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Free from Postage, by decision of the Postmaster-General.

"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

Vol. VI. }

MAY, 1861.

{ No. 5.

Montreal :

PRINTED AND ISSUED FOR THE LAY ASSOCIATION  
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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.

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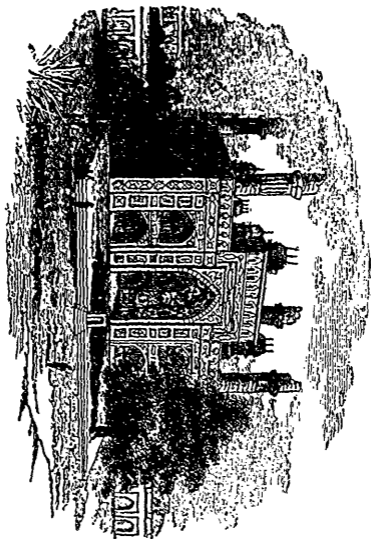
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FAMINE IN INDIA.

Several millions of our fellow subjects in India are now suffering under the fearful calamity of a famine, their crops having been burnt up by the drought and intense heat of the sun. It is said that the scenes to be witnessed throughout the famine-stricken districts are most terrible. Hundreds of families at a time perishing for want of food, after living for weeks on refuse or roots dug up with their hands. Parents may be seen in every direction offering their children for sale to buy food.

The great benevolent heart of England has been touched by this awful calamity, and vast sums are being subscribed for the relief of the poor Hindoos. Over one hundred thousand dollars was collected lately in less than a week in London. Much good will be done by the money when it reaches India, and as the Hindoos live on rice it has been computed that each five dollars of the money sent out will keep a family for three months. These poor creatures pray to their gods for rain, and the Brahmins tell them that their prayers are all heard. Surely such a famine as this should prove to them how little dumb idols can do.

One effect of the famine will be to leave many helpless orphans, not a few of whom will be gathered into our own Orphanages, where preparations are being made for their reception.



## INDIA.

INDIA! What a thrill runs through our veins at the mention of that name! We think at once of the fearful cruelties which were exercised there upon our friends and countrymen during the last rebellion. We remember the hundreds of women and children who were so savagely massacred by the Hindoos and Mahometans. And while we weep over their terrible sufferings, our hearts swell with indignation at the murderers.

But, let us not forget our blessed Saviour's command, in

his sermon on the mount, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them who despitefully use you, and persecute you." The base treachery and savage cruelty which they have practised towards us, only shews their need of the Gospel. If in times past we had sent them hundreds of Missionaries where we have sent only twos and threes, can we doubt that things would have been very different there at the present time. We must pray more for the millions of India, we must labour more earnestly that they may be brought under the rule of the Prince of Peace.

The engraving for this month represents the gate of Achbar's Tomb, near the city of Agra. The names of Agra, and Delhi, and Lucknow, and Cawnpore, are now sadly familiar to British ears. Our readers will recollect Agra was in the midst of the disturbed districts.

The tomb of Achbar is a very wonderful building. It was erected by the Mahometans to the memory of Achbar one of their kings, who lived at Agra, about three hundred years ago. It stands in a garden, where there are many beautiful old trees.

After passing through the gateway, which is formed of many coloured stones, with very beautiful patterns cut upon them, you see a noble building with four terraces raised above each other, one of which consists of white marble. You would wonder very much, were you to enter that building, to see the size, the beauty and the carving of the blocks of stone, and then to think of the enormous sum of money that must have been spent upon it. The Mahometans are very proud of this far-famed building.

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### MORE ORPHANS.

Intimation has been received that there are now Orphans unappropriated, and that Sabbath Schools who may desire such can have them. The annual cost has been fixed at \$20 for this year, although that sum is less than the maintenance of the Orphans actually costs.

Applications for Orphans should be made early to John Paton, Kingston, as the list will be sent off towards the end of May.

## SHORTENED THAT IT COULD NOT SAVE.

## A TRUE TALE.

Very lately there was a wild gale which broke upon the east coast of England, and in many spots the planks and other gear of wrecked ships were strewn upon the beach. Particularly at one point, in sight of a Northumberland village, a trading vessel was seen from the beach making way with great difficulty in the teeth of the tempest. It was obvious that those on board wished to round a cape that stretched some length into the sea, and then to run northward for a harbor of refuge. But both wind and wave lashed with dark awfulness against them, and it was evident to all who looked on—and they were hundreds, alarmed and running with loud cries along the cliff—that the struggle could not last—the vessel was doomed. And by and by, accordingly, those who steered it plainly gave the trial up; so that turning broadside on, it was seen drifting unmanageable before the storm.

