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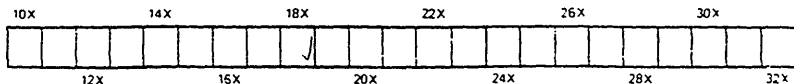
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"Feed my Lambs."

THE

JUVENILE PRESBYTERIAN

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. { OCTOBER, 1861. { No. 10.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Missionary Intelligence.....	109
Ruth Toronto.....	111
The Desert Flower.....	112
The Cradle of Noss.....	113
The little Boy Drowned.....	114
The Lock of Hair.....	115
Cafre Families.....	117
Grieve not the Spirit.....	120
Indian Orphanage and Juvenile Mission Scheme.....	120

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.

October, 1861.

No. 10.

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

CALCUTTA ORPHANAGE.

Another very interesting letter has been received from our kind friend Miss Hebron, dated Calcutta, 22nd July. In this letter were enclosed pleasing reports on Hannah Tooney and Margaret Machar, for the Kingston school, and Mary Hamilton for the school in the city after which this last girl has been named. Ruth Iona has been married, and of course has taken up her abode in a new home, where we trust she will carry into practice the good instruction received while in the orphanage. The Portsmouth Sabbath School will long remember with affection their friend Ruth, and hope to hear from time to time of her welfare. It is not yet decided which orphan will be taken by the Portsmouth school in place of Ruth.

Miss Hebron says that the season has been very unhealthy. During the summer, intense heat prevailed which was succeeded by rain. Canadian children would be astonished by this last, which, during certain seasons, falls for weeks at a time. Miss Hebron thinks they would feel afraid that a second deluge had commenced. At the Orphanage the "compound" or ground round the house was like a small lake, and in the lower story of the building the Orphans' bathing tubs, were floated away.

THE CANADIAN SCHOOL.

This continues to prosper, the sum of five pounds having been sent out to purchase a present for the teachers and children, and also any things that might be found necessary. Miss Hebron was to get a watch for Greesh which would serve as a timepiece for the school. There has been no clock to regulate the time, and Greesh's watch will be most useful. With the moneys Miss Hebron was also to buy "sarees" for the girls, or small scarfs, with which they would be delighted.

BOMBAY ORPHANAGE.

We rejoice to learn that at last an excellent teacher has been engaged, and will shortly enter upon her duties in charge of the orphans. For some months the girls have been at the Orphanage of the United Presbyterian Church, and consequently it was impossible to get Reports. The schools who have orphans at Bombay may now expect to hear regularly about them. We are glad to learn by a letter just received from India that in their temporary home the Bombay girls have been quite well, and have improved very much.

The Rev. Mr. Sherriff, Chaplain of the Church of Scotland at Bombay, has taken a great interest in our orphans, and we have pleasure in giving an extract from a letter written by him to Miss Sanders of Edinburgh.

"It always gives me much pleasure to execute the commissions with which you honor me. The letter to Margaret Dailey, (supported by Newcastle Sabbath School, Miramichi, N. B), was duly forwarded to her, and a reply promised which as yet has not been received. To Mary Anne Stewart, (supported by Brockville Sabbath School), a Bible has been presented in accordance with the wish of her supporters, and in addition a handsome copy of Anderson's Ladies of the Reformation. With respect to Theresa Chundra, (Ottawa Sabbath School), it is thought to be unadvisable to change her name. She was baptized I understand in infancy, and it is questionable whether any change of the kind would be proper in such a case. Other orphans however could easily be obtained, one of whom could take the name of Elizabeth Spence. I have also informed Mrs. Colvin that Rosa Chundra has been assigned to Mrs. Bisset of Vancouver, British Columbia. It will afford me much pleasure to receive a letter from Mr. Paton, and to assist him in any way."

MADRAS ORPHANAGE.

The Rev. Mr. Macfarlane, the chaplain of the Church of Scotland at Madras, has also taken a kind interest in the orphans there. Our Sabbath Schools will be delighted to learn that this gentleman has sent home photographs of all the orphan girls in groups, and that 8 copies are on their way to Canada. We will endeavour to send these to as many of our Sabbath Schools as possible, and to have one of the groups transferred to the pages of the Juvenile Presbyterian.

SEALKOTE ORPHANAGE.

This has not yet been opened, and the Rev. Mr. Taylor, the Missionary there, is much discouraged by the difficulties which he has encountered. He writes "this disappointment must not be allowed to relax our exertions on behalf of the work. On the contrary I am sure it will only increase our diligence."

RUTH TORONTO.

