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JUVENILE PRESBYTERIAN

A Missionary  
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN  
IN CONNECTION  
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Newspaper  
CHURCH OF CANADA  
WITH THE  
OF SCOTLAND.

Conducted for the Lay Association.

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No. 6

GOOD NEWS FROM INDIA.

While receiving so many distressing accounts of the calamities which have befallen India, the tidings conveyed in the following extract may serve to encourage us, and show that the good work has not been allowed to stand still. The horrors of warfare are to be witnessed in many a disturbed district, and the bloody conflict rages over the scenes where the missionary preached in peace, but within the quiet home provided for them in the orphanage, not a few of the girls are giving evidence that their hearts are being filled with the love of Christ.

Under date of 18th June, 1858, the Rev. James C. Herdman, who, it will be remembered, is associated with Miss Hebron in the supervision of the Calcutta orphanage, writes;

“Four of the wards in the Orphanage have been brought to my notice as candidates for Baptism, viz. Elizabeth, Bessie, Ruth Iona, and Esther. I have had serious separate conversations with them once only, yet my impression is, that the first named alone is eligible at present, though it is gratifying to know that the others also have given recent evidence of good influences on their souls, in an improved

"outward behaviour. I doubt, however, if any of them, except Elizabeth, has truly given her heart to Jesus. By the washing of regeneration, even the renewing of the Holy Spirit, may they be brought to God."

Of the above girls, two are supported by our Juvenile Mission—Ruth Iona is the protégée of the Branch at Portsmouth of St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School, Kingston, and Esther is connected with the same school in the town. It is indeed cheering to learn that these girls are enquiring the way to Zion. Let us earnestly plead for them at a throne of Grace, that they may even find Him whom they are seeking.

Dear young readers are you, too, desirous of giving your hearts to Christ? Delay not, delay not.

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#### THE CANADIAN SCHOOL.

The first attempt to lay the great Atlantic Telegraph was a failure, and the Niagara and Agamemnon returned to their respective ports, there to wait for another year, which it was hoped would witness the success of that great enterprise. How the cable was at last laid, we have all heard. The first missionary to India was driven from its shores by ungodly men; and when at length he did land, his labor for years seemed to be in vain. Thousands of souls brought to a knowledge of Jesus Christ through his labours and those of the many who followed him, testify to the success of missionary efforts in India, and make us feel that an Almighty arm is stretched out to save.

Our young readers will learn from these and from a thousand other facts, that rarely does God see fit to grant uninterrupted success to any plan which his servants may devise. They will, we trust, receive the disappointment conveyed by Miss Hebron's letter in another part of this paper with hopeful, prayerful spirits, and make it rather strengthen their resolution to persevere in this good work.

The Canadian school was to have been opened in a Mahomedan suburb of Calcutta, where a room was promised rent-free, and the only expense attending the enterprise was the salary and support of the teacher, estimated at about £25 stg. per annum. On going to open the school, Miss

Hebron found that the offer was withdrawn, and, from the spirit manifested by these deluded people, she wisely judges that an attempt to commence operations would not only be in vain, but even attended with danger to any Christian teacher.

Ever since the commencement of the Indian mutiny, and especially during the last few months, Mahomedans everywhere have manifested a fanatical spirit of opposition to the Christian religion. In Syria several missionaries have been attacked and murdered. At Jeddah in Arabia the whole population rose, put to death all the Christians they could lay hands on, and drove the rest from their town. In India the spirit of fanaticism is even more fierce, inflamed as it is by the bloody conflict now raging. The crescent of the false Prophet Mahomet seems about to fall, and his deluded followers are making a final but vain attempt to uphold it.

Our readers will thus see that it is not expedient at present to open our school among the Mahomedans, and will we think be prepared at once to take up Miss Hebron's plan of planting a school in some other part of Calcutta, nearer to the new Orphanage, and among the less hostile Hindoos. It is true the expense will be greater, double that which was first spoken of; but if fifty or sixty of our sabbath-schools unite, we can easily raise the £50 stg. required. A large sum has been sent home for the support of orphans who have not yet been appropriated, and this is more than enough to defray the first year's expense. Before another year comes round, let us *all* try how much we can raise to support our new "Canadian School."

