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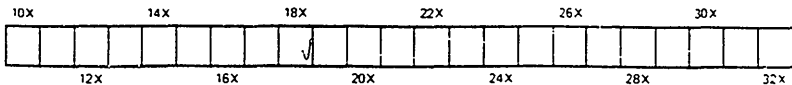
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MARCH, 1862

*Don M. Laurin* 4

Vol. VI.

No. 3.



"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."—Matt. 22.

Montreal :

PRINTED AND ISSUED FOR THE LAY ASSOCIATION BY JOHN LOVELL.

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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. VI.

March, 1861.

No. 3.

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MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

*Letter from Bombay.*

An interesting letter has been received from Miss Young at Bombay, dated the 12th December last, in which the pleasing announcement is made of there being two new orphans for our Canadian Schools. These little girls are very young, their mother having died of cholera, and their father is supposed to have gone to England as servant to a gentleman there. Theresa Chundva is the name of the eldest, and her age is about four. This little girl is now assigned to the Ladies and Sabbath School of St. Andrew's Church at Ottawa, who have long and patiently waited for an orphan. We trust the connection which has thus been formed may be greatly blessed, both to this little girl and to the kind supporters, who will in future take a deep interest in her welfare.

The name of the other little girl is Rosa Antonia Chundva, and she has been offered to the Sabbath School which has been next longest on the list of applicants for an orphan. As soon as the appropriation is made it will be intimated.

The Ottawa Sabbath School sometime since selected the name of Elizabeth Spence for their orphan, and a better or more worthy choice could not have been made. If possible

this name will be assigned to Theresa, but at Bombay it is sometimes found inexpedient to change names, especially if the children have been baptized before the intimation is received at the orphanage.

*Madras.*

Miss Anderson has sent a very interesting letter to the Treasurer, dated 27th December last, and also a copy of the *Madras Times* containing an account of the examinations at the orphanage there. Satisfactory Reports of the orphans were also received and forwarded at once to their supporters as follows:—

Keren Happuch,	- -	Markham Sabbath School.
Antionia,	- - - -	Scarboro' "
Joanna,	- - - -	Perth, "
Phœbe,	- - - -	St. And. Ch. S. S., Montreal.
Ruth Toronto,	' - - -	" " Toronto.

At the examination the last named girl greatly distinguished herself, having been first in the highest class. Her Report is so good that we make the following extracts to show our young readers what progress has been made by Ruth, once an ignorant heathen girl.

*Examination.*

Scripture knowledge	- -	Exodus and Luke's Gospel.
Shorter Catechism	- -	50 questions.
History	- - - -	Barth's Ch. History in Tamil language.
English Reading	- -	On plants and minerals.
Arithmetic	- . . -	Comp'd addition in English and Tamil.
Work	- - - -	Plain and Fancy.
Conduct in study	- - - -	Attentive, diligent and clever
Conduct out of study	-	Quiet and well behaved.

(Signed,)

C. ANDERSON,

Madras, 31st. December, 1860.

Owing to a slight misunderstanding, the Report on Anna was sent to Scotland, and one on Magdola forwarded instead. This has been explained to Anna's supporters at Fergus, C. W., and the Treasurer has had great pleasure in enclosing a letter from them to Anna at Madras, full of kind messages and good advice. The Fergus Sabbath School has also sent \$3.40 to present Anna with a Bible, &c.

*Examinations at Madras.*

These took place early in December last in presence of a large assemblage, and the proceedings were most interesting. In addition to the orphans, the children attending the church of Scotland Ladies Association day school were also present, making in all 420 girls, all under the admirable management of Miss Anderson, who, by her zeal, tact, and energy, has secured the confidence and hearty co-operation of the 15 teachers, and who has also gained the respect and affection of the pupils. During the past year the attendance has increased until the buildings are quite full, and among other pleasing statements is noticed a large organization of Mahomedan girls, a class formerly very difficult to gain over for christian education.

