

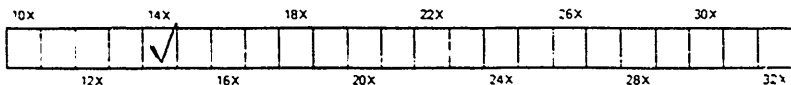
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THE
JUVENILE PRESBYTERIAN

A Missionary
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN
IN CONNECTION
CHURCH



Newspaper
CHURCH OF CANADA
WITH THE
OF SCOTLAND.

Conducted for the Lay Association.

VOL. III.

December, 1858.

No. 9.

THE CANADIAN SCHOOL.

Glad are we, after months of anxious suspense, to announce the opening of the Canadian School, under auspices most promising for its future success.

On the 1st of September, the reign of the East Indian Company ended, those vast Provinces and millions of people being placed under the gentler rule of our beloved Queen. On that day, we fondly trust, was also brought to an end the shameful countenance given to idolaters by this over grown Company of Merchants, whose chief aim, instead of being the glory of God and the welfare of millions, was how to increase their enormous revenues and add to their boundless possessions. This memorable day was also characterized by an event which may make less noise in the World's History, but which we trust will yet prove a blessing to not a few of our fellow countrymen on the burning plains of India,—we refer to the commencement of the Canadian School.

Dear young Friends—give this School a place in your hearts. It is yet small, numbering only 20 Hindoo girls, and the question whether or not, it is to prosper and increase

depends very much upon yourselves. The school is in want of funds—can you not spare further contributions, either as individuals or as Sabbath Schools? Send whatever you can spare to the Treasurer at Kingston, who will gladly acknowledge through this paper every sum, however small.

Pray—oh, forget not to pray—that God may bless our Canadian School, that He may pour out his spirit upon it, making both those who support the School, and the girls who receive instruction within its walls, to rejoice, because that God the Sovereign Ruler of all things has owned and blessed the work.

Miss Hebron's letter below will be read with great interest:—

SCOTTISH ORPHANAGE,
CALCUTTA, 8th Sept., 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—No doubt you and the dear children will be as glad to hear, as I have pleasure in informing you, that the "Canadian" School has at length been opened. On the 1st of September, the day on which India was transferred to the Queen, the School opened with 17 little heathen girls, with the prospect of an increase. The School has a room in which the Teacher resides. It stands on a very pretty romantic spot, on the road to Dum Dum, near the Canal.

I have been induced to open the School at once without waiting for your answer, as the £25 stg. will be sufficient for the present. If Peggie and her husband had taken charge of the School they would have cost more, but they accepted service up country, and I have procured a young Widow as Teacher. She was once a Ward of the Orphanage, and teaches nicely. She also knows English well, and I shall make her write you from time to time, giving an account of the School. Her name is Fuljohn, and her little son and mother-in-law live with her.

I have drawn £5 from our Treasurer, as Mr. Wright, advised me, and shall let you know how I lay it out in books, maps, &c. We hope to have needlework taught in the School, which is not done in the other day Schools.

I have enquired about a photographic likeness of the four girls in the Orphanage, and find that it is easily taken, so I hope to send it bye and bye. The children have been de-

lighted with their letters, and I hope to make them send answers soon. In the meantime they send their thanks and love to the several parties.

Last month we had a very interesting Baptism in the Orphanage, of one of the wards of the Institution. She is not quite 14 yet, but during a very severe and tedious illness, when there seemed but a step between her and the grave, she sought her Saviour earnestly and prayerfully, and I do trust that a change was then and there wrought in her. Her name is Elizabeth, a very gentle and obliging girl. She asked for Baptism some time ago, but Mr. Herdman thought it advisable to wait a little. He has examined her several times, and is quite satisfied. Since Elizabeth's baptism she has been very consistent. Several friends were present on the occasion, and she gave her answers very sweetly, quoting scripture so well. We commenced by singing "I will come to Jesus," I dare say you know it—the first line is "Just as I am, without one plea." The children sang it nicely.

I hope soon to give you an account of some of your girls. The whole School, with myself and your girls, unite in Christian regard and love to yourself and Schools, and believe me—sincerely yours in our one Lord.

FRANCES HEBRON.

