

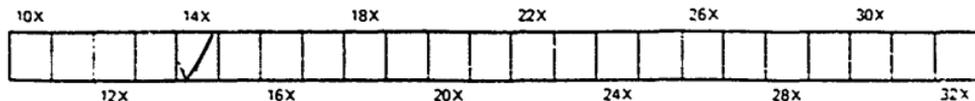
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THE
JUVENILE PRESBYTERIAN,

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.

January, 1858.

No. 10.

OUR NEW YEAR'S THANK-OFFERING FOR 1858.

Last year many of our readers responded liberally to our invitation to them to evince their gratitude for the many blessings they enjoy, by their contributions to send a library to Calcutta, and now we should be glad if our friends adopt with similar heartiness this year's scheme. We have already told you of our desire to enable Miss Hebron of Calcutta to open a School for heathen girls in that great city, which designated, as she proposes, "The Canadian School," may be a light in a dark place—a permanent memorial of your interest in the benighted daughters of India, a constant evidence of the love for perishing souls of all true Christians. Judging us, by what we have-already accomplished, the Mission staff in Calcutta and our friends in Scotland, are expecting to hear that you have adopted this excellent proposal. If you turn to the October number of our paper, you will find full details about the School, and if the money can be raised during this year it will enable the School to be commenced, and once opened we are sure it will be sustained. In a letter published in the Home Record for November, Miss

Hebron says, "I had a letter lately from Mr. Paton, from Kingston, asking if we had an opening for a teacher or catechist, so I wrote to say, with Mr. Herdman's sanction, that we should be glad to open a day school for them, and call it, *The Canadian School.*" "The School is to be planted in the heart of a Mohammedan village," and will be opened, when the disturbances in India are quelled, which under Providence seems near at hand. So soon as an open door is again presented, Christians should make up for remissness in the past, and extend greatly all Missionary agencies in India. The children of our Church have hitherto done well, and we believe that they will yet accomplish greater things, for our *Juvenile Mission* is but in its infancy. Who then will help the *Canadian School*? Think of it, and let your little gatherings at this New Year season give a suitable answer. We want to raise £30 cy. for this purpose, and already, as will be seen by the acknowledgment which we have received from the Treasurer, £5 10s. has been contributed towards it. Contributions may be sent to the Editor of the *Juvenile Presbyterian* or to Mr. Paton.

THE ORPHANAGE LIBRARY.—A SUCCESS.

This time last year, we invited our young friends to contribute, as a New Year's Thank Offering, to an Orphanage Library Fund. Several Sabbath Schools responded to the invitation, and we were thus enabled to remit the sum of £12 0s. 9d. cy., to the Ladies Association, Edinburgh, for the purpose. But not only so, for, as we learn from their annual Report—"This work of love, having been intimated to the Committee, they not only highly approved of it, but through the columns of the *Juvenile Record* of the Church of Scotland, recommended its being taken up by the Sabbath School children of Scotland." Your Committee, continues the Report, "are glad to say, that this provocation to love and good works by their Canadian brothers and sisters, has been accepted; and that in many Sabbath Schools, collections are now being made for the *Calcutta Orphanage Library.*"

This is indeed encouraging, and we are glad to notice, that the *Juvenile Record* has begun to acknowledge the receipt of sums for this purpose. That portion of the Library, supplied by Canadian Schools is to have a *distinctive Canadian label*. It is a matter of thankfulness, that our little effort has thus been accepted as a challenge to renewed exertions by our Scottish brethren, and that it is likely so effectually to accomplish its object. We trust this year's proposal may meet with as full success.

JUVENILE CONTRIBUTIONS.

Among the contributions acknowledged in the Church of Scotland *Juvenile Record* for November, we notice with pleasure £3 stg. from the East Church Sabbath School, Perth, Scotland, for the Orphanage Library; and £2 8s. stg. from the St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School Missionary Association, St. John's, New Brunswick, to be applied towards the Christian Education of Jewish Females.