Religious instruction forms an important part of the course, but in addition to this the girls are taught all that can render them useful members of society. They are taught to make, mend, and take care of their clothes, and also to perform household duties of every kind, such as cooking, washing, &c., &c. Among these 420 girls, many will doubtless become Christian teachers, and the wives of Christian missionaries and Catechists. The others will be scattered throughout the city and district, diffusing among thousands of their heathen countrymen and countrywomen, the christian education and useful knowledge which they have acquired.

Dear young readers, this is good news from distant India. God has blessed and extended the work of Female education. Let us remember in our prayers Miss Anderson and her 420 girls, and trust that many of these daughters of India may be early brought to the Saviour.

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**LYING IDOL PRIESTS IN INDIA.**

You have heard much about the idols of India, but you have not heard, perhaps, how the people support their temples and their religion. One way is this: When the priests want money, they use deceitful acts to get it from the people. Sometimes they put fetters of iron on their Idol gods, and bind them hand and foot. In this condition they carry them round the villages, while the priests declare that their gods are in debt, and money must be given to redeem them. As soon as the people see the state of their idols, they bring their gold to the priests, and then the chains are struck off.



### THE HISTORY OF SECHELE.

Sechele was the chief of the Bakwains a tribe of Bechuana in Africa. The Boers hated Sechele and his people, because they would not be their slaves. They were always threatening to attack them, and at last they kept their word.

While Dr. Livingstone was absent from the place in 1852, four hundred Boers attacked Sechele, and after killing a good many of the people, carried off two hundred of the school-children into slavery. They showed their hatred of Dr. Livingstone, as being the black man's friend, by plundering his house. He says:—"The books of a good library—my solace in our solitude—were not taken away, but handfuls of the

leaves were torn out, and scattered over the place. My stock of medicines was smashed, and all our furniture and clothing carried off, and sold by public auction."

They pretended to think that the missionary had taught Sechele and his people to fight, and this was the way they revenged themselves.

Sechele's wife escaped with the greatest difficulty to Mr. Moffat's station at the Kuruman, where she told the sad story. She and her baby had been hidden in a cleft of a rock, while the Boers were just over her head firing their guns. Her little child began to cry, and terrified lest this should attract the attention of the Boers who were so close to her, she took off the bracelets from her arms as playthings to quiet the child. She brought a letter with her to Mr. Moffat, of which Dr. Livingstone says the following is a literal translation:—

"Friend of my heart's love, and of all the confidence of my heart, I am Sechele; I am undone by the Boers, who attacked me, though I had no guilt with them. They demanded that I should be in their kingdom, and I refused; they demanded that I should prevent the English and Griquais from passing. I replied, These are my friends, and I can prevent no one of them. They came on Saturday, and I besought them not to fight on Sunday and they assented. They began on Monday at twilight, and fired with all their might, and burned the town with fire and scattered us. They killed sixty of my people, and captured women, and children, and men. And the mother of Baleriling (a former wife of Sechele), they took prisoner. They took all the cattle and all the goods of the Bakwains; and the house of Livingstone they plundered, taking away all his goods. The number of waggons they had was eighty-five, and a cannon; and after they had stolen my own waggon, and that of Macabe, then the number of their waggons (counting the cannon as one) was eighty-eight. All the goods of the English hunters were burned in the town; and of the Boers were killed twenty-eight. Yes, my beloved friend, now my wife goes to see the children, and Kobus Hae will convey her to you.—I am Sechele, "THE SON OF MOCHOASELLE."

Sechele had before this sent his five children to Mr. Moffat at Kuruman, that he might instruct them, now that Dr. Livingstone was far from them.

It was at this time that Dr. Livingstone was preparing for his last great journey, he was detained for some months at Kuruman, and when at length he set out towards the



north, he met Sechelo on his way as he said "to the Queen of England."

