

THE

JUVENILE PRESBYTERIAN

A Missionary
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN
IN CONNECTION
CHURCH



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CHURCH OF CANADA
WITH THE
OF SCOTLAND.

Conducted by a Committee of the Lay Association.

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No. 5.

OUR JUVENILE MISSIONARY EFFORT.

THE ORPHANAGES IN INDIA.

The Report of the Treasurer to this effort presented to our Synod was very encouraging. It stated that 22 Orphans in India were now being supported by the children of our Provincial Church. We shall hereafter, when we obtain access to it, refer more particularly to this Report. Meanwhile, it is encouraging to state that the good work is prospering in our hands. Schools in distant Gaspé and still further onward to the Atlantic coast in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward's Island, are joining our Canadian children in endeavouring to do somewhat towards the work of spreading a knowledge of the Gospel in India. An interesting feature too has just been introduced into the Scheme.

Miss Young the Superintendent of the Bombay Orphanage, reported that there was a girl in the Marathi School "who had given decided proof that she intended, when at liberty to act for herself, to embrace Christianity." "She has, says Miss Young, for some time acted as a monitress in one of the Schools, but she is required to work at her own house in gaining her living. I think if a small sum could be allowed her per month it would secure her services for one of our Schools, and be the means of saving her from a great deal of evil. I have no doubt but that if God is pleased to spare her, she will yet be a valuable teacher in one of our Schools, and we may hope, that her example may influence other girls to be more decided."

The Secretary of the Association referred the matter to Canada, in the confidence that aid would be forthcoming and he has not been disappointed. An application being made to St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School, Montreal, the children gladly closed with the proposal to support this young teacher, and thus our Schools may be privileged to widen the sphere of their influence and reach others of the daughters of India with the offer of the good tidings of great joy.

We rejoice that our children have thus in providence been led to labour in their Masters cause. May He bless them, that they may be blessed. Our Church has indeed reason to rejoice in this growing work, and we gladly insert the following expression of the thankfulness of the Synod.

"Read statement and report of the Treasurer of the Orphanage Scheme: whereupon it was moved by Mr. Morris, seconded by Mr. Burnet, and unanimously agreed: That the Synod rejoice in the success which has attended the children of the Church in their efforts in aid of the Orphanages of the Edinburgh Ladies Association in India, acknowledge in it the good hand of the Head of the Church; and with deep satisfaction renew their approval of the Scheme, reappointing Mr. Paton Treasurer, and thanking him for his zealous and judicious conduct of the effort."

A GIRL MISSIONARY.

MR. RICHARDSON, a missionary at Arabkii, among the Armenians in Turkey, speaks of a village where the people are much interested in the truth. The women are learning to read (for there, very few women can read), and are constantly talking about the Bible and its blessed truths. And more than this, the children are so interested, that they, too, are learning without the help of any school. Here is what he says of one little girl. Will not the children who read it learn from her, and like her try to do good? "There is one little girl who has thus learned to read the New Testament very well, and although she is not more than twelve or thirteen years old, she is boldly preaching, not only to the members of her own house, which numbers not less than twenty-five souls, but while at work turning the 'rivers of waters' upon the fields easily with her foot, for irrigation, she has her Testament in her girdle, and convinces men mightily from the Scriptures. Some affecting instances of her faithfulness and the good resulting from it, have been brought to our notice.

AN EASTERN CITY.

