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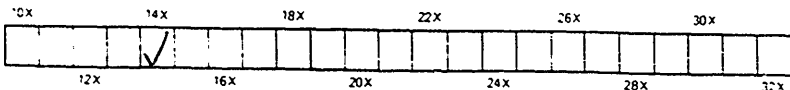
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THE  
JUVENILE PRESBYTERIAN,

OF THE PRESBYTERIAN  
IN CONNECTION  
CHURCH



CHURCH OF CANADA  
WITH THE  
OF SCOTLAND.

Conducted by a Committee of the Lay Association.

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VOL. I.

March, 1857.

No. 12.

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THE EDITORIAL CHAIR.

A year has passed away since we assumed the editorial charge of this little paper, which we had the privilege of originating. We have had reason to be gratified with the kindly encouragement extended to us in this effort, which, combined with the sense of duty induces us to continue it for another year. We have labored during the year that has sped away, to make our little journal useful to our young readers, and yet, interesting to them. We may not have succeeded as fully in doing this, as we could have desired, but, yet, we trust our labors have not been altogether unprofitable. We have sought to attach our young readers to our Church, to interest them in its working, and in missions, and to enlist them directly in the support of a missionary effort; but while doing this as a means to an end, we have, above all, desired to remind them, by the selections we have placed before them, of their responsibilities as Christian children, and thus to lead them to "the good Shepherd," in the earnest hope, that in this the time of their youth they may "remember their Creator," and be enrolled as lambs of that flock, whom he will "gather in his arms" and will lead through "green pastures and by still waters." Yes! a

year has come and gone, to some of us laden with heavy trials, to others it may be with severe afflictions. Who can tell how many of us, between whom a bond of sympathy has, we trust, been permitted to arise, will see the close of another? Young readers, "*now* is the acceptable time," not to-morrow or next week, but *now*. Harden not, then, your hearts, but listen to His words, who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not."

### THE ORPHANAGE AT CALCUTTA.

#### DEATH OF TWO ORPHANS.

We have painful news to communicate from the Orphanage at Calcutta. Two of our Schools have lost the little orphans, who, in the Providence of God, were dependent on them for support. Small pox having made its way into the Orphanage, Catherine Mathieson, supported by the St. Andrew's Sabbath School, Montreal, and Mary Hamilton, by that of Hamilton, died of the disease. We have received only a bare intimation of the fact, but full particulars are looked for. These Schools had been looking forward to hear of their protegées being trained up for positions of usefulness amid their own people, but God's ways are not as men's ways. All flesh is as grass. Young and old do fade as a leaf. May this sad intelligence be sanctified to these schools, and let us hope that in the brief period, that these orphans were permitted to spend under the influence of religious instruction in a Christian home, they may have been led to the Saviour.

### OUR NEW YEAR'S THANK OFFERING.

#### THE ORPHANAGE LIBRARIES.

Received from the L'Orignal Sabbath School, per Master Robert Bell.....	£0 18 1½
Received from the South George Town Sabbath School, per Rev. J. C. Muir.....	1 0 0
St. Andrews' Church, Sabbath School, Portsmouth, Kingston,.....	0 15 0
St. Andrews' Church, Sabbath School Hamilton,	0 10 0

Montreal, February, 1857.

£3 3 1½

N.B.—We trust the example thus set will be extensively followed.—*Editor Juvenile.*

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED SINCE LAST ACKNOWLEDGMENT FOR THE SUPPORT OF ORPHANS IN INDIA.

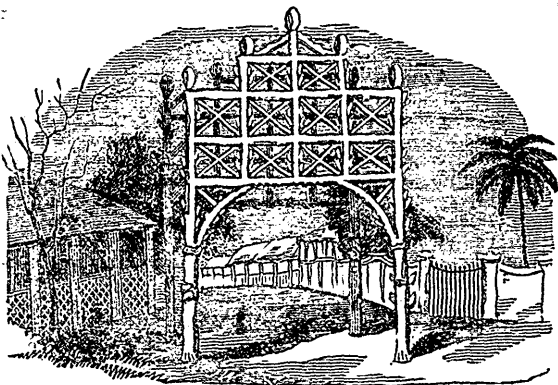
St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School Montreal, for Catherine Mathieson, 2nd year, .....	£4 0 0
Sabbath School at Fergus, for Elizabeth Fergus," 2nd year,.....	4 0 0
Sabbath School at Niagara, for "Jessie Mowat," 2nd year,.....	4 0 0

£12 0 0

The name of one of the orphans supported by the Sabbath School at Perth, has been entered as Sarah Christina instead of Sarah *Christiana* Bain, but is now altered.

