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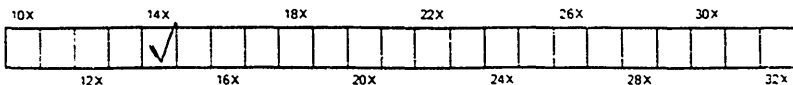
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THE
JUVENILE PRESBYTERIAN,

A Missionary
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN
IN CONNECTION
CHURCH



Newspaper
CHURCH OF CANADA
WITH THE
OF SCOTLAND.

Conducted for the Lay Association.

VOL. III.

June, 1858.

No. 3

THE PRIZE BIBLE—OUR CIRCULATION.—In December last, we invited our young readers to make an effort to extend our circulation and as an inducement, promised a pocket Bible to that of one of our young friends, who sent us "with a post paid remittance, the largest list of new subscribers." In one town, 60 subscribers were thus added to our list by the exertions of three little girls. As our friends in other parts of the country, did not respond to the invitation, we shall reward one of these little girls who sent us 30 subscribers, with the Bible, and shall give each of the other two, a testament. But though our readers did not avail themselves of our offer, will they not for love of the cause we plead make an effort for us? They can do wonders if they try, and each reader should act as an agent for us. We have now 2800 subscribers, and we expect yet to have 5000.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE HINDOOS.

The Hindoos are a very ancient people. Hundreds of years ago, when our forefathers were savages, clothed in skins and living in forests, the natives of India were comparatively civilized. Thus early, they had their cities, their states, and

their kingdoms, and even their schools and colleges. Some of the very old monuments still preserved, show their knowledge and ingenuity. They were not however, wise in all things, for they had no knowledge of the true God, but worshipped the sun and moon, fire and water, earth and air, as their children have done to this day. They worshipped men and animals, and even stocks and stones. As you may suppose, this religion was partly foolish and partly wicked. One of the foolish things in it was that they must not travel out of their native country, or have anything to do, if they could help it, with foreigners. It could not therefore be supposed that they should know much, or indeed anything, of any countries but their own. But, although they knew scarcely anything about geography, they were, and are still, a very proud and conceited people. They fancy that they are very clever and learned, and they boast a great deal of their knowledge. Now, boastful people are almost sure to be ignorant. If you hear a person talk much of what he knows, you may expect to find him very silly. And we shall see this if we consider what notions of geography the Hindoos have, and then I think that even the youngest of our readers will confess that, with all their boasting, their ideas are most foolish and absurd.

Most of them suppose that the Earth is a great plain, and that in the centre of this plain there stands a most wonderful mountain called Meru. This mountain is said to be made up of gold and jewels, and to be the place where the gods dwell. And its size and shape are quite as wonderful as its riches, for it rises straight up, like a chimney of a glass manufactory turned upside down, for the smaller part is below, and the larger above. But there is something about this mountain still more marvellous; for it is said to be 840,000 miles high, 160,000 miles wide at the top, and 80,000 at the bottom. They believe also that this mountain causes day and night all over the world, in this way—the sun moves round the mountain, and when he shines upon one side of it, that side, with the countries between it and the sun, have day. But, on the opposite side, the shadow of the mountain falls upon the countries below, and covers them with darkness.

So much for Mount Meru; but this is only the 'centre of the earth, which is formed of a number of large rings or belts around it. First, there is a great plain sweeping all round the base of Meru. This is the part of the world where man

and animals live, and all around it flows an ocean of salt water. But then, beyond this there comes a second circular or ring-shaped continent, and then another ocean. But, strange to say, this is not salt water, or fresh either, but milk! In like manner there are five more continents, and oceans, one after the other, and outside of all there is a range of mountains. These mountains form the end of the universe. Two of the oceans, as I have said, are of salt water and milk; but the other five are made of curds, ghi or melted butter, sugar-cane juice, spirits of wine, and fresh water.