Two of his own children and their mother, a former wife, were among those whom the Boers had carried off as slaves, and he thought, that if the governor of Cape Colony would not give him justice, surely Queen Victoria would. Sechelo pleaded eloquently with Dr. Livingstone that he would go with him, but he explained that this was impossible, and showed him the the difficulties of his plan. Sechelo listened, and said,—

"Will the Queen not listen to me, supposing I should reach her?" Dr. Livingstone replied, "I believe she would, but the difficulty is to get to her."

"Well, I shall reach her," said he, nothing daunted. He afterwards met with some English officers, who invited him to dine with them, heard his story, and collected a handsome sum of money to help him to pay his passage to England. They seem to have been greatly taken with this fine specimen of a Bechuana chief. Dr. Livingstone described his appearance as being tall and rather stout, darker than most of his people, but with large eyes. He says, "He has great intelligence, reads well, and is a fluent speaker."

Sechelo continued his journey to the Queen of England, but by the time he got to the Cape his money was spent, and he was obliged to give up his plan and return to his own country, a thousand miles distant.

Sechelo is still a powerful chief, for many of his countrymen have fled from the Boers, and placed themselves under his protection. He has occupied a good part of his time in teaching his people, and still conducts himself as a Christian chief.

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### "OUR LITTLE GRETCHEN."

The children in a Sunday-school class were saying sweetly, in concert:

"Around the throne of God in heaven,  
Thousands of children stand,"

when the teacher happening to raise her eyes, saw in an adjoining row of little girls, one serious face whose tender and devout expression was evidently produced by the echo of these two lines falling on her attentive ear. The child had a fair, oval face, her yellow hair was brushed smoothly

under the knitted cap that she wore, she looked out of blue eyes, soft and pleasant. The little ones in the teacher's own class were rather restless, they repeated perfectly, but without emotion,

"Children whose sins are all forgiven,  
A holy, happy band."

In vain the lady looked into their black, brown, and gray eyes, hoping that their souls were touched. But still wistful and grave sat the child in the other class, with a peaceful face, as if she was nearly ready to stand there too.

The school closed. The blue-eyed, and brown-eyed children pressed down the aisles. The teacher went away with a prayer in her heart for the unknown German child, so eager to drink a drop of water out of the "wells of salvation."

On a gloomy day in autumn the same lady walked out, to look after a missing scholar. Around a large factory are always grouped clusters of houses, often uninviting in their appearance. These little brown cottages were less dingy than many others on the lane. Bits of garden separated them, and beyond were distinctly seen glimpses of the blue river and the outline of distant hills. In one house, the lady was particularly interested. The tiny garden spot had been well kept. A few late flowers lingered among the frost-killed vines and blackened stems. A pretty woodbine creeping to the very roof, still did its best to beautify the poor home with its crimson leaves. The path to the door was well made, and grass-bordered. Clean white curtains brightened the small windows. In one of them appeared a geranium.

The lady longed to see the interior, and asked some children passing, who lived there. "Why," said one of them, in apparent surprise, "our little Gretchen." She did not hesitate to knock at the door, to find out who little Gretchen was, and what she could do for her. Her kind smile insured a welcome, as the little maiden of the Sunday-school opened the door. How nice the little kitchen looked, with its clean floor newly washed, and homely furniture. Who was "our little Gretchen," with her dark stuff dress and white apron?

The child was twelve years old and motherless. On the labor of her small hands depended the comfort of four younger children, and of their father. It was marvellous to see how well she conducted the household, keeping the

cottage in order. Washing and mending the brothers' and sisters' clothes, making the daily soup and coarse bread, sending the children to school in season with well-washed faces and hands, tidy aprons, and smooth hair. The outline of her busy life was told, with sweet modesty, in words not yet free from the German sound. In the morning, while the children were away, she worked willingly with her hands, singing as she went songs learned in the Sunday-school. In the evening, she cut out and made coarse garments or crocheted laces and tidies, which she sold to procure for them various little comforts. Hence came the Sunday pennies always ready, and the school-books for the little ones.

