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*Rev. J. Brock*



VOL. XII.

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No. 12.

**Gethsemane and Calvary.**

(FROM THE "PRESBYTERIAN HERALD.")

Alpha, Omega of my hope,  
Where Jesus drank the dreadful cup,  
The central spot where sinners meet  
To gaze on scenes so sad, so sweet :  
Oh ! does it not seem passing strange  
That 'midst creation's boundless range,  
No scene should so attractive be  
As darkeome, lone Gethsemane ?

And yet I know that scenes abound  
On this fair earth with beauty crowned ;  
I know that there are flow'rets gay  
Uppringing all around our way ;  
But oh ! this gloomy garden-shade  
The birth-place of our hopes is made ;  
What were the fairest world to me,  
Without thy scenes, Gethsemane !

If there my Saviour had not trod  
The wine-press of the wrath of God,  
Endured the smitings of his sword,  
When my desert was on Him poured ;  
If agonies like these had not  
Been witnessed in this sacred spot,  
A long farewell to hope for me,  
Without thy scenes, Gethsemane !

His sacred knees there pressed the ground,  
While thickest midnight gathered round ;  
Stand still and wonder, O my soul,  
While mighty billows o'er Him roll !

No scene so strange beneath the skies  
Has ever drawn these wondering eyes,  
As where my Saviour bends the knee,  
In gloomy, sad Gethsemane !

And thence to Calvary I go,  
That penitential tears may flow,  
While all my debts—a mountain load—  
My surety cancels with his blood.  
The flames consume the Sacrifice,  
My Saviour bows his head and dies !  
The penal vengeance due to me,  
I learn upon Mount Calvary !

I bathe me 'neath the crimson tide  
The fountain opened in his side ;  
Earth has no other central spot,  
Where all my anguish is forgot.  
Sure nowhere else my heart has felt  
Love, which its adamant can melt,  
As where the Man of griefs I see  
Expiring thus on Calvary !

Oh ! tell me not of scenes more fair !  
Permit my heart to linger here,  
Without a Saviour lifted high,  
A hopeless, ruined wretch were I ;  
Foundation, Head-Stone, First and Last !  
Here be my sweetest moments passed ;  
Till in his glory I shall see  
The man who died on Calvary !



### The Pool of Siloam.

In our little journey last month down the valley of the Kidron, we took a hasty peep at the pool of Siloam in the rocky sides of Ophel. Let us go back again and stay a little longer about the spot. It is a place every one likes to visit, and round which many holy and useful associations linger.

The pool is surrounded by ancient masonry, and the walls are in good preservation. A flight of old steps leads down to the water, at the bottom, which is generally two feet deep. This water comes through a long underground passage from the pool of the Virgin. Dr. Robinson proved this by creeping into the passage at the Pool of the Virgin, and proceeding about half-way through, when he made a mark with his candle smoke on the roof, and returned. He then entered at the Pool of Siloam, and at last reached the spot where he had made the mark on the ceiling, thus proving the fact of the passage. Wild flowers, the caper-tree, and other plants, adorn the sides of the pool, and make the place a beautiful spot to visit. The waters of the pool anciently flowed out into the King's garden (Neh. iii. 15), which it watered. Now it flows through

a channel cut in the rock, to water the terraced gardens occupying the site of the ancient one.

To this pool Jesus sent the poor blind man to wash, in order to restore his sight (see John ix.). How glad must he have been, as he lifted up his head from washing in the pool, to see, for the first time in his life, the beautiful city and temple just above him!

"The wall of the Pool of Siloam, by the King's garden," was rebuilt in the days of Nehemiah (Neh. iii. 15), but it is probable the one now seen is of later date, though likely as old as the Christian era. Higher up the valley is the pool of the Virgin, or what may be called the Fountain of Siloam, as from it it gets its waters. Mr. M'Cheyne describes his visit to it in this way:—

"We came to a wide cavern, partly or entirely hewn out by the hands of man, and descending two flights of steps cut in the rock, worn smooth, and white like marble, we came to the water. From this point it flows through the subterranean canal, and supplies the Pool of Siloam. But it flows in such perfect stillness, that it seemed to us to be a standing pool, until we put our hands into it and felt the gentle

current pressing them aside. Nothing could be more expressive of the flow of these waters than the words of Isaiah (viii. 6), "the waters of Shiloah that go softly."

It has been suggested, with much probability, that the fountain may have an artificial connexion with another fountain, said to be under the Mosque of Omar, in the heart of Moriah, for the flow of water seems too large and too calm to be the commencement of a spring in a limestone rock.

Soon after visiting these pools, Mr. M'Cheyne sat down in his tent and wrote the following lines, which I am sure you will like to have, and I hope learn without delay:—

Beneath Moriah's rocky side  
A gentle fountain springs;  
Silent and soft its waters glide.  
Like the power the Spirit brings.

The thirsty Arab stoops to drink  
Of the cool and quiet wave;  
And the thirsty spirit stoops to think  
Of Him who came to save.

Siloam is the fountain's name;  
It means "one sent from God;"  
And thus the Holy Saviour's fame  
It gently spreads abroad.

O grant that I, like this sweet well,  
May Jesus' image bear,  
And spend my life—my all—to tell  
How vast His mercies are!