This is the common geography of the Hindoos. But, ages back, a few men wiser than others in India had come to the conclusion that the world must be round, and not flat. They could not, however, get rid of their old notions about Meru and the seven oceans and continents, and so they made Meru sink almost as far below the surface of the earth as it rose above it. They supposed that this mountain formed the axle round which the earth turned like a wheel. One hemisphere, or half of the globe, was, they said, the habitable world; and, on the other, the seven continents and oceans of land and water.

So foolish are they and ignorant of God's works, as well as his word. But so it almost always is when people have not the Gospel. The little Christian child knows far more than the wisest heathen. How sad their condition! Let us do what we can to teach them the truth concerning the God who made all things, and the Saviour who died for all men.

LUTHER'S LETTER TO HIS LITTLE SON.

"GRACE and peace in Christ to my dearly beloved little son. I am glad to know that you are learning well, and that you say your prayers. So do, my little son, and persevere; and when I come home I will bring with me a present from the annual fair. I know of a pleasant and beautiful garden into which many children go, where they have golden little coats, and gather pretty apples under the trees, and pears, and cherries, and plums; where they sing, leap, and are merry; where they have also little horses with golden saddles and silver bridles. When I asked the man that owned the garden, 'Whose are these children?' he said, 'They are the children that love to pray and to learn, and are pious.' Then I said, 'Dear sir, I have a son, he is called Johnny Luther; may he not come into the garden, that he may eat such beautiful

apples and pears, and may ride such a little horse, and play with these children?' Then the man said, 'If he loves to learn and to pray, and is pious, he shall come also into the garden, Philip, too, and little James; and if they all come together, they may have likewise whistles, kettle-drums, lutes, and harps; they may dance also, and shoot with cross-bows.' Then he shewed me a beautiful green grass-plot in the garden prepared for dancing, where hung nothing but golden fifes, drums, and elegant silver cross-bows. But it was now early, and the children had not yet eaten enough, Therefore I could not wait for the dancing, and said to the man, 'Ah! dear sir, I will go instantly away, and write about this to my little son John, that he may pray earnestly, and learn well, and be pious, so that he also may come into this garden. But he has an Aunt Magdalene; may he bring her with him?' Then said the man, 'So shall it be; go and write to him with confidence.' Therefore dear little John, learn to pray with delight, and tell Philip and James that they must learn to pray, so they shall come with one another into the garden.

"With that I commend you to Almighty God; and give my love to Aunt Magdalene—give her a kiss for me.

Your affectionate father,

MARTIN LUTHER."

MISSIONARY TIDINGS.

THE MISSION AT SALONICA.

A few weeks ago a new labourer was added in this interesting scene. Her name is Miss Smith. After the most careful training in Edinburgh Normal School, in the course of which she shewed great intelligence and piety, she, of her own accord offered herself to the Ladies' Committee that she might proceed to the East. She has now arrived at Salonica, and has written letters home, giving a sketch of her voyage thither, and the kind reception she everywhere experienced. On her arrival, she says, the children of the place literally flocked round her in their gladness; and we have no doubt that by and by we shall hear of her having set agoing a flourishing school. This is a most promising enterprise; and for the good lady who has so devotedly given herself to the cause of Jesus in seeking to feed His lambs, we ask our readers prayers and aid. We shall give an account of Miss Smiths' labours from time to time.

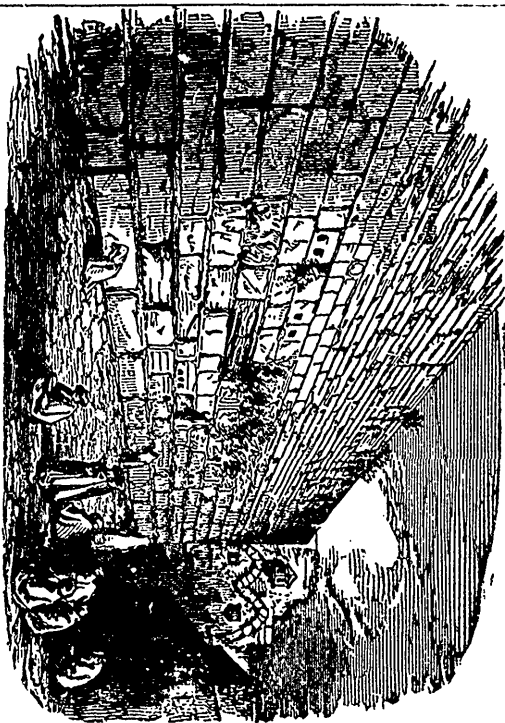
THE MISSION AT ALEXANDRIA.