"Our little Gretchen" had in her hands a pretty thread mat, nearly finished. The lady asked the little woman if she might buy it, as she had been wishing to get one. A hearty smile spread over her face. "My money was all gone," she said, "and to-morrow is the Lord's day again."

"Perhaps you cannot always manage to carry a penny for the collection," said the teacher, "you must not work too hard."

"Oh, it does me good, in my heart," she answered quickly, "those pennies come so easy."

Four children, rosy-cheeked, came in, and presented themselves to "our little Gretchen" to be kissed, rather shyly, however, for they saw the lady's silk dress resting on the bare floor. Then the two boys and two girls sat down demurely on low stools around their protectress, the girl only twelve years old.

One of the boys began to weave a coarse basket, very skillfully. The lady noticed that his clothes, clumsy and ill-fitting as they were, looked whole and warm.

On the face of "our little Gretchen," no shadow of doubt or distrust seemed ever to rest. She had received "the kingdom of God as a little child," and was "not faithless, but believing." The teacher carried away many lessons. "Even a child is known by his doings." No one needed to ask "our little Gretchen" if she loved the Lord Jesus.

Engaging a tidy, some pieces of lace, and a basket from the little boy, the lady went home in the early dusk, earnestly desiring for herself, the simplicity and child-like faith of her little German friend.

On the morrow, the Sunday-school teacher went with a glad heart to her class. The sight of "our little Gretchen" quickened and revived her soul. With deeper love, she told

again the story of the blessed cross. The blue eyes of the German child filled with loving tears, as she listened also to the account of one "led as a lamb to the slaughter."

Verily "a little child shall lead them" through the daily struggle of poverty and inexperience, through the following of "the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, even through the 'much tribulation.'" Perhaps "our little Gretchen" will lead her hard-working father, her two brothers, her two sisters, up to the Throne of God!—*Sunday-School Times.*

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### OUR ORPHAN'S IN INDIA.

(For the *Juvenile Presbyterian.*)

The following little incidents though apparently trifling in themselves yet evince the firm hold which our Juvenile Mission Scheme has taken on the affections of the young people of our church, and as such will doubtless be perused with interest by the readers of the *Juvenile Presbyterian.*

Let every child who reads ask himself the question, Am I doing all in my power to help on this good work?

The following letter was received in January last by the superintendent of a Sabbath School in Canada West, from a lad in humble circumstances who earns his bread by daily toil.

DEAR SIR,—This small sum of one dollar enclosed I give as a New Year's gift for the benefit of our orphans in India, for I am an orphan myself and know what it is to be without father or mother, and I hope that others in our Sabbath School who are better able to give than me, but not more willing than myself, will follow my example.

No more at present but still remain, dear sir, yours truly,

A little servant girl in the same school brought to her teacher a York shilling the remains of a month's hard earnings, saying, "I wanted to give a shilling currency to the orphans, but this is all I have," at the same time with a smiling face dropping her mite into the missionary box at the class.

A dear little girl of six years of age who regularly lays by two pence monthly from her little hoard for this fund, seeing her mother preparing to go to town slipped up to her with a piece of money in her hand and said "Mamma, here is the

quarter dollar I got in my stocking on New Year's day and I want to give it to the orphans, will you take it to aunty to put in her missionary box." Her mother wishing to see if she had really counted the cost of the sacrifice she was making reminded her that it was all she had, but she still persisted in her determination to give it all.

Surely there is no little child, however young, who cannot do something to aid the scheme either of the orphanages or of the Canadian school by saving the penny or half-penny otherwise spent in trifles, and what is of more importance, remembering in prayer to their Heavenly Father the care of those benighted little ones in a far distant land, that they, with the children of our own more favoured land, may at last be gathered in one happy family to the fold of the Great Shepherd.

A Sabbath School Teacher.

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#### A LESSON FROM A DOG.

"I wish I could mind God as my little dog minds me," said a boy, looking thoughtfully on his shaggy friend: "he always looks so pleased to mind, and I don't."

