



THE  
JUVENILE PRESBYTERIAN



OF THE PRESBYTERIAN  
IN CONNECTION  
CHURCH

CHURCH OF CANADA,  
WITH THE  
OF SCOTLAND.

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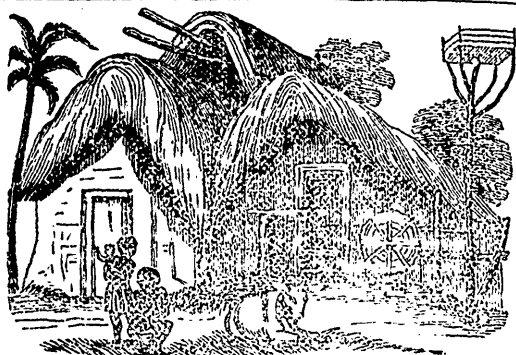
No. 8

THE CALCUTTA ORPHANAGE.

We know that many of our young friends take a lively interest in this Institution. Some of them have their little orphans there, to whom they have given a Christian name, and to whose support they are contributing. We wonder if, while the children of our favoured country are giving their money, they are also sending up their prayers to the Throne of Grace that the names of these orphans may be written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

We trust that at the New Year the support of other orphans may be engaged in by Schools, which have not yet taken up the effort. The Synod of our Church has deliberately approved of this humble work, as will be seen from the following extract from the minutes of that body.

"The Synod had read a letter from Mr. Paton anent the efforts now making for the support and education of Hindoo Orphans, under the Edinburgh Ladies' Association for Female Education in India. The same having been considered, it was moved by Mr. Morris, seconded by Mr. McDonnell and agreed to, "That the Synod, having heard read the letter of Mr. Paton approve of the same, commend the effort to the sympathies of our congregations, and appoint Mr. Paton Treasurer for the Fund on behalf of the Synod."



### INDIA AND THE GOSPEL.

We hope our readers will be pleased with the wood-cut of a cottage in distant India. That beautiful country has strong claims on their Christian sympathy,—the more so, that so large an extent of it is under British sway. Yet after all the efforts of Christian people, how little have the masses of heathenism there, been penetrated by the leaven of Gospel truth. We lately read a very interesting document. The *Missionaries in India* of our own Church and of all the Protestant Evangelical denominations held a brotherly conference, to take counsel together about their common work, and the Report of their meeting is indeed interesting. From it we glean the following particulars. There are in all 400 missionaries in India. Perhaps you think this a great many, but wait a little. First think of the extent of the population, that mighty mass of poor perishing human beings. Here are the latest returns of the population of India, viz:

Presidency of Bengal.....	45,160,000.....	108	Missionaries
“ Agra.....	30,200,000.....	60	“
“ Bombay.....	10,000,000.....	33	“
“ Madras.....	27,250,000.....	182	“
The Punjaub.....	5,600,000.....	5	“

Scinde,.....	1,500,000....	1	Missionaries
Nagpore.....	4,850,000....	2	"
Hyderabad.....	10,666,000....	0	"
Oude,.....	2,970,000....	0	"
Other States,.....	28,500,000....	0	"

Now, dear readers, just think of this immense population, the greater part of which is entrusted to the care of Britain, and think how little the feeble missionary band can accomplish. It is hard to realise the true state of the matter. But try and bring it before your minds. Fancy cities containing 500,000 to 100,000 inhabitants, and others with 50,000, 40,000 and 30,000 inhabitants, and no Missionary, no Church, no Sabbath school, no Word of God there. Ah! think of the position of these poor people, think of a country as large as our own Canada with a population as great,—Scinde or Oude for instance, and none or but one solitary missionary,—but one solitary candle, twinkling in all that wilderness of moral darkness and heathen superstition. If one minister would be powerless in Canada, what must he be in India? Think of these things, then, dear readers. Take them to heart,—support your own effort, the Orphanage at Calcutta—contribute to the India Mission of our Church, but above all, pray earnestly to the Lord of the harvest, to send labourers to this great harvest, and to prepare it for the reapers. We ask your efforts. We ask your prayers.

