

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
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- 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
- 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.
- Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- 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

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.]

NOVEMBER 1, 1850.

[No. 11



THE PHYSICIAN OF SOULS.

(From *Juvenile Missionary Magazine*.)

By permission of our publishers, we give an extract, with the accompanying illustration, from the beautiful and affecting story of "Anna Ross." To enable such of our young readers as may not be already acquainted with this volume, to understand some of the allusions in the passage quoted, we may state briefly, that Anna, by the will of her father and mother, both of whom died shortly after the battle of Waterloo, was appointed to reside with her two uncles, for six months with each in succession, after which it was left

to her own decision to choose with whom she should permanently remain. In the scene represented, she had just completed her period of probation with her rich uncle Ross, a kind but worldly man, in whose house she had it with many temptations, which, by the grace of God, she was in some measure enabled to resist; and she was now about to proceed to the manse of her other uncle, a pious and most excellent minister. On going to an empty bed-room, where she was accustomed every morning to read the Bible

and pray, she unexpectedly found it occupied by her uncle Murray, when the following conversation took place :

“ ‘Uncle Murray! Oh, I beg your pardon,’ said Anna, afraid that he would be displeased. ‘Indeed, I did not know you were in this room, or I should not have disturbed you.’

“ ‘Come in, my love, said Uncle Murray, kindly, ‘and tell me what you wanted in this room at so early an hour ;’ and he led Anna to the place where he had been sitting, and then took her on his knee, and she saw that he had been reading from a Bible that lay open on the table before him.

“ ‘Well, my dear Anna, what did you want?’

“ ‘I wanted to read, uncle, and if you will allow me to sit down just in the corner where I usually sit, I shall not disturb you in the very least.’

“ ‘Well, my love, do so,’ said her uncle, and then he watched her while she went to her drawer, and took out her Bible, and her little book, and then set herself in a corner beyond the chest of drawers, and turning away her face from him, found her place, and began to read. He did not interrupt her for a time ; then softly approaching to where she was, he looked over her shoulder, and saw that she read the Bible.

“ ‘Dear child,’ said he, ‘do you understand what you read?’

“ ‘Not very well, uncle. I cannot understand much of this chapter.’

“ ‘Should you like me to explain it to you?’

“ ‘Oh yes, yes, uncle, if it would not interrupt you.’

“ Her uncle again took her on his knee, and read the chapter, and explained it just in the plain kind way her own Mamma used to do, and then said, ‘And what does my little Anna do next?’

“ ‘I try to pray, uncle, but——’

“ ‘But what, my love?’

“ Anna’s eyes filled with tears.

‘You would not love me any more, if I told you what I am thinking about praying, uncle.’

“ ‘Yes Anna, I will love you whatever you tell me.’

“ ‘No, uncle, you will not be able, for I am so often wicked now, that I do not love to pray as I used to do, because Mamma taught me, that when we come to pray, we ought first to remember, and confess our sins to God, and then ask him to wash away our sins for Christ’s sake : but I have always so many sins to think of now, that I do not like to begin to pray ; and I read, and read, or get verses to repeat, till it is time to go to Miss Palmer, and then I just say a few words of prayer.’

“ ‘That is not right, my Anna,’ said her uncle, ‘but I cannot love you the less for this, because it makes me hope that God is teaching you what he teaches all his own children, that you have a very sinful heart ; and will feel your need of the Physician of Souls : and when you know him, my dear Anna, I shall love you far more than I do, just because you are my niece ; for he is the Physician of my soul also ; and those who love him love each other for his sake. Do you know who this Physician is, my dear Anna?’

“ ‘Yes. It is Jesus Christ. Mamma taught me that.’

“ ‘And do you know the office of a physician?’

“ ‘Yes. It is to heal the sick. My cousin Marianne, had many physicians to attend her, but they could not heal her.’

“ ‘No, because they had no power except what God gave them ; and it was His will that Marianne should not recover. But you know Jesus Christ has all power in heaven and on earth ; and he has promised eternal life to all who come to him. But you know you must come to him. If you wish your physician to heal you, it is necessary for you to bring your complaints to him, that he may use means to remove them. You must

tell your Lord what the diseases, the sins, are, which beset you, and lead you to disobey him, that he may wash away their guilt in his own blood, and give you grace and strength in future to resist them. This is his will; for though he knows you far better than you do yourself, he has commanded you, and me, and all his people, to confess to him, to pray to him, to pour out our hearts before him, to make our requests known to him, and to do this without ceasing. Now, if you cease to seek him in the way he has appointed, he will cease, my dear Anna, to proceed in healing your diseased soul; but if you return to him, he will return to you.'

