their faith, show them, by many infallible signs, that it was he himself risen from the dead, as he had foretold. And it was to give them their commission, and ordain them as missionaries, and this is why we have called it the first Missionary Meeting.

The commission was "to preach repentance and remission of sins, in his name, among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." Before this time the gospel had never been sent "to all nations," to "every creature," to "the uttermost part of the earth; even when Jesus sent out the seventy disciples, it was only to go to every city where he himself should come; they, like John

the Baptist were only his forerunners, but now the field was the world, and to every tongue, and people, and nation, the glad tidings of salvation were to be proclaimed. At this meeting Jesus himself presides; He sends forth the missionaries; He gives them the pledge of success, when he says, "in my name;" He gives them the message they are to deliver, to "preach repentance and remission of sins." These are the bounds of their labours—"all nations." And remember dear children this commission is not less binding upon us. Jesus still presides over his missionaries, still sends them forth, not on their own charges, but in his name. And though, during these 1800 years, the gospel has been preached to many nations, it has not yet reached "every creature," it has not found its way "to the uttermost parts of the earth," and till then, there is work for us all to do. We shall be able to tell you, in the course of this little work, how children can help to preach the gospel to all nations; meanwhile, remember that it is the last wish of the Lord Jesus, the last command he gave before he ascended up to his Father; and from his heavenly mansion he is watching how we keep in remembrance, and fulfil this great commission, "preach the Gospel to every creature."

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### **Children, fly to Christ without Delay.**

BY THE LATE REV. R. M'CHEYNE, OF DUNDEE.

"O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days."—Psalm xc. 14.

The late Countess of Huntingdon was not only rich in this world, but rich in faith, and an heir of the kingdom. When she was about nine years of age she saw the dead body of a little child of her own age carried to the grave. She followed the funeral; and it was there that the Holy Spirit first opened her heart to convince her that she needed a Saviour. My dear little children, when you look upon the year that has come to an end, may the Holy Spirit bring you to the same conviction; may the still small voice say in your heart, Flee now from the wrath to come. Fly to the Lord Jesus without delay. "Escape for thy life look not behind thee."

I. *Because life is very short.*—"The days of our years are threescore years and ten ; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years ; yet is their strength labour and sorrow, for it is soon cut off, and we fly away." Even those who live longest, when they come to die, look back on their life as upon a dream. It is "like a sleep." The hours pass rapidly away during sleep ; and when you awake you hardly know that any time is passed. Such is life. It is like "a tale that is told." When you are listening to an entertaining tale it fills up the time, and makes the hours steal swiftly by ; even so "we spend our years as a tale that is told."

You have seen a ship upon the river when the sailors were all on board, the anchor heaved, and the sails spread to the wind, how it glided swiftly past, bounding over the billows,—so is it with your days : "They are passed away as the swift ships." Or perhaps you have seen an eagle when, from its nest in the top of the rocks, it darts down with quivering wing to seize upon some smaller bird, how swiftly it flies,—so is it with your life : It flies "as the eagle hasteth to the prey." You have noticed the mist on the brow of the mountain early in the morning ; and you have seen, when the sun rose with his warm cheering beams, how soon the mist melted away. And "what is your life ? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

Some of you may have seen how short life is in those around you. "Your fathers, where are they ? And the prophets, do they live for ever ?" How many friends have you lying in the grave ? Some of you have more friends in the grave than in this world. They were carried away "as with a flood," and we are fast hastening after them. In a little while the Church where you sit will be filled with new worshippers—a new voice will lead the psalm—a new man of God fill the pulpit. It is an absolute certainty that, in a few years, all of you who read this will be lying in the grave. Oh, what need, then, to fly to Christ without

delay. How great a work you have to do. How short the time you have to do it in! You have to flee from wrath—to come to Christ—to be born again—to receive the Holy Spirit—to be made meet for glory. It is high time that you seek the Lord. The longest life-time is short enough. Seek conviction of sin and an interest in Christ. “Oh, satisfy me early with thy mercy, that I may rejoice and be glad all my days.”

