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THE  
JUVENILE PRESBYTERIAN,

OF THE PRESBYTERIAN  
IN CONNECTION  
CHURCH



CHURCH OF CANADA,  
WITH THE  
OF SCOTLAND.

Conducted by a Committee of the Lay Association.

VOL. I.

October, 1856.

No. 7



A STRANGE MISSIONARY LESSON.

SOME Missionaries went to a part of India, not long since, where no white man had ever before been. The people looked

upon them as if they had come from another world. Generally they were treated with kindness; but there was one place where many Brahmins lived, and these men saw that, if the poor Hindoos believed what the strangers taught them, their own gains would be destroyed. They therefore persuaded their people not to listen to their preaching. "But, if," write the Missionaries, "they would not hear our *words*, they were compelled to take a lesson from our *boots*." This, you will think, was a very strange way of teaching the Truth; but it answered the purpose, as you shall hear.

The Brahmins had made the people believe that their temple, and the large open court around it, were so holy that, if any person went in with shoes or sandals upon his feet, the blood would instantly stream from his nose and mouth, and he would drop down dead. No one, therefore, entered into the sacred place, or thought of doing so, without first putting off his shoes. As the Missionaries had not been there, they knew nothing of all this; and, being curious to see the temple, walked boldly into it. But no sooner had they entered than a number of Brahmins ran quickly towards the spot, and began to threaten and curse them in a very violent manner. The Missionaries were not to be driven away by angry looks and empty words; they remained, therefore, and tried to show the Brahmins the falsehood and folly of their superstitions.

While this was going on, the people gathered together, and came as near as they dared. There they stood, with their necks stretched out, and their eyes fixed upon the Missionaries; for they all believed what the Brahmins had told them; and they expected every moment to see the men who had been so bold as to walk, with their shoes on, into the holy place, fall bleeding and dead to the ground. But they looked in vain. At first they wondered; and then, one after another, they began to doubt; until at length, when they became sure that no harm would happen to the strangers, they cried out, "Our Brahmins are all liars! They have fed us with nothing but lies! These wear boots of cow leather. They have entered the court with them on, and they have suffered no harm!" Soon the whole of the large village was in an uproar, every-body was thinking and talking about the lies of the Brahmins. The Missionaries knew that this was the time for them to show the people the way of Truth; the same evening, therefore, they met a great crowd of them, and preached to them the Gospel.—*Church of Scotland Juvenile.*

## CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY SHIP.

A few years ago the boys and girls in the Sabbath Schools in England collected enough of money to buy a fine large ship. This vessel they called the "John Williams" after a celebrated missionary, and sent her out to the South Sea Islands to aid in spreading the Gospel in these heathen lands. Twice has the good ship been home for repairs, and twice have the Sabbath School children collected enough to pay the expenses of refitting this ship and sending her forth again on her peaceful errand.

We are delighted to learn that the Sabbath School children in the United States are going to follow this good example. The keel of a beautiful little vessel is about to be laid, which the children hope to call their own. Her name is to be the "Morning Star," and she will be employed in carrying out the missionaries and their families to the Sandwich Islands, and in conveying them from one mission station to another. What a deep interest the children will feel in their own missionary ship, and with what delight will they hear of the good she is doing! Each boy or girl who has contributed will own a part of the vessel; a nail or two perhaps, a piece of canvass, an ounce or two of the anchor, or one of the ropes. And how grateful the poor Sandwich Islanders will feel when they see the Sabbath School ship! They will never go on board the "Morning Star" without thinking of their distant young friends.

Can we not do something for missions too? How much better to spend money in this way than in cakes, candies, or such things, which can do us no good, but perhaps much harm.

Don't forget the little Orphans at Calcutta.

*For the Juvenile Presbyterian.*

Many of our young readers must have heard of the Rev. Dr. Judson, a Missionary who for many years preached the Gospel among the Burmans. The following beautiful verses are by his wife, and give a most touching picture of the trials which await the Missionaries in many foreign lands. Dear children, in the enjoyment of your comfortable homes do not forget those devoted men and women who are now preaching Jesus Christ to the heathen. Read their cry for help.

## THE WAN REAPERS.

BY MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON, BURMAH.

I came from a land where a beautiful light  
Is slow creeping o'er hill-top and vale;  
Where broad is the field, and the harvest is white,  
But the reapers are haggard and pale.