To the schools who have remitted £4 Cy., without having heard of the appropriation of an orphan, we now propose that this sum should be applied to the first year's expense of the school. When an orphan is actually set apart for each of them, it will be good time to remit for her support, but as this cannot be sooner than a year after payment of their first subscription, we trust that the mission box has again become full. If any schools object to this arrangement, let them at once write to the Treasurer, when the original intention will be adhered to.

Some of our schools who have applied for orphans, may, perhaps, prefer to devote their contributions, in the meantime, entirely to the support of the Canadian School, as it is very uncertain in the present deplorable condition of India, when their application will be successful. By adopting this plan,

they may feel that they are at once engaging in the great work, instead of waiting for an orphan girl to be appropriated. When India is again in a peaceful state, and the orphanages admit of an increase to their numbers, due notice will be given, and then schools can again apply. We invite all to communicate at once with the Treasurer at Kingston on this subject, and every information will be cheerfully given.

In meantime Miss Hebron and the Rev. Mr. Herdman have been requested to make preparations for opening the Canadian school among the Hindoo population, near the new Orphanage building. Our schools are being carried on thus in Calcutta, and yet many, many thousands of poor heathen youth are neglected, and know not even the name of Jesus. Let us pray in our Sabbath Schools, let us pray in our closets and families, that God may protect and bless this humble effort, and that through the Canadian school many precious souls may be saved. Thus will our temporary disappointment serve to strengthen our own faith, and be made a means of promoting God's glory.

Another letter from Miss Hebron has been received by Mr. Paton, to which we direct the careful attention of our readers. We have advised them with regard to it.

### CAN YOU BE SAFE TOO SOON?

CAN you be safe too soon? Can you be happy too soon? Certainly you cannot be out of the danger of hell *too soon*; and therefore why should not your closing with Christ upon his own terms be your very next work? If the main business of every man's life be, to *flee* from the wrath to come, as indeed it is (Matt. iii. 7), and to flee for refuge to *Jesus Christ* as indeed it is (Heb. vi. 18), then all delays are highly dangerous. The manslayer, when fleeing to the city of refuge before the avenger of blood, did not think he could reach the city too soon. Set your reason to work upon this matter; put the case as it really is: I am fleeing from wrath to come; the justice of God and the curses of the law are closely pursuing me; is it reasonable that I should sit down in the way to gather flowers, or play with trifles? for such are all other concerns in this world, *compared with our soul's salvation*.

"Where is hell?" asked a scoffer, "*Anywhere* outside of heaven," was the answer.



THE SHEPHERD.

The picture which precedes this article will interest our readers. It illustrates the care of the Shepherd, for the lambs of the flock. The sheep and the lamb are often used, as images of meekness, gentleness, docility and innocence. In the Bible, you will often find them so used. King David you recollect was a Shepherd and rescued a lamb of his flock, from a Lion and a Bear, which sought to devour it. A greater than David, even the Shepherd of Israel is ready to rescue you from the power of the wicked one, who goeth about as a roaring Lion, seeking whom he may devour. Will you not listen to the voice of the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world, as he pleads with you, to come unto him and find rest. Jesus often represents himself, and is represented, in the character of a Shepherd. He said "I am the good Shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." He said also, "I know my sheep, and am known of mine." After his resurrection, he bade Peter, "Feed my lambs." He said too "I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in, and out and find pasture."

May you all readers; learn to "know the voice" of "the

Good Shepherd," and "follow him." Then your ways will be ways of pleasantness and your paths peace.

"For, behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him; behold his reward is with him, and his work before him. He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, *he shall gather the lambs with his arms and carry them in his bosom*, and shall gently lead those that are with young. Isaiah xl. 10.

