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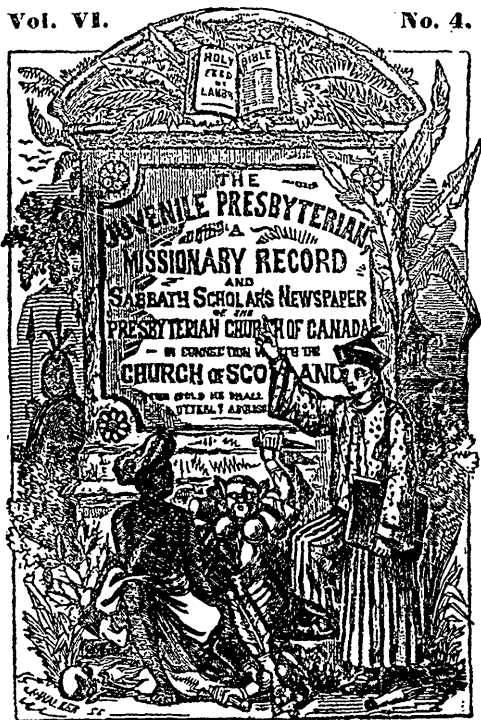
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APRIL, 1861.

Vol. VI.

No. 4.



"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."—Matt. x.

Montreal:

PRINTED AND ISSUED FOR THE LAY ASSOCIATION BY JOHN AQUELL.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Missionary Intelligence	37
Missionary Boxes.....	38
A Lesson from an Elephant	38
The two Rich Young Men.....	39
The Shorter Catechism.....	41
The Boys and the Apples	42
Hindoo Worship no good.....	43
Mr. Ellis in Madagascar.....	44
A Little Boy's Legacy	46
Krishna's Hymn	46
Little by Little	47
Indian Orphanage and Juvenile Mission.....	48

THE
JUVENILE PRESBYTERIAN

A Missionary
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN
IN CONNECTION
CHURCH



Newspaper
CHURCH OF CANADA
WITH THE
OF SCOTLAND

Conducted for the Lay Association.

VOL. VI.

April, 1861.

No. 4.

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

Our young readers will be gratified to learn that more orphans have at length been offered to our Juvenile Mission, many of the supporters of which have been waiting so long and so patiently.

In a recent letter from Miss Young, the Secretary of the Scottish Ladies Association for Female Education in India, the following girls are assigned to Canada : Topsy, Rebecca, Rachel.

They had been quite recently received into the Orphanage of Madras, and Miss Anderson only forwarded their names to Scotland. Full information respecting these girls has however been written for, and will be published as usual in the Juvenile Presbyterian. In the meantime several schools whose applications had been long recorded, have been written to with the view of ascertaining if they will undertake their support.

New Orphans are promised ere long, in addition to the eight recently appropriated so that there is every probability of each application for an orphan being successful very soon after it is made. The cost of maintaining the orphanages being now greater than it formerly was, our young readers will please bear in mind that \$20 is the annual payment required.

MISSIONARY BOXES.

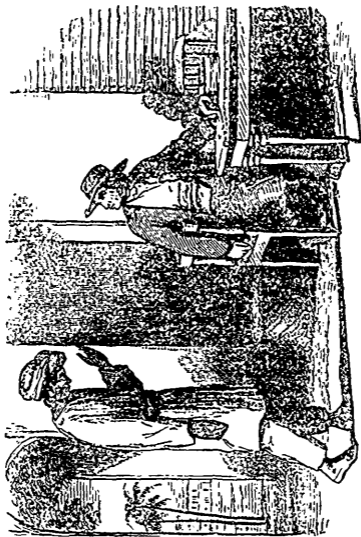
During the past year the plan of having a little Missionary box in the family, has been successfully tried. From time to time a penny is dropped through the hole in the lid, which otherwise would have found its way to the confectioners, or been spent thoughtlessly, and it is astonishing how much a number of pennies, saved in this way, will amount to, at the end of a year. Sometimes, too, a kind friend may see the box, and pull out his purse. Quarters, and even dollars, thus help the pennies to make up a goodly sum.

We hope some of our young friends will establish Missionary boxes, and try the plan. Write "*For the Canadian School at Calcutta,*" on a piece of paper, and paste it on the lid, or if another object be preferred, we would recommend the Mission Church at Sealcote, in Northern India. This is being built, where two of our own missionaries were murdered during the mutiny, and the ladies and children in Scotland are collecting in shillings and small subscriptions, enough to pay for the edifice.

We hope to hear more of these "boxes."

A LESSON FROM AN ELEPHANT.

