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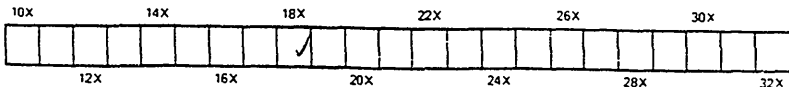
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"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise" — Matt. xx.

Montreal;

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THE
JUVENILE PRESBYTERIAN

A Missionary
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN
IN CONNECTION
CHURCH



Newspaper
CHURCH OF CANADA
WITH THE
OF SCOTLAND

Conducted for the Lay Association.

VOL. VI.

January, 1861.

No. 1.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

Seated by the cheerful fire side, and looking back over the closing year, we once more wish our many friends, known and unknown, a happy New Year. For five long years some of us have journeyed on together along the path of life. Let us hope that "looking to Jesus" we all may run our course with patience and win our crown.

The "Juvenile Presbyterian" now enters upon its sixth volume, having reached an age its early friends scarce anticipated. When the first number, amid the doubt and hesitation attending a new experiment, was issued, the writer expressed the hope that it "would be the means of good," and he trusts it has been of some little service to our church.

The paper was designed "to present to the children, an object of missionary labour, to be a welcome visitor to the Christian family, and an attractive journal to the Sabbath School." These objects have been hitherto and will be still kept in view. The Juvenile Mission finds its appropriate organ in this little paper, which tells of the orphans in India, and of the Canadian School in Calcutta, to many a child in quiet nooks in this great new country, and encou-

ages them to work for the spread of the Gospel. The editor believes that the little workers for the Juvenile Mission who give their pence now will give their pounds by and by, to preach "the everlasting Gospel." The paper will be continued another year, (D. V.) but that it may be sustained its friends must give it their hearty support. The circulation might be largely increased. We intend to issue the next number with the former coloured cover, and hope also to have a new and appropriate frontispiece.

Looking then for the cordial sympathy of the friends of the paper, and their active aid, the editor once more launches this little bark on its sixth voyage, hoping for a successful issue. During the coming year we shall seek by selections and otherwise, to cherish a missionary spirit among the readers of the "Juvenile Presbyterian," and to help to point the way of some of them towards

"The Heavenly Homes
So bright and fair."

"IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE ARE MANY MANSIONS.
I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE FOR YOU." JOHN XIV. 2.

THE CHARIOT OF FIRE.

In the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, a few days since, a gentleman from Lawrence, Massachusetts, gave the following account of a little girl who was carried to heaven as it were in a chariot of fire, singing a Sunday School Hymn as she perished in the flames.

Some time ago I led a little girl, in a distant city, from a wretched home, where both parents were daily drunkards, to a Sunday School. We had neatly clothed her. In a little time she took great delight in her school. More than once or twice the unnatural parents sold her clothes from off her back for rum, and we clothed her again. It cost a good deal to keep good clothes on poor little Mary. But as often as her clothes were sold I would see that she had new ones. She became very much attached to the school and loved dearly to sing her Sunday School hymns. She went to more than one school, for she would go morning,

afternoon, and evening. She soon gave pleasing evidence that she had become a child of God.

You have heard of the burning of the Pemberton Mills. When they fell, Mary was at work in a basement room with some other little girls whom she had taught to sing her hymns with her. At first they were not hurt, but closely confined. Piles of timber and rubbish lay above them. We could talk with them, and cheer and encourage them. We passed down food and coffee to them. All this went on, till the cry of fire was raised. The ruins were all soon enveloped in one sheet of flame. In the midst of all the noise and above all, I could hear the voice of my dear little Mary, my Sunday School Scholar, striking up and singing, with her little band of singers, her favorite hymn beginning with the stanza.

“My heavenly home is bright and fair,
We'll be gathered home ;
Nor death nor sighing visit there,
We'll be gathered home ;
We'll wait till Jesus comes,
We'll wait till Jesus comes,
We'll wait till Jesus comes,
And we'll be gathered home.”

I stood with streaming eyes and heard her sing, till her voice was lost in silence. And she went up to heaven in her chariot of fire—“gathered home.”

Oh! how glad I was that I had led her into the Sunday School—glad that I never became weary when her clothes were sold, of clothing her anew, so that she might go again—it was but a little done, and now she has been “gathered home.”—*Observer.*

MADRAS.

This is a large city on the south east coast of India, and the capital of one of the three Presidencies into which it is divided. In a short article such as this, it is impossible to give a full account of this great city, which contains nearly as many inhabitants as there are in Upper Canada, but as Madras is now a place of interest to the supporters of our Mission, we may give a few particulars.