II. *Because life is very uncertain.*—Men are like grass: “In the morning, it groweth up and flourisheth; in the evening, it is cut down and withereth.” Most men are cut down while they are green. More than one half of the human race die before they reach manhood. In the city of Glasgow alone, more than one half of the people die before the age of twenty. Of most men it may be said,—“He cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down.” Death is very certain, but the time is very uncertain. Some may think they shall not die because they are in good health—but you forget that many die in good health, by accidents and other causes. Again, riches and ease and comforts, good food and good clothing, are no safeguards against dying. It is written, “The rich man also died, and was buried.” Kind physicians and kind friends cannot keep you from dying. When death comes, he laughs at the efforts of physicians—he tears you from the tenderest arms. Some think they shall not die because they are not prepared to die; but you forget that most people die, it is to be feared, unprepared—unconverted—unsaved. You forget that it is written of the straight gate, “few there be that find it.” Very many lie down in a dark grave, and a darker eternity. Some of you may think you shall not die because you are young. You forget that one half of the human race die before they reach manhood. The half of the inhabitants of this town die before they are twenty. Oh, if you had to stand as often as I have beside the dying bed of little children—to see their wild looks, and outstretched hands, and to hear their dying cries—you would see how needful

it is to fly to Christ now. It may be your turn next. Are you prepared to die? Have you fled for refuge to Jesus? Have you found forgiveness? "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

(*To be Continued.*)

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### SILENCE IN HEAVEN.

*Revelations viii. 1.*

There was silence in Heaven.—The elders had cast  
Their crowns at the feet of the First and the Last,  
The harp of the seraph, unceasing before,  
With the praise of Jehovah, resounded no more;  
And the anthems of those who were slain by the sword,  
Were hush'd, for a space, at the word of the Lord.

There was silence in Heaven, the numberless throng  
For the glimpse of a moment had ended their song,  
Their foreheads were bowed on the azure and gold,  
Of the temple prepared for the dwelling of old,  
While wrapt in devotion they folded their wings,  
And worshipp'd in silence the great King of Kings.

There was silence in Heaven.—No murmur of waves,  
That sport to the moonbeam, or dash to the caves,  
No whisper of winds, not a breath, not a sound,  
Broke the depth of the stillness that slumber'd around,  
But all was subdu'd to the infinite will—  
Of the voice that but speaks, and the angels are still.

There was silence in Heaven, more awful and deep  
Than the silence of night, than the silence of sleep,  
They rested, yet worshipp'd—they paused, but ere long,  
Like the rush of the ocean, they burst into song;  
'Twas heard from the skies, to the dwellings of pain,  
And the realms of eternity triumph'd again.

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### THE MORAVIANS.

(*Continued from page 9.*)

One of the first missionaries to Greenland, thus describes his situation:—"The ice and hoar frost reach through the chimney to the mouth of the stove, without being thawed by the fire in the day time. Over

the chimney, is an arch of frost with little holes, through which the smoke discharges itself. The doors and walls are as if they were plastered over with frost, and what is scarcely to be believed, our beds are often frozen to our bedsteads; the bed and pillows are quite stiff with frost an inch thick, from the breath. The flesh barrels must be hewn in pieces to get out the meat, which, when thawed in snow-water, and set over the fire, is boiled sufficiently on the outside, before the inside can be pierced with a knife."

Thus the missionaries laboured for five long years, in watching, often in cold and hunger, sowing the seed in faith and tears, believing that they should one day reap in joy. It was about five years after the missionaries went to Greenland, that the first Greenlander embraced the Gospel. This happened in 1738, about 106 years ago. His name was Kayarnak.

He was listening one day as one of the missionaries read from the New Testament an account of our Saviour's agony, in the garden. The attention of Kayarnak was arrested—his heart was melted—he exclaimed, "How was that? tell me that once more, for I too desire to be saved." The missionary then gave them a fuller account of the sufferings and death of Christ. Some of the others who were present, laid their hands on their mouths, which is their usual custom when struck with amazement. In the heart of Kayarnak, the Word took deep root. By means of his conversation, his whole family were converted, and before the end of the month, three large families came, with all their property, and pitched their tents near the dwellings of the missionaries, in order as they said, "to hear the joyful news of man's redemption." Kayarnak became very useful to the missionaries, until his death, assisting them by labouring as a teacher among his poor countrymen. Since this first fruit, very many of the poor Greenlanders have been gathered into the fold of Christ. Many redeemed souls are now in the



