





"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."—Matt: xxi: 16.

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# CONTENTS.

VOL. I, 1856-57.

	PAGE.
Africa, Want of Missionaries in, ... ..	100, 134
A Beautiful Thought, ... ..	142
A Helpful King, ... ..	62
A Rarotongan Treasurer, ... ..	190
A Wish, ... ..	18
A Warning, ... ..	43
A Good Example, ... ..	96
A Cure for Doubts, ... ..	96
A Missionary Lesson, ... ..	98
A Cure for Ambition, ... ..	103
Bomarsund, ... ..	20
Bay of Naples, ... ..	25
Boo-a, the Chinese Nurse, ... ..	30
Burmah, ... ..	82
Children, what can they do, ... ..	66
Chinese Missionary's Home, ... ..	69
Chinese Youth, letter from, ... ..	109
Conscience, ... ..	124
Cochin Orphanage, ... ..	36
Children's Missions, ... ..	5
Christian Life in the World, ... ..	29
Consolation in Christ, ... ..	31
Church of Scotland Missions to the Jews, ... ..	07
"    "    "    to the Seiks, ... ..	19
"    "    "    to Smyrna, ... ..	34
"    "    "    in Turkey, ... ..	92
"    "    "    at Salonica, ... ..	130, 155
Dying Soldier's Last Prayer, ... ..	137
Exercises for Sabbath Schools, 26, 43, 55, 74, 90, 105, 119, 130, 154, 165, 181	181
Fergus Sabbath School, ... ..	83
Fernando-Po Chief, ... ..	130
Genoa, ... ..	80, 89
Four Pleadings, with Sabbath Schools, ... ..	137
Grinding at the Mill, ... ..	12
Grow in Grace, ... ..	68
Gold Temple, Rangoon, ... ..	57
Have you Begun Right, ... ..	157
Honor thy Father, ... ..	106
How to lay hold of God's Strength, ... ..	63
How Old art Thou, ... ..	148
Houses in the East, ... ..	163
India and the Gospel, ... ..	114
Ireland, Fruits of the Gospel in, ... ..	104
Introductory Word, ... ..	1
Intercession, ... ..	14
I long to see the sun, ... ..	190
I cannot pray for Father any more, ... ..	174
I forgot to Pray, ... ..	7
I am going to my Father, ... ..	46
Jamaica, ... ..	169
Johnnie Ross, ... ..	180
John Bunyan's Wife, ... ..	182
John Kitto, ... ..	188

Juvenile of Church of Scotland, ... ..	54,	164
Library to Orphanages from Canada, ... ..	146,	161
Library to Madras, ... ..		15
Liberality, ... ..		157
Missionary Tidings, ... ..		184
Missions in India, ... ..	66, 94, 102, 143,	186
Madras, ... ..		171
Missions, Thoughts about, ... ..		40
Missionary Ships, ... ..	99, 118, 151,	173
Melancthon, ... ..		156
Mosque of St. Sophia, ... ..		45
Mussulman Dandees, ... ..		183
Now, ... ..		124
No Enthusiast, ... ..		48
Nathaniel and Naomi, ... ..		123
Orphanage, Calcutta, ... 3, 31, 33, 50, 113, 122, 128, 146, 151, 161, 162,	175,	178, 179
"    Madras, ... ..		37
Orphanage Libraries, ... ..		178
Palestine, Return of Jews to, ... ..		103
Pace, The, ... ..		64
Pitcairn's Island, ... ..		61
Poetry, 11, 13, 14, 15, 19, 43, 52, 58, 71, 86, 99, 108, 112, 122, 128, 136, 140,	144, 171,	186
Portsmouth, The good Cobbler of, ... ..		120
Prisoner's Friend, ... ..		132
Prize Questions, ... ..		191
Ragged Johnny, ... ..		168
Remittances for Orphanages, ... ..	32, 36, 160,	176
Sardinian Army, ... ..		166
Samoa Teacher, ... ..		110
Sabbath Schools of Church of Scotland, ... ..		49
Sandwich Islands, ... ..		72
Short Sermons, ... ..	9, 21, 86,	115
Seeking and Finding, ... ..		7
Something for Mothers, ... ..		15
Serpent Worship in India, ... ..		163
Teaching of Hymns, ... ..		157
To our Readers, ... ..		160
Two Sides to the Question, ... ..		142
The Collier Boy, ... ..		109
The Editorial Chair, ... ..	2 52,	178
The Life Harp, ... ..		47
The Spirit of the Lord's Prayer, ... ..		63
The Land of the Living, ... ..		125
The Bible in the Heart, ... ..		125
The Sabbath, ... ..		128
The Bible, ... ..	127,	156
The Turning Point, ... ..		141
The Lad who Sold his Knife, ... ..		158
Thy Kingdom Come, ... ..		162
Triumphal Mission Arch, ... ..		179
Turin, Italy, ... ..		53
Waldensian Church at Turin, ... ..		77
Woman in India, ... ..		157
What may we expect, ... ..		62
Who translated our Bible, ... ..	36,	59
When may Children come to Jesus, ... ..		47
What our Parents did for us, ... ..		50

