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"Feed my Lambs."

THE

JUVENILE PRESBYTERIAN

A
MISSIONARY RECORD

AND SABBATH SCHOLARS' NEWS PAPER

OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CANADA
IN CONNECTION WITH THE

••• **CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.** •••



"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."—Matt. 21

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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.

September, 1861.

No. 9.

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

During the past months, two orphan girls have been appropriated to Sabbath Schools as follows :—

1. Rachel at Madras, to St. James Church Sabbath School Charlottetown, Prince Edward's Island. 2. Charlotte at Madras, to St. Andrews Church Sabbath School, Seymour East.

SEALKOTE.

The establishment of this orphanage has been attended with a good many difficulties, some of them quite unforeseen. We have before us the copy of a letter from the Rev. Mr. Taylor, one of the Missionaries at this place, in which he mentions that the Government, to the surprise of every one, and to the disappointment of the Missionaries, has decided upon opening orphan asylums without any provision whatever for religious instruction. Formerly all unclaimed children were sent into the Missionary Institutions to be cared for, but those in authority in the Famine District have unexpectedly taken a different course. This is a great discouragement to the Missionaries at Sealkote, as it will be difficult for them then to find orphans. Mr. Taylor concludes his letter,—“In view of these discouragements, coming after such high hopes, one is tempted to exclaim, my way is hid from the Lord. Let us put more trust in him whose under-

standing is infinite, who doeth according to the council of His will. Thus confiding in his faithfulness, we shall yet have proof of the great principle of Divine Government. That all things work together for good."

BOMBAY.

We have been greatly disappointed at not receiving any accounts for a long time from this orphanage. Several months since Miss Young, the lady in charge, resigned her office, and until another superintendent could be sent out from Scotland the orphans were placed in the orphanage of the United Presbyterian Church. Not knowing whom to write to at Bombay, our Treasurer has been unable to procure reports, but he has sent several urgent and pressing letters to the Committee at Edinburgh to obtain the desired intelligence.

With this explanation we trust that our friends at Hamilton, Quebec, Brockville, and Ottawa, will kindly exercise patience and wait a little longer for their reports.

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

"Mamma," said Charles, when he came from school one day, "what a dreadful thing has happened! Henry Downing has been caught stealing!

"Stealing!" cried Harriet and Mrs. Allen together.

"Yes, like a common thief. A lot of us were passing a fruiterer's shop, and he called us to see the beautiful things. We did give a look at them, but he staid behind, gazing. As we went away, he said, I wish I had some of tha' fruit."

"Ah! he was putting himself into temptation," said Mrs. Allen.

"Well we walked on; and when we had got a good way off, we looked back to see if he was coming. He was running along the street at full speed, and a man after him. The man caught him, and we returned to see what was the matter. He was struggling and crying; but the man held him fast, dragged him back to the shop, and said he would put him in prison. His pockets were full of grapes and oranges. We all begged so hard, that the man only sent for his parents to take him home."

"This is a dreadful story," said Mrs. Allen.

"It was with looking at fruit mamma, that he longed for it."

"He went into temptation, and staid in it, and therefore God did not deliver him from evil," said Mrs. Allen.

"Are we not sometime tempted when we cannot help it?" Harriet inquired.

"Yes often," replied her mother; "but answer me, what does the Lord's Prayer teach us to pray for?"

Harriet replied, "'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.' We pray that God would either keep us from being tempted to evil, or *support and deliver us when we are tempted.*

"To go into temptation is wicked," said Mrs. Allen; "but when others tempt us, or Satan tempts us in a way we cannot avoid, then we ought to seek God's grace to enable us to overcome the temptation. Christians must fight against sin even to their lives' end; but if they trust in God, and seek the aid of His Spirit, He will give them the victory. He will not always keep them out of temptation, although they ought to ask that; but He will most assuredly make them more than conquerors through Him who loved them; He will answer their prayer, and 'deliver them from evil.'"

There's a path that leads to God :

All others go astray :

Narrow but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.

Lord, lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from the way,
Be Thou my Guardian and my Guide,
And I shall never stray.

—*Children's Friend.*

CONQUERING BY KINDNESS.

"So Jack fell into the pond, did he?" inquired Mr. Prior, the school teacher in our village, of a boy who wore thick boots and a coarse blouse, but with an honest face,

"Yes, sir, and he was nearly drowned too. It was very lucky for him that I was down there fishing at the time," replied the boy.

"Why, what did your being there have to do with his escape?"

"There was no one else in sight, sir, and I helped him out," said the lad.

"But how came he to fall into the water, Jamie?"