"Anna listened to every word her uncle said with the greatest attention, and she loved him more and more, but she made no answer.

"'Shall we come to our Physician together, and ask him to receive and forgive us?' asked her uncle, gently.

"Anna scarcely knew what her uncle meant, but she did what he wished; and he knelt down, and made her kneel down also in his bosom, and he took one of her little hands in his, and then he confessed the sins she had told him of, and many others that Anna wondered how he knew; and then he prayed for forgiveness, till Anna could not keep from crying. He prayed too for Uncle Ross, and Aunt Ross, and all the family, just as Anna would have wished to pray for them. When he rose from his knees, he took Anna again into his bosom, and put his hand upon her head, and prayed God to bless her. He then said she could go and spend what time remained with her cousins; and as Anna crossed the passage to the school-room, she thought within her heart, 'I should be sorry now not to go with my Uncle Murray.'"

A BLESSED FEVER.

In the month of March 1849, a little boy named Thomas S——was playing marbles on the Sabbath, in a west end square!

He was a fine-looking boy, with dark hair and dark eyes. He was also a good player at marbles, but he was very far from minding his mother, who was a poor widow, and who tried all she could to make him go to Sabbath school. He would not pay heed to his mother, nor to any one else but Satan.

In April last, he was playing, and sometimes *swearing* in the square, on a beautiful Sabbath-day. The bell of the Presbyterian Church was calling the good, and certainly the bad children to prepare for school and the services of the Lord's day, and many dear, good little boys and girls were seen with their bibles and hymn-books going to learn how to serve God, and love Jesus, their Saviour. One of the good teachers in the Sabbath school saw Thomas as he was down on his hands and knees playing marbles, instead of praying to God, and with a pained heart he asked Thomas to come into the school, join his class, and get a bible and catechism, and be instructed in the ways of the Lord. "It is too warm and pleasant to-day," said Thomas, "and besides, I haven't finished my game. Some *wet* Sunday I'll come." "Ah!" said the teacher, "how thou remindest me of him who spoke of a more convenient season!" So saying, he left Thomas, after finding out where his mother lived.

The Sabbath school services were all over. Most of the children had gone into the church to listen to the Word of God, when a dark cloud appeared, threatening a heavy rain. Now boys, when they are playing, seldom notice the weather, and so Thomas in his wickedness played on, and disregarded God! In a few moments big drops of rain began to patter among the boughs and leaves of the trees in the square, and the wind

whistled and swept among them, and the marble playing boys began to disperse. Thomas was in his shirt sleeves, and long before he got home he was wet through. Oh, how he wanted a fire! The wind was indeed cold. He was chilled, and when he did get home he saw nothing but an empty house and a cold fireplace. His mother had gone to church to hear of the Saviour, and then Thomas remembered how she had the night before begged him to go out and pick up some chips, and he refused to do it. He sat down and wept! But when his mother came home he had a violent cold, and soon was in a high fever. His mother put him to bed—got a little girl to pick up some wood—made him a warm cup of tea, and put his legs in a foot-bath; but still the fever raged. Thomas had heavy pains in all his limbs, and was almost crazy. All night he lay in this agony; sometimes thinking he never would disobey his mother again; sometimes seeing two balls of fire; at others thinking he heard the church bell; and all the time in his fancy seeing the teacher that spoke to him!

After tossing all night, in the morning his poor mother (without a farthing in the house) asked Thomas what he would have? "A Sabbath school teacher," said he; "and oh! a glass of water." The water was got. "How do you feel now, son?" said his mother. "No better—*this* water does me no good. Do send for the teacher."

Hardly had he spoken these words, when a rap came to the door, and the teacher that Thomas had seen in the square came in! He looked mildly on the boy, knelt, and prayed. There was holy stillness in that ill-furnished room, and the Spirit of God seemed to be brooding there. Little Thomas sobbed and wept as the teacher presented him before the Lord in all his sins; and his heart seemed almost broken. He soon became so excited that a profuse perspiration covered his

body, and before the teacher left he was asleep.

Next day this good man called again, bringing Thomas some nice things in case he might be better. Truly not only had God heard his prayer for the child's health of body, but also for the health of his soul.

