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**THE
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AND
SABBATH SCHOOL
RECORD**

FOR
FEBRUARY,
1852.



TERMS: 1s per Annum, in advance, Exclusive of Postage. The profits of this publication go to the funds of the Canada Sunday School Union.

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THE MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

Vol. IX.

FEBRUARY 2, 1852.

No. 2.



The Young Student.

We take the above cut and the following interesting narrative from one of the many interesting works, published by the Massachusetts S. S. Society. We are sorry that our limits do not permit a fuller extract, as the interest of the narrative is much impaired thereby. The work is a history of Frank Herbert, the young student, who seems to have passed through many interesting scenes, and which, we may say, are portrayed by a hand well able to do so. We can only give a short extract from the conclusion of the fifth Chapter of the book, and which is entitled, "Frank's Conversion." The first part of this chapter is also very interesting, we have first the decision of the parents and Frank, on the selection of an Academy, where he was for some time to pursue his studies.—The parting, or bidding adieu with his mother and sisters,—his father accompanies him a short distance on his journey,—his introduction to the principal of the Academy,—his introduction into a pious family as a boarder,—

Some account of the family of Mr. H——, where he resided as a boarder. Frank seems to have made up his own mind, on leaving home, that he would not be religious: he was careless, and thought little about his soul, and, had it not been otherwise arranged, would not, of his own consent, go into a pious family as a boarder, but his parents felt that the salvation of their son was precious, as had been often manifested by their earnest prayers at the throne of grace. We cannot follow Frank into this good man's house, nor trace the way by which the spirit of God led him; it affords, however, a striking illustration of the influence of religion in the family, and the happy issue shows the power of that truth which is able to make us wise unto salvation:—

Toward the close of the third day, Frank, who had spent much time in reading the Scriptures, particularly the Psalms, retired to his room, after family prayers, with the solemn conviction, that if he did not that night submit himself to the Lord, the Spirit would leave him forever.

Again his life passed in review before him. The scenes of his early childhood,—his mother's prayers by his bed-side,—her faithful instructions, the early death of his cherished companion,—his own sickness, and the death of many around him; these, all these had been instruments in the hand of God, which, had they been rightly improved, would long ere this have led him to his Saviour.

But no, he had struggled against them, he had even murmured at those events as trials, which were intended to prove his greatest blessings. "Oh! what a hardened sinner I have been," cried he aloud. "How utterly have I forfeited every claim to divine mercy." Then taking his Bible, he again commenced the Psalms, and read in course; sometimes thinking he could rest on the inspired words, "In the Lord put I my trust." Then again he was led to say in anguish of spirit, "How long wilt thou hide thy face from me?" He really thought he was willing to submit himself to his Maker, but thick darkness was round about the throne.

At length he came to the fifty-first Psalm. This, thought he, is the language of my heart, "Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin; for I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me."

Something whispered, "Pray once more; perhaps God will hear you now." "Yes," thought he, "I will pray sitting as I am." "No, kneel down; you are a poor, unworthy sinner, and should bow low before Him, who is so holy." He knelt again; he besought God with strong crying and tears, to have mercy upon his guilty soul, when suddenly the dark, heavy cloud passed away, and God, a gracious God, revealed himself a God of love. He was lost in wonder, love, and praise. Heaven seemed to open before him. There sat the Saviour, his Saviour, while myriads of angels were bowing before him, but he turned from these to the multitude which no man could number, "who were redeemed out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; these were uniting with him in saying, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and blessing." Rev. 5: 9, 12.

How long he continued in the attitude of prayer and praise, he knew not. When he arose his light was burned out, and he saw that the moon was high in the heavens. He sat by the window, but oh! with what different emotions did he look out upon the starry firmament. How did his soul burn with divine love, as he said, "My faith made them all." Old things had passed away; all things had become new. He started as the church clock struck three! How unconscious had he been of the flight of time! Without understanding, he threw himself upon the bed, and while his thoughts were fixed on Jesus, fell sweetly asleep.

"Mr. Herbert, do you know how very late it is?" said a young boy of the family, awaking him in the morning.

Frank opened his eyes and sprang up quickly, as he saw the sun was many hours high. He did not, for a moment, understand how he came in the situation in which he found himself; asleep in his clothes, at that late hour of the morning. But very soon, the sweet peace that filled his soul, dispelling the thick darkness which for days had hung around him, called to mind the exercises of the past night, and thanking his companion for calling him, prepared to obey the summons of Mrs. H——.