Remember then that our Lord was "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," when upon this earth. And because all we "like sheep had gone astray," and turned to our own ways "the iniquity of us all was laid upon Him," and he was brought as "a Lamb to the slaughter." Harken then to the invitation "come" "and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

#### THE NEED OF JESUS.

"UNTO YOU WHO BELIEVE HE IS PRECIOUS."—1 Peter ii. 7.

I need Thee, precious Jesus! for I am full of sin:  
My soul is dark and guilty, my heart is dead within:  
I need the cleansing fountain, where I can always flee,—  
The blood of Christ most precious, the sinners perfect plea.

I need Thee, precious Jesus! for I am very poor,  
A stranger and a pilgrim, I have no earthly store:  
I need the love of Jesus to cheer me on my way,  
To guide my doubting footsteps, to be my strength and stay.

I need Thee, precious Jesus; I need a Friend like Thee,  
A Friend to soothe and sympathise, a Friend to care for me:  
I need the heart of Jesus to feel each anxious care,  
To tell my every want, and all my sorrow share.

I need Thee, precious Jesus! for I am very blind;  
A weak and foolish wanderer with a dark and evil mind:  
I need the light of Jesus to tread the thorny road,  
To guide me safe to glory, where I shall see my God.

I need Thee, precious Jesus! I need Thee day by day,  
To fill me with Thy fulness, to lead me on my way:  
I need Thy Holy Spirit to teach me what I am,  
To show me more of Jesus, to point me to the Lamb.

I need Thee, precious Jesus! and hope to see Thee soon.  
Encircled with the rainbow, and seated on Thy Throne;  
There with thy blood-bought children my joy shall ever be  
To sing Thy praises, Jesus!—to gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

## A CHRISTIAN MARTYR AT DELHI.

EVERY one of our readers must, during the last year, have heard of Delhi, in India, and of the many barbarities which the cruel Sepoys committed there. You know that they put to death not only many of the soldiers and their officers who were there to keep them in order, but also some of the missionaries, both English and native. Among the first who suffered death for the sake of Jesus was a native Christian teacher, named Walayat Ali. He was connected with the Baptist Mission. His own poor wife saw him cut down with a sword, and fall and die; she told the whole story to a missionary, who translated it into English, and sent it home for the use of the young people belonging to the Baptist Mission. We are indebted to *The Juvenile Missionary Herald* for the following portions of it, which you cannot fail to read with very deep interest.

"On Monday, the 11<sup>th</sup> of May, about nine o'clock in the morning, my husband was preparing to go out to preach, when a native preacher, named Thakur, of the Church Mission, came in, and told us that all the gates of the city had been closed, that the Sepoys had mutinied, and that the Moham-medans of the city were going about robbing and killing every Christian. He pressed hard on my husband to escape at once, if possible, else we should all be killed. My husband said, 'No, no, brother, the Lord's work cannot be stopped by any one.' In the meanwhile fifty horsemen were seen coming, sword in hand, and setting fire to the houses around. Thakur said, 'Here they are come! now what will you do? run! run!—I will, and you had better come.' My husband said, 'This is no time to flee, except to God in prayer.' Poor Thakur ran, was seen by the horsemen, and killed. My husband called us all to prayer, when, as far as I recollect, he said:—

"O Lord, many of Thy people have been slain before this by the sword, and burned in the fire, for Thy name's sake. Thou didst give them help to hold fast in the faith. Now, O Lord, we have fallen into the fiery trial. Lord, may it please Thee to help us to suffer with firmness. Let us not fall nor faint in heart under this sore temptation.

"Even to the death, oh! help us to confess, and not to deny Thee, our dear Lord. Oh, help us to bear this cross, that we may, if we die, obtain a crown of glory."