Kingston, 18th Feb., 1857.

JOHN PATON,  
Treasurer to the Synod.



TRIUMPHAL MISSION ARCH.

In some countries the Missionaries are received by the poor heathen people with great delight. Nothing can exceed their joy, and sometimes they adopt curious ways of showing it. One Missionary tells us of the trays of sugar-candy that were handed to him on his arrival at one of the native villa-

ges. Garlands of double sweet-scented jasmine blossoms, strung together as country girls in England string little daisy necklaces in spring, were also thrown around his neck. When the Bishop of Calcutta went to Ceylon, he found to his surprise that the natives had a triumphal arch, or rather a sort of tower, built of palm work, erected in honour of his arrival. He sent a description of it to his little grandchildren, and you will see a picture of it, made on the spot, in this Juvenile Presbyterian.

The thankfulness shown by these poor people for the teachers sent to them ought to encourage us to send them more.

### JOHNNIE ROSS'S MESSAGE.

#### AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO TRACT-GIVERS.

At a late meeting of nearly 400 distributors of the "Monthly Visitor" in Edinburgh, one of the speakers related the following encouraging incident:—

John Ross, a poor boy, died in Bishop's Close, Edinburgh, in 1836. From a brief memoir of him published at the time, he left behind him evidence, that from his earliest childhood he had been taught of God, and that at eight years of age he died in the Lord.

He was visited by a Christian lady, who every month left the "Monthly Visitor" at his mother's house. He took great delight in collecting and keeping the tracts, and in shewing them to any one who came to the house. He was anxious to pay for them, and had resolved that he would try to collect five shillings, to give to the Society. He was very poor, and died before his missionary plan was accomplished. He had got as far 1s. 2d., which was found in his missionary-box after his death.

One day, when near his end, he asked what day of the month it was. On being told it was the tenth, he said "That good lady who brings the tracts is not come. I would like to see her before I die. I know she is a child of God; she goes about to see and make bad people good. Thank her, mother, when I die, and tell her, I'll see her in heaven. My mind loves her for giving us the tracts. Tell her to continue to give the tracts, that wicked people may be made better, by them."

Little did that dying boy know how out of his mouth the Lord should "ordain strength" to his faithful servant. When the friend, one of the Directors, who narrated the incident,

was leaving the hall after the meeting, he was surprised and rejoiced to find, waiting to speak to him, the lady who had given John Ross, the tracts. Twenty years had passed since then, and still that patient labourer has not wearied in her quiet but blessed work. And little did the speaker know, while he told the story for the encouragement of others, that she was present to whom those precious words were left as a grateful memorial by the dying child.

Are any of our readers tract-distributors? Let them not weary. "Whosoever shall give to one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, shall in no wise lose his reward." "And this I say, that he that soweth sparingly, shall reap also sparingly; he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

DR LIVINGSTONE, THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER.—Dr Livingstone was born in the village of Blantyre. He wrought in the mills as a piecer boy, and, before he left, as a spinner, attending the classes in Glasgow during the winter months, and resuming his work as a spinner in the mills during the summer vacations. He left Blantyre Works about the time he was engaged by the London Missionary Society.

### SABBATH EXERCISES.

For March 8th.

Prove that those who hunger and thirst after righteousness are blessed.

PROOF 1st—ISAIAH xli, 17. 2nd—ISAIAH xlv, 3. 3rd—ISAIAH lv, 1-3. 4th—SONG OF SOLOMON iv, 16. v, 1. 5th—MATTHEW v, 6. 6th—JOHN vii, 37.

For March 15th.

Prove the same by examples.

EXAMPLE 1st—PSALM xlii, 1-2; lxiii, 1-2; lxxxiv, 2. 2nd—EXODUS xxxiii, 13. 3rd—REVELATION vii, 16, 17.