His kind friends needed no words to inform them of the change God had wrought in his mind. It was told in the sparkling eye, the holy smile and the animated step.

Mr. H—— kindly took his hand, when he apologized for his late appearance, while the good old lady said, with a mother's tenderness, "You have been much disturbed in your sleep for many nights, and I did not have the bell rung this morning, for fear of awaking you."

Frank afterwards found that their room adjoined his, and that they had heard him, as, unable to sleep, he had occasionally walked his room or prayed aloud.

He freely related to his sympathizing friends, the new and delightful hopes that animated his whole being; and learned from them, that all the young converts in the family, seven in number, had unitedly with them, set apart a season each day for special prayer in his behalf.

Frank subsequently learned, that the room he then occupied, was the spiritual birthplace of Harriet Newell, one of the first missionaries who ever went out from America to the foreign field.

Jamaica.

DYING TESTIMONY OF AN AGED AFRICAN.

The eventful history of many Africans doomed by European cruelty to exile, far from the land of their fathers, furnishes a striking commentary upon the words of the patriarch,—“So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God.” In this, as in innumerable other instances, the wickedness of man has been rendered subservient to the wisdom and the grace of God on behalf of the oppressed. Many an unhappy captive, once groaning beneath the scourge of the taskmaster, has, in the country of his bondage, been not only invested with the rights of citizenship, but also brought, under the ministry of the word, to rejoice in the light and liberty of the Gospel of Christ.

The following account of the dying experience of one of these Christian captives is furnished by the Rev. J. Andrews, under date Morant Bay, 25th September, and we are unwilling to impair its effect by altering the language in which the venerable saint gives expression to his feelings:—

“I have the pleasure to send you a brief account of the interesting circumstances attending the death of one of the aged members of my church. The subject of it, named James Stewart, was an African, who, in early life, had been robbed of his liberty, brought to this island, and reduced to slavery.

“One day, in visiting the afflicted Christian, the following conversation took place:—

“*Minister.* ‘Do you feel happy now you are afflicted, James?’

“*James.* ‘Ye mean if me happy, dat you mean, minister?’

“*M.* ‘I want to know if you feel happy in your mind, now that your body is suffering so much pain.’

“*J.* ‘O yes, me do feel happy, dat me do! Me know the Sabior (Saviour) lob me, and me lob him; dafore, whatever him say, me bear pation.’

“*M.* ‘But what is it that causes you to feel so happy, and makes you willing to bear patiently your pain?’

"J. 'Because me feel me seek me Sabor when in helt (health), and Him no let me now me sick. If me no seek religion when me well, wat wid a become a me? Me bin loss quite—quite loss! Yes, me know dat, but me Sabor dead for me, and he willin dat me be saby.'

"M. 'Have you any righteousness of your own by which you hope to be saved, and wherein you can trust?'

"J. 'Ritousness (he exclaims)! Me had none—me no say dat Massa (i. e. God) wi sabe me because me good, but me belebe in me Sabor—me ax him sabe me, and him will, him will; and me tink, too, him make me free from sin—doe me sin ebery day me lib, but fast me go to Massa, him fough, and so me say, me free from sin.'

"M. 'But why do you think God has forgiven you?'

"J. 'Christ came into de world to dead for me, and he forgib all who go to him—him blood wash all from sin—him die to sabe me most wicked sinner. You know, minister, him neber turn away any dat go to him.'

"M. 'Do you feel afraid of death?'

"J. 'You know, minister, debil wicked person—he bodder me too much—he come to put bad toughts in me heart, and he want to fritten me. Sometime he make me a little bit fritten, but den me pray to me God, and debil, go, and me no fraid. De Sabor will be wid me, den me heart come easy, and me feel me be sabel.'

"M. 'You must not trust to what you feel in your heart, for the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.'

"J. 'Yes, me know so; me no trus altogether to me heart—me go by wa de Book (Bible) say; wa de Book say, and me heart say, me belebe; but, minister, when me heart say wa de Book no say, me know dat Satan work, so me no belebe him.'

"M. 'Which do you think you would like best, to live or to die?'

"J. 'Me wait Massa's (God's) will.'

"While reading a few verses from

'the Book,' which I considered applicable to his state, he frequently sighed, and at the close exclaimed, 'Yes, yes!' Having prayed with him, and about taking my leave of him, he said: 'Tawk you, minister. God bless you. Pray for me. Do pray for me! Massa bless you, minister.'

