

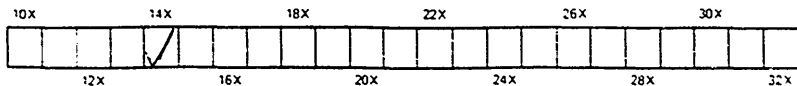
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THE
JUVENILE PRESBYTERIAN

A Missionary
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN
IN CONNECTION
CHURCH



Newspaper
CHURCH OF CANADA
WITH THE
OF SCOTLAND.

Conducted by a Committee of the Lay Association.

VOL. II.

February, 1858.

No. 11.

INDIA.

All eyes are still turned with painful interest to India. The end of the troubles there, is not yet. Let us hope that peace may be soon restored, and that under the mild sway of our good Victoria, "Queen of Hindostan," an open door may be presented for the spread of the Gospel. We doubt not many of our young readers ask their friends anxiously for, and listen eagerly to, tidings from India. Many of them have their sympathies linked to that land. They contribute to the support of an orphaned child there, perhaps, and they pray that she may be taught to know the Saviour. But do our readers realize their own blessings? Do they understand what a good, Peace is? Do they feel thankful that they live in a Christian land, and not "amid the habitations of horrid cruelty?" The heart of man, the Bible says, is "desperately wicked;" and it means yours, reader, as well as that of the cruel Sepoy, unless it has been made new by the power and love of Jesus. But the real cruelty of the natural heart of man has become terribly manifest of late. The gentle, fawning Sepoy, has shewn himself an untamed

tiger. He has slaked his thirst in blood. As time passes, the veil of distance is being uplifted, and corner by corner, visions of wickedness, fit only for commission by those subject to the wicked one, are exhibited. ³⁴Read, for instance, the following extract, and thank God that you live in a land where the truths of the Gospel are acknowledged, and then pray for the spread of that time when all in every land shall know the truth. The English *Medical Times* says:—"It has become the fashion for certain writers to throw doubts upon the truth of the reports of the atrocities committed by the Sepoy mutineers upon our countrymen in India. How far these doubts are worthy of credit our readers may judge from the following statements. We have been assured by a medical friend that he has been consulted by a lady, who has recently arrived at Bayswater, from India, whose nose has been cut off. Her child, three years old, has neither hands nor feet; they were all cut off by the mutineers. How the child survived is a mystery. The governess to this family escaped with the loss of her ears, which were cut off as an easy way of getting her ear-rings. Another friend is attending a lady whose nose has been split open, and her ears have been cut off. She has brought home to England three young children, all blind. Their eyes have all been gouged out by the Sepoys. There are in Calcutta several young children whose names are quite unknown. One little creature says she is 'Mamma's pet;' and that is all we are ever likely to know of her past history."

Are not these harrowing details? Do not they make your young hearts bleed. You who have yet kind mothers or tender fathers be very thankful for the mercy, and shew it by obeying them. How happy your lot compared with that of little innocent "Mamma's Pet," or the mutilated sufferers told of. Redouble your efforts for the Mission cause in India, and with your mites give your prayers. Let the petition, "Thy kingdom come," have a real meaning, and work and pray, as Christian children should do. We fondly hope to see our Mission blessed to do much good; but should we never see it, the duty is no less plain. Work, then, while it is day.

Since this was written, we have heard with sorrow of the death of that noble Christian Soldier, the excellent Havelock. He has received his reward, and entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

THE CANADIAN SCHOOL.

We are glad to observe that, in spite of the commercial depression, this little effort is likely to be successful. The acknowledgment of the Treasurer indicates the hold that the Orphanage Scheme has taken upon the hearts of our children, and fully entitles it to the appellation of "The Juvenile Mission." We doubt not, the effects at home upon the Church will yet be felt. An interest in Mission work will be implanted, that will bring forth fruit in the after-lives of our present active little labourers in the Mission cause. We are led to believe that we will soon be able to report the completion of the raising of the sum required, and have every confidence that it will be supplied, as nearly half the amount has already been remitted.

DELHI.