For March 22nd.

Prove that we ought to receive and obey "the holy scriptures" as the inspired word of God.

When reading or studying a merely human author, we are not only entitled but required to exercise our judgement as to whether we ought to accede to what is written or reject it. But the case is immensely different with regard to the book of God, the genuine, authenticated, and inspired revelation of the Divine will to man. The truths and disclosures of this

volume are of such a nature in their origin, bearing, and aim, that while adapted to the capacity of the lowliest of humble and devout readers, they infinitely surpass the reason intellect, and capacity of every human mind, however gigantic, superior, or advanced. Having settled with ourselves that these scriptures are from God through the medium of "holy men" who wrote under the inspiration of the Spirit of God, all that remains for us to do, is to acquaint ourselves with their contents, to receive and to act upon them.

PROOF 1st—PSALM xix, 7-11. 2nd—PSALM cxix, 4. 3rd—JOHN v, 39. 4th—ROMANS iii, 1-2. 5th—ROMANS xvi, 25, 26. 6th—1st THESSALONIANS ii, 13. 7th—2nd TIMOTHY iii, 16, 17. 8th—HEBREWS v, 12.

For examples of the same see

1st—2 KINGS xxii, 10. 2nd—Ezra vii, 6, 3rd—PSALM cxix, 97-100. 4th—ACTS xvii, 11. 5th—ACTS xviii, 24. 6th—2nd TIMOTHY iii, 15.

For March 27th.

Prove that we need the Holy Spirit, to render the holy scriptures quickening and saving.

PROOF 1st—JOHN vi, 63. 2nd—JOHN xiv, 26. 3rd—JOHN xvi, 13. 4th—1st CORINTHIANS ii, 10. 5th—1st JOHN ii, 20-27.

### THE WIFE OF JOHN BUNYAN.

JOHN BUNYAN was a poor tinker, and, at one time, was a very wicked man. But God made him "a new man in Christ Jesus," and he then longed to tell others of the Saviour he had found; but, for preaching the Gospel, he was thrown into gaol. He lay there for many years, but his *mind* was not idle even when in prison, for it was there he wrote the Pilgrim's Progress.

After he had lain in prison for a long time, his poor wife appeared before the House of Lords, to plead for her husband's release. It was the first time ever a woman had been seen pleading there. They told her she must go to the judge of assize who had condemned her husband. She did so. She was not afraid to go even there, for she felt that God was with her.

At the assize court, Sir Matthew Hale presided, and he would fain have helped poor Mrs. Bunyan had he been able. But he was accompanied by Judge Twisden, a very ferocious cruel man. Speaking of this man, Bunyan says, "Judge Twisden snapt at my poor wife, Elizabeth, and angrily told her that her

husband was a convicted person, and could not be released unless he would promise to preach no more." Elizabeth loved her husband, but she loved the Saviour too, and she could not prove unfaithful to Him: so she told the court that Bunyan could not purchase freedom at the expense of keeping silent about the mercy and love of God.

"It is false," said she, "to say that he has done wrong, for at the meetings where he preached they had God's presence with them."

"Will he leave off preaching?" roared Twisdon.

"My lord," said Elizabeth, "he dares not leave of preaching as long as he can speak. But, my lords, just consider that we have four small children, one of them blind, and all of them have nothing to live upon while the father is in prison, but the charity of Christian people."

At last they told her that there was only one person who could pardon her husband, and that person was the King. But how was this poor broken-hearted woman, the wife of a tinker, to find her way to the footstool of the monarch?

Justice was surely far away when the judge on the bench could not award it. He felt for her, but he could not restore her husband to her. "Alas! poor woman, said he, "I am sorry for your pitiable case."

Elizabeth now became convinced that it was vain to seek justice at such an earthly tribunal, and so she left the court pointing to her tears as she departed, and uttering words which should never be forgotten.

"See these tears," said she, "but I do not weep for myself; I weep for you, when I think what an account such poor creatures as you will have to give at the coming of the Lord."

Hers was a hard case, but she had chosen the better part, and she was at length delivered from all her sorrows. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."—*Juvenile Messenger*.