## SHORT SERMONS FOR CHILDREN.

### No. IV.

#### "OUR FATHER."

MY DEAR CHILDREN.—God wishes you to love Him, because "God is love," and your Father, and He made you to be like Himself, and to enjoy Himself for ever.

Think of this—*God is your Father!*

*God made all things.* He made this great world, with its wide and deep seas, which the swiftest ships take months to sail over,—with high mountains, on whose tops no human foot has ever trod,—and islands and countries far away, many of which no human eye has ever yet seen. God has made the heavens;—the sun, which is so large that thousands of worlds

as large as ours, moulded into one, would not equal it in size,—and all the countless stars, so great that hundreds you see, like diamonds sparkling in the sky, are each much bigger than this world. “Who can understand all His mighty works?” No one can do so. “They are past finding out.” But you can understand this much of God Himself as to know, dear children, that He, the great Creator, is *your Father*.

God has not only made but also *preserves all living things*. Had you been born in the time of Adam and Eve, and had you lived on earth until now, and been every day travelling over it, you would know but very few of the millions of people in it. Yet God knows every person everywhere! He knows at this moment what all the angels and saints in Heaven, and Satan, the wicked one, and all his followers, are thinking about, and what is in your heart and the heart of every child in the World. He remembers, too, every word that any boy or girl ever spoke long ago in the streets of Nineveh, Babylon, or Jerusalem. He is also at this moment seeing and looking after the people of Africa, India, or America, in every Highland glen, in every city and village, and those who are wandering among the ice mountains near the North Pole, or sailing over the distant Ocean. He thus knows every one in the whole World, as well as all who have left the World since it was made and are alive somewhere else. In Him they all live, move, and have their being. “Such knowledge is too wonderful for us.” But it is true, and should make you glad, for God sees you, and knows you; He thinks of you, as if you were alone with Himself in the World, for this God is *your Father*.

God not only sees and preserves human beings who can love Him, but He is so great and good that *He takes care of all creatures great and small*. If any of us were to get a few birds and fish and a very few other animals of different kinds to feed and preserve, we would find how difficult it was to do this. But God, every day and hour, for thousands of years, feeds all the fish, big and little, in all the lakes, and rivers, and oceans of the World.—all the countless millions of beasts that roam over the Earth in burning deserts, dark forests, wild mountains, or among frost and snow,—all the endless flocks of birds that live on sea or land,—all the insects that creep or fly—all the creatures which are so small that thousands can live and move about in a spoonful of water. Yes! God sees and preserves them all! And this God is *your Father*, and says to you: “Behold the birds of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap or gather into barns, yet *your Heavenly Father* feedeth them; are ye not

much better than they?" Now, dear children, when you go out and look at the world, and see the green fields covered with plants and beautiful flowers, all kept so fresh and clean with God's rain, which the clouds draw from the Ocean and pour down upon them as they need it, and all kept alive and warm by the sun,—or when you observe the lovely picture of woods, streams, lakes, mountains, seas, with the sky overhead, blue by day or full of stars at night,—when you watch the numbers of living things that you see everywhere, all so healthy and happy, or the living persons, old and young, that are moving about, whom God wishes to love and enjoy Himself for ever, say to yourselves; "My Father made all these persons, creatures, and things, and He sees us all, knows us all, and loves us all." Should not this thought make you happy, and draw out your hearts to God, the Father Almighty, "Maker of the heavens and of the earth?" Read what the good king David said of this God, how much he admired His works, and how happy he was in His presence, (Psalms 104 and 139.)