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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No. 1.

VOL. I.

April, 1856.

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AN INTRODUCTORY WORD.

This little Periodical has been originated by the Lay Association in the hope that it may be a means of good. We believe that such a Magazine, if properly conducted, will have an important effect in attaching the rising generation to our Church. We design, therefore, to tell in simple language of the Missionary efforts of our Church, to explain in familiar phraseology somewhat of its history and of that of its standards, to present to the children an object of Missionary labour, to speak a word of kindly counsel, and, in short, to make our little sheet a welcome visitor to the Christian family, and an attractive journal for the Sabbath School. We issue the present number cheered by the support which our prospectus has elicited, and encouraged by the hope that a large circulation will be obtained. The Parent Church issues a similar paper. The Free Church, the United Presbyterian Church, and the Presbyterian Church in England, all publish a similar paper, and, no doubt, find an advantage in so doing. Confidently looking for countenance, we shall enter upon our labours in the humble hope of being permitted to speak a word in season to the children of our Church. May strength for the work and wisdom in its performance be granted us.

## TO OUR FRIENDS.

We issue the present number as an experiment. Should a sufficient number of subscribers' names be sent us before the 15th of April, the second number will be issued on the first of May, and thereafter in the beginning of each month. We solicit the kind exertions of all friends of the undertaking, and especially *the support and countenance of our Ministers.* Letters and remittances to be addressed to "The Editors of the Juvenile Presbyterian, Montreal."

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 THE EDITORIAL CHAIR.

Stern winter is exerting its accustomed sway, but, taking up our quarters in our study by the cheerful fireside, we design now, as we purpose from time to time, to hold a familiar conversation with our young readers, whom we hope to induce to look upon us as dear friends, who wish them well and who seek their good. We wish you, dear readers, to "remember your Creator in the days of your youth," and our earnest prayer is, that all our labours may be overruled for the advancement of your spiritual interests. With these few words of preface we would call the attention of our young friends to

## OUR EFFORT.

We wish to enlist our friends in a labour of love. Far away in distant India is an Institution, supported by kind ladies in Scotland, (and superintended by the Missionaries of our Church,) for the purpose of supporting orphan Hindoo girls, and training them to a knowledge of the Bible. It is called THE CALCUTTA ORPHANAGE. A small sum suffices for the support of a child, but £4 of our money a year. Several of our Sabbath Schools have already their orphans in the Calcutta Orphanage. We give a list of them elsewhere. Every six months they hear how she is advancing in her education, and they are permitted to give her a name. If any School cannot raise £4, it can be arranged to unite two Schools in the support of an orphan. We will gladly receive for the support of orphans in either of the Calcutta and Cochin Orphanages, or for the purposes of these Institutions, any sums, however small, from schools or children, and will acknowledge them in this paper. Dear young readers, if you have never done anything to show your gratitude for your many privileges, do it now. If you are too poor to give money, give your prayers for the children in the Orphanages.

The children of Britain once built a mission-ship with their pennies, and the way they did it we will some day tell you. And now, dear young readers, we want you to work for us in getting other children to subscribe to *your* paper; to work with us in the support of the Orphanages of our Church, and to pray for us that we may be sustained in our labours, and guided in them by wisdom from on high. We shall have more to say to you in next number.

As this is not a pecuniary speculation, we have placed the terms of our paper as low as possible. We trust our friends will exert themselves to secure a large circulation. We acknowledge with pleasure an order from Prince Edward's Island. We trust to obtain a considerable circulation in the Lower Provinces.

## TERMS:

25 copies or over.....1s. each per annum.

