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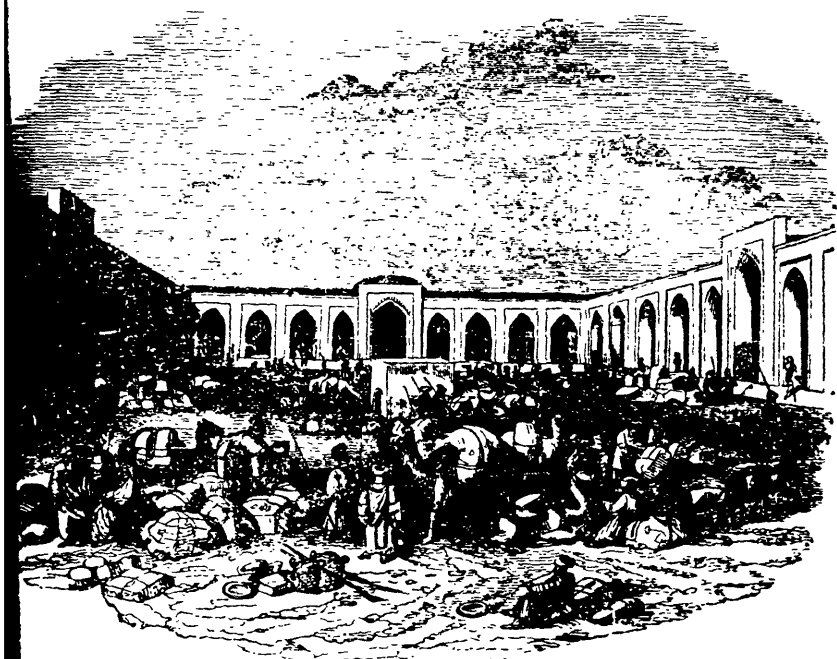
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THE MISSIONARY  
AND  
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

Vol. VI.]

JULY 1, 1849.

[No. 7.



*Caravanserai, or Khan.*

**LIFE OF THE REV. JOHN CAMPBELL.**

John Campbell was born in Edinburgh, March, 1766. When he was two years old, his father died, and when he was six years old, his dear mother died, and he was left a poor little orphan boy. But God had heard the prayers of his dear father and mother, and when they were gone to heaven, a kind aunt and uncle took him and his two brothers under their care, and brought them up in the fear of God.

John was very fond of travelling when he was quite a little boy, and when he was a very old man, he wrote an account of his early journeys. The first he ever had was in a stage-coach for about two

miles. He felt quite sure that the houses and trees were running past him, and that he was sitting still on his mother's lap. "As for the horses dragging us," he says, "I never thought of that, as I did not see them." The first time he went by himself, was from his mother's house to his uncle's. He had to pass between some rows of trees, and was wonderfully amused to find that the sun seemed to travel along with him. He ran with all his might from one tree to another, but the sun was always there as soon as he. Then he ran back, and was still more surprised to find that the sun seemed to go back with him. You may suppose that he must have been a very little boy then, but it shows that he looked about him and tried

to understand what he saw. Afterwards he made other little journeys, which he tells us about in his Life.

When he grew a bigger boy, he and one of his brothers thought it would be a treat indeed, if they could but get to see the cities of St. Andrews and Perth. They talked a great deal about it, and asked many questions of older friends. They saved up money for a long time till they had thirty shillings. Then they hired two little horses to ride on, and started at five o'clock on a fine summer morning. They were out three days, travelled altogether a hundred miles, saw all they wished to see, spent all their money, and got home tired enough, about one o'clock in the morning. Sometime after, they made a much longer journey on foot.

While John was still a youth, his uncle died, and when he was twenty, his dear brothers died. Their uncle's holy life and happy death, led them all to think about their souls. John prayed very much, and thought he would give any thing to be a Christian. He did not feel happy, however, for a good many years. "How was this? Does not religion make people happy?" Yes. "Then why was he not happy?" He felt so afraid that Jesus would not save him. Yet Jesus has said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Yes, and he particularly says, "Suffer little children to come," and he always keeps his promise, therefore no one need be afraid.

"Why then was young Campbell afraid?" My dear little readers, have you a very kind father? When you have been doing anything that you know he would not like, have you not felt afraid to go to him? I think John felt something like this. He was fond of company and dress, and used often to go into the company of people who did not love his Saviour. Sometimes he used to read foolish books, and sometimes to lie late in bed, so that he had not time for prayer. Then he knew he had been doing wrong, and this made him feel afraid even of that gracious Saviour.

At last he was brought to give up his heart to Jesus, and to feel that he could safely trust his soul in the hands of his dear Redeemer. Then he felt quite happy. Then he thought that he could never do enough to show his love. He had tried to do good before, but often with a heavy heart. Now, it was all pleasure. I will tell you some of the ways in which he tried to do good.

He began with visiting the sick and poor in the garrets of Edinburgh. He used to read the Bible to them, and pray with them, and relieve their wants. He spent his spare time in this way, and his spare money too. He was very kind to orphans, and did all he could to help them. He knew how to pity them, for he was himself an orphan. He used also to write a great many letters to give good advice, or to comfort those who were in trouble.

