

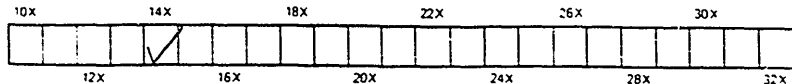
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THE

JUVENILE PRESBYTERIAN,

A Missionary
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN
IN CONNECTION
CHURCH



Newspaper
CHURCH OF CANADA
WITH THE
OF SCOTLAND.

Conducted for the Lay Association.

VOL. III.

April, 1858.

No. 1.

THE EDITORIAL CHAIR.

Two eventful years laden with change and trial have sped their way into the past, since the Editor assumed the charge of this little paper, which he was led to originate. Looking back upon the past, the labour has been lightly borne; and it has indeed been felt to be one of love. In the humble hope of speaking a word in season to the children of our Church, this little periodical was commenced. We designed to present to the children an object of missionary labour, but we also proposed to speak to them of their Father's house above, and of the way that leads to it. May, as a brother editor has happily phrased it, "these pages shed a ray of light on that path, and may many of the dear children be thereby guided and helped onward in their pilgrimage to "the happy land." Remember dear children, that the way is indeed a happy one. Learn these blessed words, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me," and try to act upon them. Come then, young friends, and "let us walk in the light of the Lord." We are very thankful for the many tokens of encouragements we have received, and

shall persevere for another year in the conduct of this paper, endeavoring more and more to render our little sheet, a welcome visitor to the many happy homes it reaches. The success of the Juvenile Mission has indeed been a great one. Two years ago there were but seven orphans supported, but now many schools are engaged in this pleasing duty, and besides our friends have responded to our appeals, and the Canadian School in Calcutta is to be opened and supported by our children. We are grateful to the kind friends who think of us and aid us, with brief notices and selections. And now in looking forward to another year's labours, if we be permitted to continue them, we would ask our friends to pray that, strength for this work and wisdom in its performance may be granted us, and that many may be led by the influence of these pages to hearken unto the words and teachings of Him, who bade His Church to "feed my lambs."

OUR CIRCULATION.

We have now a goodly list of subscribers, but the number might be largely extended. We have not yet secured an entrance into many of our congregations, and in others we have but a slight hold. We think that all the children of our Church should be readers of this paper. We cannot hope for this; but yet we would like to increase the circle of our Juvenile friends. We know no reason, why we should not be able to increase them to 5000 before the close of the third volume. We have now half the number. If our young friends would come to our aid, it could be done. Will they not say then—"Yes, it shall be done." If they only try, they can accomplish wonders. If each reader would get us a subscriber, if each parent would give a copy to his children, if each Sabbath School teacher and minister would give us his countenance and influence, it would be accomplished. Three little girls in one town lately sent us 60 subscribers. Why could not you do the same? Recollect young reader that this is your own paper. Read it, try to profit by it, and shew that you value it, by working for it. We hope to have a large band of little agents hard at work for us.

REPORTS FROM INDIA.

Miss Hebron's letter, published in this number, enclosed four very satisfactory reports of girls supported by Canadian Schools at Calcutta. The names are as follows:

Esther Munno and Hannah Tooney supported by St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School of Kingston; Ruth Iona supported by the Portsmouth Branch of the same school; and Mary Hamilton supported by the School of St. Andrew's Church at Hamilton.

The reports are full of encouragement, and show a marked improvement during the past six months, which must be very gratifying to the supporters of the orphans.

For the information of our readers we copy one of the documents:

3RD BENGALI CLASS.

Report of Ruth Iona, supported by Sabbath School at Portsmouth, Kingston, C. W.,—age 14 years.

Progress and conduct for the half year ending December 1857.

Scripture Knowledge,—Satisfactory.

2ND BIBLE CLASS.

Scripture and Bible texts.

Bengali Catechism,—1st and 2nd Catechisms.

Object lessons in Bengali.

