



THE  
JUVENILE PRESBYTERIAN

A Missionary  
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN  
IN CONNECTION  
CHURCH



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CHURCH OF CANADA  
WITH THE  
OF SCOTLAND.

Conducted by a Committee of the Lay Association.

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NEWS FROM INDIA.

Our Readers will, we are assured, read with much interest the following extracts from a letter written by the Rev. A. Walker, who is in charge of the Orphanage at Madras, and dated 28th February, 1857. "Elizabeth Fergus" has not been very long with us, so that I cannot say much about her. When she first came to us she did not seem to be as happy as her companions. We could not understand the cause of this until she told us that she could not live away from her grandmother. She accordingly left the Mission House and returned to her aged relative. About three months ago, however, Elizabeth came back and told us that, as her grandmother was dead, she wanted to come to the Mission House again. In the particular circumstances we thought it right to admit her again, and I am happy to say that she has gone on very well since. She also is reading in the first class, and, though she is not as bright as some of the other girls, I daresay she may yet be a very useful "Teacher."

Our youngfriends at Fergus, to whom the above was forwarded, will thus see how much danger they ran of losing the little girl appropriated to them. Every inducement is held out by the Natives to draw away scholars from the Institutions, even force being often resorted to. Let us trust and pray that little Elizabeth may remain steadfast to her choice, and in due time be the means of leading many a poor Hindoo to the Saviour.

The next extract relates to "Sarah Christiana Bain," or, as she was before called, Joanna. She is a very quick, intelligent girl, she has not however made so much progress as those I have mentioned. It was not till after the late public examination that she was admitted into the first class. She is rather playful, but she *can* do her work well. She sometimes causes a little trouble, but there is never anything morally wrong.

Sarah Christiana Bain is supported by the Sabbath school at Perth, and they will be glad to hear so soon of their protegee. We know a good many children in Canada whom the above description would answer. Let them all try to improve as fast as Sarah does, and remember that, if there is a time to play, there is also a time to learn lessons and to lay playthings aside.

And now come to an extract relating to "Ruth Toronto. We need not say where she is supported after telling her name. "Ruth Toronto is very unlike Sarah Christiana Bain. She is a quiet cautious thoughtful girl. She reads in the first class too, and the Teacher says she is getting on well with *all* her lessons. Most of my time with the class is spent in going over the Bible lessons of the week, and I am happy to say that, in this department, she generally gives satisfaction. Along with the others in the first class, she is studying English for a short time daily, and I may mention that she pronounces more accurately than any of her sisters. Even Mary Anne (another orphan,) with her fine ear, does not come up to her in this respect. On the whole I think that Dr. Barclay would be highly pleased with his young friend, if he could but get a glance at her."

So would we all if we could get a sight of some of these interesting little orphans. One of the schools sent a request some time since that a daguerreotype should be procured of their protegee, and which would be highly interesting no doubt, if it were possible to send one so far. When we have a Railroad running from Quebec to the Pacific, and swift Steamers from its western Terminus to India, the plan will be easily carried out. By that time we hope that many of these little girls may be engaged themselves in the great work of teaching others. May we not hope too that not a few of those who are supporting them may be themselves also preaching the Gospel in this our country, or perhaps be Hera'ds of salvation to the Millions of distant Hindostan.

In publishing the above extracts Mr. Paton desires us to state that he will have great pleasure in forwarding to India any letters which the various schools may wish sent to their proteges. Such letters (for convenience of transmission) should not be too long, and should be written on thin paper. We hope that the answers will be written in English, or it will puzzle us sadly to make out the Hindostani.

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#### A CHILD'S LAST QUESTION.

A LITTLE boy, on his death-bed, was urging his father to repentance, and fearing he had made no impression, said, "Father, I am going to heaven: what shall I tell Jesus is the reason why you won't love him?" The father burst into tears; but, before he could give an answer, the dear boy had fallen asleep in Christ.

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#### A RAILWAY TO JERUSALEM.