Thomas was found by the teacher with a moist, pleasant skin, and a calm conscience. He told the teacher he didn't know what was the matter, but that he felt a light vapoury kind of warmth in his soul; something as if he wished every body to be happy and good, and to feel as he did. "Don't you want to play marbles on the Sabbath?" "Oh no! the thought puts a black cloud over my heart. It makes me feel sick." "What would you like to do on the Sabbath?" "Go to school in your class, and then go up stairs to Church to hear of heaven." "Well, you shall do so," said the teacher. "I have brought you a bible, and now let us read the 12th chapter of Isaiah." When they came to the third verse, Thomas said, "Mother, *that* was the water which cured my fever."

"Blessed fever!" said the mother. "It has given me a son in my old age."
—*Christian Treasury.*

MANGAIA, HARVEY ISLANDS, SOUTH SEAS.

Happy Death of Davida, Native Father and Founder of the Mission in this Island.

Davida, once a bloody savage, but brought to the knowledge of Christ through the means of the missionary Williams, landed in Mangaia from Taa, another of the South Sea islands, on the 15th June 1824. Ever since, until within the last five years, when he became unable through the weakness of old age, he has been preaching Christ crucified. We extract from the *London Missionary Magazine* the following account of his last moments:—

"In the epidemic of January, 1850, he and the whole of his family were

attacked, and suffered much pain. His premises were adjoining ours, and my visits to him were very frequent. During his illness, he delighted to contrast the state of Mangaia with former times, and with much humility and feeling he said, 'Is it right for me, teacher, to adopt the language of Paul when he says, "I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course?"' for 'continued he, 'these people were wild beasts when I came, but the sword of the Spirit subdued and tamed them. It was not I—it was not Tiera, but God who did all.' At another time he dwelt much upon the sentiment, 'lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway;' but clearly and calmly declared the hope he had in Christ as his Saviour.

"In February 1850, I saw his disease was making rapid inroads upon his frame. On the 14th of February, one of his daughters, to whom he was much attached, died; she had been attacked with the influenza and fever. He sank very much after this; I saw his end was near. On the 21st February, early in the morning, I visited him, when he gave a few instructions respecting his wife and children. In the afternoon I saw him again, and after some conversation, in which he said, 'I leave my children to Him who will provide for the fatherless,' I said, 'Do you really think and know that this is the hand of death upon you?' He replied, 'I know it. This is the messenger. I shall soon go.' He then seized my hand. I asked him, 'Where will you go?' He replied, with much animation, 'I shall go to God and Christ! O what life! O what joy!'

"I left him to speak to another of his children, who was lying ill in an adjoining room, and on my return said to him, 'Ah! you are very near death—only perhaps a few hours more!' He was too feeble to speak, but he raised his hands to clasp mine; and, giving assent with his head, he seemed to say, 'That is all I want.' I left him, and had scarcely entered my own house

before a messenger followed me to say, 'he had fallen asleep in Christ.'

Thus died the father of this mission, in peaceful assurance that God had owned his labours. May we die like him, and await that glory which is prepared for all who shall continue faithful unto death! The next day the churches assembled—'devout men carried him to his burial, and made great lamentation over him.' He had scarcely closed his eyes in death before the child who was lying in the next room also died: they were buried at the same time, and in the same grave."

HOW TO READ TRACTS.

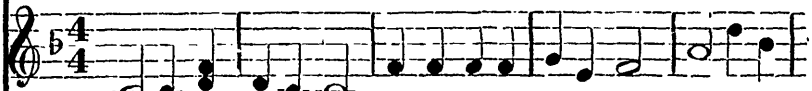
A missionary at Cuddalore, in India, was giving away tracts, when a little boy, about eight years old, came and asked for one. At first Mr Guest refused, for tracts were precious things; but the child begged so hard, that Mr Guest gave him one called "The Way to Heavenly Bliss." About a fortnight after, the little fellow came again with the same request. "But have you said the other?" "Yes," said the child; and, standing before the missionary and several heathens who were gathered round, he repeated the whole tract from beginning to end. This was like the little Basuto boy, "putting his books into his head." Where are yours, dear children? Only on your shelves? Ah! if so, we shall almost be tempted to wish they were far away, where they would be to the little heathen children as food to the hungry. Remember this truth, "Where much is given, much shall be required."—*Sydney Paper*.

