

## A PRAYING FATHER.

Good old Isaac, of whom I am going to write, was much respected in the church of God. He attained a good degree and great boldness in the faith, but there was one thing in which he excelled, and that was—*prayer*. As a praying man he might be considered *common* property, for all classes admired and valued his prayers. He was often sent for by sick people where the doctor had given them up. Sometimes, at midnight, Isaac has been roused from his bed, to pray with anxious sinners under deep convictions. Indeed, I have been afraid, that some people have superstitiously thought Isaac's prayers would be sufficient to introduce them into heaven. However, he was pre-eminent in prayer.

Isaac had a large family, for whom he prayed, and over whom he wept; but he never saw any of them truly converted to God. This was a sore trial to his faith: still he had hope in the covenant; and, when he was dying, he expressed his full confidence in the truth of God: "I will pour out My Spirit on thy seed and My blessing on thine offspring; and one of thy children shall say, I am the Lord's, and another subscribe with his hand unto the Lord." Well, Isaac had not been long in heaven before one of his daughters became pious; next, one of the sons was converted, and has been for years an ornament to his profession. The first sabbath that I preached in this town God converted the eldest son. He had been a soldier, and often uses military terms to describe his feelings; hence, when telling us what the Lord had done for his soul, he said, "The word

came upon me like a cannon-ball, and knocked me right down; but I fell at the feet of Jesus, and there I found mercy."

A year after this I preached a sermon to young men, when the *youngest* son was converted. He almost fainted in the house of God, and so powerfully was he affected, that he scarcely worked or slept, or ate or drank, for four days. By this time I became pretty well acquainted with the history of the family. One resided in London, and I wrote to a friend about her, and found that she was in a hopeful state, and was about to join a Christian church. This was known at home, and it roused the eldest sister to seek her father's God. Then came the seventh, under great concern, lest all her family should get to heaven, and she be cast out. Then I wrote to a minister, near Oxford, respecting the last member of Isaac's family, who had not joined the church of God. He sent for her, and explained to her what the Lord was doing for her brothers and sisters, and he was happy to find that the same spirit of promise was working effectually on her heart also. And now, the faithful God has gathered in good old Isaac's *eight sons and daughters*, and He is carrying on a work of grace on the grand-children also, three of whom have joined the Church of Christ.

Reader, what a lesson does this teach us! Behold the faithful God! He did not say to Isaac's seed, "Seek ye me in vain." O praying parents, be encouraged! And ye, children of the righteous, take care, that you bring not your parents with sorrow to the grave.

R. KNILL.

## THE LONDON MISSIONARY CLOCK.

*A Dialogue between RUTH and KATE.*

*Ruth.* Kate, should you like to see the London Missionary clock? It is a very wonderful one, I assure you.

*Kate.* A Missionary clock! Wherever was that made? Has it been going long?

*Ruth.* It was made fifty years ago in a merchant's counting-house in London. It has kept pretty good time, and has not stopped once since it was made, and it has never gone too fast.

*Kate.* But who made it? He must have been a very clever man!

*Ruth.* Several good men helped to make it; and it cost them a great deal of labour and money too.

*Kate.* I was going to ask you to describe the clock; but you are not a clockmaker.

*Ruth.* Though I am not a clockmaker, I think I can tell you as much about this clock as I could if I were a clockmaker; for it is a very curious one. The face of the clock represents the heathen world. The stations of the Missionary Society are the figures on its face. The Missionaries and teachers are the wheels; the Directors are the regulator; and the gold, silver, and copper given by the people are the weights which keep the wheels in motion.

*Kate.* It is a wonderful clock! But you have forgotten the hands! Does it ever strike?

*Ruth.* Thank you; so I had. The hands are the Juvenile and Missionary Magazines. These tell us what is going on at the different stations. The clock strikes every month, so as to be heard at the Missionary prayer-meetings; and once a-year it strikes long and loud at Exeter Hall; for the speakers are the strikers. Did you ever hear it there?

*Kate.* Oh, yes! I once heard it. It struck eight times; for there were eight speakers.

*Ruth.* Sometimes the clock has lost time, and the Directors have been afraid it would stop. This has been the case when the funds have got low.