The city lies along the sea shore, the site having been badly chosen, and behind it is a naked brown dusty plain

with but few villages. In front of the city is the sea, where ships must anchor two miles from the shore. Owing to the surf and the want of a harbour, when certain winds blow, ships run out to sea to avoid being stranded on the beach, there being no shelter for them at Madras.

Accustomed to step from the ship or steamer on the wharf, we can form no conception of the difficulties of landing at Madras. All along the beach are constantly dashing a succession of huge waves, called the surf, by which the strongest boat would be split and broken to pieces. It is consequently necessary to land in a species of light raft or country boat, which yields to the waves and is borne on their crest to the sandy beach, guided by the skilful native boatmen. To one who is accustomed to cross the surf at Madras, running our famous St. Lawrence rapids would seem a simple and easy feat.

On the beach close to where the surf is ever rolling, cooled by the delicious sea breeze, and in full view of the "Catamarans" or native rafts dashing to and from the fleet of ships in the distance, stands our Mission House and Orphanage. It is a large building of brick, covered over with plaster to resemble stone, and was formerly used as a Hotel, being called the Beach House. Like all large buildings at Madras the Mission House has a flat roof, and a shady verandah, and from the description before us must be a delightful residence.

The boys' school is under charge of the Rev. Alexander Forbes, a most efficient teacher and devoted Missionary. In this school at last accounts there were 256 boys, nearly all Hindoos, divided into 10 classes. The course of instruction is very full, and we should imagine that boys who reach the first class must have a better education than most Canadian youths when entering college. Scriptural knowledge is most carefully taught in each class, the Bible, the shorter Catechism, and also that of Dr. Watts being regularly studied.

Under care of Miss Anderson is the girls' school, the largest in India, and said by an eminent American Missionary that lately visited it to be the most flourishing and promising which he had ever seen. We trust to find further particulars of this girls' school, from which, under the divine blessing, great good may be expected. But alas how many are the difficulties in the way. The Hindoos are now all anxious to obtain for their children a good education, especially in a Mission school, and up to a certain point, the

labours of the teacher are easy, the children being quick and ready to learn. To touch the heart and open this to the love of Christ is beyond the teacher's power. The Bible may be learned, and to some extent understood, while the scholar is totally unmoved by its solemn truths. In most cases before a Hindoo boy or girl can embrace Christianity, father, mother, and friends have to be given up, for all these disown the young convert. This is a sore trial, and comparatively few can pass through without relapsing into Heathenism. Should we not pray then for these schools, that the Holy Spirit may teach and soften the hearts of all, and lead them to embrace Christ.

We conclude this little sketch by giving a list of the Orphans in the Institution at Madras, under care also of Miss Anderson. The Orphan girls having few friends, and living among heathen influence, are much more ready to embrace Christianity. They therefore constitute the most interesting class in the Mission.

NAMES.	BY WHOM SUPPORTED.
Anna, . . .	Sabbath School, Fergus, Canada West.
Antonia, . . .	Sabbath School, Scarboro', Canada West.
Catherine Elgin,	Sabbath School, Elgin.
Elizabeth, . . .	
Elizabeth Eskdale,	Canoby and Westerkirk Sabbath School.
Elizabeth Mary, .	St. Mary's Sabbath School, Edinburgh.
Esther, . . .	Sabbath School, Port Glasgow.
Jane Pearson, . .	Sabbath School, North Queensferry.
Joanna, . . .	St Andrew's Sabbath School, Perth, Canada West.
Katherine, . . .	St Andrew's Sabbath School, Edinburgh.
Keren-happuch, .	
Lydia, . . .	Sabbath School, Alloa and Allan Hill Seminary, Kilmarnock.
Magdala, . . .	A Lady in India.
Naomi, . . .	Children of Mrs. Marquis, Liverpool.
Paulina, . . .	St. Bernard's Sabbath School, Edinburgh, and others.
Phœbe, . . .	St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School, Montreal.
Ruth Toronto, .	Sabbath School, Toronto, Canada West.
Salomi, . . .	Sabbath School, Hamilton.
Sarah, . . .	Sabbath School, West Parish, Greenock.
Tabitha Cumi, .	Sabbath School, Arbroath.

MADRAS.

CHOLERA—HINDOOS CURSING THEIR GODS.

Pestilence has been sweeping over the land; thousands have fallen—the highest and the lowest being mingled together in one doom. Our Governor, Sir Henry Ward, who had just entered on his duties, was suddenly cut off by cholera; and thousands of all classes have been hurried into eternity. In Conjevcram, whose population amounts to about 20,000, 1,500 have fallen by this fell disease. Indeed, it first broke out in Conjevcram, during the great annual festival, and after the people were cursing the god which they had been madly worshipping; and then they turned to the worship of Mariatta, the goddess of cholera, to whom they had been sacrificing almost daily for months. Oh, surely, if anything on earth could convince this people of the folly of their idol-worship, this should. But no; they are as mad as ever on their idols, and nothing but the omnipotent Spirit of God can change their hearts, and lead them away from the service of dumb idols to that of the living God.—*Rev. A. B. Campbell.*

TOO OLD TO SAY HIS PRAYERS.