In a few seconds, on a long belt of reefs, white with the foam of breakers, the hapless ship struck and began to settle in the waves. Despair and pity were in every face upon the shore. The crew, consisting of five or six men and a boy, were seen to climb into the rigging; while beneath them the big billows made a clean breach over deck and all. It was a terrible grave into which they looked down, and many wept to see them as they lifted up a hand, now and again, wildly for help. Meanwhile some brave sailors had hurried off to the nearest point where a life-boat was to be found; and after delays that seemed an age, at last one was slipped out of its moorings—six or eight stout and noble fellows volunteered to man it, and with shouts of fear, and yet hope, it was thrust into the boiling surf. Long it sunk and rose, a mere shell tossed by the storm; for out, almost as far as the eye could reach, the sea was white with breakers like a field of snow. At length, however, way was made, and presently the gallant little bark was seen holding fast in the roaring gale, but a few paces off from where the wreck was going to pieces. Its crew dared not come nearer, for the masts were swinging and tottering, and had they fallen across it, would have crushed it like a broken reed. By dint of great effort, a rope was uncoiled, and flung to the poor men yet hanging on the rigging, and there, one way or other, was made fast. Along this one or two dropped safely, and were

rescued. Then, with a dark plunge, one, losing his hold, fell into the waves—then another—and then another. Those on shore, with a cry of horror, believed them lost; but the life-boat, even now literally diving among the foam, dragged them up by the hair of the head. Their arm was not shortened yet.

And now all that remained in the rigging of the wreck was *the one little boy*. He clung there white with terror looking round for help with a very piteous eye; but not daring to let go, or stir, or make a cry. Again and again up the boat beat to within an oar's length; and bravely did its crew try the task; yet again and again they failed. Oh to save that boy! One effort more, for the sixth or seventh time! All in vain, alas! The mast was cracking to its socket;—angrily the deep was raging as with the very jaws of destruction; and as, mounting high upon a wave, the little boat swung within a few feet, ah! the vast beam gave way. Quick the leader's eye caught the danger: and, with a cry that came from his very heart, he shouted, "Cut the rope!" It was just in time. One keen touch of the flashing knife, and the cord of all help and hope parted. Over with its mass of rigging, bowed the mast into the deep; and the poor boy, flinging up his hands, as if in prayer, uttered one wail of fear, and went down into his grave. They were within a boat's length of doing it, but their arm was shortened at last that they *could* not save. Slowly and sadly did they return to land—many saved, but that little boy lost!

When I read the touching story, I could not help thinking young readers, of the salvation our blessed Lord has brought for you into the world. You are in greater danger than if you were hung up, as that boy was, over the abyss of wind and waves. It is not your bodies, but your souls that are in danger. Yet there is never any shortening of the arm of Christ. He has put off to save you: and though He has saved thousands, He can stretch out His hand and save thousands more, and out of all the Father hath given Him He will *never lose one*. The smallest child He will not lose. Only you must cry to Him, and fling yourselves out to Him. How unutterably sad that Jesus should see any little boy or little girl perish—within an ace of His feet, going down into the gulf,—passing Him by, and caring nothing for Him, and refusing Him! How it affects His heart with grief and pity! And how if at last, when He comes back as it were to land—back to His Father in Heaven, he should have to



say—"I have saved those thousands. I have saved all—all but that boy. He would not come unto me that he might have life!" Make it your prayer now, dear children—"Lord save me; I perish!"—*Church of Scotland Juvenile Record.*

### VOICES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Can you hear those voices? "What voices?" perhaps some of the children say when they see this title. I mean the voices which children should be always ready to obey. One of these is the *voice of conscience*.

I knew a little boy only six years old who understood about this voice so well, that I think you would be pleased to hear about him. We were walking home from Sabbath-school one bright morning when the birds were singing and the winds were all still.

"James," said I, "when you are just about to do something wrong, don't you sometimes seem to hear a voice within you saying, 'James, stop, stop?'"

"Yes, sir," he answered in a quiet way, as if he felt the stillness of the morning.

"And what do you call that voice?"

"I call it *conscience*," said James.

"That is right, and don't you think you would have done wrong many more times than you have, if it had not been for this voice within to check and reprove you, and should you not be very thankful that God has put this voice within your heart, that it may help to guard you from sin?"