Madras is very unlike a European city, or indeed a city at all. It extends over nearly ten miles, and you imagine you are in the country in some of its broad roads, crowded with natives, with hedges of prickly pear and bamboo, and perhaps rows of the banian-tree, with its long fibrous arms creeping down into the ground again, and its branches alive with squirrels and crows. Blacktown, where we live, is the only part that looks like town. The Fort, where the soldiery are, and an old church, in which the Missionary—and Bishop Corrie are buried, the Government offices, indeed



all business offices, all the Missionary establishments, including our own, Roman Catholic chapels in plenty, Armenian, Mahomedan, Hindu, places of worship, are all crowded together in Blacktown. A sad long list of the latter can be pointed out from our roof or verandahs, enough to make one's heart sink. The space in between is filled up with native dwellings, which look low and miserable, too like the gene-

rality of their inhabitants. The streets are thronged with natives, either on foot, or in their comical-looking bandies, of which I mean to send a sketch home some day. There is a kind of verandah in front of the houses or huts, in which the seller sits, amidst little heaps of grain, or plantains, or cocoa-nuts, or chatties, i.e., earthenware vessels, or curry stuffs, as the case may be. There is sometimes a little niche, in which is a god, the one the family worship; sometimes a string of sacred leaves, to scare away evil spirits. Then every here and there is a lighted pagoda, with its frightful looking images, and perhaps an idle, proud Brahmin, sitting by himself eating his rice outside. The children are rolling about in all directions, most of the little boys with scarcely any clothing; but of all the pitiable objects (for children here, as everywhere, look so merry, that you only pity them in contemplating their sad future), the old people, and especially the old women, look the most abject and deplorable. They seem as if every fountain of thought and feeling were dried up, and their neglected persons and wrinkled faces altogether make one's heart ache.

This is not a description of one street, or two or three, but a mass of streets, which are collectively called "The Bazaar." In other parts of Blacktown are the Burning grounds, where the bodies of the poor natives are consumed; there is something peculiarly painful in seeing the funeral processions wending their way to them, with the strange discordant native music used on those occasions.

But you will like a pleasanter view of Madras; so you ought either to ride over the pretty bridges along the Mount Road, and enjoy the broad, park-like land on either side, which makes one almost fancy oneself in Regent's Park, or else to drive along the sea-beach, and see the vessels at anchor, listen to the band that plays in the afternoon, and watch the masula boats struggling over the surf. Or you might pay me a call here, and see the palace-like house, with its innumerable columns and marble-paved verandahs, and the black servants at every turn. Then if you will walk in, you will think you are in a gigantic cage, for instead of being shewn into our room, you will see the whole space of the house is one apartment, each space separated from the other by screens, or low doors; then you will see long *punkas* extending the length of the room; they consist of a long frame, filled in with wood, &c., according to taste, with a broad frill hanging from it, and ropes attached to it, which are

pulled by a man in the verandah or on the staircase. Besides this novelty, you will notice that the walls are of showy whiteness, composed of a native substance called chuman; and you will be astonished at the number of doors and windows. Also, there is generally no carpet, nothing but matting, on the floors; and no chimney-piece. This is far too grand a description for our mission-house, but everything is much the same, only on a smaller scale.—*Letter of a Missionary's Sister.*

THE LATE CALAMITY.—THE BURNING OF THE STEAMER MONTREAL.

Our young readers far away from the scene of the awful disaster in some quiet forest nook, or bustling mart of busy industry, will have been awed and startled by the sad tidings of the recent destruction by fire, near Quebec, of the Steamer "Montreal," and the perishing in one dread calamity of 254 of our fellow beings, chiefly from Scotland. How terrible the scene. The new land—the goal of many hopes just reached—the placid river stealing gently by—all security—bright vicissitudes—happiness—peace, and then the sudden change. The cry of fire, the progress of the fierce element—the terrible choice of death by fire or water—the drowning hundreds—how awful the scene. How loud the lesson it reads. Ah, of a truth, here we have no continuing city, here we are but pilgrims and strangers. Surely, God is speaking to the land. But yesterday from the far west, a loud wail of sorrow came from "the Bridge of Sighs," at the Desjardins Canal, and again from the east, the wail is re-echoed, and the gurgling cry of expiring mortality is heard, as the swift waters overpower it. In the race for riches, in our swift prosperity, our country was forgetting the giver of all good. He has been reminding us of his power—he has been warning us in loud tones to "prepare to meet thy God." Some of the incidents were very interesting of this terrible calamity, and over it a gleam of light has been cast by the prompt sympathetic aid of the St. Andrews Societies of Montreal and Quebec, who cared and provided for the sufferers.