"After we had prayers, my husband kissed us all, and said:—



“ ‘See that, whatever comes, you do not deny Christ; for if you confide in Him, and confess Him, you will be blessed, and have a crown of glory. True, our dear Saviour has told us to be wise as the serpent, as well as innocent as the dove; so if you can flee, do so,—but come what will, *don't deny Christ.*’

“ Now I began to weep bitterly, when he said, ‘Wife dear, I thought your faith was stronger in the Saviour than mine. Why are you so troubled? Remember God's word, and be comforted. Know that if you die, you die to go to Jesus. And if you are spared, Christ is your keeper. I feel confident that if any of our missionaries live, you will all be taken care of; and should they all perish, yet Christ lives for ever. If the children are killed before your face, oh! *then* take care that you do not deny Him who died for us. This is my last charge, and God help you!’

“ Now some horsemen came up and the faquirs (devotees) who lived near us told them to kill my husband, that he was an infidel preacher, and that he had destroyed the faith of many by preaching about Jesus Christ. The troopers now asked him to repeat the *Kulma*,\* but he would not. Two of them now fired at us, and one shot passed close by my husband's ear, and went into the wall behind us. Now all the children fled through a back door, towards the house of Mirza Hajor, one of the shazadas (or princes) who respected my husband, and was fond of bearing of the love of God through Christ. He dressed like a faquir and seemed partial to the gospei. He took in my seven children, who fled for refuge. One of the troopers now interposed, saying, ‘Don't kill hem; Walayat Ali's father was a very pious Mussulman, who went on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and it is likely that this man is a Christian only for the sake of money, and he may again become a good Mussulman.’ Another trooper now asked my husband, ‘Who then are you, and what are you?’ He answered, ‘I was at one time *blind*, but now I see. God mercifully opened my eyes, and I have found a refuge in Christ. Yes, *I am a Christian, and I am resolved to live and die a Christian.*’ ‘Ah,’ said the trooper, ‘you see that he is a Kafir [barbarian]; kill him.’ Again he was threatened with loaded muskets pointed at his breast, and asked to repeat the *Kulma*, with a promise of our lives and protection. My husband said, ‘I have repented once, and I

\* The Mohammedan creed.

have also believed in Christ, so I have no need of further repentance.' At this time two European gentlemen were seen running down the road leading to the river, when the troopers said, 'Let us run after those Feringhees first, then we can return and kill these infidels.' So they went.

"My husband now said to me, 'Flee, flee!—now is the time—before they return.' He told me to go to the faquirs' Tukeca, while he would go to the Rev. Mr. Mackay's house to try to save him. I went to the Tukeca, but the faquirs would not allow me to go in, and would have had me killed, but for the interposition of Mirza Hajee, the shazada, who said to the troopers, 'This woman and her husband are my friends; if you kill them, I will get you all blown up.' Through fear of this they let me go, when I began to cry about my children; but Mirza Hajee told me that he had them all safe. I now went after my husband, towards Mr. Mackay's house, in Dyriagunge, the house formerly occupied by Mr. Parry, of the Delhi Bank. On the way I saw a crowd of the city Mohammedans, and my husband in the midst of them. They were dragging him about on the ground, beating him on the head and in the face with their shoes; some saying, 'Now preach Christ to us.' 'Now where is the Christ in whom you boast?' And others asking him to forsake Christianity and repeat the Kulma. My husband said, 'No, I never will; my Saviour took up His cross and went to God—I take up my life as a cross, and will follow Him to heaven.' They now asked him mockingly, if he were thirsty, saying, 'I suppose you would like some water?' He said, 'When my Saviour died, He got vinegar mingled with gall; I don't need your water. But if you mean to kill me, do so at once, and don't keep me in this pain. You are the true children of your prophet Mohammed. He went about converting with his sword, and he got thousands to submit from fear. But I won't. Your swords have no terror for me. Let them fall, and I fall a martyr for Christ.'