A TOKEN OF FRIENDLY INTEREST.

The Treasurer of the Juvenile Mission has received an interesting little present for Sarah C. Bain at Madras. It is a neatly worked marker for the Bible about to be presented to Sarah, and which was worked by a little girl in the Sabbath School of St. Andrew's Church at Perth. Accompanying the marker is a card upon which is written:—

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.
JEANNIE."

Sarah will doubtless be much pleased by this appropriate present, which is now on its way to India.

A CAFFRE PAIR.

YOUTHFUL READERS,—I present you with a specimen of the inhabitants of Caffraria in this graphic wood-cut. The native stock is not unlike the sample. The figure, features, and dress here, are natural and true. The sandal-like shoe of the man wants as much leather as your shoes have, to embrace the ankle. But in their mild climate and soft soil the natives seldom cover the feet, except in long journeys.



The male is in his *regimentals*, as our soldiers would say. It is the dress for hunting as well. He is ready to take the field either against man or beast. His assegays will do, and the tobacco-pipe, with two feet taken off the "shank." The basket and hatchet are like; but the shield should be as large as himself, and broader, to cover the person. I know Unxele, brother of a Tanbookie chief, Tyopo, had occasion to wish one day, in a lion-hunt, that his shield had been even broader. The sportsmen had hurled a charge of assegays, or javelins, at their bold adversary, when he rose up to fight it out, and they instantly dropped out of view on the ground, covered by their shields. The lion perceived Unxele's knee exposed, took a bite out of it, and left him a cripple for life. The party rose to their feet on the cry of their young chief, hurled another set of spears at the majestic animal, and soon dispatched him.

The present condition of the Caffres, on the Cape frontier, is very different from what this sketch exhibits. Here is a couple, well fed, of cheerful look, and for natives, they are ordinarily clad. The milk basket is at their feet, with a

supply of that staff of life. The hatchet, or native axe, lies ready for use, either by the woman to get firewood, or by the man to clear out a garden for her in the forest, or make a fence about it; while his pipe is in reserve to invite to an occasional rest, with that noxious weed,

"To sing and smoke tobacco."

All this belongs to a scene of peace and plenty. Now the Amangqika (Gaikas) in large numbers, and over whole districts, are reduced to famine. This calamity they have mainly brought upon themselves. Umhlakaza took advantage of his knowledge of the Christian doctrine of the resurrection, to promise a general rising of the native heroes, who had fallen in war with the white man. All the cattle taken in war were also to rise. It was so near, that there was no time to sow and plant; and the resurrection-cattle were to be so numerous, that they must slaughter all their present stock. Thousands did so, chiefs as well,—not Sandili, so far as I have learned. Belief in the impostor, or fanatic, seemed all but universal. Well, his prophecies came not to pass. The deluded fools were awaked out of their dreams by gnawing hunger. To save themselves from starvation, thousands have gone to the Colony in quest of work, as shepherds and house-servants. "Missionaries will almost require," writes a missionary, "to go out of Caffreland, and follow the scattered tribes."

It is this way is God preparing the Caffres for the Gospel. They just eat of the fruit of their own heathen devices. Their countrymen who have embraced Christianity, could only mourn over this folly. They now sit joyful and thankful to God for His Son, who has saved them from like delusion. They look upon their increasing herds of cattle, and supplies of corn, and see hundreds pressing in to beg a mouthful of their Gospel-furnished bread and milk. The Pagans are now convinced that the meek of Christ's house do inherit the earth. This is a practical sermon on the value of the Bible, and on the vanities of the heathen. Conversion to God, we trust, is to be promoted by it. War is avoided, no blood spilt, no missionary nor colonist killed. Such as perish with hunger, a lesson to survivors to help themselves, in order to preserve life, to seek the Lord, and so far advance the peaceful, happy reign of Messiah the Prince.—Hallelujah!

