

Free from Postage, by decision of the Postmaster General.

"Feed my Lambs."

THE

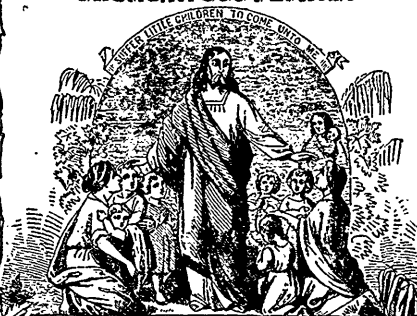
JUVENILE PRESBYTERIAN

MISSIONARY RECORD

AND SABBATH SCHOLARS' NEWS PAPER

OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CANADA
IN CONNECTION WITH THE

••• CHURCH OF SCOTLAND. •••



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

Vol. VI. †

JUNE, 1861.

† No. 6.

Montreal:

PRINTED AND ISSUED FOR THE LAY ASSOCIATION.

BY JOHN LOVELL, ST. NICHOLAS STREET.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
The Famine in India,.....	61
Sealkote	62
Drops in a Dry Land,.....	63
Don't throw stones,	63
Western Polynesia,.....	64
The drop of dew,.....	67
How a thief began,.....	67
The blind Druze woman of Mount Lebanon,.....	68
Did he get in,.....	71
Juvenile Mission.....	71
Missionary boxes,.....	72
Indian Orphanage and Juvenile Mission.....	72

A WORD TO ALL.

With this number each subscriber will receive his account showing amount due up to 31st Decembe., 1861. This publication has lately been freed from its debt for printing, and the Editor is exceedingly desirous that this free position should be maintained. If this is to be done remittances must come in much more plentifully than during the last two months.

Those who do not receive any account will know that they have paid up to the commencement of next year, and those who receive accounts, even though only for 25 cents, will greatly oblige by prompt remittances. This being the sixth month of the year cannot be regarded as too early for payment of the current subscriptions which are due in advance

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.

June, 1861.

No. 6.

THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

The accounts from India of the horrors of the famine are most heartrending. At some of the places where food is given by the liberality of the Government and of benevolent individuals in England, the poor Hindoos may be seen flocking in hundreds for assistance. Some of these miserable people are scarcely able to walk, their faces and bodies more like those of skeletons than of human beings, and the effects of starvation but too visible. Many have perished at the roadside and in their own huts, unable to reach the stations where rice is distributed, and throughout whole districts thousands have nothing to live upon, but what is supplied by the large-hearted liberality of the British nation.

As one of the consequences of this sad calamity by which God is afflicting that people, very many children have been left orphans, and are seeking admission into the orphanage. In this way 32 boys and girls were sent to Sealcote, as explained in another column. Our young readers will remember being so often told of the difficulty of getting orphans, and some of our schools had to wait years until they could be supplied. This is now changed and Mr. Paton at Kingston can hold out hopes of orphans being appropriated, with but little delay, to all who may apply to him.

Let us remember that the Hindoos are our fellow subjects,

though of different race and religion from our own. It is surely our duty then to do what we can for them, and especially to bring as many as we can under the influence of christianity.

SEALKOTE.

(For the Juvenile Presbyterian.)

All who have taken any interest in India will remember this place, as the spot where a good man and his family were cruelly murdered by the Sepoys. The Rev. Mr. Hunter was sent out to India by our church at home, and stationed, with his wife and child, at Sealkote in the Punjab. Soon after his arrival, and just as his hopes of usefulness were beginning to brighten, the terrible mutiny broke out. The Sepoys in the garrison soon showed symptoms of insubordination. Mr. Hunter was warned to fly, but for some time he would not, believing that it was his duty to remain at his post. Towards evening the murderous intentions of the Sepoy soldiers became too apparent and hastily placing his wife and child in a carriage, Mr. Hunter endeavoured to escape with them to a place of safety. They had barely time to reach the gates when they were overtaken, and all of them put to death with the swords of their pursuers.

