

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

10x	14x	18x	22x	26x	30x
	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>				
12x	16x	20x	24x	28x	32x

THE

JUVENILE PRESBYTERIAN,

OF THE PRESBYTERIAN
IN CONNECTION
CHURCH



CHURCH OF CANADA,
WITH THE
OF SCOTLAND.

Conducted by a Committee of the Lay Association.

VOL. I.

December, 1856.

No. 9.



A FERNANDO-PO CHIEF.

FERNANDO-PO is a small island about twenty miles from the western coast of Africa. The picture on the first page of this

"Messenger" represents the chief of one of the tribes. The bands round his arms and knees are made of strings of beads and the backbones of little snakes, and so is the girdle round his waist, from which the skin of a wild beast hangs down before and behind; his hat is made of split cane, very loosely platted, and it is ornamented with feathers and the skull of a monkey, or some other animal; his long curling hair is stiffened with clay and palm oil, and he carries a couple of spears in his hands. The palm tree is very useful to the natives, its juice they drink for wine, and often exchange it and the oil for iron with the ships that come to the island. They also use the oil with their victuals when they do cook it, but they often eat their meat raw, tearing it with their hands and teeth. Like most of the West Africans, they have hardly any notion of religion beyond the word *Fetish*, which is a sort of charm; their priests mutter some words over a cat, an egg, a stick, or any other thing they please; it is then considered holy, and kept by the people to take care of them; they fancy it sends them all the good they have, and if anything goes wrong with them they think they have displeased it, so totally ignorant are they of God and his ways.—*Juvenile Messenger*.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND'S MISSION TO THE JEWS AT SALONICA.

Mr. ROSENBERG, assistant Missionary at Salonica, writes:—

"I have to give you an account of our conversations with four Mohammadans, two of whom are Turks by birth, and of the other two, the one is by birth a Greek, and the other a son of Abraham,—both he and the Greek having embraced the Mohammedan religion several years ago. Of the two who are Mohammedans by birth, one is a priest, and appears to be rather of a serious disposition and anxious to find out true religion. On coming to our Magazine, he inquired for the Protestant priest, meaning me. When I asked him what he wanted, he said; 'I wish to know which is the true religion, because I wish to die in it. Now that we have got liberty to confess openly any religion as much as possible.' Upon this we had some discussion together, and he left the place promising to come again and bring some of his friends with him. The other Turk came to our colporteur, asking from him the Protestant Book, by which he meant our Bible. His reason for buying the Protestant Book was, he said, because it was the best book, and the Protestants were the best people, of whom he wished to be one after some time. This individual has since visited our Magazine again.

"The Greek likewise came to our Magazine expressing his desire to abandon the Mohammedan religion, and to become a member of the Protestant Church, which, so far as he has read in the Gospels, and in some of the Protestant books, appears to him to be the truest and nearest to the New Testament of all the Christian Churches.

"The Jew, who likewise became a Mohammedan several years ago, is one with whom I have had frequent intercourse previously but he never manifested such earnestness as on this occasion. He came, as he himself expressed it to our colporteur on a subsequent day, with his mind made up to leave his family and his property, and begged that I would recommend to him some place out of Turkey where he could go and make an open profession of the Christian religion, and where he could spend the remainder of his days, among Christians. I told him that the place where I would recommend him openly to profess the Christian religion, is decidedly the very place in which he now is with his family and friends, without being ashamed or afraid of any one; and I further told him that in this way he might be the instrument in God's hand of leading his family, and many others besides, to the knowledge of the truth."