A writer in the Juvenile Missionary Magazine, who has visited Delhi, gives the following description of the city:—

In Delhi thousands of the traitors have found a refuge; and as the city contained immense quantities of arms and ammunition, and is defended by wall and river, it was not an easy thing to take it.

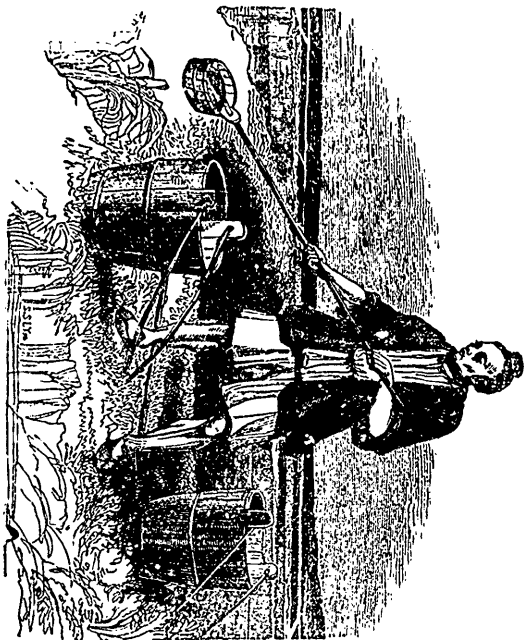
Delhi is one of the most ancient cities of India; according to tradition, it was founded 300 years before the Christian era. When possessed by the Hindoos, it was called Indraprastha, and Hastinapore, and also Delhi. This latter is the name by which it is now universally known in Hindostan. It lies on the right bank of the river Jumna, and is about 900 miles from Calcutta. It is a walled city; and the distance round the walls is not less than seven miles, while their height is, on an average, upwards of 30 feet. The wall is said to be built of grey granite. At the foot of the wall is a glacis and a wide ditch, and at intervals are strong stone bastions. It has seven gates, called by the names of the principal places or countries to which the roads through them lead.

In the centre of the city, and crossing at right angles, are two principal streets, one 90 feet wide and 1500 yards long. Through the whole length of this runs, in a channel of stone and masonry, deliciously sweet water, brought by a canal all the way from the outermost range of the Himalaya mountains; and without this supply of water the inhabitants would perish, as the water of the Jumna is brackish, and unfit to be drunk during eight months of the year. The other principal street is 120 feet wide, and a mile long. The palace of the Moghul Emperors forms a part of the city. This stands upon the banks of the river. The walls of the palace are all of stone, and are thirty feet high. The royal hall of audience is of marble, with mosaic work, formed of precious stones of various colours. Here is a mass of rock crystal, three feet in diameter and eighteen inches in thickness. The gardens of the palace, with the marble baths, are said to have cost originally one million of pounds sterling; but their ancient magnificence has long since passed away.

The most remarkable building in the city of Delhi is the Jama Masjid, built of red sandstone and marble, with a marble reservoir containing water for the purification of the hands and arms of the Mussulman worshippers. The minarets of this mosque, elegant, tapering structures, can be seen from every part of Delhi. Here is one of those deep, wide-mouthed wells, called Baolis in India, which was dug through the solid rocks by order of the Emperor Shah Jahan, and from this sweet water is obtained when other supplies fail. At the time when Delhi became subject to the British Government, all these water-works were out of order, and the inhabitants were suffering great distress, not only from thirst, but sickness and disease. Our Government, in compassion, ordered the works to be repaired at its own expense, and great was the rejoicing when they were told that the preparations for letting in the water were finished. All Delhi, old and young, rich and poor, rushed out of the city in their gayest dresses, to meet and escort the health-giving stream.

CHINA.

This cut represents the painfully laborious operations of the Chinese agriculturist. In that great country, which is so densely peopled, the most is made of every little plot of



ground, and irrigation or watering the soil is much employed, and with good effect. The people are very benighted, and there are few Missionaries there; but the children of one of the Presbyterian bodies in England take a deep interest in a mission work in China. One of the Missionaries was formerly in this city—the Rev. W. C. Burns. He goes about to preach to the natives in a Missionary boat, furnished by the pence of the English children. It is appropriately called "The Good News Boat," and is often the home of the Missionaries. This shews what children can do. But, besides caring for their orphans, we hope our children have listened to "the good tidings," and have treasured them up in their hearts.