### Our Christian Ancestors.—No. II.

From what I told you last month, you would see that Christianity was very early introduced into Britain, and that it made great and delightful progress amongst the people during the continuance of the Roman power here. The religious prosperity I spoke of, did not, however, continue long undisturbed. Some corruptions crept in amongst the people from their connection with Rome, and, by-and-by, the wars with the Scots, and then the Saxons, for a time completely overthrew the order of the churches. You must know so much of the history of England, as to understand that when the Romans retired from this country, which they did in the fifth century, the Picts and Scots

from the north came down in large numbers, and attacked the British, so as to reduce them to the greatest straits. In this state, they applied to the Saxons to come and help them, which they did, and drove back the Scots. But, finding the country very fine and suitable for themselves, they turned their arms against the British, drove some into Wales, and made the others submit to their power. They then divided the country into seven kingdoms, governing it by seven kings—a government called the heptarchy; introduced their idolatries and superstitious rites, and overthrew the Christian religion completely. The few who fled to Wales still held the faith, and true religion still flourished there; but the rest again sunk into idolatry, about which I have already told you.

While these things were happening in the south of the island, a good man from Ireland, called St. Columba, came over to Scotland, and began to preach the gospel to the Picts and Scots. He was accompanied by a number of others, all holy and devoted men. They established themselves on the island on the western coast, then Iona, or I, and now generally known by the name of I-Columkill, *i. e.*, the isle of Colum of the Cells, and so named from St. Columba. This island was given to him by the people out of gratitude for his labours for their good, and became in time a very celebrated spot. The people looked at it very foolishly, with a sort of religious awe, and it was considered such holy ground that many sought to be buried in it. About sixty kings, Scots, Irish, and Norwegian, lie buried there. St. Columba laboured with great success; converted many to the faith, and establish a number of colleges for the education of missionaries to the people. His followers and successors were called Culdees, and they spread themselves all over the southern and northern parts of Scotland. At St. Andrews there remain to this day certain buildings which

they set up. They appear to have been a very simple, moral, and devoted set of people, holding Scriptural views, and living much separated from the world. They professed to receive their doctrines chiefly from the writings of St. John, whom they prized above all the other evangelists and apostles. For many years, as we shall presently see, they protested against and withstood all the errors of Rome, and never yielded till they were fairly conquered by the superior power, or growing influence, of that unscriptural body.

You have now a fair view of the state of Britain at the time. In England, the Saxons setting up and practising their wicked idolatries; in Wales, the few right-hearted Christians driven into silence; and in Scotland, the Culdees spreading and upholding the true faith of Christ.

While this state of things was in existence, a celebrated monk was sent over from Rome, to convert the Saxons to Christ, and so re-convert all Britain to the faith. His name was Augustine, and he landed with a train of forty monks and others, near the end of the sixth century.

It will interest you, if I tell you something more fully of Augustine's first coming.

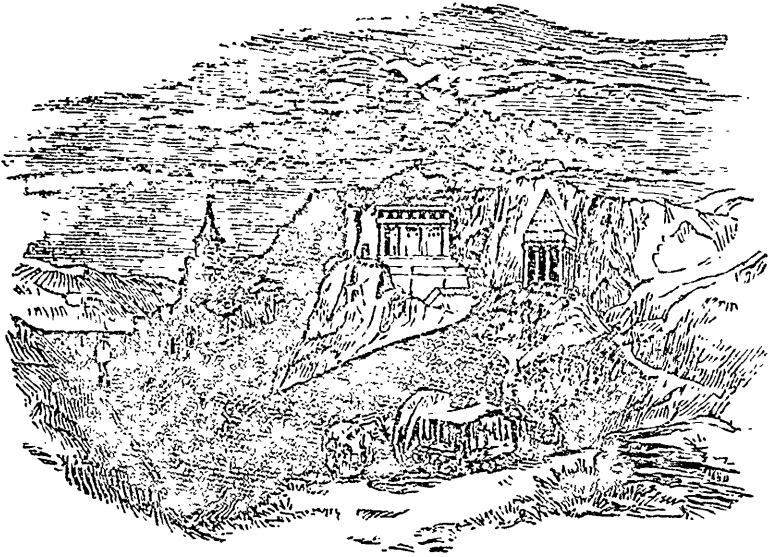
It is said that St. Gregory, the pope then living, on passing down the streets of Rome, one day saw a number of Angela-Saxon youths exposed for sale as slaves. They were so beautiful that the pope stopped and asked whence they came. He was told from "Anglia," the name then given to England: on which, he answered in Latin, that "if they were only Christians, they would not be *anglians* but *angels*." This little circumstance interested his mind in this country, and made him send Augustine and his monks. An opening appeared already to be made for them, in the fact of Ethelbert, the king of Kent, having married the daughter of the king of France, a Christian princess, and who

had her own private chapel and priests near Canterbury. Augustine resolved to visit Ethelbert the first, and accordingly landed, with his train, on the island of Thanet, in Kent, and sent one of their interpreters to the king to ask for an audience. Ethelbert met them in the open air, and listened to their declarations; but said, "he could not, without further consideration, abandon the religion of his fathers." He, however, permitted them to remain, appointed them a residence in the city of Canterbury, and gave them leave to preach to the people. The missionaries having thus obtained the royal license, entered the city in solemn procession, carrying before them a silver cross, and a picture of Christ, and singing the hymn—"We beseech thee, O Lord! of thy mercy, let thy wrath and anger be turned away from this city, and from the holy place; for we have sinned. Hallelujah!" In this manner they proceeded to their residence, and immediately entered on their labours, which were crowned with such success, that in a very short time Ethelbert, and great numbers of his subjects, professed to be converted, and Augustine baptized no fewer than *ten thousand* on the first Christmas day.

Of his after conduct I must tell you another time.