"I will tell you, sir. Jack, you know, is very fond of bird-nesting. He has got a string of birds' eggs reaching all round his father's summer-house, which he has taken out



of nests this summer. This morning he spied a nest in the old elm-tree which spreads out over the pond, near old Putnam's mill. Do you recollect it, sir?"

"Yes, I know the spot very well. And the water is very deep just there, too."

"Well, sir, as I was saying, he saw a nest this morning, out on the branch which reaches farthest over the water, and he made up his mind to get it. When he spoke to his mother about it, she told him that he should not climb that

tree. But he only laughed at her, and said she was an 'old granny,' and that he wasn't afraid."

"Does Jack talk in that style to his excellent mother?"

"Yes, sir. He does not mind what she says. He says he isn't in leading strings, and doesn't mean to be."

"Jack must be a foolish boy. The fact that his own way led him into the pond, shows that he has not outgrown the need of leading strings, if he is too proud to wear them," said the teacher.

"I think so, sir. But, as I said, he would not mind his mother. He went to the elm, and, with much labour, climbed up its great trunk. He then crawled along the limb which reached so far out over the pond, after the nest. I was fishing at the other end of the pond and he saw me. Hoping to startle me, he shouted, 'What are you doing there, old sober face?' I looked up towards the tree, but could see no one, for Jack was hid by the leaves. He could see me though. He knew I was puzzled; so he shouted;

"Halloo, there, you trespasser. Go away from my pond, or I'll send you to prison!"

"I looked more puzzled than ever, and Jack began to grow merry over my quandary. He shouted, 'Hal ha! hal! Don't you wish you knew me, Mr. Fisherman?' Shaking the branch at the same time, Jack's fun was brought to a sudden end; for the branch, being rotten, as I suppose, broke off, and I saw Jack turning somersets in the air, as he fell, with a terrible splash, into the water."

"Humph! Jack turned the tables on himself, that time. He got rather heavy pay for his disobedience and self-will, and gave you a chance to be merry at his expense."

"Not exactly, sir, for I felt he would be *drowned*. Indeed, I did not know it was Jack at first. I soon saw, however, who it was; and, but for the fact that he was a little stunned by falling nearly flat upon the water, should have felt quite easy, for I knew Jack to be a good swimmer. He sunk once, but, on rising, blew the water out of his mouth, and struck out bravely. I sprang to the fence, took down a rail, ran to the best spot I could find, and pushing the rail out into the water, I cried, 'Here, Jack, swim this way!'"

"Jack, who felt very weak, lost no time in swimming to the rail. He didn't get hold of it any too soon, either. His strength was nearly gone when he grasped it. I cheered him, however, and he held it fast until I drew it gently up the bank. When he came near enough, I took his hand and

pulled him out. But it was time he was out; for I had no sooner got him fairly ashore than he fainted away. But oh, I was so glad I saved him!"

"Why, Jamie, I thought Jack was your worst enemy. Didn't he get you into a bad scrape last winter, by telling lies about you? Didn't he always make a butt of you before the boys? Isn't he your rival, too, at school? What, then, made you glad it was Jack whom you saved?"

"Well, sir, I was glad, because I thought I had *conquered* him. He is a stronger, healthier boy than I am; and, in some respects, a bad boy. But my mother always told me that hatred could be conquered by kindness. I've tried it on Jack, sir, and it is so. Jack loves me like a brother. I conquered him, sir, by saving his life, and it gave the sweetest pleasure I ever tasted in my life."

"You are a fine lad, Jamie," replied Mr. Prior, brushing a tear from his eye as he walked along, leaving Jamie alone with a breast full of happy thoughts and feelings.

Do you admire Jamie's spirit, my children? Good. Go then, prove your admiration genuine by learning to conquer your enemies by kindness. Believe me, *there is no conqueror so powerful as kindness.*—*Forrester's Magazine.*

WALTER AND HIS SORROW.

Young Walter was a christian boy. He had given his heart to Christ, and was trying to walk as became a young pilgrim on his way to the celestial city.

But Walter's heart gave him no little trouble. Vain thoughts, proud thoughts, envious thoughts crept into it like ugly worms, and tried to breed wicked feelings and desires. Walter was sorry, because he knew Jesus would no more dwell in his heart if such feelings lived in it than he would himself live in a viper's nest. So he went to his chamber and prayed: "Please God give me a humble heart."

Now it happened that about this time Walter's schoolmates teased him a great deal. So he went to his teacher weeping.

"Why do you weep Walter?" his teacher enquired.

"Because God does not answer my prayer" replied the boy.

