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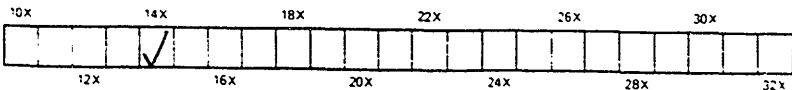
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THE

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.

January, 1857.

No. 10.

A NEW YEAR'S THANK-OFFERING. A LIBRARY
FOR THE ORPHANAGES IN INDIA.

We are glad to notice that the Orphanage Scheme is receiving wide support. We are satisfied that it will prove of much service to our Church and we hope that other schools and individuals will imitate the example, so well set by several schools. The amount required, £1 per annum, is surprisingly small, and can be easily raised by almost any school, however small in numbers. Still as there may be some of our readers, who have not an opportunity of contributing to this interesting Juvenile Mission, we intend to afford to all the children of our church an opportunity of aiding this work. For some years, the Juvenile Record of our Church in Scotland has taken up a holiday collection for some benevolent object, and two or three years ago, under its guidance, the children sent to Madras, a valuable Library with maps, globes, &c. for use in the schools there. We think our children might well imitate their example, and we therefore invite our readers to send to the Editors of the Juvenile Presbyterian, Montreal, their mites for the purpose of presenting a Sabbath School Library, to the Orphanages of the Edinburgh Ladies Association at Calcutta and Bombay. If the amount received is not sufficient, it will be confined to one of these. We trust our young friends

will take this matter up earnestly. It will not interfere with the support of their Orphans. Our young readers have much to be thankful for, they have many privileges, and here is an opportunity of practically evincing their gratitude for these and their interest in the benighted children of India. Think of this proposal, young reader, and do what you can to further it. We shall acknowledge all sums however small, and we will be much mistaken, if the Canadian children's subscription falls far behind that of the Scottish children for the Madras Library. We ask the aid of our friends. Let it be given cheerfully.

THE ORPHANS IN INDIA.

Our young friends who are now supporting orphans in India will rejoice to learn that most pleasing accounts have been received by St. Andrews Church Sabbath School at Portsmouth, near Kingston, from their little protégée at Calcutta, Ruth Iona. This Little Hindoo girl was picked up in the streets of Calcutta by the police, and brought to the Orphanage, where, by the liberality of her young Canadian friends, she has found a comfortable Christian home. She is said to be a most industrious hardworking girl, making herself most useful in the house, but as yet rather backward in learning. Her age is only 13, so that, with God's blessing, upon the labours of her teachers, there is yet time for improvement.

We have just seen a most interesting little letter, which has been received by the Portsmouth Sabbath school, from Ruth Jona, thanking them for the kind present of a Bible sent by them to her sometime since. This letter is written in Bengali characters, which of course we cannot print, and therefore we give the following translation written by one of the older girls, Ruth being unable to write in English.

My DEAREST FRIENDS,

I write to you these few lines, to tell you that I am very grateful for the money which you all so kindly sent me for the Bible, and I am also grateful, because God has put it in your hearts to send money and support me. And now I conclude my letter.

I remain, yours faithfully,

Jona Ruth.

This is a short letter, but we hope ere long that Ruth will be better able to write. She feels much gratitude for the kindness which has been extended towards her, and will we doubt not, if spared, become a good and useful girl.

(कन कुशुव त्राम)धुव म(व)दिसा निव
 आभावं धनय रिक्य सासद रि ते
 अमन आभावं अः (आय) इहे के
 आसि त्रामाधुव विश्वायि वुध

As a specimen of Hindoo writing, Ruth's letter is very curious, being neatly written. Mr. Paton, desires us to say that he will gladly send it to any one desirous of having a sight of it, but as it would thus reach but a few parties, we have had the foregoing woodcut prepared, which exactly reproduces a portion of it. The characters are, as will be seen, very neatly formed. The receipt of such a letter, is a very interesting event in the history of our Canadian schools.

“HOW OLD ART THOU?”

(A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS TO SABBATH SCHOOL CHILDREN.)

