

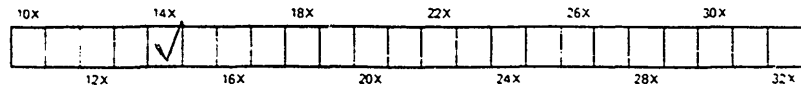
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THE
JUVENILE PRESBYTERIAN

A Missionary
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN
IN CONNECTION
CHURCH



Newspaper
CHURCH OF CANADA
WITH THE
OF SCOTLAND.

Conducted for the Lay Association.

VOL. III.

November, 1858.

No. 8.

A LETTER FROM CHUNDRIE, THE MARATHI
MONITRESS.

We have pleasure in inserting the ensuing letter, which the Editor received lately, through Mr. Wright of Edinburgh, as an answer to the Children of St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School, Montreal, from CHUNDRIE, the Marathi Monitress supported by that School. Accompanying the letter, which is beautifully written in Bengali characters, was a piece of work, which Miss Young, of Bombay, states was done by Chundrie, for the Sabbath Scholars. It is a little Sampler, bearing in characters wrought in worsted with the needle, in Bengali and in English, the beautiful and appropriate legend—"God is Love!" Fit message this, to be wafted from India's cruel shores to Christian lands. Fit message from a Heathen child, to those who are seeking to provide for her instruction in spiritual things. May the knowledge of this great truth—that God is Love—work mightily in the hearts of our readers, for they know "that God so loved the world, as to give His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but receive everlasting life." Overwhelmed with wonder at such amazing love as

this, let our readers strive to emulate His example, who went about "continually doing good," and do somewhat towards "preaching the Gospel to every living creature."

But Chundreebai addresses her young friends as follows, and we trust that many will give heed to her touching request—"Pray for me, that I may be enabled to forsake the false religion, and to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, as my Saviour." Pray, then, for Chundrie, that as she has intellectually comprehended the wondrous story of the death of the Lord, she may advance to put her trust in Him as Her Saviour, and so find the way, the truth, and the life.

"MY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,

"I received your letter which you sent me through Madam Sahib (Miss Young). Its contents afforded me much pleasure.

"I beg to tender my sincere gratitude for the monthly remittances to me, a poor girl. May God grant you manifold. The remittances enable me to continue in the school, otherwise I should not have been in it, and thus remained in ignorance, like many other poor girls of this country. I should never have otherwise heard of the only Saviour of the world,—of His love to sinners,—of how much He suffered for them, and gave His life on the cross,—of how He rose again, and intercedes for them in heaven.

"We feel much grateful to you for sending Missionaries to this far country to instruct us poor ignorant people.

"I am now reading the New Testament and other religious books. I also learn arithmetic, geography, and to write. Mrs. Barreto teaches me sewing and knitting. Our Madam Sahib (Miss Young) is very kind to me, and Mrs. Barreto takes much pains to instruct me.

"Pray for me, that I may be enabled to forsake the false religion, and to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour.

"Your very grateful pupil,

"CHUNDREEBAI.

"Bombay, 1st May, 1858."

CALCUTTA.

From the Report of Mr. Herdman on the Calcutta Orphanage, we make some extracts, and call the special attention of our readers to the fact that while death has invaded the circle of Indian children, one at least declared her faith in Jesus, and believed that through him she was "Going Home."

A year and two days has passed since I wrote you a full report of the operations of your Association at this presidency. What an eventful year for India! What atrocities, what heroism, it has witnessed! How debased has it shewn the followers of heathenism and Mohammedanism to be! *How much they need the Gospel!*

It is a matter of greatest thankfulness to God, that recent troubles have so little influenced your schools here. The work in the Orphanage has not for a single day been intermitted; and even on the memorable "Panic-Sunday," June 14th, when half Calcutta fled to the Fort or the shipping, and in some places of worship there was no service, all was peaceful at 10 L. Circular Road, and Miss Hebron, with two of her Christian girls, formed part of my audience of some thirty people in St. Andrew's Church. Let us bless the Lord for all the calmness, common-sense, and faith with which He endowed your excellent Superintendent, throughout those anxious months.