R. NIVEN.

Maryhill, 18th Sept., 1857.

—U. P. *Juvenile Record*.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

DEAR YOUNG READERS,—As soon as the dawn breaks on the first day of the New Year, and all the world rises from its sleep, and begins the hum and stir of its daily life, you will hear a short hearty little phrase greeting you from every tongue. Everybody seems to utter it—every face to smile it on you—every hand to convey it to you in its clasp—every prayer to breathe it out for you at your family and closet altars. Some of you, who are so happy as to have a mother near you, will hear it in the tenderest of whispers, and see it in the warm light of a kind mother's tearful eye; and some of you, who are so blessed as to be growing up under a father's care, will listen to it with deepest reverence, as a kind father's hand is laid upon your head. If you meet your minister, it is the very first thing that starts to his lips; and if you assemble in your Sabbath school classes, it is the readiest phrase of welcome on this New Year's day your teacher can find. And should it be a clear bracing sunny day, the fields and the woods, sparkling in their crisp and hoary dress, will seem to have the same thing written for you on their face; the cheery echo everywhere, the lightsome voice, the merry laugh, the golden sun, and the blue heaven, will seem to be full of it; and so all the world God has arrayed in so much unsearchable grace and beauty around you, will seem to be breathing and murmuring out the one gladdening wish. In short, not to keep your curiosity too long on the stretch, we begin by putting all this in the few simple words you have heard so often—*we wish you a happy New Year!*

Now, some believe it would be a happy New Year if it brought them not one hour's sorrow; if, in all its course, they were to meet with no hardship or difficulty; if every day were to bring with it something new and pleasant—something to excite wonder and curiosity—something to gratify them greatly, in hearing praise, in enjoying holiday pleasures, in being free from all serious studies and serious duties, in gaining rewards without much trouble, in being called to make no sacrifices, and, perhaps, in winning such success and receiving such gifts as may make others look at them with very envious eyes. Now, little readers, as you are reading these lines, look into your own hearts, and, while you hear everybody wish you a happy New Year, ask yourselves what you really understand by the words, and what kind of a year it would be, if, according to the notions

you have formed, it were to prove a happy one, and then try to see if we are right in giving you, as follows, a brief picture of what, in the best sense, a happy New Year is.

It will be a happy New Year, if, before it comes to a close, you will have learned, to take a very deep and tender interest in the Gospel and the kingdom of Jesus,—to love His name as the most precious thing to you in all the world, to fold your arms around His cross, and to get closely acquainted with Him as your Saviour, Friend, Elder Brother, and true loving Teacher. Do not say you are too young to understand these things;—turn to the Gospel and read the beautiful incident of Christ being found in the temple among the wise and learned doctors. He was then only twelve years of age; yet he was so in love with divine things that, when His mother gently reproached Him with his having lingered behind, He said: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business." The incident is told that young readers may learn they cannot too soon give up their hearts to love the same blessed work.

It will be a happy New Year, if, in its course, you can every day feel you are making another and another step in Divine knowledge—seeing a new and clearer light shed on the texts and glories of the Bible—treasuring up another and another holy line between every sunrise and sunset; and if, at the end, you can look back and shew your parents and teachers that you can account for every lesson, in the large gain you have made of many wise and blessed truths.

It will be a happy New Year, if in its course, whether at school or by the fireside, whether in the Sabbath class or in the company of your home friends and playfellows, you learn each day to be more simple, truthful, and sincere—if a meek temper, a gentle bearing, and a sacred love of truth, day by day, shine out in every word you utter, every line of your features, and every turn of your manner. No one is too poor that he may not aspire to be gentle, loving, and true; and no one is too rich, or highly educated, but he must sink out of the respect of good men if he forgets to be all three.