P. S.—This letter has been delayed at the Post Office—I am thankful to say the Canadian School is progressing. There are 20 girls now, and if we keep to that number for the present it will be well. They think we may increase, but our friends will not allow it at present.

Our readers will remember that it was found impossible to open the School among the Mohomedans, and Miss Hebron wrote for leave to do so among the Hindoos. This was at once given, and the letter containing the required authority must now have reached Calcutta, though not before the above was written.

The £5 referred to was contributed by our Schools to buy books, &c., for the Canadian School, and arrived just in time. Now that the enterprise has been fairly commenced we must not let it languish for want of funds.

A HEATHEN CHILD'S WISH.

A little boy, in one of the Mission-schools in India, once asked his teacher to tell him what the hymns were like which children in Christian countries sang. The kind missionary, after thinking for a few moments, began repeating one or two hymns in the Hindu language.

The child stood listening with eager eyes; but at these lines they began to fill with tears: he clasped his hands together, and cried out, "There is a happy land, &c. Oh, happy children, all learning of Jesus, all loving and serving Him, and on the way to heaven! Would that I had been born among them too!"

The missionary smiled sadly, and turned away: he felt as if he could not then speak to tell the dear boy the sad truth about you,—that you do not all love Christ, that you are not all on the way to dwell with Him for ever. Such news, I am sure, would have filled the Indian boy with sorrow and wonder: he would not have been able to make out how any who hear of Jesus should be careless of the Gospel, and live as if they did not wish to go to heaven.—*Early Days.*

MEMORIAL WELLS.

THE fidelity which has marked the conduct of native domestics during the late Indian mutiny, calls for Britain's devout thankfulness to God. Not a few "ayahs" and "bearers" risked lives in endeavouring to save the little ones in their charge.

In one memorable instance, a domestic carried a sweet little child for several miles through a disturbed district, to the nearest English fort. The task was an arduous and dangerous one, and the lives of both had nearly been sacrificed. At length they reached the English station. There was great joy on receiving the little prattler safe and sound. A liberal reward was cheerfully offered. But no! oh, hear it, ye fathers and mothers! The noble minded deliverer refused every offer, and would not receive even a single farthing! "Dig a well! Dig a well!" said the faithful creature, and then left the station.

In the hot country of India, one of the best memorials is "the digging of a well," by which the weary and parched traveller may be refreshed.

There is one spot which has peculiar claims upon Britain for such MEMORIALS WELLS—we mean the city of Lucknow.

It is one of the most remarkable features in the Indian mutiny, that the successful, and perhaps unparalleled, defence of the garrison in the "Residency," was, in a great measure, owing to the fidelity of those sepoys who refused to join the mutineers. It is admitted by all, that had these men proved unfaithful, the garrison could not have been held for an hour. It is a painful sequel, one over which unavailing but bitter tears have been shed, that on the relief of the garrison, several of these sepoys were bayoneted by the English soldiers, supposing them to the rebels, instead of faithful friends. This touching fact, we trust, will never be forgotten.

The best Memorial Well is that to which the faithful missionary of the Cross invites "every one that thirsteth," and over which those who drink can say, "We draw water with joy out of the well of salvation." Let this poor idolater's words be thus interpreted, and let this be the call to God's people in regard to every spot where the rebellion has raged—"Dig a well! Dig a well!" and "Let him that is a-thirst come; and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

BLESSED RESULTS OF ONE TRACT.

THE late Rev. Dr Scudder, of Madras, stated; "The tract entitled, 'The Heavenly Way,' was given by Mr. Poor to a young man at one of the public markets. He read it, became convinced of the folly of idolatry; came to me for the purpose of becoming more fully acquainted with Christianity; received instruction; became, as I hope, a true follower of the Redeemer; was baptised, and received into the church. To this day he continues to show that he loves the Saviour. But this is not all the good which this tract has been the means of doing. Through its instrumentality, the little brother of this young man became connected with one of my schools, and also attended church. After he had attended preaching for some time, he begged me to admit him to the church. As he was quite young, not eleven years old, I was afraid to receive him. In this perhaps, I did wrong. He never joined the church on earth. He has, however, I hope, gone to join the church in heaven. When he was about eleven years of age, he was attacked with the cholera, and died. in India, when the children are very ill, the father or mother will take up a cocoa-nut, or a few plantains, and run off to the temple, and say, 'Swammie, if you will cure my little boy, or little girl, I will give you this cocoa-nut, or these