Bengali Reading,—Peep of Day and New Testament.

Writing,—Bengali.

Arithmetic,—Tables.

Work,—Plain and marking.

Conduct in Study,—Attentive.

Conduct out of Study,—Satisfactory and very hardworking.

FRANCES HEBRON,
Orphanage, Calcutta.

We trust those schools, who have not yet heard of the appropriation of orphans, will wait patiently until the effects of the present mutiny have so far subsided, as to allow the numbers in the orphanages to be increased. Mr. Paton has pressed the matter strongly upon the attention of the Committee in Edinburgh, as well as upon those in charge of the Institutions at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, and hopes soon to learn that the appropriations have been made.

A PRESENT FROM CALCUTTA.

In Miss Hebron's last letter was enclosed a beautiful little worked collar, sent here by one of the elder orphans—a pretty token of affectionate remembrance.

The collar is we think knitted, at least so say some of our ladies, who are judges of such matters, and is of the rose leaf pattern. Miss Hebron writes that it was done in a hurry, but no signs of this appear.

Mr. Paton is quite at a loss to know to whom this collar belongs, as it was sent to our children. He will therefore hand it over to any of our schools who will send a handsome donation to carry on the Canadian School at Calcutta.

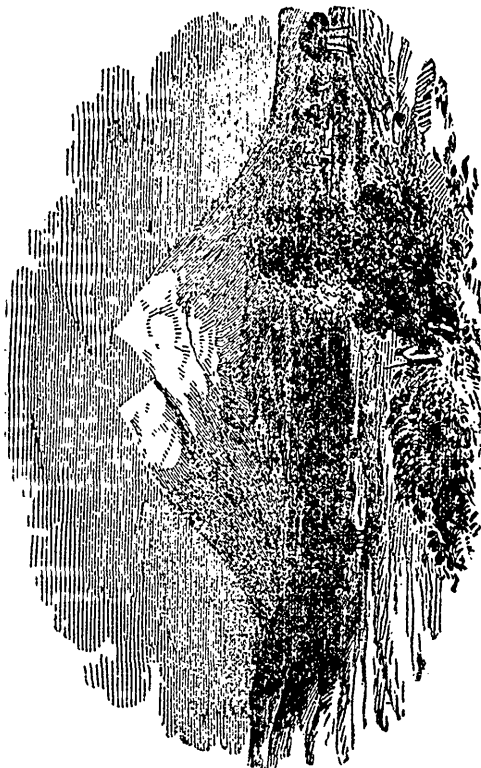
Though some may regard such a present as trifling, we cannot look upon it in such a light. It is rather an evidence of the good work being accomplished among the long degraded females of India. For ages they have been treated as slaves, fit only to serve their lords and masters. Now we see them brought into civilized and christian society, their tastes and pursuits refined, their minds elevated and instructed. When we reflect upon the powerful influence for good, which your much-loved mothers and sisters exist in this happy christian land, we are encouraged to labor and to pray that a similar blessing may yet be in store for the dwellers in British India.

NEWS FROM INDIA.

We are in receipt of a copy of another letter addressed to the Treasurer by Miss Hebron, from which we make the following interesting extract:—

SCOTTISH ORPHANAGE,
Calcutta, 7th January, 1858.

I have pleasure in forwarding reports of four of our orphans for their kind supporters, and trust they will be satisfactory, for we must not expect too much from these poor little ones who have been nursed in idolatry; but by the grace of God, and the aid of their kind supporters, we may hope for better things from them as they grow older, and are longer at the institution. I have also much pleasure in sending a crotchet collar done by one of the elder orphans. It is done in a hurry, but I hope to send something better, bye and bye.



MOUNT ARARAT.