"The last time I saw him he was too feeble to maintain a conversation, but just before his happy spirit was released, he put up his hands in a praying posture, and cried out: 'Come now for me, blessed Jesus—me ready—come, come! Glory be to dee! Glory be to dee! Glory be to dee! Amen!' And thus the redeemed soul of James Stewart passed triumphantly through the dark valley, and entered the rest that remaineth for the people of God. 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.' Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.'"—*Miss. Mag. and Chronicle.*

Motherless.

(From the *Well-Spring*. by H. S. G.)

A sad word is this which my pen has just traced, whose very mention brings a tear to the eye, and a pang to the heart. Our earliest and fondest recollections cluster around a mother's name, which is associated in our minds with all that is good and lovely. We, upon whom a mother's smile still beams lovingly, and on whose ear her kind words yet ~~fall~~ approvingly, cannot imagine the anguish and desolation of heart felt by the motherless.

No; long ago, on a peaceful autumn Sabbath, the remains of a relative of the writer were committed to the grave. Borne from her city home to a quiet burying-place in the country, her early friends gathered around the silent sleeper, in sorrow and tears. Those who looked on her closed eyes, knew the veiled lids would never open again, and the white lips would no longer utter the sound once familiar to the ear.

There is something inexpressibly solemn in death; something that ap-

peaks to the heart with an eloquence far beyond that of the living voice. So we thought who were gathered beside the pale clay once tenanted by the departed spirit, and the most thoughtless of that little throng apparently realized the deep import of the impressive scene.

Among that mourning group were some who were the special objects of sympathy, for they were motherless. They looked for the last time upon the being whose arms had cradled them in infancy, and when they gave that parting gaze, their hearts seemed almost bursting with agony. We who stood beside them could proffer no consolation in their deep affliction. All we could give were tears, with the silent prayer that the God of the bereaved would impart strength in this hour of bitter sorrow.

The decaying leaves of autumn rustled beneath our tread, when we entered the quiet cemetery. We gathered around the narrow house appointed for all the living, while the deep stillness of the scene was broken only by the sobs of the motherless. Who could describe the anguish of those young hearts, or picture the darkness and loneliness which this fair world wore to their tearful vision! The sun shone with an unclouded ray, and the blue sky bent peacefully over a landscape which autumn's finger had tinged with a glory more radiant than the bright bloom of summer. Their dim eyes saw only the pale form cold in death, and their hearts felt alone the void which nothing earthly could ever fill. "My mother! my mother!" burst in agonized tones from the lips of one of the bereaved, as she was led away from the place of sepulchre.

Affecting as was the scene which the pen has imperfectly described, I trust it has left an abiding impression for good upon those who witnessed it. Those to whom a mother's presence was still spared, must have felt deeper emotions of gratitude to Him who continued this inestimable blessing. When they marked the anguish of the motherless ones, in such painful contrast with

their happier lot, their hearts must have beat more warmly with emotion of affection to their own dear parents.

Reader, have you a mother? Do the eyes which beamed lovingly upon you in infancy, still watch over your way? Does the voice whose sweet tones then soothed every care to rest, still fall upon your ear in words of counsel and admonition? If so, you cannot prize her too much or esteem her too highly. You cannot pay too much deference to her wishes, or strive too earnestly to promote her happiness. She has cares and anxieties of which you know nothing, but which you may materially lessen by a spirit of cheerful obedience to her commands, and of ready anticipation of her desires. You can do much towards rendering her happy, and brightening each hour of life by the offering—and there is none sweeter to a mother's heart—of gratitude and love. And should you ever be called to weep beside her lifeless clay, your grief in that trying hour will not be heightened by the bitter remembrance of past neglect and unkindness.

Some of my readers are, like those to whom I have alluded, motherless. The dark grave has closed over eyes that ever beamed upon them in love, and the hush of death fallen upon lips which opened only to bless them. Motherless ones, for you we have the throbb of sympathy, for well we know this world can give no other friend like her you have lost. Yet even to you we can whisper words of hope and encouragement, pointing you in your sorrow and loneliness to One above, whose watchful care is ever over you, and whose untiring eye never slumbers.

Make this kind and beneficent Being your friend, turning to him the rent and bleeding heart. He will preserve you amid the dangers and temptations of life, support you in the conflict with the last great enemy, and bear the enraptured spirit to a world where sin and death are unknown.