But I dare say you have felt afraid of God, and did not like, therefore, to think of Him as David did. Perhaps I know why you were afraid. Was it because you felt somehow that you had not been caring for Him, or trying to please Him, but only thinking about yourselves, and trying to please yourselves, as if God was not your Maker, Master, or Father? If so, nothing can be so bad as not to love God, for He is the best of all, and most glorious and most worthy to be loved of all. I do not wonder that, when you thought how wicked it was not to love God, you said, as it were in your hearts: "I am sure God is angry with me, and I fear He will punish me, and it makes me unhappy when I think of Him." And perhaps you tried at last not to think of Him. Oh! what hard thoughts these were against God, your own Father! What if He did not think of you? What if He had not cared for you? How good, then, He must be when, in spite of all our sins, He is still our Father! Now, my dear children, God says, as it were, to you: "You do not know Me if you do not love Me; for, if you did know Me truly, you could not but love Me." For, as we read, "He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love. There is no fear in love."

But perhaps you say, "It is quite true that we have been often afraid of God, though we have said with our lips, 'Our Father, who art in Heaven,' for we felt we had sinned against Him. But we would like to know Him better, so as to love Him more; tell us how that may be." I shall do so gladly, my dear children, and answer your question, which is just like the one put by

Philip: "Show us the Father and it sufficeth us;" that is, let us see our Father's face that we may know and love Him.

Now, dear children, God has spoken to us, and showed Himself to us in many more ways than you can yet fully understand; but all I would remind you of at present is this, that Jesus Christ, of whom you have heard and read, and who is your brother and Saviour, is one with God; and Jesus came to the World to show to us our Father. Remember, then, when you read of the words Jesus spoke, and the things He did, say to yourselves:

"Now all this was just God my Father speaking to me, and working before my eyes." Yes, dear children! The love of Jesus is just the same as the love of God. When Jesus says, "Come to Me," God also says it. When Jesus takes up little children into His arms and blesses them, you see in this the tenderness and goodness of God. And, therefore, when you know and love Jesus, you see and love God; for "He and the Father are one."

Say then, "Almighty Creator of the heavens and earth, I adore Thee as my Father! Thou art everywhere present, and Thou seest and knowest me, Thy child. 'Thou preservest man and beast, and Thou preservest me, and in Thee I live, and move, and have my being. Father! I am ashamed to think how I have forgotten Thee, and been a self-willed and ungrateful child. I thank Thee for Thy patience, and for sending Thy son into the world to teach me to know Thee, and to die for all our sins. God, my Father, forgive me for Christ's sake, and enable me to be obedient and loving to Thee as was Jesus Christ, Thy well beloved Son, my Saviour and my brother! Amen." *Edinburgh Christian Magazine.*

### THE MISSIONARY SHIP.

Our young readers will be pleased to learn that this project is in a fair way to be accomplished, and that the Sabbath School children in the United States will soon own a noble vessel.

Far away in the vast Pacific Ocean is a group of Islands, known as *Micronesia*, and which are very distant from other lands. They stand by themselves in the wide Pacific, like an oasis in the desert; and the only way of reaching them is in whaling-ships, which call there on their outward and homeward voyages. For eight months, and sometimes for a whole year, the good missionaries on these Islands are without any means of communicating with the civilized world, and their voyages from one Island to another must be performed in frail canoes.

We may therefore rejoice with them at the prospect of their having a vessel under their own control.

The plan proposed is to issue 120,000 shares value ten cents each, and each scholar, taking a share, will receive a beautiful certificate having a picture of the ship, "The Morning Star," engraved upon it. The stock has to be all taken up and paid for by the 1st December next, as the ship must be paid for and sent on her way by that time.

We wish our Brethren in the States all success in this project

### SABBATH SCHOOL EXERCISES.

The awakened sinner, who has come to Jesus, is, by the Divine Spirit, not only rendered humble and contrite on account of sin, there is also added the experience of a spiritual renovation of character, especially in the inner man. Hence the grace of meekness comes into immediate operation. Meekness is that regulation of the spirit and temper which enables its subject to control self and exercise forbearance amidst trial and injury. Man esteems many qualities in preference to meekness; even the children of God are apt to think *more highly of zeal* or some other of the features of the Christian, but the Heavenly Parent very highly prizes this beautiful grace. That it may happily be realized in opposition to natural tendency is evidenced in the case of Moses, "the meekest of men," who appears in the first instance to have been of a hasty and an irritable temperament. "The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is in the sight of God of great price." Prove then

For December 7th,

The blessedness of "the meek."