"Tell my grandchildren," says the late Bishop of Calcutta, in one of his letters, "that an elephant here had a disease in his eyes. For three days he had been completely blind. His owner, an engineer officer, asked my dear Dr. Webb if he could do anything to relieve the poor animal. The doctor said he would try nitrate of silver, which was a remedy commonly applied to similar diseases in the human eye. The huge animal was ordered to lie down; and at first, on the application of the remedy, raised a most extraordinary roar at the acute pain which it occasioned. The effect, however, was wonderful. The eye was, in a manner, restored, and the animal could partially see. The next day when he was brought, and heard the doctor's voice, he lay down of himself, placed his enormous head on one side, curled up his trunk, drew his breath just like a man about to endure an operation, gave a sigh of relief when it was over, and then, by trunk and gestures, evidently wished to express his gratitude. What sagacity! What a lesson to us of patience!"



THE TWO RIGH YOUNG MEN.

A Servant of God sat in a bamboo chair in front of a mission-house in the East Indies. It was the evening of the day: the sun's heat was still very great, and not a breeze moved the lofty palm trees which grew by the way side. He looked faint, weary, and careworn; for he had sat in that chair all the long day, teaching the simple truths of the gospel to any who would hear them. Some of the Hindus, as they stopped for a moment, only laughed at his words, and then turned away to mock. Others are too proud to listen,

and passed along on the other side of the road. Before this missionary was a small table, on which lay his Testament and a bundle of tracts. From time to time he gave one of the tracts to any passing traveller who would receive it. And as he gave it, he spoke a few words of truth, and then his lips moved in prayer that that God would bless the message to the soul of the poor stranger.

The sun was just going down in the sky and the missionary turned to go into his house to rest. At this moment there stood before him a young native with a beautiful turban on his head, and wearing a robe of yellow silk. It was plain that he was of the Brahmin class, who are the highest people of the country, and are held sacred, for they alone may wear a yellow robe. The noble stranger made a low salaam, or bow, and then sat on a low and matted stool.

"I have come to tell you," said the young Brahmin, "that I have seen the sin of idol-worship, and now believe that the Christian religion is the only true one." And what do you want me to do?" asked the missionary. "I wish you to baptize me," said he, "that I may be known as a disciple of Christ." He then went on to say he was a rich man, for he had four large estates, and two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in money; that among his own people he stood in the highest rank, and that he had a mother, and many friends, who loved him. The missionary told him to think well of what he was about to do; "for," said he, "you have riches, honour, and friends; you ride in your own carriage, and live like a prince. But all you have will be torn from you if you profess the Christian faith. Then think of what is before you."

When God the Holy Spirit enlightens the mind and changes the heart, a man is willing to give up all for the sake of Christ. To know and feel the love of Jesus is better than houses, and land and gold. "I hear what you say," said the rich young man, "about my rank, my property, and my friends, but I put the whole in one scale, and but an interest in Christ in the other, and they are lighter than vanity."

A few months passed away, and the honours and riches of the Hindu were gone. His mother and friends would no longer own him. The poorest servants, who once fell at his feet as though he were a god, now passed him in scorn, and were they to have seen him dying they would not have given him the smallest help. He had become a Christian:

he had given up all for the sake of the gospel ; and he was without an earthly portion. That he might not eat "the bread of idleness," he hired himself to a merchant as a clerk with a small salary, and lived happy in his poverty, as become a follower, of Christ.

About eighteen hundred years ago there was another rich young man who was concerned about his soul. In his day the greatest of all teachers was on the earth, and to him the young man went and as he stood where Jesus was speaking to the people, he said, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" We may suppose he was a kind and hopeful youth, for "when Jesus saw him he loved him." But the Divine teacher tried his heart by saying to him "Sell all thou hast and come, follow me." The young man turned away in sorrow, for "he was very rich." He loved the world and his wealth better than the service of Christ.

Now, let us look to ourselves. Which of these two young men are we like? What are we willing to give up for Christ? The young Hindu gave up four large estates, and two-hundred and fifty thousand dollars; the young Jew clung to his riches. It is true, we are not tried as they were, yet we are called to give up the ways of sin, the follies of the world, and the service of Satan. Christ only requires of us that we should forsake what is hurtful and sinful, and which ends in misery. He does not ask us to part with any thing which is truly needed. And he has told us that for all we now give up, from love to Him, He will repay us most abundantly in heaven. Let us, then, look to Jesus, our Saviour and our Lord; and because he has loved us unto death, let us give Him our hearts, take up our cross daily and follow Him and henceforth ever live to His praise.—*S. S. Visitor.*

THE SHORTER CATECHISM.

In all our schools, this invaluable little book is doubtless taught weekly. However easy to be understood by those who have passed from the Sabbath School into the Bible class, or into the Church, it must be admitted that few children learn the catechism without difficulty, or understand its meaning until they reach the years of discretion. It is like the dry seed when first sown, but how precious are the fruits which spring up from the once hard kernel. In concise and unequivocal language are the grand essential truths of our faith thus impressed on the youthful

memory, and perhaps one reason why infidelity and rationalism have never taken root in Scotland, as they have in Germany, or even in England, if we may judge from the recent "Essays and Reviews," is, that such a form of sound words and of Bible truth, has been indelibly impressed on the minds of Scottish children.