The sad account soon reached Scotland, and strange to relate, the fate of the innocent little babe was the means of awakening more sympathy and sorrow than even the death of its parents. So young, so innocent, so helpless, the murder of the baby seemed too cruel even for the blood-thirsty Sepoys. After some delay this feeling of sorrow took a practical scope and it has been decided to build a church over the spot where the Hunters fell, to be called the memorial church. The Ladies Association have also opened an orphanage there under the care of Miss Miller, who for some time aided Miss Hebron at Calcutta. Into this Orphanage 20 girls and 12 boys have already been gathered, and more are expected. Which of our Sabbath Schools will undertake their support? Two of the boys have been taken up by our Sabbath Schools in Montreal, and three others are to be appropriated to Canada. Let us bear Sealkote in mind, and do what we can to aid the effort there.

DROPS IN A DRY LAND.

Every now and then there is something to cheer us amid the general darkness. Lately a young man was baptized by the mission of another church who had received his early bias towards the Bible in our institution. A fortnight ago, two young men were baptized in our own Mission chapel,—one a student in our institution, the other an assistant to a Calcutta druggist; the former a Hindu, the latter a Mohammedan. Thus we have occasional drops—not droppings—indicative of the shower which will some day descend upon us and put all right.—*Rev. Dr. Duff.*

DONT THROW STONES!

“Do not throw stones, my boy; you may hurt some one.”
“I do not throw them at anybody, sir. What hurt does it do for me to throw stones at the fence?”

“You cannot tell, my young friend, who may be behind the fence; and the stone you throw for sport may cause a serious hurt.”

“I do not see any harm in throwing stones.”

“I am very sorry to see you persist in doing a mischievous thing, and bad manners to a bad habit. I have just seen accounts of two sad accidents from throwing stones, which ought to be a warning to boys against this foolish and dangerous habit. A young man was riding on horseback, when a stone thrown by a little boy, hit the horse and frightened him, so that he started and threw the young man on the ground, and injured him very much. The horse ran on through the street, and struck a woman, knocking her senseless upon the curb stone. She was sadly injured in the head and so bruised that it is doubtful whether she will recover. It seemed a very small thing for the little boy to throw a stone; but the result was dreadful. If the woman should die, do you suppose that boy will ever forgive himself for throwing the stone!

“But the other story is still more sad. A youth was returning home from school. Just as he was entering his father's gate, he heard a sound in the street, and, turning his head, was struck by a stone thrown by a little boy, which hit him in the eye, and at once destroyed his sight. Now, that poor youth must go all his days with a blind eye,

just because the other little fellow would amuse himself by throwing stones. These two anecdotes met my eye the same day in the newspapers, which shew that such thing occur very often. And probably, if, in the last case, the stone had hit the boy on his temple, it would have killed him. Again, then, I say, **DO.'T THROW STONES.**" H.



WESTERN POLYNESIA.

The Island of Mare is one of the Western South Sea Islands. When the teachers first went among them, you cannot imagine the horrid cruelty of the people; you must

live among them as two Christian natives did, to understand it thoroughly, and then your hearts would sicken at the sights and sounds around you.

The teachers were natives of Samoa and Rarotonga. For two years they lived in Mare, patiently continuing in well-doing, learning the language, which was quite different from their own. The people of Mare were cannibals of the worst kind; for they not only ate the bodies of prisoners taken in war, but on occasions of strife and jealousy, a father would kill and eat his own son—a son his father—a brother his brother. "Alas, alas!" wrote one of the teachers, "they are more like wild beasts than men."

When the teachers had been in Mare for two years, they were cheered by a visit from the Rev. A. Murray in the missionary ship.

Up to that time all had been going on well, and some of the people seemed disposed to favour the new religion. But when a fatal disease broke out in the Island, and great numbers died it was said that the teachers were the cause of the disease and they must die. The two Christians saw it was in vain to argue the matter with the superstitious people; they committed their spirit into the hands of their Saviour, and prepared to die. But it was not the will of God that they should suffer; Nasilini and his brother, the sons of the old chief Jeiué succeeded in saving their lives. These two young men esteemed the teachers as their best friends, and soon they openly revealed themselves to be Christians.

