

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	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
					✓						

THE  
MISSIONARY  
AND  
SCHOOL  
RECORD.

VOL. X.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER 1, 1853.

No. 12.

### The White Frock.

There was once a little girl called Nanny. I will not now tell you what kind of a little girl she was, but you shall hear of something which happened to her. Her nurse washed and dressed her as usual. She had a clean white frock. Then she went skipping and jumping down stairs in great glee, and full of her morning joy, not coming down the stairs as grown-up people do, first one step, and then another, but both feet together, a step at a time. She had to pass the drawing-room door before she reached the room where her mother was sitting; the door was a little open, and Nanny peeped in and then she thought she would just look at the pretty things; and round the room she went on tip-toe, till she came to a small table with an inkstand and pens and writing paper upon it. There was one pen left standing in the ink, and Nanny, who was very fond of scribbling, forgot that her mother had often told her not to touch the pen and ink without asking leave; so she amused herself for some time, till at last, when she was dipping her pen into the ink, a large thick piece from the bottom stuck to it, and in her hurry to shake it off, a great drop of ink

fell upon her clean white frock. Oh! you would have been sorry for Nanny had you seen her just then. First, her face was very red, and then it was very white, and she trembled all over; and then her merry eyes looked quite sad, for they were full of tears, which rolled down her cheeks like an April shower. But what must I do? she thought. I will go and tell my mother how naughty I have been. But then she will be angry with me, because she told me not to do it, and she will punish me. Oh! I will go up stairs again, and try to wash it out, and then I can dry it at the fire, and nobody will know. So she set off up stairs again, and she found the nursery empty, for nurse was gone down. Then she went to the basin and got the soap, and dipped her ink spot in the water, and she rubbed it, and wrung it out, but still there was a mark on her frock; and as she was not used to such work, she splashed herself all over, and her clean frock was no longer white and clean, but wet from top to bottom. Oh! what must Nanny do? The spot will not come out, though she has rubbed it until her little hands are sore. But she hears a footstep on the stairs! It is her mother, anxious to see what had

become of her dear child. Did Nanny run to meet her as usual, and throw her little arms round her neck and kiss her? No; she felt afraid of her own dear mother, for she had been doing wrong, so she ran and hid herself behind the door. Silly child, what good could that do her, for her mother was sure to find her—and then, too, she was such a kind mother, and would have forgiven her directly if she had told her all the truth!

“Where is my dear little Nanny?” she said, as she entered the nursery; but no one spoke, and she began to feel rather alarmed, and was leaving the room to call the nurse, when she heard a sob from behind the door, and, to her great surprise, found little Nanny there, her eyes red with weeping, her clean white frock wet and crushed, and a large dark spot upon it. “What have you been doing, my dear child?” she said. Nanny’s heart softened when she saw her dear mother’s tender looks, and she ran to her, and hid her face in her dress, and said, as well as her sobs would permit, “Oh! mother I have been so naughty! I have been doing what you told me not to do. I have been using the pen and ink in the drawing-room, and I have inked my clean frock; and I thought you would be angry, and I came upstairs to try to wash it out, but I cannot. It will not come out whatever I do;” and she again cried very much.

The kind mother sat down, and took her distressed little Nanny upon her knee; then she talked very, very kindly to her, and told her what sorrow she had brought upon herself by not doing as she was bid; and as she saw that Nanny was truly sorry for what she had done, she forgave her. Then she took the wet frock off, lest she should take cold, and put another on.

“But, dear mother,” said Nanny, “what must be done with my frock? It is quite spoiled with that large dark spot.”

Her mother smiled at her, and going to a drawer, took out of it a little

wooden box, full of a white powder; then she dipped the dark spot in Nanny’s frock in hot water, and then she rubbed some of the powder on it with her finger, and the spot grew lighter and lighter, till it was quite pale; and at last there was no spot at all. Then Nanny was very glad, and she clapped her hands for joy.

Then her mother took her down into the breakfast-room, where they found Nanny’s father, who wondered what had become of them. He was grieved when he saw his little girl with such red eyes; he was afraid she had been naughty, and he looked very sad and very grave, and he did not take Nanny in his arms and kiss her as usual, but he looked at her mother to tell him what had been the matter. So she told him all about it, and how sorry Nanny was that she had been so naughty.

Then the little girl crept quite close to him, and, with tears in her eyes, said, “Dear father, forgive me!”

So he kissed his little girl, wiped away her tears, and, sitting her upon his knee, gave her her breakfast. But she could not eat much, for she was both sorry and glad—sorry that she had grieved her kind parents, and glad that they had forgiven her.

Afterwards her father said to her, “Do you know that in disobeying your mother, you sinned against God; for God has said, ‘Honour thy father and thy mother?’ You must ask him to forgive you too. Sin is like the dark ink-spot on your frock—it is on your heart; and as you could not make your frock clean again, whatever you did, so you cannot make your heart clean, however good you try to be. But as there was one thing which would take away the ink-spot out of your frock, so there is one thing, and one only, which will take away your sins, and that is the blood of Christ. The Bible tells us that his blood cleanseth from all sin; so my dear child must ask God, for Christ’s sake, to forgive her, and to wash away her sins in the blood of Jesus.”