At that time, there were not so many good ministers and people in Scotland or England either as there now are, and there were no Bible and Tract Societies. It came into his mind that it would be a good thing to print tracts to give away. Soon after, he set up two Sunday evening schools for children. He paid a good man to teach one of them, and the other he taught himself.

About the same time he began to travel again, but not in the same way as when he was a boy, just to amuse himself. He printed a great many tracts for the purpose, and then he and another friend hired a large chaise, and filled it with tracts, and went all over Scotland, preaching at different places, and giving tracts to all the people whom they met. He made several of these journeys. He persuaded the good people at different places to set up Sunday schools. After one week's journey, he heard that sixty schools had been set up. Was not that a good week's work? How many children there must have been in sixty schools!

Mr. Campbell was very fond of children, and he knew just what they liked. There were then no nice little books for children. Almost all the books that were made for them were like sermons, and full of hard words. Mr. Campbell had a little cousin named Mary Campbell, about nine or ten years old. She was under his care, and he loved her very much. He found a little book, a pious address to children, of eighteen pages of small print, without one stop in the middle. He thought he would try whether it would do for Mary, so one day after dinner, he told her he had a nice book for her, written on purpose for children like her. She seemed much pleased, and began to read it eagerly. He sat down to his desk to write a letter. When she had turned over the second leaf, he saw she was surprised that there was no end of a chapter in sight. Then she turned over the third leaf, to see if there was an end there. Mr. Campbell said, "Go on, Mary; it's very good." After

a little while, he saw her peep over the fourth leaf, and seeing no end of a chapter, she put her arms over her head, and said, "Am I obliged to read all this at one sitting?"—"No, Mary," he said, "you may go to play," and she ran off like a prisoner set free.

While Mary was at play, Mr. Campbell thought he would try to write something which she would like better. He wrote the first chapter of "Worlds displayed." After dinner next day, he gave her this to read, and sat down to his desk. Mary did not look over the leaves to see for the end this time. She read to the end without once looking off the paper, and when she had done, she asked for some more. "No," said he, "that is enough for one day, but if you behave well, you shall have just such another to-morrow after dinner." She did not forget to ask him for it next day. He wrote more every day, and he was tired first, and obliged to tell Mary that she must begin and read them over again. After that, he had them printed in an eightpenny book, and found that other children liked them as well as Mary did. He afterwards wrote many other nice little books for children. He also helped to begin the Youth's Magazine.

After Mr. Campbell had been employed for some years in preaching, and teaching, and printing tracts, and writing little books, he wished to be a minister quite, and he went to Glasgow to learn to be one. About this time, the missionary societies were begun. In 1802, he went to London to attend the meetings. You cannot think how delighted he was with the missionary services, and with meeting so many good people. He was asked to give out a hymn after one of the missionary sermons. This was the greatest treat of all. He thought it such an honor to have any thing to do at such a time. Afterwards he came to London again, and became a Minister at Kingsland.

In 1812, Mr. Campbell was asked by the Missionary Society to go to Africa, and visit the missionary stations. He set sail on the 24th of June. When he reached the Cape of Good Hope, who do you think was the first to welcome him there? One of the orphan boys whom he had taken care of in Edinburgh. He had turned out well, and grown a rich man. He was surprised and delighted indeed to see his kind friend, Mr. Campbell, and took him to his own home, and made him stay there while he was at the Cape.

When every thing there was ready, Mr.

Campbell started on his journey. Do you know how people travel in South Africa? Not in post-chaises, or in four-horse coaches, or steam-carriages, or smooth turnpike-roads, or smoother railroads. No; but in waggons without springs, drawn by twelve, fourteen, or sixteen oxen. They go at the rate of about two miles an hour, not so fast as a little boy can walk. Mr. Campbell took some of the converted Hottentots to lead and drive the oxen, and two women, Elizabeth and Sarah, to wash and cook. He had two waggons at the beginning. When he came to the wild and savage parts, he was obliged to have three. This was the order in which they went then:—

1. Eight bushmen riding on oxen.
2. Baggage waggon and twelve oxen.
3. A bushman on ox-back, and a guide on horse-back.
4. Mr. Campbell's waggon and ten oxen.
5. A flock of sheep and goats.
6. The third waggon and ten oxen.
7. A chief and his son on ox-back.
8. The spare oxen.
9. The armed Hottentots, walking scattered.

"The whole," says Mr. Campbell, "formed a curious caravan."

In the east there is not, and we have no information or probability that there ever were, such places of entertainment as we understand when he speaks of inns. A person who comes to a town, where he has no friends to receive him into their houses, seeks accommodation at the *caravanserai* or *khan*, where he may stay as long as he pleases, generally without payment; but is only provided with lodging for himself and beast, if he has any, and with water from a well on the premises. The room or cell which he obtains is perfectly bare. He may procure a mat perhaps, but nothing more; and hence every one who travels, provided he has a beast, takes with him a rug, a piece of carpet, or even a mattress, (that is, a thick quilt, padded with wool or cotton,) or something of the sort, to form his bed wherever he rests, whether in a town or country *caravanserai*; but one who travels on foot cannot thus encumber himself, and is well content to make the cloak he had worn by day serve for bed and bedding at night. It is the same with respect to food: he purchases what he needs for the town or village in or near which the *khan* may be situated; and if he requires a cooked meal, he dresses it himself, for which purpose a traveller's baggage also contains one or more pots and

dishes, with a vessel for water. A foot traveller dispenses with warm meals, unless he may sometimes be enabled to procure something ready dressed, in the markets of the more considerable towns to which he comes. In those parts where towns are widely asunder, khans are more or less dispersed over the open country; and in these, or wherever they are not, the traveller lives upon the victuals which he has brought with him from the last inhabited town, in the knowledge that these remote khans offer nothing but shelter, and that no provisions can be obtained in their neighborhood. These facts may be found usefully to illustrate those passages of Scripture which allude to travelling, and to the accommodation of travellers.