Here is a picture of this celebrated Mountain, on which the Ark is believed to have rested. It is in Armenia, and is called by the Turks, *Agridah*. There are two peaks about 7 miles apart, the highest of which is 15,000 feet above the

level of the sea, and is perpetually covered with snow. Once the population of the whole wide world, was embraced in one small family, who rested upon this spot. Here too, the covenant was set and here was erected the first altar after the flood. Beware, reader, of the conduct of the contemporaries of Noah. Do not provoke Gods wrath, by neglecting the great Salvation, which only the blood of Jesus, was able to purchase for us.

THE REALMS OF THE BLEST.

*(A Hymn learned and sung by the children in the Orphanage,
Calcutta.)*

We sing of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confess'd,
But what will it be to be there—
There—there—there—
Oh, what will it be to be there?

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care—
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there—
There—there—there—
Oh, what will it be to be there?

We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the First-born above,
But what must it be to be there—
There—there—there—
Oh, what must it be to be there?

Do thou, Lord, amidst pleasure or woe,
Our spirits for heaven prepare,
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there—
There—there—there—
Oh, what will it be to be there?

THE BOOK OF THANKS.

"I feel so vexed and out of temper with Ben," cried Henry, "that I really must——"

"Do something in revenge?" inquired his cousin Kate.

"No, look over my Book of Thanks."

"What's that?" said Kate, as she saw him turning over the leaves of a copy-book nearly full of writing in a round text hand.

"Here it is," said Henry; then read aloud: "*March 8. Ben lent me his new hat. Here again: June 4. When I lost my shilling Ben kindly made it up to me. Well,*" observed the boy, turning down the leaf, "*Ben is a good fellow, after all!*"

"What do you note down in that book?" said Kate, looking over his shoulder with some curiosity.

"All the kindnesses that ever are shewn me; you would wonder how many they are! I find a great deal of good from marking them down. I do not forget them as I might do if I only trusted to my memory; so I hope that I am not ungrateful; and when I am cross or out of temper, I almost always feel good-humoured again, if I only look over my book."

"I wonder what sort of things you put down," said Kate.

"Let me glance over a page:—"

"Mrs. Wade asked me to spend the whole day at her house, and made me very happy indeed.

"Mrs. Phillips gave me five shillings.

"Old Martha asked after me every day when I was ill."

"Why do you put 'Father and Mother' at the top of every page?" asked Kate.

"Oh, they show me such kindness that I cannot put it all down, so I just write their names, to remind myself of my great debt of love. I know that I never can pay it! And see what I have put at the beginning of my book,—'*Every good gift is from above*;' this is to make me remember that all the kind friends whom I have, were given to me by God, and that while I am grateful to them, I should, first of all, be thankful to Him."

I think that such of my readers as have ability and time would find it an excellent plan to keep a Book of Thanks; and may such as cannot write them down yet keep a book of remembrance of past kindness in their hearts!—*Union Magazine.*

SWEAR NOT AT ALL.

"Confound this twine, I'll never get it untwisted, by Jove," exclaimed Frank Lorimer, in a fit of irritation.

His mother, who was in the room, looked up sadly from her book. Frank, after his first absence from home, had the day before returned from school for the holidays, and as she fondly trusted, without learning any of the bad habits which boys often acquire at school. She was therefore very much grieved to find her hope disappointed. Frank noticed her sorrowful look, and easily guessed the cause. He coloured deeply for he was conscious that it was not the first time he had vented his passion in such hasty words, too common alas among boys.

"I did not think my son would have so soon forgotten the fourth commandment," said Mrs. Lorimer, gently, after a pause "Why mother I'm sorry I spoke so before you, but that isn't swearing, is it? The boys at school all say 'confound it,' and other like words, and they'd laugh at you if you said it was any harm." "I am afraid boys too often use such expressions," said Mrs. Lorimer, but that doesn't make it right. "Such phrases, my dear boy, are imprecations, if they possess any meaning. They are only another form of a fearful curse which I would shudder to pronounce. And if you do not use them in that sense, surely it is worse than silly thus to give words to your irritation against inanimate objects."