Their father Jeiué did all he could to annoy the teachers and drive them from the island. There is no doubt he would have murdered them, if it had not been for his sons. He consulted with the priests, who told him they could easily *charm away* the life of the strangers. So a number of them came one evening and surrounded the teacher's house. They ran in and out, flourished their clubs over their heads, then struck them furiously on the ground, yelling and howling all the time, and uttering fearful curses against the two Christians.

At length they grew tired and went away, for the objects of their hatred looked as well and happy as ever, in spite of all they could do; they had neither made them sick nor frightened, nor even angry.

The teachers were in much greater danger on another occasion, when almost every one on the island was ill with fever and ague. The chief's two sons were ill, and he vowed

if either of them died, that very hour the teachers' lives should be sacrificed. They knew that the old man would keep his word, and gave themselves to prayer. Their prayers were answered, for the young men recovered. Jeiuc would rather have lost one of his sons, than he might have had an excuse for murdering the Christian teachers.

All his hatred, however, could not prevent the Word of God from having free course; the people became more eager for instruction, and some seemed to be laying it up in their hearts.

When the teachers had been four years in the island, the old chief Jeiuc died. One of them wrote to the missionaries, "Alas, alas! for the parent chief Jeiuc; our compassion towards him is very great. We see him every day; we talk to him about the Gospel of Jesus; we give him what foreign medicines we have, but he gets no better; Jeiuc must die!"

During his illness, the old man was in great distress of mind. He often said he "wished he had died ten years before."

And why wish that? Ah, the poor old chief must have felt that it would have been better for him never to have heard the Gospel than to have heard and rejected it.

Dear children think how many in this favoured Christian land will express a similar wish! How many in the bitterness of their soul will one day say, "Oh, that I had never heard of a Saviour!" "He that knew his Lord's will and did it not, shall be beaten with many stripes; but he that knew it, not and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes."

On his death bed, Jeiuc said to his sons, "I have been wrong in my opposition to the Word of Jehovah—attend you to my advice, and continue as you have begun; let the heathenism of our family die with me; be kind to the teachers, and never again let cannibalism be practised in this land."

After his death the whole of his tribe cast off their heathenism, and placed themselves under the instruction of the teachers, but now there was opposition from another quarter. A heathen tribe on the opposite side of the island annoyed the Christians, and tried to draw them into a war, but they were unsuccessful; God heard the prayers of his servants, and protected them from their enemies.

In 1852 the "Childrens Missionary Ship visited Maré. As those on board looked towards the shore they could not understand the change. It was Sabbath morning, and they

saw crowds of worshippers proceeding to a neat church. When they landed they exclaimed with wonder, "What hath God wrought!" The people had built two churches, they were in constant attendance on the worship of God, at Sabbath and week day schools, and not a few were leading Christian lives.

There are now 2 English Missionaries in Maré, they found the people longing to welcome them, having some time before built a mission house to be ready for their reception.

The fields were "already white unto the harvest." The nine years of labor which those noble-hearted native teachers had bestowed on the island had, indeed, borne rich fruit to the glory of God.

THE DROP OF DEW.

It was a summer's morn dawning brightly after a dewy night. The sun rose joyously and shone over the fields; and nestling on a leaf, as yet shadowed from the light, lay a little drop of dew, child of the night. Then spake the sun, and said, "Open thy heart, thou little dew-drop, and let my beams enter and shine within thy bosom;" "And what, O great sun," said the tiny thing, "wilt thou give me, or do for me, if I open my bosom to receive thee?" So the little dew-drop gave consent, and the sun shone into its bosom; and, lo, it became like a gem, and the passers by wondered to behold its diamond beauty. But, as they looked, the light waned, the glittering drop lessened, till it disappeared. Yet they mourned it not, for they knew that it had gone away up, on unseen wings, into the warm skies. Even so, open your hearts, young friends, to Jesus, and he will come into them, and, although He finds them very unlike the dew-drop for its purity, He will make them like it, shining in his light; and if, by the hand of death, He should gently draw you away out of our sight, we will not grieve for you, knowing you have gone away to a brighter world, where He himself is to shine there "as the star for ever and ever."