A short time since we had the pleasure of inserting a very pleasing letter from this orphan to her supporters at Toronto, and also a most flattering report of Ruth's conduct and progress from her superintendent. These gave good satisfaction to the scholars, and a very interesting response has just been forwarded. The superintendent of St. Andrew's Sabbath School sends a long letter to Ruth, beautifully expressing the love and interest felt by her supporters, and giving much good advice for her guidance. In addition to this letter, there are no less than seven notes from girls and boys in the Sabbath School, all of them interesting and well written, and also the sum of five dollars as a present for Ruth from her friends at Toronto. The above are now on their way to Madras, the money being sent to Miss Anderson for Ruth's benefit.

It is of course out of our power to publish all the letters, as they would almost fill the paper. One of them, however, may be given, and we trust that our little friend Kate will forgive us for allowing so many thousand eyes to read the secrets in her letter :

Toronto, 25th July, 1861.

My dear little East Indian Friend,

We had much pleasure in reading the very nice letter

which you sent to the Sunday School here. The translation in English showed us the great progress which you have made, but we particularly admired the copy written in your native language, which to us was really surprising.

We were very much delighted also at your spiritual and moral improvement. We sometime since saw your likeness which was sent to this country, and like your appearance very much. We also read a description written by your teacher of the different scholars in her school, in which you are spoken of with great praise. So, having seen your likeness, and knowing something about you, I have a warm friendship for you.

It is not likely that we shall ever meet in this world, but I pray that we may in heaven.

I am, dear Ruth,

Your little Canadian friend,

KATE G.

THE DESERT FLOWER.

It is related of Mungo Park, the celebrated African traveller, that on one occasion he was nigh being lost in the desert. He had been robbed and wounded, and was left all alone in a very desolate spot, and exposed on the hot sands to die. Dreary indeed the minute was. The copper sky burned above him—the houseless waste was every where around him. He had scarce so much strength left as that he could crawl—and miles and miles he felt he was banished from any one who had the smallest interest in him, or who would breathe into his ear the word *home*. Just in the moment of his despair, his eye fell on a delicate desert flower growing up out of the sands beside him, its little petals spread out within their sheath in hues most exquisite, and as now and again a little breath blew, the beautiful fringed thing waved and bent on its stem, as if out of its cup it would scent the air. The sight of that hidden flower stirred the weary heart. "What!" cried Park in a burst of hope, "is there a God who stoops down to frame and paint that fragile growth, and how much more will He not care for me!" So restored in faith—talked to by the whisper of the desert flower, he revived his efforts, crept to a hut near, was received with kindness by some pitying natives, and ultimately was saved. Was it not the old lesson, dear children, of our Saviour, in the words—"Consider the lilies of the field"? You know where in your Testament to find the passage, and how it applies. And was it not a lesson such as, any day or hour, a

thousand thousand fold you might learn again, if you turned to your right, or to your left, in this world, and found Christ—Christ the all glorious—Christ the all beautiful—Christ the full love of God—found Him, as you may, growing besides you, if I may so speak, and then begin to ask—“If there be a Father who has set all this love and grace besides me—close to my very heart—a Father who has not spared *this His own Son* but given Him up for us all, how shall he not *with Him also* freely give us all things?”



THE CRADLE OF NOSS.

“And a queer cradle it is!” some of our readers will be likely to exclaim. The gulf, which is exactly presented in

our picture, is found in one of the Shetland Islands, and is an object of much curiosity to travellers. The opening between the rocks is not more than sixty yards wide, while the depth is four hundred feet! The chasm is formed by the separation of a portion of the rock and soil from the mainland—probably by some violent commotion of the earth, or possibly by the action of water through a long succession of ages.

This detached rock is wholly inaccessible except by a sort of wooden chair, travelling from precipice to precipice on cables stretched across over the gulf. This chair is called the Cradle of Noss. Seated in this, a man will carry across to the Island a number of sheep, and leave them there for the season. The boatmen make light of the risk of crossing it, but it seems tremendous to a brain disposed to be giddy.

A few years since a celebrated climber conceived the idea of forming a passage-way over this frightful chasm. And the promise of a cow, if he succeeded, emboldened him to make the attempt. He went within the opening in a canoe, and then climbed up the precipitous sides, fixed a pulley and suspended a large, strong basket upon a rope which could be thrown across to the mainland; and by its means the connection was formed.

After this bold enterprise had been successfully achieved, the poor man, forgetting how much more difficult it is to go safely down than it is to ascend a precipice, neglected to take advantage of his own bridge, and, in trying to regain the boat, his foot slipped, and he lost his life!

Perhaps some of our readers think he was a very silly man, who could provide a way of safety for others and yet neglect it himself. And he was. But are all our Sunday-school children clear of such folly? Do none of them help to send Bibles and good books to others to teach them duties which they neglect themselves? Will not many be found at last of whom it will be said, they were the means of saving others but were not themselves "wise unto salvation?" These things ought they to have done, but not to leave the others undone.

