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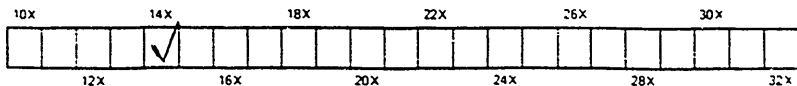
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THE

# JUVENILE PRESBYTERIAN,

A Missionary  
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN  
IN CONNECTION  
CHURCH



Newspaper  
CHURCH OF CANADA  
WITH THE  
OF SCOTLAND.

Conducted for the Lay Association.

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VOL. III.

May, 1858.

No. 2

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## JUVENILE MISSION AND INDIAN ORPHANAGE SCHEME—ITS SUCCESS.

The financial year of this most interesting and promising scheme ended on the 31st March last, and on the 3rd April the Treasurer remitted the sum in his hands. This amounted to £132 17s. 10d., or \$531.57. There is truly much cause of thankfulness to God for the success which has attended this scheme, and for the growing interest felt in it among our young friends.

The Annual Report to the Synod is in course of preparation, and will contain full particulars, both of the money received, and also of the operations in India. In advance of this document we give a list of schools and individuals who support orphans which will be read with interest.

St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School, Kingston, Esther Munno, Calcutta.

St. Andrew's Church S. S., Kingston, Hannah Tooney, Calcutta.

St. Andrew's Church S. S., Portsmouth, Kingston, Ruth Iona, Calcutta.

St. Andrew's Church S. S., Toronto, Ruth Toronto, Madras.

St. Andrew's Church S. S., Fergus, Elizabeth Fergus, Madras.

St. Andrew's Church S. S., Niagara, Annoa de Suga, Bombay.

St. Andrew's Church, S. S., Hamilton, Mary Esprunse, Bombay.

A lady at Whitby, E. S. Dow.

St. Andrew's Church S. S., Perth, Sarah C. Bain, Madras.

St. Paul's Church S. S., Montreal, Caroline Smith, Bombay.

Lochiel S. S., Lochiel, Alma Macdonald.

Sabbath School at Scarboro, Mary T. Scarboro.

Sabbath School at Scarboro, Margaret Bain.

St. Andrew's Church S. S., Quebec, Margaret Ghomes, Bombay.

St. John's Church S. S., Brockville, Johanna de Suga, Bombay.

St. Andrew's Church S. S., Hamilton, Mary Hamilton, Calcutta.

St. Andrew's Church S. S., Montreal, Bebe da Suga, Bombay.

St. Andrew's Church, S. S., Montreal, Chundrie, (Monitress), Bombay.

Congregation of Crosby Corners, Markham, Sarah Markham.

Mrs. (Rev.) Wm. Bell, Perth, Mary A. Bell.

Congregation St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, E. S. Ottawa.

Sabbath School at Charlottetown, P. E. Island, Susannah Durham.

Congregation and Sabbath School, Lachine, C. E., Mary A. Simpson.

St. Matthew's Church S. S., Halifax, E. S. Halifax.

St. James' Church S. S., Charlottetown, P. E. I., Thomasina Duncan.

Sabbath School New Richmond, Gaspé, Mary Davidson.

St. Paul's Church S. S., Montreal, Catherine M. Gibson.

Sabbath School, Frederickton, New Brunswick, Janet Brooke.

Sabbath School, Martintown, Jeannie McVicar.

Sabbath School, Lanark, Jeanette Fraser.

Sabbath School, Pictou, Nova Scotia.

Sabbath School, L'Orignal, C. E.

Sabbath School, Aultsville.

Thirty-three orphans in all, of whom one is a Monitress of much promise.

In addition to the above we must not forget the Canadian School at Calcutta, now we hope, opened and in operation.

Such is the list at present, and far does it exceed our expectations when the plan was first proposed. Let our young readers continue to interest themselves in this great work, and above all let them manifest their interest by praying often and earnestly to God, that He may bless all connected with the mission, both in India and at home.