It will be a happy New Year, not if, in its course, you escape peril, sorrow, sickness, temptation, a sore heart, and bitter tears; but if, passing through any or all of these, you be taught how good and happy a thing it is to lean for your strength upon the cross of Jesus—how steady, calm, and noble it makes the youngest mind feel, when the knee is

often bowed at His throne of grace, and brief childlike prayers to Him are familiar to the lips, and how constant it will keep you in brave honest purposes, in generous thoughts, and in bright sunny smiles, if you but believe in His presence wherever you go,—that His countenance, so watchful and loving, is turned on you, that His shining arms are like a mighty shield around you, and that, whether you wake or sleep, He is keeping your souls from death, and your eyes from tears, and your feet from falling. So that you are seeking not for idle days, times of heedless pleasure, what may tempt the ear, the palate, and the eyes—what may over-excite and raise your selfish feelings one day, and the next make you ill-tempered and sullen—but you are seeking to become true, and humble, and holy, the disciples of Him who walked as a child among the green heights of Nazareth, who laid His head down to sleep every night under a lowly cottage roof, and who was subject to His parents in every step and every duty of their simple honest common life.

It will be a happy New Year, if, at its close, you will be able to say, you have done something to help in bringing others to the cross of Christ—if you can remember an earnest prayer that was answered—a little mite that was sent to the far off missionary in his toils—a kind word that made the poor suffering heart warm towards you, and the tear of blessing roll down the wasted cheek. Remember the cup of cold water given to the least of Christ's disciples is given unto Him.

It will be a happy New Year, if, as it goes on, you learn you are brothers and sisters in a great family, covering the whole earth, including the white man and the black—the free man and the slave—the rich man and the poor—that God in Christ is your Father, and that heaven is your home.

Lift up your eyes upon its glorious arch—let your gaze travel away up into its deep, serene, and silent depths—watch the splendour of its day, the silvery lustre of its night and stars—and then think, that the earth, that is so green and beautiful, that is the abode of all those you love, and that holds so many spots where you have been happy, think that this earth is just a resting-place, where, for a few years at most, you are to dwell, on your way up to yonder home! Nay, perhaps, though you have seen the first day of the New Year, some of you may not see its last. How many young fair heads may, a twelvemonth hence, be covered in the dust

of darkness—how many warm young hearts cold and still—how many lips voiceless as the deep grave—how many gushing thoughts and loves will have passed away, as if they had never been. But, dear young friends, even should you in this New Year die, yet, if you are carried up from earth to heaven—carried up in the arms of Jesus to your high temple-home in the Father's presence, then this will be the happiest New Year to you of all. It will be a year that will never grow old—a year whose seasons will blend for ever the budding freshness of spring, the bursting foliage of summer, and the ripe golden fruitage of autumn, but never knowing autumn's decay, or the sere leaves, and the dark desolation, and the bleak winds of winter. It will be the New Year that will part you from the sin, and suffering, and death here, and lay you safe on the breast of your Elder Brother in his eternal home. Which of you can smile gladly as you read, and can think, that such would be for you a happy New Year indeed?

Now, we trust, you understand us better when we say, that to all *we wish a happy New Year!*

OUTLINES OF SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

NINTH MONTH.—LIFE OF CHRIST.

I.—CAPERNAUM—THENCE TO BETHSAIDA.

Death of John the Baptist.—Matt. xiv. 1-12; Mark vi. 14-29; Luke ix. 7-9.)

Healing in the desert. (Matt. xiv. 13, 14; Mark vi. 30-34; Luke ix. 10, 11.)

Miracle of the loaves.—(Matt. xiv. 15-21; Mark vi. 35-44; Luke ix. 12-17; John vi. 1-13.)

II.—TO THE LAKE—CAPERNAUM AGAIN.

Jesus on the water.—(Matt. xiv. 22, 23; Mark vi. 45-47; John vi. 14-17.)

Peter saved.—(Matt. xiv. 24-33; Mark vi. 48-52; John vi. 18-21.)

The men of Gennesaret seeking Jesus.—(Matt. xiv. 34-36; Mark vi. 53-56; John vi. 22-24.)

