

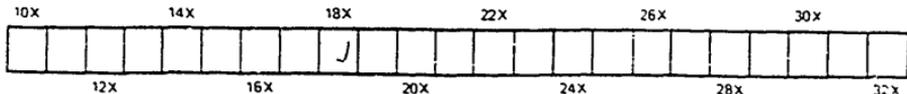
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"Feed my Lambs."

# THE JUVENILE PRESBYTERIAN

A  
MISSIONARY RECORD

AND SABBATH SCHOLARS' NEWS PAPER

OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CANADA  
IN CONNECTION WITH THE

••• CHURCH OF SCOTLAND. •••



"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise"—Matt 21

Vol. VI. } NOVEMBER, 1861. { No. 11.

Montreal:

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BY JOHN LOVELL ST. NICHOLAS STREET.

## CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
Missionary Intelligence.....	121
An example for us.....	123
Missionary zeal and liberality of South-Sea Islanders...	125
Christ in the Storm.....	128
Siberian Rapids.....	129
A Hindoo youth taking up the Cross.....	131
Song of our Pilgrimage.....	132
Indian Orphanage and Juvenile Mission Scheme .....	132

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We want to close this year free of debt. At present this publication is hampered by a debt to the printer. Subscriptions have come in but slowly lately. Will our subscribers in arrear (and it is only those we now address) aid us in our laudable endeavour to close the year with our publication free. Subscribers in arrear have their accounts enclosed with this number.

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. VI.

November, 1861.

No. 11.

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

CALCUTTA ORPHANAGE.

Miss Hebron writes that she has just lost an orphan girl. Her name was Maria and she was supported by the Sabbath School at Abercorn in Scotland. Maria was a gentle, kind, good child, and much loved. Within the last two years Maria had lost her father, mother, and two sisters. Although only 12 years of age Maria gave good evidence that she loved her Saviour. One of her last expressions to Miss Hebron was, "I want to go to Jesus". Even when labouring for breath she repeated this.

Dear young reader do not you also want to go to Jesus? Your Sabbath School teachers are endeavouring to lead you to Him. Your parents are striving to lead you to Him. Your Saviour holds out His arms to receive you. Oh then give your hearts to Jesus.

Among the orphans at Calcutta is one supported by St. Stephen's Sabbath School, Edinburgh, named Chundra, a nice, useful girl. Chundra has just sent home to her supporters the first letter she ever wrote in English. As we have no Canadian letters this month, our readers will doubtless be glad to read Chundra's, which is as follows:—

SCOTTISH ORPHANAGE, CALCUTTA, 28th, 1861.

MY DEAREST FRIENDS,—To show my best gratitude I write

to you a letter to tell you that God has shown me such a great favour and has brought me from my own heathen country and I am taught about Jesus—that He is our Saviour and hath saved me from the pains of hell. Dear friends short time ago I have been baptize and last Sunday I took the Lord's Supper and I hope that by the gr<sup>ace</sup> of God I shall be one of his discipels because I always pray. Dear friends I always pray for you all that he may keep you from all trouble and preserve you from the power of Satan. I thank God that he has given us such a kind mistress who always takes care of us. Lately we have lost one of our school-fellows, and we hope that she is gone to her Saviour in heaven. Now I finish my letter. May the Lord bless you and keep you and give you peace on every side is the blessing of your faithful and obedient servant,

CHUNDRA.

SEALKOTE.

Miss Hillier has been greatly disappointed at this place. Just as she was about to open an orphanage for the reception of orphans whose parents had died during the famine, the Indian Government announced that they intended taking charge of all such. This is done to avoid giving offense to some rich natives, and is in opposition to all the Missionary orphanages. No religion is taught in the Government Schools, and the Bible seldom seen in them.