### CHUNDRIE, THE MARATHI MONITRESS.

The Editor has received from Mr. Wright of Edinburgh, information as to this interesting girl, who is supported by St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School, Montreal. In the Report of the Ladies Association Schools at Bombay, for January 1858, there occurs the following passage.

"It is pleasant and delightful to inform you about *Chundrie*. She is getting on remarkably well both with her studies and needle work: and she is now able to give assistance in instructing others."

We trust that she may be enlightened in the knowledge of the truth and prove useful to her darkened heathen sisters.

### MOUNG-MOUNG.

DR. JUDSON was one of the first missionaries to Burmah. After learning the language, he built a *zayat*, where he used to sit and teach the new religion of Jesus Christ. One day a Burman officer passed with his little son. The child looked into the *zayat*, and cried, "See; there is Jesus Christ's man. *Amai!* How white!" And every time they went that way the child looked in and smiled, and raised his nut-coloured hand to the missionary, as much as to say, "Good morning, Mr. Teacher; I am glad to see you." The missionary's heart was drawn towards the child, and he longed to tell him of the Saviour.

At length the Burman and his son stopped at the *zayat*, and the child had brought a tray full of golden plantains, which he placed at the missionary's feet. "My little son," said the father, "has heard of you sir, and he is very anxious to learn something about Jesus Christ. It is a pretty story you tell of that man, and it has quite delighted Moug-

Moung." The missionary and the Burman had a long talk about the new religion, and all the while the child sat on the mat listening with all his might. At last he sprung forward, and cried, "Hear papa; let us both love the Lord Jesus. My mother bowed down to Him, and in the golden country she waits for us." It was true his mother was dead; but before she died, and while Moung-Moung was a baby, he fell sick, and his mother went to Dr. Judson to get medicine for him, which when the missionary gave her, he gave also the Gospel of Matthew, and said it was medicine for her. She read the book, and found a Saviour; and when she died, she begged the nurse, who took charge of the little boy, to teach him the "Jesus Christ religion; and as he grew up, the nurse took every opportunity of telling him about the good missionary, and the little she knew of the wonderful and blessed truths which he taught. Moung-Moung loved to listen; and although his father hated the Christians, he tenderly loved his son, and visited the zayat for his sake. But he never went again; and not long afterward the cholera broke out, the zayat was closed, and death and wailing reigned everywhere.

One night the Teacher was suddenly called to Moung-Moung's house, from which issued a wild wailing sound, as if death were there. No one seemed to mind the arrival of the foreigner, and he followed the sound until he stood by the corpse of a child. It was all that was left of Moung-Moung! "He worshipped the true God, and trusted in the Lord our Redeemer," said his old nurse, holding a palm-leaf before her mouth; "and the Lord who loved him, took him home to be a little golden lamb for ever." "See," said the woman, lifting a cloth from the body, where a copy of the Gospel of Matthew lay on his bosom, "he placed it there with his own dear little hand!"

### A LAPLAND STORY.

LAPLAND is the most northerly country of Europe, and belongs partly to Russia and partly to Sweden. North of Lapland is the wild and frozen Arctic Ocean. Perhaps the little Lapland children go down to the shore and wonder what is beyond that great water; and if they ever heard of the North Pole, are very curious about it, and strain their eyes with the hope of seeing it, just as you would do if you were there. It is very cold in Lapland, and the winters are like one long night, for the sun cannot be seen for many weeks.

And so the summer is one long day, for the sun never goes below the horizon in summer. But the long winter night is not so very dreary after all, for it is almost always lighter than our brightest moonlight nights. The moon and stars shine most brilliantly, and, what is far more wonderful, the Aurora Borealis makes it almost as light as day. I presume you have seen this splendid sight, sometimes called the Northern Lights, but we never witness it here like the poor Laplanders do. God seems to give them this beautiful display in the heavens to make up for the loss of the sun. The people of Lapland look more like Asiatics than like Europeans. They are very honest, quiet and industrious, and spend their time in summer in fishing, and in winter in taking care of their herds, making their clothes and their implements for fishing.