All wasted and worn with their wearisome toil,  
 Still they pause not, that brave little band,  
 Though soon their low pillows must be the strange soil  
 Of that distant and grave-dotted strand :

For dangers uncounted are clustering there ;  
 The pestilence stalks uncontrolled ;  
 Strange poisons are borne on the soft, languid air,  
 And lurk in each leaf's fragrant fold.

There the rose never blooms on fair woman's wan cheek,  
 But there's beautiful light in her eye,  
 And the smile that she wears is so loving and meek,  
 None can doubt it comes down from the sky.

There the strong man is bowed in his youth's golden prime,  
 But he cheerily sings at his toil,  
 For he thinks of his sheaves and the garnering time  
 Of the glorious Lord of the soil.

And ever they turn, that brave, wan little band,  
 A long, wistful gaze on the West—  
 "Do they come, do they come from that dear distant land,  
 That land of the lovely and blest ?

"Do they come, do they come ? Oh, we're feeble and wan,  
 And we're passing like shadows away ;  
 But the harvest is white, and, lo ! yonder the dawn !  
 For labourers—for labourers we pray !"—*Macedonian.*

#### WANT OF MISSIONARIES IN AFRICA.

At the recent annual meeting of the Church Missionary Society in London the Rev. H. Townsend, Missionary from Abbeokuta, thus describes the strong desire that is felt in these districts of Africa for missionary labourers:—

We have, at the present time, vast openings for missionary exertion, and I must endeavour to bring these before your minds, that you may give us the help that we require. You are aware that we have several stations already formed—formed, we hope, upon a right basis—carried on, we hope, in a right manner, looking to our Saviour alone for aid. Beyond us there are vast towns; but let me first draw your attention to a small town that is nearer to us than Abbeokuta, one of those that were destroyed by the slave wars, but was being rebuilt when I visited it with

the late Dr. Irving. When we went there, the chief said to us, "Sirs, I want to bring my people back again that are scattered about. They are coming back, but they are afraid: they are afraid that the Dahomies will again send them away; but, if you white people will only come among us, if one of you will only come and dwell in the town, they will be assured of peace and safety; they will all return with confidence, knowing the protection that you can afford." Now, that town has never seen the face of a Missionary since, that I am aware of. They are still waiting for that white man; they are still waiting for the messenger of peace, that is to bring peace and safety to their place. There is, again, beyond Abbeokuta a town of about 20,000 people, called Tsein. I have been there twice. Again, there is a town called Agooja, or, as it is sometimes called, Oyo—the capital of the Yoruba country, and the residence of the King of the Yorubas. I visited the King, and earnestly entreated him to form a station in his place. Of late he has sent to the British Consul for a missionary, and our brethren there have been obliged to go to him a second time; and the King compelled Mr. Hinderer, who went, to leave behind one of his attendants as an earnest that a white man should be sent to him to teach him. He also gave Mr. Hinderer one of the houses in the town, and a piece of ground on which to build another, whenever a person should come there. Again, there is a large country that has not been visited by any Missionary, called Ijesha, away to the southward of Ibaden, containing 100, or, perhaps 200,000 people. The King of Ijesha sent to myself, and to my companion, Mr. Gollmer, a number of messengers with this message: "We beg you, in all kindness, to come to us; we desire to see you; we desire to receive you." But that distant country has not to this time been visited by any Christian instructor. There is, again, a town called Shaki, about one hundred and fifty miles, I suppose, from the coast, that we suppose to contain from thirty to forty thousand people. I went there, and was received by the people with the greatest joy. Thousands of people gathered around me, and, whenever I opened my mouth to preach the Word to them, they seemed to listen with much attention and respect. I asked, "Do you want white men to come and teach you that which white men are delegated to teach?" and their answer was, "Yes, we have heard of your doings at Abbeokuta, and we desire that you should come among us, and teach us as you have taught the people of Abbeokuta." I told them that I was about to return to this country, and they asked me to take this message with me. And now, dear Christian friends, the question rests with you. Shall I go back to Africa,

and tell them that the people of England will not send them Missionaries? Shall I tell them that in this vast country there are no young men able and willing to undertake the work? Shall I tell them that in this country, which is known throughout the World as the richest country, there is not wealth enough to support Missionaries. Oh! let not this be said; but rather let us go back full—full with the blessing God has given us. The more we go forward in our work, we shall have the way opened. We shall not only go through the Yoruba country but across the Niger. There the people are waiting for the Gospel, which was promised them by Missionaries that were in the expedition commanded by Captain Trotter, but the promise has not been fulfilled. You know that Mr. Crowther, when he went with a subsequent expedition, was reminded of that promise by the natives themselves. "Where," they said, "are the Missionaries you promised us? Our eyes ache with looking, our hopes become faint with disappointed expectation of the promised blessing." And now, Christian friends, shall it be so, that the Niger, the Yoruba country, and the countries beyond, shall stretch out their hands to us for blessing, and we deny it to them? Let it not be so; but let us go forward in the name of the Lord our God."—*Church of Scotland Juvenile Record.*