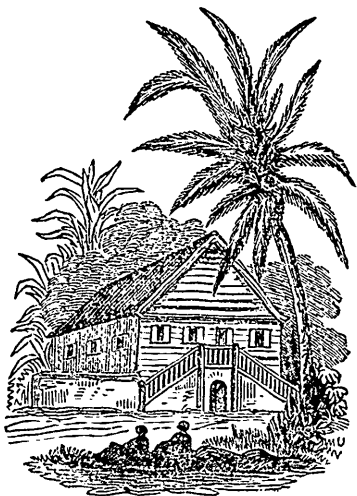
About a month ago (says a letter from Jaffa of the 4th of December), a British war steamer came into our roads, and landed some engineers, who immediately started for Jerusalem with the object, it was said, of making a survey for a railroad about to be made by an Anglo-French company. They reported, on their return, that it was very easy to accomplish the undertaking by laying out the line, not along the present route from Jaffa to Jerusalem, but along an older one of the time of the Crusades, passing by the Village of Syda. The engineers embarked again on their arrival, and the steamer put to sea.—*St. James Chronicle.*

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#### THE ORPHANAGE IN INDIA.

We learned with much pleasure, the other day, that our zealous little workers in this good cause in Canada are finding active fellow labourers in Prince Edward's Island. A good example is often contagious, and thus it seems to be proving with this effort. The Sabbath School at Charlottetown lately determined on doing something, and a box was placed to receive the children's offerings.

Already we learn that enough has been collected to support two orphans, and that money for that of a third has been promised. We trust to hear of many other schools in the Lower Provinces doing something in the cause of missions. We have pleasure in stating that in place of Beebee deceased "Bebé De Suga, 12 years of age, an active lively child" has been assigned to St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School, Montreal, and her two sisters to the Schools at Niagara and Brockville. Johanna has been assigned to the latter. "She is 14 years of age, is good-tempered and obliging, and learns very well." These children are at the Bombay Orphanage, all these at Calcutta having been already appropriated.



A MISSIONARY HOUSE.

THE above picture represents the house of a missionary in West Africa. The houses there are usually built of wood and stone. He lives, as we would say, "up stairs," for he never occupies the ground-floor of his house, but uses that as a cellar or store-place, which is built of stone. The upper part, where he

lives, is made of wood, to which he ascends by a flight of steps on the outside, as you will see in the picture; and the entrance to the cellar is underneath. Sometimes he has a gallery running round on the outside of his house, which affords him shelter from the heat. Perhaps you think his house looks very much like an English house, but it has no tall chimneys, with cans on the top of them, as we have. There are no chimneys because they require no fires, as the weather is always warm enough without them. Of course they require a little fire to cook their food; but this is done in a small oven outside, and detached from the house altogether. The missionary's house, as you may suppose, is much superior to the huts of the natives among whom he settles; for his duty and object is to raise them up to his level, if possible, not that he should sink as low as they are; but, even with a better hut than a native one, he has to forego many of the common comforts which he used to enjoy in his native land. The climate of that part of Africa is very noxious, and often so deadly that the district has been called "The White Man's grave." You will be surprised to know that often, when suffering from intense heat, his clothes and shoes get so damp, and mildewed in his house that he is obliged to put them out to the sun to dry; a fact sufficient to show how deadly the climate must be.

But men are to be found willing to go there and labour, even if for a few years, among the swarthy sons of Africa, if they may be able to bring *some* to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.

How small a part *we* have to perform in this great mission work! We think it a great deal to go a mile for a subscription for Mission Funds; but what is that to crossing distant seas, and living in a land of drought, and damp, and death, amidst a beathen and often a filthy people, far from home and kindred? How do men have hearts brave enough to do it? The apostle Paul explains it—"The love of Christ constraineth me,"—"I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me."—*Juvenile Messenger*.

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### A TIGER STORY.

Lucy and Fanny were two little girls, who lived with their father and mother in London. When Lucy was six and Fanny five years old, their uncle George came home from India.

This was a great joy to them ; he was so kind, and had so much to tell them about far away places, and strange people and animals and things such as they had never seen. They never wearied of hearing his stories, and he did not seem to weary either of telling them.

One day after dinner, they both climbed on his knees, and Lucy said, " Oh, uncle, do tell us a *tiger* story ! "

" Very well," said he, " I will tell you a story about a tiger and a baby, which happened to some friends of my own. This gentleman and lady had one sweet little baby, and they had to take a very long journey with it through a wild part of India. There were no houses there, and they had to sleep in a tent. That is a kind of house made of cloth, by driving high sticks firmly into the ground, and then drawing curtains all over them. It is very comfortable and cool in a warm country where there is no rain, but then there are no doors or windows to shut as we do at night, to make all safe.

