

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il
lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet
exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue
bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image
reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification
dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués
ci-dessous.

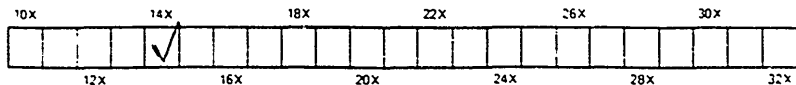
- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Captron of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

- Additional comments -/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci dessous.



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. III.

August, 1858.

No. 5

LETTER FROM THE CALCUTTA ORPHANAGE.

SCOTTISH ORPHANAGE,
March 22, 1858.

MY DEAR MRS. M———,—Your kind letter was acknowledged last month, but the steamer "Ava," on which it was sent, was lost; and so the mail also has gone to the depths of the ocean; and, therefore, to clear myself of seeming neglect, I hasten to write you a few more lines.

I had known you by name as Peggie's kind supporter; and I think it very kind of you to write, for I ought to have made her write to you on her marriage. Joseph is a good steady man, and I think makes her very happy. He has two boys by a former marriage, and Peggie is very fond of them. He was a scripture reader; but after six months he left Calcutta with his family, and took employment at Chittagong. She used to come to the Orphanage to see her old companions; and I called several times at their house, to see how they were getting on. You ask if she had adopted European habits? Not quite. We do not like them to make a great change in their habits, as it would make their mode of living

more expensive than was necessary. Some of the Christians, I am sorry to say, have adopted European habits and style of living, and so, of course, their salaries are not sufficient, and their employers constantly teased to increase their allowance. The poorest Christian's house is always neater and cleaner than their heathen neighbours'. Peggie's house had two rooms; one was the kitchen, and the other the best room, in which was a bedstead, a table, and a couple of chairs; also a small book-shelf, with a few books; and they cook their meals in the kitchen on a mat; they ate with their fingers, as all our children do in the Orphanage, sitting on mats. The girls wear petticoats, either of calico or print, and a calico vest which has short sleeves, and fastens round the throat with a band. The elder girls have a covering, sometimes, called a chudder or veil. Peggie looked very elegant on her wedding day. She had on a very full muslin petticoat over a thick one; she wore shoes and stockings (which is not their custom, except when I take them to St. Andrew's on a Sabbath evening; I always take two of the elder ones alternately); she had on a muslin vest, and, over all, was a chudder or veil, which enveloped her whole person. Several friends were present, and Mr. Herdman performed the ceremony. It was a happy occasion for the children; they had a holiday, and were treated with sweetmeats.

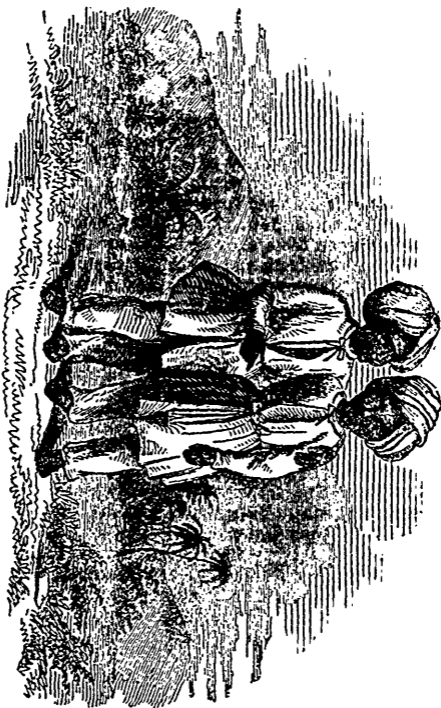
Last month we had our annual examination. Rev. Messrs. Herdman, Ogilvie, and Wenger examined them in English and Bengali, in the presence of friends, and all seemed pleased. These children are cared for, instructed, fed, and clothed, like any English school, though we try to keep them to the native habit as much as possible, by cooking, and drawing water, and cleaning their apartments. Oh! may the love of Jesus touch their young hearts, and then they will truly feel grateful to their kind supporters.