plaintains.' The mother of this little boy saw that he was very ill, and she told him that she wished to go and make offerings to one of her idols, in order that he might get well. But he requested her not to go. 'I do not worship idols,' said he, 'I worship Christ, my Saviour. If He is pleased to spare me a little longer in the world, it will be well; if not, I shall go to Him.' The last words which he uttered were, 'I am going to Christ the Lord,' and he died. Through the instrumentality of this tract, also, the young woman who afterwards married the brother of this little boy (the receiver of the tract) was converted; and to crown all, the hoary-headed old father, after having bowed his knees for half a century before idols, was through its means brought to bow himself to the Saviour."

SWEET MEMORIES OF BURMAH.

BY MRS. INGOLLS.

It is a hot day in the Burman *Zayat*; so hot that the preacher sitting there has wet cloths round his head. He rests his arm on a large book. His turban is thrown aside, and his fingers twine lazily in his long hair. I passed by and called to him as a Christian sister—"What are you doing, Ba-loke-the-la?"

"Oh, I am a little discouraged; there are so few people to listen to-day."

"But who is this man? You have one listener."

"I do not think he cares to hear very much."

"Well, but arise and speak to him, *he has a soul to be saved!*" and cheered by a word of sympathy, the good labourer revives, the book is brought forward, and the good news of the gospel set forth anew. Then a man passing by with bells for a pagoda also steps in to listen, and was persuaded to remain.

Presently the first man said, in his own language, "Now I am going thoroughly to investigate this religion."

He heard more, and then returned home to his brother, to whom he had come upon a visit; but his brother finding where he had been, turned him out of doors as a heretic.

He came again to the *Zayat* next day, and I also was there with the preacher. That man became, in the end, an earnest Christian; he is still proving himself to be so. He was employed as a school teacher, by the name of Tom-bu. We never saw again the man with the pagoda bells—one was "taken and the other left."



A CHINESE MANDARIN.

Here our young readers have a picture of a Chinese Mandarin. It is appropriate, now when an Ex-Canadian governor has negotiated a new treaty with that strange people.

The Mission Field is fast widening around us. Dark Africa is opening up its vast interior to the footsteps of the Missionary, guided by the pioneer Livingstone. And now a door is opened up amid the dense masses of crowded, busy China—a door so vast as to appall us by its magnitude and the insufficiency of any mere human agency for its thorough evangelization. Japan, too, is opening its long hermetically sealed doors. When will the Christian Church arise in her strength and go forth on a new but excellent crusade, to plant the banner of the cross and preach "Jesus Christ and Him crucified," in every land, to "every living creature?" How few and feeble and desultory are our present efforts at the best. We wonder if any of our young readers are thinking of becoming ministers of the word at

home or missionaries to the heathen abroad. Surely some will be willing to glorify God by devoting their lives to his service. If all cannot become preachers of the Gospel, all can do or give something towards its spread. Work, then, while it is day.

ANEITEUM.

ANEITEUM is one of the Islands in the South Seas, where a few years ago there was not a single Christian, and where the people were all given to horrid cruelties. A joint mission from the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia and the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Scotland has been established on the island. Mr. Geddie, from Nova Scotia, long laboured alone on the island. He has since been joined by Mr. Inglis from Scotland, and a third missionary, we believe, has reached the island. We quote a few sentences from a recent publication:—

ANEITEUM.—The following extracts are from a Report of Messrs. Geddie and Inglis, of the missions of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Nova Scotia:—

“The Lord’s work continues to prosper. The entire population of Aneiteum, nearly 4000, have now, with the exception of about 200, abandoned heathenism, professed Christianity, and placed themselves under our instructions. The number of church members is 150; the number of candidates for membership is 75. We have four large places of worship, two on each side of the island, capable of containing upwards of 200 worshippers. We have upwards of fifty schools; the whole Christian population attend school for an hour five mornings in the week; and also on the Sabbath afternoon in several of the school-houses, public worship is also performed on the Sabbath. The four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, the half of Genesis, the Book of Jonah, the First Epistle of John, and other detached portions of Scripture, are translated into this language.