There was no proper road. Sometimes the way was through the plains of deep sand: sometimes over rough stones,—so rough that Mr. Campbell was glad to walk, instead of being almost shaken to pieces in the waggon, and what he calls "the stop-a-while bushes," would sometimes tear great pieces off his clothes. Often the way was dreadfully steep. When they came to rivers, there were no bridges: they had to look for a ford, and get over as well as they could. Once they stuck in the mud of the river for an hour. There were no inns or neat cottages in that wilderness, so at night they made great fires to keep off the lions, and slept in the waggons. For three months, Mr. Campbell was only once in a bed. The sun was so hot, that the butter turned to oil; the ink got thick in a few minutes, the thirsty flies drank it from the pen as he wrote; and the dogs lay panting, with their tongues hanging out, in the shade. Water was often dreadfully scarce. When they reached the banks of the Great Orange River, the oxen plunged through the thickets, and down the steep sides, till they reached the water. They held up their tails for delight, and the travellers were as glad as they.

As for Mr. Campbell's dangers from wild bushmen, and lions, and serpents, and pit-falls, you must read them for yourselves in his Travels. He visited many tribes of Bushmen, Caffres and Bechuana's, and went along the borders of the Great Orange River, westward, till he came to Great Namaqua Land, not far short of Africaner's kraal. Thus he who sometime before went about Scotland persuading people to set up Sunday-schools, now went about among the wild people of South Africa, persuading them to have missionaries. He

travelled altogether about three thousand miles.

The most remarkable place that Mr. Campbell visited was Lattakoo (or Lithako), in the Bechuana country. When he came home, he had so many stories to tell of what he had seen and heard there, that he was afterwards called Mr. Campbell of Lattakoo. The poor people there were in a sad, sad state when Mr. Campbell found them, but Mr. Moffatt has since told us so much about them that we need not begin upon that. They made many objections to having missionaries. One man said, that while they were praying, they should not see an enemy coming. Mr. Campbell said, "You can set one to watch, and two eyes will do as well as twenty." At last he persuaded the king to let the missionaries come, and Muthibi said, "Send missionaries. I will be a father to them."

After two years, Mr. Campbell returned to England, and reached London four days before the missionary meetings. O how delighted were all the good people to see him, and to hear his interesting accounts! For years after, they were never tired of hearing, nor he of telling. In 1820, he went to Africa again. He found that there had been some pleasant changes since his first visit. Africaner, then a robber and an outlaw, was now a Christian. Mr. Moffatt and Mr. Hamilton were busy in missionary work at Lithako, and there was a comfortable chapel, and a long row of missionary houses, with nice gardens behind. On this journey, Mr. Campbell went higher up the country, to Kurrechane, the chief town of the Baharutsi, and to places where white men had never been seen before. He lived nearly twenty years after his return to England, employing himself in helping different societies, and speaking at missionary meetings, besides preaching to, and visiting his own people. He was happy and kind, trying to do good to every body, and beloved by all good people to the last. He was taken ill in March, 1840, and this illness ended in death. At first he felt troubled, because he thought he had not done half enough for his Saviour, but his trouble soon passed away, and all was peace. When his mind wandered, he talked of Africa, and missionary meetings, and missionary friends. On the day of his death, he said to his wife, "Do not grieve. There is nothing melancholy in dying and going to glory." As the last gleam of the setting sun fell on his dying bed, he smiled, and sighed, and gently breathed his last. He spent a

long life in the service of Jesus, and died at the age of seventy-four.

Dear readers, should not you like to live as useful and blessed a life, and to die as peaceful a death, as Mr. Campbell did?

### FEEJEE.

*Extract of a Letter from the Rev. John Watsford, writing from Ono, Feejee.*

**Horrors of Canibal Warfare.**—The war between Bau and Rewa has terminated, and we cannot tell you how many have been slain. Dead bodies were thrown upon the beach at Vewa, having drifted from Bau, where they were thrown into the sea, there being too many in Bau to be eaten. The Somosomo people were fed with human flesh during their stay at Bau, they being on a visit at that time; and some of the chiefs of other towns, when bringing their food, carried a cooked human being on one shoulder, and a pig on the other; but they always preferred the "long pig," as they called a man when baked. One woman who had been clubbed, was left upon the beach in front of our houses at Vewa. The poor creature's head was smashed to pieces. Whether it was done by the heathen to insult us or not, we do not know. One Christian man was clubbed at Rewa, and part of his body was eaten by the Vewa heathen, and his bones thrown near my door; my lad gathered them up and buried them, and he afterwards learnt that they were the bones of one of his friends. After Rewa was destroyed, heaps of dead bodies lay in all directions; and there their bones still lie bleaching in the sun.