The reindeer is the great treasure of the Laplanders. He draws them over the frozen ground in their sledges, and is as docile and obedient as a dog, and nearly as strong as a horse. From the reindeer they are supplied with milk; they eat his flesh, make their garments and shoes of his skin, and indeed are so dependent upon him, that it seems as if they could not endure the hardships of a life in such a country without this noble animal. The Laplanders are called Christians, though they have but few ministers and teachers, and but little knowledge of the Bible. I will tell you a story of a little Lapland girl. You would have smiled could you have seen her short, fat little figure, with black hair combed into her eyes, tight-fitting pantaloons of coarse cloth, and a frock of reindeer skin, with the hair outward. On her head she wore a round woollen cap. Hilga's father owned a large herd of reindeer many miles from the place where he lived, and one day he told his daughter that he was going to take a journey to look after them, and that he would take her with him. Hilga was very glad to go, and you can imagine how funny she looked when seated in the sledge, bundled up in hoods and coats of reindeer skin. The reindeer which acted as their horse, was managed by the voice of his driver, and when he gave the word, away went the sledge over the frozen ground. It was nearly winter, and the sun had been every day getting lower and lower, but Hilga's father thought they would have time to get home before night came. They visited the herd of reindeer, and started to go home. But soon a violent snow-storm commenced, and when they were within a

few miles of their home, the sun went down and a dark stormy night closed about them. They lost the path, and Hilga's father was in despair. He had never learnt to trust in God. About a year before, a Swedish minister had visited them, and talked to the little girl about Christ, and given her a Bible. Hilga had learned to love her Bible and the Saviour of whom she read. And now, down in the bottom of the sledge, muffled in furs and skins, the little Lapland girl prayed to God to bring light out of darkness. And God heard her prayer, for the storm soon ceased, and suddenly there streamed up the sky the brilliant Aurora. Her father shouted with joy, the reindeer bounded forward, and little Hilga's eyes were full of happy tears as she thanked God for hearing her prayer. An hour more brought them safely home, to the great joy of Hilga's mother, who had given them up for lost. Hilga grew up to be a teacher of her poor ignorant people, though the Bible was almost the only book she ever studied. But it had made her wise unto salvation. When you see the Northern Lights again, I hope they will remind you of the faith of the little Laplander.—*Standard Bearer.*

### THE GOAD.

A MISSIONARY traveller (Mr. Porter) saw, in the land of Bashan, ploughmen with yokes of oxen drawing their simple ploughs. Each ploughman carried a goad; and this goad was a long spear-like stick, made of the strong oak-tree of Bashan, upwards of ten feet in length. Its point was of iron, sharpened so that it could give the lazy ox a severe touch, if needful.

Was not this a fit weapon for Shamgar to use, Judges iii. 31? He could wield it like a spear. Would it not be hard to "kick against such goads" or pricks, Acts ix. 5? If the Lord would fain yoke you in his plough, will you be so foolish as to resist? And is not that passage in Eccles. xii. 11, "The words of the wise are as goads," one that seems to say to you, "Your teachers' words, and the words of those who say or write anything to stir you up to duty, are meant to be to you what goads are to lazy oxen?"

Are you on the Missionary plough? Do you profess to care for Jew and Gentile? What do you give? *What do you put into the Missionary box?* Would you lose by giving more? Your Father seeth in secret and can reward you openly. Remember this, and remember, "The words of the wise are as goads."—*Free Church Juvenile Record.*



### A TAHITIAN PREACHER.

(The above is a picture of Arato, a native of Polynesia, who was baptized by the name of John Cuff, and became a Preacher to his countrymen. His father was a missionary before him,—his name was Puna. Missions in Tahiti have been very successful. May the time speedily come when all in all nations shall have heard the glad tidings and shall know the Lord.