"ABSTAIN FROM ALL APPEARANCE OF EVIL"—1 Thess. v. 22.—O what a mercy is it when the creature is helped rightly and timely to consider the great advantage it will be to him when the case *seems doubtful*, to incline to the safest side of abstaining, and not only then, but to abridge himself in the extent of his liberty, not coming near to the utmost bounds of what is lawful!

HYMN OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.



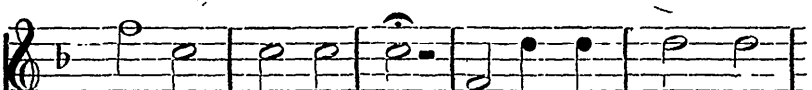
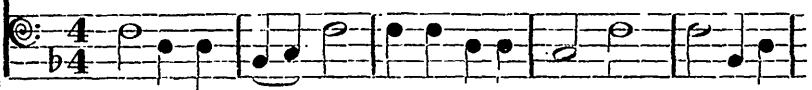
1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus! Ru - ler of all na - ture! O thou of



2. Fair are the mea - dows, Fair - er still the wood - lands, Rob'd in the



3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the moon - light, And the twink -



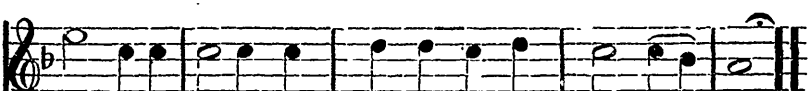
God and man the Son! Thee will I cher - ish,



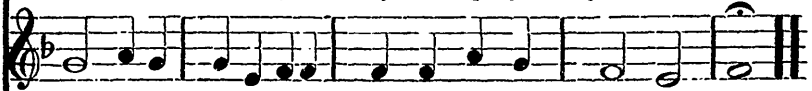
bloom - ing garb of spring— Je - sus is fair - er,



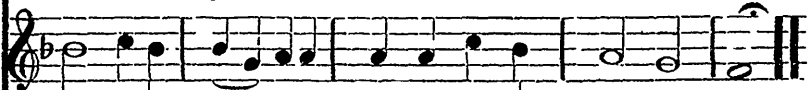
ling star - ry hea - ven; Je - sus shines bright - er,



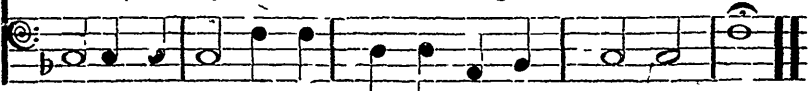
Thee will I ho - nor, Thou! my soul's glo - ry, joy and crown.

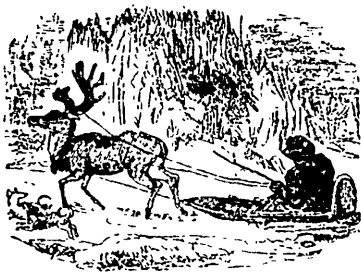


Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the wo - ful heart to sing -



Je - sus shines pur - er, Than all the angels heav'n can boast.





GREENLAND.

Above you have a picture of a poor Greenlander travelling in his sledge amidst the "icy mountains," of which you have heard in Heber's Missionary Hymns. Have any been caring for the souls of the Greenlanders? Yes, while the Gospel has been sent to the coral strands of India, it has also visited the snowy wastes of Greenland; and there the Lord has owned the word, and smiled upon the work.

More than a hundred years ago the Moravian Society, or the United Brethren, sent missionaries to Greenland. It would take a long time to tell you about their privations and sufferings; but worst of all, they could see no fruit of their labors. They labored diligently, but they did not labor wisely. They found the people so sunk in brutish ignorance that they thought it was best to speak to them about the existence of God, and the attributes of God, and the law of God, so as gradually to prepare them for receiving the word of salvation through the crucified Redeemer.— They wrought this way for five long years, but without success; and then they began simply to preach Christ Jesus, and Him crucified, when hearts were on the instant pierced, sinners awakened, and many precious souls saved.

The missionaries succeeded in getting many of the Greenlanders to quit their wandering way of life, and to settle in the neighborhood of their stations. A settlement was formed at New Hernhut in 1773, at which, a few

years ago, there was a congregation numbering 368. Another was formed at Lichtenfels where the congregation amounts to 371; a third, called Lichtenan in 1774, which has a congregation of 671; and a fourth at Frederickstal, in 1824, with a congregation amounting to 408. There were about 1820 Greenland converts, including 840 communicants, under the charge of twenty-three missionary brethren.