HONOUR THY FATHER.—A young man sentenced to the South Carolina Penitentiary for four years, stated that his downward course began in disobedience to his parents, as he thought he knew as much of the world as his father did, and needed not his aid or advice; but as soon as he turned his back upon home, temptations came around him and hurried him to ruin.

— If you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasant echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.



### The Valley of Jehoshaphat.

Already, young reader, have I taken you a little journey down the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and marked some of the interesting spots upon it as we passed. Here is a picture of it—and a fine, awe-inspiring valley it is, well fitted for the uses to which ancient prediction and modern custom have assigned it. “Ancient prediction,” you ask; “what do you mean by ancient prediction giving a particular use to the Valley of Jehoshaphat?” If you will turn to Joel iii. 12, 14, you will find how the prophet speaks of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, to which multitudes are to come apparently to be judged, and when the Lord’s voice shall be heard in terrible notes denouncing vengeance upon them, and He should “roar out of Zion, and utter his voice from Jerusalem.” This old prediction has been generally understood to refer to this valley, although there is no particular proof that it does so; and, judging thus, both Jews and Mohammedans, and some others, are looking for a resurrection and gathering and judging of the people in this fine vale, at the second coming of Christ—when there shall be “multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision” (Joel iii. 14).

The belief has established a modern

use of the valley as a great burial-place of the Jews, to which they are conveyed from various parts of the world, and to be near which, many of them go and reside at Jerusalem through the latter years of their lives. Hundreds and hundreds, again, of the graves and grave-stones of these Jews, may be seen covering the rocky sides of the valley on the east, waiting for the resurrection morning to bid them rise. There is something very solemn and awe-striking about this burial-place of the Jews, and none visit it who do not feel its influence.

Here may be seen several ancient monuments—as the tombs of Zecharias, Jehoshaphat, St. James, and Absalom. These tombs are cut out of the solid rock; that of Absalom’s is one gigantic stone as large, as a two-storeyed house. The whole burial-place is deeply interesting; while the awful silence of the valley, the solitude of the neighbouring hills, the barren and forsaken appearance of the scenery, the many monuments of the dead, unite to make it a singular picture of the desolation of the people of the Jews.

The valley itself is very beautiful. Some parts of it are terraced and well cultivated, planted with gardens and

olive-yards. Below the well of Enrogel, where it joins "the Valley of the Son of Hinnom," it is in many parts ploughed and sown with grain. Further down it is called the "Monks' Valley," from the monastery of St. Saba; and still further down, towards the Dead Sea, "the Fire Valley."

You may trace the Valley down upon a map, and then refer to all the places in your Bible where the vale is mentioned, under the names of the Valley of Shareh, the King's Dale, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and the Valley of Decision.

### The Pools of Gihon.

We have now, young reader, very nearly gone over the holy city and its surrounding scenery. One last visit must be paid to-day, and that will be to the Pools of Gihon. To visit them we must go out by the Jaffa Gate, and then on the west of the city they are seen. They consist of two large cisterns or tanks in the Valley of Gihon, the one a little distance lower down the Valley than the other. From their positions they are called severally, the Upper and the Lower Pools. You may find the Scripture references to these Pools, which I shall give in my description, and then you will understand those descriptions all the better. The Upper Pool is often dry during the hot season, but full in the rainy season, and the waters are then conducted by a small channel into the city into the Pool of Hezekiah for the supply of the inhabitants. On the bank of this Pool is the Mohammedan burial-ground, a scene of great desolation, with its ancient broken tombs.

"The walls of this Pool," says Mr. M'Cheyne, "are in a much more perfect condition than those of the lower pool; the strong walls being unbroken, the cement still remaining, and the steps into it at the corners nearly entire. It was about half full of pure water. We spent some time here, and plucked leaves from a large Botin

or Terebinth tree, which grows close by. It was here that Solomon was anointed king; and these valleys were once made to resound with the cry, 'God save king Solomon!' (1 Kings xxxviii. 39.) This is the spot also where the prophet Isaiah stood, with his son Shear-jashub, the type of returning Israel (Isaiah vii. 3). The conduit here spoken of is no doubt the same as that mentioned above which now conducts the water from the pool into the city. The end of the conduit must be the place where it first appears above ground, so that the highway to the Fullers' Field probably passed that spot. Beside the same pool, where Solomon had been anointed king, did the venerable prophet stand and tell Israel of their coming King and Saviour. 'Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel' (Isaiah vii. 14). It is interesting also to remark, that it was here Rabshakeh, the Assyrian captain, stood at the head of a great army, and reproached the living God (Isaiah xxxvi. 2-16). As we took the dimensions of the pool, the scenery of Zechariah was recalled (Zech. ii. 2), the measuring of the ancient places of Jerusalem being now to us a matter of deepest interest." The length of this pool is 318 feet on the north side, and 315 on the south; its breadth on the west 150 feet, and on the east 218; and its depth 18 or 20 feet.

The Lower Pool (see Isaiah xxii. 9) is much larger than the Upper Pool, but much injured by the lapse and wear of time. To form it, a massy wall is thrown up across the valley, forming both an embankment and a bridge for persons going along the road to Bethlehem. The stones of the wall are closely cemented, and remains of similar walls are seen on the sides and at the upper end. The bed of the pool is the natural rock of the valley, shelving down till they meet, and forming a depth of above 40 feet.—The length of the whole pool is 616

feet on the west side, and 584 on the east; and breadth, 245 at the north end, and 264 at the south.