*Kate.* Some of *my* money, then, has helped to keep it going. I have put a penny weight upon it every month. I wish every Sunday scholar did the same; and then I am sure the clock would never stop.

*Ruth.* I am very glad to hear you say so. Let us not only give our money, but be thankful to God for putting it into the hearts of good men to make this clock; and let us pray to God that it may continue to go till all the heathen are converted to the Saviour, and then it will strike the most beautiful sounds ever heard; angels will listen; and all the families of the earth will exult, and say, "The whole earth is full of the Redeemer's glory! Amen, and Amen."

---

### THE BEST MISSIONARY.

THE best Missionary was remarkable from his birth; and it is reported that strange sights were beheld, and sounds heard, at that time. It is also certain that old and wise men had spoken of him long before his nativity. When only twelve years old, he shewed a mind well informed and inquisitive, and astonished some of the most learned men of his nation. Yet, so anxious was he to be a good Missionary, that he spent thirty years in preparing for his work. There never was a Missionary so well qualified as he; he knew not only all languages, but all thoughts. There was not a false religion in the world which he had not stu-

died, nor a wicked man whom he had not observed. Every text in the Old Testament was perfectly understood by him, and he was intent on explaining it better than it ever had been explained; and to *all* the people in the world. He was as pious and good as he was wise and learned, and loved and did the will of God *perfectly*. He had a noble heart, far above all meanness, and yet the sweetest temper and the most ardent love to all mankind. Never did any other Missionary love men as he did, or take such affectionate interest in children.

Before he became a Missionary he was with his Father, who is King of the most honourable empire in the universe. He himself possessed riches, and honour, and power, and all the distinguished servants of the palace were commanded to worship him. He knew, too, that the people of the country to which he was going as Missionary, so far from desiring his services, would dislike, and abuse, and murder him. Yet, notwithstanding his knowledge of all this, he so pitied, so loved these ignorant and naughty people, that he determined to live and die among them, and try to do them the greatest good. They differed from each other in colour, language, custom, pretended religion, district, and politics; but they all agreed to despise this holy Missionary, and to take away his life.

When he came among the people, it is said the most distinguished of his servants, in liveries of pure white,—so pure and bright that the people could not see them,—brought him with their splendid chariots. So that his coming to the scene of his labours was far more remarkable

than if he had sailed in the vessel "whose sign was Castor and Pollux," or in the ship "Duff," or in "The Camden" or "John Williams." These shining beings attended him through all his labours and trials. He spoke as never man spoke; and his whole appearance was so dignified and humble, so kind and faithful, so full of grace and truth, and he performed so many wonderful cures on the diseased, and conferred such benefits on the poor and miserable, that it is strange that the most barbarous, and, still more strange, that the most civilized people to whom he went did not honour and love him. His manner of teaching was admirable. At one time he reproved the people severely for their wickedness, and then sat down and wept. Often, after reproaching the rich and great for their hypocrisy, would he turn with all tenderness to the poor and distressed, and say, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden." Sometimes he taught on a mountain; at others, in a boat; then, by the way-side; again, in a stately temple. He made things so plain, that he would teach the way to heaven by pointing to a door; or, to a poor ragged youth returning to his father. He made a little child, and even a sheep, shew what a real Christian is, and a large house what are heavenly mansions.

Then, how he prayed! You might have seen him lift up his eyes to heaven, while he fervently uttered prayers for those who stood around him; you might have followed him into his favourite garden, or up a lofty hill, and behold him all night long in earnest prayer. He once prayed in such agony of mind, that he was covered with

drops of blood. Even when he died he prayed for his murderers.

He was the founder of all good missions. He commanded his attendants to preach the Gospel to every creature; and though unseen, his spirit is believed to be present with all who obey his command; and this secret, yet powerful presence causes the exertions of missionaries to be so destructive to idolatry, and so effective in the conversion of the heathen.

The name of this best Missionary is both so highly exalted and so well known, that I shall leave you to say what it is.

J. K. F.

---

### DO NOT FORGET THE RING.

HAVE any of my young friends ever visited a bazaar, and been delighted with the various articles displayed on the counters? and have they paused and longed for one or another of them, and wished their own money would allow them to buy it, or that some kind friend would give it to them? Have they, at last, turned away with the half-uttered wish, that they had not *seen* what they could not afford to purchase?