As Miss Hillier could not open an orphanage with much hope of success at the time, she decided on labouring for Christ in other ways, and very interesting have been her accounts of the work. It is very difficult to obtain permission to visit the inside of the rich natives' houses, and Miss Hillier therefore eagerly accepted an invitation to go and see the wife of a wealthy Maulvie or Teacher of Religion. Taking with her an orphan girl named Sally, Miss Hillier set out to pay the visit. The first portion of their drive was through the city, where ladies are seldom seen, and the crowds who filled the streets seemed greatly astonished at Miss Hillier's appearance. It was nearly dark when they reached the Maulvie's house, where they were most kindly and graciously received by his wife, a young, pretty, and interesting woman. She was enveloped in a large scarf of white muslin ornamented with gold. Her arms and face were adorned with jewels. In her hands she held a little baby also dressed in tinselled muslin. We give the rest of Miss Hillier's letter describing her visit :

I told her (Sally being able to interpret) that I was very pleased to see her, and that it was love to her and her countrywomen which had induced me to leave friends and home to come to this land. She appeared much surprised and pleased. When we had sat a short time, the Maulvic brought in for us a kind of sherbet, made from vermicelli and sugarcane, of which we partook.

When I arose to leave, the former held me down, and asked me not to leave *so soon*. I told her that it was late, but that I would come soon again. About twelve women were present, and half that number of girls. I could not speak of our religion to them the first time we met, because in dealing with the natives great caution is necessary. The first thing to be done is to gain their affections and to root out their prejudices against us, by proving that we are deeply concerned for their welfare. Thus far I think I have succeeded; the results are known only to God.

I am trying to get up a day school for native girls. You shall hear in my next whether it succeeds. There are so many difficulties in the way of female education here, that it will be years before any great success is accomplished. I have now twelve daily pupils, most of whom are "half-caste." I hope your Committee will allow me to continue this work, as all the children have great need of Christian instruction. One or two show signs of earnestness, and all are interested in missionary work, so that they may become (under proper training) future helpers in the conversion of the heathen.

M. J. HILLIER.

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### AN EXAMPLE FOR US.

Perhaps no one who reads this can recollect when he or she first heard the Gospel. In this happy land we are born amidst its blessings. In heathen countries, millions of grown men and women have to this day never heard the good news. But many have heard it; and, some of these will put us to shame. How? Because in proportion to their means, they do more to spread the Gospel, though they have only lately heard it, than we do, who have heard it from our birth.

The Gospel reached the Yoruba country, in Africa, about ten years ago. Now, there are many hundreds of Yoruba Christians. Some of these have been proved by fierce persecution and cruel torture. Others have proved themselves,