"Now a trooper came up, and asked what all this was about. The Mussulmen said, 'Here we have a devil of a Christian who will not recant, so do you kill him.' At this the Sepoy aimed a blow with his sword, which nearly cut off his head. His last words were, '*O Jesus receive my soul!*'

"I was close by under a tree, where I could see and hear all this. I was much terrified, and I shrieked out when I saw my poor husband was dead. It was of no use my staying there, so I went back to the Chapel Compound, when I found my

house in a blaze, and people busy plundering it. I now went to my children, to the house of Mirza Hajee, where I staid three days, when orders were issued to the effect, that should any one be found guilty of harbouring or concealing Christians, they would be put to death. The Queen herself had hidden fifty, and did all she could to save them, but was compelled to give them up. One of the king's nephews came to warn Mirza Hajee, who then told me that I must at once either become a Mohammedan or leave his house. They both urged upon me to leave Christianity, saying, that every Christian in India had been killed, and that for me to hold out would be great folly. I was promised a house to live in, and thirty rupees per month to support myself and children, and that no one should molest me. God helped me to resist the temptation, and I said, 'No, I cannot forsake Christ; I will work to support my children, and if I must be killed, God's will be done.'

"I had now to go out with my seven children, seeking for some place to dwell in; but no one would take us in, lest they should be murdered on our account. So I had to wander from one place to another for some ten days, having no place to rest, and nothing hardly to eat. Out of the city we could not go, for all the gates were closed, and strict orders given not to allow any woman to get out.

"On the thirteenth day a large body of the Sepoys went out, and I managed to mix with the crowd, and got out with my children.

"Afterwards I heard that many people went to a place called Soonput, twenty coss [forty miles] from Delhi, so I accompanied some people there, and remained for three months working hard to keep my children from starvation. I was chiefly engaged in grinding corn, and, in order to get a little food for all, I often had to work night and day; yet the Lord was good, and we did not starve.

"When I heard that the English troops had taken Delhi from the city people, many of whom came into Soonput in great terror, I left with two other women, who went in search of their husbands. I again came to Tulwaree, where the whole of my children were taken ill of fevers and colds, and I was in great distress. The youngest child died in a few days, and I had not a piece to pay for help to get it buried. No one would touch it. So I went about the sad task myself. They, indeed, said that if I would become a Mohammedan, they would bury it for me. I took up the little

corpse, wrapped it in a cloth, and took it outside the village. I began to dig a little grave with my own hands, when two came up and asked why I was crying so. I told them, and they kindly helped me to dig a grave, and then they left. I then took up the little corpse, and looking up to heaven, I said :—

“O Lord, Thou hast been pleased to call to Thyself this little child, and I have been able to bring his little body to be buried. But, O Lord, if Thou shouldst call one of the *big* ones, how can I bring it? Have mercy upon me, O Lord, and permit me to meet with some of Thy dear people again; and if not, O Father, take to Thyself the mother with the children.”

Dear children! who will not pray that God would still help and bless the martyr's widow, and keep her true to Himself? And let us ask ourselves, Do we love Christ as these poor Indian sufferers loved Him? Perhaps He will not ask any of us to die for Him: but shall we not live to Him, and do all that we can to spread his kingdom in the world?

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#### SCOTTISH ORPHANAGE.

10 Lower Circular Road,

CALCUTTA, 3rd June, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your kind and welcome letter of the 11th February, I am very sorry not to have been able to answer sooner, for I wished to tell you something satisfactory concerning the opening of the “Canadian School.” But that is not the case, —whether this rebellion has anything to do with it I cannot tell. Affairs in India, instead of getting better, seem to wear a darker aspect, and peace seems further off than ever.

When I first wrote about opening a school, the schoolhouse, &c. were offered free of expense, and we were only to provide a teacher. After I received your letter I went to the place to make the final arrangements to open the school; but found the tone of the people quite changed. They said that we must pay house-rent, as well as pay a woman for collecting the children. The place is in the centre of a Mohammedan village, and our Christian people think that a Christian teacher could not live there now without being molested. We might succeed in opening a school in the midst of a Hindoo population; but then the expense would be double what I mentioned to you, and the time is not yet. We have three day

schools for heathen girls in different parts of Calcutta, and we are obliged to pay for all these.