(Extract letter from Rev. J. W. Yule, who, with his wife and niece, have recently arrived in this quarter, and opened a station there.)

You will be glad to hear that our ever-gracious God has brought us in safety to the place of our destination. We arrived here on the evening of the 12th instant, after a pleasant voyage of fourteen days. The captain, officers, and passengers, were all very kind and agreeable, which tended to our comfort. On the two Sabbaths we were at sea I held service in the saloon, all the passengers who were not sea sick, and the sailors not on duty, being present.

At Gibraltar we received some native passengers, among whom was a Jewish Rabbi, on his way to Jerusalem in order that he might die there. During our voyage I endeavoured once or twice to get into conversation with him, and once or twice he read some portions of the Psalter with me. As long as I said nothing about Jesus being the Christ he was willing to listen to me, but the moment I touched in conversation on this great truth, he shut his teeth, and gave a serpent-hiss which indicated his bitter hatred of that name.

On landing, I was fortunate in meeting with Dr. Philip, though only for a little, as he was on the point of embarking for Malta. He had drawn out a long letter of counsel for me, which will be useful in the course of time. . . . There is a Jewish girls' school here, which Dr. Philip had under his care, and the expenses of which were borne by the Ladies' Association in Paisley. You will perhaps understand the present state of the school, if I copy what Dr. Philip has written respecting it. "They (*i. e.*, the ladies in Paisley) sent out a lady from home as a teacher, and the school was daily increasing under her, but she lost her health and was obliged to return home, and there were no funds to send out a successor to her. The ladies here promised to support a teacher for the sewing department, and pay other small incidental expenses, which promise they have hitherto promptly fulfilled, and there are several amongst them who take a deep interest in the Institution. In the time of the former teacher there were about eighty girls in attendance, and of that number about seventy were Jewesses." Such is the account Dr. Philip gives of the school. At present the number of the scholars is not great, but the field appears to be a promising one; at the same time we must keep in mind that to cultivate it properly will cause considerable expense.



JEWISH SCENE.

Here is a picture which excites sad thoughts. It represents the Jews in Jerusalem, lamenting over their nation, and wailing for the coming of a Messiah, whose coming, their eyes are blinded not to perceive, has already taken place. When Dr. Aiton was in Jerusalem he saw the Jews there, assembled for humiliation and prayer, kissing parts of the old wall which they believe to be part of the Temple, with great fervency and many tears, and praying the while

in a low whisper. Israel yet sits down by the waters of Babylon and weeps. May the time soon come when that people will turn to the true Messiah, the Lord Jesus Christ, and know him whom they pierced. We are glad that our Synod is to have a Missionary to the Jews, and that the Missionary, the Rev. Ephraim M. Epstein, is to go forth next year as a preacher and physician to that people from our Church. We are sure many of our young friends will heartily work for that Mission as well as for their own India Mission, and will welcome the Missionary.

A PRAYER FOR INDIA.

Gracious Father! King of Nations!
 Look on India in her woe;
 Full of cruel habitations,
 Held in bondage by the foe.
 King of Glory,
 Now Thy might and mercy show!

Lord how long shall gloom and sadness,
 Idol-gods with bloodstained hand,
 Moslem pride and heathen madness,
 Darken and pollute the land?
 Mighty Saviour,
 Let them flee at Thy command!

Look, O Lord, in great compassion
 On thy servants labouring there;
 Let the joy of thy salvation
 Nerve their hearts and banish fear.
 Blessed Saviour,
 Keep them in thy holy care!