### MUSSULMAN DANDEES.

BISHOP HEBER, who wrote the beautiful Missionary hymn beginning with

"From Greenland's icy mountains,"

and who was a missionary himself, thus speaks of the Mussulman Dandees, in India, who guarded his boat on the Ganges: "Their uniform is merely a white turban of a singularly flat shape; a white shirt and trousers, with a shawl wrapped





round their loins. I was amused to-day by seeing them preparing and eating their dinner, seated in circles with an immense dish of rice, and a little sauce-bowl of curry, well seasoned with garlic, set between every three or four men. These people sit, not like the Turks, but with the knees drawn up, like monkeys. Their eating and drinking vessels are of copper, very bright and well kept, and their whole appearance is cleanly and decent. Their countenances are more animated, but less mild and gentle than the Hindoos." On the right of the group of Dandees in the picture is a peepul tree, sacred to the god Siva, and with an evil spirit, as the Hindoos believe dwelling under every leaf. Oh, the absurdities of heathenism! Christian children, use every means in your power to spread the Gospel of salvation throughout that land of darkness.

### MISSIONARY TIDINGS.

#### THE COLONIES—A NEW MISSIONARY BAND.

LET our readers, who are advanced enough in age, take up a map and follow us, while we tell them what has been lately done in this wide field. Three young preachers have gone to labour in Australia, eight to Nova Scotia and Canada, one to Mauritius, and another to Berbice. This is another little army leaving our shores, and setting forth in behalf of the cross. Pray that Christ may fulfil towards them His old beautiful promise (Mat. xxviii. 20)— We are told some charges in the Colonies have been six, ten, and twelve years without a

minister! Compare *that* with your church pews, your Sabbath Schools, your kind ministers, and the happy ringing, every Sunday morning, of your church bells.

## INDIA—A CONVERSION:

One of our missionaries, lately at Bombay, (Mr. Hunter,) tells of his having baptised, first a pupil in the class of a native Mohammedan, and then the teacher himself. This teacher, whose name is Mahomet, hesitated long; but at last he determined to embrace Jesus Christ and Him crucified. He is hated and persecuted by his relatives and old caste for this, but he has stood firm in the grace of God. Perhaps, being a teacher, he will now bring a whole class with him to the cross of Christ. Keep him in recollection. Another minister at Bombay (Mr. Cook) says, that where only one missionary is labouring there is more than sufficient work for three. Read Matt. ix. 37 38.

## TURKEY—OLD SCENES.

At present, two missionaries of our Church are going over the same scenes in Salonica, and preaching the cross, where, eighteen hundred years ago, Paul preached and planted a church. How strange and mighty have been the changes since! Yet it is the same cross and the same gospel that are raising up the echoes of the same old scenes. The Greeks may again be blessed by the Saviour of all grace. Read I Cor. iii. 6, 7.

## SOUTH AFRICA—A MISSIONARY'S FIELD.

Mr. Ross, a missionary for many years at Likatlong, where he is surrounded by the descendants of the old Dutch settlers, has a population to overlook of 13,000. His district is *fifteen days' journey!* He has 600 church members, and 330 children in five schools. He preaches twice every Sunday, lectures on Wednesday afternoon, teaches in a large school-room every week-day, except Saturday, visits the sick and dying, and journeys round to the out-stations as often as he can. And then, besides all that, so rude and primitive is the state of things around him, that he has to labour often with his own hands in very common work! Nothing surely makes one so happy, as to spend and be spent in Jesus, service. *Church of Scotland Juvenile Record.*

## CHILDREN'S LOVE.

EVERY father loves to see his child exercise confidence in him, and hear him call him "Father;" so does God love to hear His children call Him "Abba," with confidence and love.—*Rev. J. Smith.*

“LORD, IT BELONGS NOT TO MY CARE.”

Lord, it belongs not to my care,  
 Whether I die or live ;  
 To love and serve Thee is my share,  
 And this Thy grace must give,  
 If life be long, I will be glad,  
 That I may long obey ;  
 If short, yet why should I be sad  
 To soar to endless day ?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms  
 Than He went through before :  
 He that unto God's kingdom comes,  
 Must enter by His door.

Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet,  
 Thy blessed face to see :  
 For if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
 What will Thy glory be ?

Then shall I end my sad complaints,  
 And weary sinful days,  
 And join with the triumphant saints  
 Who sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small,  
 The eye of faith is dim.