How cheering to think that, amidst the desolations of perpetual snow, the love of Christ, and the fear of God, are to be found! Let us bear the Greenlanders upon our spirits at the throne of grace; for their souls' salvation is exceeding precious.— *Children's Missionary Record.*

FRUITS OF A FAITHFUL MINISTRY.

Miss B— was a young lady of beauty, fashion, and accomplishment. Being possessed of a large estate, she was able to gratify every desire of her heart, and to move continually in the midst of flattering admirers. She had for several years cherished the hope that she had passed from death unto life. But yet the hope she had did not purify her, nor did it check the vanity of her life and conversation. She loved the dance, the party, the gay promenade, the idle discourse of the drawing-room, and all the things which may be called the insignia of worldliness. Notwithstanding this, she still claimed the Christian name, and argued smartly for every vain delight she loved. She was so influential, by reason of her wealth and personal attractions, that few, if any, ever dared to deal honestly with her conscience.

While in this state, it so happened that a meeting for religious conversation was held at the house in which she lived. The Spirit of the Lord was there, and scores of anxious souls were assembled to be instructed in the way of life. This lady sat in the room not

as one that needed anything, but as one that felt disposed to patronise the efforts that were being made to save souls. A minister of Christ was there, who was not wont to cover or hold back the truth through fear of man. He took his seat by the side of the lady above named. He knew her, and had often heard of the pride and wordliness which filled her heart. He asked her how it was with her soul; to which she replied that it was well. As the conversation proceeded, she was drawn out into a bold and argumentative defence of the most fashionable pleasures of sin. These, she said, did not interfere at all with her religious enjoyment. The man of God heard her for a season in patient silence, until she had finished; and then, because he felt it to be his duty, and not that he had much hope of opening her eyes to her true character, he said, "*My friend, your religion is false, it will never take you to heaven.*" He then proceeded to tear away her refuges of lies, and expose her miserable condition as a self-deceived sinner. He left her, and passed on to others, not expecting to hear from her again in this world.

A few weeks after she went to the house of this minister, and on meeting him burst into tears! She told him she had not seen a moment's comfort since she saw him in the meeting. She had been led to see her sinfulness, and the vanity of her hopes: and she trusted that, on the day before this interview, she had indeed found her Saviour. The minister was broken down with emotion, and for a season nothing was heard in that room but sobs: it was indeed a *Bochim*. Then the lady said, "What can I do for God! I have money, how shall I use it?" She was directed to the various benevolent societies, and commended to God in prayer. From this time she became a praying, active, benevolent Christian. She finished her course in faith, and now rests from her labors.

MORAL.

1. *Ministers have to do with the*

Grounds of the hope which men cherish; nor are they safe in counting all who profess piety as true believers, and not needing their admonitions. They should thrust the sword of the Spirit between the joints of the harness, and make it a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart.

2. *Ministers should be afraid of no one. They are ambassadors of God, and should stand up boldly before the proudest, the richest, and the most influential. The bolder they are the more honor will God confer upon their labors.*

3. *We never know when the honest utterance of truth will take hold. We shrink through timidity a hundred times, where the heart is prepared for us, to one case in which we fail to do good, when we speak out boldly for God. Generally, the worst of men, and those who are regarded as most firmly fortified against religion, will be found vulnerable if we go forward when conscience bids us.*

4. *Finally, how awful the responsibility of holding back the truth, for fear it will give offence, or do no good! The eye of sense would never discern a single opportunity. The eye of faith sees occasions everywhere. How many can we find who will say that they never withheld the truth through fear without subsequent regret; and that never yet, when they had spoken boldly in honor of God, did they review that act but with pleasure?*

"Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sins."

PECULIARITIES IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL MANAGEMENT.

By far the largest Sunday-School in the town of Wednesbury, Staffordshire, England, is one belonging to the Wesleyans. The number of children on the books is upwards of 700; but as no account is kept of the number in attendance each Sabbath, we

can only surmise as to the general attendance from the number present at the time, which was very considerable, there being about 600 present in the afternoon.

The system of fines is carried out with great success. Every teacher not present at nine o'clock in the morning, or two in the afternoon, forfeits 1d.; if they are not present at the commencement of the lessons, 2d.; if absent all the day, 4d.; and no cause of absence is allowed unless assigned before the school opens, or a substitute is provided.