Three deaths have occurred. On the 19th of April, Georgiana, supported by the Falkland Sabbath School, was carried off by fever. She was a good child, and remarkably successful in the Bible class. On June 4th, Duknie, supported by R. S. M., Calcutta, died, after long pining, of atrophy. She was a quiet child, always delicate and undemonstrative. On November 23rd, dysentery carried off Catharine Gowrie, supported by St. Madoes Sabbath School. She was not far advanced in learning: but she was a good, thoughtful girl, and in her illness she acknowledged the blessed Lord Jesus as her Saviour—declaring her belief that she was going to Him in heaven. Who can tell the privilege of training lambs for that high fold?

Another of our wards has left us. On the 17th of September, Peggie was married by me to Joseph, a well-behaved youth, then employed as a Scripture reader in connexion with the Church Missionary Society. They have lately pro-

ceeded to Chittagong, at the request of a civilian there, in the Lord's work; and there is every prospect, I think, of their happiness and usefulness, under the Divine favor.

The premises are unquestionably too small, and I hope that when the lease expires on February next, your Committee will be prepared to sanction an increased expenditure for a more airy house.

Owing to the limited accommodation, we have rather wished to diminish than add to the number of inmates. It is, however, the same now as a year ago—viz., forty-five. Miss Hebron has ever been desirous—and I agree with her—to make it strictly an *Orphanage*; and as one and another of children who have parents are withdrawn, we hope to fill up their places by destitute orphans.

An important fact to be stated on the present occasion is the appointment of a new Assistant Mistress. We have nominated Miss Lewis to the post. She came to this country ten years ago, and spent that period as a governess in various families in the Mofussil, and with her sister, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Blumhardt, one of the Kishnaghur missionaries. Miss Hebron has known her for several years, and has great expectations that she will not only prove an efficient instructor, but a zealous coadjutor at all hours, in all departments, in seeking to lead the children to Jesus, and to train them in habits of purity, truthfulness, and industry.

BOMBAY ORPHANAGE.

Our readers will be interested in perusing the following letter, received by the Treasurer, from Miss Young:—

“SCOTTISH FEMALE ORPHANAGE,

“BOMBAY, 4th August, 1858.

“DEAR SIR,—I received your note of the 8th May, along with one from the Rev. D. Morrison.

“I am very glad to hear that Mary Ann Stewart is to be provided for. She is, indeed, a forlorn little wanderer in this wide world; but our blessed Saviour seems to have cared for the little helpless one, and raised up friends for her. O! that she may be trained to be one of the Lambs of the flock of Jesus, our good and kind shepherd. May He Himself teach her by His Holy Spirit to know, love, fear, obey, and serve Him. She is learning to read very well. Caroline Smith, Margaret Daly, and Margaret Ghome, are going on very well. They learn the portions from which they receive

religious instruction very well, and are improving in secular knowledge also.

“Joanna de Suga was married about a month ago to a person whose name is Creechly, and I understand she has taken her two younger sisters to stay with her and her husband. I heard that Creechly, the man to whom Joanna is married, is an engineer, and a Christian (but I very much fear only a nominal one). Perhaps Joanna may be able to communicate to him the method of salvation by a crucified Redeemer, as I used to teach her when she was under my care. She is a very correct reader, and if Creechly is a man who likes *home*, Joanna may be the means of doing him much good by reading to him of an evening, and talking to him of what she reads.

“Hoping you are well, and with kind Christian regards,

“I am very truly yours,

“E. YOUNG.”