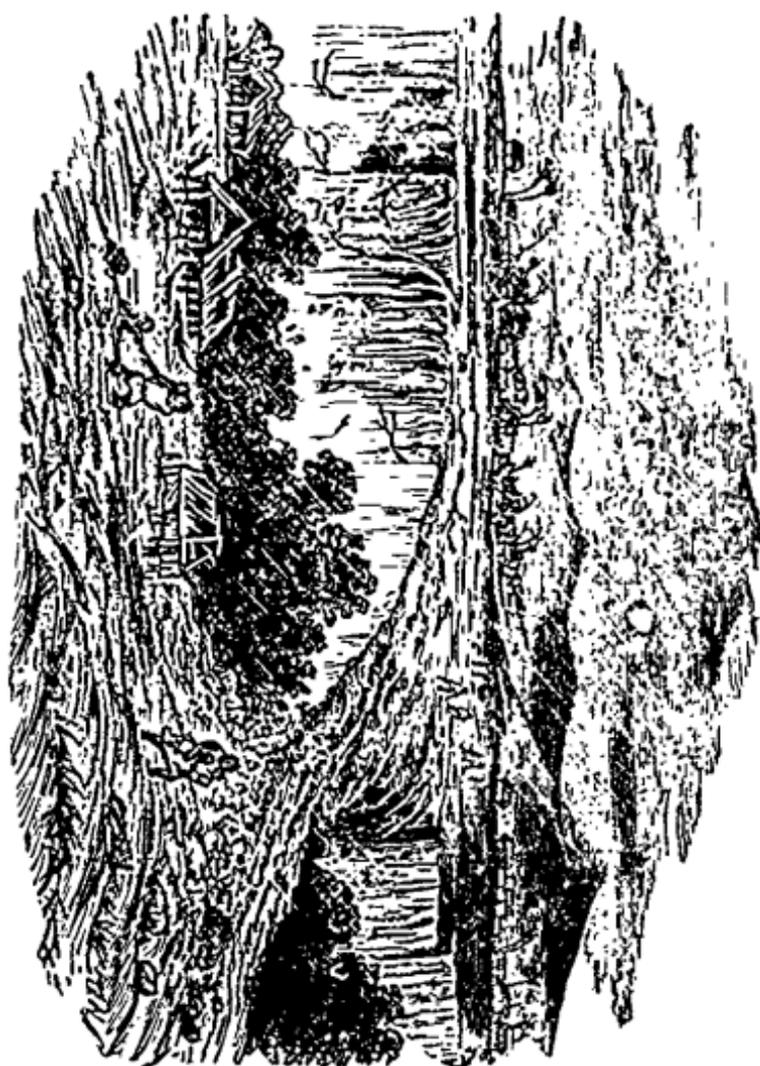
by their anxiety for the souls of their friends and countrymen. For instance; a missionary meeting was lately held in Abbeokuta. An African clergymen, once a slave, took the chair, and there was not one white man present. Mr. King (the chairman) made a speech, and then some of the people spoke. One said, "When we die, what we leave behind us will be for others. But what we give now to Jesus will be ours for ever. Therefore, let us show our love to Jesus according to the means each one possesses." Another, who had been a very wicked man, said "Was there any so bad as I was? But see what Christ, by his Gospel, has wrought in me! Let us show our thankfulness to God for his mercy." A third made this odd remark, "I am quite willing to put myself in pawn, if it is needful, to serve the Lord Jesus Christ, for what He has done for me." When a Yoruban wants money, and can't get it in any other way, he pledges or pawns himself, for a time, to some one who will lend the money he wants. In other words he becomes the domestic slave, as to part of his time, of the lender. He is obliged to labor for him instead of for himself; this labor being the interest the lender receives for his money. He must continue to work in this way until the money is repaid. So you see what the speaker was willing to do for Christ. Like David, he was not content to offer to God only that which would cost him nothing.

And it was not all talk. The collection was made about a fortnight after the meeting. So eager were the people to give, that they crowded to the table like bees when they swarm. "If I had had six hands," says Mr King, "I could not have put their names down fast enough." They cried out,

"Fi oruko mi sille!  
 Fi oruko mi sille!  
 (Put my name down!  
 Put my name down)!"

Some of the school children were not behind. A little girl came up and said "*Put my name down for thirty strings.*" that is strings of the little shells called cowries, each string containing forty cowries, worth a penny. Mr. King might well be astonished, as he was; so he told her it was of no use putting her name down for more than she could pay. She still persisted. "I know it. I will pay it." The whole collection amounted, in English money, to *twenty five pounds!* "This," says Mr. King, "is what our new converts have

done. Though there were some who gave out of their abundance, yet many cheerfully gave to the Lord, as the poor widow in the gospel, nearly all they possessed." This we call again an *example for us*.—*Missionary Token*.



#### MISSIONARY ZEAL AND LIBERALITY OF SOUTH-SEA ISLANDERS.

In no island of the South Seas has the great change which the Gospel makes been more clearly shown than in Aitutaki. And, like many other converted Polynesians, the Aitutakians have been most liberal. This was strikingly shewn in 1854.