The Dry Bones Shaking.

I believe that a very general impression for good was made on the educated natives, by the lectures delivered during the last cold season: and that the mind of nearly all the most thoughtful and earnest among them is more than favourably inclined to Christianity. It is certain, at least, that, since that time a spirit of inquiry has manifested itself more widely among the young men in this city, than any of us ever witnessed before. It ought to encourage us in our work, that the movement, and the conversions which have accompanied it, are for the most part distinctly associated with education, and, indeed, almost confined to the educated classes.—*Extract from a letter from Calcutta in Missionary Record, Free Church.*

First-Fruits.

Its first-fruits were reaped by our brethren of the London Missionary Society. No less than seven young men (several of them of respectable families,) after giving every proof that could be reasonably desired of having been hopefully converted, have been added to the church by baptism. They were all, I believe, students from the Institution at Bhowannipore. Their baptism caused great commotion among the heathens; meetings were held; plans were proposed; and then there was great talk (which has not yet died away) of *relaxing the rules of caste, so as to render re-admission into it possible, even after a public baptism, and notorious eating, drinking, and dwelling with Christians.* I should not be surprised if some such regulation were to pass; and I would desire nothing better, so far as caste is concerned. The serious proposal of such a step in a meeting of the leading Hindus of Calcutta is most encouraging.—*Ibid.*

The Power of the Word.

Streenavassy Charry, a young Brahmin of the highest caste, has, without

intercourse with any missionaries, but simply by the study of the Bible, been brought to a knowledge of the truth. He had been educated at the Madras University, from which religion is excluded; and he was led to a perusal of the Bible by having met with a copy of it in the library of a gentleman, in whose employ he was as a translator. The excitement produced among his family and friends is said to be all the greater, that they cannot ascribe his conversion to the zeal or efforts of the missionaries.—*U. P. Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

The Missionary.

There was a Christian mother once
Who had an only boy,
The solace of her widow'd heart,
Her comfort and her joy.

Upon the ground he sat and play'd,
His mother reading near;
But often laid aside his toys,
More eagerly to hear.

She read of Afric's sultry plains,
Where hungry lions roan,
And then of one who sojourn'd there,
Far from his native home.

She said it was the Saviour's love
Which prompted him to go,
That he, to dying heathen round,
That precious love might show.

Years pass'd; her boy became a man,
And left his native land,
To tell the tale of Jesus' love
Upon a foreign strand.

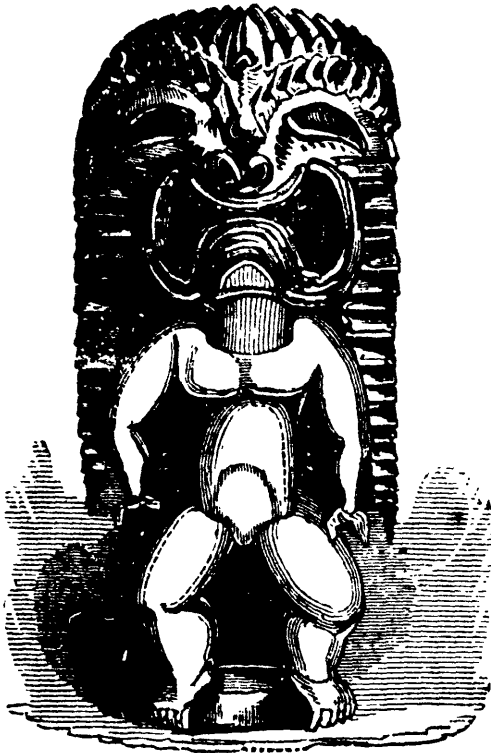
His mother's eyes with tears were dim,
But they were tears of joy;
She said, "I give thee up to God;
Go work for Him, my boy.

"And when my lonely heart is sad
Bereft of thee, my son,
The Lord will give me strength to say,
'Father, thy will be done.'

"And let it cheer thy lonely hours,
If such should be thy lot,
That when thy mother bends the knee,
Thou shalt not be forgot.

"When fainting 'neath a burning sky,
This thought may calm thy brow—
'Perchance, though oceans roll between
My mother prayeth now.'"

—*Juvenile Missionary Herald.*



God of the Sandwich Islanders.