#### TINNEVELLY.

"Of all the Indian Missions of the Church Missionary Society," says the Annual Report (7th May, 1856.) Tinnevelly claims the precedence in respect of the number of Christians, and its advance towards a permanent settlement of a native church. Five years ago the several districts of Tinnevelly were under the pastoral care of twelve ordained missionaries, of whom ten were European and two native. Now the number of ordained Missionaries is still twelve, but five only are European and seven native. At the former period the converts were 24,552, and the communicants 2743. Now the converts are 27,140, and the communicants 3821. At the former period there were 295 places of worship, and 6682 children at school. Now there are 375 congregations, and 8253 children at school. A second proof of the progress of the Missionary spirit is evidenced by voluntary contribution and unpaid Missionary agency. The poor Christians of Tinnevelly contribute more than £70 a-year to the Church Missionary Society, and ten times that amount, in the whole, to other pious objects. Besides this, there is a native Missionary Society, supported and managed by themselves, which maintains

six native catechists, who are associated with the itinerating Missionaries in North Tinnevelly, and a

#### JUVENILE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION,

supported by two vernacular schools, which pays the whole stipend of a pilgrim Missionary among the heathen. A third evidence of progress which the Committee notice is the general desire which has sprung up for books of solid information, and of deep practical piety."

There is a new and deeply interesting branch of labour going forward in the North Tinnevelly district. Three missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, Messrs. Ragland, Fenn, and Meadows, assisted by several native helpers, are occupied in itinerating and sowing the seed of the Gospel over a large district of country. In one year they have visited 1200 villages, and 700 of them three times. It is very pleasing to hear that the native Christian churches and congregations to the south are zealously co-operating in this work.

#### RETURN OF JEWS TO PALESTINE.

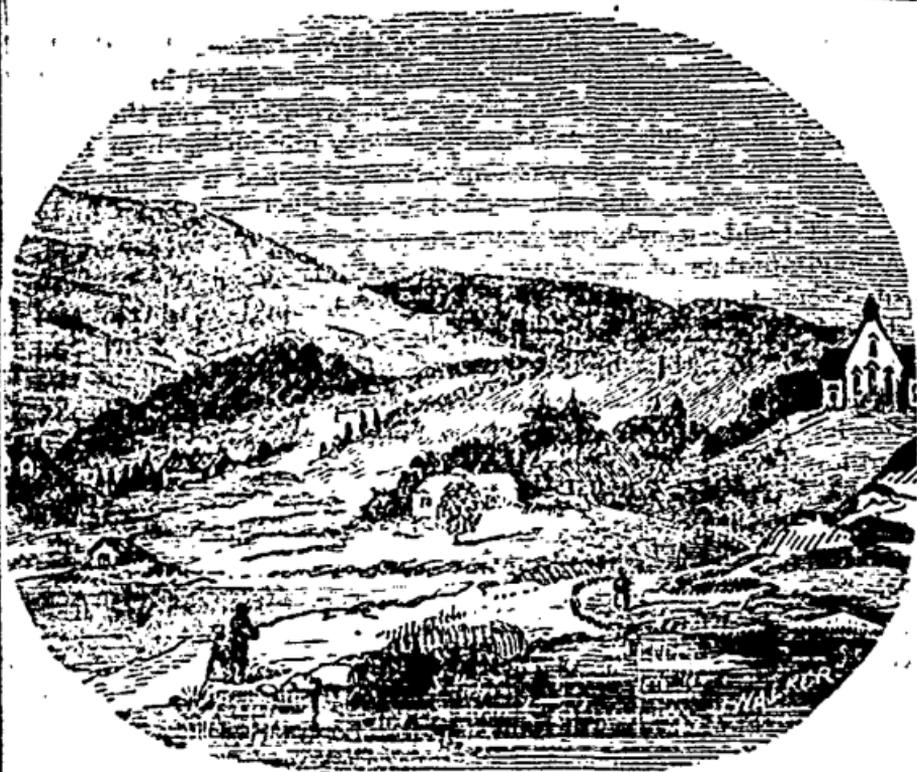
On June 11 a meeting was held in London, to take into consideration the best means of establishing an agricultural colony of believing Israelites in Palestine. The Earl of Shaftesbury was called to the chair.