How amused your little boy would be to see our school full of black children, and to hear them speak in their own native tongue. When I have been in the Mofussil, the children, sometimes, on seeing me, would run and hide themselves for fear; even now, when they first come to our day schools, they look frightened; but by degrees they gain confidence.

I must now conclude with my kind Christian regards, and, believe me—Yours sincerely,

FRANCES HEBRON.

THE HINDOO TWINS.



THE HINDOO TWINS.

We present our readers with an Engraving, which will interest them, as will also the story, which we copy from an English periodical, illustrative of the picture. We are unable to tell our friends, what has become of these interesting children in that dark and benighted country. We can only hope that in their case, as in that of the Orphans supported

by our Schools, the Lord of the harvest will water the seed sown, and cause it to bring forth fruit.

SOME few years ago, a wretched Hindoo and his wife were seen lying by a road side, near Mysore, struck down by the fearful cholera. Their whole bearing, dress, and appearance, spoke them of the higher caste, and showed that withering sickness, and not poverty, had brought them down. They looked like pilgrims going to some idol shrine; and probably had trod through many weary miles before they lay down in agony to die beside the road. Two infant boys were borne by their distressed mother, and many beautiful and costly ornaments upon them showed both how much love she bore to them, and the rank and circumstance in which they had been born. Many, very many, passed them by in fear, for they dreaded catching the disease with which they were afflicted. Many more from mere indifference. Such sights are common in India, and the people get to care very little when they see poor pilgrims drop and die, and hear poor orphan children raising above their corpses their sorrowing wail. At last some stopped, and looked in pity on these sufferers. They were strangers, they had come from far, were sick, but needed nothing save a little friendly help. Those who stopped to look, however, stopped too late to be of any use. The father was already dead, and the poor mother lying quite insensible, and beyond the reach of human skill or sympathy to raise her up. The two infants however, were there. They were lovely babes, and their sorrowful cries would have moved almost a heart of stone. The lookers on were deeply affected, and lifting them from the dying arms of their loving mother, thus rescuing them from the infection arising from both parents, they bore them off. But what could be done with them. The jewels found about them gave them some favour with the heathen people, and procured for them some friendly help for a little season. The time soon came, however, when other assistance must be sought; as those who had charge of them cared nothing for them beyond the gain they could secure by them. They were accordingly carried to Mysore, where an officer, in the British army there, took charge of them and sent them down to the Orphan Refuge under the care of the excellent Mrs. Coles. They were so young, they appeared a serious charge to the good Missionary's wife, but with noble-hearted feeling she willingly undertook the care

of them, at least for a time. They were now baptised with Christian names, and became every day more and more dear to Mrs. Coles. She attended to them as to her own child, who was then an infant like them. Her own children's nurse was their nurse too, and all that kindness and attention could do was done to relieve their little wants. At first they seemed inclined to be sickly, and when Mr. and Mrs. Coles removed to Bangalore, which they did soon after, they became very delicate indeed. At last they were taken to Bellary, and there their health improved, and now they are as fine and strong and healthy boys as you could wish to see.

At Bellary there is an excellent school for natives, called the Wardlaw Institution, and there these little boys now go daily to receive instruction. They are both about six years of age, and are the universal favourites of the school. Such a thing as a quarrel between them was never heard of, and they are as gentle and amiable as boys can be. If any favour has to be asked by the older scholars, they are sure to pick out one of those dear children to ask it.

Some two or three years ago Mrs. Coles wrote to Birmingham, to beg the Congregation under the care of Mr. James to try to do something for the support of these orphan children. The ladies kindly took it up, and ninety pounds were soon raised and sent out. How delightful, is it not? to help in thus saving "the children of the needy," and how precious and loving does that Gospel seem which can thus raise and help the orphan and the destitute!