We do not, and we cannot, tell you what we know of Feejeean cruelty and crime. You have heard much; but, after all, you have not been told one half; every day we hear of murder and bloodshed, and every fresh act seems to rise above the last.

Amid all the darkness, the cruelty, the cannibalism, by which we are surrounded, our hearts are cheered by the conversion of some to the Lord; and it is a pleasing and cheering fact, that those who formerly were the

worst of the Feejeeans, have been among the first to embrace the gospel of Christ, and many of these have been converted to God. I allude to the people of Vewa. The chief, Elijah, is a good man. He is one of the best men I have met with in these islands. He is a determined man, and will be very useful. He was formerly a cruel cannibal; but the lion has become a lamb, and a little child can lead him. He has suffered the loss of all things for Christ. He has literally given up all, and seems willing to do anything, or suffer any thing for Jesus Christ. What has been done encourages us in our work. Jesus shall reign. Our full hearts are crying out, "O Jesus, ride on till all are subdued." Glory be to God for what has been done; and glory be to God, says faith, for what he will shortly do. Lord increase our faith! we want great faith for Feejee. Pray for us.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

### THE DYING CHILD AND HER FATHER.

The following interesting fact has been sent to us by a friend from whom we shall hope to hear again soon;—

"A lovely little girl in my Bible class," says this lady, "was taken suddenly ill, which illness terminated in her death. Before that solemn event took place, she gave delightful evidence that her hopes were well founded, and that the Saviour she had loved was exceedingly precious. Calling her father to her bedside, a man occasionally overtaken by the sin of intemperance, she, with tearful eye, began to warn him of his danger. After stating how very happy she felt in the prospect of meeting her Saviour and being for ever with him in heaven, she said, *But, father, there are no drunkards in heaven!*" This expression, falling from the lips of his dying child, made so deep and lasting an impression on his mind as led to the entire abandonment of his former practices, and he is now a professed and consistent follower of the son of God."—*Mothers' Friend.*

## LODER, 11, 11, 11, 10, or 11s.

Arranged for the Sunday School Advocate,

L. Thompson.

1. Like mist on the mountain, like ships on the sea, So swift - ly the

years of our pil - grimage flee; In the grave with our fa - thers how

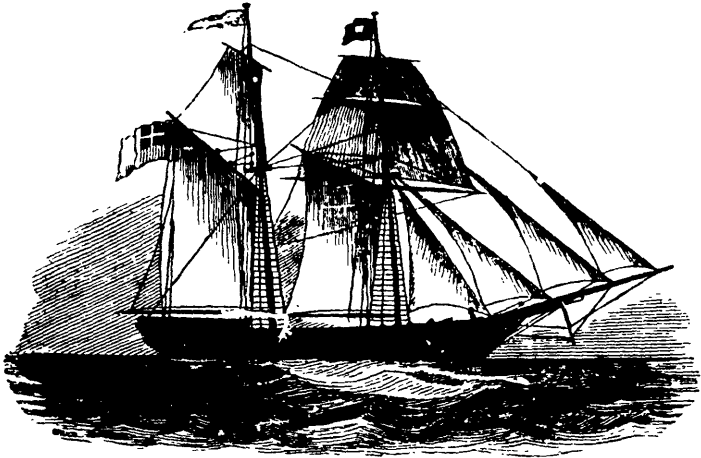
soon we shall lie! Dear chil - dren to - day to a Sa - viour fly!

II.

How sweet are the flow'rets in April and May!  
But often the frost makes them wither away:  
Like flowers you may fade: Are you ready to die?  
While "yet there is room," to a Saviour fly!

III.

When Samuel was young, he first knew the Lord;  
He slept in His smile, and rejoiced in His Word;  
So, most of God's children are early bro't nigh:  
O seek him in youth—to a Saviour fly!



### THE GOOD CALABAR.

(From the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine*.)

Your effort has made glad the hearts of others, as well as of yourselves. It has set in motion the pens of not a few poets, who have been singing of your "gallant ship." We have already received we know not how many verses from north and south celebrating "the children's mission ship." We cannot promise to print one in half a dozen of them; but you will thank us, we doubt not, for the following entitled "The Good Calabar."

We listen, Africa, to thee,  
In our own Waddell's voice,  
And send our ship across the sea,  
To bid thy sons rejoice.

We cannot in his toil take part,  
In heathen land afar,  
But every share shall count a heart  
That prays for Calabar.

Good ship, thy cargo boasts not gold,  
Nor earthly jewels rare;  
But on thy flag are words enrolled,  
Which richer stores declare.

Yes, on thy heavenly errand go,  
To make the nations free,  
That other lands, O Lord, may know  
The love we share from thee.

That love shall change the heathen heart;  
Restore the sinner's loss:  
Lead men from idols to depart,  
And hasten to the Cross

And if, like mission ship before,\*  
Around thee billows rise,  
For thee, that Lord, we still implore,  
Now reigning in the skies.

That Lord, who to Tiberias came,  
And bade its tumult cease,  
Although unseen, can yet proclaim  
O'er every Ocean—peace.

Alunwick.

\* Matt. xiv. 22.