In regard to Salonica as a missionary field, it is added, in the Home and Foreign Missionary Record of the Church of Scotland:—

"But while it is pleasing to know that our Missionaries find an open door of entrance both among our fellow countrymen and the Mohammedans, it is particularly encouraging to know that the field of labour more especially entrusted to their care is most promising, and appears already to be 'ripe unto harvest. The Jews of Salonica are in a most accessible and hopeful state. Indeed, Mr. Rosenberg says, that if this field is only sufficiently supplied with earnest labourers, and favoured, (as we trust it will be in answer to the prayers of many,) with the blessing of God, he should not wonder if in a few years we succeeded in collecting a large congregation. The Missionaries of other Churches, he says, are not ignorant of its necessities. Let us not delay to come to the help of the Lord, and in every possible way to aid our Missionaries who have just entered on their labours. May He who of old stood by Paul in Thessalonica, and blessed his labours both to Jews and Greeks, stand by and strengthen our Missionaries, so that with great power they may bear witness unto the truth, and of the Jews a great multitude may be made obedient to the faith, and of devout Greeks not a few."—*Juvenile Record of the Church of Scotland.*

THE PRISONER'S FRIEND.

THERE was a good man of this country, who was very rich, had a great house and lands, and many servants. He heard of the great distress of the poor people shut up in the prisons, he heard how bad their food was, how they had scarcely any bed to lie on, and how, from want of proper nourishment and cleanliness, they often had a bad disease, called the jail fever (because it used to begin in jails and prisons), by which many poor prisoners died. God put it into his heart to visit the prisons, and see into the distress there, and his kind heart was so moved with what he saw, that he made up his mind to give up his time and his strength, and his money, to help poor prisoners. He did not rest till he had got a law passed (called an Act of Parliament), to have prisons properly looked to. Through this law, which he was the means of getting made, the people who now are sent to prison for crime, and who, though guilty and bad, should not be left to perish by filth, and want, and disease, are properly looked after—have good and proper food, clean clothing, decent beds—and if they are ill, they have medicine given them; so that they do not die of jail fever now. When this good man had thus got the prisons of his own country put into order, he wished to go abroad, and do what he could there; for he was not so narrow minded as to think that none but his countrymen were his neighbours. He believed that every man was his neighbour, and God Almighty had taught him, by his Holy Spirit, to love even his enemies. So he went abroad, and travelled into many countries, and went into the prisons, doing good himself, and setting other people to do good, wherever he went.

At last he came to a country where the plague was, and instead of being frightened at this dreadful disease, he knew that the worse it was, the more need there was that those who could, should help the poor sufferers. He wished, therefore, to try and find out what the cause of the plague was, that so, with God's blessing, a cure might be found. So he went to visit the prisons where the plague was, and in going to see one poor person, he caught it himself, and died. His monument is put up in St. Paul's Church, in London. He stands there, cut out in white marble, holding in his hand a bunch of keys, to show that he went about opening prisons; and a paper also, on which are written some words about improving prisons; and at the bottom, on the great white slab on which the stone figure stands, is carved in stone the inside of a prison—a poor old man lying on his bed of straw, and the good man standing by, and servants

coming in with dishes of meat and drink for the sick starving prisoner. This good man's name was Howard; he is called "The friend of man." We ought to be very thankful to God that such a man ever lived, and it is a very great honour to us to belong to the same country that he belonged to.

My dear young Reader,—If you would think a little, you could tell me of One, whom this good man was like (for it was his example that he followed, and in his steps that he trod), but whose love and goodness was far, very far greater than Howard's; who is yet, for all that, thought very little of by the people of this world. That person is Jesus Christ. "He was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be made rich." His house was "one of many mansions (or rooms), a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." He had many servants. For "all the angels of God" are his servants, and worship him, and do his pleasure, and hearken to the voice of his word." He looked down from heaven, his dwelling-place, upon the children of men, poor prisoners of the devil, "tied and bound with the chains of our sins." He saw the dreadful fever which raged here in the earth, by which thousands of souls are perishing continually. He "had compassion upon us." He came to visit this earth of sin and sorrow, disease and death. He became a man, "like unto us in all things except sin." He spent his life, whilst upon earth "in going about and doing good, and healing all manner of disease and infirmity among the people." He knew the cause of the dreadful plague which was destroying souls. He found out the cure. He died himself to make an atonement for sin; and now every one that truly repents of his sin (that is, is heartily sorry for it, and does truly desire and strive to leave it off), and also firmly believes in Jesus Christ, that he died for us; and who has such a love to Christ in his heart, because he believes this, as makes him try to do every thing he can to please him, "and keep his sayings" which are written in the Bible—every one who thus truly repents and unfeignedly believes, is forgiven his sins. God Almighty the Father loves him; Jesus Christ the Son is his Friend in heaven to pray for him, and speak good words for him; and the Holy Spirit will make his heart clean, will cure him of all love of sin, and not let the plague come again into his heart, to destroy it, and at the last will take away all sin for ever, so that he shall be fit to go to heaven, and live in the house of many mansions with his Friend and Saviour; and be equal with angels, "and serve and praise God Almighty for ever."