The Rev. H. H. Herschel submitted a statement of the objects which it is sought to accomplish. It is intended to make arrangements for the purchase of tracts of land on which to found an agricultural colony of converted Jews which should answer the double purpose of providing the means of subsistence for those poor Israelites who, after they had embraced Christianity, were reduced to great pecuniary straits; and of raising and maintaining the standard of the Cross in the land in which the great and momentous scenes recorded by the evangelists were transacted; and by that means to bring the Jews in Palestine under the power of Christian influence.

The Bishop of Jerusalem expressed his cordial concurrence in the scheme, and said that never since the destruction of Jerusalem did circumstances seem so auspicious for the return of the Jews to their own land as they do at present.

#### A CURE FOR A FIT OF AMBITION.

Go into the churchyard and read the grave-stones; they will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bed-chamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and your sister.



### FRUITS OF THE GOSPEL IN IRELAND.

A KIND lady, who has recently visited Ireland, and has often furnished us with accounts of the progress of the missions there, says the *Juvenile Record of the Church of Scotland*, sends us the following description of what is doing in one of the fields of missionary labour in the western districts of Connemara. The woodcut above will give our readers some idea of this interesting spot:—

“I shall now try to describe a Sabbath School scene at Aasleagh. The drawing will recall to you the singular beauty of that locality. You will remember the grand mountains with their sharp thin edges, and their crater-like summits, from 1500 to 3000 feet high, the emerald of the grassy slopes on the one side contrasting and combining with the rich purple and blue of the rocky hollows and precipices on the other. Twisting among these mountains for ten miles is the Killery Bay, which has appropriated to itself the characteristic beauties of river, lake, and ocean. It is the head of the bay which is shown in the sketch, with the church on the right side, and Aasleagh Lodge, the residence of the Hon. D. Plunket, on the left. The inter-

mediate buildings are offices and a cottage connected with the house. Four years ago the congregation assembled in the hall and porch of the Lodge—the clergyman preached from the stair. Now, by Mr. Plunket's exertions, a pretty church has been built in a place where, seven years ago, there was not a single resident Protestant. The day-school is attended by above forty convert children, who are most intelligent and well-behaved. A good number of girls and boys, once at school, are now in situations, rejoicing the hearts of those who, in days of trial and discouragement, commenced and persevered in their Christian labours. On Sabbath, at ten o'clock, the children meet at the school-house, which is a mile back from the church. Public worship is at twelve, when between sixty and seventy attend. In the afternoon the clergyman preaches on the opposite side of the Bay; and school is held at five o'clock in the cottage among the trees next the church. It was a lovely evening. Heaven and earth were filled with light and glory. The mountains stood round about us—symbols and witnesses of those covenant promises on the strength of which we met the dear children, and read with them the Word of God. Several classes were arranged on the grass among the trees. One of them was taught by a pleasing-looking young woman of nineteen, herself the first-fruits of the school. Seven years ago she, with many other naked, hungry, ignorant children, had come to the school. Christian love cherished and taught them, and has already reaped a rich reward. This girl's mind seemed early taught by the Spirit, and a steady course of intelligent, consistent piety has, we trust, proved it to be His work. I was very much pleased with the three girls and two boys I got charge of, they seemed so interested and serious."

### SABBATH EXERCISES.

Closely and inseparably connected with being "poor in Spirit" is that godly sorrow for sin which is experienced by every renewed disciple of Jesus. We propose now to come to the second of these coeval graces, and prove,

For November 2nd,

The blessedness of those who "mourn."

PROOF 1st—MATTH. v, 4. 2nd—JOB v, 8, 11. 3rd—PS. cxix, 67. 4th—PROV. iii, 11, 12. 5th—ECCL. vii, 3. 6th—IS. lvii, 15.

For November 9th.

Prove the same by examples.

PROOF 1st—2ND KINGS, XX, 2, 6. 2nd—2ND CHRON. XXXIII, 12, 13. 3rd—IS. VI, 5, 7. 4th—LUKE XVIII, 13, 14. 5th ACTS, XVII, 30, 34.