Let the prayers of saints and martyrs
 Now, O Lord, remembered be,
 Pour the tide of living waters
 Where they toiled and died for Thee.
 King of Glory,
 Let the sin-bound millions free!

Carrier Dove.

LETTERS FROM AFRICA.

MY DEAR FRIEND H———H———Through divine mercy we are all in good health at present. We have a very interesting time just now, as many are seeking the Lord, and seriously inquiring what they must do to be saved. I am sure you would like to see them, and teach them too. But you could not do that well unless you yourself are taught of God. I hope that you are so, or, if not, that you will soon know this heavenly teaching. Pray often and with all your heart, "Create within me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." I had 160 scholars in our school when your letter arrived, and that day I was the only teacher, as the native schoolmaster was from home. I have lately baptized 53 boys, 48 girls, and baptized and received into the Church 26 men and women. When I visited Moruane once, I baptized 53 children in one day, and at another time 26. But there is a baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire. May they all, and you and I also, be so baptized, and we will be happy in time and in eternity. I am sure you would like to see all the places that I frequently visit in my ox-waggon. It may indeed be called a slow coach, compared with your airy flight of steam coaches. They make me sickish sometimes. Our ordinary speed is not more than perhaps two-and-a-half or three miles an hour. But you know a righteous man is merciful to his beast. Sometimes the oxen run with desperate fury when they feel the scent of a lion; then it is generally a waggon-break or wreck, and frequently a complete tumble-over. In the "Colony," horse waggons are common; eight or ten horses are an ordinary span, and they do go over the ground in style. You would be delighted, as my own children are, with the tame pretty goats and sheep.

MY DEAR LITTLE M———,—We are all able and willing to work, both with our bodies and minds, and that is so desirable. I would like to see your pretty garden, with its earliest flowers. I plucked an "everlasting" for my Maggie on her last birth-day, and about the hour when she was born, and said as I travelled along,—

I plucked an "everlasting" flower,
 For Maggie in her birth-day-hour;
 The flower's not pretty, but the name
 Has charms which ever are the same.

The name in truth is not for this,
 And he who gave it named amiss :
 The Rose of Sharon, only He,
 Can claim that name *eternally*.

In our garden we have the pretty wild olive, the beautiful syringa, and the silverised almond, so like the whitened locks of an old man.—(See Ecclesiastes xii. 5.) We have also dahlias, sweet-williams, minor convolvulus, the starch plant, and others I cannot at this moment specify with botanical names. We have many bulbs of great beauty when in flower; while not a few of the trees and shrubs, and beautiful creepers, are well worth the attention of a botanist. But, besides flowers, we have also splendid fossils in limestone rocks, and of recent formation, as geologists calculate; the golden asbestos, and also the blue, which draw out like thread. It is reported that cloth has been made of this stone, which fire cannot burn.

MY VERY DEAR J——M——,—I got your funny little letter, and I rejoice, though I am no more young, to answer it. I was once a little boy like you, and loved to speak of things of which you write. The Bechuanas have no barrows, but I have one that I made myself; that is perhaps more than you can do, but you may also learn, as I did. Some of the great men have ploughs, but they are of the Dutch Boer sort, and some are from America. The people have seven or eight books; one is the Bible, the best of all, and it is translated into their own expressive language. They have several tracts, and are immediately to have a newspaper. We, the missionaries, are to be editors. Would you like to see your letter in our *Bechuana Monthly*? There are here little animals I consider to be squirrels; also monkeys, springboks, bleshoks, gnus, hartebeste, cameleopards, elephants, tigers, wild cats, dogs, wild buffaloes, zebras, hippopotamuses, rhinoceroses, and crocodiles; also, lions, wolves, jackals. Our hares are almost like your rabbits, but they do not burrow. I think many Bechuana children like to hear of Jesus; they sing prettily, and understand too.