What a painful truth did this child speak! Shall the poor little dog thus readily obey his master, and we rebel against God, who is our Creator, our Preserver, our Father, our Saviour, and the bountiful Giver of everything we have?—*Early Days.*

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#### GIVE US A WRITING.

Bible truth is travelling far and wide into the heart of Asia; and natives sometimes come from a great distance to the missionaries, saying, as the Burmans did to Dr. Judson, "Sir, we have seen a writing which tells about an eternal God. Are you the man that gives away such writings?" "Sir, we hear that there is an eternal hell. We are afraid of it. Give us a writing that will tell us how to escape it." "Are you Jesus Christ's man?" ask others, "Give us a writing that tells us about Jesus Christ."

How anxious were these poor heathens to secure a piece of this writing, while in this country almost every little child

has a Bible, *all his own*. Does he read, and love, and prize it, as the writing which tells of his Father, his Saviour, and his heavenly home?—*Child's Paper*.



### THE FATHER'S RETURN.

All the day long in the corn-field so weary,  
 Father has toil'd in the heat of the sun,  
 Now the great bell from the farm-yard rings cheery,  
 Telling the time of his labour is done.

Far in the west, streaks of crimson are sbining,  
 Where the last sunbeam is just out of sight.  
 Slowly and brightly I watch'd it decining,  
 Through the old elm-tree all golden with light.

Soon will the night come, the darkness will gather  
 Over the fields, and the trees, and the leaves,  
 And the round moon will shine brightly, where father  
 Reap'd down the harvest, and bound the brown sheaves.

Beasts have lain down where the bright dew-drops glisten ;  
 Birds have gone home to their roosts long ago,  
 Only the bat brushes by as I listen,  
 Or the black beetle hums drowsy and slow.

Lay the white cloth for his coming, dear mother,  
 Set out his chair where he likes it to be ;  
 Close at his side you shall stand, little brother,  
 Baby shall sit like a queen on his knee.

From the hard hand that has labour'd so truly,  
 Toiling and straining that we might have bread,  
 We'll take the sickle that did its work duly,  
 Leave it to-night with the spade in the shed.

We'll hang around him with smiles and caresses,  
 Make him forget as we climb on his chair,  
 Toil that has wearied, and care that oppresses,  
 All but his home and his little ones there.

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#### INDIAN ORPHANAGE AND JUVENILE MISSION.

Already acknowledged,.....	\$296	01
St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School, Quebec, per J. W. Cook, Esq., for support of Mary Quebec,		16 00
Additional from South Georgetown Sabbath School, collected by Jane Jameson for Canadian school,		1 25
St. Joseph Street Mission School, Montreal, per R. Hay, Esq., in aid of Canadian school,.....		6 37
From Fergus Sabbath School, per Rev. George Macdonell, to present Anna with a Bible,.....		2 00
St. John's Church Sabbath School, Brockville, per Geo. Hutcheson, Esq., for support of Mary Ann Stewart, .....	\$16	00
To present her with a Bible, &c.,.....	3	40
		19 40
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JOHN PATON,  
*Treasurer.*

Kingston, 22nd February, 1861.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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John Kingan, Montreal,.....	1861	\$0 25
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J. McKenyher, Hemmingford,.....	1861	0 25
J. Peterkin, " .....	"	0 25
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Miss Elizabeth Patterson, Zimmerman,.....	1861	0 25
James Galloway, Uxbridge,.....	"	0 25
Col. Cameron, Beaverton,.....	"	0 25
R. Bethune, " .....	"	0 25
Rev. J. Murray, Bathurst,.....	1860	5 00
H. W. Mackenzie, Vankleek Hill,.....	"	0 25
T. Allan, Lachine,.....	1861	0 25
Rev. James Gordon, Markham,.....	"	2 50

N.B.—Subscriptions are payable in advance.

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The artist, who is engraving the new frontispiece for our paper, has, we regret to say, again disappointed us. The work is in progress, and will, we trust, be forthcoming soon.