The picture at the head of this paper represents these dear boys. They are severally called—and I am sure you will smile, when I tell you, at the absurdity of giving such names to little Hindoo boys—'JOHN ANGELL JAMES,' and 'GEORGE STORER MANSFIELD.'

"John Angell James," says Mrs. Coles, "is a very droll, merry boy, quite witty at times, and has a most animated little face. George Storer Mansfield, is a gentle mild child, not quite as sharp and clever as his brother, but quite as good and amiable; he is never more pleased than when J. A. James is saying something droll, and none joins in the laugh with more spirit than he."

Let us all pray that the dear boys may grow up useful, holy Missionaries.

CAN NO ONE STOP THE WHEEL?

Not long since I was passing along the Westminster road, in an omnibus, and I looked out and saw a sad sight. A little girl, with no father's or mother's hand to guide her, no elder brother or sister to protect her, was wandering in the streets, and as she was trying to cross, she was knocked down by a cart. There she lay, with outstretched arms, between the hoof of the horse and the wheel of the cart. It was but an instant of time, but it seemed an age, as I saw that wheel remorselessly passing on to crush those tender limbs. Could no one stop that wheel? Could no one save that little one from peril? It was impossible; all shuddered as they looked, and there was no one but would have risked his personal safety to rescue the poor child. But what shall we say of thousands of children in London and elsewhere, exposed to far greater perils every day? The wheel of ruin—physical, moral, and spiritual ruin—is rolling over them; hunger and nakedness is crushing them; early bad example is crushing them; fearful ignorance is crushing them; infernal training of human vice is crushing them; most degrading and abominable juvenile amusements are crushing them; There they lie, poor little things, in the dirt in the kennel, Shall we condemn them? Shall we scorn them? Should we be better than they, had we been in their circumstances, —cradled in corruption, schooled in sin? May they not become better than we are? Rough, lustreless, mud-be-grimed, your diamond is capable of being cut and polished, so that it may yet glisten in the crown of the Great King. Drooping, dying, they are yet flowers; lilies, roses, capable, by your cultivation, and by the genial influences of the Spirit of God, of putting forth a beauty and a fragrance meet for angels, meet for heaven. Every one of them has an immortal soul, more valuable than all those jewels reported as captured at Lucknow; more valuable than the great Indian Empire, for the preservation of which we are lavishing so much treasure and so much blood; more precious than the great globe itself. Those little ones, since Christ created them, since He redeemed them, and invites them to Himself, we need not hesitate to say are Christ's little ones. We seem to hear Him say, "These are mine; preserve them for me; take these children, nurse them, train them for me." There comes the ponderous wheel of the devil's car rolling on, rolling on, crushing them down, down, down body and soul to hell!

Oh, Sunday school teachers, shall I not say in the name of Jesus, Come to the rescue? This is your divine mission, and the longest life would not be vainly spent if, in the course of that long life, you were instrumental in rescuing from eternal ruin but one of Christ's little ones.—*Newman Hall.*

For the Juvenile Presbyterian.

THE HOLE IN THE FLOOR.

A few years ago a large school in London was most seriously inconvenienced by a bad smell which pervaded the house, and came apparently from the dining-hall. Every effort to discover this failed. The premises were examined, search was made, but all in vain, and the master was at his wit's end. At length, when the health of all was endangered, a carpenter was sent for, and an extraordinary discovery was made.

In this establishment, the rule existed that at dinner each boy should finish what was on his plate before he could apply for more. The meat supplied had a large portion of fat, to which the boys, like many others whom we could name, had a strong objection, and these thoughtless fellows used to slip under the table the less inviting portion of their dinners, and with a bold face send up their plates for more. After the meal, some knowing ones among them, to prevent an untimely discovery of the trick, used to drop the accumulated scraps through an opening of the floor, deep enough to contain a couple of oxen, and which, in course of time, they nearly filled. From this, as soon as warm weather came round, the offensive smell proceeded. A moment's thought would have shown that the trick must be discovered and punished; but their only aim was to get rid of what they did not like, without looking to future consequences.