MY DEAR LITTLE BABY C——M——,—I think about about sixteen months ago, we parted sorrowfully with our little Robert, about your age. We were then very sorry, and are still very sad when we think of him. He sung, "There is a happy land," "Glory, honour, praise, and power," and "Little child, do you love Jesus?" so feelingly that his

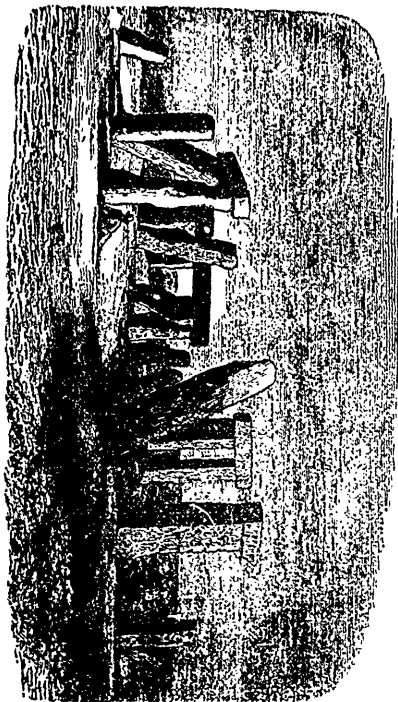
whole frame was moved. I asked him the day before he died, "Would you like to get better, Robert, to serve God in life, and then to go to Jesus when you die?" He said, "Yes." "Where does Jesus dwell?" "In heaven." "Do you wish to go there?" "Yes." I said, "Gentle Jesus will take care of you, as you have often prayed." He said, "I wish to look at you, mamma." In the morning he died, and I believe he is now happy, with holy Jesus, the Good Shepherd, who "gathers the lambs in his arms, and carries them in His bosom. Good-bye, my dear children. May God bless you all.

Wm. Ross.

—*Church of Scotland Juvenile Record.*

THE MISSIONARY'S MOTHER.

The Rev. Richard Knill, of St. Petersburg, Russia, gives the following touching account of a visit to his birth-place in Scotland: "My honoured mother was a religious woman, and she watched over and instructed me as pious mothers are accustomed to do. Alas! I often forgot her admonitions; but in my most thoughtless days, I never lost the impressions which her holy example had made on my mind. After spending a large portion of my life in foreign lands, I returned again to visit my native village. Both my parents died while I was in Russia, and their house is now occupied by my brother. The furniture remains just the same as when I was a boy, and at night I was accommodated with the same bed in which I had often slept before; but my busy thoughts would not let me sleep: I was thinking when the light of the morning darted through the little window, and then my eye caught a sight of the spot where my sainted mother, forty years before, took my hand, and said, 'Come my dear, kneel down with me, and I will go to prayer.' This completely overcame me. I seemed to hear the very tones of her voice. I recollected some of her expressions, and I burst into tears, and arose from my bed, and fell upon my knees just on the spot where my mother kneeled, and thanked God that I had once a praying mother. And oh! if all parents could feel what I felt then, I am sure they would pray with their children, as well as pray for them."—*The Presbyterian Sabbath School Visitor.*



STONEHENGE.

Here is a picture of a scene in the father land. It carries back the mind to the time when the ancestors of the British people loved not the truth. Have our young readers any knowledge of the Druids and the early religious system of England? If not, perhaps the picture will suggest to them inquiry in relation thereto. They should be very thankful

that their lot is cast in a land of gospel light, and they should strive to walk in the light. Do they now love darkness rather than light? We trust not.

WE ALL MIGHT DO GOOD.

We all might do good,
 When we often do ill;
 There is always the way,
 If we have but the will;
 Though it be but a word
 Kindly breathed or suppress'd,
 It may guard off some pain,
 Or give peace to some breast.

We all might do good,
 In a thousand small ways—
 In forbearing to flatter,
 Yet yielding due praise;
 In spurning ill-humour,
 Reproving wrong done,
 And treating but kindly
 Each heart we have won.

We all might do good,
 Whether lowly or great,
 For the deed is not gauged
 By the purse or estate,
 If it be but a cup
 Of cold water that's given,
 Like the widow's two mites,
 It is something for heaven.