The very best way to lead others in the right path is to be in it and keep in it yourselves.

THE LITTLE BOY DROWNED.

A little boy (a relation of Sir Henry Havelock), went out for an excursion with a party. On returning home, the horses

took fright in crossing a bridge, and the carriage was overturned. The remainder of the party escaped uninjured ; but the child was drowned in the river beneath. The Sunday previous he had learnt the accompanying lines to repeat to his mother :—

“ Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.”—HEB. xiii. 14.

ONE sweetly solemn, earnest thought,
Comes to me o'er and o'er ;
I'm nearer to my home to-day
Than I have been before.

I'm nearer to my Father's house,
Where many mansions be ;
I'm nearer to the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea.

I'm nearer to the bound of life,
Where I shall leave its care ;
I'm nearer laying down my cross,
Nearer my crown to wear.

But in the dreary space between,
Slow winding thro' the night,
Doth lie that dim and unknown stream,
Which leads at last to light.

O, Father, make me trust Thee more :
Strengthen my feeble faith ;
And let me feel as if I trod
This unknown shore of death.

For even now my feet may stand
Upon the river's brink ;
I may be nearer to my home,
Much nearer than I think.

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

Do you see this lock of hair ?” said an old man to me.

“ Yes ; but what of it ? It is, I suppose, the curl from the head of a dear child long since gone to God.”

“ It is not. It is a lock of my own hair ; and it is now nearly seventy years since it was cut from this head.”

“ But why do you prize a lock of your own hair so much ?”

“ It has a story belonging to it, and a strange one. I keep

it thus with care, because it speaks to me more of God, and of His special care, than anything else I possess.

"I was a little child of four years old, with long curly locks, which, in sun, or rain, or wind, hung down my cheeks uncovered. One day my father went into the wood to cut up a log, and I went with him. I was standing a little way behind him, or rather at his side, watching with interest the stroke of the heavy axe, as it went up and came down upon the wood, sending off splinters with every stroke, in all directions. Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to pick them up. In doing so I stumbled forward, and in a moment my curly head lay upon the log. I had fallen just at the moment when the axe was coming down with all its force. It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the axe. I screamed and my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke, and, in the blindness which the sudden horror caused, he thought he had killed his boy. We soon recovered; I from my fright and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms and looked at me from head to foot, to find out the deadly wound which he was sure he had inflicted. Not a drop of blood nor a scar was to be seen. He knelt upon the grass, and gave thanks to a gracious God. Having done so, he took up his axe, and found a few hairs upon its edge. He turned to the log he had been splitting, and there was a single curl of his boy's hair, sharply cut through and laid upon the wood. How great the escape! It was as if an angel had turned aside the edge at the moment when it was descending on my head. With renewed thanks upon his lips he took up the curl, and went home with me in his arms.

"That lock he kept all his days, as a memorial of God's care and love. That lock he left to me on his death-bed. I keep it with care. It tells me of my father's God and mine. It rebukes unbelief and alarm. It bids me trust him for ever. I have had many tokens of fatherly love in my threescore years and ten, but somehow this speaks most to my heart. It is the oldest and perhaps the most striking. It used to speak to my father's heart; it now speaks to mine."

"What say you my dear young readers? Is not this an instance of delivering mercy on the part of our gracious God. And this God is the same kind Being who gave you life, and has watched over and cared for you until now. Do you love and put your trust in Him? Look over your past lives, and think of the many times He has watched over you and deli-

vered you in times of danger. When sick, and your parents thought you would die. He has spared your life and restored you to health; and in various other ways has He shown His love and care. Yes, His love is great, for He so loved the world as to give His only beloved Son to die, so that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish but have everlasting life. O! children, love him with all your hearts, and in your youthful days devote your lives to His service.—*Child's Companion.*



CAFFRE FAMILIES.

A Caffre woman was converted by the preaching of a missionary, and soon showed, by her conduct, what a great

change had taken place in her mind. But her husband was a heathen; and he was so angry when he saw his wife had become a Christian, that he treated her very badly. As she could not get any rest at home, she sought it in the house of a kind relation at another missionary station, who loved Jesus Christ. But her husband went after her, and tried to persuade her to return home. The good woman told him that she would gladly do so, if he would clothe himself in decent garments, cultivate his ground, and treat her properly. Her kind manner and gentle words touched his heart; and, as he loved his wife, he made up his mind to do what she desired. He therefore returned to his home, and began to work so hard that, in a short time, he had not only ploughed his ground, and planted it with food, but had bought himself suitable clothing. Quite a new man in appearance and manners, he hastened to his wife, to claim from her the fulfilment of her promise. She was struck with the change; and now readily consented to return to her house. From that time, the improved habits of the husband enabled him to provide for himself and for her a comfortable living.