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 ORPHANAGE, CALCUTTA.

We have been favoured with the following extract from a letter written by a lady in Calcutta to a member of the Committee in Edinburgh, dated Calcutta, 8th October:—

On Monday last Mr. Herdman accompanied me to the Orphanage. I was very much interested in the visit, and hope to repeat it very often. Mr. and Mrs. Yule seem very nice people; and their whole heart appears to be engaged in their work. They complain sadly, as you observe, of the apathy and want of sympathy shown by ladies in this country. The children, (with one exception,) looked all as bright and happy as possible. I had Miss D.'s protégée, *Christiana*, introduced to me. She is said to be a gentle, amiable girl, and quite a treasure to Mrs. Yule. There were several pointed out to me as being maintained by ladies in Scotland,—one by Miss T—— and Mrs. M—— of Edinburgh, one by Greenside School, also one by St. Stephen's School.\* The latter, (Diljohn,) was engaged in teaching a young class, and is, I am told, beloved by every one in the school. I admired the manner in which she questioned the children, and altogether: I took a great fancy to the girl. There seemed to be something in her appearance and expression that told me she was a Christian, not only in name

\*Greenside Sabbath school and St. Stephen's Sabbath school each support two orphans.

but in heart. I heard the girls examined in geography and Roman history. They read English and Bengali with great fluency, and sang the hundredth psalm in the latter language. The juvenile class, consisting of little creatures of three or four years old, repeated several hymns with a grave and solemn air. I felt peculiarly interested in them, and longed to ask them some questions. Ere long I hope to be better acquainted with these little people, and adopt one as our own especial charge. The one exception to the happy faces I mentioned above was a little girl, apparently about eight years of age. She was, I doubt not, ten or eleven. She had been sent down the country to be married, I understand, and had been most cruelly treated, her little arms bearing the marks of tight ropes, &c. Mrs. Yule said she was now in much better spirits than when she first arrived; but I never witnessed such a look of utter dejection and broken-heartedness in one so young, and my very heart yearned over the poor little creature, so crushed in spirit as well as in person. One little girl died last week, and another was suffering. I went to see her in her sick cot. It is feared she will not recover.

There was a little orphan boy had been sent, whom Mrs. Yule was quite at a loss what to do with. She had, in the meantime, sent him to pull the Punkah. He seemed a bright, intelligent little fellow, and was a source of great amusement to the younger children. I was sorry to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Yule intend going Home soon. Their health giving way is the reason.  
—*Church of Scotland Juvenile Miss. Rec.*

#### OUR JEWISH MISSIONARIES IN GERMANY.

We grieve to tell our readers that we have been recently deprived of the invaluable services of one of our most devoted missionaries. Never have we seen a servant of God who seemed more imbued than Mr. Lehner with the true spirit of a Christian missionary. It was his to labour amid difficulties and discouragements which would have quenched the zeal of many a less earnest minister of the Gospel. He died, after much bodily prostration, on the 11th of October last.

Servant of God, well done!  
Rest from thy loved employ;  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master's joy!



At midnight came the cry,  
 "To meet thy God prepare ;"  
 He woke—and caught his Captain's eye ;  
 Then, strong in faith and prayer,

His spirit with a bound  
 Left its encumbering clay ;  
 His tent at sunrise on the ground  
 A darkened ruin lay.

Soldier of Christ, well done !  
 Praise be thy new employ ;  
 And, while eternal ages run,  
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy !

We are thankful to be able to state that a successor to Mr. Lehner has been found in Mr. Kayser, Speyer ; a Christian minister who has been so highly recommended for piety and zeal as to give us the strongest assurance that he will prove a worthy successor of that soldier of Christ whom death has swept away from the ranks.—*Ibid.*

#### CHILDREN'S MISSIONS.

Children by our Lord were honoured  
 When on this poor earth He staid ;  
 Fondly He embraced and blest them,  
 Though a frowning throng forbade.

To His side a child He summoned,  
 Placed him in the midst and told  
 Those that simple guide to follow  
 Who God's kingdom would behold.

Still His Gospel honours children,  
 Bids them to Christ's service move,  
 And their little rills of beauty  
 Swell the ocean of His love ;

Bids them strive with zealous pity  
 For the desolate and sad,  
 Till the dark and desert places  
 Are for them exceeding glad.