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### THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

A little child sat on a stone  
 Beside the low sea-beach,  
 And looked across the flaming wave  
 Far as her eye could reach.

It was her father's little bark  
 She sought with wistful eye,  
 But nothing saw in all the waste  
 Except the sea and sky.



Dark clouds were spreading o'er the sky,  
A storm was in the air,  
The wind blew cold about her brow,  
And in her streaming hair.

Already she could hear the waves,  
Dash with a sudden roar,  
Upon the tall black rocks that stood  
Like barriers on the shore.

And then a passing shade of fear,  
The child's fair forehead crossed,  
Lest in the storm she knew was near,  
Her father should be lost.

'Twas but a moment, then she raised  
To Heaven her dark blue eye,  
And calmly gazed upon the waves,  
And at the threatening sky.

"My Father read the other night,  
"From God's own holy page,  
"That it is *He* who rules the waves,  
"And stills the tempest's rage."

"Then though my Father's far at sea,  
"I need not feel alarm,  
"For I will pray the God above,  
"To keep him safe from harm."

She knelt her down upon the sand,  
And lisped a simple prayer,  
That He who holds the winds would take  
Her father in His care.

Full many a bark was lost that night,  
Loud was the tempest's roar,  
But God preserved that Father's life,  
And brought him safe to shore.

And when he clasped his child again,  
She whispered in his ear,  
"I prayed to God to keep you safe,  
"And so I did not fear."

## GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

A few weeks since two men were on their trial for murder at the assizes in one of our principal cities, and great was the interest felt in the case. The various forms and examinations had lasted all day. Towards evening the case was concluded, the Judge summed up the evidence on both sides, and the Jury, upon whose verdict of *Guilty* or *Not Guilty* depended the lives of these men at the bar, were locked up in a room to deliberate. While the twelve jurors are thus engaged, let us briefly explain the origin of this trial.

The cause is easily found. It was the violation of God's law in breaking His Sabbath. Some thirty miles behind the city where the trial took place is a wild township, in which there are but few who reverence the Bible, or endeavour to follow its teachings. The usual Sabbath occupation of many there appeared to be assembling themselves, not to worship God in his house of prayer, but for the purpose of drinking in the taverns which disgrace the locality. As may be imagined quarrels are frequent, horrid oaths profane the Sabbath day, and no restraint is placed upon the angry passions of the men who thus congregate.

In one of these taverns a number of men were carousing on a Sabbath evening in February, and among them a young man named Lee. A knock is heard at the door. It is Lee's father who had also been drinking, and between whom and the landlord Stone an angry quarrel existed, but who is now come to seek his son. In the house was a poor half-witted man, named David, a servant, and who scarcely knew right from wrong, God having deprived him of his reason. At his master's order David lets loose some savage dogs upon Lee who seeks refuge in flight, but in vain, for at a short distance from the house he is pulled down by the animals. While struggling with the dogs, David with an iron poker, and another man with a club, beat Lee about the head until he falls senseless on the snow, his skull frightfully crushed, and in a dying state. Thus was a poor sinner hurried into the presence of his Maker without a moment's preparation, after a life of sin and wickedness. What a lesson here to our young reader to reverence the Sabbath, and prize highly their advantages. We do not fear that they will frequent such scenes, but we warn them against the slightest violation of the Sabbath day, not knowing to what awful consequences it may lead.

But let us return to the Court, where the jury after two hours deliberation has just agreed upon their verdict. It was an awful moment for the two prisoners. Before them stood the foreman of the jurors, who was about to pronounce the momentous words, Guilty or Not Guilty, which should consign one of them at least to the gallows, or send them forth free and unfettered. A breathless stillness in the Court room shows the anxiety of all, while Stone by his eager and intense emotion, manifests the feelings which must throb in his heart. At length the stillness was broken. David guilty, Stone not guilty.