Are there not some among our Canadian boys who imitate in other ways these foolish Londoners. A bad habit is easily contracted, but sure to meet with punishment at last. Lessons are thrown aside, or thrust into a hole in the floor; but the discovery must be made sooner or later.

Boys and girls—have any of you a hole in the floor? Are any of you doing evil in secret? Remember this little story, and think of the day of reckoning, when all will be discovered. Avoid all that is underhand, or of which you would be ashamed, and if you have committed a fault remember that it is better to confess at once, than to drop it down a hole in the floor.

ANOTHER MESSAGE FROM THE ORPHANAGE.

I have had so many kind letters from the friends and supporters of this Institution, that I no longer think it strange, but receive them as from friends, though we have never met in this world, nor is it very likely we ever shall; but you are interested in the same cause to which my heart has been devoted for years, and every fresh letter I receive, I thank God and take courage to go on.

Chundra, I am happy to say, is gradually progressing in her learning, though she never will be able to make any progress in English, so I have kept her in Bengali, which will be of more use to her. She has not much capacity for learning, but I hope soon to be able to make her write a letter to her supporters. She is very hard-working in household matters; cooks very nicely, and does plain needlework, and I think tries to give satisfaction. I have lately promoted her by giving her in charge two little ones; she washes them, and mends their clothes, &c. I have four head-monitors, and each of these has two or three under her, and these under-monitors have two or three under their care, so that only the head-monitors are answerable to me, and by that means I have no need of a matron, but look into everything myself, and by those means can watch them more closely than I could if I had a matron. The missionary cause, I have no doubt, will prosper after this, but yet it must be the work of time. Our brave soldiers are fighting away at present at Lucknow, and there must be hotter work still. Missionaries are labouring in faith and patience, and that is all we can do at present; we must sow the seed, and leave the result with God; He will, in His own good time, gather in the harvest. *Chundra* was very much interested about your school; and when I told her there were twenty teachers, she lifted up her hands and exclaimed, "Twenty teachers!" Last month we had our annual examination, and I am thankful to say, Mr. Henderson and other friends expressed themselves gratified. They were examined in both languages, and sang in both languages—I am sure your school children would be pleased to hear them—the first was in English, "The Child's Desire," and the second in Bengali, the 95th Hymn, English Anthem. Pray for us, and pray for benighted India; as Abraham pleaded for Ishmael, so ought Christians to plead, "Oh, that the heathen may live for Thee!"—*Church of Scotland Juvenile Record.*

SUNDAY SCHOOL EXCURSION.

Summer is a delightful season. Whether it be on the placid bosom of our great lakes, amidst the flowers which clothe our fields, or in the deep shades of the old woods, the heart of man may well be filled with happiness, and with gratitude to Him who has caused the lilies to fall in such pleasant places. Thoughts such as these were present with many who took part in the third annual excursion of the Mission School at Portsmouth, established by St. Andrew's Church, Kingston.

This happy occasion, looked forward to with equal pleasure by teachers and children, took place on the 28th of June, when as usual the school met about one P.M., in Portsmouth, and a few moments were spent in prayer, that the Great Shepherd might vouchsafe his blessing and protection. After a brief delay the little steamer "Experiment" made her appearance in the harbour, and took on board upwards of one hundred children belonging to the school, seven of the teachers, and a large number of the parents and friends who had been invited to join in her excursion. From Portsmouth the "Experiment" proceeded to Kingston, two miles distant, where other friends were waiting, and then her bow was turned to Wolfe Island, the spot which had been fixed upon for the school to land.