PROOF 1st—MATTH. v, 5. 2nd—MATTH. xi, 29. 3rd—PS. xxii, 26. 4th—PS. xxv, 9. 5th—PS. xxxvii, 11. 6th—PS. cxlvii, 6. 7th—PS. cxlix, 4. 8th—IS. xxix, 19. 9th—ZEPH. ii 3. 10th—EPH. iv, 2.

For December 14th,

Prove the same by examples.

PROOF 1st—JOHN xviii, 22, 23. 2nd—1st PETER ii. 3rd—NUMB. xii, 3. 4th—2nd COR. x. 55th—1st PETER iii, 5, 6.





### THE GOOD COBBLER OF PORTSMOUTH.

HOW thankful should our young readers be for the blessings of education and for the privilege they enjoy of attending the Sabbath School, and other means of religious instruction! There are thousands of boys and girls, particularly in our large towns, who are so poor, and so much neglected, as to have no means of enjoying these privileges. At least this was the case not very long ago, but now the means of instruction are more easily obtained, and there are many kind persons who find out these neglected children, and labour to bring them to live honest, sober, and useful lives. They teach them in those schools, called "Ragged Schools," established expressly for poor and outcast young people, to read the Bible, to pray to God, and to look to Jesus Christ as their Saviour.

We are going to tell you about one of the first of these Ragged Schools. It was kept in the town of Portsmouth in England by John Pounds, a poor man, and a cobbler by trade. His house was a small wooden one, in a humble street in the town. He was a cripple, and, though he worked hard, he could not make much of a living. To add to his trials, he had the

charge of a little nephew, who was lame like himself. As he could not afford to send him to school, nor clothe him properly, he thought he would be his teacher. Then he said to himself, "I may as well have two scholars as one,"—and he asked the child of a very poor man to come to his shop, and learn his letters. The two little scholars got on so well that he next invited a third, and a fourth, till at last he had a class of forty poor ragged children, and of these there were about twelve little girls.

It must have been strange to see John Pounds, with his ragged group around him! One minute he would be knocking the sole of a shoe, another hearing a boy repeat his A.B.C. Now he would be stitching away with both his hands, and then teaching a little scholar to repeat a text of Scripture.

He might have had many more scholars than his shop would hold, but he could not find money to pay for a larger place, so he chose the worst and most ragged, in the hope of doing most good. He would sometimes follow a very poor boy in the streets, and offer the bribe of a roasted potato if he would come to his school.

Was not this John Pounds a happy man? Certainly he was. He was far more happy than many rich men; for the smiling faces of his scholars, and his consciousness of being a useful man, always filled him with joy. And then he was always so kind, and had such cheerful and merry ways of teaching, that the young people could not fail to be pleased and improved. After their lessons were over, he would sometimes have a game of play with them—and, if they had nothing to eat, he brought them some food. He also taught them to cook their food, and to mend their clothes and old shoes, so that it was no wonder they loved him very much.

John Pounds died in the year 1839. He was then an old man, and had kept on his school almost to the last day of his life. "When he was buried," says one account of him, "there was neither hearse, nor coach, nor fine trapping; but some of the poor scholars were there, with weeping eyes and grateful hearts, following their kind teacher to the grave."

What an interesting beginning was this of a work which is now carried on so vigorously, and on so extensive a scale, in all towns of our land! Since the pious cobbler began his ragged school, there have been many other persons who have taken a kindly interest in the good work. They have got together those who did not know a letter, nor had ever been in a school. All that many such poor children knew was to lie, and curse, and

steal. They had often heard the name of God taken in vain but they were ignorant of the love and mercy of God; they knew nothing of salvation, the value of their souls, the joys of Heaven, the misery of hell. But they have been taught in these schools the evil of sin, they have been led to bow their knees in prayer to God, and been directed to Jesus, who bore our sins in His own body on the tree. Many have believed on Him. Some have grown up to be useful men and women; and others, when dying, have thanked God that they ever went to a Ragged School.