The value of these pools to the inhabitants of Jerusalem was very great. The peculiar position of Jerusalem rendered it difficult to obtain for its inhabitants the supply of water from springs and wells as in ordinary cases, and it was therefore well supplied with cisterns and tanks, both within and without the city. Every house had its cistern or cisterns, and for the seven or eight months of the rainy season, large stores of water were thus laid up against the time of drought, or in case of a siege. Many of these cisterns yet remain, and some of them are very large. They are generally made under the houses, but are supplied from the roof by pipes. They have thus all the appearance of wells, and with proper care the water remains sweet in them for several months. The possession of these cisterns, together with the large supplies under the Temple, enabled Jerusalem to stand such long sieges of old without suffering from want of water.

Our little peeps at Jerusalem are now over, and our last visit to the Holy City paid. Let my young readers keep these little notices by them, and with a good plan of Jerusalem, or one of Edwin Smith's beautiful models, which should be in every Sunday-school, let them go round the city, marking once more all the spots for ever rendered sacred by their connexion with Bible facts and our blessed Lord. We cannot, however, leave the city, now in its desolations, without pouring over it one lamentation for its sin and its ruin, and joining in the fervent prayer that the set time to favour her might soon arrive. Were I by you, young reader, I would sit down and sing with you the following beautiful hymn of Bishop Heber, as your fit closing of these visits to Jerusalem. You will find the tune for it, called "PALESTINE," in the *Children's Tune Book*, published by Mr. Gall:—

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem, enthroned once on high,  
Thou favour'd house of God on earth, thou heaven below the sky;  
Now brought to bondage, with thy sons, a curse and grief to see,  
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, our tears shall flow for thee.

"Oh! hadst thou known thy day of grace,  
and flock'd beneath the wing  
Of Him who call'd thee lovingly, thine own anointed King,  
Then had the tribes of all the world gone thy pomp to see,  
And glory dwell within thy gates, and all thy sons be free."

"And who art thou that mournest me?"  
replied the ruin gray;  
'And fear'st not rather that thyself may prove a castaway?  
I am a dried and abject branch, my place is given to thee;  
But woe to every barren graft of this wild olive-tree!

"Our day of grace is sunk in night, our time of mercy spent,  
For heavy was my children's crime, and strange their punishment;  
Yet gaze not idly on our fall, but, sinner, warned be,  
Who spared not his chosen seed may send his wrath on thee!

"Our day of grace is sunk in night, thy noon is in its prime;  
Oh! turn and seek thy Saviour's face in this accepted time;  
So, Gentle, may Jerusalem a lesson prove to thee,  
And in the NEW Jerusalem thy home for ever be!"

**LAZY BOYS.**—A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked twig makes a crooked tree. Who ever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond, when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, paupers, and criminals that fill our penitentiaries and alms-houses, have come up to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business portion of the community, those who make our great and useful men were trained up in their boyhood to be industrious:





### The Kaffir War.

Take a map of Africa, young reader, and look out for Caffraria. You will find it stretching away from Negroland and Abyssinia on the north, down to the Cape Colony on the south, having only a narrow belt of country, consisting of Congo and other western divisions on the west, and then running east as far as the Indian Ocean. This is Kaffir-land in its largest extent, but a very small portion of this is generally marked out by the name, and is a district running along the east coast, from the Cape Colony on the south to the River Bashie, about 200 miles to the north, and bounded on the west by the country of the Bechuanas and Bosjeman.

Over this country the Kaffirs have been used to range for ages. A beautiful country it is, possessing all the charms and setting forth all the beauties of some of the finest land scenery in the world. There are the Amatola Mountains, and in their deep vallies, rugged sides, and often wood-crowned summits, may be found scenes of extraordinary loveliness and grandeur.

Amongst these fine scenes the Kaffirs feed their flocks. They possess large herds of cattle, and cultivate extensive tracts of land in native corn and vegetables. They are not a set of

wandering savages, but a numerous and settled people, dwelling in kraals or villages; and though without a king or fixed form of government, closely united for the maintenance of their rights. They are described as "a fine, stout, healthy-looking race of people, of dark complexion, and not unpleasant countenance." By some they are believed to have descended from Ishmael, and to have come down from more northern countries to this part of Africa. Many of the ancient customs of the Patriarchs are to be found amongst them; such as the rite of circumcision, burning of fat in sacrifice, purifying themselves by washing in water, considering themselves defiled by touching a dead body, and other things common amongst the Jews.— They are a bold and warlike people, and have maintained their independence to the present day against every effort to destroy them. Once they possessed the greater part of that territory on the south of their present district, called Albany, and inhabited by Hottentots and farmers; but have been gradually driven back by a series of wars, and their land taken from them. With all this they still keep their freedom, and before the late war numbered some 200,000 people.

It is a very wicked thing, indeed, that people should be deprived of their land by force in this way; but it is just one of the fruits of human pride and selfishness. We can have no right to take our neighbour's land, and shoot him down if he tries to keep it himself. And I hope that if you grow up to be men and women, you will resolve to have nothing to do with any such wicked wars, but use all your influence to spread honourable, kind, and loving dealings amongst all mankind. The Gospel, you know, is a great peace-maker, and as its influence fills the earth and governs men, the nations will "learn war no more."