My young friends,—I wish to address a few words to you on this, the first day of a New Year; and, as is my wont in speaking to those older than you, I shall select a text of Holy Scripture as the subject of address. The text will be a very short and a very simple one. You will find it in the book of Genesis, the forty-seventh chapter, and the eighth verse: “And Pharaoh said unto Jacob, How old are thou?” This question, we need scarcely tell you, was first asked by a very great man,—Pharaoh, king of the Egyptians. And the individual to whom it was put was another great man,—Jacob, one of the patriarchs; and the occasion on which it was asked, was, you remember this: Jacob, who was now an old man, had come up to Egypt to see his son Joseph,—the boy, you remember, who was once sold as a slave by his brethren, but who was now prime minister of Pharaoh. And he was now being presented by his son to the great monarch, and was standing in the king's presence, before the imperial throne. We think we see him, an old venerable man, his head covered with silvery grey hairs, and his brow marked with not a few wrinkles by the hand of time, and by grief for the loss of his son Joseph. Pharaoh, seated upon his throne, looks at the venerable patriarch. He sees the traces of years written upon the forehead of the good old man, and he accordingly kindly asks him, “How old art thou?”

Now, my young friends, the question which Pharaoh put to Jacob, we are going to put to you to-day; “How old art thou?” And not only will we put the question, but we will answer it. Listen to us, then, and we will tell you something about your age.

And first of all, we observe, you are young—you are yet in the morning of life. You are not like the patriarch Jacob, full of years. You are now in the happiest of all seasons, youth. Grief has not yet weighed heavily on your young hearts, as it did upon the heart of old Jacob, bringing his grey hairs to the grave. Prize, children, your present happy time.—improve your present happy time. There is many an old man in the world who would like to be young as you are. There is many a one that would like to have your golden time back again. But listen to us a little longer, and we shall tell you more about your age. We have said that you are young; but you are older than perhaps you imagine. Let us see.

I. We remark. *You are old enough to seek God.*

Perhaps some of you may be thinking that you are too young to seek God. What! you may be saying to yourselves, does

God care about me, who am but a child? When I am a man He will care for me,—when I am a man I will seek God. Now, this is an error, God cares as much for you as He does for the oldest and the greatest man. You have seen the fields, children, in a summer day, and you have seen there the flowers blooming in all their beauty, and the trees covered with their rich foliage. Now, does God not care as much for these tiny flowers as He does for the tall trees? Yes, quite as much. He gives to these flowers their delicate forms, their lively colours, their sweet perfume, as much as He gives to trees their giant strength, their tall stature, their green leaves. So God cares as much for the youngest and feeblest of you, as He does for the greatest and mightiest upon earth. But what shews still more clearly that you are old enough to seek God, God himself invites you to come to Him. They who seek me early, He says shall find me. Remember your Creator, He says, in the days of your youth. And not only has God thus shewn you, by these invitations put into the mouths of holy men, that you are old enough to come unto Him, but He has said so directly himself. There was once One who walked this earth in human form, to appearance a mere man, but in truth God manifest in the flesh; and on one occasion He took children younger than many of you, and lifted them up in His arms, and blessed them, and said of them: "Suffer little children to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." This was God himself telling you that you are old enough to come unto Him. But,

2. We observe, *You are old enough to commit sin.*

Some of you may think that you are too young to commit sin—that seeing you know so little, though you do at times what is amiss, that little will not be considered by God as sin. This, too, is an error. Whenever a child has come to the time when it can distinguish between right and wrong, then every offence which he commits is sin. Do you do, then, at any time, that most ungrateful of all acts—disobey your parents?—know that you commit sin, grievous sin in the sight of God. Do you do that most impious of all acts—take God's name in vain?—know that when you do so, you commit a grievous sin in the sight of God. Do you perpetrate that meanest of all acts—telling a lie?—know that in any such offence you commit a deep and grievous sin in the sight of God. And remember, that sin, in each and all of its forms, is a very pernicious thing—pernicious both in this life and in that which is to come. Sin is like a snake pretty enough in appearance,—but fatal when touched. You have perhaps seen a snake—there is scarcely a fairer creature in all creation, its skin so smooth, its spots so beauti-

ful, its movements so graceful; but take it into your bosom and it stings you. Flee then sin, children, as you would do a deadly serpent. Remember, you are old enough to commit sin. But,