At a general meeting of teachers, the names of all those who, during the year, have incurred no forfeit, are read over and placed on a list called the Right Honorable List. The number of teachers is somewhere about 100, and we understand that 80 of them stand on the list.

The building in which the school is held is elegant in appearance, and most convenient for the purpose. Having an opportunity afforded of examining the children in the Bible classes in a separate room, the knowledge of Scripture they possessed reflected much credit on their teachers.—*Birmingham Union Record.*

The Persecuted Hindoo Mother.

The Gospel of Christ is calculated and designed to put an end to the strifes and contentions which distract the human family, and to re-unite its alienated members in the bonds of a holy and a happy brotherhood. Such has been the invariable result wherever the Message of Mercy has been received into the hearts and adopted as the ruling principle of the lives of its proselytes. But unhappily the evil passions and prejudices of men have found in that which was designed for the healing of the nations a fresh occasion for the display of the bitterest animosity, and as our Divine Lord foretold, the cordial reception of the Gospel by a husband or a wife, a parent or a child, has, in innumerable instances, exposed the convert to the severest of trials,—the relentless persecution of those with whom he or she was connected by the tenderest bonds. The following letter introduces us to a scene of this painful character—a scene comparatively rare in this Christian land, but by no means uncommon in India. May the faith of this afflicted parent be sustained under the fiery

trial, and may the hearts of her unnatural persecutors be turned "as the rivers of waters."

Under date March 1st, Mrs. Edward Porter writes from Cuddapah, East Indies, as follows:—

A few months ago, when visiting Chesloppilly, the "church among the mountains," our sympathies and prayers were particularly called forth on behalf of Moriamma, a widow woman who has for some time past avowed her faith in the truth of Christianity.

Mr. Porter went to see her at her house, or rather at her son's, who is a farmer. She received Mr. P. with great joy, and told him how much she wished publicly to profess her love to Christ by being baptized in his name, but that she was so persecuted by her sons, that she was not at present able to do so. I sent for her to come and see me, but found she was not allowed to leave the house, but she said if I would go and see her, it would give her great joy. I most gladly accepted her invitation; but when her wicked sons knew I was coming, they ordered the entrance door to be closed, and told her if she wished to talk to the Christians, she might go outside and talk to them, for they should not come into *their* house.

Never shall I forget the appearance of this persecuted mother. She took my hands in her's, and, with tears in her eyes, she said, "Oh, my Mother, much have I wished to see you, and now my eyes see you; but what can I do?" Her sons stood by, like infuriated demons; they laughed her to scorn, and used the most abusive language. They soon collected a crowd, principally of women, who joined them in their noisy scorn. The clamour was dreadful. "Go, go!" said these unnatural young men, "Go! if you like to go with these Christians. Run, run fast! and go with them; lose your caste, and become a Pariah, but never come back here; we do not want you; go, go soon;" and the loud laugh of the by-standers seemed to echo the last words—"Go, go soon." I then walked quietly up to them, and told them to be still; that if they thought proper to insult their mother, I must beg them, at least, to be quiet whilst I spoke a little to her, and not to dare to interrupt either her or me. At this they became a little more moderate. Poor Moriamma! with tears rolling down her cheeks, her hands uplifted, and a look of resignation amounting to sublimity, said, "Oh my Mother! I am a great sinner; long did I worship idols, but now, though my heart has great sorrow, still to my Saviour I tell all; he hears me, and helps me bear it; he suffered more than this for me; pray for me, oh my Mother! that I may stand." One of her sons then said, "The child is crying inside; you had better go in and attend to that; that is your business." She took both my hands, and, touching them with her forehead, made her salaam, and I saw her no more, for though I made several attempts afterwards, it was of no use;

her sons prohibited her seeing us again. We have heard of her repeatedly since; she is very anxious to come and live with us, but, I fear, there is not much prospect of her doing so at present.

Christian mothers!—Will you not pray for this persecuted widow! She is shut out from the means of grace; she cannot read; so the precious promises of the widow's God are not known to her, save as she may sometimes hear them from the Catechist Thomas Bully, who with his wife sometimes gains access to her. Oh! pray for her that "the consolations of the spirit, neither few nor small," may rest upon her; against these no door can be closed, no persecutions can hinder. Pray for her, that she may be "faithful unto death, and then receive the Crown of Life."