So Nanny left her father’s knee, and went up stairs into the nursery, and

kneeled down by her little bed, and did as her father had told her.—*Christian Treasury.*

### The Rebellion in China.

Everybody is ready to exclaim, "What a wonderful country China is!" And most truly it is so. Almost everything about it is wonderful. Its history, its size, its cities, its productions, its language, its laws, its customs, its superstitions, its inhabitants, are indeed wonderful. But the most wonderful thing of all is, that this great country should now be a land of darkness, wickedness, and idolatry; that, although the light of the Gospel has been shining for ages upon other nations, the hundreds of millions of Chinese should have remained until this day ignorant of the great God and the gracious Saviour. And a few years ago, it did not seem very likely that there would be any change for the better. Then the Emperor would not let any Missionary dwell in the land. But during this time the Bible was translated, and some books were printed. At last there was war with the English, and after that, servants of God were permitted to teach in five cities on the coast. Still there was little prospect of any great change taking place amongst the people until lately. But now such a change seems to be near at hand. No doubt our readers have heard something about it. If so, they know that a large army, led by five chiefs who call themselves kings, have conquered the soldiers of the Emperor of China, and have taken many cities and provinces. And it is very likely that these "rebels," as they are called, will soon change the government and customs of the whole country. All this, you may say, is no doubt important, but what has it to do with Missions? I will tell you. When we first heard of this rebellion, everybody thought that the rebels were ignorant idolaters, like the rest of their countrymen. But after a little time we were astonished to learn that they knew something about Christianity;

that they professed to believe in one God, in Jesus Christ, and in other truths taught in the Bible. It was found, also, that they knew the ten commandments, and that they were destroying heathen temples and idols wherever they went. At length, the Missionaries received some religious books which had been written in China by the chiefs, and which showed that, along with much darkness, they had some light on Scriptural subjects. For some time, nobody could tell how or where they got this light. But Dr. Legge, of Hong-Kong, has just found that out. I will tell you how it was.

You have, perhaps, heard the name of Leang Afa, the first Chinese who became a true Christian; And before I describe the way in which the rebels got a knowledge of the Gospel, I must give you a little of his history. Like most boys in China, he was sent to school when he was young, and learned to read and repeat from memory several books in his own language. After this he became a printer, and was employed by the Rev. Dr. Milne at Malacca. But at that time, and for a long while afterwards, he was an ignorant worshipper of idols, and did not like to hear the truths which the good missionary tried to teach him. But when he was twenty-eight years old he began to see the falsehood of idolatry, and to feel the need of a Saviour. This change was soon shown by his diligence in reading God's word, and his desire to understand it. And his conduct and conversation proved that he had become a real Christian. After this he became a most earnest and faithful teacher,—trying to do all the good in his power to his friends and countrymen. Amongst other means, he wrote books explaining the Gospel, and cut wooden blocks from which to print them. But his first attempt of this kind failed. Some policemen heard what he was doing, seized his blocks and books, and dragged away Afa himself to prison. Dr. Morison heard of this and did all he could to get him set free. But the poor fellow received

thirty strokes from a large bamboo, which made the blood flow down his body and legs, and was not set free until Dr. Morison paid for him a fine of seventy dollars. But his sufferings only made him more humble and more desirous to do good. And God blessed his efforts,—first in the conversion of his wife, and afterwards of several of his countrymen.

But the work in which Afa chiefly laboured was that for which he first suffered, preparing and printing Christian books. Thus he was engaged in 1834. And you must remember this date, because great things have since come out of his pious labours at that time. Now you, perhaps, have heard that all the young men in China who wish for riches and power must get a knowledge of the writings of Confucius, and of other authors. And every three years there is a public examination of students, when a great many try for prizes. There was such an examination at Canton in 1834, and wishing to do good, Afa and three of his friends went there to give away Christian books. One of these books was written by himself. It was called "Good Words to admonish the Age." Taking a large number of copies with him, this good evangelist went and stood before the Examination Hall, and gave one to every person who would take it. In this manner, ten thousand copies were given away. But these Christian men had to suffer for their good deeds. One of them was killed, another was badly beaten, and Afa was glad to flee from the city.

But a great work had been done. Thousands of Christian books had been put into the hands of people who would read them. Now, no doubt, most of these books were destroyed. Perhaps even the nine thousand, nine hundred, and ninety-nine out of the ten thousand may have done little good. But there was one copy which was not lost. It was a little seed, but it took root and was grown into a great tree. For amongst those who received these

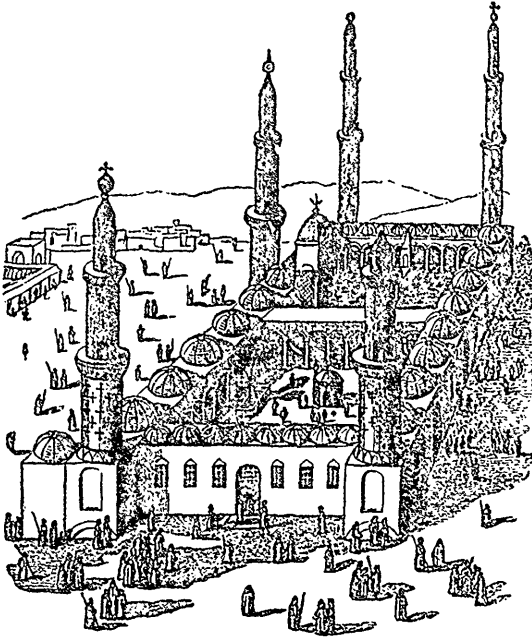
books, there was a youth who had come to that examination; his name was Hung Seu Tsuen. He read that book. He thought about what he read. It gave him new ideas on the most important subjects. It taught him that there was but one God, and that an idol is nothing in the world. It taught him that the Son of God came to save men from sin and misery. It taught him that there was a Heaven and a Hell beyond the grave. Many years had passed away, but he did not forget what he had learned from that book. Still he wanted to know more about the same things. He went, therefore to Canton, saw a Missionary there, told him that he had got his new knowledge from a book called "Good Words to admonish the Age," which had been given him in 1834, and then he received from this Missionary farther instruction. This man is now the great chief of the Chinese rebellion. He it is who has written some of those books, and made those laws, which have done so much to change the opinions of the people, and to overthrow their idolatry.