presence of God rejoicing in the light of his countenance, who there first heard the tidings of salvation. The missionaries who have with them entered into rest, will not think that the sufferings they endured were too great, when in these blood-bought souls they have the seals to their ministry and Christ sees of the travail of his soul, and is satisfied. While *some of the brethren were labouring in Greenland*, others went among the Indians of North America, and established a mission there, one hundred and ten years ago. There their labours, their trials, their sufferings, and their success were extraordinary, even in missionary history. Many hundreds of these roving and savage tribes were turned to God, and became the meek disciples of the Lamb of God. A bitter cup of suffering did the missionaries drink, when, at one time, NINETY-SIX men, women and children, comprising *their congregation, were treacherously made prisoners* by ruffians, who were not Indians, but white men, marched away from their quiet dwellings and beloved teachers, and put to death, as you know was the Indian custom, by being scalped and tomahawked in cold blood. Even their murderers confessed that they died trusting in Jesus their Saviour, and in perfect peace. We shall now finish our account of the Moravians, by telling you of one of those wild Indians, named Tochoop, who was once a rude savage, but became by God's grace a *child of God, and a preacher of righteousness*. He gave the following account of his conversion :—

“Brethren,” said he, “I have been a Heathen, and have grown old amongst them; therefore I know how Heathens think. Once a preacher, came, and began to explain to us that there was a God. We answered, ‘Dost thou think us so ignorant as not to know that? Return to the place from whence thou camest.’ Then again, another preacher came and said, ‘You must not get drunk, nor steal, nor lie, &c.’ We answered, ‘Thou fool, dost thou think us ignorant of this? Learn first thyself, and then teach the people to whom thou be-

longest to leave off these things; for who steal, lie, or are more drunken than thine own people?' and thus we dismissed him. After some time, Brother Rauch came into my hut, sat down, and spoke nearly as follows: 'I am come to you in the name of the Lord of heaven and earth; he sends to let you know that he will make you happy, and deliver you from the misery in which you lie at present. For this end he became a man, gave His life a ransom, and shed His blood for sinners, &c.' When he had finished his discourse, he lay down, fatigued with his journey, and fell into a sound sleep. I thought, What kind of a man is this? There he lies and sleeps: I might kill him, and throw him into the wood, and who would regard it?—but this gives him no concern. However, I could not forget his words, they constantly recurred to my mind. Even when asleep, I dreamt of the blood of Christ shed for us. I found this to be widely different from anything I had heard before, and I interpreted Rauch's words to the other Indians. Thus, through the grace of God, an awakening commenced among us. I say, therefore, brethren, preach Christ our Saviour, and His sufferings and death, if you would wish your word to gain entrance among the Heathen."

The Moravians have at this time many missions and missionaries; and they need the support and prayers of other Christians, for they are not a very large or a rich body of people, and yet they do very much for Christ, for they have willing minds. It is said that about one in every fifty of their number becomes a missionary. If we were all as active as the Moravians, we would do a great deal in Canada to spread the Gospel. And why should we not? Children, will you try to do something for missions?

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### A WHOLE CLASS CONVERTED.

A female Teacher, in a letter to the Secretary of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Union says, "I

cannot forbear telling you a word about my class. I now have ten scholars, and they are all rejoicing in the hope that they have passed from death unto life. I wish you could see how different they appear to-day, from what they did some time since."

When the writer of the above was requested to take this class, she declined, saying, she was not qualified to teach such a class. When urged to the work, by the scholars and superintendent, she at last took it only on condition that one of the scholars, who was professedly pious, and several sisters in the church, would unite with her in spending a certain hour, every week, in prayer to God that he would prepare her for this solemn charge, and by his Holy Spirit, make her efforts effectual to the conversion of the whole class.

At first a single individual was selected, for whom they prayed more particularly than for the rest. When she was converted, she united with those who had thus associated together, in praying for another in the class, till she was brought to submission; and then another was chosen, and so through the whole, till they were obliged to choose one who did not belong to the class.

Oh that every Sabbath school Teacher might so labour and pray in faith, that similar blessings might be received by every Teacher and every class. God is not partial. The same means being used with the same object in view, and he will prove himself as ready to bless one Teacher, and to save one class as another.

Dear Sabbath school Teachers, such intelligence should produce great heart-searching. For no one can see his class unconcerned or impenitent, without having good reason to believe that his own heart is not right in the sight of God. How is it, beloved Teacher, with your class? Are all converted? If not, what is the state of your heart? What testimony does your closet give? Oh, remember the time is short. Soon you and your class will stand before the same judgment bar.