If the shorter catechism then be of such importance in our schools, any aid to make it a more easy task for young children, will not be regarded as unimportant. We therefore have pleasure in mentioning a plan which has been found most efficacious in the States, where within a comparatively short time, over 15,000 children, many of whom would not otherwise have opened the catechism, have repeated it correctly and without mistake.

The plan is to hold out an offer of a Bible, with suitable inscription, to each scholar who repeats the catechism perfectly. Few children there are who may not accomplish this effort in time, and therefore the reward is beyond the reach of none, while all are stimulated to learn with renewed zeal by the expectation of thus gaining a Bible. Scholars who have obtained the reward will have their catechism all the better engraven on their memories, and the Bibles will long be treasured in memory of early days at the Sabbath School.

In several of our schools this little plan is now being tried with excellent effect, and we can therefore recommend it to our readers.

THE BOYS AND THEIR APPLES.

What is Tom doing? A friend has given him a capful of ripe rosy-checked apples. He has got home with them. He has a number of brothers and sisters; there is his sister Helen, older than himself, and his two younger brothers, and little Mary, and Annie, and Jeanie. He got eight apples; that would have been one for each of them, and have left two to himself. Does he share his store among them? No, the mean, greedy fellow has got a corner of the house, lest anybody should ask him for one, to munch them all by himself.

What a picture of selfishness! But it is just like Tom. He is always for himself. At dinner, if he can get the best of everything, he never minds his brothers or sisters. If they go to swing, Tom must have it first, and as long as he

pleases. If they have the pony out, he must have the first ride. If a new picture book comes, he must have the first of it. His mother has often told him of his mean, selfish temper,—how unlike it is to Jesus,—and how it will make everybody dislike him. Tom “doesn't care.” Self is everything to Tom.

Here is another boy,—Johnny we shall call him. Somebody seems to have given him apples too. What is he doing? He has got in from school before the rest. He is dividing his apples, and laying them out in rows upon the chair, to give the others a happy surprise when they come in. Johnny thinks his apples wouldn't taste sweet unless all his brothers and sisters got a share of them. I see he has put two down for some one. That will be for wee loving Mary, who never seeks a share of anybody's good things. I daresay she'll be like the little Mary I once read of:—

“ If Mary gets an appel,
It maun be cut in twa,
And aye, I'm sure, the biggest half
The wee thing gies awa'.”

Which of the two boys are you like, my young reader? Mean, selfish Tom, or generous, kind-hearted Johnny? If there is a Tom and a Johnny in the same family, I know which is the best liked by everybody, and I know which is most like Jesus.

“ HINDOO WORSHIP NO GOOD.”

The first convert to Christianity in Northern India was Krishna, and he was baptized by Dr. Carey. One day a man said to Krishan,—

“ Well, you have left off all the customs of your ancestors, what is the reason?”

He replied, “ Have patience with me, and I will tell you. I am a great sinner. I tried Hindoo worship, but no good. After a while I heard of Christ, and how he laboured much and laid down His life for sinners. I thought, what love is this! And here I make my resting-place. Now say if anything like this love was ever shewn by our gods? Did Door-ga, or Ealee, or Krishna, die for sinners? You know that they only sought their own ease, and have no love for any one.”



MR. ELLIS IN MADAGASCAR.

This is a picture of a bridge in Madagascar, an island where persecution long raged so fearfully, and from which Christian Missionaries have been banished for twenty-two years. Mr. Ellice visited the place twice but was not allowed to go as far as the capital. He was obliged to confine himself to one part near the coast.

He has subsequently safely reached Antanarivo, the capital of Madagascar, and we think our readers will like to hear something about his journey.

It took him three weeks to get to Antanarivo from the

coast, and a great part of the road was exceedingly difficult; indeed it could hardly be called a road at all. There is one part of the country through which he had to pass that is so unhealthy that it has got the name of the *Fever district*. To make it worse, it was the rainy season, and the bearers had to wade through deep mud, or walk on a narrow precipitous path.

Mr. Ellis says, he was often reminded of a favourite saying of the late King Badama, "that he could trust any invading army with his two generals, woods and fever.

The government did all they could for the comfort of Mr. Ellis. They sent more than a hundred men to escort him, and wherever they stopped, provisions were ready for him. The young prince, who has long been a Christian, sent kind messages and letters to Mr. Ellis, and as he drew nearer to the capital, many of the Christian party poured in their welcomes to the Missionary.