How wonderful are the ways of God!

What great things in his Providence sometimes turn upon little ones: Here we see that a single book, written and given away by one Chinese Christian, is likely to overthrow the idolatry of the largest country in the world, and to prepare for the preaching of the Gospel to a greater number of people than dwell in all Europe, Africa, and America put together. What a great work the London Missionary Society would have done, if it had done nothing more than bring Leang Afa to know the Gospel.

CLERGYMEN AT THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.—There were at the beginning of April, 61 clergymen at the Hawaiian Islands; 31 Protestant, 13 Roman Catholic, and 17 Mormon.

CIRCULATION OF THE BIBLE IN BENGAL.—Last year 56,000 Bibles were circulated in Bengal, which was 14,000 more than in any former year.



### The Greek and Latin Churches, and the Holy Places.

The Greek Church is the established church of Russia. The Latin Church is the church of the Pope. The Emperor of Russia has lately been quarrelling with Turkey, and marching his soldiers towards the territory of the Turks, under the pretence of defending the faith of his national church. This proceeding of this great northern emperor has for some time been making not a few tremble for the peace of Europe. What cause do the Russians assign for thus threatening war? The answer to this question brings up many sad thoughts as to the condition of the world, towards Him who is "King of kings, and Lord of lords." In the first place, the *holy places*, as they are called, are in the Turkish empire. Jerusalem and Bethlehem, and every spot of ground on which the foot of Jesus trod when he was upon earth, is in the possession of infidels. The holy sepulchre at Jerusalem, for example, is as much

in the empire of Turkey, as Glasgow or Edinburgh is in the kingdom of Britain. We might give long narrations of the way in which, centuries ago, Christian soldiers (so called) from all parts of Europe, marched to Syria to take by arms from the Saracens the holy sepulchre—that is, the spot where it is alleged Christ's body lay between the crucifixion and the resurrection. Rivers of blood were shed in this foolish and most unchristian project. The fact remains, that a Mohammedan mosque stands at this moment on the very site of Solomon's temple, and the places of the Messiah's birth and burial are still in the hands of infidels.

Yet, under certain regulations, Christians are permitted to visit the holy places. The Greek church, though it is less corrupt in its creed, and permits the reading of the Scriptures, is nearly as much sunk in superstition as the church of Rome; and many of the ignorant adherents of both these churches repair to Jerusalem from different parts

of the world, thinking that thereby they will please God, and entitle themselves to his peculiar favour. An intelligent Protestant worshipper may visit Jerusalem or Bethlehem from a very natural and even sacred curiosity. But he will never go to these "holy places" as if there was any religion in the pilgrimage. But Greeks, Papists, and Armenians are constantly crowding to the Convent of the Nativity at Bethlehem, and to the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The following account of the church of the Nativity, by Dr. Kitto, who visited these holy places, is one of the most distinct you can find within a narrow compass:—

"The church contained in this fortress-convent was built by the mother of Constantine, the empress Helena—so many monuments of whose zeal are still extant in the Holy Land. It is a magnificent structure, though now in a neglected and semi-ruinous state. It is thirty-four paces long, and forty broad, ornamented with forty-eight monolith columns of the Corinthian order, arranged in four rows of twelve columns each. The columns are about two and a half feet in diameter, by more than twenty in height. The church was once richly adorned with paintings and mosaics, of which only a few mutilated fragments remain. The pavement is out of repair. The roof is of timber, (said to be cedar of Lebanon, but doubted), and the naked, rough pavement which it supports has an effect so bad and so incongruous, as to suggest that it must be a restoration rendered necessary by some casualty, and made in adverse days. In fact, the church is now little other than an outer court or thoroughfare, through which entrance is gained to the smaller churches and the apartments of the convent. Formerly, the sects which claimed interest in the place, had the use of the church by turns, and then it was kept in good order; but as this bred interminable quarrels among them, it was concluded to enclose certain parts as chapels for the separate and exclusive use of each:

thus, the church being built in the form of a Latin cross, the nave is deserted, but the Greeks have appropriated the choir to their separate use; and the Latins and Armenians have each a wing of the transept. They still, however, have the use of the cave of the nativity, and other consecrated spots, according to an established order; and although one might suppose the difference between the old and the new style, by giving to them different terms for the celebrations of Christmas, would prevent occasion of collision, the feuds of petty rivalries which are maintained among them are most disgraceful to the Christian name which they bear, and distressful to the European travellers who visit the place. The Latin, or Roman Catholic, portion is the smallest, but is the most richly adorned, and it possesses the only organ to be found in Palestine.

"The most holy place—the sanctuary—the final object of all these arrangements, is a small cavern, in which it is asserted that the Saviour of the world was born. This lies under the Greek chapel; but the entrance to which is through a door on the southern side of that of the Armenians; whence, by a flight of marble steps, we descend into an irregular apartment, which we are taught to regard as the stable in which the Virgin gave birth to "her first-born son." Its character as a stable, and even as a grotto, is quite concealed by the ornaments and decorations with which, in awfully bad taste, it has been overlaid, to the entire disguise of its real character. It is a long, narrow, and rather low room, fitted up and much occupied for religious worship. Its original features are quite concealed by the marbles, embroidered hangings, gold lamps, and other adornments, which shock and discourage the belief they were designed to foster. The grotto is about twelve paces in length by four broad, and contains three principal altars. Under the first, upon the marble floor,

the precise spot of the nativity is marked by a star composed of silver and precious stones, around which the following inscription forms a circle:— 'HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST,'—that is, 'Here was Jesus Christ born of the Virgin Mary.' Golden lamps continually burn over this sacred spot. Above it is a marble table, with the usual decorations of an altar in the Catholic church. Here the pilgrims prostrate themselves, offering up their prayers, and kissing the star and the pavement around it.