Wolfe Island is about 20 miles in length, by eight or ten in width, and contains a large farming population, a considerable portion of whom are Scotch, and attached to our Church. On the Island the Ladies' Missionary Association of St. Andrew's Church have for some years supported a catechist, and the effort has been crowned with success, a neat and commodious church having been erected, chiefly by the exertions of the Islanders. The church was opened early in May, and is now under the care of Mr. Wm. Darroch, who was admitted as a theological student by our Synod at its last meeting.

The trip to the island was accomplished in half an hour, the day being delightful, and a cool breeze tempering the hot rays of the sun. At the island the school was met by Mr. Darroch, together with a number of the islanders, and the beautiful grove where a few hours were to be spent was soon reached. Here an abundant supply of refreshments was soon spread out, and all invited to partake. Leave was then given to roam through the grove, to the great de-

light of the children, whose happy faces and joyous exclamations, were full proof of the innocent enjoyment which such an excursion affords.

After an hour thus spent, the signal to assemble was given and readily obeyed, though a few lingerers in the wood seemed unwilling so soon to leave the flowers and strawberries they had been gathering. "The Happy Land" was then sung, the children's voices sounding most sweetly as they gave their favorite hymn. The Rev. E. M. Epstein, our missionary to the Jews, next addressed those present in very pleasing language. He spoke of the happiness which such an excursion afforded, and of the affection for the children which induced their friends and teachers to give them so much pleasure. He then led them to think upon the greater love of Christ, and entreated them to love the Saviour and give their hearts to him.

After another hymn Mr. Darroch gave a forcible address. The missionary hymn was sung—a warm vote of thanks was given to the Wolfe islanders for their kindness and hospitality—and then it was found that the time had come for the return voyage. This was safely accomplished, and before dark the excursionists and their friends were safely landed at Portsmouth, after a happy day spent in innocent enjoyment, not, we trust, unmixed with profit.

Such occasions add much to the interest of a Sabbath School. They enlist the youthful affections of the young who are so susceptible to acts of kindness, and if teachers can succeed in gaining the sympathies of their charge, they have made great progress in their work. It is not easy to understand the argument used, that innocent pleasure on fitting occasions will draw away the attention of the young from the great lessons of the Sabbath School. Will not these be taught with greater force by that Teacher who has found access to the young heart by the door of love and affection, so easily opened, and who, in a prayerful spirit, avails himself of the vantage ground thus gained. Sabbath School work confined within the walls of a Sabbath School is only half done. We must visit our children in their homes, make the acquaintance of their parents, know their respective circumstances, and endeavour by every lawful means to gain their affection. If we succeed in this the rest is easily accomplished.





AN ICEBERG.

Our young readers have perhaps read the history of Kane, the Arctic traveller, if not, they would find it very interesting and instructive. They have heard, too, of the mournful fate of Franklin, and of the untiring devotion of his noble-hearted wife, and when they look at the foregoing picture they will have some conception of the scenes in the cold icy north, in which these men toiled and laboured for the advancement of science. They worked earnestly in their vocation. Are you,

reader, working as earnestly in your sphere? You have all a work given you to do. Are you doing it, or are you forgetting that the great aim of your life ought to be so to live as to glorify your Maker.

THE TRUE RICHES.

He that has Christ has *the true riches*. A gentleman one day took an acquaintance out on the roof of his house, to show him the extent of his possessions. "There," says he, "that is my estate." Then, pointing in another direction, "Do you see that farm?" "Yes." "Well, that is mine. Do you see that house?" "Yes." "That is mine, too." Then said his friend, "Do you see that little village out yonder?" Yes." "Well, there is a poor woman in that village who can say more than all this." "Why, how is that! what can she say?" "Why, she can say, *Christ is mine.*"—*Union Magazine.*

GOD'S GIFT.

Give all Thou canst,—without Thee we are poor.
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away.

EACH PUPIL.