Children, to our dear Redeemer  
 Yield the grateful homage due,  
 And by love to every creature  
 Own the love He bears for you,



## OUR MISSIONS TO THE JEWS.

### SCHOOLS AT COCHIN.

By the kindness of Mr. Laceron, our missionary at Cochin we are able to present our readers with the above sketch of a school-house there, to which he refers in the following terms:—

“I have much pleasure in sending you a sketch. The building on the left hand is the boys’ present school-room; it is only a temporary building, covered with leaves, which require to be renewed every year; it stands too low, and, consequently is very hot. We require a new boys’ school-house; and I sincerely trust that the members of the Juvenile Association will aid us in erecting a substantial building. The house on the right presents a portion of the front of the mission house; it stands on a part of the old rampart of Cochin. We have had, very lately, news from Cochin; the work there is steadily progressing.”—*Church of Scotland Juvenile Record.*

## I FORGOT TO PRAY.

"Don't touch my books. Eddy," said little Sarah Wilcox in a peevish tone of voice. "Don't touch them at all. I piled them up just as I want them to stay."

"I am afraid my little daughter does not feel quite pleasant this morning," said a pale but sweet-faced lady, who sat in an easy chair near the stove.

"Come to me, Sarah, and let me ask you a question."

The little girl slowly approached her mother, who put her arms around her, and in a low tone of voice asked her if she had prayed to God and asked Him to make her kind and pleasant through the day.

"No, mother," said the little girl; "I forgot to pray."

"Forgot to pray, Sarah! I am very sorry; you have then forgotten to thank God for keeping you alive and well through the night. You have forgotten God, I fear, entirely; but I see that He has not forgotten you."

"How do you see that He has not forgotten me, mother?" said the child, looking up, as if half surprised, in the lady's face.

"Why, I see that He is watching over you and taking care of you every minute now. If he should forget or neglect you, your lips would cease to open, you could not move your hands or feet; you could not hear nor see, and your little form would become cold and stiff in death."

Sarah looked very serious while her mother was thus speaking, and, when she had finished, she said:

"Pray for me, dear mother. Pray to God to forgive me for forgetting to thank Him, and ask Him to make me a good girl all the day."

"I will, my dear; but you must pray for yourself. I would go into your little room now, if I were you, and offer up a simple prayer to your kind and heavenly Father."

So Sarah left the room to follow her mother's direction.—*The Irish Presbyterian.*

## SEEKING AND FINDING.

MANY years ago a lady sat in the verandah of her house in Burmah, trying to read a palm-leaf book which lay on the table before her. There was a curious little bamboo house not far off, with a thatched roof set upon poles. It was the Mission School-house, and the lady listened with much interest to the mingled voices of the swarthy scholars within. As she bent over her own curious book, trying hard to make out its difficult

words and letters, a strange looking boy bounded through an opening which served as a gateway in the opposite hedge, and, rushing towards her, he cried out with much earnestness, "Does Jesus Christ live here?"

He was, perhaps, about twelve years of age. His coarse, black hair was matted with filth, and bristling in every direction, and a very dirty cloth of plaid cotton was all his clothing.

"Does Jesus Christ live here?" he again inquired, scarcely pausing for breath until he made his way, uninvited, up the steps of the verandāh, and crouched at the lady's feet.

"What do you want with Jesus Christ?" said she.

"I want to see Him; I want to confess to Him."

"Why what have you been doing that you want to confess?"

"Does He live here?" cried the boy, with still greater earnestness; "I want to know *that*. Doing! why, I tell lies, I steal, I do everything bad; I am afraid of going to hell, and I want to see Jesus Christ, for I heard one of the Loo-gyees say that He can save us from hell. Oh, tell me where I can find Jesus Christ!"

"But He does not save people from hell if they continue to do wickedly."

"I want to stop doing wickedly, but I can't stop; I don't know how to stop; the evil thoughts are in me, and the bad deeds come by evil thoughts. What can I do?"

"Nothing but to come to Christ, poor boy, like all the rest of us," the lady softly murmured; but she spoke this in English, so the poor boy only raised his head with a vacant "B'ha-lai!"

"You cannot see Jesus Christ now," said she.

The poor boy interrupted her with a wild cry of despair.

His face brightened a little when she said, "But I am His humble friend and follower," and, when she added, "He has commissioned me to teach all those, who wish to escape hell, how to do so," his face brightened up with a joy and an eagerness which we cannot describe.