## ANECDOTE OF TWO LITTLE CHILDREN.

I have recently heard of two little children, who were seen by the person who related the fact, sitting together with the Bible before them, reading and weeping over that affecting passage in the prophesy of Jeremiah, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved!" They were mourning in bitterness of spirit, that they had neglected so long the care of their souls; and trembled, fearing the time of God's merciful visitation to them, had gone by forever.

Their cries for mercy were afterwards heard, and they became interested in that salvation which alone can redeem from the power and consequences of sin. And they love to tell how sweet it is to believe in Jesus, and how much more happiness their hearts now feel, than they ever felt before. They would fain persuade every child to come and be made happy like them, and consecrate their lives to the service of that gracious Saviour who loves to hear the cries of children, and save them from their sins.

I suppose no little boys and girls who will read this, can be younger than these children; and I hope they will resolve to follow this example, and immediately give their hearts to Jesus Christ, lest they become forever hardened in impenitence and sin.—*S. S. Herald.*



*Cruelties to which Children of the Heathen are exposed.*

The Rev. W. Carey relates of a man at Orissa, (a village about two miles from Serampore) after having performed the usual ceremonies, to prevent the intervention of the relatives, carried his son, a lad about twelve years of age, in a boat to the middle of the stream, and there dropped him in. The child struggled for some time, and was happily discovered by some one passing, who rescued him from death. An infant was also cast into the river by its mother, at the same time; but the relatives recovered it, and carried it home.

*Good effects which the Preaching of the Gospel has produced on Heathen Children.*

One Sabbath afternoon (writes Mr. During, from Africa,) after family worship with the female children. I went into my room, which is close to the female school. Much fatigued and cast down, a temptation came into my mind. "Alas! what does it profit to spend health and strength here? Poor Africans never will accept that Saviour who shed his blood for them?" Tossed about thus in my mind, I heard a groaning voice, like a person in deep distress. As we had so many sick children, this kind of noise was not uncommon; but, at this time, it rather alarmed me. I went, therefore, in haste towards the school; and, when I opened the door, in expectation of witnessing some accident or other, to my astonishment, I saw four of our elder girls on their knees, praying to the Lord for mercy and the pardon of their sins. The words which they made use of were broken English; but I sincerely believe that they prayed out of the fulness of their souls, and poured out their hearts with tears before the Lord. They had no knowledge of my being near them, which removed at once all doubt of their sincerity. The scene was truly affecting: they were crying; and I could not prevent the tears from running down my cheeks, while I felt what I never felt before in Africa. These girls have shown from that time, and do show it still, that they love the Lord their Saviour.



*Instances of Zeal and Concern by young persons to promote the Cause of Missions.*

A little Girl, in Gloucestershire, used to subscribe one half-penny per week to a Missionary Society; but, by the failure of employment where she had been used to work, she found herself unable to continue her subscription; yet, being unwilling wholly to give up her contribution, she devised the following method:—

The farmers being in the habit of allowing the poor to glean their potatoe fields, she went one morning, and, with no small labour, procured a basket full of potatoes. These she carried to the Collector who used to receive her subscription, and begged him to accept of the potatoes instead of money. The Collector objected, that he never received any thing of this sort for a subscription, and that he could not accept them, for they belonged, properly, to her mother. The child went home much disappointed, and told her mother the whole. The mother immediately returned with her daughter to the Collector, and requested him to accept the potatoes, saying, "Sir, I was once a poor blind papist; but now, blessed be God, I know the value of the Gospel, and wish every body to know it too; and I thank God, that I have a child who feels this concern for the poor Heathen."—About this time a neighbour came in, and wishing to gratify the good woman and her child, purchased the potatoes, and gave the full value of them to the Collector.

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## Missionary Intelligence.

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### BURMAH.

Those children who have read the interesting life of Mrs. Judson, the celebrated female missionary, will be glad to hear that the mission for which she laboured and suffered so much, is flourishing. To those who have not read that little book, we would explain that Burmah is a large country of Asia, to the east of India, where the natives are heathens and worship idols. Mrs. Judson's husband, who is a missionary there, has translated the Bible into the Burmese language, and is now employed making a Burmese Dictionary, and translating various religious books to instruct the Burmese. The missionaries for some years have not been allowed to preach in any part of the Burmese Empire, except in the British Provinces; but the work prospers, and

now they have several churches, and from three to four thousand native converts.