Dear Reader.—Do you love this dear Friend, the Son of God, the Friend of man, who loved his enemies, and prayed for them, even when they were nailing his blessed hands and feet to the cross? Do you believe truly that he died for you? Go and show it, by being obedient to your parents, as he was—loving to all, as he was—pray much to God your Father, as he did. If your school fellows and friends are sick, go and see them, and read to them, and instruct them, and comfort them; then, if you follow his blessed example, you will see him when you die, and he will welcome you to heaven—*Juvenile Messenger*.

MISSIONARY WORK IN AFRICA.

A KIND correspondent has sent the following letter to our readers, which we are sure will deeply interest them:—

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—One morning, about five and twenty years ago, a young man, Mr. William Ross, presented himself at a parish school in the Carse of Gowrie, wishing to be furthered in his study of the Latin tongue. The teacher was particularly glad to devote to his instruction a few hours each day ere beginning his usual public labours. The student cheerfully assisted in return in teaching the classes of the school. By and bye he went to town to attend a classical seminary, where he devoted all his energies to the acquisition of Latin and Greek. He proceeded next to St. Andrews University, and acquitted himself most creditably in the various branches of philosophy, &c. After which, he entered the Divinity Hall of the United Secession Body in London, and duly received license to preach the Gospel of Jesus. There became evident the grand object he had had in view, in leaving the plough, and leaving the planes, for he had been both a ploughman and a wright of the first class, as also his anxiety to acquire a little money at these trades. It was to educate himself for the holy ministry, and by his skill to win the confidence of the poor heathen to whom he had resolved on going to tell "what God had done for his soul," and what He is as willing to do for theirs.

At this time the distinguished African missionary, the Rev. Mr. Moffat, was in London, and lectured on his great work. After hearing one of his intensely interesting addresses, Mr. Ross, was introduced to him, and offered to accompany him back to the field of his arduous exertions, which offer was at once accepted by Mr. Moffat, and by the London Missionary Society in whose Mission he had so long been labouring. Like true heroes of the cross, who have, at different times, urgently

volunteered to go to inhospitable climes, naturally dreaded by others as being the very valley and shadow of death to white men; so our friend, on being pressed as to the unhealthiness of the climate, and the many difficulties to be encountered among the degraded heathen in Africa, and especially the difficulty of learning a language, not one word of which he knew, and to which even the Latin tongue seemed no key, heroically replied, "I will just put 'a stout heart to a stey brae,' " (to a steep hill.)

Again, being remonstrated with, by a personal mutual friend, in name of his father and sister, (both long since numbered with the dead, as his mother had previously been,) and entreated to return to his kindred and his home, he, like one who had "counted the cost," answered from London: "Tell them, it is not that I love my father and sister less, but I love Jesus more, and rejoice to go to preach to the poor perishing heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ."

This brave missionary, while glorying in carrying the cross amidst Africa's benighted sons, proclaiming a free and full salvation through the only begotten Son of the One true and living God, is not forgetful of the land of his birth, or of his early teacher, but keeps up through him a constant correspondence on the *great cause*. And perhaps a few sentences from a letter just received from Mr. Ross, may interest you in his work, and may win your prayers; and I have no doubt he, like myself, believes that while every believing prayer is heard and answered, that of little children, the lambs of Christ's flock, is peculiarly precious in the ear of the missionary's God, the Almighty Redeemer.

The letter is dated 6th April, 1856, and is from Lilcatlong, apparently not very far from Lottakoo, (marked in your map,) which was the first scene of Mr. Ross's labours.