III.—DISCOURSE TO THE CAPERNAUM MULTITUDE.

The Bread of Life—Jesus coming into the World—Believing on Him.—(John vi. 25-40.)

Eating of the Bread of Life—The Jews' question—Jesus the food of the soul.—(John vi. 41-58.)

Impressions from Jesus' teaching.—(John vi. 59-71.)

IV. — BEGINNING OF THIRD YEAR OF CHRIST'S MINISTRY—
CAPERNAUM TO SAREPTA.

Complaints of the Pharisees—Christ's rebuke.—(Matt. xv. 1-9 ; Mark vii. 1-13.)

His Parable—The heart in its mystery and pollutions.—
(Matt. xv. 10-20 ; Mark vii. 14-23.)

The Syro-Phenician woman's daughter healed.—Matt. xv. 21-28 ; Mark vii. 24-30.)

H Y M N .

Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord,
To Thee I lift mine eyes,
Teach and instruct me by Thy Word,
And make me truly wise.

Make me to know and understand
Thy whole revealed will ;
Fain would I learn to comprehend
Thy love more clearly still.

Oh, may Thy Word my thoughts engage
In each perplexing case !
Help me to feed on every page
And grow in every grace.

Oh, let it purify my heart,
And guide me all my days !
Thy wonders, Lord to me impart,
And Thou shalt have the praise.

“ THOU, GOD, SEEST ME. ”

The sins of our youth ! How bitter their remembrance, even if God has, for Christ's sake, blotted them out I had been stubborn in my Sabbath school class. After the kind, faithful teacher had used every other method in vain, he pointed me to the card, “ Thou, God, seest me. ” I judged from his countenance, as he turned away, that his thought was, “ This seed has been sown on a rock. ” He was mistaken. He had made an impression as enduring as an immortal spirit. Sabbath school teacher, you are producing many a permanent good impression, even when most tempted to say, “ I am doing nothing. ”—*American Messenger.*

WHAT DR LIVINGSTONE SAW IN AFRICA.

THE GREAT LAKE.

In the year 1849, while labouring as a missionary at Kolobeng, South Africa, the Lord drew the heart of Dr. Livingstone (who is a native of Lanarkshire) to go forth in search of the lake which he heard the natives speak of. He knew that the Lamb redeems his great multitude which no man can number out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and he knew the text in Romans x. 14, "How shall they believe on him of whom they have not heard?" So he travelled many weary weeks northward, and then westward, till he came to the River Zouga. Here he found a rich country, and the people spinning over the waters of the river in swift canoes. This was far from Kolobeng—300 miles at least; but it was not till after 300 miles further journeying that he found the *Great Lake*, 70 miles long. It is called *Ngami*. The interior of Africa is not a desert; it is rather "a place of broad rivers and streams." (Isa. xxxiii. 21.) May the "name of the Lord" soon make the souls of the people what Isaiah describes in that verse.

"THE RIVER."

The great river which guided his course by its turnings for some hundred miles was the "*Zambese*," or "*Lecambe*." These words mean in the African language just "*the river*." And this is the meaning of "*Nile*," the river of Egypt. Now, this great river is occasionally some miles in breadth, and has in it lovely islands, some of them five miles in length. It is skirted with beautiful trees, not like its tributary, the Chobe, the banks of which are nearly unapproachable on account of tall, strong reeds, six or eight feet high. The date tree and the palmyra palm abound on its banks. It has cataracts or waterfalls; and it is said that sometimes the natives who hunt the hippopotamus in its waters have been carried down by the current along with the animal, and both together swept over the precipice.

IDOLS.

But the idols of the Balonda showed how dark are the souls of the people. They worship a block of wood with a rough figure of a human head upon it. Another idol was a lion made of clay, with two shells for eyes, and this placed in a shed. At another spot, after leaving Zumbo, he found the people adoring living lions, clapping their hands to them in token of veneration. And yet they so dread their vener-

ated lions as to take care to sleep by night in trees, lest they shall be devoured by them. Elsewhere, he saw pathways that led into the dark recesses of forests, where they worshipped unknown spirits. What gods are these! What blinded worshippers!