We select one or two facts for our young readers. Bring up before your mind, that awful scene and then read how a Christian died:

"Close by the good clergyman stood a little girl named

Catherine McArthur. She could not have been over 13 years of age. She bore up under her heavy sorrow as courageously as possible. She said she was looking for her father. He jumped overboard with her in his arms. He had been a religious man—a Sunday School Teacher in his native land, and amid the terrors of the accident his faith and blessed hope did not desert him. He brought strong testimonials of his worth with him. When in the water he spoke to his daughter and those around him, "Do not fear to die. Trust in God. Don't be afraid." Finally he sank."

When the waters of the river of death are gathering about you, reader, may you be as "strong in Him" as was this good Scottish Elder, and then you will fear no ill. The everlasting arms will be around you.

Read too, this instance of a mother's fond love, and recollect that you have or may have if you will, a friend "who sticketh closer than a brother." Even a mother may forget, and nature may fail a parent's heart to move, but our Heavenly Father ever careth for his children.

"Among the note-worthy incidents of the disaster was the saving of her two children by Mrs. Bloomfield, whose husband is in the employ of the Grand Trunk Company at Toronto. She held to a rope with one hand, keeping the head of one child above water with the other, and holding the other up by fastening her teeth in its dress. So heavy was the load that two of her teeth gave way and were lost, yet she still retained her hold. At last a boat came towards her, and men were screaming all round her to be taken on board. She could not scream, but a man seeing her situation brought the boat to her, telling them she needed aid most. Then her strength gave way, at the prospect of relief and safety and she came near drowning ere she could be lifted into the boat. She is a slight, delicate woman in appearance, and one wonders how she was able to endure so much."

May this wholesale loss of life lead to more stringent measures for its preservation, and may the lesson it reads to us all, of the brevity of human life not soon be forgotten.

PALESTINE SCHOOLS.

I will not detain you with many anecdotes of what happened among the children in those schools, in order to show that they have experienced both the power of God and the love of God in their hearts. I must, however, mention one

case; it is that of a Jewish boy, who was cast off by the Jews when he was about eight or nine years of age. At first this boy supported himself by begging, but when he was grown a little bigger, no one would give him alms, and he then took to thieving, and soon became an accomplished thief. It was then (he was now about twelve or thirteen years of age) that the missionaries became acquainted with him. Hearing that no one else would take any care of him, we resolved to do so. We had not courage to take him into the school, lest he should spoil the other children. We therefore placed him in a house kept by some German people, decided Christians, who had been sent by a small Society at Basle to preach the Gospel, partly by showing how a man ought, by labouring with his hands, to adorn the Gospel of Christ. He remained with them about a fortnight, stole something, and at last escaped; and so tired were they of him, so devoid of all hope of his amendment, that they would not receive him any more. All other resources having failed, after commending the case to God, I resolved upon receiving this boy into our school, in the name of Him who received sinners.

It was with trembling that this step was taken; but I now say, with joy and thankfulness to God, that during the past year he has been the most orderly boy in the school: so that when, previous to my leaving Jerusalem, I enquired about him of the master, and also of the steward, who has charge of the feeding of the poor orphans, I was told that during the last year they had not been obliged to administer any punishment to him. Some of the English travellers who passed through Jerusalem about Easter, were struck with the mild and gentle physiognomy of this boy, and felt sufficiently interested in him to ask whose son he was.