The above is a representation of a god of the Sandwich Islanders, a god to whom they used to pray and offer sacrifices—a god, who, they believed, taught them to leave their old parents to die alone in the forests, and to bury their little sick babies in the mud, because they did not want the trouble of taking care of them—oh, it was a wicked god!

Yes, indeed, you will allow, while you shudder at the thought of worshipping such a being. The poor Sandwich Islanders were heathen then, bowing down to blocks of wood and stone.

“Are they heathen now?”

No, they are not heathens now. Did you ever hear how good people first began to become interested in them? Obookiah, a poor orphan boy, whose parents were killed in a bloody fight, sailed from the Sandwich Islands in a ship to this country. He felt so

lonely and desolate, after his parents were dead, that he did not care where he went. The ship came into New York; Obookiah was very much astonished at the strange sights he saw there; the churches, and Sabbaths, and Bibles surprised him too, and the kind conduct of every body who loved these things. When he saw people read, he wanted to learn to read too: he found it rather hard work at first, but he learned at last; and then he wanted to find out what was in the Bible. There he discovered something about the True and Living God;—oh, how foolish did idol-worship appear to him. “Hawaii gods! they wood, burn,” he exclaimed, “me go home, put ‘em in the fire, burn ‘em up. They no see, no hear, no any thing—we make them; our god,” looking up to heaven, “He made us.”

Obookiah prayed Jesus to wash his sins away and make him very good.

Yes, the poor heathen boy became a humble, praying Christian boy. Then he was very anxious to go back again to his Islands, and carry something back to his people. Can you guess what that *something* was?

“A new suit of clothes, such as they wear in this country, for there the people wear clothes made of the bark and roots of trees.”

No.

“Jackknives, or saws, or spades or _____?”

No—no—he wanted to carry them the *Bible*, nothing but the *Bible*, and he wanted some missionaries to go out and tell them how to read it, for he often said, “His people very wicked people.”

Good men began to feel a great interest in the matter, and they said, “Let us sail on to Obookiah’s Islands and take him with us, and tell the poor heathen about the true God and our precious Saviour.” The churches told them they should be supported if they would go; and they began to get ready as fast as they could. This was in the year 1818, nearly thirty years ago. Obookiah was as glad as could be. They took passage in a ship bound thither, and the day for sailing came. The missionaries went, but the young man did *not* go. Do you know why? *He was dead!* He had gone on his last great voyage to the port of Peace. God took him to himself. Perhaps he looked down from heaven and saw the missionaries sail, and land away, away off on his islands, and saw his people welcome them. When the missionaries explained all about what they came for, these ignorant islanders seemed very glad, and it was not many months before they began to cast down their ugly idols, and hew them up, and seriously to say to one another, “Come, let us obey the true God, who lives in the great heaven.”

London.

London! The greatest city of the greatest nation in the world! The ancient Romans looked upon the Britons of their time, in the same light as, thirty years ago, we would have looked upon the savages of New Zealand. Yet, in those days, 2000 years ago, there was a *London*. When the conquering Romans, for 600 years, possessed this land, many of them dwelt in London. When, after them, the Saxons came, many of them dwelt in London. It is said that they found a temple of Diana standing at the top of Ludgate Hill. When William of Normandy came, he dwelt in London, and built a castle on the place where the *Tower* now stands. And onward, all through the bright and the bloody pages of English history, London has stood, and has been growing in wealth and greatness, till now its people number above *two millions* of souls.

Well has it been called the *heart of the world*. And with what fearful quickness does that heart seem to beat! How vast that torrent of human life which, from morning to night, rolls and roars along the streets of London! Every man is in earnest, doing with all his might whatever his hand findeth to do. All seem seeking their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ’s. Truly, *mammon* is the god of London, and men worship it with all their heart, and soul, and strength, and mind. The city abounds in wonders; but the greatest wonder in London—that which is to be seen nowhere else—is *London itself*.

And yet, amid hundreds of thousands of people, we never felt more lonely than when walking alone in the streets of that “Nineveh of nations.” No one cares for or heeds you. Henry Kirke White, the author of *The Star of Bethlehem*, when looking forward to his early death, sang—

“I shall sink

As sinks a stranger in the crowded streets
Of busy London: some short bustle’s caused,—
A few inquiries, and the crowds close in,
And all’s forgotten.”