The Rev. Mr. Herdman agreed with me that it was better *not to do anything before informing you of the circumstances*, and in the meantime we shall remove the orphanage to a different locality, as the premises are too limited to admit of an increase to the number of children. We can then fix on a locality nearer to us.

I am truly sorry at this disappointment, as I had quite fixed my heart on opening the school, and please tell the dear children who have so kindly contributed towards it, that I am so grieved at disappointing them. Mr. Herdman says the remaining sum could be made up by the Ladies' Association, but then it could not rightly be called a Canadian school.

The account you give of the dear sainted Emmeline's last act (sending the gold dollar) is truly beautiful, and I should have so liked to open the school forthwith, as it would be in connection with the memory of this dear child of God. The account also of the other two dear children depriving themselves of little luxuries, is really very interesting. "*A cup of cold water*" shall not lose its reward, if given in His name, and for His cause.

I am sorry to say that the prospects in India look dark, very dark; and peace seems farther off than people imagined. The rebels have commenced burning down the temporary barracks, erected for our soldiers, and have given out that they mean to burn the whole of them. Who can prevent them if they employ incendiaries to do so? May God in his mercy frustrate their evil designs. I do not think that we are by any means safe in Calcutta. How can we be when the disbanded Sepoys are being sent away from Barrackpore in thirties every week, and where can they go but to their mutinous brethren? But our Lord's command is, "Go and teach all nations," and if we know our Lord's will and do it not, then woe to us.

"Go labour on! 'tis not for nought,

"All earthly loss is heavenly gain,

"Men heed thee not, men praise thee not,

"The master praises; what are men?"

While Satan rages, the arm of the Lord is bared for the defence of his servants. May every gracious interposition strengthen our faith, and enable us to resign all to His Covenant care.

Oh what a scourge is war! Blessed period when the Prince of Peace shall sway his sceptre all around. May God overrule all for the furtherance of His own cause, and may the Gospel be more fully spread over India, while man is forming projects and devising schemes, how sublime is the idea of one almighty power disposing the minutest circumstances, and yet not interfering with the freedom of the creature. What regions of knowledge will the unseen world disclose? what an eternity of bliss awaits the believer. When Christ appears may we be found in his likeness.

Our Christian love to all the dear children; and believe me yours in our Master and Saviour.—FRANCES HEBRON.

### “HELP YOUR MOTHER.”

Who is this? We shall say it is Janet. What is she doing? Nursing her little baby-brother. Her mother is dead. Her father is out at his work. She is the eldest of the family, and she has many younger brothers and sisters. Little Davy is the youngest. He is not yet a year old. Poor little fellow, he has no mother, to nurse him, and lull him to sleep. Janet remembers how kind their mother was to herself, and she tries to fill her place. Though only thirteen, she is thoughtful, prudent, diligent in taking care of the house. Her father thanks God for giving him a daughter so affectionate and dutiful, to care for the rest of his poor motherless children.

Dear young readers, be kind to your mother. Do everything you can to help her. Heartily do what she bids you; but watch also, to notice her wants, even before she asks you. Think of her kindness—all her love and care for you, when you were a little baby; how she nursed you in sickness—how she worked for you by day, and perhaps sat up late at night, making or mending your clothes. And, most of all, think how she prayed for you, and tried to bring you to Jesus.

“Honour thy father and thy mother.” Even the beasts get kindness from their young. Surely the boys and girls who speak impudently to their mother, or intentionally do what they know will vex her, are more heartless than the beasts. What would you do if she was to die? If you were sitting on your mother's grave, do you think you could repeat that verse, without the tears coming into your eyes,—

“Who ran to help me when I fell,

And would some pretty story tell,

Or kiss the place, to make it well?—*My Mother.*”



JOHN WILLIAMS.