D. S.

### DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN SAMOAN CHIEF.

The latest correspondence from Samoa, printed in the *London Missionary Chronicle*, brings the following account of the happy death of a native chief, who was a most devoted Christian man, and one of the earliest members of the church formed under the ministry of Mr. Heath, on the island of Manono.—Mr. H. thus relates the affecting details:—

"One of our departed friends was insensible for the two or three days of his illness—the others all died happily, and some of them triumphantly. Two had been Evangelists, and one of these was from three to four years at the New Hebrides. Humanly speaking the greatest of these losses is that of our chief *Matetau*, whose baptismal name was Hezekiah. He was chief of two small settlements on Manono, and after the death of Malietoa, he took the title of that chief in addition to his own. He was one of the first to welcome Messrs. Barff and Williams on their first visit to Samoa, and on Mr. W's. second visit he received the Rarotongan teacher, Teava, whom he treated very kindly. On the arrival of the first party of European missionaries in 1836, I was stationed at his place, and from that time to his death ever found him the same man—kind, ready to assist, and consistent in his profession of Christianity. He was one of the first members of



our church, formed in 1857, of which he afterwards became a deacon.

In January last Matetau suffered from the influenza, then prevalent; and on its return in April was again seized. He then said to me, 'Sir, the *asiari* (the visitor) is come again.' A little thought at the moment what the result of the visit would be; in a few days inflammation of the liver and the whole of the chest ensued, issuing in his death on the 28th. On the disease assuming this alarming shape, he talked very freely of the probability of his death, and awaited its approach not only with calmness, but with confidence. The five or six hours immediately preceding his decease were chiefly spent in giving Christian advice to his family and in prayer, although he was suffering very severe pain; and, just as death approached, he offered prayer thrice in succession with great earnestness, for himself and all about him, his people, and the cause of Christ. He was buried in the garden of my temporary cottage. Prayer had been offered and an address delivered in his own house; and on lowering the coffin, we sung,

"E toe ala mal  
O e na tanumia,' &c.

"Those who are buried  
Shall rise again;  
The grave shall be open'd  
When the trumpet shall sound."

### SYNODICAL MISSIONARY MEETING.

On Wednesday evening, the usual Synodical Missionary meeting of the United Presbyterian Church, was held in the Music Hall, George Street—the Moderator of the Synod presiding. The Hall was densely filled.

Mr. Somerville gave the annual report, of which the following is a brief outline:—

"*Home Operations.*—There are one hundred and ten congregations dependent, to a certain extent, on the home mission fund, ninety-three of which have had the stipends of their ministers supplemented, and seventeen of which, being chiefly supplied with preachers, have received grants. These are irrespective of the Gaelic stations of Lismore, Portree, and Bridge of Turk. The sum expended upon home missionary operations for the year is £3,500.

"*The Associate Presbytery of Ireland.*—The committee voted to the presbytery the sum of £50, to be expended by them in the manner that they should deem the most advantageous.

"*Canada.*—The Synod of the United Presbyterian Church in Canada consists of thirty-two ordained ministers, and is divided into four presbyteries. During the year, two preachers, Messrs. Wm. Ormiston, and Wm. Christie, have been licensed in Canada, and are engaged in preaching the Gospel. In

the month of June, Mr. Peter D. Muir was sent out by the Mission Board, who, after laboring for some time in Canada East, was, in the month of October, ordained in Huntingdon, where he enjoys a field of wide and most promising usefulness. The Rev. John Duff, late of Dalry, and Mr. John Logie, have been engaged by the Mission Board, and will sail for Canada during this month.

"*Nova Scotia.*—The church in Nova Scotia is making most laudable efforts to meet the increasing demands of that province. The Theological Hall has been attended this season by twelve students, and it is expected that twenty will be present next session.

"*Jamaica.*—The most prominent feature in the history of this mission during the year, is the number of deaths that have taken place among our agents. The Rev. Messrs. W. P. Young, Mount Zion; Thomas Caldwell, Mount Horeb; John Scott, Montego Bay; and T. P. Callender, Kingston; with Mrs. Winton and Mrs. Scott, were in the course of a few months all removed by the hand of death. The greater number of our churches in Jamaica have assumed a settled form. The Gospel is plainly and purely preached; the Sabbath classes, including both old and young, are regularly kept; the day schools are assiduously attended to, and all due diligence used to train the young in the knowledge of a common education. Three new congregations have been added to the mission during the year, those, namely, of Montego Bay, Kingston, and Victoria Town. Considerably more than 10,000 persons are under training in our congregations and schools, and are in the way of being prepared for the day of the Lord.

"*Trinidad.*—The Rev. Mr. Kennedy is still laboring at Port-of-Spain. The Rev. George Brodie, who has been eight years at Arouca, and who has faithfully, zealously, and affectionately exerted himself to promote the work of Christ, is now in this country.