8. *You are old enough to do good.*

Some of you may be thinking that you are too young, too feeble, to do good. But this, too, is an error. There is nothing in the whole of God's creation that may not, in its way, do good. The sun that shines so gloriously, cheering with its light, and warming with its heat this earth, gladdening men's hearts, and ripening the fruits of the earth, does good. The smallest flower that springs up from the earth, attracting the passer-by by its beauty, and delighting him by its fragrance, does good. The very weed that you are apt to trample under foot, containing in it, as it often does, some healing medicine for man, or yielding some nourishment for the lower creation, does good. And are you, children, the only creatures in God's creation that need not try to do good,—you that have immortal souls within you, more valuable than all the world besides? It is impossible! You, too, ought to do good. You are old enough to know, that it is your duty to love God, and believe on Christ; to honour your parents; and to cultivate and improve your minds by a proper use of the education you are now receiving. And can you not do something for the cause of Christ and the benefit of the poor benighted heathen, by contributing your mite for the support of the missionary and the Gospel among them? In these, and many other ways should you, too, be doing good. And remember, that little things are not despised by God, and ought not to be despised by men. A brick is indeed a little thing, but many bricks make a house. A thread is a little thing, but many threads of hemp make the cable strong enough to hold the noblest ship. A drop of water is a little thing, but many drops make the unfathomable ocean. You are old enough, even the youngest of you, to do good. But once more,

4. *You are old enough to die.*

Do you ask me for proof of this? Go into the church-yard, and read the tombstones, and you will find there the infant of days by the side of the old man of threecore and ten years. Do you ask me for further proof of this? Have you lost no brother or sister, younger, it may be, than yourselves—no fellow-scholar that may have sat on the same seat, or read on the same book with yourself? Yes, you are young enough to die. Bright as your eye now is, the enemy may dim it—warm as your blood now is, the enemy may chill it, and that ere the close of the year on which you have now started. Seek, then, the Lord while He may be found. Remember your Creator in the days of your youth.—*Juvenile Record of the Church of Scotland.*

“THE MORNING STAR.”

We have once or twice mentioned that the Sabbath School children in the United States were collecting to purchase a Missionary ship, to be called the “Morning Star.” This good work has been accomplished, enough having been received to purchase the ship, and to leave a balance for future repairs, and also for insurance, while she is on her distant voyages.

The “Morning Star” is a fine vessel, strongly built, and in every way complete, having cost \$13,000. She has on board an excellent library, a large stock of medicines, and chronometers and instruments for finding her way on the vast ocean, and is commanded by a skilful captain named Moore.

This interesting vessel sailed on her glorious mission on Tuesday, 2nd of December, and had on board a missionary and his wife, who are going to Micronesia. How many thousands of dear children are now thinking of their ship, and not a few of them, we trust, praying that she may prove a blessing to the poor heathens in the islands of the Pacific.

LETTER FROM CALCUTTA.

WE are sure the following letter, which we have just received from Calcutta, will be read with deep interest by all our young friends, who are praying from the heart “Thy Kingdom come!” The writer is the wife of one of our missionaries there, and justly mourns over the fewness of our Church’s labourers in so wide a field. “I wish,” says she, in her private letter to us, “I wish the people in Scotland would remember the words of our blessed Saviour to the poor woman who tried to do all she could for Christ, and when some of His disciples were questioning the good of the act, Christ said: ‘*She hath done what she could.*’ Has the Church of Scotland done what she could? Oh, if you can do anything in the cause, urge the Church to send more labourers into the field. . . . Pray for the speedy conversion of India’s sons and daughters.”

We trust the writer will not forget her kind promise to continue to send us, from time to time, such letters as that which we now lay before our readers.

CALCUTTA, August 8th, 1856.