I will state another fact relating to a girl who began to attend the girl's school two or three years ago, when she was about seven years of age. Her father was a poor Jew, who lived partly on the alms which he received, in common with the other poor Jews, from the rabbis. When he first sent his daughter to the school, the rabbis threatened to discontinue his alms, unless he removed her. He determined to lose the alms rather than withdraw his child. Although he had no trade, he asked for no help for about two years. At length his health completely failed, and when I at last heard of his position, and endeavoured to relieve him, it proved to be too late. His health went on declining; and it soon became evident to every one that he could not live much longer. For

six months previous to his death, he was observed to shut himself up every day for an hour or more with his little girl, after she returned from school. It was not known at the time for what purpose this was done, but it afterwards turned out that on these occasions the child used to read to him the Scriptures. About two or three months ago he died. On his deathbed he called some rabbis and some Christian men around him, and, raising himself in his bed by a last effort, he said to them, "I have called you Jews and Christians, around me, to hear my last testimony, that I die in the faith of Jesus of Nazareth."—*Bishop Gobat.*

OUTLINES OF SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.
FIFTH MONTH.

LIFE OF CHRIST.

I.—SERMON ON THE MOUNT (*Continued.*)

(*Read Matt. vi. 1—end.*)

ALMSGIVING.—Secrecy of true alms. The Father seeing in secret. His reward open—how?

PRAYER.—"Enter into thy closet,"—what implied? "Vain repetitions"—what? God's foreknowledge of our wants. Go over the several petitions of the Lord's Prayer.

FASTING.—Fasting unto the Father. The three departments of spiritual life now unfolded.

DEDICATION TO GOD.—Earthly treasures—heavenly treasures. The eye of the body—the eye of the soul. Earthly service, and service of God. Simple dependence on God—go over Christ's illustrations. Wisdom of pure child-like trust in our Father in heaven.

II.—SERMON ON THE MOUNT (*Concluded.*)

(*Read Matt. viii. 1—end.*)

OUR CONDUCT TOWARDS OTHERS.—Explain verse 6. God's dealings towards us. Three steps—"ask"—"seek"—"knock." Appeal to a principle in human affection—God thus seen through the eye of true humanity.

THE END.—"The strait gate"—the many that go in the broad road.

THE FALSE AND THE TRUE.—The fruit of the good—the fruit of the corrupt—unchangeable law. Fate of the false. Fruits the evidence of character and state—how?

THE JUDGMENT.—“*That day.*” Law by which Christ shall judge. The *many* who shall plead excuse. “*I never knew you*”—awful force of these words. What it is to *depart* from Christ. “*Workers of iniquity*”—to whom applied? The house of the wise man—the house of the foolish. The *authority* of Jesus’ words—living truth—truth out of God’s mind—power of what is true, deep, and earnest.

III.—JESUS ON THE SEA—AND IN THE CITY.

(Read Luke v. 1—16; Matth. viii. 1—4; Mark i. 40—45)

IN THE SHIP—Describe the scene by the seashore—into what ship Jesus entered—and how “*He taught the people.*”

THE DRAUGHT OF FISHES.—What Jesus said to Simon—The result—why should Simon have prayed Him to *depart*? “*They forsook all, and followed Him.*” compare this miracle with the miracle in John xxi. chap. His charge to Peter in the two cases—the net broken in the one case, *not* broken in the other.

HEALING A LEPER.—A solemn train of miracles confirming the words on the mount. The man “*full of leprosy*”—typical of one dead in sin. Jesus “*touched him*”—all that is involved in this simple act—what charge Jesus gave the man.

IV.—AGAIN IN CAPERNAUM.

(Read Matth. ix. 2—9; Mark ii. 1—22; Luke v. 17—39.)

JESUS IN THE HOUSE.—“*The power of the Lord was present to heal them*”—was it Christ’s own power, or God’s manifested in him?

THE SICK OF THE PALSY.—Eagerness to reach Christ on the part of him who was sick—his sins and his suffering deeply linked in his own thoughts. Christ’s strong reasoning—easier to forgive the soul’s sins or to heal the body’s disease? The one not of visible effect—the other visible—and a sign on the surface of the deeper current of God’s grace in the soul. Jesus “*the Son of man*”—force of the title. The “*power given unto men*”—explain.

MATTHEW CALLED.—Matthew’s occupation—held in what repute—his ready obedience and sacrifice.