There are "devout women not a few" in connection with all our Christian Churches. May I ask you, dear sisters, to form a little band in every Church, and once a month to meet, and pray especially for Christian and heathen mothers in this and other heathen countries. I know one such little band in Islington, who have met twice a month since the day before we left England, among whom are devout widows, and devoted mothers, and hand-maids of the Church; and we do believe, in answer to their prayers, and the prayers of others, God is giving a blessing here; the dry bones are shaking, and several lately have literally *thrown away their idols*. Much and highly as we appreciate the efforts made at public meetings to excite and to interest, we depend more for success upon these meetings for prayer, though, perhaps, held only in a "small upper room." And when so met forgive me if I ask you to remember the dear ones we have left behind. Missionaries go to do the Church's work among the heathen, but those who have children (most of them) organise their own children to do it. Do, do pray for them, that while deprived of a father's counsel, and a mother's care, the God of Missions may be near them, to bless them, and to lead their feet into the path of righteousness and peace.

MEMOIR OF JOHN ADAM.

My dear little readers, you have perhaps heard and read much of those who were called great and noble, on account of what they had done. You have perhaps heard of brave soldiers, and have wished to be like them. The writer recollects of the time when he used to read and hear of warriors, and heroes, with such delight that he often wished "to follow to the field some warlike lord." He has, however, changed his mind on this subject, and here writes

of one who, though nothing like those he then admired, now appears to him a far more noble and notable warrior than they. And he hopes that you will, when done with this paper, think as he does, and instead of desiring to be soldiers whose work is bloodshed, will desire to follow the banner under which the subject of this memoir fought and conquered.

Some of my *younger* readers are perhaps now impatient to have the history of this hero, and are picturing him to be some stately giant clad in shining armour, exciting admiration, inspiring awe, or spreading terror wherever he appears. But such must submit to be greatly, though I trust, not unpleasantly disappointed.

John Adam was in no respect warlike, as the meaning of that word is generally understood, but at the time regarding which I principally write, was a sickly dying boy of thirteen, stretched on a bed of languishing, with a frame spent and emaciated—a countenance pale almost as death, but calm, peaceful, and pleasant, and altogether as unlike the blood-shedding soldier as the lamb—gentle, meek, and helpless—is unlike the cruel, destroying tiger.

Some of my readers may here be puzzled, and almost prepared to suspect that I have promised too much, when I said I would tell them of a brave soldier, seeing that they now know him to be nothing but a sickly dying boy. But to such I would only say have patience till I tell you all, and then judge whether I promised more than I have performed.

Though it is principally regarding his days of sickness that I now write, I may mention that he was always a thoughtful, and, for his years, a remarkably prudent boy. With a great deal of personal and relative* affliction, in addition to the care of a numerous family, his mother had more toil and anxiety than her constitution was well

* Previous to John's death, two of the family had died of the same disease (consumption), both also perfectly peaceful and happy.

able to bear. John observed this, and often when he might be engaged in play with his companions, he waited by her and assisted her in anything in which he was able to take a part.

Mayhap some of my little readers, instead of watching for an opportunity to assist their parents, sometimes grumble, and are unwilling to do so when required. If so, think what you owe your parents, and I am persuaded you will then be ready not only to do so when required, but like John Adam, to seek opportunities to aid and serve them. He *felt* what a daughter once *expressed* in the hearing of the writer, which expression he, though very young, still remembers, and will probably do so for ever. She had an aged mother, of whose declining years she was the principal staff and stay, and was, at the time referred to, speaking with another female similarly situated. This other was speaking of the difficulty she had in attending to her own family (for they both had families) and at the same time ministering as she ought to the wants of her aged parent, and asking her advice as to the path of duty. In replying she said, "I cannot say what, in your circumstances, may be best, but let us be sure of this, never to forget our mothers—we can never do for them as they have done for us." John Adam was a reflecting boy, and acted upon the principle which this faithful daughter expressed in the above sentence, which, I trust, you, my young readers, will "lay up in your hearts and practise in your lives."

Till about two years before his death he was stout and healthy. About that time his health began to decline, and continued to do so till January, 1849, when he was taken so ill as to be confined to bed, where, save for very short intervals, he lay till August, when he died. Throughout the whole of his illness, which was often very severe, he was meekly resigned. No impatience or murmur (say his parents) was ever seen or heard. When not contorted with anguish, his countenance ever

indicated that sweet contentment and holy enjoyment possessed his soul. His little Testament was his daily companion, and was always either in his hand or by his side. Besides it, he often perused with delight a collection of hymns selected and arranged by Mr. Morison, and a little book entitled "The History of Jesus," by Mr. Mason, and always hailed with much pleasure the monthly appearance of the little *Dew-Drop*.