“Upwards of 1400 of the natives have mastered the elementary books, and are reading in the Gospels. About 300 have made considerable progress in writing; a good many of them have also commenced arithmetic. For nearly four years, marriage has been established upon Christian principles; and, without disturbing any previously recognised marriage, upwards of a hundred marriages have been solemnised with Christian rites.”

A VOICE FROM ETERNITY.

Elizabeth D—had for twelve years attended a Bible class in Edinburgh. In her station as a domestic servant, respected and loved by all who knew her, she had long made it manifest, by a humble, consistent, faithful life, that she was a child of God. With the word of Christ dwelling in her richly, and led and sustained by the Spirit to the last, she had a quiet and peaceful death-bed. A few weeks ago, on a bright summer afternoon, we helped to lay her remains in the grave, in the churchyard of Inveresk, near Musselburgh.

From the time of her conversion, Elizabeth was earnest for the souls of her kindred and companions. For a beloved sister especially, a fellow-scholar in the class, and who, also as a servant, lived near her in Edinburgh, she ceased not to watch and pray. She used to speak to her often about her soul. If C—was hindered from getting to the class, she used to write to her about the lesson, and in every way tried to do her good. It pleased God to awaken that sister, and to bring her to Christ. When brought to peace in believing, C—was very happy. Elizabeth rejoiced over her, though yet with trembling. One day she put into C—'s hands a slip of paper, which we have beside us. It has the following words written on it, in pencil:—

"I am a witness, that this is to thee a time of first love. May I never have to witness against thee that thou hast left thy first love."

Years have passed since then, and C—still, we trust, follows on. May grace be given her to hold the beginning of her confidence steadfast unto the end.

About two years before Elizabeth's death, there was a lesson one Sabbath evening in the class about the rich man and Lazarus. Her teacher spoke of the "great gulf" between the lost and the saved, and said that there was a *real* and as *great* a gulf even *now*, in this life, between the soul in Christ and the soul out of Christ, though it was not yet a "great gulf fixed." He then gave out a written exercise, to prove this from the Bible; texts were to be given, telling of the *two sides of the gulf*, under each of these three heads:—

1. The "great gulf"—*in time*.
2. How may I know on which side of the gulf I am?
3. The "great gulf" *fixed—in eternity*.

The first Sabbath after Elizabeth was buried, her teacher read to the class the exercise which Elizabeth had given in two years before. It seemed to her companions like a voice

from the eternal world. Dear reader, may the Holy Spirit make it so to you. Here it is:—

THE "GREAT GULF" BETWEEN—IN TIME.

The one side.

1 Pet. ii. 10.—Which in time past were not a people.

Which had not obtained mercy.

John xiv. 17.—Even the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him.

2 Cor. iv. 4.—The god of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them.

Eph. iv. 18.—Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their hearts.

Psaln cxix. 155.—Salvation is far from the wicked, for they seek not thy statutes.

The other side.

But are now the people of God.

But now have obtained mercy.

But ye know him, for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

Verse 6.—God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

Chap. v. 8.—For ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord. Walk as children of the light.

Psaln lxxxv. 9.—Surely his salvation is nigh unto them that fear him, that glory may dwell in our land.

HOW MAY I KNOW ON WHICH SIDE I AM?

Rom. viii. 13.—If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die.

John iii. 20.—For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reprov'd.

John xv. 19.—If ye were of the world, the world would love his own.

But if ye, through the Spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live.

Verse 21.—But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God.

But because ye are not of the world, therefore the world hateth you.

THE "GREAT GULF" FIXED—IN ETERNITY.

Matt. xxv. 41.—Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.

Verse 46.—These shall go away into everlasting punishment.

Rev. xxii. 11.—He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still.

Mark ix. 44.—Their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

Verse 34.—Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world.

But the righteous into life eternal.

And he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still.

Rev. xiv. 13.—I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours.

THE "FOUNT 'IN" AND THE "OIL."

"In one of my early journeys in South Africa we came to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange River. We had travelled far, and were hungry, thirsty, and tired. For fear of lions, we thought it best to go into the village and tarry for the night, rather than go on our journey; but the people seeing us, roughly bade us to stop at a distance. We asked for water, but they would give us none. I offered the three or four buttons still left on my jacket for a little milk; this also was refused, and we had the prospect of another hungry night at a distance from the water, though within sight of the river. Our lot looked hard, especially when, in addition to these rebuffs, the manners of the villagers aroused our suspicions.