I must, however, go back to my account of the Kaffirs. Though driven back upon their own lands they never have been conquered, I was saying, and have always been a great annoyance to the settlers. Down they would come in large numbers when the people were unprepared for them, drive off the farmer's cattle, and sometimes destroy his whole farm produce, and burn his buildings, and murder him and his family. This has called forth acts of revenge from the settlers; and these again brought down fresh bands of Kaffirs; and so it has been going on for many years. Different governors that have gone out, have done what they could to make agreements with the Kaffirs, and get them to give up quietly some part of their territory for a proper return, or enter into some arrangement for preventing these quarrels. At times good seems to have been done, and all has gone on well for a time, but suddenly some new quarrel has arisen, and more annoyance has come out. Then fresh settlements have been made and a little peace secured, and so on. We have had, too, quarrels between the government of the colony and the chiefs, besides those of the settlers; and these have given rise to two very expensive wars already, and now to a third, which is involving the whole country in distress, and will require probably two

millions of money to pay its expenses. Sir Harry Smith, the governor of the colony, has resolved the Kaffirs shall be all destroyed; and numbers of troops have been sent up to drive them out of their mountain homes, and put them all to the sword, or bring all down by the gun. It is dreadful to think about, but such is the fact, and already much human blood has flowed, and many Kaffirs been destroyed.

The Mission stations are very painfully placed with this dreadful war.— But a short time ago they were rejoicing that their beautiful settlements were bearing the appearance of prosperity, and that the bad effects of the former war were passing away. Mr. Freeman visited many of them on his late journey amongst them. He saw their neat chapels, pretty gardens, and well-cultivated fields. He heard the people sing God's praises amid those lovely scenes. He spoke to the fine Kaffir children, and was delighted with their bright looks, noble bearing, and ready answers. The war has now passed over these spots, and swept away the chapels, gardens, and fields. Many of the dear children and the women have been killed, and the whole routed and dispersed. It was easy work to put the order upon paper to destroy the Kaffirs; but, oh! it has made many hearts bleed, and has thrown a great hindrance in the way of the work of God, to carry out the order.

I have told you all this about the Kaffir war, dear children, not to make you hate Sir Harry Smith, or blame any body else concerned in this war, because these have only acted as they thought best for the good and peace of the colony, and as many men of the world will quite approve. But I have told you all this—

1st. To give you all a horror of war, and help you to grow up, resolving that when you are men and women, you will do all you can to aid in the promotion of peace throughout the world.

2dly. To excite in you sympathy,

and draw from you prayers, in behalf of the Missionaries, and, above all, the poor suffering Kaffirs, and especially the dear children like yourselves; and—

3dly. To fill you with gratitude to God for still preserving your own land in peace, and still sparing you your happy homes and kind friends and Christian teachers, while in his all-wise Providence he permits the poor Kaffirs to be deprived of theirs.

#### Little Children.

Some people are very fond of children. Other people think them troublesome, take no notice of them, or speak roughly to them. When Jesus, the Son of God, was in this world, he was very kind to children, and now that he lives in heaven he loves them still.

Once, when he was in a house, he called a little child, and took him in his arms. And why did he do so? There were some men in the house who had been disputing together.—What had they been disputing about? Who should be the greatest. It is proud to wish to be great. A little child does not wish to be great; it likes better to be with its own mother than to ride in a carriage with a fine lady. Jesus showed this little child to the men who wished to be great. He set him in the midst of them, and said, “Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.”

You see that Jesus loves humble, meek, gentle people who are like lambs and doves; but children, as they grow bigger, often grow worse, till they are like lions bears and tigers. Here is a prayer for a little child:

“Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child;  
Pity my simplicity,  
Suffer me to come to thee.”

There were some other little children whom Jesus took in his arms; their mothers brought them to the

Lord. Should you like to have seen those mothers, with their little darlings in their arms, coming to Jesus? But when they came, those men were there who once disputed who should be the greatest. Those men were called “disciples;” they were good men, but not as good as Jesus was.—They did not like to see the mothers bringing little children in their arms; they thought the children would be troublesome, and they told the mothers to take them away. How sorry those poor women would have been to take their little ones back again, for they wanted Jesus to touch them, to pray for them, and to bless them. But Jesus heard the disciples speak unkindly to the women, and he was much displeas'd with them, and he said to them, “Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.” Then he took the dear little creatures in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

There is a very pretty hymn about Jesus blessing the little children. I am sure you will like it.

“I think when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How he call'd little children, as lambs, to his fold,

I should like to have been with them then  
I wish that his hands had been placed on my head.

That his arms had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen his kind look  
when he said,

‘Let the little ones come unto me.’

“Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share in his love,

And if I thus earnestly seek him below,  
I shall see him and hear him above—

In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare  
For all who are wash'd and forgiven;  
And many dear children are gathering there,

‘For of such is the kingdom of heaven.’

“But thousands who wander and fall,  
Never heard of that heavenly home—  
I should like them to know there is room for all,

And that Jesus has bid them to come.  
I long for the joy of that glorious time,  
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,  
When the dear little children of every clime  
Shall crowd to his arms, and be blessed."

MRS. LUKE

May the children who peruse the pages of this book often think of the sweet words, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

I do not know whether the little children whom Jesus blessed could speak. I do not even know whether they could walk; but there were some children who could speak who loved the Lord. I think they loved him, because they praised him. Once, when he was in a beautiful house called the Temple these children were there too. They saw the wonderful things that he did; they saw him make blind people see, and lame people walk, and they cried out, "Hosanna to the Son of David." This was a prayer. The word "Hosanna" means, "Save, Lord, we beseech thee." The children called Jesus the son of David. David was a great king, and Jesus belonged to his family. But he was the son of a greater King than David—he was the Son of God.