That year was one of great suffering to the missionary and his flock. Early in February a dreadful hurricane, accompanied by an earthquake, in a few hours covered that "garden island" with the ruins of houses and the trunks and branches of uprooted trees. The sea, too, rose to a great height, and the wild waves swept over many a rich plantation. Famine and disease followed. The poor islanders suffered greatly, and the Missionary and his family suffered with them. The storm had destroyed their flour and other things which were to them the necessaries of life. After some months an American whaler appeared off the island. Several natives hastened on board, and asked the captain to employ them in getting wood and water for the ship. "What is your price?" asked the captain. "Oh, we do not want money," they said. "What then," he enquired. "Let us work first, and we will tell you afterwards," was their answer. But the Captain was not content, and would make them fix their price. They then said, "We will leave it with you, but we wish you to pay us in *flour and sugar*." As the natives generally do not use flour for their food, the Captain wondered at this strange request, and at the earnest manner of the men; but, without asking any more questions he set them to work. That work was well done; the Captain was satisfied; he readily paid for it in flour and sugar, as the people desired. But what did they do with it? They sent it all as a present to their missionary, for whose wants and sorrows they felt and cared far more than for their own.

For many years, the Aitutakians had held their great missionary meeting in May, and had given willingly to the Society. But in 1854 they had lost and suffered so much that the missionary told them he thought there should not be any meeting that year. But they would not hear of his. "No," they answered; "whether our contributions be little or much, we will have our meeting." That meeting was held, and though many had lost much, and some all they possessed, they gave in money and arrowroot, to the London Missionary Society the large sum of £90.

But this was not all they did. They had missionaries of their own labouring in heathen islands—men whom they had sent, and whom they felt themselves bound to support. For these they contributed native cloth, and other articles which they needed. For one of them, named Apollo, they bought a boat which cost them £10; and to the half-taught heathen amongst whom he laboured, they sent 100 bonnets, which

the Aitutakian women had plaited and made up, 60 hats, 100 yards of native cloth, and 300 yards of calico and print, which they had bought from ships which came to their shores. As these simple-hearted Christians wished to do good to the soul as well as to the body, they had a few useful words written inside every hat. These were generally a passage of Scripture, or some sentence which was likely to strike the mind of half-enlightened savages. On looking into one of the hats, the Missionary was moved to read these words, "This hat is for the man w' o murdered Williams."

The same spirit showed itself at Mangia. In 1843 that spot was also visited by a dreadful storm, which swept down chapel, school-house, and almost every dwelling in the island; but in the course of a year, and as soon as they could raise produce, they contributed £73 to the London Missionary Society, and in 1848 they sent to that and the Bible Society, £170. Thus they proved that their spirit was the same as that of the Christians in Macedonia, whom the Apostle Paul commended for abounding, out of their deep poverty, in the riches of their liberality.

It should be added that, when the people of Mangia suffered so much, and at the same time gave so freely to the cause of Christ, no English Missionary had been sent to their island. But, though they loved their Native Ministers, they wished very much for an English Missionary. They therefore resolved, at a public meeting, in 1848, that one of the brethren labouring at Rarotonga should write to the Directors for one. As they did not get what they asked as soon as they desired they said to the Missionary, "Write again; ask how much property we shall send to England to buy a Missionary; for we will buy one, and we will feed him; and pay him."

But wherever the Gospel works as it has worked in the South Seas, it opens the heart and the hand in much the same way. At the Mauritius, a chapel has been built, and the people gladly gave what they could to pay for it. One day a poor African came to Mr. Le Brun's house, leading his two children. As soon as the Missionary saw him, he said, "Well, my good man, what do you want?" "Sir," he answered, "I was at chapel yesterday, and heard you say you would be happy to receive some trifles for the debt. Well, sir, on my way home, I was saying to myself, 'could I not do something? Could I not give two shillings?' My conscience said, 'Yes and more too. Thou couldst easily give eight shillings.' These little boys of mine said they must also

give something, and they have brought two shillings." The Missionary was surprised and delighted to receive from this poor African and his children what was a large sum to them—twelve shillings.