Perhaps most of our readers have heard of a very interesting people in Burmah, called the Karens. Where they came from is not known, but some suppose they are descended from the long lost ten tribes of Israel who were "scattered among the nations," as you read in the Bible, at the time that Hezekiah was King in Jerusalem. Whether they are so or not, at least they have very many Jewish customs and traditions, and they do not worship idols, like the nations around them. Ten years ago, a mission was begun among them, and truly they seem a people prepared by the Lord, for they receive the Word with gladness. The country in which they live is wild, being all jungles, and so unhealthy, that the missionaries could not live there in the rainy season. Pious converts have therefore gone among their countrymen, and their labours have been much blessed—many thousands of these poor ignorant people have been converted, and added to the church." Mr. Abbott, a missionary, says, in a letter dated April 1843, "While I have been with them, (the native preachers) we baptized about a hundred and fifty, and they have baptized as many since in several villages where I did not go." These Karen Christians have been persecuted by the Burmese Government. Some have been fined heavy sums of money; some have been put in prison, and others have been threatened with being *burned alive*. They have shewn that they are not only Christians in word but in deed—that they are not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, "for none of these things move them." Could we say as much in Canada? Do not some of us feel ashamed of being religious, when foolish companions mock us, much less threaten to kill us: what a difference between the poor Karens in Burmah, and the men or women, it may be boys or girls, shall we say Sabbath School scholars, who in Canada hear and read the Bible as though they heard it not.

## HEATHEN SUPERSTITION.

*From the Methodist Magazine.*

Last Sabbath, (writes our Indian Missionary) I was conversing with my little flock, about the feeling which exists among all nations, that some atonement for sin is necessary. I related to them what my three sons had seen, as they returned with me from Hurdwar. A Fakeer\* was observed by the road side, preparing something extraordinary; which, having never been observed before, excited a curiosity to draw near and examine his employment. He had several Hindoo pilgrims round him, who assisted in preparing the wretched devotee for some horrible penance, to which he had, of his own accord, bound himself, in order, as he thought, to wash away the guilt of some crime which he had committed long ago. His attendants literally worshipped him, kissing his feet, calling him God, and begging for his blessing. A large fire was kindled under the extended branch of an old tree. To this branch the Fakeer fastened two strong ropes, having at the lower end of each of them a stuffed noose, into which he put his feet, and thus hanging with his head downward over the fire, a third rope was fixed at some distance towards the end of the branch, by which he succeeded with one hand to set himself in a swinging motion, backward and forward, through the smoke and flaming fire, which was kept blazing, by a constant supply of fuel, administered by some of his followers. With the other hand he counted a string of beads, a certain number of times, so as to ascertain when the four hours came to an end, for which he doomed himself daily to endure this exercise for twelve years, nine of which are nearly expired. A narrow bandage is over his eyes, and another over his mouth, to guard against being suffocated by the smoke. By this means he says he shall atone for the guilt of his

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\*The Fakeers are a race of men in India who are thought by the people to be very holy. They wander about from place to place, living on charity, and subjecting themselves to penance for their sins.



sins, and be made holy for ever. The last half hour of the four hours; the people say he stands upright, and swings in a circular motion round the fire. On coming down, he rolls himself in the hot ashes of the fire. I asked my little congregation what they thought of all this; they sat silent with their eyes cast down, and sighing heavily. At length Amond turned to Matthew Phirodeen, and passing his arms round his neck, exclaimed, "Ah my brother! such devils once were we! but now Jesus! Jesus! my God, my Saviour!"

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### Poetry.

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#### Reply to the Indian Child's Lament.

Oh hush thy sorrows weeping child,  
Thy mourning voice so sad and wild,  
Nor wish thou wert a bird or flower,  
That sings or blooms in earthly bower.

Wouldst thou shine in the starry throng—  
Join in the choir of angel's song—  
Fadecless bloom by the crystal stream?  
Thou must list to my holy theme.

There is a path, it bids me say,  
Jesus the life, the truth, the way;  
Trust to his gentle shepherd hand,  
'Twill lead thee safe to Canaan's land.

It speaks of one whose pitying eye,  
First saw thee lost, condemned to die,  
And yet so loved—his son he gave  
Thy soul to purify and save.

Tidings of joy, by angels sung,  
Thou may'st hush in thy Indian tongue,  
"May'st tune thy feeble voice to praise,  
What heavenly Hosts aspire to raise."

Jesus will wipe thy tears away,  
Will be thy everlasting stay,  
Faultless present thee at the throne,  
Redeemed, accepted for his own.