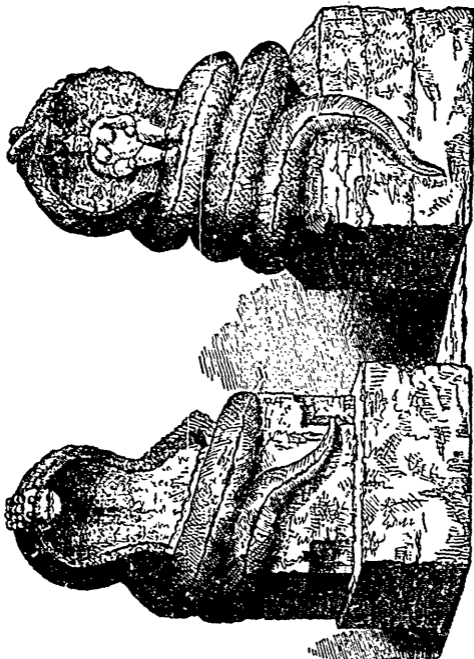
Our young friends of St. Paul's Church Sabbath School, Montreal, will be pleased to hear continued good tidings of their young friend, Caroline Smith. Margaret Ghomes is supported by the Sabbath School in Quebec.

An interesting letter has been forwarded to the Sabbath School at Brockville, in which Miss Young gives pleasing intelligence of their protégée, Mary Ann Smith, the little girl whose support they undertook instead of Joanna de Suga. The latter, though removed from the Orphanage, is yet in a position to do good, and we hope to hear good news of her hereafter.

THE SERPENT GODS OF INDIA.

Among the various forms of Idolatry in India, that of the worship of animals is one of the most degrading. There, the cow, the monkey, and other beasts are objects of divine honour, and have regular festivals. The hooded snake, the Cobra Capella, is exalted to this dignity. Its bite is very venomous, and it is a very repulsive animal. The picture represents two stone images of it, of the character often seen in the temples dedicated to its worship. Two gentlemen who visited Allahabad, describe their visit to such a temple there. “In it there are several of these stone idols. The largest represents a serpent 12 feet long with five heads, and the hoods all expanded. While there, a horrid looking man covered with ashes, bowed before the serpent, and pros-

tated himself, then touched it and passed quickly out." How thankful we ought to be, that we are not brought up in such fearful delusions, and that the only serpent we need to dread,



THE SERPENT GODS OF INDIA.

is Satan, whose "head has been bruised by the heel" of the Saviour. Seek dear children, an interest in that Saviour, and then you need not fear Satan, that old serpents, mighty power, to destroy or hurt your soul.

Living in the light, do what you can to spread the knowledge of the truth to the children of India.

BOMBAY.

At this place the Sabbath School of St. Andrew's Church, Montreal, supports two girls, Chundrie and Mary Montreal, who are both engaged as teachers. The schools of St. Paul's Church, Montreal, Brockville, Miramichi, Quebec, and Hamilton, also have orphans there. The following report of the studies will therefore be read with interest.

It gives me much pleasure to write a short account of the schools established by the Scottish Ladies' Association, under Miss E. Young's superintendence, for the purpose of imparting religious as well as secular instruction to the native girls in Bombay.

The respective teachers of these schools assemble the girls about seven o'clock A.M. I pay them a visit daily, about half past seven o'clock, with a view of instructing the girls in the truths of the Gospel, and also in examining them in what they are taught by their teachers. I again go to these schools about two o'clock in the afternoon. While returning home from my duties, I distribute Marathi tracts; and, if time permits, I stand in one of the streets, and preach the Gospel to the people that gather to hear me.

The first class read the Gospel according to Matthew, and Scripture Stories. They also repeat the Ten Commandments, Elementary Catechism, and Geography Lessons. Scripture and needlework are also given to girls by Mrs. Barreto daily.

It is pleasant and delightful to inform you about Chundrie, who is getting on remarkably well, both with her studies and needlework, and who is now able to give assistance in instructing others.

The second class read Henry and his Bearer, and also they repeat the Ten Commandments and Elementary Catechism. The third class read the First Book for Children, and some of them are learning to write the Alphabet on slates. In consequence of much sickness, and through other causes, the number of pupils on the roll is only ninety-two at present—the daily attendance only eighty.