“MY DEAR CHILDREN,—Again I take my pen to write another letter, which, I hope, will interest you, and let you know of some good which your missionary money is doing. But allow me again to tell you that it is not money *alone* will convert the Hindoo girls, neither is it missionaries, though some people in Scotland seem to think so. No, no, dear children, our blessed

Bible tells us, conversion is not the work of men, but of God's Holy Spirit. We are to use the means, and, in the using of these means, pray for the outpouring of God's Spirit upon them. Oh, never forget, when giving a penny to the Missionary box, to send a prayer to God for a blessing upon it. I would rather have one penny with heartfelt prayer, than ten without prayer. Now the last letter I wrote was about the Orphanage and its girls, that is one of the means used to spread Christ's blessed Gospel in this dark land. I may say, in passing, that the Orphanage is getting on very well indeed under the able and faithful superintendence of Miss Hebron. Pray for a blessing on her labours. This letter will be about another means used, another use to which your money is put. You lately read in your *Record* that 'Diljohn,' the eldest girl in the Orphanage, had got married to a native Christian. It is about her, and her work, I wish to tell you.

Diljohn was of very great use before she was married, and Mr. and Mrs Yule felt very sorry to part with her, but if they saw her now, they would be greatly rejoiced, and thankful to to God for their child. She lives in one of the suburbs of Calcutta called Kidderpore, and there she has her school, and is busy teaching the scholars the knowledge that leads to Jesus. I visited it, along with Miss Hebron, the other day, and I just wished some of the children of Scotland could have seen it too. This school is called a bungalow, from its walls being made with bamboos and mats, firmly sewed together, with small latticed windows also made of bamboos, the roof is thatched, and supported by two brick pillars inside. The school consists of two rooms, one for the teacher, and one for the girls. It is pleasantly situated in a little compound or garden, with lots of trees about it, which makes it look very pretty. All the pupils who attend the school are poor heathen girls, who would never have known anything about Jesus, if God had not put it into the hearts of good men to come to India to teach them. I think if you had been with us when we entered the school, you would have said, Oh! they have got no seats to sit upon, nor have they any forms, they all sit upon mats, which are spread upon the floor, they only rise and stand while they are saying their lessons. Poor as these little girls are, not one was without her ornament; some had them in their nose, ears, arms, and ankles, some only had them on their arms, the ornaments of these poor girls are not costly, but the high females of India wear very costly ornaments.

That morning I visited the school there were thirty five girls present, but sometimes Diljohn has as many as fifty. They were

all under ten years of age, so you see it is but a short time they can be taught. When one is getting on very well, she is taken away to be married; you know Hindoo girls are married when they are very young. This makes the teaching of the females of India a work of faith and labour of love. Oh, how much sympathy and prayers are needed for those engaged in the arduous task, but blessed be God, we can, and are doing a little. These girls at Diljohn's school could speak about Jesus, and repeat many pretty hymns. We are, you see, using the means; that is our *duty*. Who knows the blessed effects of that little; they will be revealed on the judgement day. One girl I missed when I called last, who seemed a very nice girl. I asked why she was not here, but her teacher told me she was dead. She had come to school, as usual, one morning, and at night she died. Her teacher thought very highly of her, she was always regular, liked to come, and was a good scholar. I felt very sad that the best should be taken; but that was wrong. 'God's ways are not our ways.' Perhaps Christ had entered into her heart, and thought it right to take her to himself, but we cannot tell, eternity will reveal it,—she knew about her Saviour, and, dear children, let us be thankful, in that, that is some good you are doing. Oh! continue in the work; don't think you can ever do enough; go on gathering and praying. If you saw the thousands of thousands of children that are here, who are never taught to read, you would say we have not done half, enough. Though Scotland were to send one hundred missionaries, it would not be enough. But I see I must draw to a close. I intended to tell you about the teacher's own room,—what good order it was in, &c., &c. But I have already made this too long, but I hope and pray it will interest you, and never forget to pray for a blessing on the bungalow school at Kidderpore, and the heathen girls who attend it, that some of them may be made lambs of God, and also for a blessing on the teacher, that she may be kept near to Jesus, and that she may be long spared to teach the daughters of dark idolatrous India."—*Church of Scotland, Juvenile for November.*

SERPENT WORSHIP IN INDIA.

A MISSIONARY from India, in a letter to a friend, says,—“One day, while at dinner, we observed a woman with three children, sitting near a large ant hill at the farthest end of the Compound. On sending a messenger to inquire what she was doing, we found that she had come with her children to worship a Cobra de Capello which had taken possession of the ant-hill; bringing, at the same time, milk, cocoa nuts, and incense, as offerings to the chosen object of her worship. First burning the incense



and breaking the cocoa nuts, she prepared to fall down and worship the dreaded creature, as it looked forth from its dark and silent retreat. I would here mention, that we found this to be a frequent practice among the lower classes of the people." —*Juvenile Messenger.*

SABBATH EXERCISES.