" One night they had to sleep in a very wild place, near a thick wood. The lady said, ' Oh, I feel so afraid to-night ; I cannot tell you how frightened I am. I know there are many tigers and wild animals in the wood ; and what if they should come out upon us ? '

" Her husband replied, ' My dear, we will make the servants light a fire, and keep a watch, and you need have no fear ; and we must put our trust in God. '

" So the lady kissed her baby, and put it into its cradle ; and then she and her husband knelt down together, and prayed to God to keep them from every danger, and they repeated that pretty verse, ' I will both lay me down in peace and sleep ; for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety. '

" In the middle of the night the lady started up with a loud cry, ' Oh, my baby ! my baby. I dreamed just now that a great tiger had crept below the curtains, and ran away with my child ! '

" And, when she looked into the cradle, the baby was not there ! Oh, you may think how dreadful was their distress ! They ran out of the tent, and there, in the moonlight, they saw a great animal moving toward the wood, with something white in his mouth. They aroused all the servants, and got loaded guns, and all went after it into the wood. They went as fast and yet as quietly as they could, and very soon they came to a place where they saw through the trees that the tiger had laid down and was playing with the baby, just as pussy does with a mouse before she kills it. The baby was

not crying, and did not seem hurt. The poor father and mother could only pray to the Lord for help, and, when one of the men took up his gun, the lady cried, ' Oh, you will kill my child ! '

" But the man raised the gun and fired at once, and God made him do it well. The tiger gave a loud howl, and jumped up, and then fell down again, shot quite dead. Then they all rushed forward, and there was the dear baby quite safe, and smiling as if it were not at all afraid."

" And did the baby really live ? "

" Yes ; the poor lady was very ill afterwards, but the baby was not at all. I have seen it often since then. You may be sure that often, when they looked at their child afterwards, the parents gave thanks to God. It was He who made the mother dream and awake just at the right minute, and made the tiger hold the baby by the clothes so as not to hurt it, and the man fire so as to shoot the tiger and not the child. But now good-night, my dear little girls ; and, before you go to bed, pray to God to keep you safe, as my friend did that night in the tent.—*Children's Paper*."

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#### LITTLE HARRY.

[For the " Juvenile Presbyterian." ]

MY DEAR LITTLE CHILDREN,

I am going to tell you a story, that I think you will like, about a little boy just like one of yourselves, and it is a true story too, so you may believe every word of it. Harry was a sweet little boy, but so delicate that he was often very ill, and his parents were extremely anxious about him, for they loved him very dearly, his mother tenderly watched over him, and he was so gentle and patient that everybody loved to do all they could for him ; he always took the medicines that the doctor gave him so sweetly, though they were often very disagreeable, that his mamma used to say to him : " Bless you, my darling son, for taking your medicines so well, it makes me very happy, and you will be well all the sooner." His mamma loved to tell Harry of " Jesus," and the beautiful home in Heaven which He said He would go and prepare for those who loved Him, and about the bright Angels that are always around God's throne on high.

One day, when he was about six years old, he said to his mother, " Mamma, I want you to tell me more about my



Saviour." His mamma, wishing to try what he knew and thought, said, "Who is your Saviour, my Harry?" "Jesus, mamma," he replied. "And how do you know that Jesus is your Saviour, my son?" He drew near to his mother's chair, put both his little hands in hers, and, looking up in her face, he said, "Mamma, you know that Jesus is God's Son, and God loves Him very dearly, and, when I have been a naughty boy, and vexed you, God is angry with me, but Jesus loves little children very much, and He asks God to forgive me for His sake, and then God does, because Jesus asked Him, and I am very sorry for being naughty, so you see, mamma, Jesus is my Saviour." Fondly did his mother fold him to her bosom, and bless God for giving so much of His Holy Spirit to her child.

Harry was very fond of flowers, and, when he was too ill to go out, kind friends used to send him bouquets, and baskets, of the loveliest that could be got. He liked to have them strewed all over his little cot, and even when very, very ill, he would exclaim, "Beautiful flowers, mamma,—God's beautiful flowers."

I hope, my dear little children, that each of you will be able to see, as did dear little Harry, that Jesus is your Saviour, and that He loves to have you think of Him in your hearts, and love to do His will by seeking to obey your parents and teachers, and trying not to say naughty words to your companions; for I have often been much shocked to hear little children in the streets *swearing*, and saying wicked things to one another.

I hope to tell you something more of little Harry, in another "Juvenile Presbyterian."

Your affectionate friend,

HONORIA.

"THE LORD IS MY PORTION, SAITH MY SOUL."

Though thou hast gold and land beside,  
 Whole mines of gold and acres broad—  
 Thy soul would ne'er be satisfied;  
 Nothing can fill the soul but God.