"Yes, sir," James replied, "*it's like the voice of my mother.*"

Now, that was a beautiful answer for such a little boy. It showed that he had a good conscience, one which was like a real living voice to him. Of course James was a good boy. His mother was so sick not long since, that she had to go away from home for her health, and James was left in the care of his aunt. She told me she never saw a better boy, or one who was less trouble. I suppose the reason was that when his mother was away and he could not hear her voice, then he heard and obeyed the voice of conscience. Many children do not seem to think or to care whether they are doing right or wrong. Their conscience is asleep, or if it speaks, they disobey it. Such children will only grow worse and worse. We cannot be really good, unless we have a conscience with a clear distinct voice, "like the voice of a mother."—*Sab. Sch. Visitor.*



## ACTING A LIE.

Emma Sharp was Dora's schoolfellow and favourite companion, who lived at the next house, and not a day passed but they were in each other's company, so it was natural that Dora should feel the loss of her society.

A few days after this, Dora was sauntering past Mr. Sharp's garden gate, wishing she could see her friend, when she heard her name called, and on looking round, saw Emma running towards her down a side walk.

Scarcely thinking of her mother's commands, Dora enter-

ed the garden, and the two little girls were soon engaged in a most interesting discussion about some flower-roots which Emma wished to transplant. They then amused themselves in playing with the kitten, which seemed to be in as high spirits as they were.

"I wish you would come into the house," said Emma, "and see the gold fish that Aunt Ellen has sent me; you never saw such beauties.

"Mamma said I musn't go into your house, because Hatty had the scarlet fever," said Dora, hesitatingly.

"Oh, but Hatty's a great deal better now," said Emma; "the doctor says she may come down stairs to-day; besides I don't believe there's any danger; I haven't taken the fever and I've gone into the room many a time when mamma didn't know. You're, not afraid." are you?

"No, I am not a bit afraid."

"Well, come then, your mamma won't know anything about it; come, I want you to look at my fish and I'll give you a piece of cake that Aunt Ellen sent me."

Dora needed no more persuasion and ran with Emma into the house to see the gold-fish. The time flew quickly by, and Dora was startled by hearing the clock strike four;—she had been with Emma a whole hour, and must hurry home. In crossing a lobby, she met Mrs. Sharp, who was carrying little Hattie into the parlour.

"Oh, Dora, is that you?" said the lady; "I am afraid you should not be here; you must come and see Hattie another time when she is quite well. Good bye, dear."

Dora ran home, and went straight to her bed-room, thinking she should perhaps escape notice. After a little while, she went down stairs with a book in her hand, and her mother said—

"Dora, my child, you are getting very fond of reading, I think; what a time you have been up stairs; I wondered where you were."

Dora said nothing, but thought,— "How fortunate mamma thinks I was up stairs all the time I was with Emma!"

So, her very silence was an untruth, for it served to deceive her mother, just as well as if she had uttered the lie with her tongue. Ah, how many a dark shadow is cast upon the conscience from a falsehood which was never spoken, but only acted!

## PRAISE TO JESUS.

Jesus, high in glory  
Lend a listening ear;  
When we bow before Thee,  
Infant praises hear.

Though Thou art so holy  
Heav'n's Almighty King,  
Thou wilt stoop to listen,  
When Thy praise we sing.

We are little children,  
Weak and apt to stray:  
Saviour, guide and keep us  
In the heavenly way.

Save us, Lord, from sinning,  
Watch us day by day,  
Help us now to love Thee,  
Take our sins away.

Then when Jesus calls us,  
To our heavenly home,  
We would gladly answer,  
Saviour Lord, we come."

## CALCUTTA ORPHANAGE.

A most pleasing letter has been received from our good friend Miss Hebron, dated the 22nd January, and our young readers will be surprised to learn that she was on the point of paying them a visit in Canada. Owing however to changes in the staff of teachers at Calcutta, the plan had to be given up for the present, but we can assure Miss Hebron of a very hearty welcome whenever she may be able to visit this distant country.

In the Autumn we gave an account of the death of a little girl at Portsmouth, named "Annie." This Miss Hebron read to the children in the Orphanage who were affected by it, even to tears,—a pleasing evidence of the affection felt by these girls for their Canadian friends.

Reports on the Orphans in Calcutta were received in Miss Hebron's letter, and forwarded to their Canadian supporters.

These reports are very satisfactory. One of the girls, Ruth Iona, is now a communicant, and has regular employment in teaching the last Bengali class, also in the household duties.

### MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

(*Canadian School at Calcutta.*)

Very interesting accounts of this school have recently been received, dated the 22nd January last. The children continue to gain in their studies, and the system of instruction seems also to be improved. From the increasing contributions sent in from our Sabbath Schools in aid of the Canadian School, it is evident that it has a strong hold upon the affections of our youth. The continued good accounts from India are therefore very satisfactory.

The following table will show the studies of the different classes at the Canadian School.