Our young readers may never have seen any of these schools; but let them not forget to pray for those places where the poorest are taught the way to Heaven—and let it be an object of their ambition to put forth their own efforts in behalf of the perishing in some such way as did the poor cobbler of Portsmouth.—*Church of Scotland Juvenile.*

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### THE ORPHANS IN INDIA.

We are glad to learn from the acknowledgement elsewhere, that the Sabbath School of St. Andrew's Church, Hamilton, has decided upon supporting another Orphan in India. Our young friends there have had their interest in missions deepened by their efforts for the support of their protégée, "Mary Hamilton," and they now assume the care of "Lydia Burnet," so named as a token of esteem for their excellent minister, to whom they owe so much.

Thus it is that this effort is doubly blessed. It is blessed to the poor orphans who receive a Christian education in a comfortable home. It is also blessed to the children who are thus aiding to send the Gospel to the Heathen, for they find their interest doubled by what they have already done.

Are there no more schools that will assume the care of orphans?

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### I WILL BE GOOD TO-DAY.

"I will be good, dear mother,"

I heard a sweet child say;

"I will be good, now watch me—

I will be good all day."

She lifted up her bright young eyes  
 With a soft and pleasing smile ;  
 Then a mother's kiss was on her lips,  
 So free and pure from guile.

And, when night came, that little one,  
 In kneeling down to pray,  
 Said in a soft and whispering tone,  
 "Have I been good to-day?"

Oh many, many bitter tears  
 'Twould save us, did we say,  
 Like that dear child, with earnest heart,  
 "I will be good to-day."

#### NATHANAEL AND NAOMI.

In Benares, a large city in India, there lived a man called Ram Ratten. He was a famous Hindoo, and had been an earnest worshipper of idols. One day a tract was put into his hand. He read it, was struck with what he read, and wished to hear more of the truth it contained. So he went about to find a teacher, and was directed to a missionary. At first he was too proud to give up all idea of his own merit, and to believe in Jesus Christ. He left the missionary, therefore, and joined the enemies of the Gospel. But he knew too much to be easy in the worship of idols; and, as he could find no peace, he soon became a Christian, and was baptized by the name of Nathanael, a name which he himself had chosen, because he wished to be a man. "in whom there was no guile."

His wife, like all Hindoo women, could neither read nor write, Nathaniel felt very much for her, and earnestly prayed that the Lord might open her heart, as he opened the heart of Lydia. But whenever he talked with her, she would say, "Do you really believe that God has sent his Son to die for us? I cannot. If we had been good people then I would believe it, but He could not have let His Son die for such sinners as we are." But God was about to knock louder at the door of her heart. First He did this by the preaching of the Gospel. Then He pressed home its truths, by taking away her husband, who died with joyful faith. The widow wept, but still her heart remained hard and unbelieving. A third time God knocked. One of her sons became ill and died. Once more she wept, but it was for her son, not for her sins. A second son died; but even this did not bring

her to the Saviour, though she mourned very much on account of her loss. She had now but one child left. At length he died also. This stroke laid her low, and brought her to the Saviour. In bitter grief, she cried "It is enough, Lord, it is enough. I humble myself before thee, and give myself up to thee." From this time she placed her entire trust in Christ. At her baptism she wished to be called Naomi; "for," she said, "the Lord has treated me as he did Naomi. I went out full and now I am empty." "It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes."—*Church of Scotland Juvenile.*

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### NOW.

WHAT is it? That point in duration which links the two eternities; that flitting moment, which, as it emerges into the present, vanishes into the past. A beat of the pulse measures it; a heart-throb—a breath. While one utters the word, it comes—is gone.