The heathen relations of the husband soon saw the difference. First amongst them was his mother. Before the daughter-in-law left her husband, this old woman persecuted her fiercely for her religion. But now she may be seen coming to the house in a very quiet and humble way to ask for food. She, however, is only one of many who observe the difference, and who, instead of laughing at, and opposing the Christian woman, as they did before, now gather round the door of the hut, as at dinner time the smoke is rising from the chimney, and steam from the pot, to beg for some share of those good things which they are too lazy to get for themselves.

The Caffres, like most heathen, treat their women very cruelly. Makomo was one of their greatest chiefs, and like other chiefs of that nation, he had many wives. One of these had, as he believed, done wrong. She had a babe, and, as a punishment for her supposed offence, the savage man ordered her to bury the poor infant alive. The wife refused, and said she would rather roam all her life in the wild forest with her child, than commit this dreadful crime. And she was right; but Makomo was mad with rage against her. He went to her armed with spears, and dared the poor helpless woman to disobey his cruel order. To save her own life the wretched mother gave way. She went with

two Fingo men, who dug the little grave, in which the innocent babe was buried.

This happened on a Saturday night. On the following morning, the missionary, Mr. Calderwood, heard of it. His heart was sad. He felt that he could not be silent. But as it was now too late to save the child, he waited for a day or two until he thought the time had come when he should speak. After much prayer, he went to Makomo, and asked if what he had heard was true. Caffre like, the chief inquired who had told Mr. Calderwood. The Missionary, of course, would not inform him, knowing that, if he did, the person would be murdered. Mr. Calderwood then said, "I have asked you a question, and I wish you to give me a direct answer to it." This made him angry, and he replied, "You are leading me round the hill." "No," said the Missionary, "that is what you are doing to me, by refusing to answer my plain question." But that question Makomo would not answer. The missionary, therefore, told him that, if he had done the thing, he had committed one of the greatest crimes in the sight of God, that his heart was filled with grief to hear it, and that he had come to defend him if innocent, but to warn him if guilty.

Mr. Calderwood then left the chief; but he had scarcely reached his house when Makomo came with all his wives. "I saw," says Mr. Calderwood, "the cloud was still on his brow. It was dark as night, and few men can give such a malignant expression to the countenance as he can when very angry. Still I hoped that, since he had come, he might now be disposed to listen to me, and express sorrow for his sin. He had before admitted to me that it was wrong to shed innocent blood, and therefore I must look upon him as a murderer, and beg him to flee from the wrath to come."

Without noticing the words of the Missionary, he turned, and with one of the darkest frowns, said that he had brought his wives that Mr. Calderwood might point out which of them had told him about the child. The chief was right in supposing that the Missionary had received the dreadful news from one of them. And as she stood there, and heard the tyrant, her heart trembled, lest she should be discovered. But whatever she might have feared, she did not show it. And as Mr. Calderwood firmly refused to tell the chief, she felt safe.

The tyrant was angry. He said he could govern his people as he liked, and that the child deserved to die. The Missionary, of course, spoke to him faithfully; but at length he

went away in a rage, crying as he went, "You have spoken a bad word, when you say the child was not guilty."

Mr. Calderwood knew that he was in danger; but he had done his duty, and now he trusted in God.

Two days after this, Makomo sent three of his chief counsellors, that they might try to get from Mr. Calderwood what he had refused to tell him. For three days, these men tried very cleverly to find out the secret. But the Missionary was firm, and sent back a message to the tyrant, that nothing should prevent him from saying what he knew to be right about the dreadful sin of murder, but that, as soon as he was sorry for what he had done, he was ready to meet him as his true friend. After a while the counsellors said, "Your words are too heavy for us; we shall trouble you no more."

Some time after this, Makomo sent three of his wives to say that he was sorry; but there was no reason to suppose that he was really so.

GRIEVE NOT THE SPIRIT.

I had in my room a beautiful and delicate flower. Day after day I cherished it, watching its growth till I rejoiced to see it put forth a blossom. One morning in my hurry, I neglected to water it. The day was sultry, and breathed its hot breath upon the neglected flower. When I returned from a journey, I looked upon my little favorite, and found it withered and drooping. I hastened in the evening to remedy the error of the morning, but in vain. It had been fatal, and no care could arrest the work of destruction. It was scorched and dead. Like this flower is the work of the Spirit on the soul. It must be constantly cherished, or it will droop and die.

Remember the plant, should you ever be tempted to neglect the duties of the closet.—*S. S. Messenger.*

INDIAN ORPHANAGE AND JUVENILE MISSION SCHEME.

Already acknowledged	\$63 15
St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School, Perth, to defray postage on their letters to Madras.....	1 00
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JOHN PATON,
Treasurer.

Kingston, 24th Sept., 1861.

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