There is a class on the Sabbath days for the teachers, from two to three o'clock in the afternoon. They read a portion of the Bible, and I expound it to them, after which they attend a Marathi service in the General Assembly's Institution from three to four. I have been teaching these schools for nearly nine months, and am glad to say that, while the Gospel is preached to the natives, the truth is taking hold of their minds.

The veil of ignorance and superstition is being removed from their understandings, and their eyes are being enlightened by the rays of the Sun of Righteousness.

CONSCIENCE; OR, "JEM, JEM."

A little boy, named Jem Roberts, having been set to weed in a gentleman's garden, and observing some very beautiful peaches on a wall, was strongly tempted to pluck one.

"If it tastes but half as nice as it looks," thought he, "how delightful it must be!" He stood for an instant gazing on the tree, while his mother's words "Touch nothing that does not belong to you," came vividly to mind. He withdrew his eyes from the tempting object, and with great diligence pursued his occupation. The fruit was forgotten, and with pleasure he now perceived he had nearly reached the end of the bed which he had been ordered to clear. Collecting in his hands the heap of weeds he had laid beside him, he returned to deposit them in the wheel-barrow which stood near the peach-tree. Again the glowing fruit met his eye, more beautiful, more tempting than ever, for he was hot and thirsty. He stood still, his heart beat; his mother's command was heard no more; his resolution was gone. He looked around there was no one but himself in the garden. "They can never miss one out of so many," he said to himself. He made a step--only one, he was now in reach of his prize; he darted forth his hand to seize it, when at the very moment a sparrow from a neighbouring tree, calling its companion, to his startled ear seemed to say "Jem! Jem!" He sprang to the walk, his hand fell to his side, his whole frame shook; and no sooner had he recovered himself, than he fled from the spot.

In a short time afterwards he began thus to reason with himself: "If a sparrow could frighten me thus, I may be sure what I was going to do was very wicked."

And now he worked with greater diligence than ever nor once again trusted himself to gaze on the fruit which had so nearly led him to commit so great a fault. The sparrow chirped again as he was leaving the garden, but he no longer fled away at the sound.

"You may cry 'Jem, Jem,'" said he, looking steadily at the tree on which several were perched, "as often as you like I don't care for you now; but this I will say, I will never forget how good one of you has been to me, and I will rob none of your nests again."

A CHILD'S IDEA.

O for the warm and simple faith
 An infant's breast pervading,
 When all that charms or pains it here
 Is from its eye-sight fading!

Fami'ar with the Saviour's name,
 And with His life's sad story,
 No doubts or fears it knows, to cloud
 Its hopes of future glory.

"My bonnet!" cried a little maid,
 Upon her death-bed lying;

"Why ask for it?" her mother said,
 "My darling, you are dying."

"Do bring it me," the child replied,
 With look and accents steady;

"Christ Jesus comes to take me home,
 And I shall not be ready!"

"GOD HAS MADE THEM ALL."

This was a child's thought, when a town missionary once had led her through a wretched, crowded, dismal part of the district where he laboured. Half-naked children were playing in filthy gutters; fierce-eyed women were quarrelling; old people, wasted with hunger and misery, were leaning sadly in the entrance to narrow courts. The dear child had never seen so much poverty and wretchedness before. For some time she was silent, when her companion asked her what she was thinking about. She heaved a deep sigh in answer, then slowly said, "*God has made them all.*"

This is the thought with which we, too, must look over the world in which we live. All are children of the one great Father. He cares for all, however ignorant, wicked, or miserable. And there are none so great or wise, so rich or happy, as not to need His love.

"THAT VOICE IN ETERNITY."

A minister, while attending church in a strange city, was struck with the surpassing sweetness of the voice of a young lady who sat near him. Being afterwards introduced to her, he inquired whether she loved the Saviour. She replied, "I am afraid *not*." "Then, my dear young friend," said the minister, "what will you do with that voice in eternity?"