"What did you pray for my dear?" asked the teacher.

"I prayed for a humble heart, and since I prayed for it the boys have been so cross to me and have so teased and mocked

me that I can hardly bear it," and poor Walter's tears flowed in big drops, and deep sobs came up from his heart as he spoke.

The teacher passed an arm round Walter's waist, kissed him very tenderly, and said :

"My child must not be vexed because the boys tease him. It is by giving you grace to endure their mockings that God means to answer your prayer. By being patient and meek under the insults you will gain a humble mind."

Walter smiled through his tears. He had gained a new idea and was comforted. He still prayed that God would make him humble, and found that his prayer was indeed answered by the meekness with which God's grace enabled him to endure the mocking of his schoolmates.

I printed this sweet little fact because I thought some of the christian boys and girls who read my paper might need to learn the same lesson which Walter's teacher taught him.
—S. S. Advocate.

THE MISSIONARY APPLE-TREE.

One of the pleasantest visits I ever remember to have paid was to a pious aged couple at Bidford in Warwickshire. They are now both gone to their heavenly home, and I may mention their names, which will be well known to many,—Mr. and Mrs. Russell. They had lived out their long and useful lives in the pleasant village where I visited them.

"From youth to age they ran their godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish to change their place."

Mr. Russell was a market gardener. He and his good wife had reared a very large family ; and had been obliged always to practise both great industry and great economy to "provide things honest in the sight of all men." Yet they always contrived to have something to give to a good cause or a poor neighbour.

Regular as clockwork was everything in that cheerful cottage which I so well remember. I have been privileged to share the family worship of many delightful homes—there are many families that rise to my recollection, hallowed with a divine light ;—but this aged villager's morning and evening prayers will bear comparison for earnestness, tenderness,

and faith with anything I ever heard.

On the day of my arrival, on looking through a back window, I saw the garden extending in all its beauty of careful tillage, and rich produce; but the object that immediately arrested my attention, was a fine apple-tree, just a little distance from the window. It was, I think, the handsomest apple tree in growth and bark that I had ever seen—for, though the fruit of apple-trees is delightful, and the blossom the perfection of beauty, the shape of the tree is not often good.

"Well! what a fine tree!" I said. "You shall taste the fruit, it was gathered only last week," and, quick as thought away went Mrs. Russell, and brought some of the apples. They were pleasant to every sense—shape, color, smell, and taste, all good. I praised them, and she said, "Yes, I just let you taste them, but that's the missionary tree." "What do you mean?" I asked. "Why, I raised that tree first of all from a pip I planted in a flower-pot. I did it just for a trial, and when I found it grew, and thrive, I planted it out, and I resolved if it really came to any thing good, that I would always give the fruit of it to the Missionary cause, and it did thrive wonderfully; better and better year by year, and there it is now, I do think the very best tree we have."

"And you sell the fruit, then, of your best tree for the Missions?"

"Yes, of course, that was what I reared it for. We don't somehow count it our tree, we look upon it as set apart, and it's very curious, that of late years, since it's come to its strength, it generally bears the best; and if ever there's a blight, some how that tree escapes."

Here again, said I to myself, is a proof how a mere trifle may be made the means of great good. A pip of an apple had helped to send the gospel to the heathen. And if, dear reader, you are half as much impressed with the incident as I was, that dear aged pair, though dead, are yet teaching you a valuable lesson.—*Band of Hope Review.*

BABY ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Once, in a happy home, a sweet, bright baby died. On the evening of the day, when the children gathered round their mother, all sitting very sorrowful, Alice, the eldest, said, "Mother, you took all the care of baby while she was here, and you carried and held her in your arms all the while she

was ill; now, mother, *who took her on the other side?*"

"On the other side of what Alice?" inquired her mother?

"On the other side of death; who took the baby on the other side mother? She was so little she could not go alone?"

"Jesus met her there," answered the mother. "It is He who took little children in His arms to bless them, and said 'Suffer them to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven!' He took the baby on the other side."

"GONE HOME."

One of these officers, says the Rev. J. R. Macduff, speaking of a group of noble Christian officers whom he met at the camp at Aldershott, where he lately visited, after his own conversion in China, had organized in that distant land a bible-class among the common soldiers. When he reached this country, one of the first things which gladdened him was the gift of a large Bible bearing on its fly-leaf the names of the eighty men to whom he had taught, and some with saving power, "the truth as it is in Jesus." Opposite the name of one of these he had written the touching entry, "*Gone home.*" The case was a striking one. It was that of a sergeant, a fine looking man, bold, brave, and moral in his conduct, but "utterly unconverted to God." One day, while he, along with the officer and a private were passing one of the gates of Canton, they proposed ere they parted, as there was no other place of resort, to kneel down by the gate and engage in prayer. They did so. The prayer was answered; it was blessed for the conversion of that sergeant. Not long after he was laid, I forget whether by wound or disease, on his death bed. He gathered his comrades around him to testify to them of the grace of God, and to show them how a Christian should die. With stammering tongue he sang, and asked them to join him in the words of the well known hymn—

There is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains!