I will suppose, that all my readers can remember the time when such feelings have been theirs. I will, therefore, ask them to imagine, with what joyful surprise they would listen to this address from a stranger:—"I observe you are wishing for some of these articles, but your money will not allow you to buy them. I am the owner of all that you see. I will *give* you any thing you de-

sire that I consider will not be injurious to you, if, when you ask me for them, you will only shew me this ring, and put confidence in my word. You may come to me *every day* and ask me for whatever you want, not only for yourself, but if you see any thing that you would like to take to your friends I would give you *that* also; but *do not forget the ring*. Unless you shew it me, I shall not give you any thing." "What a kind friend!" my young readers will exclaim. "How I should like to be that child! I would go every day to the bazaar, and take care not to forget the ring." But would you be happy in keeping all these gifts for yourself? "Oh, no!" you say; "I would not be so selfish. I would try and think every day what my dear friends would like to have if they could come and choose for themselves." And would you think only of those you love? Are there not others, of whom you have only heard, to whom you would like to send presents? Now, my young friends, as the Saviour spoke to his disciples in parables, so I have tried to interest you by this little similitude. The Giver of every good and perfect gift is your Heavenly Father. He has the power to give you more than you can ask or think. For the sake of Jesus Christ He will bestow on you all that you request, provided He considers that it will really benefit you. Will you not go to Him, with petitions not only once, but often during the day? Your first request, my dear children, must be for a new heart and right spirit for yourselves, and then, that those you love may have God's blessing also. But the new heart which God gives is a *large* heart; and so you will seek blessings,

not only for those whom you know and love, but you will pray much and often for the poor heathen too. Yes, often pray for them, and ask your dear friends to pray for them also. But do not forget the ring. You will find it in the form of a promise in the first seven words of Matthew, vii. 7.

S. G.

---

### INFANT SCHOOL IN SOUTH AFRICA.

*Extract of a Letter from Rev. W. ELLIOTT, dated UITENHAGE,  
May 16, 1844.*

ON the 1st of April, my daughters commenced an Infant-school in the new wing of *the chapel*. The average attendance *exceeds a hundred*. The parents are delighted and astonished, as well they may be, at the progress which their little children have already made. Besides the ordinary exercises of an infant school, which we endeavour to conduct on Scripture principles, the children are taught reading, writing, and the first elements of general knowledge. The girls are taught sewing. Many of the children are miserably clad, and their parents have not the means of clothing them better. At home many of these children are entirely without clothes. Are there not many ladies in England, who, if they were made acquainted with this fact, would kindly supply us with the means of improving the appearance and advancing the comfort of our school, and also with articles suited for the sewing classes, by which that department of our infant establishment might be rendered far more efficient than it can be with our limited resources?

**FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.**

IN our last Number it was stated that Mr. Pritchard had returned to the South Sea Islands, but had left Mrs. P. and family in this country. Such *was* the arrangement when our Magazine was sent to press. The plan was afterwards altered, and Mrs. P. accompanied her husband. His eldest son has gone to sea. Several of the children are left in England. Mr. P. has gone to the Navigator's Islands, as British Consul. The population there amounts to about 130,000.

Poor Pomare, the Queen of Tahiti, has not yet been restored to her rightful authority. She has gone to Raiatea, 120 miles off, and seeks refuge among the people of that island in the mountains. Four of the Missionaries have returned to England: Mr. Howe, from Eimeo; Mr. Jesson, Mr. Joseph, and Mr. Moore, from Tahiti; and Mrs. M'Kean, the widow of the excellent Missionary (Mr. M'Kean) who was shot, has also returned home with her two little children.

We are glad to find that the pious natives continue to hold their religious services regularly in that part of the island to which they have fled, and where they are defending themselves against their fierce invaders.

**THE "JOHN WILLIAMS."**

LETTERS have come to hand announcing the safe arrival of our Missionary ship, in October last, at Hobart Town, Van Dieman's Land. All well.

**HÔME INTELLIGENCE.**

SEVERAL excellent Jubilee Juvenile Meetings have been held in different parts of the country. In many places the young people have collected very diligently for the Jubilee Fund, and aided it very generously by their self-denying contributions. Particulars in our next.