THE FEAST IN LEVI'S HOUSE.—Who sat at meat with Jesus? The universality and depth of His sympathies. His answer to the Scribes and Pharisees—its great wisdom—its divine tenderness—key to His life and work. Question as to *fasting*—Jesus' parable.

A HIDEOUS IDOL, AND ITS FOOLISH HISTORY.

BY W. W. PEYTON, ESQ., BOMBAY.

HERE is a sketch of an idol which is worshipped by nearly one hundred millions of our fellow-beings. It has lately been worshipped all throughout India. It is, as you see, a figure of a man's body with an elephant's head. It is made of fine sticky clay, and of all sizes. Some of them are made very



plain for poor people to buy. Others are made costly, covered with gold-leaf or gold-water. When the time of the year comes round for its worship, the idols are made by men who make a trade of it.

The idol was worshipped in the month of September last in Bombay. After it is bought it is put up in the house and

worshipped, with great ado, for a whole week, by the family. Music and feasts in honour of it are made; and offerings of food are kept beside it in the night, and believed to be actually eaten up by it.

After the week is over, each family carries its own; gay processions are made along the streets, and the idol is sunk in the sea, or in rivers or in ponds. In Bombay they are sunk in the sea. The richer classes carry them in palanquins, and their little children are placed in the same, facing this ugly image; and bands of music in front are playing some of our merry English and Scotch airs, and "God save the Queen," "Home, sweet Home," &c. I have seen these poor little children sit with such care, and with fear on their faces, staring at the idol which they are so early taught to look up to as their god.

Most laughable and ridiculous stories exist about this god, which are told with great delight, awe, and reverence. Ganesh or Ganpati is the name of the god. His mother's name is Parvati. Parvati's husband, Shiva, one day in a rage, cut off the head of Ganpati, at which Parvati got into a great rage. Shiva then, to console his wife, clapt on the head of a giant which he had lately killed, on the headless body of Ganpati. This giant's head was like an elephant's and so he appears a man's body with an elephant's head.

Ganpati's charger is a rat. One day when riding about, the rat gave way under him, as is likely. Poor Ganpati then not only fell off, but rolled away some distance, as he was very round and plump. At this sight the moon laughed. Ganpati got very angry with the moon, and swore that no man should see her face again. The other gods, however, begged of him not to carry out his curse, as the earth could not do without the moon. He then consented to limit the curse to one day, on which day no Hindu should look on the moon. This day is the fourth of the month in which Ganpati is worshipped. And actually a hundred millions of men keep from seeing the moon on that day, or at any rate profess to do so. They believe that a great calamity will come on them or their families, were they to see her. Should any one accidentally have looked on the moon, there are some Sanscrit lines which he must repeat as a charm to keep away the evil that would have otherwise come upon him. Another way of charming the evil away is by getting people to abuse you, and so men go about smashing windows or doing other mischief to their neighbours, in order to be abused by them, and thus charm away the evil.

This is a specimen of Hindu idolatry and superstition. And here in Bombay we have rich men, and her Majesty's justices of the peace, and some even educated men, keeping up, and heading and joining every year in this worship. There are hundreds of educated men now here, and a good many profess not to believe in these things; but they never say a word against them, and unless they become Christians, they never do or will.

How foolish all these stories must appear to you; and yet these stories, which look foolish and absurd enough to us as boys and girls, are believed by all the men and women of this country. How Satan has blinded the hearts of men.

Truly, if among the boys and girls, young men and women, of Christian lands, there was much peace, and joy, and hope in Christ, there would be a greater desire to give these blessings to those who have them not.—*Bombay, Dec. 3, 1856.—Juvenile Record.*

LITTLE HENRICO OF TOCAT.

At Tocat, a town in the interior of Asia Minor, in the region where Mount Ararat rears its ancient head, lives and labors a Missionary of the American Board, Mr. Van Lennep. Here Henry Martyn was buried, that man of God; and now by his side is laid another Henry—little Henry Van Lennep. His father thus sweetly tells the story of his precious child to the readers of the "Youth's Dayspring."