HOW A THIEF BEGAN.

A boy once slyly took a marble from his playmate while he was playing with him; but as he did not notice his loss it was not known. Soon after, the same boy took some cake from his mother's cupboard, but she did not find it out. Some time after, he stole some money from his father, he did not miss it. He then robbed his master, and at last it was found out,

and he was taken to prison, and sent far away to a strange land, and he never saw his father and mother again. Perhaps if he had not cheated his playmate of the marble, he would never have robbed his master, and come to so bad an end.—*The Appeal.*



THE BLIND DRUZE WOMAN OF MOUNT LEBANON.

As I sat rocking my little sick Henri this morning, I heard some one coming towards the door, and as I looked, a tall, white turbaned Druze entered, leading a female with

a high horn on her head, covered with a black veil. After the usual good morning was passed, the man very respectfully laid at my feet a handkerchief full of wild egg-plant-fruit, and begged me to look at his sister's eyes. I called my girl to bring a bowl of warm water, and told the woman to sit down, take the bowl in her lap, and wash her eyes, till I could lay little Henri down quietly, and then I would look at them. In the meantime the following conversation was held:—

Mrs. B.—How long have your eyes been sore?

Druze Woman.—Eight months.

Mrs. B.—What have you done for them?

Druze Woman.—At first I did not do anything, but after a while, they getting very bad, I went to an Arab doctor. They were covered with a film then, but I could see some. The doctor cut off the film with a pair of scissors, and put in kohl, and said I must drink no water for several days, and keep the kohl on all the time. This made them much worse, and now I cannot see at all.

Here she beat upon her breast and groaned out, "Oh, my children!"

Mrs. B.—Where are your children?

Druze Woman.—With their father.

Mrs. B.—Where is your husband, their father?

Woman.—(Beating her breast.)—He has put me away, and takes the children; and my heart is turned to gall for them.

Mrs. B.—Why did your husband put you away?

Woman.—Because my eyes became sore, and I could not work, and he said I was no profit to him.

Mrs. B.—He has taken another woman?

Woman.—Not yet.

Mrs. B.—If your eyes should get well, would he take you back again?

"No," said her brother, "that cannot be. According to the Druze religion, if a man puts away his wife, she is as dead to him and the children. But if her eyes should get well, he would repent bitterly of the step he has taken; for my sister is young, and beautiful as the moon, and very smart to work."

Mrs. B.—Do you think that is a good religion that allows a man to treat his wife so? Just because your sister has been unable to work for eight months, he has put her for ever away, and will not suffer her to see her dear children, and does nothing for her support.

Druze man.—No, no! it is a bad religion, very bad; will not please God.

Mrs. B.—Why, then do you not forsake your “bad,” religion, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, become His disciples, and thus get a religion that will please God and save your souls?

Druze man.—If God please, we shall all become gospel readers, and if missionaries would preach to us and teach us the way, we would all become followers of you.

Mrs. B.—Not followers of us, but followers of the Lord Jesus Christ I trust.

I examined the poor woman's eyes. The whole ball of the eye appeared to be covered with a very thick red film, with no appearance of the natural eye whatever.

“My poor sister,” said I, “I fear you will never see again; but I will try what I can do for you.” Beating her breast, she exclaimed, “God bless you; God spare your husband; God spare your children, and establish your good deeds!”

Druze man.—Where is the harajah (gentleman)?

Mrs. B.—He has gone to Rumeleak, to open a school there.

Druze man.—Why does he not open a school at our village? We have long been asking for one.

Woman.—Do you think there is no cure, then, for my eyes?

Mrs. B.—I fear not. If I had seen you when your eyes first became sore, it would probably have been easy an matter to cure them.

The poor woman beat her breast in despair, and her brother murmured “Fate, Fate!”

Readers think of such a people who have such a religion, and divorce an innocent woman because Providence has afflicted her with blindness. The Druze women have no surety of their homes or their lives. What great reason has woman to be thankful for the Gospel.