THE LAST LEAF.

Some years ago, at one of the Irish Church Mission Schools, a boy, the child of very poor parents, was enrolled in a class for Scripture reading. He was quick, intelligent, and full of heart; but out of so wretched a home had he been brought, and so thick the gloom of ignorance with which his earlier years were pressed down, that it was a work of no small toil, at first, to teach him the beauty and charm of God's divine Word. However, light by degrees fell on the opening thoughts of the little scholar. His parents were Roman Catholics, and to them the Bible was a sealed volume; but to him, as he slowly drank in the truth, and thirsted the more, the more he drank, the Bible began to unfold very strange and heavenly lore. In quiet places, under the shade of overhanging trees, was he seen apart from his playfellows, stooping his sunburnt brow over the Scripture page, gleams of light passing to and fro over the half ragged form and the thin eager face, as he stooped and read. So, day by day, a gentle thoughtfulness grew over features that to a stranger's eye at first might seem rude and wild. Nobleness of love had been kindled in the poor boy's heart. Touching the fountains of all truth and love in Christ, there breathed into him, from his simple Bible, thoughts to which he could not give a name, but that filled him with a quiet and lowly happiness, wrought softness into his voice and step, raised the wonder of his parents often, as he clothed them in words they had never heard from child's lips before, and, when he was alone in deep retreats among the hills and glens, taught him how to pray. God's Word was his hourly friend—he talked to its pages—it shone on him with a face of love—it exchanged its holy thoughts with his—it was placed beneath his pillow when he slept—it was treasured in a little pocket near his heart when he went out to his daily toil—it seemed to whisper its verses to him wherever he turned his step—when he opened its boards to read, it was to him like opening the door of a temple, into which, entering, he met Jesus in still communion—and in his heart the Bible was so dear, that all its glorious secrets seemed hidden there, in that little beating world, for ever. So the grace of God's Word became the life of his life.

Time went on, and the little scholar grew up towards manhood. His parents had meanwhile died, and, alone, he was forced to go out to seek his fortunes in the world. By

some accidental circumstance he was led to enlist as a soldier, and not long had he entered the ranks, when the Crimean war broke out, and he was ordered with his regiment to the scene of conflict. It was a war, as all will recollect, of terrible suffering and disaster. But at this time its first calamities were but beginning to be heard of; and as ship after ship put off from our shores for the East, they carried hundreds of young brave hearts, full already of the flush of battle, but many of whom were to see the friends and homes they had left never again on earth. Amongst others, the Irish Bible scholar was carried away over the distant waters. To many it would have seemed a perilous life he was now embarked in; but, full as a soldier's life is of temptation, and witness as it is often to much that is reckless and wicked, to him whom God's Word had so taught, it came with its perils, it is true, but few or none of its fears. Instead of his heart being wronged by wicked words and wicked deeds around him, it waxed deeper and holier in its light. It drew God's precious Book closer, and the thicker the gloom in which it lived, the purer and steadier grew its shrine. God's things were hidden in it, as I have said, like hidden gold. So even the worst and rudest of his companions was hushed often by the words he spoke, and by the verses he read—sometimes in the red blaze of the camp fire—sometimes in the tent, as a hasty meal was snatched, and the tired head was laid down for rest—sometimes from memory, in the dark trench, and through the long bitter night. To his lips many owed words and hopes of which they had never heard before; and marvellous was it how the strongest and most daring learned to reverence in the boy such a shield of noble might carried in his lowly Bible, as made their strength and courage seem very weakness and fear.