The queen, too, though she has been so great a persecutor seemed resolved to show him all the honour she could. A palanquin was prepared for him to use in entering the city. It was covered with velvet, and three chiefs rode on horseback beside him, while he had numerous followers in attendance. In this grand style he was conducted to a house which had been prepared for him with every comfort. As soon as he arrived, the queen sent him presents, to show her goodwill. Who can tell if the heart of this cruel persecutor may not have been softened by witnessing the blameless lives of the Christians? Perhaps her own son may yet be the means of changing her.

Mr. Ellis sent back his letter by the bearers who had to return to the coast, so he had not yet seen the queen; but he was very much gratified by a visit he had from the prince. He describes him as being youthful in appearance, but of very frank, pleasant manners, and dressed like an English gentleman. They were soon quite at home with each other, the prince seemed to confide in the missionary as if he had been a near friend. It is very likely that Mr. Ellis will not be able to tell us much of what he hears and sees, for he will be afraid of putting any thing in print which might bring the Christians into trouble. They have suffered much and nobly; and many a touching tale could be told of their devotedness and faithfulness. When happier days shall dawn upon Madagascar, much will be brought to light that will awaken our admiration and strengthen our faith.

A LITTLE BOY'S LEGACY.

A fine little boy attended a Sabbath Scholar's Missionary Meeting last New Year's day, and though in delicate health, joined with all his heart in the hymn that was sung, beginning with,

"O ye who feel each other's woes!
Who will go?
 Go tell poor sinners Jesus rose;
Who will go?

He felt great interest in the meeting, for he was a regular reader of the *The Childrens Missionary Record*, and was in the habit of giving to missions a good share of what money he had.

Not many months after, he grew weaker and to the great grief of his parents, and of all who knew his engaging character, he was removed out of this world. He had a little purse with money in it, and that money, all he had he left for missions.

Some time after his death, his dear mother, sorrowing yet rejoicing, called on the minister, and produced the little purse, with its contents, 3s. 4d. as her departed child's legacy to the missionary cause.

The incident was very touching, and not without its lesson both for parents and children. Let parents train and encourage their children, to take an interest in the spread of the gospel at home and abroad. Let children, also, who hear and read about missions, learn to give something to them, even their prayers, and what money they can afford. Let them remember the example of this departed little boy, and think of his precious legacy.

 KRISHNA'S HYMN.

Here is a translation, or free version, of a hymn written by Krishna, one of the first Hindoo converts.

He who yielded once His breath,
 Sinful man to save from death!
 Oh! my soul, forget not Him,
 Forget not Him.

Troubled soul! Forget no more
 God's best gift, thy richest store,
 Christ the Lord, whose holy name
 Now saves from shame.

Cease thy fruitless toil and care ;
 Christ will all thy burden bear.
 Grace and love shall soothe the breast
 That sighs for rest.

He is truth and mercy mild ;
 He in death with pity smiled ;
 Shed his crimson blood abroad ;
 Leads man to God.

Faithful friend ! on Thee I call,
 By day, by night, my all in all.
 Thy name, O Jesus ! brings relief,
 And stays my grief.

Miss. Herald.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

" LITTLE by little," an acorn said,
 As it slowly sank in its mossy bed,
 " I am improving every day,
 Hidden deep in the heart away !"
 Little by little each day it grew ;
 Little by little it sipped the dew :
 Downward it sent out a thread-like root ;
 Up in the air sprung a tiny shoot :
 Day after day, and year after year,
 Little by little the leaves appear ;
 And the slender branches spread far and wide,
 Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

Far down in the depths of the dark blue sea,
 An insect-train work ceaselessly.
 Grain by grain they are building well,
 Each one alone in its little cell ;
 Moment by moment and day by day,
 Never stopping to rest or play :
 Rocks upon rocks they are rearing high,
 Till the tops look out on the sunny sky :
 The gentle wind and the balmy air,
 Little by little bring verdure there ;
 Till the summer-sunbeams gaily smile
 On the buds and the flowers of the coral isle.

"Little by little," said a thoughtful boy,
 "Moment by moment, I'll well employ,
 Learning a little every day,
 And not spending all my time in play;
 And still this rule in my mind shall dwell,
 Whatever I do, I will do it well.
 Little by little, I'll learn to know
 The treasured wisdom of long ago;
 And one of these days perhaps will see
 That the world will be the better for me."
 Now do you not think that this simple plan
 Made him a wise and a useful man?

DO YOU WANT HELP?

THEN LISTEN: HERE IS AN OFFER:

"I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee."—Isa. xli. 13.

These are words of encouragement for the anxious inquirer, or for the trembling and afflicted servant of the Lord, when he sees nothing but danger before him, and feels that he is weak and helpless in himself.

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JOHN PATON,

Treasurer.

Kingston, 25th March, 1861.

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