Pleasures of earth are the soul's snare,  
 They mock its hopes—they quickly fall;  
 But Christ's dear joys thy soul will share  
 When God becomes thy all in all.

"Therefore will I hope in Him," Lam; iii, 24,



### THE BELL-RINGER OF RAROTONGA.

IN the year 1855 it was our happiness, along with other friends, to welcome in Edinburgh the Rev. William Gill, of the London Missionary Society, and "Isaiah," his son in the gospel, from the island of Rarotonga. Mr. Gill, whose young companion has returned to the scene of Mr. G.'s long and blessed labours in the South Sea Islands, tells a beautiful story of a little boy in Rarotonga who "did what he could" for the cause of Christ.\*

Just about the time when Williams fell, there were two little native boys, one on the island of Aitutaki, and another on the island of Rarotonga, islands in Eastern Polynesia, who, in the days of their youth, gave themselves to God, and who were raised up by him to be the honoured instruments to commence the good work now going on in Erromanga. The early history of one of those teachers has been listened to with deep interest by many friends in this country; and, with a view to instruct and to encourage the young people in our schools and churches, I have been requested to give its details here.

\* "Gems from the Coral Islands. By the Rev. W. Gill." London: Ward & Co.

"In the year 1840, I was one evening sitting in my study, at my station, Arorangi, Rarotonga, when a little boy from the settlement came and knocked at the door. On being admitted, I asked him his errand, and, in reply, he said, that he had been thinking a long time past that he would like to do 'angaanga no te are te Atua,' some work for the house of God. Rather surprised at such a proposition, I asked him what he thought he could do. He replied, that he would like to ring the bell.

"Now, in the islands at that time we had no metal bells, but a kind of wooden gong, which answered the purpose; a piece of hard wood, about three feet long, and eight inches in diameter, was hollowed out in the centre, which being struck with a small single stick of iron-wood, makes a sharp shrill sound, heard from a mile and a half to two miles distant. This gong was used to announce the time for worship in the chapels, and also to gather together the children to the schools, and it was to this that the lad referred when he said that 'he would like to do something for the house of God,' and he thought he could begin by ringing the bell.'

"A few days after this interview, Akatangi, for that was his name, was installed into the office of 'bell-ringer;' and as I have gone to the services, I have often been delighted to see him standing at the place appointed, beating the gong with all his might, his soul beaming forth from his jet-black eyes, with evident delight at thus being employed in the service of God."

Does it not remind us of little Samuel, who perhaps used to open the door, or light the lamp, or sound a horn at the hour of prayer, when the tabernacle was pitched in Shiloh? Our young readers are not needed in our country to ring the church bell; but perhaps, in a quiet way, they can do something like it. Might they not, with a kind word, on a Saturday night or a Sabbath morning, try to persuade some one to come to the house of God, who never used to come before? Or might they not "ring the bell" for the Sabbath School, by trying to bring new scholars, boys or girls who have perhaps been wandering in idleness, and breaking the Sabbath-day? Try, dear young friends. And be like poor little Akatangi,—do it with all your might.

"Earl: in the year 1852," continues Mr. Gill, "the missionary ship being expected to call at Rarotonga, on her return voyage from England, and on her way to the heathen lands westward, Askatangi, with others, was appointed to proceed

in her as a native missionary. I well remember the interview I had with him when I communicated to him our decision. He wept tears of joy, and said, 'that it had long been his desire to be the first teacher to some savage, cannibal people, who had not yet heard of the gospel of Jesus.'

"He embarked and sailed to the heathen lands of the New Hebrides, some 2500 miles away, followed by the affectionate prayers of the churches in their happy island home in Rarotonga.

"After calling at Samoa, they proceeded to the island of Erromanga, and there, in company with a companion teacher from Aitutaki, were landed, under most favourable circumstances, and have been the means of subduing the savageism of the people, of instructing them in the word of God, and of leading the very men who murdered Williams and Harris to the blood of Jesus that cleanseth from all sin.

"Akatangī is but a specimen of hundreds of like-minded young native Christian teachers, our most active and efficient assistants in sustaining and spreading the labours of the Church of Christ in Polynesia—men who began their practical Christian life, like Akatangī, by *doing something* for God, and in whose case that something was becoming in his youth *bell-ringer* for the house of prayer, and for the schools, *in the village where he lived.*"—*Juvenile Messenger.*

## OUTLINES OF SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

### THIRD MONTH.

#### LIFE OF CHRIST.

#### I. IN CANA—CAPERNAUM—JERUSALEM.

(Read John ii. 1—end.)