But, 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
 And I shall be with Him. BAXTER.

THE TEACHING OF HYMNS.

We suggest to our young readers, that, each month, they should commit the hymn we may print for them to memory. These hymns, which we shall try to select with great care, are often full of beautiful and tender thoughts, and especially when they weave their lines around the name of Jesus and His grace ; and the music of their words and thoughts, if impressed *now* upon the heart, may be remembered, and may bless at many future times, in dark days, in sad trials, and when the feet are gathered up on the bed to die.

FOUR PLEADINGS WITH SABBATH SCHOOL  
 TEACHERS.

I PLEAD with you for more EARNESTNESS. Take up teaching as a work ; and as in it you are fulfilling the command and copying the example of your Master, seek to have in you a full portion of that Spirit which made Him say, “The zeal of thine

house hath even consumed me!" Assign the work its full proportion of time in stated season, and then say, "This one thing I do."

I plead for more DILIGENCE. Take pains to fit yourselves for your work. Read for it, observe for it, think for it. In nothing else can excellence be obtained without labour; and if you would offer some jewels for the Redeemer's crown, they must be sought by patient untiring toil.

I plead for more SYSTEM. Do not waste your strength and dissipate your energies, but work on a plan, whether such as our Institute offers, or any other. See that your means are adapted to the end; and whilst avoiding all pedantry or formality, let there be order and regularity in your teaching.

And, lest I weary you, I will only add, that I plead with you for more PRAYER. Here is the secret of success or failure. Pray over your study, pray over your work, pray for your own souls as teachers; pray for your children; and, sooner or later, there shall be "showers of blessings."

Envy not the superior acquirements, the fluent utterance, the ready resources of others. You will be judged, not by their standard, but by the use you have made of your own will-powers and opportunities. The right employment of those bring you a crown of rejoicing; and He who accepts us according to that we have, not according to what we have not, will say to you at last, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—*Church of England Sunday School Quarterly Magazine.*

## INDIAN MISSIONS.

### ENCOURAGEMENTS IN THE WORK.

WHILST it is true, that still, even as in apostolic days, "there are many adversaries" to the free and general diffusion of the glorious gospel of salvation, it is among the blessings and encouragements which we thankfully acknowledge, that "a great door and effectual is opened" for the preaching of the gospel in that vast region of British Asia, extending from the confines of Afghanistan and Tartary to those of Burmah and Siam, countries so long closed against the heralds of salvation. At the same time the minds of most of the brethren seem more than ever set upon *preaching* as fully and as widely as possible. Some have desired to be set altogether free from other duties or this work alone; and almost all speak of it as that in which they find most delight and most encouragement.—*Church Missionary Record.*

## JOHN KITTO.

In a small lowly dwelling in the good town of Plymouth, nearly forty years ago, sat an aged woman engaged in darning a stocking. That she was not rich could be seen from her appearance; that she was ignorant might be judged from the coarse untidy scrawl in her window, which announced that she sold "milk and cream."

A poor boy, who happened to be passing with a book in his hand, stopped and earnestly fixed his eyes on this label, glanced in at the open door, and then, as if encouraged by the gentle face of her who sat plying her needle, he ventured into the house.

"What do you want?" said the old woman to the stranger; but the boy answered not a word. Alas! the sounds of nature, the singing of birds, the tones of music, the voice of kindness, were to him for ever silenced! A fearful accident had quite deprived him of his hearing, and dreary stillness was around him till his death. But his eyes seemed to read that to which his ears could not listen; he now looked anxiously into the old woman's face, and opening the book which he carried, drew out of it a paper upon which "milk and cream" appeared, neatly drawn in coloured letters. He pointed to the window, and speaking with difficulty in a strange and hollow voice, said to the woman, "This for a penny."

She replied, but he knew not what she said; he thought that she considered his little charge too much; "A halfpenny then," the poor child said; and distressed at seeing that her lips still moved, he put his fingers to his poor deaf ears, to show her the affliction which it had pleased God to send him. A kindly pitying look came over the face of the good old woman; she drew a penny from the till, and, beckoning him to wait till she came back, left the room, and presently returned with a nice cup of milk and a piece of cake, on which *the deaf boy made a delicious repast.*

May we not believe that this little act of kindness was not forgotten by Him who has promised that he who gives even a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, shall in no wise lose his reward?