Let this spirit, dear readers, be yours. Act, in giving, from principle, as these converted heathens acted. Put the question often to your heart, "How much owest thou unto the Lord?" and think it one of your highest privileges that God requires, and that He will accept your offerings.—*Juv. Miss. Mag.*

### CHRIST IN THE STORM.

One dark stormy night we were tossing in a rude little native boat, near the coast of Ceylon. As I lay on my low bed in the bottom of the boat, and saw the red flashes of lightning through the thatched covering and heard the rapid peals of thunder, while the rain was pouring in on all sides, and our boat tossing like a bubble on the angry waves, I could not but think of our danger, for I knew that the native boatmen were timid and ignorant, and that many such little barques go down every year on that coast.

Trembling and afraid, I raised my head to catch the words of my companion as he inquired for the master of the boat. "He is in the hinder part of the ship asleep," was the reply.

Little did the rude heathen who uttered these simple words know how they made my soul thrill. In a moment I was carried back to that night when Jesus, perhaps in just such a rude little boat as ours, lay tossing on the stormy lake of Gennesareth. Never did I so realize that our blessed Saviour was once a man, a suffering mortal, and one with us in nature.

Far from home and kindred, weak, helpless, and full of fear, for a moment I had forgotten that Jesus was just as near to us as He was to those fearing disciples, and that He could as easily say to the foaming billows "Peace be still," as He did on that night when they cried, "Master, carest thou not what we perish?"

My fears were gone. I felt that Jesus was near, that I could almost put my hand in His, and hear his voice, "It is I, be not afraid." Often since then, in hours of darkness and trial, have I lived over that night, and been comforted by the same sweet thoughts.

Afflicted, se-rowing child of God, forget not him who

was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Do heavy burdens bear you down? fear not to carry them all to Jesus, None are too heavy for Him to bear, none so small as to be beneath His notice. Are we poor? He is rich. Are we weak? He is strong. Are we sinful and unworthy? He is righteous and infinitely worthy. If we are Christ's then He is ours, and in him we are complete.



### SIBERIAN RAPIDS.

In sailing down some of the rivers of Siberia, you come to a sudden fall, where the water rushes over the steep rocks with great rapidity, and makes a roaring noise that can be heard for miles. These falls, or rapids as they are called, are very dangerous, and it requires great skill and caution to pass them safely. Here is an account of the way in which it is managed, written by a traveller in Siberia, M. Hansteen:—

“ We sailed down the river in a strange, cumbrous kind of boat, and I was not a little uneasy at first at its extraordinary dimensions, but four days of quiet sailing allowed me time to become accustomed to it before reaching the first fall. At length we felt the first wave—the oars were drawn in, the boat began to be tossed about, the rapidity of its course increased every moment, the noise of the waters was deafening—all our nerves were on the rack.—we were rush-

ing along much faster than a horse could gallop. At length we passed it. The water is now calm; the pilot comes down from his place, wiping his brow, and says to the principal person on board, 'I congratulate your lordship.' He pays the same compliment to the captain. Every one exclaims, 'Praise be to God!' and the deep silence which had reigned till then is broken by hearty cheers."

Two more rapids were safely passed, and then they came to the "Padun," the greatest fall of all.

"The next day (the 7th of June)," continues Professor Hasteen, "we approached the Padun. The pilot and the captain decided that we must wait for a more favourable wind and calmer weather before venturing to pass this dangerous rapid. We cast anchor between the rocks on the left bank of the river. I passed the day on land. I caused my tent to be pitched on a little island covered with verdure and adorned with flowers of all colours. The sun shone bright, the sky was cloudless, and the deep silence that reigned in the woods around was broken only by the spotted serpents, which, frightened at my approach, glided away under the withered leaves of the last autumn.

"In the evening, when I returned on board the boat, I learned that the captain and the two pilots thought that we might now venture to pass the rapid. I went to my cabin to pack up my effects, and to secure about my person a rouleau of six thousand roubles and a good poniard, in case of being shipwrecked and cast on shore.