CHOOSE YE THIS DAY.

Question.—Is it not best, then, for me to serve God?

Answer.—Yes; for they that serve the devil must be where he is, and they that serve God and Christ must be where they are, John xvi. 16; Matt. xxv. 41.

Q.—But when had I best begin to serve God?

A.—Just now: remember now thy Creator, now thou hast the gospel before thee, now thy heart is tender and will be soonest broken.

Q.—But if I follow my play and sports a little longer, may I not come time enough?

A.—I cannot promise thee that, for there be little graves in the churchyard; and who can tell but that thy young life is short? or if thou dost live, perhaps thy day of grace may be as short as was Ishmael's of old; read also Prov. i. 24, 25, 26.

Q.—But if I stay a little longer before I turn, I may have more wit to serve God than now I have, may I not?

A.—If thou stayest longer, thou wilt have more sin, and perhaps less wit; for the bigger sin the bigger fool. Prov. i. 22.

Q.—If I serve God sometimes, and my sins sometimes, how then?

A.—No man can serve two masters: thou canst not serve God and thy sins. God saith, My son, give me thine heart. Also thy soul and body are His. But the double-minded man is forbidden to think that he shall receive anything of the Lord. Matt. vi. 24; Prov. xxiii. 26; 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20; James i. 7, 8.—*Bunyan's Catechism.*

A GOOD LESSON.

I.—*The matter* of the lesson; including under this head, the aim of the teacher in giving it, the value of the information conveyed or of the mental exercise involved, its fitness for the class to which it is given, the completeness and accuracy of the teacher's knowledge of his subject, the logical sequence and proportion of his divisions and subdivisions, the logical soundness of his reasonings.

II.—*The manner* of the lesson, meaning by this the gesture and bearing, the energy and vivacity of the teacher, the sympathy which he succeeded in creating between himself and his class, the vigilance with which he controlled all tendency to inattention, and the skill with which he adapted himself to incidental circumstances, especially to the children's answers.

III.—*The illustrations*, including here the proper use of the black-board; the supply of all suitable apparatus, models, maps, and the like, or fertility in the invention of substitutes; and, lastly, and especially, the suggestion of sound and striking analogies.

IV.—*The language*, that is, both the correctness of pronunciation and grammar, and also the choice of simple and appropriate expressions.

BREAD ON THE WATERS.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters : for thou shalt find it after many days."—ECCLES. xi. 1,

Were you going at the right season to Mysore or China, you would see thousands of people planting the corn of those countries. They sow it in the mud, or on the dry soil, and then immediately they turn on a flood of water, so that the whole field becomes a shallow pond. You would think the seed was drowned. But wait a few weeks, and then go and view one of these artificial lakes, and from all its surface you will see green points rising, and day by day that grass shoots taller, till at last the water is no more seen, and till eventually the standing pool has ripened into a field of rich and rustling grain. So that in its literal sense the farmers of these lands are every year fulfilling the maxim of the text. For should the spring come on them, and find their supply of rice-corn scanty, instead of devouring all, they will rather stint themselves. They will rather go hungry for weeks together, and live on a pinched supply : for the bread which they cast on the waters this spring, creates the crop on which they are to subsist next autumn and winter ; and they are content to cast it on the waters now, for they are sure to find it after many days.

Or suppose that you are in the South Sea Isles, where the bread-fruit grows,* and that by chance or on purpose you scatter some of its precious bunches on the sea. At the moment you may feel that they are lost ; but should the winds and the waters waft them to one of those reef islands with which such seas are thickly studded, the wandering seeds may get washed ashore, and beneath those brilliant suns may quickly grow to a bread-fruit forest. And should some disaster, long years after, wreck you on that reef, where these trees are grown and their clusters ripe, you may owe your sustenance to the bread which you cast on the waters long ago.

Such is God's husbandry. Do the right deed. Do it in faith, and in prayer commend it to the care of God. And though the waves of circumstance may soon waft it beyond your ken, they only carry it to the place prepared by Him. And whether on an earthly or a heavenly shore, the result will be found, and the reaper will rejoice that he was once a sower.