"A few yards from the star of the nativity is the representative of the manger (the original being shown at Rome), in which the infant Jesus was laid in lack of a proper crib or cradle. One descends by two steps into a room, called the Presence, ten feet square, which has the altar of the manger on one side, and directly opposite to it another altar, marking the place where the magi worshipped. Here, too, the original features of the place, whatever they may have been, are disguised by polished marble and other decorations. The manger is a block of white marble, hollowed out in proper form. It occupies a recess in the grotto, and is less than two feet in height, by perhaps four in length. The altar of the wise men is fenced by a kind of screen, above which is seen a painting that represents them as doing homage, and offering precious gifts to the holy child Jesus."

How foolish, and even barbarous, it is to disturb the peace of the world with questions relating to these holy places. Russia has complained that the Turkish government has given the principal key to the Bethlehem church to the Papists, instead of giving it to the Greeks. You could scarcely think of two boys quarrelling in the street about a question in *itself* of less importance. If Russia, however, says that she is in any way to rule Turkish subjects, she is setting herself above the Turkish power, and thus putting

forth a claim so serious as to endanger a war that might involve the whole of Europe; and it is not true religion, it is not even sound reason, but the basest superstition and bigotry, to open such a dispute about the birth-place or burial-place of Jesus, or any other spot called sacred on the earth, as if any place whatever could mechanically sanctify the soul. Remember, dear young friends, those words of Paul, when you think of the mere body, or burial-place of Jesus,—“Henceforth know we no man after the flesh, yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we him no more: therefore, if any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold all things are become new.” Remember, also, those words of Christ himself to the woman of Samaria, who was attaching more importance to holy places than to holy thoughts, “Woman, believe me, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet in Jerusalem, worship the Father. . . . But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.”

Pray to God that he may preserve the peace of Europe—that he may preserve kings from the impiety of lifting the sword as “defenders of the faith”—that he may preserve this age from the disgrace and guilt of seeing Protestants and Papists compelled to unite with infidel Turks against an invader who boasts himself as the “defender of the ancient faith.” Pray that God may “make war to cease unto the ends of the earth, may break the bow in pieces, cut the spear in sunder, and burn the chariot in the fire.”

#### The Grace of God Illustrated.

A clergyman once represented the conduct of awakened sinners towards God's offers of gratuitous salvation thus:



A benevolent and rich man had a very poor neighbor, to whom he sent this message: "I wish to make you the gift of a farm."

The poor man was pleased with the idea of having a farm, but was too proud to receive it once as a gift. So he thought of the matter much and anxiously. His desire to have a home of his own was daily growing stronger, but his pride was great. At length he determined to visit him who made the offer. But a strange delusion about this time seized him, for he imagined that he had a bag of gold. So he came with his bag, and said to the rich man, "I have received your message and have come to see you. I wish to own the farm, but I wish to pay for it. I will give you a bag of gold for it."

"Let us see your gold," said the owner of the farm.

The poor man opened his bag and looked, and his countenance was changed, and he said, "Sir, I thought it was gold, but I am sorry to say it is but silver; I will give you my bag of silver for your farm."

"Look again; I do not think it is even silver," was the solemn but kind reply.

The poor man, looked, and as he beheld, his eyes were further opened, and he said, "How I have been deceived. It is not silver, but only copper. Will you sell me your farm for my bag of copper? You may have it all."

"Look again," was the only reply.

The poor man looked, tears stood in his eyes, his delusion seemed to be gone, and he said, "Alas, I am undone. It is not even copper. It is but ashes. How poor I am! I wish to own that farm, but I have nothing to pay. Will you give me the farm?"

The rich man replied, "Yes, that was my first and only offer. Will you accept it on such terms?"

With humility, but with eagerness, the poor man said, "Yes, and a thousand blessings on you for your kindness."

The fable is easily applied. Ma-

ther has well expressed the difference between grace and merit in few words; "God was a God to Adam before he fell, but to be a God to sinners, this is grace. He was a God to Adam in innocency by virtue of the covenant of words; but he is not a God to any sinner but in the way of free grace."—*Dr. Plumer.*

### Little Emma's Dream.

My little contribution,  
With ready heart and hand,  
I gave, to send the word of God  
To distant heathen land;  
And ere I went to rest that night  
I knoel'd to God in prayer,  
That He would change my gift to light  
For souls in darkness there.

When I was lost in slumber,  
There seem'd just o'er my bed  
An angel child, with beaming brow,  
And shining wings outspread.  
And stainless seem'd the robe to flow  
About that lovely one,  
As lies a glowing sheet of snow  
Beneath the morning sun.

A touch of golden glory  
Was on her wavy hair;  
Her face, with rose-tint on the cheek,  
Was like the lily fair.  
And O, she sang a holy song,  
Which angels only know,  
To sound in their adoring throng,  
And never learnt below!

She told a hasty story  
About her life on earth,  
When here a little dark Hindoo,  
Of distant Indian birth;  
That once her parents were of those  
Who God in Ganges deem.  
Where oft her babe the mother throws.  
An offering, on the stream:

But when the missions taught them  
To read the Word, and pray  
To God in heaven, through Jesus' name,  
Their gods were cast away:—  
That ere she died, she loved to sing  
How Christ for her could die;  
And then He gave her spirit wing  
To soar to him on high.

I drew my breath, to ask her  
About the joys above;  
When silently she disappear'd  
With parting smile of love!  
Awaking then, I pray'd for more,  
That I might send away  
To shed upon some Heathen shore  
The beams of Gospel day.