"Well I don't think its any harm to say 'by Jove,' I'm sure we have it often enough in our Greek lessons," replied Frank. "Yes, but the Greeks had not the Bible to tell them what was right. Look at Matt. v. 34, and you will see what Christ says of such words. His command is to '*Swear not at all.*' You said Frank that you were sorry you spoke so before me. Did you ever think that you were always heard by a pure and holy Being in whose sight such language is far more offensive than in mine?"

Frank was silent and thought for some time. At length he said solemnly, "Well mother, I will try to avoid that sin." "And by God's grace you will succeed," said his mother, blessing him.

We present our readers with a Title-page and Index to the 2nd Volume as a cover to this number. Remittances will be acknowledged in next issue.

LITTLE FREDDY'S PERPLEXITY.

Little Freddy was one day very serious. He sat a long time on a hassock before the fire in a deep study, while his papa was busy writing at the table. Some one came into the room, but little Freddy never moved. The canary sung his cheerful song in his cage, but Master Freddy never looked at him. The old cat rubbed himself against the hassock, and purred his loudest purr, but still Freddy looked into the fire, and mused away.

It had been a sad day with little Freddy. He had been that morning with his dear papa and mamma to lay in the cold and silent grave his lovely little baby-brother. He had looked on its pretty face for the last time, and felt its pale, cold cheek, and then wept aloud as he saw it shut up in that little white coffin from his sight. So Freddy was very sad, and you do not wonder at it. His little breast felt very lonely, and the house seemed very still, for he missed his baby-brother's cheerful crow, and would rather have heard his cry than know his voice was still in death. Poor little Freddy! It was his heart's first grief, and it was very hard to bear.

But there was something else that made Freddy muse. The kind minister, when he stroked his head, as he turned from that baby's grave, had said, "Don't cry, dear boy; your baby-brother is a bright angel in heaven. Only seek to be forgiven; and you shall join him there, and be a bright angel too." And little Freddy was wondering how this was to be accomplished. He felt he could not go to heaven as he was, he knew he had often sinned against his God, his own conscience told him so, and he knew and felt that with those sins he could not enter heaven, and yet he wished much to go there when he died, and longed too to be rid of all the sin that he was guilty of; and there he sat musing about it, and wondering how it could be done—the sin forgiven, and he fitted to become a bright angel in heaven. So the bird sung on, and the cat purred at his side, but Freddy did not move.

"What are you thinking of, Freddy?" at last asked his papa; "you seem greatly perplexed; can I help you?"

"I was thinking," said Freddy, "about my baby-brother—now an angel in heaven—and wondering how I could get my sins forgiven, and be made fit to be an angel too. Can you tell me, dear papa?"

"Most certainly I can, my boy, and will be delighted to do so. You want to know how to get your sins forgiven?"

The way is very simple, and a few sentences will explain it all. It is just by coming to God, and believing in Jesus as your Saviour."

Little Freddy looked puzzled. "Just by coming to God," he repeated, "believing in Jesus as your Saviour. Papa, I do not understand it."

"Then I will try to make it plain to you. You have heard of the way the Jews used to come to God in the olden time. God, by His servant Moses, told them, that when they sinned, and desired to return to Him and seek His pardon, they must take a lamb and kill it, bind it upon the altar, pour out its blood before Him, and then, while it is burning, and the smoke was going up towards heaven, they must approach and lifting up their heart to Him in prayer—believing God's own promise, that if he thus came he should be pardoned—ask for, and obtain at once forgiveness. The Jew, in killing the lamb, owned in that act that he deserved to die like it; but he placed it before God as his substitute, and looked to Him to accept of it as his substitute dying instead of him, and so, for its sake, forgive and pass by his sin.