"Tell me—Oh, tell me!" he said. "Only ask your Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, to save me, and I will be your servant, your slave for life. Do not be angry! Oh, do not send me away! I want to be saved—saved from hell!"

You may be sure this lady was not likely soon to get angry at such entreaties. The next day she took this poor, wild Jungle-boy to the little bamboo school-house, where he was admitted as a scholar, and taught the way to the Saviour.

Years passed away. Death had laid his cold hand upon this gentle lady, and her soul was at rest in her Father's home on

high. But on earth another death-scene was taking place. A strong, dark-browed man rolled and tossed himself wildly on his fevered couch. He was in great agony; but suddenly his countenance became lighted up with a heavenly radiance; his lips parted with a smile; his dark eye beamed with a joyful flash; and then his soul, long redeemed from sin and death, joyfully departed into the presence of his Lord and Saviour. It was the poor Jungle-boy!—*Messenger*.

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## SHORT SERMONS FOR CHILDREN.

### No. 1.—ENDLESS LIFE.

"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul."—GEN. ii. 7.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—You are never to die, but to live for ever, and ever, and ever! You will live a year, and, when that is done, another year, and so on and on for thousands and thousands of years. If you were to count but one grain of sand on the sea-shore in one year, yet, long after every grain was counted, you would still be alive. You are to live as long as God lives, that is, for ever.

I know what you are thinking about. You are thinking of death, which makes you afraid; and wondering why I say such a strange thing as that you are never to die. For, though you have lived a very short time, yet you have often seen burials, and heard of people dying, and have perhaps known some one in your own house, who used to be with you every day, but whom you never see now, nor ever hear speak. And you know, too, that you will never see them more in the house, because they are dead. And, may be, you have also seen some little brother or sister who used to play with you, and whom you loved very much; and you know that they became unwell, and got worse and worse; and then every one looked sad; and by and by you were told that they were dead; and you saw them taken away, but never more come back. Remembering all this, you ask, Am I not to die sometime? and thus no doubt you sometimes think of death, though of course you do not like to do so, for death itself is not good. But I one day saw a little bird in a cage, and it was very happy, singing its songs, and picking its food, and drinking out of its cup. Next day I went to pay it a visit, and hear it sing, but the cage was lying all broken on the floor, and no bird was there! I never saw the bird again.

Was he dead? No! It fled away through the blue sky on a beautiful sunny day, and some people heard it singing, as it used to do, near a clear stream of water among trees and flowers. When your little brother or sister died, it was only the cage that was broken and buried, but the spirit that used to speak to you, and love you, and be happy with you, was never touched, or broken, or buried; never!—but it went to Jesus Christ, and it is living, and thinking, and singing, and good and happy; and getting far wiser, and learning far more there than you can do here, because it lives in a better place where there is no sin and no sickness, and where everything is beautiful and good, and every one is kind and happy.

Now, may be, you will live for a long, long time in this world and not leave it till you are old with grey hairs. This, however, is just as God pleases; and God always pleases to do what is best for you, because His name is Love, and so you should be always pleased with whatever He does. But, remember, Death, when it comes, only touches the cage, not the bird. It is the body, not yourself, that dies. You yourself will never for one moment be away from Jesus, but always be as close to Him as those babes were whom He clasped to His heart and blessed when He was on earth.

Now, my dear children, is it not good and kind in God to make us in order to live with Himself forever? He made all the trees and plants on the face of the earth, but He did not breathe into them His own life; they did not, therefore, become living souls, and so they shall all perish. God made all the fish of the sea, all the birds of the air, and all the beasts of the earth, but neither did He make them living souls, or say to them, "Live for ever," and therefore, they also perish. God made all the great world, the mountains, rivers, and seas; and He made the sun, the moon, the thousands of stars that shine in the sky, but He never said to them, "Live for ever," and so, too, they must perish. The earth is very old; the mountains are just the same as they were in the days of Adam; you can walk in the Holy Land just in the same places where Abraham, and Moses, and David, and Jesus walked; and, long after our bodies die, the hills we see will remain the same, and the rivers will roll the same, and the sea will flow and ebb the same; yet these old, old hills, and rivers, and seas, will one day die and pass away! But you, my dear children, will live long, long after them, for, as I have told you, you will live for ever! Has not God, then, loved you far more than the birds, or fish, or beasts, or mountains, or the whole world? Has He not loved you when He

made you so great, breathed into you the breath of life, and said to each to you, "I wish this child to live forever!" And now you ought to love God as your own Father, for He surely did not make you that you should be frightened for Him, and try to forget Him! No, no! God says, "Love Me, my child, and be happy." All, therefore, who live in God's great house with their Father, love Him, and love one another, and that is the reason they are so happy. But I have a great many more things to tell you about. In the meantime remember *you are never to die, but to live for ever*, and pray in this way to God:—