CRUELITIES OF THE HEATHEN.

Do you remember the two heaps of human heads at the gate of Samaria, 2 Kings x. 7, 8, 9. These were slain by an act of judgment. But think of the sight presented to the view of the missionary in an island of the Zambese, called Kalai, eight miles from the Mossiotunga Falls. A savage tribe there used to delight in the skulls of their fellow-men; and at one village sixty of these were stuck on poles. They used to kill strangers for no other end than thus to exhibit their skulls. Were not those "dark places" the "habitations of cruelty? (Ps. lxxiv. 20.)

HARDSHIPS OF THE MISSIONARY.

Dr. Livingstone notes his thankfulness for what we every day enjoy, on two occasions. For six months, day by day he rode mostly on an ox, and slept on the hard ground; and "never will I forget the delicious pleasure of lying down in a bed." So, also, when near the end of his last journey, he notes the refreshment afforded him by a proper meal, and the comforts of a European dwelling, as something equalled only by that memorable rest. Yet far from fancying there was any merit in such self-denial for his Master's cause, he writes, "I think the word *sacrifice* ought never to be mentioned in reference to anything we can do for Him who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor."

THE HONEY-BIRD.

And now, dear young friends, are you not longing for the day when the light of salvation shall reach these souls in Africa? The missionary tells us that often did he hear the inviting note of the *Honey-bird*, a bird that finds out the bee-hives, and by its note calls the traveller to follow it, and take the honey. Is not the gospel messenger like that bird? He invites to where you find what is sweeter than honey or the honeycomb (Ps. xix. 10.) Have you found out this hive of divine sweetness? Have you yourself been there? Then invite others also, telling men of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and tribe, that God himself invites us to the fulness of his manifold grace in Christ Jesus, to all we may get now, and all we may get in glory, saying, "With honey from the rock would I satisfy thee."



CAIN AND ABEL.

The foregoing cut represents Cain and Abel, with their respective offerings. Read in the Book of Genesis, chapter fourth, verses 3—16.

DO GOOD UNTO ALL.

The following advice was given by an aged Christian in America, to a young servant of God, on bidding him farewell:—"Do *all the good* you can—in *all the ways* you can—to *all the people* you can—and just as long as you can."

A BRAHMIN SILENCED.

A missionary in Hindostan must expect to have many contests with the Brahmins. It is necessary, therefore, that he should be very familiar with their sacred writings; and he should have his knowledge always at command. On one occasion, a missionary in India went to a large place on a market-day. He says, "I had a large number of tracts and Bibles for distribution; and I sat down in the market-place to converse with the people upon the grace and truth of salvation. But before I reached it, I heard a terrible noise of women, as I thought, quarrelling. Now, the women in India, who belong to the humbler classes, have tremendously long tongues. Well, I heard them abusing somebody, and using language very improper to escape from ladies' lips; they were calling some one all manner of names but that of gentleman; and when I came to the place, I saw what was the matter. They were not abusing a man, but a great fat bull, which was eating up the rice, and sweetmeats, and vegetables, and other things, that these women had brought in from the country to sell. The bull in his rounds had found them out, and was poking his nose into this basket and that basket; and there were the women doubling their fists and cursing at his nose; but no one dared to touch him. He knew very well that hard words would never break bones, and he went on and enjoyed himself, to the great injury of the people. The women, when they saw my white face (for a white face is very uncommon in the interior villages), directly put their hands together, and called, 'Have mercy, have mercy!' I saw what was the matter. They were looking at the bull eating up their goods. 'Drive him away,' said I. 'We dare not,' they said. 'Why not?' Because he is a god.' He is no more a god than I am,' I said. 'Drive him away for us,' they said; and as this was an appeal to my humanity, and I saw the women distressed, I gave him two or three good pokes in the ribs, and he soon hurried away. The women went down and thanked me; and I was about to give them a solemn address on the folly of calling such a thing as that god, when I found that I had got into a terrible mess. It was very easy to get into a difficulty, but very hard to get out of it. There were hundreds and thousands of men there; and a number of them, who were watching me, as soon as they saw me strike the bull, came down looking like a thun-