"Now, this is something like the way you have to come. You have no lamb to bring. Jesus Christ is already provided as your lamb. Eighteen hundred years ago He was sacrificed on Calvary, in behalf of sinners. God accepted Him as their Great Substitute, and now declares, that whoever will come to Him, simply looking to what Christ has done, and resting on it for acceptance, he shall at once be received and pardoned. What, then, have you to do? Simply to come to God, resting on that death of Jesus, believing that God will receive and pardon you, because He says He will, if you thus approach Him. Just, in fact, as the Jew did, only, that you come through a better sacrifice. Coming so, God must and will forgive you; for He sweetly says, 'Him that cometh I will in no wise cast out.'"

Freddy felt this was the way—the only way he could come. He saw at once that in Jesus was all he wanted as a sacrifice, and that night he felt he could rejoice, because he could believe that God did just what He said He would do,—accept and pardon all who came to Him through Christ.

Have any of my young readers ever felt Freddy's perplexity? Then, the way is for them just as it was for him; and not more willing was God to pardon Freddy than He is to pardon every little boy and girl who will come to Him through Christ.—*Lamp of Love.*



TAHITI.

The above is a sketch from the sea of Tahiti or Otaheiti as it is sometimes called. You are no doubt familiar with the formerly savage character of the people who dwell there, and of the great change which the introduction of the gospel of peace and good will to men, has brought about in the habits and manners of the inhabitants of Tahiti. Many of them have learned to know the truth, as it is in Jesus. How sad will it be, if any of you readers, with your clearer light and greater privileges, should despise "the great salvation," which is offered to you, "without money and without price."

A CONVERTED BRAHMIN.

Some time since, an excellent military officer from India was speaking at a Missionary meeting, when he mentioned the following case as one of the many fruits which had been gathered by God's servants in that land:—

"A converted Brahmin, named Dondaba, whom I met first in 1826 at Belgaum, had on his baptism lost his houses, his fields, his wells, his wife, and his children. Although a Mahratta, he spoke sufficient of Hindustani to understand me when asking him how he bore his sorrows, and if he were supported under them. 'Ay,' he said, 'I am often asked that; but I am never asked how I bear my joys, for I have joys with which a stranger intermeddles not. The Lord Jesus,' he added, 'sought me out, and found me, a poor strayed sheep, in the jungles, and he brought me to his fold, and will never leave me. To whom else should I go, if I were to leave him?'

"Twenty years had nearly elapsed, and I again met Dondaba. The venerable man had outweathered every storm, and was an humble Christian still. He had, for the first time, recently got a copy, in Mahratta, of the Prophecy of Isaiah. 'Surely,' he said, 'this must have been written after the death of Christ'—referring to that wonderful fifty-third chapter. Well, dear friends, this aged man would not, and could not, sleep until he had read this prophecy of Isaiah through. The simplicity of his mind was remarkable. He had been invited to attend a Missionary meeting at Bombay, nearly 400 miles off, and had been offered a horse for the journey by a pious civilian. After a little consideration, he declined this kind offer, saying, 'My Lord and Master Jesus

Christ never rode, and I will walk as he did, and bless God that I am going to a Missionary meeting.' I do not refer to this particular act of old Dondaba as altogether worthy of imitation, although it is highly commendable as to its spirit. Few of us, dear friends, have been content to come 400 miles for such an object; much less have we made the sacrifice of that aged Brahmin to attend a Missionary meeting."—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

IDOLATRY ENCOURAGED.

It is lamentable to think of the countenance and support given to idolatry in India. Our young readers have all heard of the great temple of Juggernaut, of the car of which we gave you a picture lately, and which for years was supported by our Government. At length its support was withdrawn, but how was it done. A large sum of money was paid for a piece of ground to endow the horrid temple, and the rent of this is quite sufficient to support the idolatrous worship. It is, as if a man had been accustomed for years to steal small sums, and at last, his conscience troubling him, should steal a very large sum of money, upon which he is able to live, and to hand to his children after him. Does not this man continue to offend God, as much as if he went on stealing? The youngest child will think so, and yet the Government of Indian has sanctioned a system which is much worse.

A STRANGE SACRIFICE.