#### CANADIAN SCHOOL.

1st Class.	{ St. Matthew's Gospel. Peep of Day, part I. Bible and Gospel History. First Geography. Hymns.
2nd Class.	{ Peep of Day, part I. Bible and Gospel History. First Geography. Hingshajoy. Hymns.
3rd Class.	{ Peep of Day, part I. First Geography. First Catechism. Hymns.
4th Class.	{ Bornomalla Spelling, part I. First Catechism. Hymns.
5th Class.	{ Bornomalla Spelling, part I. First Book of Reading. First Catechism.

*David Greesh Chunder Dutt.*

**"I DON'T LOVE YOU NOW MOTHER."**

A great many years ago, I knew a lady who had been sick for two years, as you have seen many a one, all the while dying of consumption. She had but one child, a little boy.

One afternoon I was sitting by her bedside, for dearly I loved her, watching her with an aching heart. It seemed as though she would cough her life away. Her little boy Henry sat too at the post of the bed, his blue eyes, so like hers, filling with tears to see her suffer so. By and by the terrible cough ceased. Henry came, put his arms round his mother's neck, nestled his head in his mother's bosom, and said, "Mother, I do love you! I wish you wasn't sick."

An hour later, the same loving, blue-eyed boy came in, all of a glow, stamping the snow off his feet. "O mother! may I go skating? it is so nice. Edward and Charlie are going." "No Henry," feebly said the mother: "the ice is not hard enough yet." "But mother," very pettishly said the boy. "you are sick all the time: how do you know?" "My child, you must obey me," gently said the mother. "It is too bad," angrily sobbed the boy who, an hour ago, had so loved his mother. "I would like to have my little boy go," said his mother, looking sadly at the little boy's face, all covered with frowns: "you said you loved me. Be good." "No; I don't love you now, mother," said the boy, going out, and slamming the door.

Again the frightful coughing came upon her; and we thought no more of the boy, after the cough commenced. I noticed tears falling thick upon her pillow, but she sank from exhaustion into a light sleep.

In a little while muffled steps of men's feet were heard coming into the house, as though carrying something; and they were carrying the almost lifeless body of Henry.

Angrily he had left his mother, disobeyed her, and went away to skate. The thin ice gave way, he sank under water; and now saved by a great effort, he was brought home, barely alive, to his sick mother.

I closed the doors, feeling more for her life than the child's, and, coming softly in, drew back the curtains from the bed. "I heard them—it is Henry. Oh! I knew he went: is he dead?" But she never seemed to hear the answer I gave, "Oh no." She commenced coughing; she died in agony, suffocated to death. The poor mother! the boy's disobedience killed her.

After a couple of hours, I sought the boy's room. "Oh I wish I had not told mother I did not love her. Tomorrow I'll tell her I do," said the child sobbing pitifully. My heart ached: to-morrow I knew we must tell him she was dead, we did not till the child came fully into the room, crying, "Mother, I do love you." Oh! may I never see agony like that child's as the lips he kissed gave back no kiss; as the hand he took fell lifelessly from his hand, instead of shaking his, as it always had; and the boy knew that she was dead.

"Mother, I do love you now!" all the day long he sobbed and cried. "O mother, forgive me." Then he would not leave his mother. "Speak to me, mother;" but she could never speak again; and he—the last words she had ever heard him say were, "Mother I don't love you now."

The boy's whole life was changed; sober and sad he was ever after. He is now a grey haired old man, with one sorrow ever his, one act of disobedience, one wrong word, embittering all his life; with those words ever ringing in his ears, "Mother I don't love you now."

Will the little ones who read this remember, if they disobey their mother, if they are cross and naughty, they say, every single time they are so, to a tender mother's heart, by their actions, if not in the words of Henry, the very same thing, "I don't love you now, mother?"—*Early Days.*

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#### INDIAN ORPHANAGE AND JUVENILE MISSION SCHEME.

Already acknowledged.....	\$404 22
St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School, Quebec, per J. W. Cook, Esq.	
For support of Mary Quebec.....	\$16
In aid of Canadian School.....	20 36 00
Scarboro Sabbath School, per Mrs. Davidson.....	10 00
St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School, Fergus, per A. D. Fordyce, Esq., for support of Anna.....	20 00
Portsmouth Sabbath School, for Ruth Iona.....	16 00
	<hr/>
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JOHN PATON,  
*Treasurer.*

Kingston, 26th April, 1861.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

J. Dimma, Markham,.....	1861	0 40
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Granville Rollo, Campbellford,.....		1 00
Beauharnois Sabbath School,.....	1859-60-1	10 00
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