"Here I have the largest congregation of Bechuanas (natives) in the country, between six and seven hundred, and a day-school of one hundred and thirty, two out-stations, as well as other two where I formerly laboured. Perhaps there are not less than one thousand three hundred inhabitants in the district six hundred and six church members, and five schools with about three hundred and thirty scholars. I preach twice every Lord's day, lecture on Wednesday afternoon, teach in the large school every week day except Saturday, visit the sick and the dying, and itinerate to the out-stations as often as possible. But beside the spiritual exercises among so many, there is an immense amount of manual labour to be superintended, and to

go through my own hands, especially at a station like this, which has been allowed to fall into a state of great dilapidation. I am truly thankful that I have had, in the kind Providence of God, such a thorough training, first in my native land, and during the last fifteen years in this my adopted land, so that I can say, I like the language, I love the people, I delight in my work, my great work, of preaching Christ, teaching useful arts, and spending and being spent in a cause so glorious, so worthy of all my powers of body and mind in time and in eternity. Yet it is by the grace of God I am what I am."

The list, as sent to Mr. Ross, of former acquaintances, young as well as old, who had died in the space of two or three years, was very long, and concerning it he says: "Your Mortality Bill is one which speaks in unmistakable language, 'Be ye also ready.' Let the good Christian ministers around you know, that I and all in the Mission fields greatly need your unceasing prayers, and I am certain that if God's people were all more unanimous in asking the heathen for Christ's heritage and the Holy Spirit to be poured out on all, that more, much more, success would be the result. The jubilee of the Gospel is at hand and Christ shall reign spiritually in His Church universal.

"We have twenty anxious inquirers, (that is, about the way of salvation,) "may their number greatly increase, 'even of such as shall be saved.'"—*Juvenile Record of Church of Scotland.*

THE LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.

Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hast Thou died for me?
Make me very thankful
In my heart to Thee.

When the sad, sad story
Of Thy grief I read;
Make me very sorry
For my sins indeed.

Now I know Thou livest
And dost plead for me;
Make me very thankful
In my prayers to Thee.

Soon I hope in glory
At Thy side to stand;
Make me fit to meet Thee
In that happy land.



THE DYING SOLDIER'S LAST PRAYER.

In the evening of the 5th of November, 1854, after the glorious victory of Inkerman, there was found in the enclosure formed by the tents of our brave Allies a large number of killed and wounded; the Russians were the most numerous. The English had already collected theirs, and were helping the French to raise their soldiers who had fallen on that bloody field. The earth was strewn with corpses. Some of the faces seemed to smile, some seemed to sleep, others looked fierce, some had received the mortal blow whilst in the act of tearing the cartridge, and still remained kneeling, convulsively grasping their weapon; the arms of some were raised, as if they sought even in dying to deal a blow, or as if they were uttering a prayer with their last breath. The wind blew strongly, and the moon, darkened every now and then by thick clouds, burst forth at intervals, and illumined this sad spectacle, seeming to reanimate the long rows of dead bodies.

The silence of the night was disturbed by the cries of the poor creatures who writhed in the last agonies of death, and by

the distant rumbling of the Russian batteries, still sending forth shots which touched only the corpses of the slain. Here and there men bearing litters walked over the battle-field, seeking and carrying off the survivors.

At the moment that one of these litters, borne and escorted by soldiers, preceded by a woman with a lantern, passed near a heap of bodies horribly mutilated, a voice cried feebly, "To me, my friends!" It was a young foot soldier; a shot had terribly torn his side; he was just about to die. "You cannot bear me hence," said he, "I know that my last moment is fast approaching, but I am glad to see friendly faces before my reason forsakes me. * * * I have a great favour to ask, and I hope that one of you will be preserved to accomplish it." Then, perceiving the woman, "Oh! Madame, God will preserve you for this mission, you will go to my poor mother, you will console her, for women alone know how to use words which can heal a wounded heart. Tell her that her son died like a soldier; tell her also that he died a Christian. Take her this New Testament, which some unknown friend gave me when we were embarking. Tell my mother that this book has made of a bad person, of a swearer, of a profligate man a new creature; it has discovered to him the abyss into which he was plunged; it has shewn him the means of salvation by the grace of God, and through faith in the merits of a Saviour, it has been a succour to him in days of trouble, and it has given him in his last moments the courage necessary to appear with calmness before his last great trial—the heavenly tribunal. You will find my mother in the 'Market of the Innocents,' at Paris. She will have received the fatal news, she will be inconsolable; but you will give her this message of peace; you will read it with her; you will embrace all my loved ones for me, and Isidore Briche will thank you for it, in begging you to unite with him in his last prayer."