H. F. GOULD.

## The Missionary and S. S. Record.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER, 1853.

### Explanatory of our Position.

Some of our correspondents have instituted comparisons between the *Record* and other publications of a similar character, issued by benevolent associations in the United States. It is to the honor of that country that so many excellent publications are sustained, and even widely circulated. The Societies are enabled to reduce the price, because of the quantity taken. But, after all, to Canadian readers, they do not give, for 20 cents, as much reading matter as we do for that amount. There is one very useful monthly for children, issued from New York and Boston, at 10 cents, when 10 copies are taken—to this 3 cents must be added for American postage, and 10 cents for Canadian postage, making 23 cents. Others come much higher to Canada subscribers, with very little, if any more reading, than is contained in the *Record*. To this we must add that a good deal of what we find in American papers is not suited to our free institutions; and, in many, the most widely circulated, there are political allusions and references not at all likely to profit our young people. We state these views not invidiously. American editors may be supposed to know what suits their own market, but we also think we know what will be useful in Canada. As to cost or outlay, give to the *Record* a circulation of 20,000 or 30,000, and we shall then either reduce the price, or increase the quantity of matter given. The *Record* is now

1s. per annum, without postage. Dear reader, send in your name, or send forward your list.

### The Close of the Year.

Although a month must elapse between the time of our writing and the end of the year, we cannot allow the last number of the current volume to go to press without a few special words to our readers in general, and a few remarks to some classes in particular. To all, the rapid flight of time is a subject of serious import. The thing itself is God's gift, as life, the life of man proceeds from the eternal Author of all that is. But the "time is short"—the year rolls round—we are traveling to the grave. At such a time as this, we ought surely to ask ourselves whether the past year has been well spent. Examination of ourselves is a duty—and, as the merchant should carefully inspect his books that he may know the condition of his affairs, so should we inspect our hearts, and take a retrospective view of our course. There will be found many things over which we may mourn and lament—perhaps a painful consciousness of defectiveness in the performance of our best deeds may fill the heart; and, for every sin, as for all sinners, there is no pardon but through the merits of Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works. To this Savior, let us fly for refuge, and pray for grace to keep us from the power of evil and temptation.

We earnestly solicit the attention of our readers to the cause of Missions and Sabbath Schools. Perhaps you

have aided these beneficent enterprises somewhat during the past year; be thankful that you have had the opportunity, and be not weary in well-doing. Teachers, be assiduous and diligent, and God will bless your endeavors. Children, be punctual and persevering, and you will become wise and useful. Contributors, give, as the Lord hath prospered you, willingly, not grudgingly, for the Lord loveth a cheerful giver. To all our subscribers we wish health and peace, and, if we could see you all on the 1st of January, 1854, we should heartily wish you a happy New Year; but, for this, we can only advise you to take the *Record*, when, if all be well, we shall continue to address you for another year.

[FOR THE S. S. RECORD.]

"Come," saith the "Spirit;" "come!"

Accept the offer'd call—

The Church (the "Bride") says "come,"  
Come one, come all; the Gospel call is, COME.

Let him that "hears," say "Come,"

And oft repeat the call—

Oh! come to JESUS,—come  
From Satan's thrall; the Gospel call is, COME

Let souls "athirst" all "come,"

This is the gracious call:

"Whosoe'r will" may come,  
Come great, come small; the Gospel call is,  
COME.

"And take" it "freely"—come,

Embrace at once the call—

"Water of Life"—(oh! come),  
Enough for all—the Gospel call is, COME.

This invitation,—"Come!"\*

Is the last BIBLE call—

Reject it not—but come,  
Come one, come all; from Satan's thrall,  
Come great, come small; ENOUGH FOR ALL.—  
The Gospel call is—"COME!"

\* Rev. xxii, 17.

D. M.

### Honouring Parents.

As a stranger went into the church-yard of a pretty village, he beheld three children at a newly made grave. A boy about ten years of age was busily engaged in placing plats of turf about it, while a girl, who appeared a year or two younger, held in her apron a few roots of wild flowers. The third child, still younger, was sitting on the grass, watching with thoughtful looks the movements of the other two. They wore pieces of crape on their straw hats, and a few other signs of the mourning, such as are sometimes worn by the poor who struggle between their poverty and their afflictions.

The girl began by planting some of her wild flowers around the head of the grave, when the stranger thus addressed them:

"Whose grave is this, children, about which you are so busily engaged?"

"Mother's grave, sir," said the boy.

"And did your father send you to place these flowers around your mother's grave?"

"No, sir, father lies here too, and little Willie and sister Jane."

"When did they die?"

"Mother was buried a fortnight yesterday, sir, but father died last winter; they all lie here."

"Then who told you to do this?"

"Nobody, sir," replied the girl.

"Then why do you do it?"

They appeared at a loss for an answer, but the stranger looked so kindly at them that at length the eldest replied, as the tears started to his eyes:

"Oh, we do love them, sir."

"Then you put these grass turfs and wild flowers where your parents are laid, because you love them?"

"Yes, sir," they all eagerly replied.

What can be more beautiful than such exhibition of children honoring deceased parents? Never forget the dear parents who loved and cherished you in your infant days. Ever remember their parental kindness. Honour their memory by doing those things which you know would please them

when alive, by a particular regard<sup>1</sup> to their dying commands, and carrying on their plans of usefulness. Are your parents spared to you? Ever treat them as you will wish you had done, when you stand a lonely orphan at their graves. How will a remembrance of kind, affectionate conduct towards these departed friends, then help to soothe your grief and heal your wounded heart.

**INCOME OF THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETIES.**—The income of the English Tract Society the last year was about \$388,580, of which not far from \$47,000 were from contributions; the receipts of the American Tract Society were \$334,627, of which \$147,374 64 were donations.

### I Love the Old.

L. V. SMITH.

I love the old, to lean beside  
The antique easy chair,  
And pass my fingers softly o'er  
A wreath of silvered hair;  
To press my glowing lip upon  
The furrowed brow, and gaze  
Within the sunken eye, where dwells  
The "light of other days."