**CHRIST'S FIRST MIRACLE.** Character of His ministry—contrast with John's. What He said to His mother—"mine hour"—explain. *His glory* manifested. "*His disciple believed.*" Circumstances and lesson of the miracle.

**NEXT STEP IN CHRIST'S MINISTRY.** "*Not many days*"—why? Circumstances in the temple—describe—explain. What the disciples remembered—its meaning.

**CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.** What temple Christ meant—His earthly body or His Church? Effects produced—"believed in His name"—meaning of the phrase.

## II. CHRIST AND NICODEMUS.

(Read John iii. 1—21.)

**THE NEW BIRTH.** Describe the scene by *night*. Nicodemus' question—Christ's reply—"born again"—"see" "*kingdom of God*"—"born of water and of the Spirit"—explain.

**CHRIST'S ILLUSTRATIONS.** The wind—how compared with the Spirit's operation. The earthly side and heavenly side of His doctrine. "*Which is it heaven*"—how spoken of Christ. The lifted-up serpent a type of the lifted-up Son of Man—how?

**GOD'S LOVE IN SALVATION.** The love—the gift—the life—Christ's work—what? State of believers—of unbelievers. "*Wrought in God*"—force of this.

## III. THE BAPTIST AND THE JEWS—CHRIST BY THE WELL.

(Read John iii. 22—36; iv. 1—12.)

**JOHN'S RELATION TO CHRIST.** The question that arose—John's reply—what He claimed for himself—how related to Christ—in what His "*joy fulfilled*."

**CHRIST ALL IN ALL.** Farther contrast between John and Christ. Who reveals all God's words? The Spirit given to Christ—"all things" in His hand—is this literal? "*Life*"—"wrath of God"—"*abideth*"—explain these phrases.

**CHRIST AT THE WELL.** Circumstances—Jews and Samaritans—explain the references. *Gift of God*—what? "*Living water*"—is this the *gift*, or Christ himself?

## IV. CHRIST'S REVELATION OF HIMSELF AT THE WELL.

(Read John iv. 13—42.)

**HOW CHRIST REVEALED HIMSELF.** The water Christ gives—how it springs up. His knowing every heart and history. The worship He described—"God is a spirit" Christ the Messiah.

**HOW SAMARIA RECEIVED THE NEWS.** The woman's words—then "*His own word*"—the city came—what conception they at last formed of Christ.

**THE GREAT HARVEST.** Christ's meat—God's "*will*" and "*work*"—what? What *fields white to harvest*? The reaper and sower—their work—end—and reward. Who the one great Sower and Reaper.

**"GOD SPEED SUCH A WORK."**

A small paper has been put into my hands, which, I think, contains one of the most striking records ever committed to print. From it I find what your Society has been doing in the Feejee Islands. I was not altogether unacquainted with your labours in that quarter of the world: for my son, who is in the navy, has himself visited the Feejee Islands in one of her Majesty's ships, and although, perhaps, as a young man, he may not have been a very close observer, he saw, in some measure, what you were doing, and he stated to me the great necessity for such operations. He had some intercourse with the natives, and, strange to say, he himself heard the King of the Cannibal Islands deliver a speech, in which he maintained, upon somewhat singular grounds, and by somewhat ingenious arguments, the absolute necessity of eating his subjects. The paper describes the horrors which formerly prevailed in the Feejee Islands. It tells how the bodies of enemies slain in battle were devoured by their enemies with savage relish; how portions of the bodies of prisoners of war were cut from them and eaten before their eyes, and how they languished in pain until their conquerors closed their feast by killing and devouring the miserable victims. This paper then tells of the great efforts made by your Missionaries; of the faith which has led them to encounter martyrdom; and of the determination with which they have consecrated themselves to the service of their Lord and Saviour. Who is there that, upon reading this document, will not say, "God speed such a work?"—*Lord Shaftesbury.*

**GOOD NEWS FROM FEEJEE.**

I believe that I am the first Missionary from the Friendly Islands who can report in Exeter Hall the total destruction of Heathenism, and the erection of the kingdom of Jesus Christ upon the vast ruins of idolatry in that important field of labour. Even since my respected friend, Mr. Young, visited us in those islands, great and important changes have taken place. The last tribe of heathens, who then were still carrying on their practices of idolatry, have become Christians; but unfortunately, they have become Roman Catholics. This fact, however, is to be asserted, that heathenism, as a system, has been completely abolished in the Friendly Islands.—*Rev. Thos. West (Wesleyan).*

It is particularly encouraging to learn that some of the native converts are teaching in the Sabbath School, and are holding meetings for instruction in Creek Town. This, we trust, is an evidence that the time is coming when materials will be found in Africa for extending and perpetuating the Church that has been formed. And, finally, we should not forget that, ten years ago, this was a land of unbroken darkness.—*U. P. Record.*

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#### A DYING TESTIMONY.