You will be interested to learn that another preacher of the Gospel among the heathen has fallen. True, he was not an *ordained* preacher, nor did he preach from the pulpit, though we hoped he would do so if his life was spared. He was but five and a half years old, but he was nevertheless an active Missionary, and was never ashamed to declare to all, the truth as it is in Jesus.

This Missionary's name was Henry, and his friends called him Henrico, a diminutive of that name. He was the first grand child of a Missionary born in the Levant, his grand parents being Mr. and Mrs. Bird, long Missionaries at Beirut. His mother was the first child baptized on Missionary ground by the oldest of our Missionary hand, our dear father Goodell, and Henrico was the last thus consecrated by the same hand, before he left for home, after an absence of thirty years. He was a child of many prayers, and the first act of his

parents at his birth was, to give him back to the Lord by consecrating him to his service. Surely this child's history is a proof that we never pray in vain for our children.

Henrico was as fond of play as any boy of his age, and you could see him any pleasant day, racing over the garden terraces on a stick which was his fiery steed, with a little American flag nailed to the end, which on such occasions represented the horse's head. Or he might be standing on the steps and calling the ducks in the yard, which came waddling along at their highest speed as soon as they heard his voice, for he never deceived them by a call unaccompanied with its reward of bread crumbs or melon peel. He was as fond as any boy of getting with papa on his horse Dervish, and fonder still of riding alone on the little donkey, where he sat as erect as a hussar. But if he was earnest in these things he was at least as earnest in far more important and better things. He *loved prayer*, and when his parents could not pray with him he would distinctly whisper his petition in bed before he went to sleep. Of his own accord, he asked one and another of the Students to retire into a room and pray with him. And he knew the power of prayer, too; for at the commencement of his illness, while suffering pain, and supposing himself to be alone, he was overheard saying, "Lord Jesus, take it away; please make it go away." He *loved the word of God*, and visitors remarked and spoke of the intense earnestness of his fixed gaze into papa's eyes when he read the Old and New Testament stories, and how he always begged to sit close to him on such occasions. The greatest reward he knew was to be told a Bible Story. And he remembered them well, for he would repeat them in Armenian to the Students and workmen in his earnest way, with explanations and with gestures to enforce what he said.

During the last six months of his life a great change was taking place in him; but we little knew that God was fitting him for Heaven! He had prayed every day for two years, "Please give me a new heart;" and the Lord had evidently heard the prayer. Three months before his death, a friend who had not seen him for a few weeks remarked, that he found Henrico very much changed. As he expressed it, "he had put away childlike things, and had become a little man."

The most striking characteristic of the child, however, was what has led me to call him a *Missionary*, i. e. his earnest and untiring activity in preaching the Gospel to those around him. He himself repeatedly said that "he preach-

ed ;" and when asked what he preached, he gave such clear and satisfactory answers to the great question, "What shall a man do to be saved," as filled us with surprise. This, too, was worthy of notice, that though he was fully aware of the errors of these people, he never said a word to them on that subject, but simply urged them to repent of sin, and believe on the Lord Jesus. One day I heard him calling after a Roman Catholic workman from the top of the stairs, as the man was going home: "Will you repent and pray to-night for forgiveness? You must do it *to-night*." When asked to whom he was speaking, he replied, with apparent concern, that the man had said it was not wrong to steal when no one saw us. He had told him it was very wicked to say so, and he must pray for forgiveness, and was now reminding him of it.