Shall it be spent in uttering the wailings of the lost for ever?"

The question sent conviction to her heart, and she rested not till she had found peace in believing.

Reader, you often sing as you best can; perhaps you sing well. What will you do with *your* voice in eternity?—*American Messenger.*

MORNING PRAISE.

The morning bright,
 With rosy light,
 Has waked me from my sleep.
 Father, I own
 Thy love alone
 Thy little one doth keep.
 All through the day
 I humbly pray,
 Be thou my guard and guide;
 My sins forgive,
 And let me live,
 Best Jesus, near thy side.

BRAVING AN IDOL.

This picture represents a bold act. The fear of the poor idolaters is also well expressed. It is too a representation of an actual incident in the history of South Sea Missions. The Island of Aitutaki was lying in heathen darkness. The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Williams sailed from Naiatea, accompanied by two converted heathen, Papeiha and Vahapata, who designed to evangelize it. On reaching the Island, these men were landed, Mr. Williams pursuing his voyage. After some time, a ship came to the Island where these men had been telling of the Gospel, a boat approached the shore, and one of the sailors without fear, landed amongst the savages. They crowded around him, led him off and delivered up to their Gods in one of their temples. Faaori was not dismayed, but going to one of the idols, gave it a blow, and turning round to the people said, "why do you not burn this evil spirit, they are Satan—they are deceit, why do you suffer them to remain." The astonished Islanders waited to see the stranger fall down dead for his presumption, and finding that this did not happen, thenceforth listened more readily to the truths of Christianity, which after a time made much

progress among them. It is very sad, that so many nations should worship "stocks and stones." May the time soon come when "the Idols He shall utterly abolish." But reader

BRAVING AN IDOL.



are you worshipping no idol? are you cherishing in your heart no earthly passion, or worldly object, and forgetting that great God, who framed the worlds and sustains them in being. Examine yourselves then, prove our own selves.

THE SWEETEST COMPANY.

For my part I had rather have the fellowship of an heavenly minded Christian, than of the most learned disputers, or princely commanders.—*Richard Baxter.*

THE HEATHEN CONSCIENCE AND THE RESURRECTION.

For some time after Mr. Anderson went to Calabar, until he had mastered the power of speaking to the people in their own language, he made use of an interpreter. Even in speaking to the interpreter, he had to use that broken English which some of the natives understand more easily than such perfectly formed sentences as are found in English books. The English is "broken" in being conformed to the Effie tongue. This broken English is very easily understood, as you will see from the following simple and most touching lesson on the resurrection. Mr. Anderson had held a number of Sabbath-morning meetings at the house of Mr. Young, as the brother of the late King Eyamba was called. He had on former Sabbaths gone over a course of Bible lessons, telling the Calabar gentlemen and people who attended on his instructions the great facts and truths of the Gospel, and had instructed them about some of the leading characters in the Old Testament. He had told them of the coming of the Son of Man to judge the world, and had spoken to them about the burning up of the world, at which they were exceedingly amazed.

One Sabbath morning, when the people were gathered in Mr. Young's yard, and when Mr. Young stood up to interpret, Mr. Anderson began and said: "Now, Mr. Young, big news, *very* big news to-day! You have heard of Adam, and Eve, and Noah, and Shem, Ham, and Japhet, and plenty people of the Old World. All them dead, but all at last day hear that great trumpet and come up."

Mr. Young interprets fully, and all are greatly astonished. Mr. Anderson continues:

"Then I have another great word, Mr. Young. King Eyamba, and Duke Ephrain who was King before Eyamba, will rise, and old Eyo, and old Mr. Young, your father, and the old Henshaw dukes, and old Calabar gentlemen dead long time—all them hear that great trumpet and come up."

This is all interpreted clearly, and all look and listen with deepening interest.