"My Father, Thou hast made me to live for ever with Thyself. I thank Thee for Thy kindness to me. Teach me to know Thee, and help me to love Thee, my Father, now, that so I may be good and happy whether I live in this world or in Heaven. Hear me for the sake of Jesus Christ my Saviour. Amen."—  
*The Edin. Christian Magazine.*

~~~~~

"I'M NOT TOO YOUNG FOR GOD TO SEE."

I'm not too young for God to see;  
He knows my name and nature too;  
And all day long He looks at me,  
And sees my actions through and through.

He listens to the words I say,  
And knows the thoughts I have within;  
And, whether I'm at work or play,  
He's sure to know it if I sin.

Oh, how could children tell a lie,  
Or cheat in play, or steal, or fight,  
If they remembered God was nigh,  
And had them always in His sight?

If some good minister is near,  
It makes us careful what we do;  
Then how much more we ought to fear  
The God who sees us through and through!

Then, when I want to do amiss,  
However pleasant it may be,  
I'll always strive to think of this—  
"I'm not too young for God to see."



## GRINDING AT THE MILL.

“Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken and the other left.”—Matt. xxiv. 41. The mode of grinding here mentioned is still adopted in the East. A hand-mill is used, composed of two stones, the upper one lying flat on the other. These stones are usually about two feet in diameter and half a foot in thickness, the lower one being fixed and the upper hung movable; the lower concave on the upper side to receive the corn, and the upper convex on the lower side to grind it, the hole for receiving it being in the centre of the upper mill-stone. The uppermost stone is turned round by a small handle of wood or iron placed in the rim. When this stone is large, or expedition requires, a second person is called to assist; and it is usual for women alone to be concerned in the employment, who seat themselves over against each other, with the mill-stones between them, and push the upper stone round alternately from one to the other.—*Cobbín.*



## A WISH.

I wish you God's good Spirit from above,  
To shed within your heart his Holy love.  
ROM. v. 5.

I wish it no'er may cool, as years may flow ;  
But clearer, stronger, deeper, warmer grow.  
PHIL. i. 9.

I wish that, rescued from the power of sin,  
That love may make and keep you pure within.  
ROM. vi. 22.

I wish it may with sweet yet strong control  
From glory unto glory change your soul.  
2 COR. iii. 18.

Till, to your Saviour's likeness fully wrought,  
His love doth perfect what His blood hath bought.  
1 JOHN iv. 17, 18.

I wish at once, whato'er all bliss ensures,  
In love made perfect—and that love be yours.  
EPHES. iii. 14—19.

~~~~~

 VERSES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Dr. Judson was a pious missionary in Burmah. He died 2 or 3 years ago. Though he laboured hard and long to teach the heathen, he found time to write little verses for the children he loved. We hope our young readers will be pleased with those which are here given.

## PRAYER TO JESUS.

Dear Jesus, hear me when I pray,  
And take this naughty heart away ;  
Teach me to love Thee, gracious Lord,  
And learn to read Thy Holy Word

## ANOTHER.

Come, dearest Saviour, take my heart,  
And let me ne'er from Thee depart ;  
From every evil set me free,  
And all the glory be to Thee.

## HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER'S PRAYER FOR HER INFANT BROTHER.

Lord, look on little brother dear,  
 Safe may he sleep, while Thou art near ;  
 Preserve his life to know Thy love,  
 And dwell at last in Heaven above.

## A MORNING PRAYER.

My waking thoughts I raise to Thee,  
 Who through the night hast guarded me ;  
 Keepest me this day from every ill,  
 And help me, Lord, to do Thy will.

## OUR DUTY TO OTHERS.

Love others as you love yourself ;  
 And, as you would that they  
 Should do to you, do you to them ;  
 That is the golden way.

## CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

Jesus, Heavenly Shepherd, hear me,  
 Bless Thy little lamb to-night ;  
 In the darkness be Thou near me,  
 Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day Thy hand hath led me ;  
 And I thank Thee for Thy care ;  
 Thou hast clothed me, warmed me, fed me,  
 Listened to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,  
 Bless the friends I love so well,  
 Take me, when I die, to Heaven,  
 Happy there with Thee to dwell.

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.

## INTERCESSION.

A GENTLEMAN visiting an infant class, having referred to Heb. vii. 25, "He ever liveth to make intercession for them," asked, "And what is meant by intercession?" After a few moments' pause a bright-eyed little fellow, about six years old, replied, "*Speaking a word to God for us, Sir.*"

## SOMETHING FOR MOTHERS.

Nearly twenty times does the sacred historian of the book of Kings hand down the names of mothers with the record of the good or evil deeds of their sons. Thus: "Josiah reigned thirty and one years in Jerusalem; and his mother's name was Jedidah; and he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord." Or, "His (Abijah's) mother's name was Maachah; and he walked in all the sins of his father." See, also, 1 Kings xi. 26, xv. 2, xxii. 42; 2 Kings viii. 26, xii. 1.

We are not usually told what was the character of these mothers, nor how far it was due to their influence that their sons did good or evil; but surely the introduction of their names, in immediate connection with good or evil, is sufficiently significant.

"His mother's name was Jedidah; and he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord." One almost feels as if further information about her were superfluous. "Blessed are those among women," is the thought at once suggested by the words.

On the other hand what memorable notoriety is given to Maachah! She may have been a good woman herself; yet what volumes are in that handing of her name—only her name—down to posterity along with the misdeeds of her son! And it seems as if the father's bad example might have been more than counteracted, had she but duly exerted her maternal influence; for "his mother's name was Maachah; and he walked in all the sins of his father!"

Christian mothers! watch well your every-day life among your little ones. Think of this being said of a lost soul—"Yes, he did evil all his life; he lived as he was taught at home; and his mother's name was——!"—*Sabbath-School Teacher's Magazine.*

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### A GOOD EXAMPLE.

We are sure our young friends will read with pleasure the ensuing extract from the Report of the Church of Scotland's India Mission at Madras for the term ending in 1854. They see what the children of our Church in Scotland, guided by the Editors of the "Juvenile Record," accomplished, and how noble a gift they presented to the Heathen youth of India in the hope of Christianizing them.

LIBRARY FOR OUR TEACHERS AND NATIVE PUPILS.

Soon after entering into the new premises in 1852 a library of 773 volumes, for the use of the teachers and more advanced

pupils in the Institution, was received from Europe,—“the gift,” and a munificent one it is, “of the children of Scotland to the youth of India.” The books are well suited to a Missionary institution, many of them, indeed, being very valuable. They were accompanied by a terrestrial globe, and a number of diagrams and plates illustrative of astronomy, geology, natural philosophy, &c. The young donors, as well as the mission, were greatly indebted to the editors of *The Juvenile Missionary Record* for aiding in carrying out the necessary arrangements to their full completion. So valuable a present for an object so excellent by contributors so young does the highest credit to all connected with it. While grateful to all, our heart-felt thanks are especially due to the youthful benefactors. We cannot make any suitable return for their Christian liberality and affection, so admirably manifested. But, while our pupils are enjoying their gift, we can only pray that He, who put it into their hearts to be thus mindful of their Hindu brothers in a far distant land, may Himself abundantly reward them with all needful blessings, temporal and spiritual.

The library, it may be added, has been further enriched by valuable works contributed to it by John Hope, Esq. of Moray Place, Edinburgh, and more recently by George Wylie, Esq., M. C. S., to both of whom also we would tender our best thanks.

The Sabbath Scholars connected with Crown Court Chapel, London, have also most kindly sent a supply of Bibles with a number of Tracts, &c., for the use of the *second class* in the Mission. To these our young friends our hearty thanks are likewise given.

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#### A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THOSE WHO CAN GIVE BUT LITTLE.

THE drop which from the sky distils,  
The stream which gushes from the hills,  
While single, both descend in vain ;  
But drops combined form fruitful rain,  
And streams, with other streams allied,  
Swell to the mighty river's tide.

So, Christian, each mite of thine  
Shall with unnumbered mites combine  
To multiply those streams of grace  
Which fertilize the barren place ;  
Shall freshen many a thirsty sod,  
And swell the river of our God.