A short time since a huge railway engine was with much labor, drawn up one of the hills in Northern India, to the track upon which it was to run. English engineers managed the whole work, and among other things which the engine carried, were a couple of sheep. Doubtless our readers will think, that these engineers intended to give a dinner to the natives when they got to the top of the hill. Will it be believed that the sheep were intended for sacrifice, which was carried out with heathen ceremony, and amid the rejoicing of the natives? Can we wonder that our missionaries have so many difficulties to encounter, or that the Hindoos are so slow to give up their idolatry when they see it thus countenanced and encouraged?

NONE BUT CHRIST.

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE, HELMINGHAM, SUFFOLK.

YOUNG READER,—I hope you are travelling in the way that leads to heaven. There are many false roads. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the ends thereof are the ways of death." Suffer me to say a few words about the right way. It would be an awful thing to make a mistake.

The Apostle Peter shows us the way to heaven in the 4th chapter of the Acts. He there says of Christ (Acts iv. 12), "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved." Now what is this? On our clearly seeing this very much depends.

He means that no one can be saved from sin—its guilt, power, and consequences—excepting by Jesus Christ.

He means that no one can have peace with God the Father—obtain pardon in this world,—and escape wrath to come in the next,—excepting through the atonement and mediation of Jesus Christ.

In Christ alone God's rich provision of salvation for sinners is treasured up. By Christ alone God's abundant mercies come down from heaven to earth. Christ's blood alone can cleanse us. Christ's righteousness alone can clothe us. Christ's merit alone can give us a title to heaven. Jews and Gentiles—learned and unlearned—kings and poor men—all alike must either be saved by Jesus, or lost for ever.

And the apostle adds these strong words, "There is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved." There is no other person commissioned, sealed, and appointed by God the Father to be the Saviour of sinners, excepting Christ. The keys of life and death are committed to his hand, and all who would be saved must apply to him.

There was but one place of safety in the day when the flood came upon the earth, and that was Noah's ark. All other places and devices—mountains, towers, trees, rafts, boats—all were alike useless. So also there is but one hiding-place for the sinner who would escape the storm of God's anger must venture his soul on Christ.

There was but one man to whom the Egyptians could go in the time of famine, when they wanted food. They must

go to Joseph. It was a waste of time to go to any one else. So also there is but one to whom hungering souls must go if they would not perish for ever—they must go to Christ.

Such is the doctrine of St. Peter,—“No salvation but by Jesus Christ;—in him plenty of salvation,—salvation to the uttermost,—salvation for the very chief of sinners;—out of him no salvation at all.” It is in perfect harmony with our Lord’s own words in St John: “I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me.” (John xiv. 6.) It is the same thing that Paul tells the Corinthians: “Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.” (1 Cor. iii. 11.) And the same that John tells us in his First Epistle: “God had given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.” (1 John v. 12.) All these texts come to one and the same point—no salvation but by Jesus Christ.

Reader, make sure that you understand this. Perhaps you think this is all old news. Perhaps you feel, “These are ancient things: who knoweth not such truths as these? Of course we believe there is no salvation but by Christ.” But mark well what I say; make sure that you understand this doctrine.

Remember that you are to venture the whole salvation of your soul on Christ, and on Christ only. You are to cast loose completely and entirely from all other hopes and trusts. You are not to rest partly on Christ—partly on doing all you can—partly on keeping your church—partly on receiving the sacrament. In the matter of your justification Christ is to be *all*. This is the doctrine of the Bible.

Remember that heaven is before you, and Christ the only door into it:—hell beneath you, and Christ alone able to deliver you from it:—the devil behind you, and Christ the only refuge from his wrath and accusations:—the law against you, and Christ alone able to redeem you:—sin weighing you down, and Christ alone able to put it away. This is the doctrine of the Bible.

Now do you see it? I hope you do. But I fear many think so who may find one day that they do not.

“Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.” “Him that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out.”