The battle of the Alma was fought, and through its carnage and terror the young soldier safely passed. Some weeks later he was encamped with his regiment in the British lines before Sebastopol. It was a night of thick murk; and, after a long and weary day preceding he and a little band of his comrades lay down in their bivouac on the cold ground, to snatch a brief rest. It was indeed brief and awfully broken. Gray dawn was creeping through the folds of mist over wood and hill above them, when a deep and sullen tread rose on the ear like the moving of a sea—sudden cries passed along the ranks—men flew wildly to their arms—the roar of artillery burst

forth—and in phantom masses out of the gloom it was seen that the whole Russian army was bearing down on this devoted band of our soldiers, hemmed in, surprised, and far from help. It is known with what a grand heroism, notwithstanding, the little band gathered itself compactly up, fought silently against overwhelming odds, and never flinched. Again and again the masses poured upon them, were broken and driven back. No man thought of flying—none of yielding—but all thought they must win or die. At last, in one of the charges, as day had at length fully dawned, the young soldier, whose fortunes we have been following, and who had stood bravely in a foremost place all through, was struck by a ball in the breast, and fell. He fell without a murmur. The flying feet of pursuers and pursued passed over him where he lay; and in the utter rout of the Russians, the tide of battle was borne far beyond the spot. He was seen turning on his side on the ground, and from his knapsack feebly taking the Bible he had learned to read at the little school, under the old shady woods. He was not seen alive again; but when, the bloody victory of Inkermann was won, he was found in the heaps of slain at last, even in that forlornness and death his tale was told. A crowd of fierce plunderers had passed over the field, stripping the slain, and in many instances cruelly murdering those who had fallen, wounded and helpless. So this young hero had died in a fearful strife: his clothes had been torn away, the humble store in his knapsack plundered, and even his Bible rent from the faithful hand; but as he lay on the trampled sward, his face turned up in the stillness of its rest to heaven, the light as of a far-away smile lingered over his brow, and on his extended hand, as if graven there, a torn leaf, the last remnant of his Bible, clung, *sealed there with his own blood.*

Little reader, learn the grace of this blessed Word—learn it early—let it be graven in the tender thoughts—love it, pray over it, and in your life live it. It can never die—from the hand the last leaf may perish—but from the heart, God's Word, if once truly there, can perish never. It is written there by the Spirit's pen, and sealed for ever with the blood of Christ.—*Church of Scotland Juv. Record.*

CAN YOU TELL

What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

"FOUND AFTER MANY DAYS."

THE following interesting incident is related by D'Aubigné. "We have just lost," said he, "one of the most illustrious men of France, Adolphe Monod," whose ministry in the Protestant Church of Paris was as glorious and powerful in death, as it was glorious and powerful in life. The Christian friends who visited Paris for the April meetings never left the city satisfied, unless they had heard Adolphe Monod preach. For two years this servant of the Lord lingered on the Banks of Jordan, seldom able to leave his room, and scarcely his bed. Notwithstanding intense pain and physical distress, every Lord's day he assembled forty persons round that bed to the last, as many as his room would hold, and who, "having learned how to live, were there taught how to die." He entered into "rest" on the 6th of April 1856, and on his tomb, in Père la Chaise, is now sculptured an open Bible, the true treasure for France.

M. Monod, being once in the provinces, saw a soldier, alone, reading, and thought, "I will speak to him of his soul and its salvation." He did so, and afterwards desired him to take a note to the Protestant minister of the place, adding, "He will give you a book, which you must read for my sake." This book was a New Testament. The donor had well nigh forgotten the incident. Last year, one of his nephews, a young man, not of very brilliant intellect, but full of devotedness and piety, became Scripture reader, and desired to go to the Crimea, to speak to the soldiers of the Saviour. This he did, visiting the hospitals especially. At that time typhus fever was raging there: he took it, and died.

When his family heard of their loss, they were very much grieved, for they thought, "Poor Heinrich has had no comfort or consolation perhaps in his dying hour;" but they had afterwards a letter from a soldier, who, with a Christian friend of his, had not left the young man through all his sufferings, but had tended him affectionately, reading and praying with him continually. At the end of the letter the writer said, "I am the man to whom M. Adolphe Monod spake, four years ago, in such a place, giving me an order for a copy of the Word of God."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."—*Olive Leaf*

"I am the light of the world."



THE STONE ROLLED AWAY.