I think I heard some of my little readers exclaim, "I thought we would never be too old to pray." You are right dear children; but listen and I will tell you about little Willie, who thought he was too old to pray.

He was a bright little fellow five years of age: he once had a dear kind mother; but she had died two years before, when Willie was only three years old, and now Willie had no mother. One evening when his father was away from home I offered to put him to bed. When he was undressed, and about to get into bed, I said, "Willie, don't you say your prayers?" "not now," he replied. "I used to say them every night and morning when dear mamma was alive, but father don't hear me say them any more; I expect it is because I am *too old.*"

Poor little Willie, how I pitied him; he had had a praying, Christian mother, who taught him to lisp his infant prayers; but now when that mother had gone home to heaven, and he most needed the care of his heavenly Father, he thought he was too old to ask the dear Saviour to take care of him and bless him!

I hope none will ever think that they are too old to pray.

Every night and morning kneel down and thank God for all He has done for you, and especially for giving His Son to die. Ask Him for Jesus' sake to give you a new heart, and help you to love and serve Him, that you may be happy with Him for ever.—*American Child's Paper.*



SENDING HORSES TO TRAVELLERS.

A French traveller in Tartary tells us that one day a young Lama or priest proposed to him, that he should help him to perform a service of devotion in favour of all the travellers throughout the whole world.

"You know," said he, "that a good many travellers find themselves on rugged, toilsome roads. Some of these travellers are holy Lamas on a pilgrimage; and it often happens that they cannot proceed by reason of their being altogether exhausted; in this case we aid them by sending horses to the aid."

"That is a most admirable custom," replied the Frenchman; "but you must consider that poor travellers, such as we, are not able to help you in this good work. We could not spare our horse and little mule; they require rest, in order that they may carry us into Thibet."

At this the Lama clapped his hands, and burst into a loud laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" said the traveller; "what I have said is the simple truth."

"It was not that I was laughing at," returned the Lama; "I laughed at your mistake. What we send to the travellers are *paper* horses."

Then he ran off to his cell, and presently returned, his hands filled with bits of paper, on each of which was printed the figure of a horse saddled and bridled, and going at full gallop.

"Here," cried the Lama, "here are the horses we send to the travellers. To-morrow, we shall ascend a high mountain, and there we shall spend the day, saying prayers and sending off horses."

"How do you send them to the travellers?"

"Oh, easily enough. After a prayer, we take a packet of horses, which we throw up into the air; the wind carries them away, and by the power of Buddha they are changed into real horses, which offer themselves to travellers, all saddled and bridled, ready to be mounted."

The Frenchman refused to have anything to do with this foolish business.

The Lama and his companions were away before daybreak next morning. They took with them a tent, a kettle, and some food. All morning the winds blew a perfect hurricane, and towards noon a heavy snow-storm came on. The poor Lamas returned in the evening, quite worn out with cold and fatigue. The wind had carried away their tent and their kettle, and, if they had not thrown themselves flat on the ground, it would have whirled them away too.

"However" said the Lama, when narrating their misfortunes, "though we have lost our tent and kettle, it must be

admitted that the weather was very favorable for conveying horses to the travellers. When we saw from the clouds that it was going to snow, we threw them all up into the air at once, and the wind whisked them off to the four quarters of the world. If we had waited any longer the snow would have wetted them, and they would have stuck on the sides of the mountain."—*Missionary Newspaper.*



THE MISSIONARY CHILD.

"I LOVE the missionaries," said Sarah, as she dropped a penny into the family Mission-box. "Wouldn't you like to have me to be a Missionary, mother?"

"If you are prepared my child," answered the mother.

A little girl with a basket in her hand came loitering down the road. Her dress was faded and ragged; she had an old black hood on her head, which did not hide her tangled hair and her bare feet were almost black with dirt. Her father was a drunkard, and her mother a sickly, thriftless woman. Nancy was now on her way to school.

"There is a little child that needs a Missionary," said Sarah's mother, who sat at the window.

"Who, mother?" asked Sarah, running to look out. "Oh, Nancy!"

"Yes," said her mother. "The poor girl needs the heart of a Missionary to love her and to do her good. And a child of pity, and sympathy, and self denial, would, I think, be the best Missionary for her. Children like to learn of each other, and love springs up quick between them."

"Why, she is a very hateful girl," said Sarah, "the worst in the school; nobody can go with her."

"I thought she was in great need," said her mother.