It is the plain promises of the gospel that are my support—and I bless God they are plain promises, that do not require much labour and pains to understand them. For I can do nothing now but look into my Bible for some promise to support me, and live upon that.—*I. Watts.*

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#### BURSARY.

Received from St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School, Quebec, per J. W. Cook, Esq., the sum of twelve pounds, ten shillings, currency, as a Bursary.

JOHN PATON,  
Secretary to the Trustees.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE,  
Kingston, 18th April, 1857.

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#### A CHILD'S PRAYER.

OFTEN have children been the messengers of strength and consolation to believers. In one of the darkest periods of the Reformation, when Luther, Melancthon, and others, were assembled, under great dejection of spirit, to consult on what should be done, Melancthon retired from the council in the deepest depression of spirit, but in a few moments returned with a countenance beaming with confidence and joy; and, when all were surprised at the change, he told them he had just seen a sight which assured him of success—he had seen some little children engaged in prayer for the Reformation, whom their mothers, who were assembled for the same purpose, had brought together, and he was assured such prayers would be heard of God. Courage in the needful hour, for the greatest work ever accomplished by uninspired men, was thus breathed into the soul through infants' prayer.—

## MOTHER'S APRON STRING.

"Before I'd be tied to mother's apron string—and such a big boy as you are too!"

The boy who uttered these words was looking through the slopes of the fence in front of Widow Lane's cottage, where Harry her only son stood with an axe in his hand chopping wood. Mrs Lane had gone into the meadow to milk her cow, and left Harry to chop some wood, and take care of his sister Clara, who sat upon the door-sill tending her doll.

"There's no use in teasing me, Bill; I've told you a dozen times I can't go, and I don't want to either. I don't care how much you make fun of me."

"Well then, I'll go, Harry. You'll never make anything great till you break loose and have fun like other boys." So saying, Bill Dixon went up to the tavern stoop to join a crowd of boys who were ridiculing a poor old drunkard. Harry's mother soon returned, and they all went in to a good comfortable supper, a quiet chat, and early slumbers.

Though Bill Dixon could not shake Harry's resolution by his ridicule, and had to go his way alone, I thought much of his words, and have feared they might tempt some other boy from his mother's side. "*Tied to your mother's apron strings!*" Who would think, to hear these words, that the mother thus spoken of was the best friend Harry had in the world,—one who was denying herself many comforts to give her only son an education to fit him to act a worthy, honourable part in life? Who would think that she had watched and tended him night and day when he was a sickly baby; and never had lain down to sleep without praying for his soul: and that, next to seeing him a *Christian*, she longed to have him become manly and noble, and far more than Bill Dixon could mean by being something "*great*."

Satan, who goes about "like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour," puts these words into the mouths of wayward boys like Bill Dixon. He knows he never can make "*anything great*" of the children he seeks to ruin, till he has persuaded them to "*break loose*" from a mother's influence. Till this first step is taken his power is feeble, for nothing guards a boy from sin and dangers like the prayers and counsels of a pious loving mother.

The Son of God, the only perfect one that ever lived on earth, and was "King of kings and Lord of lords," *obeyed His mother*, and in dying gave her into the care of a beloved dis-



ciple. With this glorious example before you, fear not to be humbly obedient to your mother, even if you are a "big boy." When any one tries to ridicule you for being "tied to our mother's apron string," remember the words of Scripture:

"My son, keep thy father's commandment, and *forsake not the law of thy mother* :

"Bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck.

"When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee, and, when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee."

"They shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck."

\* "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

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### KIND WORDS

KIND words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips. And we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help one's good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flames of wrath, and make it blaze the more fiercely. Kind words make other people good-natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words, in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a change among them. There are vain words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and boisterous words, and warlike words. Kind words, also, produce their own image on men's souls. And a beautiful image it is, they soothe, and comfort the heart. They shame a man out of his sour, morose, unkind feeling.—*The Appeal*.

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### "LORD, HELP ME!"

LORD! give me amends of the body of sin. I find one lust help another. My Lord, help Thou me against them all!—*Robert Blair, 1631.*