A Lady had a Sabbath class, to teach which she made diligent preparation; the instructions in the class were necessarily of a somewhat general nature, but she desired that each of her scholars should be converted to God. *Therefore it was her habit to pray specifically for each scholar*, and then to visit each one in her home, for the purpose of special religious conversation. She labored to save not her class, but the particular souls in her class. It is worth repeating, that this humble, faithful teacher had reason to believe that each of her scholars had become a true Christian.—*Union Magazine.*

WELCOME DONATIONS.

On Wolfe Island, near Kingston, and connected with our church there, are four interesting schools, containing over 200 children. For long these have been without libraries,

a want which was severely felt. The circumstances having been communicated to the Canada Sunday School Union, and an appeal sent the very liberal grant has been made of \$25 worth of books, forming the nucleus of four Libraries. A large addition to these will be made from the library of St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School, in Kingston, sufficient, with what has been contributed by the Islanders, to place these four interesting schools in a most satisfactory position. The children and teachers feel deeply grateful to the Sunday School Union for the welcome gift. May the seed thus sown be abundantly blessed, and bear much fruit.

LITTLE WILLIE.

Our class was a large one; more than a hundred little souls greeted their teachers each sabbath day with a cheerful smile. The varieties of the species were many,—as many, or nearly so, as the faces. Not two alike; some all gay and frolicsome; some grave; others (as often happens among the poor) prematurely old; little girls more like women, who knew more of housekeeping at six years old than many young ladies do, upon leaving their "finishing school;" some all attention and interest, others all play.

Of the last class were three boys, belonging to one family, and of the respective ages of four, six, and eight years. Bright, healthful boys, full of fun and frolic,—they were as much like children as children should be. Search when you would, you might expect to find among the three playthings enough to stock an old lady in business in the toy line,—so that when the teachers failed to interest them they had always the means of interesting themselves,—in their pockets.

One sabbath morning a message came to the school to say that Willie, the eldest of the trio, was ill, and wanted to see his teacher. He was so ill, indeed, that they did not expect him to live, and each succeeding day he had with increasing earnestness asked for his teacher. How strong is the tie that binds the child's heart to the heart of his teacher! No sooner ill, than the little mind wanders after those who show sympathy and love for it.

None of Willie's family knew where his teacher lived, until at length, late on the Saturday night, some one had directed them where they might know. But it was then too late, so the sabbath morning brought the message, and soon saw us by the bed-side of our little pupil. The room was large and

well furnished; for the parents were respectable trades-people. We found him strangely altered in one single week, and his little body was swollen to twice its natural size; dropsy had laid hold on him, and the doctor despaired of his recovery. We inquired about him, and found that all had been done that a mother's love could prompt. But, there was one request, oft repeated and as often denied (oh! how he had begged for that, and begged in vain);—"Pray, mother, *do pray*." This was the continued request of the child; but the mother, poor soul! knew not how to pray. We learned, also, how anxious he had been to see his teacher,—a common thing among the little ones; but here was more unmistakable anxiety about another world, to which he was fast hastening,—no childish fancy, but, as the sequel proved, intense earnestness about heaven. We spoke to him of "gentle Jesus," gave him a few books, and, promising to come again, departed.

The evening found us once more at the house of Willie's father, a simple-minded man, who did not appear to be a native of this country, and was, alas! "without God and without hope in the world." He did not ask us to enter, but told us that Willie was dying, and that he had been for some hours insensible. He spoke, too, of his child's anxiety,—to him altogether inexplicable. "I did not think the child had so much in him," said he; "he talk of things of which I and his mother know nothing,—*about Jesus and heaven*; and he say, '*Pray mother*';—we dont know how to pray. I hope he been good boy at school, I hope he go to heaven." Never shall I forget that father who thus spoke, while the tears fast coursed down his face, of things new and strange to him, and brought to him by one of "those little ones;" and earnestly did we pray that the trial might be sanctified to them all.

All this only increased our interest in the child, and the father at length said, "Perhaps you would like to see him once more." "Indeed we should," we replied; but ere we had well crossed the threshold Willie's sister came down to say, that Willie had asked for his teacher, and was now sensible. How strange that the teacher's influence should be so great!—insensible for hours, and yet to talk of "teacher" calls back the wandering faculties once more.