Did he like to hear the children praising him? Yes, he did; but there were some wicked men there who did not like to hear them. They said to him, "Do you hear what these children say?" And Jesus said, "Yes. Have you never read, 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?'" It is God who teaches children to praise him. It is a dreadful thing to hear a child use wicked words, but it is very sweet to hear him praise God—it makes one think of the angels in heaven.

You may read about Christ and the children in the New Testament, or the Bible, in Matthew 19:13-15; 21:15, 16; Mark 9:33-37; 10:13-16; Luke 18:15-17.

## Rules for Travellers and Visitors.

[Prepared by the Rev. Dr. Bedell, of Philadelphia, for his own congregation.]

### IF RESIDING IN THE COUNTRY.

1. Never neglect your accustomed private duties of reading, meditation, self-examination, and prayer.
2. Never fail to attend some place of worship on the Lord's day, unless prevented by such circumstances as you are sure will excuse you in the eye of God.
3. Never entertain invited company on the Lord's day: and pay no visit, unless to the sick and needy, as acts of benevolence.
4. Never engage in any thing either on the Lord's day or on any secular day, which will compromise your christian consistency.
5. Seek to do good to the souls of your family and of all others within your reach.
6. Always remember you are to "stand before the judgement seat of Christ."

### IF TRAVELLING

1. Never, on any plea whatever, travel on the Lord's day.
2. Make your arrangements to stop, if possible, in some place where you can enjoy suitable religious privileges.
3. Every day find or make time for your private duties of reading, meditation, self-examination and prayer.
4. Carry tracts and good books with you to read, distribute, or lend, according to circumstances.
5. Seek for opportunities to do good to the souls of those into whose society you may fall.
5. Never by deed or conversation, appear to be ashamed of your religious profession.
7. Remember that you are to "stand before the judgment seat of Christ."

### Awful Consequences of Lying.

The following inscription is to be found on the Market Cross, at Devizes, in Wiltshire, giving an awful instance of the consequences of lying:—

“The Mayor and corporation of Devizes avail themselves of the stability of this building to transmit to future times, the record of an event, which occurred in this market-place in the year 1753, hoping that such a record may serve as a salutary warning against the danger of impiously invoking the Divine vengeance, or of calling on the holy name of God, to conceal the services of falsehood and fraud.

“On Thursday, 25th January, 1753, Ruth Pierce, of Pottern, in this county, agreed with other women to buy a sack of wheat in the market, each paying her due proportion towards the same. One of these women, in collecting the several quotas of money, discovered a deficiency, and demanded of Ruth Pierce the sum which was wanting to make good the amount. Ruth Pierce protested that she had paid her share, and said she wished she might drop down dead if she had not. She rashly repeated the awful wish, when, to the consternation of the surrounding multitude she instantly fell down and expired having the money concealed in her hand!”

He that would instruct others in the truth, must never deny the truth himself.

“The lip of truth shall be established for ever: but a lying tongue is but for a moment. Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord, but they that deal truly are his delight.”—Proverbs xii. 19 and 22.

### “I Will Not tell a Lie.”

A little boy named Augustus, was sent by his mother for some milk.—Robert wished to go instead of his brother Augustus, and when they got into the street, tried to force the pitcher out of his hand. Augustus held the pitcher fast, till at last the pitcher was broken to pieces in the scuffle, by falling to the ground. Augustus began to cry bitterly. A woman who was in the

street, and saw how it happened, pitied poor Augustus, and being a woman who did not fear God, she told him to say, when he got home, that the woman who sold the milk had broken the pitcher. Augustus wiped his eyes and looking stedfastly at the woman, said, “*That would be telling a lie; I will tell the truth, then my mother will not scold me; but if she should, I would rather be scolded than tell a lie.*”

### Keep your Promises.

The man in the Bible, who said, “I go, sir,” and went not, has his counterpart, at the present day, in every department of life. Nothing is more common than for persons to make promises or excite expectations which are never realized. It is an easy thing to give one’s word, but a harder thing to keep it. An unwillingness to disoblige, a disposition to keep on good terms with all, a desire to get rid of importunity, together with a carelessness and indifference as to what constitutes an obligation, lead many to say they will do a thousand things which are never done, and which: indeed, if they had looked into their hearts they would have discovered they had no real intention of doing.—Some amiable people seem to lack the nerve and moral courage to say “No,” even when the contrary involves them in an untruth. One is asked to be present at a public meeting where important measures are to be discussed, and his cooperation is regarded as important. He is not cordially in favor of the object, or is pressed with other engagements, or prefers enjoying his evenings with his own family circle, or over his books, and in his heart has no purpose to accede to the proposition. Unwilling, however, to avow his real sentiments, or to appear disobliging, he either gives his word to be present, or so frames his speech as to leave that impression on the mind of his friend. Virtually he has given his promise; but the occasion comes and passes without his ever harboring a serious thought of cheering it with his presence. A mecha-

nic is engaged to do a peice of work. It is important that it shall be attended to promptly ; arrangments involving the convenience and comfort of the family depend upon it and except for the positive assurance that it should be done at the appointed time, some other person would have been engaged. But the appointed day comes and goes, and, notwithstanding repeated applications and new promises, weeks pass on before the first hammer is struck, or the first nail driven.

The result of this looseness of speech and consci e is, first, great vexation and disappointment. The party to whom such promises were made relied upon them. But the faithlessness of the party has deranged all his plans, and subjected him to much inconvenience. He is impatient and vexed, gives way to unpleasant tempers, says many hard things, and, perhaps commits much sin.