What of it? Especially this. It is the accepted time, the day of salvation. As it flies, God waits to be gracious. Listen! Divine love speaks. "Unto you, O men, I call." The great expiation has been made. The fountain is open. That blood is sufficient. Whosoever will may live; from death in sin rise to glory. I am a just God, and yet a Saviour. But delay not. Now,—not to-morrow. Time rushes. Life ebbs. Death hastens. What men are at that last Now they are for ever. Its moral hue colours the illimitable ages.

Will you waste it? What? this breath into which such interests crowd! on which hangs eternity! Waste it? Are you mad? Must truth be unheeded? love rejected? Heaven lost? Waste it? Ease, pleasure, gold, fame,—throw them all away, if need be; not moments. Seize them—hold them? That undying soul is to be saved, if ever, *Now.*—*Juvenile Messenger.*

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### CONSCIENCE.

BISHOP TAYLOR has this striking image—"Conscience is a clock, which in one man strikes aloud and gives warning; in another the hand points silently to the figure, but strikes not; meantime hours pass away, and death hastens, and after death comes judgement!" There is something unspeakably appalling in this image.

## THE LAND OF THE LIVING.

A FRIEND of a dying clergyman, to whom he was dictating a letter, had written, "I am still in the land of the living." "Stop," said the gasping man, "correct that, and make it read, I am still in the land of the dying, but hope soon to be in the land of the living."

## THE BIBLE IN THE HEART.

I HAVE often heard children repeat the beautiful hymn that begins

"Holy Bible, book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine!"

I wonder how many of them really felt what they said. A treasure is something that is worth a great deal; something that we take great care of, because we value it very much. It is in this way we should look upon the Bible. It is the greatest treasure any one can have, for it tells us how to escape from hell, how to find pardon for our sins, and teaches us to love God, and delight in doing His will.

In some countries the people are not allowed to have any Bibles. The priests will not let them read the Word of God, and, if they find a Bible, they burn it.

There was a little boy, living in one of these countries, who had somehow got a Bible. He was very fond of it, and carried it with him wherever he went, and, when he had a moment of spare time, he would open it, and read again and again the story of the blessed Saviour's love for sinners.

He read it so often that he knew a great part of it by heart. At last the priest found that Larry had a Bible. He sent for him and made him give it up. "I am going to burn it," said the priest. So he threw it into the fire, and watched until every leaf was blackened and withered by the flames. Then he turned to Larry, and saw that he was smiling.

"What are you smiling at?" he asked.

"Because," said the boy, "I was thinking that you might burn my Bible, but you cannot burn the part of it that is laid up in my heart."

Do you love the Bible as Larry did?

Do you lay it up in your hearts? or, when you have been reading it, do you go away and forget it all?

The Bible is not like any other book. It is God's own Word. If we had not the Bible, we should not know anything about God, or the Saviour. It is written to teach us what God wishes

us to do, and we should be very careful not to do anything which the Bible tells us is wrong.

I will tell you a story about a Chinese boy who had been taught to read the Bible in a school kept by the missionaries. He had gone home to spend the holidays, and, when he returned, the missionary said to him, "Did you go to the temple with your father?" for his father was a heathen, and prayed to idols. "No," said the boy; "I did not go." "But you went last year," said the missionary; "who told you not to go this time?"

The little Chinese took out his Bible, and, pressing it to his breast, said, "I did not understand *this* when I went to the temple last year."

You see, as soon as this boy found that the Bible forbade him to worship idols, he obeyed it, and went no more to the idol temple. This is the way you should read the Bible, think about and trying to understand what you read, and praying to God to teach you to obey and love His Holy Word.—*Juvenile Messenger*.

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#### THE SABBATH—A DAY OF GLADNESS AND NOT GLOOM.

It is a favourite *ruse* of the opponents of the Sabbath, to try and make it appear that we "the Sabbatharians," are a race of gloomy fanatics: that we hate all pleasure ourselves, and wish to make other people as miserable as we are—that we are men of low tastes, that we cannot admire the beauty of nature, or pictures, or works of art—that we stand between the people and pleasure—and, if we had our will would turn the whole world into a place of lamentation, and weeping, and woe.