Christian sisters, cease not to pray for the poor Druzes of Mount Lebanon. There is no missionary preaching to them now, yet they are a noble, intelligent people. Oh, that they may become the people of Christ! But how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard?—*Journal of Missions.*

"DID HE GET IN?"

Little Charlie R— had listened very attentively while his father read at family-worship the third chapter of Revelation. But when he had repeated that beautiful verse. "Behold I stand at the door, and knock: If any man hear my voice and open the door; I will come in to him, and will sup with him and he with me," he could not wait until his father had finished but ran up to him with the anxious inquiry, "Father did he get in?" I would ask the same question to every child, "Has the Saviour got into your heart?" he has knocked again and again; He is knocking now. Open your heart and bid Him welcome, and this will be the happiest day of your life.—*Early Days.*

 JUVENILE MISSION.

Our Treasurer has closed his accounts and sent in his annual report to the Synod which meets at Quebec early this month. As our young readers are probably anxious to know what has been the result of last year's collections, we proceed to give the following extracts from the amounts.

The money in the Treasurer's hands 1st May, 1860	was	\$170 21
Since then has been paid in for the support of orphans, and to present them with Bibles,.....		283 90
For the Canadian School at Calcutta,.....		218 82
For the Memorial Church at Sealcote,.....		2 50
		<hr/>
		\$675 43

Out of the above sums the Treasurer remitted as follows:

For support of 18 orphans,.....	£54 0 0
" one year Canadian School,.....	40 0 0
" supplies,—books, maps, &c., for school,.....	5 0 0
" sub. to New's of female missions,..	0 10 0
" Sealkote Memorial Church,.....	0 10 0

	£100 0 0	Stg.
	9½	\$486 67

The expenses, including postage on Indian letters, \$2.50 for a bible twice paid, &c., were.....	13 50
And there remains now in Treasurer's hands,.....	175 26

 \$675 43

The above is a most pleasing proof of the growing inter-

est felt by our Sabbath Schools in the cause of missions, and in the advancement of the Redeemer's Kingdom. Great openings are now held out in India for extending the orphanages and Canadian school. We trust that the new year now entered upon will be even more satisfactory in its results than the one just ended.

MISSIONARY BOXES.

About one hundred of these boxes have been applied for during the past month. They are provided by Mr. Paton at Kingston, free of expense, and are sent to any place where the express company have an office. The only condition attached to the boxes is, that they be kept for the benefit of our Juvenile mission, opened once a year, and the contents sent to Kingston. Many a penny, York shilling, or quarter, which would otherwise be lost sight of, is thus gathered into the missionary box, and swells the income of our Juvenile Mission. The boxes are very neat, and have upon them the following label:—

(Name of school.)

Sabbath School.

Missionary box for the Indian Orphans and
Canadian School at Calcutta.

In charge of

(Name of Sabbath Scholar.)

"Preach the Gospel to every creature."

"And the idols he shall utterly abolish."

INDIAN ORPHANAGE AND JUVENILE MISSION.

Already acknowledged.....	\$486.22
St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School, Hamilton for Mary Hamilton	16.00
Arthur Sabbath School for Canadian School, per Rev. Geo. Macdonnell	00.50
Ladies Memorial Church at Sealokote from Mrs. Paton, Kingston.....	2.50
	<hr/>
	\$505.22

JOHN PATON.

Treasurer.

Kingston, 21st May, 1861.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

J. Paton, Kingston,.....	1861	5 00
S. Gregg, Hemmingford,.....	"	0 25
Rev. K. McLennan, Paisley,.....	"	2 00
Lieut. Col. Bouchier, Kingston,.....	"	0 25
W. Gordon, Picton,.....	1861-2	0 50
K. Nicholson, Beauharnois,.....	1859-60	0 50
W. Napier, Bathurst, N. B.....	1861	2 00
W. Blackburn, Kirkwall.....	"	0 25
Rev. K. Maclennan, Paisley.....	"	6 50