* The cultivated sort, however, has seldom any seeds.

BEGINNING TO BE USEFUL.

Two little girls who were connected with a Sunday school in Warwickshire, of the ages of ten and eleven years, gave their teacher strong evidence that she had not laboured in vain. The name of Jesus was sweet to them, and a desire to be like Him was manifested in their life. They had received the Gospel as little children, and now in their turn each breathed the simple yet earnest prayer, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" One Sabbath, at the close of the school, these young children were observed by their teacher to hang back, and look anxiously in her face, as if to gain encouragement to speak. She took them kindly by the hand, and soon elicited their confidence, when they told their artless and simple story, which was to the following effect. "Teacher you have told us that those who love the Saviour will be sure to shew their love by working for Him, and by being useful to others. But we are very poor, and could not think at first what we could do for Jesus, besides being dutiful to our parents, and kind to our brothers and sisters. We get a few half-pence sometimes, but they will not do much. We have at last found something to do now, teacher, and are come to tell you, because we thought it would make your heart glad. We begged the use of Mrs. ——'s front room for an hour every evening, which she readily granted us, and we hold there a 'Bible Class' for very little girls; we teach them to read and sing, then talk to them about Jesus, then we give each one a small book, and send them home. *But we want now a secret place to pray in together.*"

Sunday school teachers, next to an earnest desire to lead your little flock to Christ, that they may be lambs of His fold, teach them to be useful; and if their extreme youth, with all its natural impulse, should forbid you to calculate upon the amount of good they will do now, you may at least (under God's blessing) calculate upon habits of usefulness being formed, which will result in that blessing which faith may suggest.—*Union Magazine.*

"THE NAILS ARE GONE, BUT THE MARKS ARE LEFT."

Once there was a little boy, who had a father who loved him dearly, and wished, as all good parents do, to have his son a good child. So, one day, he told him that he would drive a nail into a post whenever he should do an act that was wrong; and when he should do a good deed he would

pull one out. Now, I think this little boy tried to be good, for though there were quite a number of nails driven into the post, after a while all had been drawn out. Not one remained.

Don't you think "Bennie" must have been a happy little fellow the day that the last nail disappeared from the post? His father was very much pleased, and was congratulating his little son upon the fact that the nails were all gone; but he was much surprised to see that "Bennie" was weeping instead of elated. "Yes," said the dear child, "the nails are all gone, but the *marks* are *there still*."

Oh! children, did you ever think that all your bad deeds will leave *marks*? Yes, marks upon your *soul*, and perhaps upon the souls of others. Think of this whenever you are tempted to do a wrong act. Say to yourself, "I shall make a mark that I shall not love to look at—a mark that cannot be taken out." For even though this sin may be pardoned, as to its *guilt*, and washed away, as to its *pollution*, by the atoning blood of the Redeemer, still it will leave something that will prevent its being forgotten by you. Memory, like a mirror, will often present it before you. How painful the view will be! How you will wish that you could have none but good deeds to look upon!

Then, my dear children, strive to make a mark every day of your lives, but let that mark be a *good* one—one that you will love to see in days to come—one that will bring smiles and not tears, whenever you think upon it—one that will leave a bright spot upon your heart, and the hearts of others, and not a wound that will keep festering and aching within your heart, or sear your conscience. Lay up for yourself a store of sweet memories that will refresh you in age—that shall cheer you upon a sick or dying bed, and even be remembered with joy in heaven.—*Presby. Banner and Advocate*.

A little boy, about four years of age, was very playful one Sunday evening. The next morning, at breakfast, he looked thoughtfully up into his mother's face, and said—"Mamma, was not last night Sunday?" "Yes, dear," the mother replied, "why do you ask?" "Oh!" he said, "I am so sorry that I played; I will not any more." His mother told him to try and remember his little verse—

"I must not play on Sunday,
Because it would be sin;
To-morrow will be Monday,
And then I may begin."