"At length we set off; the old, white-haired pilot stood immoveable in the bow, with one of my towels in his right hand to serve as a signal, and holding a rope in his left. The crew were at prayer. In silence we reached the edge of the line of white foam, and the boat began to plunge under the water, and rise again abruptly. In a few minutes the keel grated against the stony bed of the river; all at once we were stopped on our precipitous course. The waves dashed furiously against the boat. The captain cried, 'Row, row hard!' The oars began to act; and at length we got into deeper water, and were rapidly borne on by the torrent. At this critical moment a dispute arose between the old pilot at the prow and the fishermen on deck. It appeared that the one wished to steer to the left, and the other to the right. The latter uttered some words of exclamation; then, turning to me in triumph, pointed out an enormous rock, near which we were passing; the next moment another

rock appeared on the other side ; we had passed safely between them,—the dangerous passage was over. The venerable pilot came down from his place and wiped away the tears which filled his eyes ; the colour came back into his cheeks, which during the time of anxiety had been deadly pale. 'Slava teba Bogn' (thanks be to God), escaped from his lips, and the usual forms of congratulation were begun.

"After giving each of the pilots ten roubles, and distributing five more among the crew, which seemed to please them very much, we proceeded on our voyage."

### A HINDOO YOUTH TAKING UP THE CROSS.

A deeply interesting letter has just been received from the *Missionary Institution of the Church of Scotland, Madras*, from which the following is extracted :—

"We are glad to say that there is a young man who has come forward and professed Christianity. He is a Hindoo of high caste. He has given up and put away his idols to serve the living God, and it is our earnest prayer that he may continue steadfast in the faith and remain firm unto the end. His mother and several of his relations have come to visit him since he became a convert. Such a state of distress his mother was in! She tore her hair and bewailed for him, because he was her only son, and now by his embracing Christianity he was as dead to her for ever. She besought him to turn and go with her ; but he would not. It was delightful to hear him giving his reasons for becoming a Christian. After his mother saw that he was steadfast, she turned to the missionary, Mr. Forbes, and said, 'He is no more my son ; he is your son ; and you must be kind to him.' After which she left and has not since returned to see him. He is living on the Mission premises, in the house of one of the catechists."

"What a trial!" the youths of either Scotland will say ; to be compelled to part with one's parents or to part with Jesus." True yet pray and pray that every one attending the various mission schools in heathen India, may, like this convert, be soon brought to be willing to part with all for Christ. Nay, that also side by side with them their fathers and mothers may yet glory in carrying their cross, necessary, if they would gain the crown. For what the blessed Saviour declares in Scotland He proclaims in India—"If any man (that is, any one of the human family, man, woman, or child) will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me. For

he that will save his life shall lose it ; but he that will lose (or is willing to lose) his life for my sake, the same shall save it." And how *rich* such has become ! " An heir of God, and a joint-heir with Christ." R. F. F.

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SONG OF OUR PILGRIMAGE.

We are pilgrims, we are strangers,  
 Let us hasten to be gone ;  
 Here are countles snares and dangers  
 If we linger we're undone ;  
 Hasten onward,  
 Till the glorious goal be won.

Onward ! our bright home's before us,  
 Gleaming on us like a star ;  
 Saints and angels stooping o'er us,  
 Light us onward from afar.  
 "Come, and welcome,  
 Where the saints and angels are !"

Cast aside each weight that lets us,  
 And all tempting thoughts within,  
 And the sin that most besets us,  
 And each joy that leads to sin.  
 Look to Jesus !  
 Strive and overcome in Him.

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INDIAN ORPHANAGE AND JUVENILE MISSION  
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In aid of Canadian School at Calcutta, per Rev. A. Spence, being part proceeds of a Bazaar in connection with St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa.....	20 00
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JOHN PATON,  
*Treasurer.*

Kingston, 23rd Oct., 1861.

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