Is it not a picture of a world lying in

wickedness? and like the rest of that world, the fashion of it is passing away. We visited it lately, at the close of the Great Exhibition. One morning we had been spending an hour among the ancient Assyrian remains, in the vaults of the British Museum. After trying for a while to acquaint ourselves, in those pages of stone, with the faces and deeds of a world now 3000 years in eternity, we went, through the roar of "mighty London," away to the Crystal Palace, which that day teemed with more than 100,000 souls. How solemn the contrast! The dead seemed to echo to the living, "The fashion of this world passeth away." In a hundred years, what will have become of those 100,000 souls? Solemn thought, that all will be eternally lost, *except the few who flee for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before them* (see Luke xiii. 3).

Reader, where will you be? Will you be singing the song of the Lamb? Or will you be lifting up your eyes, being in torment?—*Children's Missionary Record, Free Church.*

Little Ellen.

In a rural district in Ireland there lived a little Roman Catholic girl, who attended a neighboring Sabbath school. She was very attentive to her lessons, and committed to memory several portions of Scripture. Her attention was soon rewarded with a Bible; and oh, how pleased this dear little girl was, when she could call the precious volume her own. She valued it as a sacred treasure, and frequently read it, for the benefit of her parents.

The priest, at length, heard that the Bible was read in the family. He called one day on Ellen's father, and was very angry about the Bible-reading which was going on in his house. Poor Ellen heard the angry words of the priest, and began to tremble for her much loved Bible.—Away she ran and hid it in a corner of the room. The priest soon called for her, and in an angry tone, asked her how she dared to read a book forbidden by the

Church; and demanded that the Bible be brought to him. Ellen produced the Bible, when he snatched it out of her hand, and cast it into the fire! The dear little girl screamed when she saw her precious Bible cast into the flames, and made an effort to save it.—The priest, however, held her back, when she nobly said to him—'You may burn my Bible, sir, but you can never burn the fifteen chapters I have in my heart.'

My dear children, I have told you this deeply affecting story about the little Irish girl, in order that you may learn some valuable lessons from it.

1. *You should value your many privileges.*—This dear little girl was not allowed to enjoy her much loved Bible in peace. She was scolded and threatened by the priest for reading God's precious Word, you, dear children, can read the Bible when you please, no person forbidding you, or in the least degree injuring you for doing so—your ministers and teachers encourage you to read the Sacred Scriptures, which are able to make you wise unto salvation

Now, dear children, while you pity poor Ellen who was thus cruelly treated by the priest, be thankful to God for your privileges,—seek to profit by them yourselves, and try to extend them to those who, like little Ellen, are not permitted to 'search the scriptures,' and there learn God's great love for sinners.

2. *You should value the precious Bible.*—Little Ellen valued it, and well she might; for of all books it is the most valuable. If a child were to wander so far from his father's house that he knew not the way home, how delighted would he be to find a kind friend who would guide him safely to his parents.

Now, children, you have all wandered from your Heavenly Father's home, into the dark and dangerous wilds of sin. Here your danger is great, and, without a proper guide, you must perish. But in the Bible you have a

perfect guide, by which you may return to God, to happiness, and to heaven? O, how should you value that blessed guide, and follow its directions.—No wonder that all God's dear children value the Holy Bible.

Suppose you had a little book which showed you how and where you could get all the nice clothes, nice pictures, and nice toys you desire, would you not value that little book? Yes, you know you would value it very much. Well, the Bible shows you how you may attain that which is far more valuable than all the clothes, pictures and toys in the world. It tells you how you may get the pardon of all your sins; how you may obtain true happiness here, and how you may gain heaven when you die. O children, should you not value that Book which leads you to these glorious blessings. Again.

Suppose you should forsake your parents, and wander about the country, amidst sufferings and sorrows, yet afraid to return home, lest you should be punished. Oh, how much you would value a letter from your parents, inviting you to return home and enjoy the comforts of your father's house. I know you would be delighted with such a letter, and value it exceedingly. Well, dear young reader, you have forsaken your Heavenly Father, and exposed your soul to endless misery. Yet your kind Father, instead of punishing you as you deserve, sends you, in the Bible, the most important letters ever written. In that blessed volume God declares—

1. That he looks on sinners with an eye of pity and compassion. He says he loves you notwithstanding all your sins. Read John iii. 16.

2. That, so great was his love for you, he sent Jesus to die for you, to endure the punishment to which you were exposed, and thereby open the way to happiness for you and all mankind. Read Isaiah liii. 6.

3. That now, through Jesus, you are as welcome to enjoy God's favor here, and to enter glory hereafter, as if you

had never sinned.—Read Rev. xxii. 17.