For January 18th.

Prove the blessedness of those who hunger and thirst after righteousness—*MATT. v. 6.*

Whom God justifies He always sanctifies. So soon as a sinner washes away his sins in the fountain of "the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, which cleanseth us from all sin," he also begins to experience that renewing which is the work of the Holy Ghost. Ardent desires after all that is good and well-pleasing in the sight of God, active efforts to promote personal, social, and universal holiness; in short, ceaseless aspirations, after entire conformity to the image of Christ, will characterize the individual who is born from above. We are reminded of this in the beautiful connection of the fourth of the beatitudes, with those of humility, contrition, and meekness preceding.

PROOF 1st—*PSALM XVII, 15.* 2nd—*PSALM CVII, 9.* 3rd—*ISAIAH LV, 1-3.* 4th—*JOHN IV, xiv.* 5th—*REV. VII, 16.*

For January 25th.

Prove the same by examples.

EXAMPLE 1st—EXODUS XXXIII. 18, 19. 2nd—PSALM XLII, 1, 2. 3rd—LXIII, 1, 2. 4th—LUKE I, 53.

For February 1st.

Prove that Christ died, not for himself, but for us sinners.

PROOF 1st—ISAI·II LIII, 5. 2nd—DANIEL IX, 26. 3rd—MATTHEW XX, 28. 4th—1ST CORINTHIANS, XV, 3.

On this subject any apt and well-taught Sabbath Scholar will be able to find an uncommonly large number of passages in point. Here as in every instance where man's vital interests and salvation, the Word of God is most clear, specific, varied, and minute

For February 8th.

Prove the guilt and odiousness of lying.

PROOF 1st—DEUTERONOMY XIX, 16. 19. 2nd—PSALM CXX 3. 4. 3rd—PROVERBS X, 18. 4th—PROVERBS XIX, 9. 5th—JEREMIAH IX, 4. 5. 6th—REVELATION XXI, 8.

For February 15th.

Prove the same by examples.

While on this subject, it is of vastest moment that the Teacher should strive to impress on the scholar the conviction that what is called *mental reservation*, *equivocation* and *all intent to deceive*, though employing language which in some sense is true, are essentially false.

EXAMPLE 1st—JEREMIAH XXVIII, 15, 17. 2nd—ACTS V, 1, 11.

OUR JEWISH MISSION AT SALONICA.

We hope for some early fruits of our Missions recently established in Turkey. Indeed, already the fields seem in some parts white unto the harvest. Our missionary, Mr. Rosenberg, closes his interesting letter with the following appeal for supplying

THE WANT OF BIBLES IN YANNINA.

"I conclude with a piece of information I have just received from a Protestant Armenian, who, with another of his nation, has been carrying on business during the last three years at Yannina. This place contains about twelve thousand inhabitants, Jews, Greeks, and Mohammedans, all of whom speak the Greek language. Our Armenian brethren, during their stay in that place, have been endeavouring to promulgate the truth both by precept and example. But there is one thing which they told me, and which is most painful to a true Christian to hear, that there is no copy of the Scriptures to be had in the

whole town, except those found in the churches, and that this large body of people, though they have heard of the Word of God, are perishing in ignorance and superstition. Should not this move the compassion of those who feel in their hearts the love of Christ, and pray for the establishment of His kingdom on earth, and for the salvation of their fellow-creatures from sin and eternal ruin; and should it not lead them liberally to contribute to send to those perishing for lack of knowledge that blessed Word which maketh wise unto salvation?"

Will any of our young friends lend a helping hand to supply this want?—*Juvenile Record of the Church of Scotland.*

THE BIBLE.