der-cloud, and they spoke almost like thunder too: 'What are you doing?' I thought I was in for it now; and I said, 'I was only driving away that thief of a bull.' 'You struck it, did you not?' I said I did. 'Do you know that you struck a god?' 'What nonsense,' said I, to call that brute god! 'Stay,' said they, 'here comes a Brahmin.' Now, the Brahmins are some of them very learned, and some of them are not; but all of them are very proud. This man had great influence among the people, and they said, 'Here comes the Brahmin; answer him.' He came down, surrounded by some hundreds of people; and he contrived to look as black as he possibly could, as if he thought he would annihilate me with his black looks. 'What have you been doing?' 'My lord, I was wanting to drive away a thief of a bull,' I said. 'Did you strike it?' 'I did.' Do you know that you struck a god? I tried now to make myself two or three inches taller than I was, and to look as black as possible, and I said, 'Answer me. Are you a Brahmin?' To call his Brahminical character in question was dreadful, and he said, 'Certainly,' and showed me the emblem of his office. 'Are you a Brahmin, and call that creature god?' 'Yes, I am.' 'Have you read your own shasters?' 'Certainly, I have,' he said. 'Well, will you be good enough, for the benefit of these people, who do not know the shasters, to quote one passage about God's honesty?' 'I will not,' he said. 'The fact is,' said I, 'you cannot; but if you cannot, I can; and if you won't, I will. I then quoted out of one of their shasters: 'God is honest; God is just; God is true.' 'Is that true?' I said. 'It is,' he said. 'Tell me, Brahmin, was it honest for that great bull to go to these poor women, and take their rice, and sweetmeats, and fruits and vegetables, without paying for them?' The idea of the bull paying for anything never occurred to him. He had not a word to say. I said, 'Now, what are you going to do? You are the priest of the bull; are you going to pay the women for what the bull has stolen?' 'I am sure I will not.' 'Can you say, then, that that is honest?' and he slunk away among the crowd, and I lost sight of him. I then had a large congregation of people, and I preached to them about the true, honest, just, and righteous God."

RICHARD BAXTER, the author of the "Saint's Rest," when reminded of his labours on his deathbed, replied "I was but a pen in God's hand, and what praise is due to a pen?"

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Kingston, Dec. 18, '57.

JOHN PATON, Treasurer.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

Little Mary lived in India, and was walking out in a grove with her heathen servant. She observed him stop at a small Hindoo temple, and bow down to a stone image before the door.

The lisping child inquired, "Saamy, what for you do that?"

"O, Missy," said he, "that is my God!"

"Your god!" exclaimed the child, "your god, Saamy! Why, your god can no see, no can hear, no can walk; your god is stone. My God make you, make me, make everything!"

Yet Saamy still, whenever he passed the temple, bowed down to his idol, and still the child reproved him. Though the old man would not mind, yet he loved his baby teacher. Once, when he thought she was going to England, he said to her, "What will poor Saamy do when missy go to England? Saamy no father, no mother."

"O, Saamy," replied the child, "if you love God, he will be your father and mother too." The poor man promised, with tears in his eyes, that he would love God.

"Then," said she, "you must learn my prayers;" and she began to teach him the Lord's Prayer. Soon afterwards Mary's papa was surprised to see him enter the room at the time of family prayers, and still more surprised to see him take off his turban, kneel down, and repeat the Lord's Prayer after his master. The old man taught by the babe, became a Christian indeed.