O dear children, are not these glad tidings? and should you not value that Sacred Volume which brings such blessed news? No wonder that little Ellen wept to see it cast into the flames. No wonder she made an effort to save it from destruction.

But, dear children, you know that bread, however nice and sweet, will not benefit an hungry child unless it be eaten—so with this precious Book, you can never be benefited by its soul-cheering statements, unless you believe them.—The good news of God's love to you, and of Christ's death for you, must be believed. Tidings, however joyous, cannot make glad the heart unless they are believed.

Dear children, surely you will believe what the Bible tells you about God. He is, indeed, a God of love to you; and, O how much he must have loved you, when he sent his well beloved Son to bear the punishment due to your sins!—Yes, dear children, Jesus died on the cross for your sins, and now you may be happy with Jesus for ever. Just as you look to your parents for help when in distress or danger, so look to Jesus for safety and salvation. He calls on you to do so, saying, 'Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved.' Let the sweet language of the poet be yours:—

'Just as I am without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God I come.'

H. R.

Christian News.

Memoir of Rebecca Leaning.

Rebecca Leaning was the daughter of poor but industrious parents, who, charged with the care of a young and interesting family, endeavored to lead their children in the path of piety. They had already been bereaved of two of their children; which served the more to endear to them the remaining four. And while in the quiet

discharge of their humble duties, unconscious of the gathering storm which was soon to break on them, they were called by the providence of God to pass through a severe trial. The whole of their family was attacked with the scarlet fever; and Rebecca, the subject of this notice, after four days' severe illness, was taken from them to join the company of the blessed. She was a scholar in the Elland Methodist Sunday-school, and remarkable for her diligence and attention to the instruction given by her Teachers. Frequently on her return from school would she repeat portions of the addresses which had been delivered by the Superintendent and Teachers. "O, mother," she once said on such an occasion, "I do love to hear them talk of Christ and heaven."

During her sickness her patience was truly exemplary. On the third day she was seized with convulsions, which continued at intervals till death. Her mother asked her whether she loved the Lord Jesus Christ? She readily replied, with great emphasis, "Yes; I do love Him." She requested to see her Teachers, who cheerfully attended. She had become too weak to say much, but her looks declared the fulness of her soul. She prayed several times the night before she died, and repeated the verse,—

"I lay my body down to sleep,
And pray to God my soul to keep;
And, if I die before I wake,
I pray to God my soul to take;

Soon after, she said, "God bless my dear father, and mother, and little sister, now and for ever! Amen, amen." Some time after, she exclaimed, "Mother, it is all over!" and her happy spirit fled to its everlasting rest, where sorrow and sickness, pain and death, are felt and feared no more. Thus died, in the very morning of life, November 19th, 1847, one who bid fair to live many days. Who then shall boast of to-morrow? "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His right-

eousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

The foregoing account gives proof that Sunday-school Teachers do not labor in vain. There can be no doubt that children who delight in the company of their Teachers on earth, will with enlarged powers of enjoyment hail them in heaven; and both, looking on the Redeemer, will cast their crowns at His feet, and ascribe blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, unto Him for ever.

Rebecca was interred in Elland churchyard, her Superintendents and Teachers attending as mourners. There she rests till the morning of the resurrection, when time shall be no longer.—*Wesleyan Scholar's Guide.*

TEACHERS' CORNER.

Address to Teachers.

Continued.

3. The *weak and faint-hearted Teacher* would be much encouraged by vividly feeling Christ's presence. No attempt seems so hopeless as that of turning a soul from the error of its way. And that any one should make the attempt, implies, either that he is ignorant of its extreme difficulty, or that he is relying on a power not his own for assistance to overcome it. It often happens, however, that they who know well the difficulty of the work, and also where their great strength lies, are prevented by the artifices of Satan from obtaining it, when they most urgently need it. There is so much of sight in the engagements of the Sabbath school, and so many external objects of a distracting kind raised up by Satan's power, and presented to the eye, that the real end of teaching, however clearly seen at other times, is lost sight of then: the necessity of heavenly aid is forgotten, and while instruction seems outwardly proceeding, Satan is nevertheless left in undisturbed possession of the heart. The retrospect of such an evening in the Sabbath school, brings many a pang of sorrow to the soul of the anxious Teacher.