"Then another word!" continues Mr. Anderson. "The old ship captains live for Calabar—Captain B. and Captain N., and the doctors for ship—buried in the palavar house—all hear that trumpet and come up," attention still deeply fixed.

"Now, another great word!" adds the missionary. "Every

slave Calabar man go kill and put in big grave with dead gentleman or lady, or throw into that river, or heave into that bush—all hear that trumpet and come up, and stand beside this man that kill him, and beside that man that kill him—What that man say then? and every twin any Calabar woman kill come up and stand beside woman kill him—What that woman say then?"

"Mr. Young hesitates, afraid of offending some of the people. They urge him to say on. He mumbles something in an undertone, afraid that the slaves who were present should hear. The truth flashes on King Archibong and some of the other chiefs. They can bear it no longer. King Archibong springs up, saying, "We go." Then Henry Cobham, a leading Duke Town gentleman, follows, saying, "I think a long time before that." Then says Mr. Young always civil and polite in speaking to the missionary: "Mr. Anderson, that be very big word you say now, but we no fit to hear no more this day. We better stop now, and you come down to my house next God's Sunday, and we hear all about it."

Mr. Anderson, in giving this most touching narrative observes, "That day my congregation dismissed me, instead of my dismissing them." The truth had begun to seize their consciences; and though they disliked and feared it, yet the power of it was seen on a later day, when some of those very men were induced to join in passing an Egbo law against killing slaves at the deaths of any of the chiefs. "My word," saith God, will not return unto me void."—*U. P. Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

THE CAFFRE BOY.

A CAFFRE boy, about twelve years of age, was taken to Gnadenthal, a settlement of the Moravians. The missionary asked him whether he was not sorry to leave his own home, and come there.

"Oh, no," he said, "I am not sorry, I am very glad."

"But in the Caffre country you had plenty of meat and milk; here, you can hardly get any."

"That is true," said the boy, "but I wish to be a child of God; in this place I hear how I may become so, but in my own country I hear nothing about it; therefore I am thankful to come here, and *can be satisfied with anything.*"

Dear reader, are you as much in earnest to be God's child as this Caffre boy was?—*Church of England Sunday Scholar's Guide.*

"SAFE! SAFE! SAFE!"

SUCH was the exclamation uttered by a shipwrecked American sailor, under deeply interesting circumstances, in one of the islands of the South Pacific Ocean.

A few years before, he had formed one of a boat's crew which had belonged to a vessel which was wrecked on those very shores. Another boat's crew, belonging to the same vessel, having landed on the island, had been killed and devoured by the natives. Their comrades in the other boat kept out to sea when they saw the fate of their companions, and were afterwards picked up by another vessel, and saved.

It happened, in the wonderful providence of God, that the sailor referred to was wrecked again upon the same island some years after the above event. Consternation and extreme dread seized the survivors from that wreck when they learnt from their companion where they were, and what had once befallen his shipmates on those shores. Escape was, however, now impossible, and their only resource appeared to be to hide themselves in the thick woods until an opportunity might offer to escape.

Being sorely pressed, however, by hunger, they determined to advance a little into the interior, in the hope of obtaining food. They were passing through a forest, where the crackling of every branch, and the rustling of the birds, led them to suppose an enemy was at hand at every step, and that their lives would soon be sacrificed. They were toiling up a steep ascent, in the hope that, when they reached the summit, they would be able to see for some distance both over the island and to seaward. The sailor already mentioned was ahead of the rest; and having emerged from the forest, and reached the crowning point of the hill, he was anxiously looking round to see if there was any prospect of deliverance. Suddenly his companions, who were just behind him, were startled by seeing him leaping for joy, and crying out, with clasped hands, "Safe, safe, safe!"

He had indeed seen a sight well calculated to cheer and comfort their hearts. Immediately under where he stood, was to be seen the little village church, surrounded by the comfortable abodes of the people. The missionary had evidently visited those shores, and God had blessed his labours. The people had become Christians, and of course their former savage and cannibal practices had been given up; so that there was now no cause for fear lest they should be killed and eaten by the natives. The sailor at once saw all this

implied in the little church, and the fears of the whole party straightway vanished.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that every attention was paid by the Christian islanders to the poor shipwrecked crew, whose wants were supplied by them; and they eventually left the island in an American ship, in peace and safety.