Poor David will be sent to a place where he cannot again do such harm, while the other went out from the Court room, we trust, a wiser man after the terrible ordeal he had endured.

What lessons may we not learn from the above. Let us allude to one of these. We are hastening to a trial far more solemn than the one narrated, and before a Judge who cannot err. Are we seeking the forgiveness of our sins through Jesus Christ, so that Not Guilty may be our verdict, and thus we may sing the song of the Redeemed through all eternity.

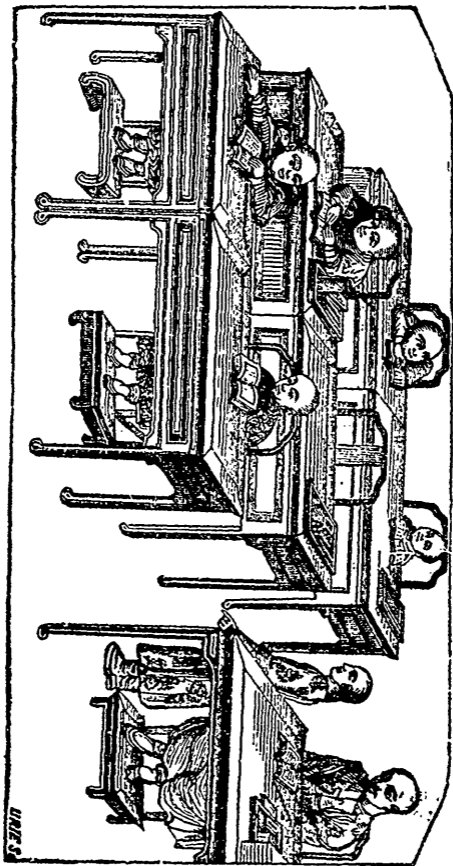
### MISSIONARY TIDINGS.

#### BOMBAY—BAPTISM OF A HINDOO.

"I must leave to Mr. Sheriff the pleasing duty of informing you of his own operations, and of the success and cheering promise bestowed on his indefatigable labours. He baptized a Hindoo clerk in the General Post Office named Tyan Amboo, on Sunday week—a man of mature years, who was duly admitted to the Lord's Table at our communion in St. Andrew's Church, Madras, last Sunday. He continues at his duty in the Post Office; and I do not apprehend that he will experience any formidable annoyance from the step he has taken."—*Letter from Rev. Mr. Cook.*

#### ALLAHABAD—A MOHAMMEDAN CONVERT.

At this place, after the mutiny broke out, the atrocities of his brethren had a remarkable effect upon a venerable Mussulman of eighty years of age, named Mohammed Taki. He had long been an inquirer into Christianity, and had protected a son of his, who was baptized in 1844, from the persecution of the rest of the family, but he could never decide on professing the faith of Christ until the mutiny broke out. When he saw the fiendish spirit manifested by the Mohammedans, he resolved to cast away all human considerations, and asked baptism, which was administered on the 19th of July.—*Idem.*



WRE S

## A CHINESE SCHOOL.

Many of our young friends are attending Schools and will like to have a view of a School in far off China, presented to them. Here it is. Quaint precise looking children they are. But alas they are not taught, as you are from the word of God, and with all the cultivation of their literature, they have not the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. What vast multitudes in China and India are in darkness. Do you value the light? Do you realize your many privileges and your solemn responsibilities?

## MISSIONARY VISIT TO A HEATHEN SCHOOL IN INDIA.

TO THE READERS OF "THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE."