It may be as well to state here that this is all pure imagination. We have no objections to pictures at all, nor to museums, nor to works of art; we simply say there are six days for these, and the like purposes, but the seventh day is the Lord's Sabbath. We say that a thing may be very laudable to be done on Saturday, that may be very wicked if done on Sabbath. We say, for instance, that a Saturday band in the Parks, or in any public place where people most do congregate, would be a very good thing for "the people" and for "the working classes," and, therefore, we are labouring hard to get a Saturday half-holiday for this, or the like lawful purpose; but we say, at the same time, that to change the day is to change the nature of things!

Then our Sabbath is a gladness, and not a gloom. The only shade that comes over our Sabbath is this—that so many of our dear fellow-citizens, and fellow subjects, are not as happy as we

are. Oh, what a mistake! *We fanatics! We sour, gloomy, morose, men?* Why, some of us, long ago, when beaten with rods, and with our feet made fast in the stocks, and in the inner dungeon of a prison, were so glad and happy that, at midnight, we were waking and singing for joy! *We gloomy!* Indeed we are not. The man knows not joy who never tasted our joy. My brother, knowest thou joy in God, peace in believing, the peace that passeth all understanding, the love of God in the soul, and God's face shining ever on thy head—knowest thou what all this is? Oh, the joy of a well spent Sabbath-day!

There be many that say, "who will shew us any good." I have heard them. I have seen the weary, weary, Sabbath-breakers coming home at eventide with sorrow in their soul, jaded in body, and miserable in heart. Their whole man spoke, saying, "who will shew us any good?" They had sought it, and found it not. The well, at which they tried to draw, was both deep and dry. We know where to find it. "Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us. Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased." What should make us gloomy? We have no want. Our God supplies all our need. Our praise is simply the expression of our soul's joy. Nothing can harm us. God keeps us as the apple of His eye. We are possessed of the love of God. We are heirs of a kingdom that never passes away. Life has no fear for us. Death has no terror for us. The sting of death is taken away for us. The grave to us is not dark. The great white throne has no dread in it for us. We are in possession of that perfect love that casteth out fear. Come with us, we will do thee good. Come and see; taste for yourself. "For a day in thy court is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. For the Lord God is a Sun and Shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly. O Lord of hosts, *blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee.*" *Church of Scotland Juvenile Record.*

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### THE BIBLE.

It is a Book of Laws, to show the right and the wrong.

It is a Book of Wisdom, that makes the foolish wise.

It is a Book of Truth, that detects all human error.

It is a Book of Life, that shows how to avoid everlasting death.



- / It is the most authentic and entertaining history ever published.
- It contains the most remote antiquities, the most remarkable events and wonderful occurrences.
- It is a complete code of Laws.
- It is a perfect body of Divinity.
- It is an unequalled narrative.
- It is a book of biography.
- It is a book of travels.
- It is a book of voyages.
- It is the best Covenant ever made; the best Deed ever written.
- It is the best Will ever executed; the best Testament ever signed.
- It is the young man's best companion.
- It is the school-boy's best instructor.
- It is a learned man's master-piece.
- It promises an eternal reward to the faithful and believing.
- But that which crowns all is the AUTHOR.
- He is without partiality, and without hypocrisy, "with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

#### INDIA ORPHANAGE SCHEME.

Received from St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School, Hamilton, for the support of a *second* orphan, to be named "Lydia Burnet," £4.

JOHN PATON,

Treasurer to the Synod, for the  
Orphanage Scheme.

Kingston, 11th October, 1856.

#### OPENING HYMN.

Lord, a little band and lowly,  
We are come to sing to thee;  
Thou art great, and high, and holy,  
Oh! how solemn we should be!  
Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,  
And of heaven where he is gone;  
And let nothing ever please us,  
He would grieve to look upon.

For we know the Lord of Glory  
Always sees what children do,  
And is writing now the story  
Of our thoughts and actions too.  
Let our sins be all forgiven,  
Make us fear what'er is wrong;  
Lead us on our way to heaven,  
There to sing a nobler song.