Doubtless, all our readers have heard of the name of the illustrious Missionary, whose portrait we now present to them, and of his doings in the South Sea Islands, and of his melancholy death. John Williams was born about 60 years ago. He had that great blessing, a pious mother, who took much pains with him, and used to pray with and for him, and hoped, he would grow up a man of God. He was apprenticed to an ironmonger when 14, and for a time forgot his mother's instructions and forsook the house of God. But one Sunday Evening, he heard a sermon from that solemn

text, "what shall a man give in exchange for his soul." He listened with attention, and the arrow of conviction pierced his soul. He then resolved that thenceforth he would serve the Lord. At last he became a minister and was sent as a missionary to the South Seas. He arrived in Tahiti in Nov. 1817. There he commenced his labours, opened Schools and preached the Gospel. The seed, he and others sowed, God hath abundantly blessed, and there are now many Christians, as you know in Otaheite. John Williams saw some fruit of his labours, but in their midst, he was cruelly murdered by the natives whose good he sought. His blood has proved, as that of Martyrs often does, the seed of the Church, and when we look at the position of matters in Polynesia now, and contrast it with what it was ere he went there, we are forced to exclaim, "what hath God wrought." His name too is cherished on earth, and the children of Britain, as you have heard, built and keep repaired the missionary ship "John Williams," to speed over the water on her errands of mercy. When you hear of the labours of men, like Williams Moffatt, Livingstone and our own Hunter, may not some of our readers, see it to be their duty, to enter the service of the church, either as ministers at home, or missionaries of the Cross abroad. It is the best of all work, the highest of all earthly employments, and shall be paid with the richest reward. There is no sight so beautiful, as to see the young remembering their Creator in the time of their youth, and devoting themselves to the service of their Master.

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#### A MAY MEETING IN HUAHINE, SOUTH SEAS.

We have just completed our thirty-ninth Anniversary of the May Meetings. On the 13th of the month we had a large congregation, when the missionary sermon was preached, from Isaiah ix. 23. The next day we had a large congregation; Teururai, our excellent young chief, was called to the chair. After singing and prayer, a number of speakers addressed the meeting with much life and energy.

But the 15th was to me the most interesting day; the children, to the number of 120 boys and 180 girls, from the different schools, all assembled in the chapel, very neatly dressed. After singing, prayer, and an address, 140 of them repeated chapters from the Bible, in classes. Afterwards, the senior class read in John, and a small reward was given



to the best reader, the writing books were brought forward and examined, and a small reward was given to the best written. After closing with singing and prayer, the children walked in procession with the flag of the island; and the day closed by all the people of the island sitting down to a rural feast in a large open space near the King's house.—  
*Rev. C. Barff.*

### BENEFICENCE.

Alfred the Great, after his defeat by the Danes, fled into Somersetshire. One day a beggar came to his little castle and requested alms. The queen said they had only one small loaf remaining, which was not sufficient for themselves and some friends who were away in search of food, but with little hope of success. But the good king said, "Give the poor Christian one half of the loaf, He that could feed five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes, can certainly make the half loaf more than suffice for us. The poor man was accordingly relieved, and Alfred's people shortly after returned *with a store of fresh provisions!*

There is that giveth, and yet increaseth; there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.

### CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE JUVENILE MISSION.

Already acknowledged.....	\$39.59
From Pakenham Sabbath School, per the Rev A. Mann, in aid of Canadian School, .....	4 00
From St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School, Clifton, C.W., per Rev. George Bell, to support "Mary Clifton" .....	16 00

JOHN PATON,  
Treasurer.

Kington, 25 August, 1858.

### TO OUR READERS.

Owing to the absence from town of the Editor, this number has been delayed in being issued, but we hope to publish next number in due season. Meanwhile we invite our readers to think over the affecting story of "the Christian Martyr at Delhi," and ask themselves the question if they too, under like or any circumstances, would be ready "to stand up for Jesus."