We intend, sometimes, to insert a cut illustrative of Scripture narrative. The one we present in this number, is designed to illustrate the coming of the disciples to the door of the Tomb cut in the Rock, where our Lord was laid, and the finding the stone rolled away.—Read John, chapter 20, verses 1—10.

The ensuing interesting sketch may be perused with profit by many a Teacher. It may lead to higher views of the Teachers work and to more self consecration to the labor of love among the Lambs of the Flock.

THE TEACHER'S DREAM.

A SUPERINTENDENT returned from his work one Sabbath evening, tired and discouraged. The children had been very noisy and troublesome. One teacher had been absent, no one knew why; another left his class uncared for, because he wished to spend a Sabbath in the country; and a third had intimated his intention to resign, because he found the school hour was so close to his dinner-time that he was disagreeably hurried after his meal. The subject of lesson that day had been "The plague sent on Israel for David's sin;" and the superintendent had carefully prepared and delivered an address at the close of the exercises, on the words, "Neither will I offer unto the Lord my God, of that which cost me

nothing." With his mind occupied by these occurrences, and haunted by the thoughts suggested by the lesson, our superintendent threw himself on the sofa, and fell asleep. But his sleep was restless, and he dreamt.

In his dream he thought his fellow-teachers and himself were gathered together in a upper room, on the first day of the week, as the disciples were long ago—and suddenly, as then, our Lord Jesus Christ entered into the midst of the company, and blessed them. A calm, serene light filled the room, yet there was no symptom of fear on any countenance. By some strange, mysterious arrangement, Christ seemed to be present, and to address only one of the teachers at once. He thought he saw Christ standing before that teacher who had been absent that evening on his own pleasure: the Saviour's hand, marked with the nail, seemed extended to hold up the bloody cross on which He had hung and died, and a still, gentle voice asked the question, "I gave up my life for thee—wilt thou give up thy pleasure for me?" Oh, it sounded like blasphemy when the teacher said, "*I will not! the cost is too great.*"

A shade first dimmed and then hid this scene from the dreamer's eye; and when it cleared away, he saw the Lord standing behind an altar, addressing another of their company, one who, though regularly in her place every Sabbath evening, never seemed to benefit her class. She was asked for Christ's sake to give thought and love to these little ones. She advanced to the altar, but instead of laying mind and heart on it, she laid only the shred of time the school required each Sabbath evening! She offered her Lord what cost her nothing! She had nothing to do on Sabbath evening at home, and she found it dull to stay in the house.

Again, at that altar another teacher stood: he had left the school some time before, in consequence of being jeered and laughed at by his friends at home for being "*so good,*" and in mockery they used to call him "Teacher." Solemnly the words were directed to Him—"By the buffeting and spitting, by the scourging and the shame, by my crown of thorns and my cross of anguish, Wilt thou feed my lambs?" Alas! he turned from the altar, and refused to make such a sacrifice!

Once more the dream brought up another friend, a teacher who had died twelve months before. His figure was seen kneeling before the altar; his eyes filled with tears, and raised upwards towards his gracious Lord, as he offered his whole intellect for Christ's service in the Sabbath school. The

offering was accepted with a benignant smile. Then the dreamer remembered how, while that teacher had few advantages of education—had twelve or fourteen hours of daily work—he had yet found time most carefully to study and write out all his lessons for the classes. The same figure bent again before that altar with deeper humility than before and laid his earnest prayers, the outpourings of his heart for his scholars, at his Master's feet. Most graciously were they received. And it flashed through the dreamer's thoughts how that dear friend, when his health threatened to give way, used to be found on his knees, long after midnight crying to God on behalf of the souls for which he watched, and when urged by a friend, who found him so engaged, to spare himself replied, "Oh, let me pray—let me pray!"

Suddenly the atmosphere round the altar brightened, and that Christian teacher's figure was seen again, his eye brighter than ever; his smile reflecting faintly that of his Lord, but his bodily frame was worn and wan. He approached the altar, and folding his arms, he bent his head, and exclaiming, "My Lord and My God," gently laid his wasted frame on the altar, and breathed his last! It was done, and the whole scene vanished into dazzling brightness. Then the superintendent remembered how that devoted labourer caught fever whilst visiting a poor sick scholar in one of the wretched hovels of the city, and how, standing at his bedside, he had seen him fall asleep in Jesus.