Then, also, confidence is destroyed in the person who made the promise. The word of the latter had been pledged, and if he has failed to keep it once, he may fail again. The victim of his deception, having discovered that he is not to be relied upon, fixes a mark upon him, and takes care not to put himself in the way of future disappointments, and advises his friends in like manner.

Hence, too, the man who makes and breaks promises is a looser in the end, so far as mere self-interest is concerned. In order to keep his business, or not disoblige customers or friends, he pledged himself for what he knew, or might have known, would not be done. Instead of promoting his end by this deception, he has frustrated it. The loss of customers, and their adverse advice and influence, does him a hundred fold more harm than frankly to have told the truth at the outset.

The worst result of all, however, is the injury done by the faithless promiser to his moral principles. What-

ever interpretation he may put upon his language, and however he may endeavour to excuse himself, he has uttered a falsehood. The repetition of such obliquities deadens his moral sense, so that after long practice, he thinks nothing of giving and breaking his word. At last he can tell an untruth every day of his life, and not even be conscious of impropriety.

The lessons to be drawn from the subjectare, 1. That we should weigh all our words. Strictly interpreted, perhaps, your language may not have necessarily implied an absolute obligation ; but if such an impression was made, the injury is done. And, 2.— That in all transactions it is best in every sense of the term, to be honest. If a request cannot be complied with say so. You may fail, for the time to please a customer or friend, but in the end you will have gained his respect and confidence. It is a great thing to have men say of you, "His word is true as steel. If he has said it, it will be done." "A good name," says the wise man, "is rather to be chosen than great riches."

#### A Teacher's Address to her Scholars, on the last Sunday of the Year.

Dear Children—Now that the year is drawing so near to its close that even the last sabbath has come, I wish to ask a few questions concerning the manner in which it has been spent by each of you ; and I hope that, when you read these questions, you will try to answer them to your own consciences ; remembering that God can look into your hearts, and that he knows when you endeavour to deceive yourselves or others, by seeking to appear better than you are

Another year is nearly gone. Do you think you have been improving, while the days, and weeks, and months have been passing by? Have you been more dutiful to your parents, more attentive to your teachers, more diligent with your lessons, than you were the

year before? Above all, have you really sought to obtain God's blessing, to make you humble and teachable, so that you may, indeed, become the Saviour's little lambs? If you have tried to do this, I am sure you have been improving: but if, on the contrary, you have been careless, idle, forgetful of God, speaking untruths, and breaking the holy sabbath; then, so far from having improved during the last year which you have been permitted to live, you have wasted the time that was given you to prepare for heaven, and you have committed grievous sins, which only the blood of Christ can wash away.

Is there reason to hope that any of you have overcome one bad habit, since the year 1841 began? Is any little girl correct in saying her lessons, who used to learn them very imperfectly? Is any one strict in speaking the truth, both in school and at play, who was formerly reproved and punished for telling falsehoods? Do any come to school always in good time, who used to come when lessons were begun?

There are questions still more important. Do any love the Bible, who did not love it a year ago? Does any one pray to God with her heart, who did not pray a year ago? Has any one asked him for a new heart, to love the Saviour, and to hate all manner of sin—sinful thoughts, sinful words, and sinful actions?

Some of these are very solemn questions. If any scholar here were going to die *to-night*, would they not seem very solemn to *her*? And how can any one be certain of living till to-morrow? People often die very suddenly; and sometimes have not one single hour given them to think about their souls: even if God, in his great mercy, should permit you to live a little longer, yet you may not be spared for a whole year. It is by no means certain that all who have met here to-day, will meet again on the last Sunday of the year that is coming.

You can look round the school-room, and think of some whose faces you will never again see in this world; some, who were here last Christmas, as gay, and as young, and as healthy as you. They are gone; and can never return. Their bodies lie in the church-yard grave; and their souls, we hope, are before the throne of God, joining in the song of praise to Jesus, the Lamb, who died to take away their sins. Suppose it should be the will of God to call some of you into eternity before another year has passed away. Oh! let each one ask herself, "*Am I prepared?*"

The last sabbath of the year is come. Trust, dear children, that you love the sabbath, and seek to keep it holy. To-day, especially, try to raise your heart, to God, and ask him to forgive your sins, for Christ's sake, and to enable you to spend the coming year better than you have done that which is nearly ended. Ask your merciful Saviour to help you by his Holy Spirit: you know that Jesus loves the young, and delights to hear their prayers.—Then, if you live through another year, you will say that it has been the happiest you ever spent; and if you die, your souls will go to join ten thousand, thousand happy angels, and to be for evermore with the Lord.

**LITTLE SINS.**—Are there any little sins? We hear much said of "little sins," as though there were some sins of small moment. One said, "no sins can be little, because there is no little God to sin against:" sin is governed by the being sinned against. How careful, then, should we guard against "little sins," so called! All sin is infinitely wrong. But if we could commit little sins, the attempt would be hazardous in the extreme, because there is an affinity between sins, and the commission of one makes the way inviting for another, and another, and we are in infinite danger of being found great sinners in the aggregate.