This *book* unfolds Jehovah's mind.
 This *voice* salutes in accents kind.
 This *friend* will all your need supply.
 This *fountain* sends forth streams of joy.
 This *mine* affords us boundless wealth.
 This *good physician* gives us health.
 This *sun* renews and warms the soul.
 This *sword* both wounds and makes us whole.
 This *letter* shows our sins forgiven.
 This *guide* conducts us safe to heaven.
 This *charter* has been sealed with blood!
 This *volume* is the word of God.

DYING WORDS OF MELANCTHON.

It is related that Melancthon, just before he died expressed a wish to hear some choice passages of Scripture read; and this desire having been met, he was asked by his son-in-law, Sabinus, whether he would have anything else; to which he replied in those emphatic words:—"ALIUD NIHIL, NISI CÆLUM," *nothing else but heaven!* And shortly after this he gently breathed his last. Well did one who sought to embalm his memory in verse say;—

"His sun went down in cloudless skies,
 Assured upon the morn to rise,
 In lovelier array:
 But not like earth's declining light,
 To vanish back again to night.
 The zenith where he now shall glow
 No bound, no setting beam can know—
 Without a cloud or shade of woe
 In that eternal day,"

LIBERALITY ABOUNDING OUT OF DEEP POVERTY.

In a suburban church, within eight miles of the great metropolis, a sermon, having reference to the great duty of Christian Missions, was preached on Sunday morning, September 14, 1856, preparatory to a missionary meeting on the next evening. One there was present who felt the appeal—a poor widow in the congregation. She did not act at once, but thought and prayed. The meeting was held, and a collection made. Still she waited. A few days after she came privately to her pastor, and told him what was in her heart. She had been strongly moved as she heard of the wants of millions, and desired to do something, that they also, with her, might have the Gospel. She had known better days, but was now poor; and all that remained to her of her former prosperity consisted of two old guineas. One of these she wished to give to the missionary cause; and she has done so, humbly and unobtrusively, with the request that her name might not be mentioned. Liberality this indeed, out of deep poverty! With two guineas only, she gives one! How many, who have thousands, have never given so much, or think they have discharged all claims if they contribute a single sovereign during the course of the year! Shall not this guinea rise up as a testimony against those who, with large means, want what the widow had, the large heart; large, because opened by the grace of God to understand and embrace the love of Jesus?—*Church Missionary Gleaner.*

WOMAN IN INDIA.

'Not a single seminary for females existed in all India till British benevolence interposed to rescue that fair region from so foul a blot.'—*Rev. Dr Duff.*

"The book of knowledge is as completely closed upon woman, as the light of day from the born blind."—*Babu Koilas Clunder Rose, a Calcutta Hindu.*

COMMON HINDOO CURSE.—"Cursed be the day when a female was born in my house."

CURRENT HINDOO PROVERB.—"To educate a woman, is to put a knife into a monkey's hand."

HAVE YOU BEGUN RIGHT?

A LITTLE girl once said, "O, mother, how very hard it is to do right! I don't believe I shall ever be able." "Have you really tried, my dear?" "O, yes; I try every day. When I awake, before I get up, I say to myself, 'I will be good all the day."

I will be gentle and kind. I will obey my parents and teachers. I will not quarrel. I will always tell the truth.' But then, mother, I don't know how it is, I do so often forget. Then when evening comes, I have to say, 'There now! what is the use of trying? I have been in a passion, I have been disobedient;' and once or twice, mother, you know, I have said what was not true!"

The dear child seemed very much ashamed while saying this: so her mother looked kindly at her, and only said, "My dear, I do not think you have *begun* right." The little girl looked up wonderingly; and her parent went on: "The first thing is to have a new heart: have you asked for this?" "No, mother; I am afraid not." "Then, my child, do so at once. Good fruit, you know, can only come from a good tree. If your heart is wrong, your conduct will be wrong. You cannot make it right yourself, with all your good resolutions. But ask God, for Christ's sake, to help you. He will give you his Holy Spirit, and you will not find it any more impossible to do the right."

I am glad to say that the child took her mother's advice, That very day she asked God, earnestly, to change her heart, and help her to do right. God heard her prayer, as He always will; and she was never heard to say again, "It's of no use trying." For she *prayed*, she *watched*, she *strove* hard against her sins, and was able, by God's grace, to lead the life of a lovely young Christian.—*Early Days.*

THE LITTLE LAD WHO SOLD HIS KNIFE TO BUY A TESTAMENT.