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS.—You have often heard of the great country in the East belonging to the people of England, called India. Its length is nearly 2000 miles from the Himalaya mountains in the north, to Cape Comorin in the south; its breadth is about half this distance. You have often heard too of the people of this country. These are principally Hindoos, though there are besides many Mohanmedans, Parsees, or "fire worshippers," and others amounting altogether to 180 or 190 millions. Alas! those vast multitudes are as yet almost entirely ignorant of the true God and the Saviour Jesus Christ. It is true there are Missionaries labouring to make known the Gospel, but they are so few that, were they placed equally among the people, there would be but *one to half a million!* Just think what London would be had it only *four* ministers of the Gospel, and an equal number of schools. Would not the people be very ignorant and wicked? Yes. But when you think of India, you must not forget that at this moment they are no better supplied with teachers and instructors than London would be had it only *four* ministers making known the way of salvation. I hope you will pray much that many more Missionaries may be sent to this dark land.

The people are looking to you, my dear young friends, and other good people in England, for instruction. Let me give you a short account of a visit made a few days ago to a Hindoo village in South India. Taking with me two native assistants, and having furnished ourselves with Gospels and tracts, we made our way across fields and sandy plains,

to the place we had resolved to visit. The first object which caught our attention at the entrance to the village was a pagoda, or small temple, dedicated to the worship of the *Polacheamel*, or the goddess of Cholera. So ignorant are these poor people, that they ascribe this dreadful disease to the displeasure of a senseless block of stone! Should cholera break out, large presents and offerings must be made to the idol, until its favour has been restored and the ravages of the disease stopped. Passing along, we soon came to the village school. The teacher is a heathen. About forty or fifty boys were seated in the verandah of his house, all reading aloud at the same time, and, as you may suppose, making a great noise. All natives believe that this is the best way of teaching. The people had no chair to offer, but a large mat made of bamboo leaves was spread in the open air instead. Six or seven months ago, I sent a few Gospels to this teacher, as he expressed a wish to have them, and promised he would put them into the hands of the boys attending his school. The first class now stood forward in order, and began reading the Gospel of John in their own language. You would have been very glad, I am sure, to have seen this pleasing sight. A great number of people soon gathered round, when they were informed that the Missionary had come. Several Brahmins came too, though they generally dislike the Gospel very much. I told them that the words they had heard their children reading were very good words, and hoped they would remember them. I asked them whether they would like to have a school, and a teacher of the Bible to live among them. One man said, "We have been waiting for you a long time. Come and teach us." And then, "We have no light; you must come and open our eyes." Many expressed themselves in this way, and begged a school might be established and a teacher sent to instruct them. There are many Brahmins, or priests, in this village; many heathen temples and gods in every house, but, alas! how true are these words, "*We have no light.*" My dear young friends, do you not feel very sorry for these poor benighted people? and will you not do what you can to send teachers of the Gospel, to open their eyes and instruct them in the word of God? Alas! there are thousands of towns and villages with many hundreds and thousands of people in each, in every direction, all crying out to the Missionaries and the good people of England, who love the souls of the heathen, "*We have no light. You must come and open our eyes.*" Do

what you can, then, my dear young readers, to send out the light of life to the teeming myriads of Heathen in Hindostan. Remember the poor heathen children of India; and pray that teachers may soon be sent to tell them about the only Saviour—the Lord Jesus Christ.

Tripossore, Jan. 1858.

J. D.

THE TRUE LIGHT.—COLLOSSIANS I. 13th.

Dear Children, why will you, why need you continue in *darkness*? True, light is sown for the *righteous*, and you feel yourselves to be *sinful*. Think you, on that account, it is *not* sown for you? God forbid. Saint Paul addressing *real* converts, after describing the unfruitful works of darkness, and those who practised them, adds—“And such were many of *you*.” The darkness may be dispelled from *your* hearts. The *Sun* is shining, only come under His influence, He has warmed and cheered many, He can do so to you. “*Jesus* stands ready to save you.” Pray God to incline you to draw near. *He* waits to be entreated by you. *He* bends to hear your prayer. He is the *light* of the world. He gives the *light* of life. His beams can reach your darkened souls. No plant could live altogether in darkness. You may have a sort of light while under the influence of the Gospel; but alas! any other light if you trust to it, will assuredly lead you astray. He can open the blind eyes; He is appointed to do so, and if you read attentively the account given of the cures he performed while on earth, you will see He is as willing as He is able. Darkness you know covers the earth, and gross darkness the people. Pray and labour that it may be dispelled. You cannot, to be sure, remove it yourselves, but by your prayers you “can move the hand that moves the world;” and you can help by your cheerful loving gifts to send that *Word* to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death, which can direct them into the way of peace.