"*Old Calabar.*—There are three stations now established at Old Calabar; namely, Duke Town, Creek Town, and Old Town. The operations at Duke Town were for some time carried on by the Rev. Hugh Goldie, and by Messrs. Edgerly and Newhall; whilst those at Creek Town were conducted by the Rev. Hope M. Waddell, assisted in the school by Sam Duncan, a black man from Jamaica. It is only three years since the mission was commenced, and in that time three stations have been formed, and at each mission school-houses have been erected. The Rev. Wm. Anderson and his wife sailed for Old Calabar in the month of November, and we are glad to say that intelligence has been brought home that the ship in which they were, was spoken with on the 2d of February, at the mouth of the Calabar River, and all on board well. In a few weeks Mr. and Mrs. Waddell, with their youngest child, will set out for Creek Town. They will be accompanied

by Miss Euphonia Miller, a young woman of devoted piety, now teaching in Paisley who has earnestly requested to be allowed the privilege of devoting herself to serve Jesus Christ in Africa; and the Mission Board have engaged as a teacher Mr Wm. Thomson, a young man belonging to the Rev. Dr Beattie's congregation, Glasgow, who resided seven years in the neighborhood of Sierra Leon, who has partially acquired three African languages, and who is desirous to spend his life in promoting the welfare of the wretched inhabitants of that long neglected land. Old Caabarr is the door of entrance to the vast, fertile, and thickly inhabited regions drained by the waters of the Niger, the Schadda, and the Cross rivers.

**Cuffraria.**—The sounds of war have ceased, peace has been proclaimed, the converts have returned to their stations, and the operations of the mission have been resumed. Twenty converts have been added to the church at Chumie.

**Persia.**—The work of circulating the Scriptures among the Mohammedans of Persia, where public preaching is forbidden, and where it is a capital offence for a follower of Mohammed to avow Christianity, was considered as a delicate task, requiring great prudence and care. The Rev. Dr. Glen and son, destitute of human patronage, relying alone on the care and protection of God, and proceeding quietly and prudently, had met with most gratifying success. 400 copies of the Persian Bible have been disposed of in Tehran. The venerable Dr. Glen had died, but his son was proceeding with the work to which his father and himself had devoted themselves.

**Australia.**—The Rev. J. E. Richardson reached Melbourne, the capital of the colony, on the 24th of October. Mr. Richardson immediately entered upon the assiduous discharge of his duties, with the view of ascertaining the wants of the inland districts, and of discovering the locality where it would be most proper for him to settle.

**Saintonge, in Western France.**—In accordance with the instructions of the Synod, £500 were given to the Evangelical Society of Geneva, to enable them to carry on their operations in the district of Saintonge, Western France.

Thus it will be seen that, besides what we have done in Scotland, in England, and in Ireland, our operations have extended to Canada and Nova Scotia in North America, to Jamaica and Trinidad in the West Indies, to Calabar and Cuffraria in Africa, to Persia in Asia, to Australia in the South Seas, and to France in Europe—regions far distant, but likely at a future day to prove centres of powerful missionary emanation. Our missionary income for the year appears to be about £14,350, which is £1,260 more than our income for last year; and if we add to this, the sum raised for the mission ship, in

that case the amount contributed for missionary purposes alone, during the year, will be fully £17,500—a sum much larger than has on any previous year been realized. The depressed and almost ruined state of Jamaica, has, by putting it out of the power of the people to contribute, as in former years, made the outlay in the case of that mission alone, upwards of £1000 greater than it was last year. This large sum, with several other extra demands, have raised, as the statement of the treasurer will show, our expenditure to £16,070—a sum far beyond the usual amount, and which, consequently, causes a considerable deficiency on the year. But while this is a call to increased exertion, it ought not to appal or discourage us.

Mr. Peddie then read the report showing that, large as the sum was which had been contributed, it did not exceed one *halfpenny* per week from each member of the United Presbyterian Church.

The Rev. Hope M. Waddell, missionary to Old Calabar, who was received with loud applause, in concluding his address, said he would refer to an important part of the report read by the secretary, and that was the valuable effort made by the children at home. The missionary ship was one of the means required for the efficient carrying on of the missionary work in Africa. That ship demanded a world's gratitude to the children by whom it had been bought. He trusted that these children, as they grew up in years, would fill well the place of their forefathers, and feel increasing interest in the missionary work. He even hoped that from among these children, able missionaries of the Gospel would arise.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine of the United Presbyterian Church.*

### A HAPPY DEATH.

Martha Phillips was born, March 8, 1839, and was the daughter of pious parents in connection with Eagle Street Chapel, London. Naturally of a quick and thoughtful disposition, she found no pleasure in those things which generally attract the notice of children of her own age; but her delight was to attend the Infant School, and with her Testament and hymn book to sit with her schoolfellows in the class,—not restless, but eager to hear what the teacher said.

Martha enjoyed good health until seven months before her death; about which time one of her little brothers died, which had such an effect upon her that she would not again associate with children, but spent her time in

reading her Testament and hymn book, with other books which she had received from friends. During her attendance at school she made rapid progress in learning; indeed, to teach her was a pleasure; and often has she been observed to take great interest in the addresses of teachers, and on her return home would search for the chapter upon which the address had been founded, and then repeat nearly all that had been said. She would also remember the text, and various references made by the minister on the Sabbath; and during the week would frequently speak of things he had said in his sermon. Her understanding respecting the great truths of the gospel was far beyond her years.