"When the twilight came on, a woman drew near from the height beyond which the village lay. She carried on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. Without speaking, she handed us the milk, laid down the wood, and went away. Soon she came back with a cooking-vessel on her head, a leg of mutton in one hand, and water in the other. She then kindled a fire and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She said not a word until we begged to know why she showed this unlooked-for kindness towards strangers. A tear stole down her black cheek as she answered, 'I love Him whose servant you are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in His name. My heart is full, therefore I cannot speak the joy I feel to see you in this out-of-the-world place.'

"On learning a little of her history, and finding she was a Christian, a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked her how she kept up the life of God in her soul without Christian society. She drew from her bosom a copy of a Dutch New Testament, which she received from a missionary while at his school many years since, before her relations took her away to this distant region.

"'This,' she said, 'is the *fountain* whence I drink; this is the *oil* which makes my lamp burn.' I looked on the precious volume, and you may conceive how we felt when we met with this disciple, and mingled together our sympathies and prayers at the throne of our heavenly Father."

This story was told by a great and good missionary, the Rev. Robert Moffat. How it should cheer and encourage all who are engaged in sending the gospel to the heathen,

teaching us the necessity of "sowing beside all waters." Perhaps the good missionary who gave this poor woman the Testament never knew the good it had been the means of doing—the comfort it had given to her weary spirit; but he will know on the resurrection day!

Reader, is the word of God a "fountain" of sweet "oil" to you? Has it softened *your* heart, and made you love all God's people, as it did the heart of this poor woman?

THE POWER OF FAITH.

A CLERGYMAN in Suffolk, happening to go into a Sunday school, saw a class of six boys very idle and disobedient. He spoke to them very kindly, and gently rebuked them, telling them they ought to pray to God to make them good. As they did not appear to think there was much use in this, he opened the Bible, and read to them from Ezekiel xxxvi. 26, 27: "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh. And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them." He asked them who made this promise; and they answered, "God." "Well, if I were to promise to give you something, would you not believe me?" "Yes," was the instant reply. "And will you believe a poor sinful creature like man, and not believe God?" He left them to think over what he had said, and it seemed to make an impression upon them; for, after a while, one said to the rest, "I cannot help thinking of what that gentleman has said. Do you believe that what he read to us is true?" "Oh, yes," said another, "it is certainly true, for it is in the Bible." "Well," said the first boy, "I've a great mind to try: let us ask the rest." They all debated the matter together, and at last knelt down and prayed that God would give to them a new heart, and help them by His Holy Spirit to walk in His Statutes, and do His will.

The after history of that class proved the efficacy of their prayer: five out of the six boys were changed in heart and conduct from that day, and three subsequently went forth as missionaries to convey to the heathen the knowledge of that God and Saviour, the truth of whose promises, and the power of whose grace, they had so wonderfully experienced.—*Church of England Sunday School Quarterly.*



“MY CUP RUNNETH OVER.”

(Psalm xxiii—5.)

The year 1858 will soon be numbered with the past, a new year is stretching out before us ; on review of the past year, have not our readers much cause to cry out with the sweet singer of Israel, “ My cup runneth over.” Have they not many blessings to be thankful for ? Born in a Christian land—with the blessings of Christian parents, Christian instruction, the preached word, and an open Bible in their hands ; how different is the lot of our readers from that of Hindoo children, who are educated in the grossest idolatry. As the year is drawing to a close, look back over its course then, and be thankful for its temporal and spiritual blessings, for health, strength, and continued life. If sorrow has come to you, as it may have to many, remember that the Lord loveth whom He chasteneth. If your “ cup runneth over ” with great blessings, as you must feel it to do, be your lot what it may,

then be thankful to the Great Creator, and, clinging fast to the cross of Christ, trust in the death of the Elder Brother, and so you will be able to say, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

THE CHILD-PRISONER.

A few years ago, in a certain county town, I had been in the habit of visiting the prison. On one occasion, it was early Sunday morning—sunlit, beautiful, and still. I entered the dreary house, and taking my place in a still stone passage, along which the cells of the different prisoners opened up, as was my wont, I spread the Bible before me, and began in a loud voice to read, and simply to expound as I did so, I had no human being except a turnkey in sight. The doors of the cells were shut and locked, save a small grating open in the centre of each; and along the passage, through the gratings, my voice, as I spoke, was supposed to travel so as to be heard by every inmate. The echo of my own words ringing through the deep grave-like silence, was in the last degree, dismal. In the cold dreary silence, every human sound seemed to fade and die.