Has the Sun of Righteousness arisen on you? Oh then you will not need to be urged to do all you can that His rays may gladden thousands who are yet strangers to his cheering influences.

“Light for the darkened earth!

Ye blessed, its beams who shed,

Shrink not, till the day-spring hath its birth,

Till, wherever the footsteps of man doth tread,

Salvation's banner spread broadly forth,  
Shall gild the dream of the cradle-bed,  
And clear the tomb  
From its lingering gloom,  
For the aged to rest his weary head."

SIGOURNEY.

"NEVER GIVE A KICK FOR A HIT."

"I LEARNED a good lesson when I was a little girl," says a lady. "One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father's farm-yard, where stood many cows, oxen, and horses, waiting to drink. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows, in attempting to turn round, happened to hit her next neighbour, whereupon the neighbour kicked and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with fury. My mother laughed, and said, 'See what comes of kicking when you are hit.' Just so: I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears on a frosty morning. Afterwards, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say, 'Take care, my children; remember how the fight in the farm-yard began. Never return a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself a great deal of trouble.'"

THE LIGHT WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

If you stand outside any building that contains a painted window and look up at the window, how dull and cold do the colours appear! You see indeed the light streaming through, and you fancy you can trace out some of the patterns on the window. But enter the building, and what a rich sight do the varied colours of that bright window present; how minutely is every tracing visible! How gloriously is the light reflected on all things around!

Just such is the Christian. You can see indeed from his outward conduct, that he is illuminated by the light of God's Spirit; but if you want to know the workings of that light you must look *within*. Look, if you can, right into his heart, and see how gloriously does the light illuminate him, and extend its irradiating influence to all his thoughts, motives, and actions! He is indeed a light shining in a dark place.—*Church of England Sunday School Quarterly Magazine.*



### INDIA ORPHANAGE SCHEME AND JUVENILE MISSION.

For the support of Orphans—Aultsville Sabbath School, per Wm. R. Croil, Sup't.,—1st year,....	\$16 00
Second year's support of Sarah Markham, per Rev. James Gordon,.....	16 00
In aid of the Calcutta School—Scarboro Church Mission box, per W. R. Bain, Esq., .....	5 00
From Sabbath School at Garafraxa, per Rev. Geo. Macdonnell, .....	2 25
	\$39 25
Deduct balance due to Treasurer on 31st March,..	3 67
	\$35 58

JOHN PATON,  
Treasurer.

Kingston, 19th April, 1858.

### BOUND VOLUMES.

In reply to occasional inquiries, we would say that our publisher will furnish a few bound copies of the 1st and 2nd volumes of the *Juvenile Presbyterian*, delivered, postage free, to any address, for 5s., and the 2nd volume alone bound singly for 3s. He will also bind volumes if delivered to him free of expense, for 1s. 3d. per volume, either singly or the two volumes in one Book. We doubt not many will be pleased to secure the preservation of their numbers in this way.

### OUR CIRCULATION IN THE LOWER PROVINCES.

We find that our friends in the Lower Provinces have difficulty in remitting to us.—We would therefore feel obliged if James Pardie, Esq., of Charlottetown, P. E. I., and William Gordon, Esq., of Pictou, and the Revd. Dr. Brooke, of Fredericton, would kindly act as our Agents, in their respective Provinces.