During the course of his confinement, his parents and others often talked with him about Jesus as the Saviour of sinners, and heaven as the home of the believer. These conversations he always relished, and ever spake with feelings of lively gratitude of the love of God to him in providing a ransom for his soul, and giving him such opportunities of learning about his Saviour.

On one occasion, a friend, who had not before seen him, questioned him in a very searching manner, in order to ascertain if he really saw clearly the way of salvation, and rested securely upon the Rock of Ages. During that interview, in answer to questions, he stated that he enjoyed perfect peace in the prospect of meeting God—that his own doings did not and could not produce that peace, but that it arose entirely from the righteousness of Christ—his own being as filthy rags. On receiving such correct answers, in order to test him farther, the person speaking with him said, "Was it your father that told you all these things?" Upon which, holding up his Testament, he said, "No! I learned them here," and proceeded to point out several passages, such as John iii. 36; 1 Tim. i. 15; Heb. xii. 5. to the end, as those from which he had derived his confidence.

About two months before his death, he requested that that event (which was more distant than he or his friends anticipated), might be improved by a sermon preached from the first of the above mentioned passages; stating that he himself had derived much benefit from it, and that it, by being preached

from, might be blessed to others. When asked, why he had not been in the habit of making companions of other boys, he said that young people were very apt to be led into sin by company, and on that account he had avoided it.

My little readers, are you sometimes tempted to go with bad boys and girls? If so, think of how John Adam acted, and resist the temptation. I do not say, keep no company, but choose good children as your comrades; and if you cannot find these, like him, have none at all.

Here we close for this month. We shall give the closing scene of our late young friend's life in our next—and, in the meantime, hope that our young readers will imitate John Adam's example—"search the scriptures" for themselves, and learn from God's own word the truth concerning Jesus.

T. E.

—*Day-Star*.

MISSIONARY SHIP "JOHN WILLIAMS."

Perhaps some of our readers remember the collection made, now more than five years ago, for the missionary ship the "John Williams." Perhaps they remember the cards, with the picture of a ship at the top, by means of which the collection was made.—The ship has weathered many a blast since then; and we are glad to hear she has again reached the shores of England, bringing some of the South Sea missionaries back for a time to their native land.

Return of the "John Williams."—Our young readers, who gave or collected money to buy the "John Williams," will be pleased to hear that *their* ship has again safely reached England. She left the Society Islands on the 14th February, and entered the Thames on the 30th of May. Her voyage was very short and very pleasant, and there is much reason why you should thank the God of the seas, in whose service this good ship has

been so usefully employed, for her safety during her many dangerous trips amongst the Islands, and her long voyages to and from that distant part of the globe. Four missionaries have arrived in her—Messrs. Darling and Johnson from Tahiti, and Messrs. Harbutt and Buchanan, and no less than fifteen children. As it was then the "John Williams" came to England three years ago, so it is now—she has brought a quantity of cocoa-nut oil and arrow-root, which the Christian natives have subscribed to the Society. The quantity, however, is not so large as it would have been but for the French in Tahiti, and the war in Samoa. Still, it is a valuable proof of the gratitude of those who have received the gospel from our hands, and also of their desire to send the same gospel to the untaught heathen.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

DEAR CHILDREN,—The vast importance of keeping in mind the *golden rule* prompts me often to repeat it. And to help all children to remember it the poet has put it into verse.

"Be ye to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to men,
Whate'er ye would not take again."

This important rule, recorded in Mat. vii. 12, if universally obeyed would put an end to wars and all contention. Then lawyers and warriors might be employed in cultivating the soil, or some other useful occupation.

To aid you in keeping the above rule in mind, I will invite you to think of a short sentence; but a very important one,

"*Thou God seest me.*"

I do earnestly wish all children and adults to keep the above in mind; also, to remember what St. Paul said to one who was about to kill himself "*Do thyself no harm.*" This I would say to all who are in the habit of using strong drink, or reading bad books.

That all may cease to do evil and learn to do well is the prayer of

THADDEUS OSGOOD.

Montreal, Sept. 17, 1850.