A few moments, and we were by the death-bed of Willie. Eight brothers and sisters, and several friends, had gathered there; the mother, worn out with grief and watching,

had laid down on a bed by his side. All were sobbing. It was a solemn scene; for the first time death had entered that dwelling, and he entered with unknown terrors to all but little Willie. We gazed upon his face, so marked with suffering, and said,—

"You are very poorly, Willie?"

"Yes, teacher," gasped he, "very!"

"Teacher has brought you a little hymn book, will you have it?"

"Please, teacher." He took it in his little hands, and pressed it to him, but immediately gave it back, saying, "Please, read me a hymn, teacher."

"Which, Willie, dear?"

"'Around the throne of God in heaven,' please, teacher."

We read, or rather repeated it, and the countenance of the little sufferer meanwhile beamed with joy."

Said we "Can we do anything for you, Willie, dear?"

"Pray, teacher."

We could say but little to him, but it was the second time he had made the request. "Pray, teacher." We wished, however, to see if this were real anxiety or merely the force of habit gained in the sabbath school. We did not immediately comply, but stood pensively musing upon the touching scene. Presently his countenance brightened, and his lips moved; we stooped down and put our ear close to him, and asked,—

"What did Willie say?"

"Jesus—died—on—the—cross,—teacher," gasped he.

"Yes, and for Willie, and for all."

We felt we could not prolong the scene, but knelt down to commend him to the Good Shepherd. As our voice poured forth our petition, little Willie tried, oh, how he did try! to repeat the words after his teacher (as our custom in the infant class was). Sobs broke in upon us; it was, we felt, hastening his end. The effort to pray with us was too much; he had only breath to snatch a word here and there; but the "Amen" from those dying lips we never can forget. We rose from our knees, wished him good night, kissed his cold forehead, and left.

We called the next evening:—little Willie was in his coffin.

UNCLE JACOB.

—Bible Class Magazine.



A CHAPTER ON BENEFICENCE.

A missionary in Africa, speaking of the efforts of the people to send the Gospel to their neighbours, says,—“What most of all affected our hearts was, that a poor African, who it is believed is a devout servant of God, came forward and gave a coat, which he obtained by making brooms after performing his daily task in the fields. I am told that both the man and his wife are praying souls. They are slaves. Oh! is it not truly affecting, is it not enough to touch the tenderest sensibilities of the soul, to see an Ethiopian in such circumstances thus moved at hearing the Macedonian cry—‘Come over and help us’—and thus extending the hand of charity? If every professed disciple of Christ would make such sacrifices as did this poor African, at no distant day the precious Gospel would be preached to all nations.”

Lady Huntingdon abounded in good doing. She lived in a very small inexpensive house, that she might have the more to give away. She built chapels in many places, and supported missionaries, whom she sent to preach the gospel in various parts of the world. A countryman once called on her for a donation to a benevolent object. When he came out he turned his eyes towards the house, and exclaimed, “What a lesson! Can a person of her noble birth, nursed in the lap of grandeur, live in such a house, so meanly furnished—and shall I, a tradesman, be surrounded with luxury and elegance? From this moment I shall hate my house, my furniture, and myself, for spending *so little for God*, and so much in folly.”

Reader! strive so to live that *you* may never have to say, “I hate myself for spending so little for God and so much in folly.” Is your soul saved? Then, surely, you *must* have a desire to send salvation to others.

TO OUR READERS.

Our readers will receive this number somewhat later than usual, and next number may possibly also be beyond the usual period, before it is issued. Our friends must bear with us, if they are disappointed. For two years and a half, we have held our monthly talk with them very regularly, and now, the slight delay is owing to the absence of the editor from town and circumstances of an afflictive personal nature, which put it out of his power to attend to his young friends sooner.