"Could I do anything for her, do you suppose?" asked Sarah.

"Any one who has the heart for it can do good."

"I am sure I want to do good," said Sarah, as she ran for her sun-bonnet and books. She plucked a branch of roses as she passed through the gate, and then joined Nancy on her way to school.

"Good morning, Nancy," she said, as she came up with her.

Nancy was unused to attention, or even civility, and looked up surprised.

"Is'nt it a pleasant morning?" said Sarah.

"Humph! I don't know," said Nancy.

Sarah offered her a fine rose, saying, "See how sweet it is."

Nancy was pleased with it, for there are few children who do not like a sweet-smelling flower, and whose little hearts do not smile at the sight of one. "Your folks have got a great many roses, haven't they?" she said. "I wish ours had. Once I had a root, and father stood on it and broke it down."

"My mother 'll give you plenty of roots in the autumn, if you want them," said Sarah.

"Mother says it's of no use; nothing 'll grow for us."

"You might have a root in a box, and put it in some place

where it would not be disturbed. I'll give you a pretty rose-bush in a box next season, if you'll water it."

"Guess I could do that," said Nancy smiling, and putting back her uncombed locks under her hood.

A beautiful bright-feathered bird sung merrily on a tree by the roadside. "See that beautiful bird," exclaimed Sarah. "How lovely everything is!"

"I'll make him fly," said Nancy with a roguish look, as she stooped to pick up a stone.

"Oh don't," said Sarah; "you might kill him."

"No, I won't, but I'll scare the rascal."

"Oh don't. How can you make him afraid when he is so happy, and sings so sweetly for us? God takes care of every little bird."

"How do you know?" said Nancy.

"Jesus himself said a sparrow falleth not to the ground without Him."

When Sarah entered the school-room, she bade the teacher a pleasant "good morning," and Nancy had already felt enough of good influence to follow her example. "Good morning; I am glad to see you in good time," answered the teacher encouragingly, and Nancy felt a self-respect quite new to her.

At noon she was at some of her old tricks,—snatching the girls' bonnets, throwing them in the dirt, and upsetting their dinner-baskets, because they would not play with her, so Sarah left her own quiet play, and offered to see-saw with her, to soothe and keep her out of mischief. The other girls wondered at this, not knowing that Sarah had a good thing at heart for her.

After school she said to Nancy, "Come early to school to-morrow, won't you?"

"Why?" Nancy asked.

"I shan't tell you now," said Sarah, laughing.

Nancy's curiosity was excited, and she was early the next day. Sarah was watching for her at her own gate, and was glad to see that her feet had been half washed and her hair half combed. She had one of her own Sunday bonnets in readiness, and gave it to her, saying, "Your hood is too warm." Nancy smiled, and handed her a wild flower she had plucked by the way. She had not learned to say "Thank you" in words, still her heart could express the new and pleasant feelings of gratitude.

And in such quiet little ways as we have told, Sarah tried

to do Nancy good, without embarrassing her and giving her pain, and it was not long before she had a strong influence over her. Nancy was one of the poorest scholars in the school. She could not read at all, and was in the lowest class in spelling. She now took a start in learning; and when at her lesson, if she caught Sarah's eye fixed on her with interest, she tried her best.

Sarah knew well that decency of looks, and kindness of manner, and diligence in study, are but little in comparison with true excellence of character and the conversion of the heart to God, and Nancy was very ignorant of God and His requirements.

Sarah wanted her to go to Sunday school, but Nancy's mother said, "It was too long a walk there for her to go, and she hadn't clothes fit; besides, she wanted her to take care of the children, for Sunday was the only day she got; and more than all, 'twan't no use to go to Sunday-school." Sarah talked with her mother, and planned to have a little Sunday-school of her own after chapel, and have Nancy come to it, and bring all her brothers and sisters along with her, so that her brother could not complain. Her own younger brothers and sisters were to make up the school.

So Nancy began to learn of Jesus and His wonderful life, and her heart was melted within her at the story of His love and His death. "Oh, I love Him!" was her simple expression, as the tears rolled down her cheeks.

Was not Sarah a Missionary child to the poor neglected Nancy? Are there no other Missionary children, and is there no work for them to do? Have they looked round to find out the forgotten and the perishing?—*Treasury*.

BOUND VOLUMES.

The publisher, John Lovell, will forward postage paid, to Sabbath Schools or others, a few sets of the "Juvenile Presbyterian" from the commencement, substantially half bound in two volumes, for \$2. These volumes would form an appropriate addition to a Sabbath School or family Library, forming a neat book, with copious illustrations, and containing besides a record of the rise and progress of our Juvenile Mission.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We will acknowledge receipts in next issue. All subscriptions are payable in advance, and we hope that this rule will be strictly observed.

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