The hardest and most unbelieving heart could not have resisted the last request of the dying man. These soldiers, who had doubtless faced without flinching the immense perils of that day, fell on their knees by the side of the sufferer.

The woman had passed her arm under the heavy head of the soldier. "O our God," said he, "Thou all good and almighty, Thou who has taught me to pray, bless Thou my mother, console her, make her forget the wanderings of my youth; grant to her the same knowledge of thyself that Thou hast given to me; grant that my brothers and sisters may learn Thy ways. Take care of these brave men whom Thou hast sent to me in

answer to my earnest prayer; keep them from the misery of living far from Thee, assist this woman in the work that I have given her to do. And now, my God, I thank Thee that Thou hast opened to me the door of life. May thy blessing rest on those pious Christians who are distributing thy Word to the soldiers, and on those, also, who come to bring that Word into our camp. I thank Thee, I thank Thee for Thy boundless mercies!"

He was silent, and the pale light of the moon lit up his dying but happy face, his spirit was fast passing away; the soldiers were thoughtful and silent; the woman in tears. The sufferer perceived her, he turned gently towards her, "You will remember my name," said he, "because it is written on the first page of my Testament." * * * * * He was silent again, his features expressed the sufferings he was undergoing. The sergeant approached him. "I shall write before to-morrow to Madame Briche," said he, "my handwriting is known to her, and will not alarm her, I shall be able by degrees to break the sad news to her, and, on our return, if God brings us back, we shall be able to finish the work of consolation which you have committed to us." "Thank you, sergeant, when all is over, you will take this book, for I shall keep it to the end, which is not far off. Stay near me with your wife, the rest can leave me, I cannot profit by their kind attentions, they will be more useful elsewhere." At a sign from Robert they departed, and he knelt down near his wife to assist in supporting their young friend. Soon the blood began to flow from the mouth of the dying man, the death rattle was heard, delirium followed. An hour thus passed. At length his senses returned for a moment, he feebly murmured, "Pardon—my mother,—thanks—my God." His head fell backwards, he was no more. The young woman leant towards him, gave him the last kiss, and took from his hands, already growing cold, the book which had led him to eternal life.—*Juvenile Missionary Record of Church of Scotland.*

SABBATH EXERCISES.

For December 21st.

Prove that it is our duty to redeem the time.

PROOF 1st—ECC. IX, 10. 2nd—MATTH. VI, 33. 3rd—ROM. XII, 11. 4th—EPH. V, 15, 16. 5th—IS. XXXVIII, 18.

For December 28th.

Prove the same by examples of those who have redeemed the time.

— PROOF 1st.—JOHN IV, 34. 2nd—NUMB. XIII, 30. 3rd—1st CHRON. XXIX, 2. 3. 4th—2nd CHRON. XXXI, 20. 21. 5th—EZ. VI, 14. 15. 6th—NEH. XIII, 30. 31. 7th—PS. LXXI, 17. 18. 8th—ROM. XV, 19.

How solemn is the recurrence of the first Sabbath of a year! It is right that there should then be cherished feelings of joy and gladness. But it is also right that the first Sabbath of the New Year, should be one of especial solemnity. The period is one of social gatherings and greetings. Surely the Christian heads of families, ought to take especial care that the season may be improved for the highest,—the eternal good of their households. Prove then,

For January 4th.

That it is the duty of parents and heads of families, to attend to the Christian training of their children, and those under their authority.