To fold the pale and feeble hand,  
That on my youthful head  
Has lain so tenderly, the while  
The evening prayer was said;  
To nestle down close to my heart,  
And marvel how it held  
Such tones of legendary lore,  
The chronicles of Eld.

Oh, youth, thou hast so much of joy,  
So much of life and love,  
So many hopes—age has but one,  
The hope of bliss above.  
Turn then awhile from these away  
To cheer the old and bless  
The wasted heart-strings with a stream  
Of gushing tenderness.

Yes, love the aged, bow before  
The venerable form,  
So soon to seek beyond the sky  
A shelter from the storm.  
Ay, love them, let thy silent heart,  
With reverence untold,  
As pilgrims very near to heaven  
Regard and love the old.

### Illustration for Children.

I once saw a clergyman try to teach the children that the soul would live after they were all dead; they listened, but evidently did not understand. He was too abstract. Taking his watch from his pocket he said:

"James, what is that I hold in my hand?"

"A watch, sir."

"A little clock," says another.

"Do you see it?"

"Yes sir."

"How do you know that it is a watch?"

"Because we see it and hear it tick."

"Very good,"

He then took off the case and held it in one hand, and the watch in the other.

"Now, children, which is the watch? you see there are two which look like watches. Very well. Now I will lay the case aside—put it away down there in my hat. Now let us hear if you can hear the watch ticking?"

"Yes sir, we hear it," exclaimed several voices.

"Well the watch can tick, go, and keep time just as well, as you see, when even the case is taken off, and put in my hat. So it is with you children. Your body is nothing but the case; the body may be taken off and buried in the ground, and the soul will live, just as well as this watch will go when the case is taken off.—*Boys' and Girls' Journal.*

### What has Infidelity to Give?

And for what are we expected to surrender all the divine and delightful visions and foretastes of never-ending felicity? Why, for the vain conjectures, the random guessings, of a wildering scepticism; which would take from us our peace, our Saviour, and our heaven; and give us, in return, the idle roving of miserable uncertainty, or the gloom and desolation of absolute despair. The evil genius of Deism, dear reader, would blindfold us, and conduct us to

the brink of a precipice, and bid us leap; but it tells us of no angel waiting to receive us, and bear us in safety to a better world, where we shall again open our eyes on the light of the living, and be ravished with the prospects and enjoyments of heavenly bliss. Ah! no. It would lead us onward, darksome, and disconsolate, and shivering with anxiety lest we should fall down, down, down into the gloomy gulf of annihilation, where thought, and reason, and happiness, and hope—where our souls, our being, our all, must be lost, lost forever!

Which of us does not shrink from the dreadful experiment? Methinks I hear you, as with one voice say, "Let it not be mine; let it not be mine. Let the Deist unchain the fiends of war, and overwhelm the earth with blood, and carnage, and desolation: let him seal up the clouds, and poison the winds of heaven, and charge every blasting breeze with pestilence and death: let him extinguish the stars, and blot out the sun from the firmament: let him, with infernal madness, seize the torch of destruction, and fire those magazines which are intended to hurl all nature into convulsions, and flames, and ruin. But, O let him not attempt to murder my soul, to bereave me of existence, to rob me of immortality! Perish the doctrine that would distract my heart with doubts! and perish everything like doubt, which has been occasioned by my looking off from the light of heavenly truth!"—*Rev. John Bryant.*

### How to be Happy.

I will give you two or three good rules which may help you to become happier than you would be without knowing them; but as to being completely happy, that you can never be till you get to heaven.

The first is, "Try your best to make others happy." "I never was happy," said a certain king, "till I began to take pleasure in the welfare of my people; but ever since then, in the dark-

est day, I have had sunshine in my heart."

My second rule is, "Be content with little." There are many good reasons for this rule. We deserve but little, we require but little, and "better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasures and trouble therewith."\* Two men were determined to be rich, but they set about it in different ways; for the one strove to raise up his means to his desires, while the other did his best to bring down his desires to his means. The result was, that the one who coveted much was always repining, while he who desired but little was always contented.

My third rule is, "Look on the sunny side of things."

Look up, look up with hopeful eyes,  
Though all things seem forlorn;  
The sun that sets to night will rise  
Again to-morrow morn.

The skipping lamb, the singing lark, and the leaping fish tell us that happiness is not confined to one place; God in his goodness, has spread it abroad on the earth, in the air, and in the waters. Two aged women lived in the same cottage; one was always fearing a storm, and the other was always looking for sunshine. Hardly need I say which it was who wore a forbidden frown, or which it was whose face was lighted up with joy.

My fourth and last rule is, "Fear God, and keep his commandments;" and this is the best rule of all: the others without it are of little use. "I had all things," said one, "but I was unhappy, for I knew not God. God took all things away, and I was at peace; for he gave me a knowledge of himself in Christ Jesus." My fourth rule must on no account be forgotten.

If we are humble and wise, there is a great deal of happiness within our reach; but we must try to make others happy as well as ourselves. We cannot be happy without contentment; we cannot be content without peace; we cannot have peace unless we have

the hope of heaven; and we cannot reasonably hope for heaven unless we have a humble faith in the Saviour, and obey him. To put the matter in the simplest form that I can: Try to make *others happy, be content with little, look on the sunny side of things, fear God and keep his commandments; and, take my word for it—*

As much of happiness will then be given  
As youth and age can have on this side heaven.

"Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."\*

### Santa Clara, California.

Brother R. McCoy, who has recently returned from California, gives us a description of Santa Clara as a field for an active missionary; may it meet the eye of some one who, possessing every suitable qualification, will say, *Here am I, send me.*

My opinion is, however, that notwithstanding the crowding of other denominations, one of our good self-denying young men, of respectable talents, can be sustained there without teaching and raise funds to build a commodious house of worship. He would at first have a very small audience, but in a few years the population of the town and surrounding country will fill all the churches in the place. There is probably *not another spot in the Union that will sustain a denser population than the region around that village; and no place in California affords a more desirable place of residence.* I do hope, therefore, that the Board will send some young brother there without delay. I do not mean that he must be unmarried. One with a wife only, *a good wife,* need not be the least afraid of starving. But as the building of a house in Santa Clara is indispensable to success, and will be a very heavy undertaking for the few who feel an interest in the matter, it would perhaps be better to send an unmarried missionary there.—*Home and Foreign Record.*

\* 1 Tim. iv 8.

### The Boy who made himself Useful.

LETTER TO A LITTLE BOY.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—As I was thinking of you this morning, I remembered a little story which I thought you would like to hear. I am not sure that I remember every part of it, but the chief of it really happened to a little boy, who, from a lowly station rose at last to be Governor-General of India, to ride in the Governor's palanquin, to live in his palace, and to command all his soldiers. All this came about by the little boy being so very obliging to every one he came near, Shall I tell you how it happened?

His mother was a widow, and *not at all rich; but she sent him to a good school, where he was very diligent, and learned a great deal that was very useful to him afterward.* There was a little boy at the school who was very dull, and could not learn his lessons, and the other boys laughed at him, and called him a duce; but this little boy helped him very kindly, and did him so much good, that his friends, who were rich, used to ask the little boy to stay with them in the holidays, and were good friends to him through life, and he did not forget them when he was a man. When he left the school, he was apprenticed to a common trade, where he was so useful, that his master valued him much. One day, a farmer came in from the country and seemed in great trouble, and said he was in disgrace with his landlord through a misunderstanding, and feared he should lose his farm unless he sent him a letter about it explaining it; but alas! he could not write. The young apprentice at once offered to write for him, and put the facts together so well, that the explanation succeeded. One day, some time after, a carriage stopped at the door, and a gentleman got out, and coming into the shop, asked the apprentice a good many questions, and seemed much interested in him. At last he told him he had found out he was the writer of a letter to him, which was so beautifully done, that if

he was willing, he would try and get him an appointment as cadet in the Indian army. You may be sure that the boy was very sorry to leave his mother and England, but it seemed too good a place to lose; so he put on board the ship, and said good-bye to his mother, and sailed over the sea.

Now, on board the ship there were several passengers; one of these was an old lady in very poor health, to whom the cadet was so polite and attentive that she became very fond of him; and when she died, a little while after, she left him a sum of money, which was very useful to him in India. There was also there a great officer, who spent much of his time in reading and writing. One day the cadet, seeing that he was tired, offered to read a book for him, and from that time was so great a help, that he was daily employed either in reading or writing for him. Though it seemed hard work, while others were walking on deck, enjoying the fine air and strange sights on the ocean, to be so much in the cabin hard at work, yet the cadet was happy to help another, and he had his reward at the end of the voyage, when this officer took him into his service as secretary, and was a friend to him all through his course.

After he had been in India some time, and was much esteemed by all who knew him, he heard that some one was wanted to take dispatches through a most perilous country, where a fierce enemy was almost sure to take and kill the bearer. No one liked to go; but this brave young man offered to take them.

As he was going with a few people, he was set upon by a party of Indians, and carried away prisoner; but though the dispatches were taken from him, he had another copy made, which he had given to one of his men, who escaped, and took them safely. He was thrown into a miserable prison, and knew not when he should get out; but even here he was a great comfort to some of the other prisoners, and he

took the opportunity to perfect himself in the language of the natives.

One day the governor of the prison came in, and said that his master, the Rajah, had ordered him to send some one who could paint the walls of his new palace, and that if he did not he should lose his head. It was impossible, he said; he had no one to send. He was in a great fright. Our young man had learned drawing, and though he had never been much used to painting, he thought he would try to save the life of his jailer. So brushes and colors were got, and he tried on the walls of the prison to sketch one of the English scenes he had copied at school. As the Indians have not much taste, and he had put on plenty of bright colors, the jailer was pleased, and sent him at once to the Rajah. He set to work, and, with many efforts, and after some time, he covered the walls of the state-room with some English scenes, houses, cottages, churches, castles, and objects somewhat new to the Indians. When the Rajah came in to see them he was much delighted. He gave him his liberty, and a present which made him very rich, and sent him back in safety to the army. When he returned, he found that, in consideration of his services, he had been promoted; that his old friend, the officer who was dead, and had recommended him to the notice of the governor-general,

Having thus attained, early in life, considerable rank and wealth, by his constant reading to oblige others, he continued to pursue a similar course, and rapidly acquired distinction. He was sent over for his mother, and at length became himself Governor-General of India, and exercised an honorable influence there for many years. Some friends were once asking him in the palace the particulars of his strange elevation, when he observed: "I attribute my rise, under the blessing of God, to the practice I followed through life, of trying to make myself useful to every one around me. If," said he, "a man seeks to make others

him, they dislike, and are offended with him; but if he seeks to oblige and serve others, they are willing in their turn to assist and oblige him. This I believe to be the secret of success in life."

I have told you this story, my dear Charles, with the greater pleasure, because I think that already it seems to be part of your character to oblige those with whom you are living, at least I hope it may be so. If this be the case, though you may never rise by it to be rich or great, you will be esteemed and beloved by your friends, and you will please that Saviour who gave us, as the rule of life, the golden maxim, that we should do to others as we would that they should do to us.—*Teacher's Offering.*

### Honesty is the Best Policy.

The following anecdote is related in the *Glasgow Magazine* :—

Some time ago, the Duke of Buccleugh, in one of his walks, purchased a cow from a person in the neighborhood of Dalkeith, and left orders to send it to his place the following morning. According to agreement the cow was sent, and the duke, happening to be in plain dress, and walking in the avenue, spied a little fellow ineffectually attempting to drive the animal forward to its destination.