Church of Scotland Juvenile Recrod.



THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

How sweet to gather morn and eve, and bend in simple prayer,
 Before the Lord of all the earth, and own his tender care!
 The little ones all duly ranged, with folded hands so meek;
 The light of love within their eyes, joy's roses on their cheek.

The parents with time's furrows marked but lightly on their brows;
 For their religious faith serene its peaceful halo throws.
 That tells amid bread-winning toil, they rise above earth's strife;
 And feel the power of heavenly things—that this is not their life.

Perchance an aged grand-parent, with hoary crown appears ;
 Tho' past the hottest of the fight, and freed from cares and
 fears,
 Is panting for the better rest, with patient, earnest love ;
 And turning oft faith's longing eyes to the heavens fair
 above.

The mingling voices sweetly sing the praises of the Lamb ;
 Each knee is bent, each head bow'd low, before the great
 " I AM."

The Infinite looks down, methinks, to bless the little band,
 And shed the graces meekly asked, from His benignant hand.

Happy the children who are led thus early to the Lord ;
 Who ask of Him their daily bread, who seek the great re-
 ward.

Their feet shall ever firmly stand on sure foundations here ;
 And heaven ope wide its " gates of pearl," to admit them to
 its sphere.

Happy the parents who devote their little ones to God ;
 Who teach them by example sweet, to kiss the Saviour's
 rod—

To bear the cross—to seek the crown—to live the life of
 faith—

Maintain the fight, and victors die, o'er earth, sin, hell, and
 death.—*Lamp of Love.*

THE CHILDREN THAT HELPED THEIR MOTHER.

Mrs. Halstead was a widow. Her health was poor, and she had three small children to take care of, and to support with her needle.

Little George and Katie were very bright, pretty children ; but they had never been to Sabbath-school because their mother thought they were too young. But one pleasant afternoon Miss Perley, one of the teachers, called for them, saying she could teach them something if they could not read. They behaved very well in the school, and she talked to them about Jesus and heaven, and told them that they must be good children and the Saviour would love them. When they were returning home she said to them among other things:

" You love your mother very much, I hope, children ?"

"O yes ma'am," they both replied in a breath.

"That's right, children, for she is a dear good mother to you; she works very hard for you to get your food and clothes, and do you try and help her?"

"O we can't, we're too small," they answered at the same time.

"O no, you are mistaken, my dears; you are not too small. To be sure, you can't work much to help her, but I will tell you what you can do. When your mother is sewing, if she drops her needle or thread you can pick it up for her; or if she wants anything you can run and get it for her; and you can rock the baby and play with it to keep it from crying; and you can keep your feet clean so that you won't track the floor; and you can put your playthings all away when you are through with them, and not leave them, as I saw them the other day all scattered about the room; and you can take care of your clothes, and be careful and not soil them. O children, you can do a great deal to help your mother."

"So we can," exclaimed George earnestly.

"Yes you can, indeed, if you will only try," replied Miss Perley.

"Well we'll try, won't we, Katie?"

"Yes, we'll try," rejoined Katie with a bright smile.

And they did try. When they reached home their mother was just going to the spring to get a pail of water to fill the tea-kettle. "O mother let me bring the water!" exclaimed George, attempting to take the pail from her hand.

"Why you, couldn't carry it, child," replied Mrs. Halsted putting him aside.

"O but I can go with the little pail a good many times and bring it till I fill this one."

"Well you may try, George, for I don't feel well this afternoon, my head aches so."

At this moment the baby commenced crying, and Katie ran in, not waiting as usual for her mother to take it up; and going to the cradle she lifted the little one out and sat it upon the floor and played with it till she got it to laugh merrily. And all through the week they did so much to help their mother that she really felt that her labours were lighter, and every week they became more and more so through the assistance of George and Katie.—*Rena Ray.*

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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A. Roberts, Hemmingford	1861	0 25
Rev. S. Mylne, Smith's Falls	"	2 50
P. W Conroy, Martintown	"	1 40
Captain James Anderson, Gloucester.....	"	0 25
Rev. H. J. Borthwick, Ottawa	"	0 40
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