PROOF 1st—EX. XIII, 8. 2nd—DEUT. VI, 20. 3rd—PROV. XIX, 18. 4th—PROV. XXII, 6. 5th—EPH. V. 22. 25. 6th—EPH. VI, 1. 9.

For January 11th.

Prove the same by examples.

PROOF 1st—GEN. XVIII, 19. 2nd—JOSH. XXIV, 15.

A DAILY PRAYER.

O Lord, my God, to thee I cry,
To Thee I lift my heart;
Oh! hear me from Thy Throne on high,
To me Thy grace impart.

When early morning lights the sky
Let me before Thee fall—
Oh! may I find Thy presence nigh,
My Priest, my King, my All.

When mid-day's beams descend on me,
Oh! guide my footsteps then,
Lest I be drawn from Truth and Thee
By worldly-minded men.

And, when the shadows of the night
Are darkening all the land,
Securely trusting in Thy might,
Let me lie on Thy hand.

O Lord, my God, while here I live,
Till I am called away,
Let day by day my actions prove
My love to Thee, I pray.

THE TURNING POINT.

It was at the beginning of the holidays, when Mr. Davis, a friend of my father, came to see us, and he asked my parents to let me go home with him. They consented; and I was much pleased with the thought of going out of town. The journey was delightful and when we reached Mr. Davis's house everything looked as if I was going to have a fine time. Fred Davis, a boy about my own age, took me cordially by the hand, and all the family soon seemed like old friends. "This is going to be a holiday worth having," I said to myself several times during the evening, as we all played games, told riddles, and laughed and chatted as merrily as could be.

At last Mrs. Davis said it was bed-time. Then I expected family prayers, but we were very soon directed to our rooms. How strange it seemed to me, for I had never before been in a household without the family altar. "Come," said Fred, "Mother says you and I are going to be bedfellows," and I followed him up two flights of stairs, to a nice little chamber which he called his room, and he opened a drawer and showed me a box, and a boat, and knives, and a powder-horn, and all his treasures, and told me a world of new things about what the boys did there. He undressed first and jumped into bed. I was much longer about it, for a new set of thoughts began to rise in my mind.

When my mother put my portmanteau into my hand just before the coach started, she said tenderly and in a low tone, "Remember, Robert, that you are a Christian boy." I knew very well what that meant, and I now had just come to a point of time when her words were to be minded. At home I was taught the duties of a Christian child; *abroad* I must not neglect them; and one of these was evening prayer. From a very little boy I have been in the habit of kneeling, and asking forgiveness of God for Jesus's sake, acknowledging his mercies, and seeking his protection and blessing.

"Why don't you come to bed, Robert?" cried Fred.

"What are you sitting there for? Can't you undress?"

Yes, yes, I could undress; but ah, boys, I was *afraid to pray* and *afraid not to pray*. It seemed to me that I could not kneel down and pray before Fred. What would he say? Would he

not laugh? The fear of Fred made me a coward. Yet I could not lie down on a prayerless bed. If I needed the Protection of my Heavenly Father at home, how much more abroad! I wished that I had slept alone, that Fred would go to sleep, or something else, I hardly knew what. But Fred would not go to sleep.

Perhaps struggles like these take place in the bosom of every one when he leaves home and begins to act for himself, and on his decision may depend his character for time and for eternity. With me the struggle was severe. At last, to Fred's cry, "Come, boy, come to bed," I mustered courage to say, "I will kneel down and pray first; that is always my habit." "Pray!" said Fred, turning himself over on the pillow, and saying no more. His propriety of conduct made me ashamed. Here had I so long been afraid of him, and yet, when he knew my wishes, he was quiet and conscience triumphed!

That settled my future course. It gave me strength for time to come. I believe that the decision of the "*Christian boy*," by God's blessing, made the *Christian man*; for in after years I was thrown amid trials and temptations, which must have drawn me away from God and from virtue, had it not been for my settled habit of secret prayer.

Let every boy who has pious parents read and think about this. You have been trained in Christian duties and principles. When you go from home, do not leave them behind you. Carry them with you and stand by them, and then, in weakness and temptation, by God's help, they will stand by you. Take a manly stand on the side of your God and Saviour, of your mother's God and Saviour, of your father's God. It is by abandoning their Christian birthright that so many boys go astray and grow up to be young men dishonouring their parents without God and without hope in the world.