The boy, not knowing the duke, bawled out to him, "Heh, mun, come here and gie's a han' wi' the beast."

The duke saw the mistake, and determined on having a joke with the little fellow. Pretending, therefore, not to understand him, the duke walked on slowly, the boy still craving his assistance. At last he cries, in a tone of apparent distress,—“Come here, mun, and help us; and as sure's o'ny-thing, I'll gie' you the half o' what I get.”

This last solicitation had the desired effect; the duke went and lent a helping hand.

“And now,” said the duke, as they walked along, “how much do you think you'll get for this job?”

“Ou, I dinna ken,” said the boy, “but I'm sure o' somethink, for the folk up at the house are gude to a' bodies.”

As they approached the house, the duke darted from the boy, and entered by another way. He called a servant, put a sovereign into his hand, saying—

“Give that to the boy that has brought the cow.”

The duke returned to the avenue and was soon rejoined by the boy.

“Well, how much did you get?” said the duke.

“A shilling said the boy; “and there's the half o't, ye.”

“But surely you got more than a shilling,” said the duke.

“No,” said the boy, with the utmost earnestness; “as sure as death that's a' I got; and d' ye no think it's plenty?”

“I do not,” said the duke; “there must be some mistake; and as I am acquainted with the duke, if you'll return with me, I think I'll get you more.”

The boy consented, and back they went;—the duke rang the bell, and ordered all the servants to be assembled, “Now,” said the duke to the boy, “point out the person that gave you the shilling.”

“It was that chap there wi' the white apron,” pointing to the butler.

The delinquent confessed, fell on his knees, and attempted an apology; but the duke, interrupting him, indignantly ordered him to give the boy the sovereign and quit his service instantly.

“You have lost,” said the duke, “your shilling, your situation, and your character, by your covetousness; learn, henceforth, that honesty is the best policy.”

The boy by this time recognized his assistant in the person of the duke; and the duke was so delighted with the sterling worth and honesty of the boy, that he ordered him to be sent to school, kept there, and provided for, at his own expense.



## The Crown of Thorns.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.]

O sacred Head, now wounded,  
With grief and shame weighed down  
Now scornfully surrounded  
With thorns, thine only crown;  
O sacred Head, what glory,  
What bliss, till now was thine!  
Yet, though despised and gory,  
I joy to call thee mine.

What thou, my Lord, hast suffered  
Was all for sinner's gain;  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But thine the deadly pain.  
Lo! here I fall, my Saviour!  
'Tis I deserve thy place;  
Look on me with thy favor,  
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

The joy can ne'er be spoken  
Above all joys beside,  
When in thy body broken  
I thus with safety hide.  
My Lord of life, desiring  
Thy glory now to see,

Besides thy cross exulting  
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

What language shall I borrow  
To thank thee, dearest friend,  
For this, thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end!  
O make me thine forever,  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never  
Outlive my love to thee.  
And when I am departing  
O part not thou from me,  
When mortal pangs are darting.  
Come, Lord, and set me free!  
And when my heart most languish  
Amidst the final throes,  
Release me from my anguish  
By thine own pain and woes.

Be near when I am dying,  
O show thy cross to me!  
And for my succor flying,  
Come, Lord, to set me free.  
These eyes new faith receiving  
From Jesus shall not move,  
For he who dies believing,  
Dies safely through thy love.

## COURSE OF SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR 1853.

## FIRST SERIES.

**Dec. 18.**—*Scripture to be read*—Rev. i. 4-11. *To be committed*—Rev. i. 5, 6. *Subject*—The Savior exalted, and the Church on earth. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—John in Patmos—for the word of God—(lived after all the other apostles)—seven Churches of Asia—from Jesus Christ—through John his apostle—titles of Christ—doctrine of the hymn, "Unto him," &c.—beginning and ending—attributes of Deity.

**Dec. 25.**—*Scripture to be read*—Rev. iii. 14-22. *To be committed*—Heb. xii. 25. *Subject*—What the Spirit saith unto the Churches. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—State of the seven churches known, Ps. cxxxix.—(same Jesus knows the state of the churches now)—the character of each declared—and sin detected—Laodicea—lukewarm—this sin an abomination to God, though no overt acts—see sinner's state, v. 17—and the way of salvation, v. 18—the chastening—the consolation—the reward. All that ye have learned from the Bible, the Spirit saith—HEAR!

## SECOND SERIES.

**Dec. 18.**—*Scripture to be read*—Rev. xix. 5, 16. *To be committed*—Ch. xii. 10, 11. *Subject*—The King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Praise in heaven—heaven's inhabitants glad, because of the Lamb—the bride—ready—clothed in white—angels not to be worshipped (nor saints)—testimony of Jesus—the Word (John i.)—his name (Prov. xviii. 10.)

**Dec. 25.**—*Scripture to be read*—James iv.; Numbers xxiii. *Subject*—The habitual mindfulness of our latter end—Balaam's vain wish. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Human life is exceedingly uncertain—James iv. 14—Confidence as to future time is unbecoming and sinful, ver. 13-15.—1. It does not accord with the fleeting and uncertain nature of human life. 2. It indicates an improper love of the world. 3. It is a virtual renunciation of dependence on God. 4. It is a means of augmenting the influence of the world and sin over our character, ver. 16.

TERMS—1s. per annum, in advance, free of postage. The profits of this publication go to the funds of the Canada Sunday School Union.

Printed and Published by J. C. Becket, at his Steam-Press Printing Establishment, 22 Great St. James Street, Montreal.