For November 16th.

Prove that it is our duty and privilege to pray to God.

Without prayer there can be no Divine life in the soul. "Behold, he prayeth." is tantamount to demonstrative evidence of being born from above. As prayer is the most suitable final exercise of the dying saint when leaving this world, so is it the most satisfactory proof that the sinner has been made a partaker of Christ Jesus. It is the cry of the new-born child of God. Proceeding from the contrite spirit to the adopting heavenly Parent, we know that the soul is now spiritually alive.

PROOF 1st—PS. V, 1, 3. 2nd—PS. LV, 17. 3rd—PS. CXXII, 6. 4th—MATTH. VII, 7. 5th—LUKE XI, 1, 2. 6th—1ST THESS. V, 17.

For November 23rd.

Prove that we ought to pray for pardon of sin and for holiness.

These blessings the God of covenant love is pledged to bestow upon the believing suppliant. To ask them in word or in spirit, is essential in all true prayer. We cannot imagine prayer from the repentant sinner without these being sought.

PROOF 1st—HOS. XIV, 2. 2nd—LUKE XI, 4, 13. 3rd—PS. LI, 2, 3, 7, 9, 10. 4th—IS. XLIII, 25, 26. 5th—1ST JOHN I, 9.

For November 30th.

Prove the same by examples.

PROOF 1st—EZRA X, 1. 2nd—NEH. I, 4. 3rd—DAN. IX, 4, &c.; 1ST KINGS VIII, 38, &c.; MATTH. XIV, 30.

#### HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER.

A beautiful but most uncommon instance of filial affection is related in a Peruvian Paper, the *Herald of Lima*, which the readers of the "Juvenile Presbyterian" may be pleased to see transferred for their perusal, and (in its spirit at least) for their imitation. It is contained in a communication from the Alcalde of Callao.—This worthy Magistrate narrates that about 8 o'clock one morning a tumultuous assemblage of people came to his house, and, as they were all speaking at once, it was sometime till he could fully comprehend the nature of the case. At last a venerable-looking man, whom they had brought with them, gave the following explanation. He said he was a widower and had four sons, who were all present. Since their mother's death he

had lived in the interior with his eldest son, receiving care and attention from the other three; but, wishing to come to Callao, the third son was written to, to provide for his reception. This gave offence to the second son Antanacio, who considered that it was his turn by order of birth to have his father with him. The rest of the narrative is given in the words of the Alcalde, to whom they had come for advice, as they could not agree among themselves about it.

"Dionisio contended that his brother Antanacio could not be with his father because he had a great deal to do, and could not give his father the attention he required. The fourth son, Julian, represented to me that it properly belonged to him to support his father, as he was the youngest and unmarried. I knew not what to resolve, my heart was so affected by the extraordinary picture presented to me. As I contemplated this scene, the old man, Clemento, said, "My dear children, my heart overflows with satisfaction in witnessing your disputes respecting which of you shall take charge of your old father. I would gladly give consent to you all, and therefore propose that I be permitted to break fast with one, dine with another, sleep in the house of the third, and thus keep changing from day to day; but, if you do not consent to this, let his honor, the Judge, determine what shall be done with me."

The young men unanimously rejected this proposition, because they said their father would lead an idle, errant, unquiet life. I then proposed to write on separate pieces of paper the names of the sons, which I did, doubled them and put them into the hat of Clemento, which served as a ballot-box; and, while doing so, a death-like silence prevailed, and there was plainly to be seen, expressed in the countenance of each of the sons, his hope of receiving the desired prize. The old man put his tremulous hand into the hat and drew out the name of Antanacio, the second son. Antanacio, upon hearing his name called out, broke into praises to the Omniscient for according him such a boon. With his hands clasped and eyes directed to heaven, he repeated over and over his thanks, then fell upon his knees before his venerable parent, and bathed his sandaled feet with tears of frantic joy. The other brothers followed his example, and embraced the feet of the good old patriarch, who remained like a statue, oppressed with emotions, to which he knew not how to give vent.

Such a scene as this melted all who witnessed it. The brothers then retired, but soon returned with a fresh demand, which was that I should command that, since Antanacio has been favoured by lot with the charge of the father, they could not be deprived of the pleasure of taking out the old man to walk by turns in

the afternoon, which order I gave magisterially, in order to gratify these simple, honest people, and they then retired contented.