When my brief address was over, and just as I was closing with prayer, I heard from one of the cells a bitter sob. I listened again, and it was repeated. It was a low, long moan of pain. I asked the turnkey what it was, and he informed me that, on the previous evening, a little boy had been committed for some petty crime, and all night long he had been moaning thus in his cell. As the man spoke he took me to the cell door, and, turning a huge key in its lock, flung it open. Through a high narrow grated window streamed in a golden bar of sunlight, falling upon the fair head of a mere child, as he sat on the stone floor, his face raised passionately, and, in all the desolateness of his young heart, sobbing as if it would break. A picture it was of the deepest sadness. All round him besides was chill, shadowy, and almost dark—the bare stone floor—the bare stone walls—the wooden board serving for a bed—the clanking iron locks, and strong iron bars. How grim and desolate must all these have smitten on the heart of the child!

I need not now tell how I strove to comfort him and raise him up. I wish only to add how long and vividly that picture of the child-prisoner remained printed on my thoughts. How like the soul, captive to sin and Satan! Ah, dismal as

that cell, more dismal far is the cell into which these put the heart! Reader, these rob you of home, of innocence, of good name, and of your free and holy walk with Jesus—they shut the heart round and round, in cold, dark loneliness; even when the light of God's countenance, as on a quiet Sabbath morning, is allowed to shine in a little, it only shews the desolateness all the greater, and the prison all the sterner. How awful to be left without home, or love, or pity, in the outer darkness of sin and Satan, thus at last to die! Oh, then, flee youthful lusts! Fall not into the horrible pit and the miry clay; but set your feet now, and ever, on the Rock of Ages, and He will establish all your goings.—*Church of Scotland Juvenile Record.*

COMMON SENSE.

She came among the gathering crowd,
A maiden fair without pretence,
And when they asked her humble name,
She whispered mildly, "Common Sense."

Her modest garb drew every eye,
Her simple cloak, her shoes of leather;
And when they sneered, she simply said,
"I dress according to the weather."

They argued long and reasoned loud,
In dubious Hindoo phrase mysterious,
While she, poor child, could not divine
Why girls so young should be so serious.

They knew the length of Plato's beard,
And how the scholars wrote in Saturn;
She studied authors not so deep,
And took the Bible for her pattern.

And so she said, "Excuse me, friends,
I find all have their proper places,
And Common Sense should stay at home
With cheerful hearts and smiling faces."

DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS?

A sinner must *come to himself*, as the prodigal did, before ever he will come to Christ.

THE PUBLICAN'S PRAYER.

A HOTTENTOT, being under deep conviction of sin, was anxious to know how to pray, and went to his master, who was a Dutchman, to consult him but he found no encouragement. He was admitted to join the family at the hour of worship. One day, the master read the parable of the Pharisee and publican. When the prayer of the Pharisee was read, the poor Hottentot thought, "This is a good man; there is nothing for me." But when his master came to the prayer of the publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," "This suits me," he cried; "now I know how to pray. With this prayer he immediately retired, and prayed night and day for two days. God heard his prayer, and he was pardoned, and became full of joy. My dear scholars, your happiness will be like his, if, with humility and faith, you go to God, like the publican, for mercy.—*Union Magazine.*

TO OUR READERS—OUR CIRCULATION.

We have not, as we had hoped, secured, ere this, 5000 subscribers. We pay, it is true, a monthly visit, now to 3000 British North American children, but we should be glad to extend the circle of our acquaintances still more widely. Will not our young friends make a vigorous effort for us? Each could easily secure us another subscriber, if they only tried. Who will enroll themselves in our New Year's "Try Company," and try to get us another reader, and add a few mites to the holiday collections for the Canadian School, which we intend to propose to them next month?

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS IN AID OF THE
INDIAN ORPHANAGE AND JUVENILE MISSION.

Already acknowledged,.....	\$93.59
Donation from Sabbath School at Allan Park, Bentinck, per the Rev. George Macdonnell.....	1.50

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 JOHN PATON,
Treasurer.

Kings' on, 23rd Nov., 1858.