## Botanical Papers.—No 11.

## ON THE SEED.

This is contained in the seed vessel, or in other words, in the fruit. It contains the rudiment of the young plant or embryo. On removing the skin of the seed, it is sometimes found that this embryo occupies the whole of the interior—as in the case of the pea, bean, &c., the fleshy cotyledons of which form the great bulk of the seed, so also in the common stock and wallflower. At other times the embryo forms only part of the seed, as in palms, figs, wheat. In these instances there is a separate store of nourishing matter, which, after the seed has been sown, is taken up by the plant, in the early stages of its growth. The mode in which the seed is scattered is worthy of notice. In some cases the fruit falls without opening, and gradually decays, forming a sort of manure with the soil, in which the plant sprouts. In other cases the seed vessels open and scatter the seeds. The pod of the common broom opens with considerable force. The balsam is called Touch-me-not, on account of its seed vessels bursting when touched. The squirting cucumber, when handled in its ripe state, gives way at the point where the fruit joins the stalk, and the seeds are sent out with amazing force. The common geranium seed vessels curl up and scatter the seed. In the case of composite plants, as dandelions, thistles, artichokes, what is called the seed, is in fact the fruit with the calyx attached in the form of hairs. Each fruit contains a single seed. In these plants there are numerous flowers on a common receptacle, which is at first succulent and nutritive. In the young state this receptacle contains much starch, which is gradually changed into sugar, so as to be easily taken up in solution by the flower. In the artichoke it is then fit to be used as food. As the flower grows and the fruit is perfected, the receptacle loses its sugary matter and becomes dry. Meanwhile the hairy calyx attached to the fruit

increases, so as to be ready to waft it to a distance. Such is a hasty glance at the changes which take place in flowering plants, from the first sprouting of the embryo, until the perfect seed is formed and scattered. The sketch would be incomplete without a notice of the same phenomena in flowerless plants. In them there is no distinct floral organs, such as the calyx, corolla stamens and pistil. Certain cellular bodies however are found in them, by the union of which it would appear that reproductive germs are formed. In ferns there are little clusters of bags containing powdery matter or spores, having the power of germination. These bags occur either on the back of the leaves, or, as they are called, fronds, as in the common lady-fern, or in spike-like processes, as in the royal-fern. The bags are often surrounded with elastic rings, which open them and scatter the spores. Mosses, Lichens, the Mushroom tribe, the Sea Weed or Alceæ have their reproductive organs, but it is impossible to explain them without the aid of drawings, or the microscope. In all the structures to which we have referred, and the changes which the plant undergoes, how beautiful are the adaptations. Every thing is guided by unerring wisdom, and contributes to form one harmonious system. All is superintended by Jehovah, whose omniscient care extends to the minutest atom. It is an erroneous view to think of God as governing the grand phenomena of nature, and leaving the more minute to the operation of laws which He does not uphold at every moment, in all the fulness of their application. "We cannot," says Dr. Chalmers, "disjoin God from one particle of the universe, without desolating the universe of God." We may despise what is small, but nothing is too small for Him, who while "He measures the waters in the hollow of his hand, and metes out the heavens with a span, and comprehends the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighs



the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance (Isa. lx., 12.) "Yet, numbers the very hairs of our heads, and knows every sparrow that falleth to the ground," (Matt. x., 29, 30). The minuteness with which God provides, is well brought in the 65th Psalm. Among the services rendered to man by plants, we may notice their employment in preventing the encroachments of the sea, and fixing the loose soil of our shores. The roots and under ground stems extend themselves widely and become interwoven together so as to resustain the soil in a sort of basket work, and consolidate the sand thrown up by the waves. The common bent grass, and sand carex are illustrations of this. The great sea-dyke of Holland is said to owe its stability in a great measure to the plants growing upon it. Plants also increase the quantity of dry land, by growing in the mud deposited by rivers at their mouth. The quantity of mud carried down by rivers is immense. It is stated that the Rhine at Bonn has been calculated to carry down 400 tons of solid matter per hour. The whole of the Delta of the Ganges, comprising 20,000 square miles, has been formed by the river in this way. It is said the muddy nature of the Amazon may be seen in the ocean 300 miles from its mouth. This mud when deposited is speedily taken possession of by plants, and its stability secured. Out of the deposits of the Rhine the greater part of Holland has been formed, and out of those of the Po, a large portion of the venition territory has arisen. The papyrus of the ancients, called the bulrush, in scripture, has contributed in no small degree to form the Delta of the Nile, and the mangrove trees of the present day are thus contributing to the formation of new land in tropical countries. The seeds of the mangrove germinate before being detached from the branches, and when they drop into the loose mud, immediately become trees, with singular stems which divide near the base, and allow the water of the

tide, and the rivers to flow freely between them.

"And such the mangrove, which at full moon flood,  
 Appeared itself a wood upon the waters,  
 But when the tide left bare its upright roots,  
 A wood on piles suspended in the air."

### To our Subscriber and Friends.

The December number of the *Record* reminds us of the close of another year, of the omissions of the past, and the duties and obligations of the future.

As already intimated in the prospectus of our next volume, enclosed in our present number, it will be seen that the *Record* will be continued for another year, strictly upon the conditions therein set forth;—payment in advance, or promise of payment by those known to the publisher, before the first of July, 1856. We hope that subscribers will see the justice and reasonableness of these conditions. The *Record* has never paid its expenses, owing to the large number that have been remiss in remitting the amount of subscription, and to attempt the collection of such a number of small sums, scattered over such an extent of country as the whole of Canada, is impossible, except at an expense altogether disproportioned to the amount due by individual subscribers.

We again cast ourselves upon the Churches and Sabbath Schools of Canada, in the hope that they will sustain the *Record*; and it will be our continued endeavour to make it worthy of their support.

It will be observed from the prospectus, above referred to, that in future no less than five will be sent to one address, and that one, *gratis*, will be sent for every five ordered. For instance, for one dollar sent, 5 copies of the *Record* will be furnished.

Attention is also directed to the accounts enclosed in the present number, and parties interested are earnestly requested to remit before the close of the present year.