But how little did the good woman dream that the poor deaf boy who was trying to earn a few pence by the sale of his little slips of paper, was one, who in after life should earn for himself a distinguished and honourable name! that the writings of Kitto should be known and valued by rich and poor, in distant lands as well as in his own—that the Queen

herself should honour him with a pension—that he who drew the little label for the window should become an author who would direct thousands and tens of thousands to the blessed narrow path which he walked in himself!

I need hardly tell you that Kitto, even when a boy, was full of industry and perseverance. It was his delight to improve his own mind, and under every disadvantage he did so. He studied when in the poor-house; he studied when labouring hard to earn his bread as a shoemaker's apprentice. But amongst the many volumes which he eagerly read, that which he most studied, that which he most read, was the word of God, which makes men *wise unto salvation*. It is written, of Kitto, that when quite a child, "the book he most valued was an old Bible."

Dear children, could this be said of you? You may, perhaps, never be learned or famous like Kitto; but if, like him, you give your hearts unto God, and remember your Creator in the days of your youth, a richer blessing will be yours than all the praises of men, or the wealth of the world. Kitto was poor, but the true riches were his; he laboured hard; but he laboured not in vain; for he looked forward in humble faith to that blessed day when "the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped;" and the first sound that breaks the long silence may be the welcoming voice of the Saviour."

#### A RAROTONGAN TREASURER.

THE following letter, forwarded by Mr Buzacott, is from the female chief of the island of Rarotonga, and local treasurer, addressed to Sir C. E. Eardley, treasurer to the London Missionary Society:—

To the man that holds the money in Britain.

DEAR SIR,

Love to you through the Lord Jesus the Messiah. You know that ours is a land of poverty, and that we have no gold holes here. Firewood, sweet potatoes, and poultry are the only means by which we can obtain any money.

At the Annual Meeting for 1855, we found that our subscriptions did not amount to what we intended; and we urged one another to increased diligence, that our subscriptions might be more next year. One of our number got up and said, "The bag for *this* year is not full. Let us try if we cannot choke it up before we talk about next year." Then we began to search our pockets, and by some means or other we got up to

what we promised, and we were very happy, and thanked God for giving us the means.

We are prospering spiritually and temporally. Men and women are imitating the good ways of you foreigners, who have come to us with the blessings of the Gospel, and whose customs were never before known in this land. We are planning to get more money for the coming year, and we have already obtained something towards it, this is my word to you.

### "I LONG TO SEE THE SUN."

THERE are salt mines at Williska, not far from Cracow, deep under ground. The miners there have their families with them, and sometimes it happens that their little children, having been born there, never see the light of day. By the feeble light of the miner's lamp they see such objects as a salt mine furnishes. On one occasion, a boy, who had been from his birth in the deep caverns, was visited by a traveller, who began to talk of what he had seen and enjoyed under the warmth and rays of the sun, describing the sky, and the fields, and rivers, and innumerable objects presented to the view of those who live above ground, where the sun shines.

The boy, whose name was Doerich, pointed the traveller to the vaulted galleries made of mineral salt, and to the dazzling splendour of the arches, from which the light of a thousand lamps was reflected, and asked, if that was not a scene as brilliant as he could wish to see? The traveller tapped him on the shoulder, and told him that the gloomiest day above ground was brighter far than the most brilliant light that ever met his eyes in that abode, and again told him of the sun in the firmament. From that hour Doerich's thoughts ran in a new channel. His former enjoyments grew wearisome, and he began to reckon the mine no better than a prison.

His lamps, and their bright lustre reflected from transparent salt columns, lost all their attraction. "I long to see the sun." was the burden of his reply to every one who spoke to him of his changed look. When his mother asked the reason of his altered demeanour, "I long to see the sun!" replied Doerich; nor would he rest till his eyes beheld what he longed for, namely, the sun and all that the sun reveals as he shines over a gladdened world. Young readers, may not this teach us? It is thus that the soul feels when told from above of something better than the glittering lustre of this earth, which is grand and attractive to those only who never have known aught higher and more glorious.