And we can propose no better remedy for such a case, than the earnest endeavor to realize on every occasion, the presence of the Lord Jesus. For in that presence, every object would assume its true form. The light, or the darkness—of heaven, or hell, would be thrown round every child, and the Teacher's eye would be enabled to look continually

through the things seen and temporal, to the things unseen and eternal.

But the timid Teacher may be ready to say, that a very vivid view of Christ's presence would wholly disable him from teaching, and close his unclean lips. He has often been disconcerted by the entrance of a stranger into his school—how much more were that stranger the Lord of Glory. "I am not eloquent," he would be inclined to say with Moses; or with Jeremiah, "Ah! Lord God, behold I cannot speak, for I am a child." But what was the answer of God to Jeremiah, "Say not I am a child, whatsoever I command thee, thou shalt speak." And so would Jesus say to the expostulating Teacher, "It is not thou who art to teach, but I.—Thou art but my interpreter—my mouth;—speak what I command thee." O blessed doctrine to the Teacher who realizes his Saviour's presence! How does it at once banish all diffidence, and destroy all self-dependence. But what shall the Teacher do who mourns an *absent* Lord?

4. But there is another class of Teachers, on whom the realizing of Christ's presence would act more powerfully, perhaps, than on any of the preceding—the *unconverted* Teacher. His feelings, under such circumstances, we shall not attempt to imagine, nor venture to describe. Only we may suggest this question, "Would he go to his school next Sabbath evening, if he were assured that the Lord Jesus Christ would meet him there face to face; and would he take his place among the children, and in His hearing beseech them to believe on that name, which he was slighting, and to love that Saviour, whom he was crucifying?" We believe that he would not. Then, what is the difference between the supposed and the actual case? In both the Lord is present. Only that in the latter, the present Saviour hears and sees, but is Himself unseen.

Perhaps this suggestion might be used in resolving the question which is often stirred, Ought unconverted persons to be employed in teaching? At the same time, let not the negative answer which might be given to it, drive any Teacher from his Sabbath school, for whither can he flee from the presence of Jehovah? But let it urge him to go quickly and be reconciled to his adversary—even while he is in the way, and then he may enter into his school, and gladly recognise the presence of Je-sus. In his presence there is fulness of joy, and at his right hand are pleasures for evermore.

III. *And finally, Realizing Faith would enable you to anticipate your Saviour's coming.*

What might be the effect of such an anticipation, powerfully brought home by faith, we confess ourselves unable to estimate aright, and we must be contented, for the present, with only hinting at the subject, commending it to your serious consideration. Perhaps the

effect would resemble in some degree, that which appears in your schools on the eve of their examination, when the languor and tedious regularity of the preceding period, give place to stirring and active preparations. The Teacher and his scholars become all life and motion. By faith they realize the approaching day, and its whole scenes are continually passing before their view. Each favorite pupil is seen, in imagination, acquitting himself with credit, and winning the reward of merit, and that reward the Teacher feels his own; while in the contemplated failure of another child, he seems to be a partaker of the disgrace.—Thus does he become identified with all his scholars, feeling as if he were to be the subject of examination, not they;—and by a realizing faith, he is moved to a patient endurance of fatigue, far beyond his customary or requisite duty.

And in a way something similar, might the Teacher, who realized the Saviour's coming, be excited to press eagerly on in the duties of his calling, hastening unto the day of the Lord Jesus. The Apostles seemed to be especially animated by this motive, for there is none to which more frequent reference is made. Paul forgets his weariness, and rejoices in his tribulations, whenever he gets a view of the Saviour's coming, and of his own appearance before him with his crown of rejoicing, "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming; for ye are our glory and joy."

TRUE HAPPINESS.—One reason why God has scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain, in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with, is, that we, finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of complete happiness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of Him, with whom there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.—*Lorke*.

HEAVENLY GLORY.—What if all the dust of the earth were turned to silver; what if every stone were a wedge of gold; what if every flower were a ruby, every blade of grass a pearl, every grain of sand a diamond—yet what were all this to the Jerusalem above? It is as impossible for any man to comprehend glory, as to "mete the heavens with a span," or drain the mighty ocean.

HOW TO AVOID ANXIETY.—Paysan, on his dying bed, said to his daughter, "You will avoid much pain and anxiety, if you will learn to trust all your concerns in God's hands. 'Cast all your cares on him, for he careth for you.' But if you merely go, and say that you cast your care upon him, you will come away with the load on your shoulders."

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