This humble family of Indian extraction is named Villiavencio. They are natives of the valley of Chorillo, but at present reside at Callao."

### WHAT IS DEATH?

"MAMMA, how still the baby lies!  
I cannot hear her breath;  
I cannot see her laughing eyes:  
They tell me this is death."

My little book I thought to bring,  
And sit down by her bed;  
And pleasantly I tried to sing:  
They hushed me—"She is dead."

They say that she again will rise,  
More beautiful than now;  
That God will bless her in the skies:  
O mamma, tell me how."

"My boy, do you remember, dear,  
The cold dark thing you brought,  
And laid upon the casement here—  
A withered worm, you thought?"

I told you that Almighty power  
Could break that withered shell;  
And show you, in a future hour,  
Something would please you well.

Look at the chrysalis, my love,  
An empty shell it lies;  
Now raise your wondering glance above,  
To where your insect flies."

"O yes, mamma, how very gay  
Its wings of starry gold,  
And see, it lightly flies away  
Beyond my gentle hold.

O mamma, now I know full well,  
If God that worm can change,  
And draw it from its broken cell,  
On golden wings to range.

How beautiful will sister be  
 When God shall give *her* wings,  
 Above this dying world to flee,  
 And live with heavenly things."

### THE COLLIER BOY.

"You all know," said an English gentleman, addressing some children who worked in Yorkshire mines, "what it is to work down in the coal pits, for many of you spend your days in them. A short time since, a little fellow, not more than five or six years old, was brought before some gentlemen to be questioned about his work. They asked him his age; then, what he had to do. He answered that every day, from five in the morning till five in the evening, he sat without a light beside a little door in the dark coal passage, and, when he heard one of the boxes come rumbling along, he opened the door by a piece of string which he held in his hand. He was asked whether he had any way of amusing himself. Once he had caught a mouse, and this was quite an event in his life. But his chief way of amusing himself was by begging of every one who came through the door a piece of candle-end; and then, when he had collected a sufficient number of pieces, he lighted them all. "Well," said the gentleman, "and, when you have got a light, what do you do?" "Oh I said the little fellow, '*when I gets a light I sings.*'"

"Now this is a simple story: but I want you to learn a lesson from it. We are met to-day to think, hear, and learn about the poor heathen in distant lands; and they are like this poor child in the coal pit. They live in darkness—in utter spiritual darkness. They are, the Bible tells us, '*sitting in darkness,*' without God, without Christ, without hope. Now the object of the Missionaries is to take light to them—the light of the Gospel; and the use of Missionary meetings is to stir up people to help in this blessed work. You, my dear children, give your pennies and your half-pennies; and they are like the little boy's candle-ends, which he begged of the men as they passed. They go towards getting the light of the Gospel spread among the heathen; and, when they have heard and believed the glad tidings of salvation, they sing praises to Him who has called them out of darkness into His marvellous light, just as the child sang when he had got a light in his coal pit!"

### LETTER FROM A CHINESE YOUTH.

THE young Chinese, KIUNG-HAE, who writes to the Rev. William Muirhead, one of the London Missionary Society's agents, the

letter of which the following is a translation, is one of the seventeen boarders under A. R. Muirhead's care, and is training for the sacred office of a preacher to his countrymen:—

"I have already, for several years, been receiving my teacher's instructions. From my early youth I have enjoyed many mercies, but especially have been made acquainted with the Way of Life, the method of redemption from sin, and clearly understand my duty in regard to it. I am aware of the sinfulness of my condition, the vanity of earthly things, the nearness of death, the certainty of retribution, either eternal happiness or eternal misery, one or other of which awaits me. The Lord says there is a day coming when everything shall be dissolved, and I shall be judged in His immediate presence. Reflecting on my own state, it seems that during the brief space of a single day my shortcomings are very many; how innumerable, then, must they have been during my own lifetime of eighteen years in this perishable world! But I have listened to the instructions of my teacher and know that Jesus is able to save, that God is able to pardon, and that the Holy Ghost is able to influence my heart. I have attentively studied all this, and been led to understand the true doctrine, and sincerely and spiritually to pray to God. For how dare I seek to adorn myself in any mere way of empty show, which is positively sinful in the sight of the Great Ruler on high. Last year I received the ordinance of baptism, and therefore ought all through life to glorify God, that I may hope to ascend to Heaven when I die. I only desire that this doctrine may always dwell in my heart, that the Holy Spirit may ever affect my mind, and that actively and daily I may increase in all that is good. May my thoughts not be mixed up with the corrupt customs of the world, and my feelings and inclinations not fall into the snares of the wicked one. May God grant me His exceeding grace, and aid me by His boundless goodness, that, while I live, I may reflect glory on His name, seek to spread abroad the saving mercy of our Lord, and enjoy happiness in the world to come!" *Church of Scotland Juv. Miss. Record.*