ONE day last week, a member of the Committee of the Bolton Industrial Ragged School was walking in one of the streets of that large town, when a little ragged lad ran up to him, and walked by his side looking up in his face to attract his notice. At last the gentleman said, "Who are you?" The boy replied, "Henry C——. I am in the Ragged School, don't you recollect me?" "O yes; well, Henry, what are you learning at the Ragged School?" The boy said: "I am learning arithmetic, sir, and reading in the New Testament. When I first went to the school I did not know a letter, and now, the master says, there is no one in the school, except Kay, who can read so well as me." And then the boy pulled out of the pocket of his ragged trousers a small, neat Testament. "See, Sir, said he, "I have got a Testament of my own."

"How did you obtain that?" "Why, sir, the master sent me an errand to Mr. Topping's shop, and Mr. Topping gave me

three-halfpence; then I sold my knife, and with that money, together with what Mr. Topping gave me, I bought this Testament. I did not want to part with my knife, but I wanted a Testament of my own—and here it is!”

Who, to obtain a copy of the New Testament, has made a sacrifice equal to that which this once neglected outcast made to obtain one?

This poor lad bids fair to become a worthy member of society.—*Ragged School Magazine.*

JAMAICA.

BOOKS IN GRAVE STONES.

SOME years ago, a missionary in Jamaica received from the British and Foreign Bible Society a grant of Testaments for the use of such Negroes as could read. Having assembled his sable flock, after mentioning the receipt of this valuable present, he intimated that he thought, by using proper exertions, they might all learn to read within twelve months, and promised that as soon as they could read it, they should each receive one of the Testaments for private use. At first their faces brightened up, but the question recurring, How can this be done? it speedily caused the smile to vanish. The good pastor, guessing the cause of their speechless perplexity, intimated that, since a certain number of the congregation could read, if they would each teach five who could not, the aim would soon be accomplished. Thirty Negroes accepted the word of exhortation, and volunteered their services.

An obstacle, however—like that which impedes the progress of too many Ragged Schools, namely, the want of adequate machinery met these earnest-minded labourers at the very outset. They did not like to degrade the Bible into a mere lesson book, and they had no means of obtaining regular school books. How, then, were they to explain the mysteries of the alphabet became a grave question. With that facile suggestiveness which is native to the Negro mind, they resolved, since they had no lesson book, to teach the alphabet, aye, and even reading, *without books*. Thereupon, after due notice, they assembled their illiterate brethren in *the grave-yards*; and there, by means of the quaint epitaphs, they taught the alphabet and the rudiments of reading.

AN EXAMPLE FOR IDLE CHRISTIANS.

SOME months after the pastor had made his proposition for the knowers to teach the unlearned, he met an aged Negro leaving his hut long after the sun had set below the horizon. In reply

to a question, the man indicated a distant village as his destination. "Why," said the good missionary, "that is seven miles off—what are you going there for at this late hour?" The Negro replied, while a smile irradiated his countenance: Massa knows, massa knows! me go to teach *five* Christian broders to read Bible—me always find *thirty* there!"

With our Sunday Schools crammed, and hundreds turned away from the doors, because teachers cannot be found for the learners, ought not some of our readers, who have not yet been hired as labourers by the great Master-worker, to take a hint from this poor Negro, enslaved in body, but a true freed-man of the Lord? He felt the Bible to be too precious to his soul to permit a lock to remain on the chest containing this veritable gold of Ophir; and so, in the dark of the night, he plodded many a weary mile to distribute the costly ore, until before long he was refreshed by hearing his black brethren exclaim, "The gold of that land is good."—To you, then, O idler, is it written, "Go thou and do likewise!"—*Ragged School Union Magazine.*

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JOHN PATON,

Treasurer to the Synod for the Scheme.

Kingston, 24th December, 1856.

TO OUR READERS.

We ask our friends to endeavour to extend our circulation. We hope, many who do not yet subscribe will take advantage of the New Year to do so; will each reader, try to get us another subscriber? This is your paper; young readers, cannot you each help it, by getting another subscriber? Try! We respectfully solicit the continued countenance of our Ministers, Elders, and Sabbath School teachers.