His daily prayer was "Please make every body good;" and in his last illness he earnestly repeated it several times between the paroxysms of pain. When I asked him, a few hours before his death, what I had often asked him in health, "Do you love Jesus?" he said, transferring an Armenian idiom to the English: "Yes, papa; before I told you so, long ago." Noticing that he often looked up, and kept his eyes fixed upward, I asked, "What do you think of?" He quietly answered, "of God;" and another time "of Jesus." The prospect of death seemed to give him no fear. Indeed he often spoke of dying while in the enjoyment of health, with perfect familiarity, and as a thing not at all to be dreaded. The Students and some of the brethren wished to see him once more; and he bade them a very affectionate farewell, calling each by name, kissing them, and sending messages to the absent ones. Among the last words we could distinguish were these, "I wish to play on the harmonicon," an instrument upon which he had already learned a few tunes. And then, pointing upwards with his finger, he said, "Hear it!" It was the music of the choirs of heaven bursting upon his soul.

On the other side of the wall against which rested the head of his bed, the monthly concert of prayer was held; and just as the last words of the last prayer had been uttered, the child faintly struggled, and as though a gentle sleep had fallen upon him, his spirit left his earthly tabernacle, and bounded upward to the arms of Jesus.

Who knows but, at the great gathering of the judgment day, some immortal soul will be found to have been saved

through this child's exertions, or in answer to his prayers. We have laid this beautiful clay by the side of the remains of Henry Martyn, there to await the glorious resurrection.— Another Missionary has fallen, and who will fill his place?

H. J. VAN LENNEP.

Tocat, 27th November, 1856.

HYMN.

Jesus our Lord! to Thee we call.
Thou art our life, our hope, our all:
And we have nowhere else to flee,
No sanctuary, Lord, but Thee.

Whatever foes or fears betide,
In Thy dear presence let us hide;
And while we rest our souls on Thee,
Do Thou our sanctuary be.

Quickly the day of light draws nigh,
Or we may bow our heads and die;
But, Oh! what joy this witness gives!
Jesus, our sanctuary, lives.

He from the grave our dust will raise,
We in the heavens shall sing His praise;
And when in glory we appear,
He'll be our sanctuary there

LOOK TO THE COPY.

WHEN a boy is learning to write, his master either gives him a copy slip, or else writes the first line in the page for him. Now, I have often seen a boy write the next line with some care, looking at the letters he had to copy. But when he came to the third line, instead of looking at his copy, he looked only at his own writing just above. And what came of that? Why, he copied all his faults, and made more too, so that every line down the page was worse than the one before it! He never tried to make each line more like his copy.

So there are some boys who never try to improve, but just seem to copy their own faults, day after day, and so really grow worse, more idle, more disobedient, more careless. Instead of this, they should read their Bible, and see what the Saviour did; and try, by God's grace, to follow His example.

**THE INDIA ORPHANAGE SCHEME,
OR JUVENILE MISSION.**

	£	s.	d.
Balance from last account.....	1	0	7
Received for the support of Eliza Scott Halifax, from Sabbath School of St. Matthew's Church, Halifax.....	4	0	0
Bible for ditto.....	0	10	0
From Sabbath School at Niagara to present a Bible to their protégée	0	10	0
From St. James' Church Sabbath School, Char- lottetown, Prince Edward's Island, for a second orphan, to be named Thomasina Duncan.....	4	0	0
Also, to present her with a Bible.....	0	10	0
From Sabbath School, New Richmond, Gaspé, for Elizabeth Davidson	4	0	0
For a Bible for same.....	0	10	0
	£15 0 7		

JOHN PATON, *Treasurer.*

Kingston, 17th July, 1857.

THE CALCUTTA LIBRARY FUND.

Previously acknowledged.....	£11	0	9
From Niagara Sabbath School.....	1	0	0
	£12 0 9		

Montreal, 18th July, 1857.

[Have not some of our young friends forgotten this effort? We hope to receive yet other contributions, especially from children who do not contribute otherwise.]—ED. JUVENILE PRESBYTERIAN.

NEWS OF THE "JOHN WILLIAMS."

The missionary ship, "John Williams," arrived at Hobart Town, 16th November, and at Melbourne about the 12th December: all well.

FOUR THINGS.

There are four things we must not make a mock of:—Sin (Proverbs xiv. 9), people's natural infirmities, the words of God, and good people.—*Philip Henry.*