#### THE YOUNG SAMOAN TEACHER.

THE Island of Upolu is one of the most beautiful and fertile in the South Seas. Its lofty mountains, which run along its whole length, are covered with thick woods, having lovely streams running between them.

In 1840 nearly the whole of its population had embraced Christianity; but a few tribes still clung to their heathen ideas and practices.

In that year a Christian native happened to visit one of these heathen tribes, and during his stay among them he was in the habit of regularly reading a portion of God's Word. While he was thus engaged, a youth, who evidently seemed at a loss to account for this strange employment of his time, watched him with much eagerness and curiosity, wondering greatly what he could be doing. At length he could not hide his feelings, and ventured to ask the man what he was doing, and if the thing he held in his hand was his god. "I am talking to my book," said he. "What does it say?" asked the lad. "It tells me a great many wonderful things about the great God, and about the creation of the world and of man, and about Jesus Christ the Saviour of men."

"Will it talk to me and tell me those things?" asked the boy.

"Yes, if you can talk to it," replied the Christian, "not with the mouth, but with the mind and heart; and you must learn from the teacher how to do this."

"Oh, I should like to learn," said the youth; "where is the teacher, and I will go to him?"

"He is across the mountain," said the man, "at Fasetootai."

Delighted to hear this, he could not be kept back from starting at once to the place, that he might learn to read; not doubting that he would do so at once, and would return the next day with his new-found treasure. Mountains, woods, streams, were as nothing in his path, and he eagerly pushed on to the Christian settlement. Here everything wore a different appearance from his own native village. Wherever he looked, he saw order and cleanliness; and the people, no longer naked savages, were clothed in suitable garments. Nothing discouraged, however, our little savage here asked for the teacher's house. "There it is; you see those animals feeding on the lawn in front of it," said a native.

But the little savage had already drawn the teacher's attention, who came towards him, and to whom he made known his wishes to be taught. So the next morning, after having been combed and clothed, he was admitted into the school-room. Nor was he long in learning the A, B, C, and so delighted was he with his accomplishment that nothing could prevent him from forthwith returning over the mountains to teach it to his friends. Here he insisted on their forming a circle round him, and learning the alphabet from his lips. This done, he was compelled to seek again the mountain-path which led him to Fasetootai. "So you are come back again?" said his teacher. "Yes, I come to learn more." But no sooner had he learned "more" than back he trudged to impart "more" to his pupils. He could

not be persuaded to wait until his educational course had been completed, lest they should "forget." Thus he learnt and taught, journeying to and fro over the rugged mountains, till his efforts had met with considerable success. At length a teacher was placed in his village, and he was able to seek, undisturbed, that knowledge which he so greatly desired, and which is able to make the most unholy pure, the most wretched happy, and ignorant heathen wise unto salvation by faith in Christ Jesus.—  
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### THE CORAL ISLANDS.

OR, DO WHAT YOU CAN.

WHERE the Pacific Ocean lies,  
Say, have you heard what travellers tell?  
How fair the Coral Islands rise,  
How beauteous things within them dwell?

Bright birds and butterflies flit by,  
Sweet flowers spring up of every hue;  
And stately palm-trees tower on high  
Beneath the skies of deepest blue.

But listen, that you may discern  
How first they rose amid the tide;  
And so may we a lesson learn  
From coral rocks in ocean wide.

Myriads of tiny insects there  
Labour, as works the honey-bee,  
These wondrous Coral Isles to rear  
Out of the bottom of the sea.

Each does but little; but they all  
Work on, work upward to the light,  
Until above the waves are seen  
The Coral Islands fair and bright.

And now, dear children, may not you  
Example from these insects take?  
And strive a work for God to do,  
Pleasing to Him for Jesus' sake?

The little gift, the childish prayer,  
If given to God, if by Him blest,  
May spring, and fruit more wondrous bear  
Than Coral Isles in ocean's breast.