At the commencement of May, 1845, Martha P. was seized with a severe hooping-cough, which confined her to her bed, never to rise again; but even then it was pleasant to be with her. She would frequently say she knew she was going to heaven to see Jesus, but was much concerned lest her parents should grieve. Then she appeared to be absorbed in thought, and wished them to be seated by her. Her father said, "Ah, my dear girl, you will soon leave us." "Don't fret," she said, "I shall go to heaven." Her father said, "But, my dear, you say you know and feel yourself to be a sinner; now sinners as such can never enter heaven: and if they could, they would not be happy." "But, father, *Jesus!*" she replied. He said, "Do you mean, that it is through what Jesus has done and suffered, that sinners can be prepared and received, and made happy in heaven?" "Yes, this is what I mean!" "Then you think you will go to heaven?" "Yes!" she replied. At another time she said, "Mother, I am going to heaven." Her mother said, "Do you really think you shall?" "I am sure—quite sure!" was her reply. "What, through Jesus?" she said "Yes!"

About a week before her death, some friends whom she liked, and whose

conversation about the Saviour was always suitable to her understanding, came to see her. After tea, her mother said, "Shall I read,—or, as you feel better, will you read?" Then, raising herself up in bed, she asked for her Testament; and turning to the fifteenth chapter of Luke, read with clearness and emphasis, the parable of the Prodigal Son, frequently saying she was going to Jesus, where her dear brothers were.

The day before her death, her mother had been talking to her about Jesus. She lay some time in thought, and then said, "He can do all things." Her mother said, "He *can* do all things, my dear." "Yes, mother, *Jesus can.*" After a little while she said, "It is well!" Her mother said, "Do you feel it is well as regards your soul?" She said, "Yes!" From that time till her death, it was delightful to be with her. About a quarter of an hour before she died, she attempted to speak, but could only be understood by her father, who was holding her hand, and listening, heard her say—"Going!" and "Jesus!" Thus she fell asleep in Jesus, without a struggle or a groan, 5th June, 1845, aged six years and three months, after an illness of fourteen days.

What encouragement ought the case of our young friend to afford to Christian parents, teachers, and scholars, to seek the same blessings which so happily prepared her for an early and a joyful death. May we all like her be found in Jesus, then shall we spend a blissful eternity together in heaven.—*Teacher's Offering.*

To the Editor of the S. S. Record.

Cooksville, Township of Toronto,  
Apr. 20, 1849.

Sir,—As your pleasing little paper has a considerable circulation in this section, you will perhaps accord a corner of it to the following notice of our Sabbath School. This will be esteemed the greater favor, inasmuch as we never observed any previous notice of it

in print, nor indeed have we ever been favored with a call from any travelling Sabbath School visitor or agent. This pleasure we had anticipated last year, when your agent was leaving Montreal, but we were disappointed, and have been hitherto left to our obscurity.

Our Sabbath School we have called the Ebenezer Sabbath School. It has no sectarian character or bias, and its superintendents and teachers, as well as the children who have attended it, have been drawn indiscriminately from various Christian denominations. We have had many obstacles to contend with in developing the applicability of the non-sectarian principle to Sabbath Schools; but our success may best be inferred from the subjoined statistics gathered from the Secretary's books. Among the impediments which we have had to contend with, a scarcity of teachers has predominated. Few persons seem disposed to assume the restraints, or to deny themselves the loss of recreation, which the duties of Sabbath School teacher would seem to imply; and the entire burden has, consequently, devolved upon a few individuals. Another source of lukewarmness among the people, and consequently a hindrance to the efficiency and progress of the Sabbath School, common with others, is the want of hearty and active support from the clerical body, who seem generally to content themselves with a merely passive recognition of their usefulness. Ebenezer School, as such, has just completed the fourth year of its existence. During this period, embracing 208 Sabbaths, our clerical visitors are as follow:—

Ep. Methodist Bishop, . . . . .	1 visit.
Local Wesleyan Minister . . . . .	3 "
Baptist Deacons . . . . .	5 "

Or nine in all, which, considering that Sabbath Schools are the nurseries from which the churches are mainly replenished, argues a great deal of apathy on the part of those who assume to be the messengers of Christ, the great Head of all the churches.

During the four years of its operation, the attendance of pupils has averaged 48, and in addition to the exercises, an average of 427 verses from Holy Writ has been rehearsed each Sabbath; and during the last year the attendance aggregated 2289, and the verses of Scripture recited 31,377, the female pupil,

maintaining, throughout the year, a superiority in the quantity of matter committed to memory, amounting to one-third, as exhibited in the following schedule:—

	Boys ver.		Girls ver.
1st quarter,	210 1686	1st quarter,	282 3253
2nd do	231 1425	2nd do	281 3326
3rd do	263 1969	3rd do	315 4561
4th do	399 1803	4th do	309 3854

The funds of the school are created from a quarterly contribution by the teachers and children of 7½d each, with such subscriptions as may be obtained from other sources. In order to secure a steady and punctual attendance, we give to every pupil who enters the school at or previous to the hour of opening, a ticket, which he keeps, and as soon as he can produce a certain number of these tickets, he is entitled to a Reward Book. It is a pleasing feature in connection with our school, that we have lost but one teacher and one pupil by death since its commencement, for which, as well as the general prosperity of the institution, we have much cause of thankfulness to the great dispenser of all good.—We are, &c.,

THOS. STEVENSON, Secy.  
J. GALBRAITH, Sup.

To the Editor of the *Quebec Advertiser*.