The dream passed away, but two thoughts remained—
"How many of us serve Christ with what costs us nothing?"
"How few of us dare present our work in the Sabbath school as an offering to our Lord Jesus?"

Surely these questions deserve our consideration. Let those teachers who profess to be Christians either take up the service, whatever it is, which they give to the cause of Christ in the Sabbath school, and looking to the cross of Christ that they may remember what He gave for them, let them offer it to their Lord; or, if they find they dare not do so, let them inquire why it is that conscience interposes. Will it not be found that the reason is, they dare not offer to to their Lord that which "costs them nothing"?—*Scottish Sabbath School Teacher's Magazine.*

WHAT A SIXPENCE MAY BUY.

GEORGE had a long Sunday school lesson to learn, but he tried hard, and recited it without a single mistake. So his father

gave him a silver sixpence. A very happy boy was he, as he ran down the lane to the toy-shop, there to buy the pretty top he had longed to possess for many weeks.

He had not gone far, when he saw a boy with a large basket of oranges on his arm, standing at the door of a small house. Georgie stopped to look; he did not mean to buy any, for he thought a red top better than any orange that ever grew. A little cripple sat in the door of the house, looking longing on the golden fruit. "O dear, I wish I had three cents to buy one," he said, "they look so nice." But he had no money and the orange seller walked on. Georgie walked slowly after him. "I will buy that lame child an orange," he said, to himself. "No, I won't; for if I do I can't get that top. O dear, I wish I had nine cents, then I would get him one; he can't play as I can." Thus this little boy kept thinking to himself, and finally he started off upon a run after the boy with the oranges.

"Stop, stop!" called Georgie; "I want to buy two oranges;" and held out his sixpence. The boy gave him the fruit, took the money, and went on. Georgie hurried back to where the lame boy sat with his head on his hands. The little boy put the coveted oranges in his lap, saying, Here they are, don't cry;" and ran home before the cripple had time to thank him.

"Where is your top, Georgie?" asked his mother. The boy told how he had spent his money. "God bless you, my son," she said, laying her hand on his curly head; "are we not told, He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord?"—*Child's Paper.*

CHILDHOOD'S YEARS.

Childhood's years are passing o'er us,
 Youthful days will soon be done
 Cares and sorrows lie before us,
 Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

Oh, may He who, meek and lowly,
 Trod himself this vale of woe,
 Make us his, and make us holy,
 Guard and guide us while we go.

Hark! it is the Saviour calling,
 "Little children, follow me!"
 Jesus! keep our feet from falling;
 Teach us all to follow thee.

Soon we part—it may be never—
 Never here to meet again;
 Oh to meet in heaven for ever!
 Oh the crown of life to gain!

OUR CIRCULATION.

We have to thank two little girls, scholars in the Sabbath School of St. Andrew's Church, Perth, for the handsome addition of 28 new subscribers to our list. They have done well, and have shewn that they appreciate our exertions to interest and instruct them. We trust that many other active little workers will imitate this good example. If each of our 2400 subscribers would get us but one new subscriber, the result would be wonderful. They can do it if they choose; and we do not ask 28 from each, but only as many as they can. Who will try? Young readers, this is your paper—work for it—read it—endeavour to profit by it, and do not forget your missionary effort in your prayers; and may you each receive the new heart and the right spirit.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

EVERYBODY in the world would like to be happy, but few, very few of the persons we meet with are really so. Why is this? Because they are constantly making mistakes on this subject, and are wasting their lives in looking for this blessing where it can never be found. I think I hear a little girl I know saying, "Oh, if I were rich, and had always plenty to eat, and pretty things to wear, I am sure I should be very happy." And another says, "I do not care about being rich, but I wish I was well; if I could run about like other children, and was strong again, then I should be happy." "But you have a kind mother to take care of you, and nurse you," sighs an orphan child; "but my parents are dead; if they would but come back again, I should care for nothing else, I should be *quite* happy."