TWO SIDES TO THE QUESTION.

WHEN a man dies, people generally inquire, What property has he left behind him? The angels will ask, What good deeds has he sent before him?

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

SOME one has said of those who die young, that "they are like the lambs which the Alpine shepherds bear in their arms to higher, greener pastures, that the flocks may follow."

MISSIONS ABROAD.

TENT PREACHING IN SOUTH INDIA.

THE following is an abstract from a letter lately received from the Rev. J. E. Sharkey, Masulipatam:

"I am now writing this in my tent, which is pitched by the side of a large village. I am in a delightful grove of trees. There are a great many weavers in this village, and no small proportion of Brahmins. The former I find simple enough, and I can get them to sit and listen to the truth with much attention; but the latter are not so docile, and, instead of giving a fair and impartial hearing to our message, they proceed to attack us with much severity of language and bitterness of spirit. I had a Brahmim priest in my tent this morning, and he was endeavouring to show, by very subtle arguments, that the living principle in man is an emanation from God, and that after its release from the body, which he supposes to be a composition of five elements, it returned to its oneness with the All-pervading Spirit! He held that God does not trouble Himself with the affairs of our world, and that the distinction between virtue and vice is altogether arbitrary and conventional. He represents a large class of the educated Brahmims, who show their cleverness, not so much by arguments as in their illustrations, which go for arguments in their estimation, and are used with much dexterity and readiness. The next visitor I received was a Brahmim schoolmaster. I asked him to define *sin*: 'To kill an ant is a sin,' he replied. To kill a cat is a greater crime in Hindoo theology than to murder a Pariah or Shoo-drath! Then I gave my visitor St. John's definition of *sin*, and our blessed Lord's summary of the law, and explained how every sinful act was a violation of the *law of love*, he was much surprised. I followed it up by presenting Christ to him, and gave him a Gospel of St. Matthew to read. The Hindoos are easily discouraged. They open the Gospel of St. Matthew, they find the opening verses full of hard names, and, supposing the rest of the book to be just as difficult, they give up reading entirely, and cast the book aside. We are obliged now to point out where the history begins. The Gospel sounds in the streets of our villages and towns, and the men have so far got over their prejudices as to venture to visit us in our tents. It is a defilement for a Brahmim to come in our tent made of cloth. So far we can speak of success; but what is this where the *heart* is kept back? The women of the higher classes are still inaccessible. Degradation and ignorance are still their lot. They are perfect slaves, though willing and apparently cheerful slaves. They count their drud-

gery a privilege, and to wait on their husbands with folded hands and trembling looks is looked upon as the very essence and pattern of a faithful wife. Sometimes these poor women look over a low wall, or peep through a narrow window, or get behind a door with just one eye visible, while I stand preaching to the people in the streets. The old women are bold enough, and bolder sometimes than men. Much requires to be accomplished, but we know who has said, 'By my Spirit,' &c."

"I am writing this in the midst of my network. May the Spirit of prayer be poured out on the Church of Christ, and may the kingdom of the stone soon become the kingdom of the mountain, at His coming whose are the kingdoms of this world!

"THIS MAN RECEIVETH SINNERS."

LUKE XV. 2

"This man receiveth sinners:"

"This man"—and who was He?
Beneath a servant's humble form,
"God manifest" we see.

"This man receiveth sinners"
Of every kind and grade;
On him the guilt of sinful men,
Upon the cross was laid.

"This man receiveth sinners;
My soul put in thy claim,
For surely thou must own that *that*
Alone can be thy name.

"This man *receiveth* sinners;"
Sweet thought for such as me!
For then He will not cast me out,
All filthy though I be.

"This man receiveth sinners."
Yea, *bids* them freely come,
He meets the prodigal half-way,
And safely guides him home.

"This man receiveth sinners."
The saints in heaven above
Shall own, that they are sinners saved
By free, forgiving love.