MR EDITOR,—Presuming that an account of a Religious and Educational movement in these northern regions, will interest the readers of your useful paper, allow me to say that we held our first Sabbath School Soiree, on the 7th instant, at the house of the Superintendent, Mr W. C. Boyd. This Union School has been in operation for some years, but never before had such a gathering as this. At 5 p.m. the tables were surrounded by about 75 children, their teachers handing them the good things of this life. After their cloth was removed, between 75 and 80 adults sat down to tea, after which we arranged for the exercises, which consisted of music, recitations, and addresses; John Frost, Esq., Superintendent of the Wesleyan Sabbath School, in the chair. The children in the recitations displayed cultivation and taste; some of the dialogues were well sustained. The speeches came next, when the Rev. R. J. Williams pointed out the influence Sabbath School teaching must have on the world and on the church, and urged the motto that, "The work is only begun, see that we advance it." The Rev. Mr Hutchinson (Wesleyan) remarked on the properties and character of a good education, and dwelling on the blessing of Sabbath School Institutions as a means of instruction. The Rev.

John Neelands (Wesleyan) then interested the meeting by some congratulatory and amusing observations, when our speaking was closed by the Superintendent, Mr. Wm. C. Boyd, who expressed his great gratification in witnessing increasing proofs of the social and moral improvement of the dwellers at the "Sound." Thus did we pass four hours together in a most pleasing and satisfactory manner, the exercises being interspersed with music, vocal and instrumental.

The results are near £4 profits, to be laid out in Books which, with the two libraries in possession, will furnish ample reading matter for the Union School. The public confidence in the teachers increased, and a very general social feeling cultivated and increased among the various families interested in the School.

Yours sincerely,  
R. J. WILLIAMS.  
Owen Sound, March 20th, 1849.

### THE DREAM OF HEAVEN.

(From the *British Mothers' Magazine*.)

O I long to lie dear mother,  
On the cool and fragrant grass,  
With nought but the sky above my head,  
And the shadowing clouds that pass.

And I want the bright, bright, sunshine,  
All round about my bed:  
I will close my eyes, and God will think  
Your little boy is dead!

Then Christ will send an angel  
And take me up to him:  
He will bear me slow and steadily,  
Far through the ether dim.

He will gently, gently lay me  
Close by my Saviour's side,  
And when I'm sure that we're in heaven,  
My eyes I'll open wide.

And I'll look among the angels  
That stand about the throne,  
Till I find my sister Mary—  
For I know she must be one.

And when I find her, mother,  
We will go away alone,  
And I will tell her how we've mourned  
All the while she has been gone!

Oh! I shall be delighted  
To hear her speak again—  
Though I know she'll never return to us—  
To ask her would be vain!

So I'll put my arms around her,  
And look into her eyes,  
And remember all I said to her,  
And all her sweet replies.

And then I'll ask the angel  
To take me back to you—  
He'll bear me slow and steadily,  
Down through the ether blue.

And you'll only think dear mother,  
I have been out at play,  
And have slept beneath the tree,  
This sultry summer day.

### S. S. Teacher's Self-Examination.

1. Why am I a gratuitous teacher?  
Is it from a sincere desire to glorify God by  
"Telling to sinners all around,  
What a dear Saviour I have found?"  
Is it from anxiety to promote the eternal welfare of my fellow-creatures, by endeavoring to implant the principles of divine truth in the youthful mind? Or, selfish gratification?
2. Do I sufficiently feel the solemn responsibility of the work?  
Have I contemplated the fact, that the soul of each dear child in my class is immortal—that I must meet each one, face to face, at the judgment-seat of Christ—and have I thought of the account then to be rendered?
3. What is my principal endeavor each Sabbath? Is it merely the instruction of the intellect, or is it the conversion of the soul?
4. Do I adequately prepare for the engagements of the Sabbath?  
By previously searching the Scriptures—by reflection, and by prayerfully seeking the enlightening influence of the Holy Spirit?
5. Have I been watchful unto prayer?  
Especially as regards regularity and punctuality of attendance, conversation, temper, and general seriousness of deportment?  
Children are very acute observers!
6. Have I sought opportunity for speaking to each child, apart in private, about the important interests of the soul?
7. Have I strenuously cultivated a tender, loving, patient, forbearing, and forgiving spirit?
8. Have I succeeded in establishing authority in my class?  
By combining decision of character and firmness of purpose with Christian affection?
9. Have I sought to become acquainted with each child's parents, and have I enlisted their co-operation in the work?
10. May I not accomplish much by pressing upon the children to invite their parents to attend religious worship?
11. Do I faithfully study the disposition of each child in my class?  
While some are very quick of apprehension, others are dull—and I prone to partiality?
12. Am I seeking to communicate a taste for sound knowledge, of a generally useful character, in addition to that which is strictly religious?  
What do my pupils read on the six secular days of the week? Ought I not to know?
13. When despondency creeps over my spirit, and my heart sinks heavily within me, by reason of discouragements, should I not seek the precious promises of Holy Writ?—such as, Psalms xliii. 3, 4, 5; cxvii. 5, 6; Eccles. xi. 1, 6; Mat. xxviii. 18, 19, 20; Gal. vi. 9. 2 Thess. iii. 13; Rev. ii. 10.
14. Do I strive so to teach, that no lesson shall be without some portion of the gospel doctrine?—viz: "Run by the fall; Regeneration by the Holy Spirit; and Redemption by the Lord Jesus Christ!"

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