Ah, dear children, you would find if you had these things, that there was something wanting still before you could say that you were happy. Not long ago, I was called to visit an old scholar of mine on her death-bed. Months of severe suffering had she endured; and still she lingered on, some-

times in such agony as made those who loved her best, feel that it would be a relief to see her die. Yet when I left her room this was my remark, "C—is the *happiest* person I know."

And what was the secret? She shall tell you herself. I had not seen her for some years till the occasion of which I am speaking, and she asked me, "Have you a class now?"

"Yes," I replied, "a large one; I hope to meet them to-morrow."

"I wish I could see them," she said earnestly.

"And if you could," I rejoined, "what would you say to them?"

"I would tell them," was her answer, given with the brightest of smiles, "I would tell them *how happy it would make them to seek the Lord early.*"

Yes, dear children, this is the way to be happy: to seek the Lord who "loved you, and gave himself for you;" to seek him as your Saviour, your Friend, your Guide; and to seek him *early* in the freshness of your hearts, the spring-time of your lives, the morning of your days, encouraged by the blessed promise, "*Those that seek me early shall find me.*"—*Church of England S. S. Magazine.*

THE WAY TO STUDY GEOGRAPHY.

A MISSIONARY'S child, contributing to the *Persian Star*, says: "We study geography, because it tells us of the countries in the world, so that when we grow up, we may know where to go to be missionaries." Reader! have you ever taken a map of the world, and solemnly asked yourself, "Where did Christ send me when he said, 'Go ye into all the world?'"—*Juv. Miss. Herald.*

SHEPHERDS AND THEIR SHEEP.

ON the lofty central chain of Lebanon, Mr. Porter passed the "Fountain of the opening of the knapsack." It is a favourite resort of shepherds, when they collect their flocks at noon; and, opening their srips in which they carry their dinner, sit down and eat. The flocks seem oftentimes so packed together, that you wonder if the shepherds will be able to separate each his own. But when the repast is over, each rises, *calls to his own flock, sheep and goats,* and they forthwith separate themselves from the throng, and go after him. What four texts does this illustrative passage remind you of?—*Free Church Juv. Record.*

INDIA ORPHANAGE SCHEME AND JUVENILE MISSION.

Already acknowledged,.....	£37	10	7
Sabbath School at Fredericton, per Reverend Dr. Brooke, to support Janet Brooke—1st year,...	4	0	0
A Lady in Whitby, to support Elizabeth S. Dow, 2nd year,	4	0	0
Per Rev. James Bain, Scarboro, to support Mary T. Scarboro—2nd year,	4	0	0
Margaret Bain—2nd year,	4	0	0
St. Paul's Church Sabbath School, Montreal, per A. Macpherson, Esq., for Caroline Smith—2nd year,	4	0	0
Portsmouth Sabbath School, in connection with St. Andrew's Church, Kingston, for Ruth Iona, 3rd year,.....	4	0	0
St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School, Toronto, per W. Mitchell, Esq., for Ruth Toronto—3rd year,	4	0	0
Donation in aid of Canadian School at Calcutta, from St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School at Belleville, per Rev. A. Walker,.....	1	5	0
St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School, Montreal, per Alexander Morris, Esq., to support Behé da Suga at Bombay—3rd year,	4	0	0
From the same, to support Chundrie, a Marathi Monitress, at Bombay,.....	4	0	0
From same, for a Bible for Chundrie,	0	10	0
From same, in aid of the Canadian School, Calcutta,.....	7	10	0
	£82		15 7

JOHN PATON,
Treasurer.

Kingston, 20th January, 1858.

PEACE ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

A SOLDIER lay wounded and dying after one of the battles in the Crimea. An officer who passed by compassionately stopped, and inquired if he could afford him any relief. "No, sir," said the poor fellow, "unless you would be so kind as take my Bible out of my pocket, and read in the 14th Chapter of John, at a verse near the end, which begins with; '*Peace I leave with you.*'"