Surely we have here another and a striking instance of the way in which godliness is the "promise of the life that now is," as well as of "that which is to come." Had not the missionary reached that island, and had not the Gospel been blessed there, how different would, in all probability, have been the fate of those poor sailors!—*Church Juvenile Missionary Instructor.*

"I WOULD LIKE TO MEET YOU IN HEAVEN."

In a filthy room, in a dirty court in Westminster, lived James S—, a pale, emaciated, ragged boy, the son of dissolute, drunken parents. He never in his life had on shoes or stockings, until he entered the Ragged School. There it was that he heard of a Saviour, and began to love Him. Through the neglect of his parents, and their treatment, he caught cold, which brought on consumption. During his illness his teacher called to see him, and found him lying on a pallet of straw, just at the point of death. It was a wretched room to die in; but James had a better home to go to.

Conscious that he had but a short time to live, he gave to each a dying charge, as they surrounded his cold and cheerless bed. First addressing his brother and sister, he urged them to love Jesus, and each to pray for a new heart. Then turning his eyes upon his mother, he said, "Oh, mother! will you give up drinking, and go to church, and pray for a new heart? I WOULD LIKE TO MEET YOU IN HEAVEN! Do mother!" The mother's cold heart was full; tears ran down her cheeks; she sobbed aloud. The dying request of her own boy came upon her like a voice from the grave. In her conscience she felt she had never been a mother to him, and that his death had been brought on through her own neglect. And yet he speaks to her words of love: "I WOULD LIKE TO MEET YOU IN HEAVEN, MOTHER!" He then told his father he should soon die, but that he was going home to God. Looking anxiously on him, he said, "Will you give up swearing, father, and bad words, and begin to read the Bible, and go to a place of worship? Oh! do, father; and pray to God for

a new heart, or we shall never meet again.’ The father could not answer a word, but stood wiping away the tears with the tattered sleeve of his flannel jacket : but the mother answered for him, and said, “He will, James ; YES, HE WILL !”

Prayer was then offered for the little sufferer ; and in less than an hour afterwards he exchanged his wretched home, and cold straw-bed, for a place among the redeemed on high.

GRATITUDE OF A HEATHEN CONVERT.

A MISSIONARY, one Sabbath evening, went to the dying bed of one of his converts from heathenism. “I understand,” said the convert, “that you have been preaching to-day about *heaven*. To-morrow I shall go right to the Saviour and thank Him for leading you to leave your home in a Christian land, to come and tell us poor darkened heathens about Him and the way to heaven. Then I shall go and sit down by the pearly gate, and wait, and wait, and wait, till you come. Then I shall take you by the hand and lead you to the Saviour, and tell Him, ‘*This is the man that taught me the way to this happy world.*’”

THE SCOTTISH LADIES' ASSOCIATION.

Our young readers are aware, that the Orphanages in India are supported by an Association of Ladies, whose object is to Christianize the poor neglected females of that country. The last annual report of the Association has just been received, and a copy sent to each Sabbath School subscribing to our Juvenile Mission. The Treasurer at Kingston has a few copies remaining, and will be glad to forward them to any parties who may feel an interest in this good work.

JUVENILE MISSION AND INDIAN ORPHANAGE.

Already acknowledged.....	\$75.59
From Sabbath School, Lachine, per Rev. W. Simpson,	16.00
From Sabbath School at Fergus, in aid of the Canadian School, per A. D. Fordyce, Esq.....	4.00
From St. John's Church Sabbath School, Cornwall, in aid of Canadian School, per Rev. Dr. Urquhart,	14.00

109.59

JOHN PATON, *Treasurer.*

Kingston, 18th Oct., 1858.