

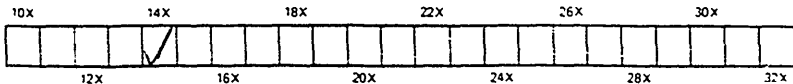
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THE
JUVENILE PRESBYTERIAN,

A Missionary
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN
IN CONNECTION
CHURCH



Newspaper
CHURCH OF CANADA
WITH THE
OF SCOTLAND.

Conducted by a Committee of the Lay Association.

VOL. II.

March, 1858.

No. 12.

A LEGACY TO THE ORPHANAGES.

In our advocacy of the Juvenile Mission, we have had much to cheer and gratify us. The effort has been so cordially adopted, and so many earnest workers have enlisted in its service, as to secure a real success. But of the many tokens for good, that we have been permitted to acknowledge, there is none more truly interesting than the one we are now privileged to chronicle. How deeply touching is the picture presented to the mind, of this lamb of the Good Shepherd consecrating her little all to the service of her Lord, ere she passed away from this vale of tears. How noble is the example set by this young follower of the "meek and lowly" One. Being dead, she yet speaketh, and hath left her testimony to the truth of the Gospel—to the support of its promises, and to the duty of obeying, in so far as we may, the command "to preach the Gospel to every living creature." Young readers, ponder over this letter; work while it is called day; and when you too are called to cease from working, may you also be found "strong in Him," and knowing in whom you have believed.

The Rev. William Bain, of Perth, writes to the Treasurer a letter from which we make the ensuing extract:—

“I have the melancholy yet pleasing duty of requesting your acceptance of the enclosed gold dollar, on account of the Hindoo children in our orphanages in India.

“This coin is the gift of Emi. ———, who sweetly fell asleep in Jesus on the evening of the 14th January, in the fifteenth year of her age, after a protracted illness from an affection of the heart, which she bore with the most patient, un murmuring resignation to the will of her Heavenly Father.

“Studious, intelligent, and thoughtful in many respects beyond her years, her character at the same time manifested a child-like simplicity, an artless confiding affection; presenting a combination of mental and moral qualities, which rendered her not only an object of fond affection to her father and family, but which also endeared her to all who knew her. Devotedly attached to her father and friends, she was yet willing to die, and tranquil and cheerful in prospect of death.

“She knew, for some time previously to her death, what the termination of her illness must be. In view of this she requested her eldest sister—who during her illness had rendered to her the affectionate offices of mother and sister combined—to send her love and thanks to relatives and friends, and to the family physician, whose kindness and sympathy she much appreciated.

“During the night before her death, she called her sister to her, and reminding her of the sum of money she had in her purse, expressed a desire to give it to me, to be sent to the children in India. On the following forenoon when I called, after having conversed with her, and prayed with and for her, as about to enter into the presence of her Judge; when prayer was ended, she took her purse from under her pillow, where she had placed it in expectation of my calling, and with the greatest composure of feeling, and distinctness and appropriateness of expression, gave it to me for the purpose for which I now send it to you, in the presence of her father and other relatives and friends; not one of whom could witness the scene with the composure with which she went through it, although now conscious of being in a dying state, and in point of fact within a few hours of her death.

“This sum, therefore, in my estimation, possesses a moral

value far above its material value. It is the spontaneous testimony of a young and dying Christian to the love of Christ in dying for sinners. It is Emi's seal set to the truth of Christ's declaration, that those who seek him early shall find Him."

A LETTER FROM INDIA.

The Treasurer has received another interesting letter from Miss Hebron, of Calcutta, from which we make the following extract. The intelligence it contains, will gratify and interest our young friends. We trust that this mission effort will have their prayers as well as their contributions:—

"I have pleasure in sending two notes of acknowledgment for Bibles, also a piece of poetry copied by one of the elder orphans, which they are all very fond of, and sing sweetly. They wish to have something in common with their Canadian friends. In my next I hope to send a specimen of their work, also the reports of the four girls now on our list. Our holidays commence on the 19th, for three weeks, and about the 15th Feb. we are to have our examination, after which I shall write again, D. V. On the 17th Sept. our eldest orphan was married to a native Christian Catechist of the Church of England. He preaches very nicely in Hindustani, as he is from Benares, and she has been teaching in our elder classes in the orphanage; so I am reserving them for our "*Canadian School*," as the people in that village are all Mussulmen; but the school will, of course, be conducted in Bengali. Peggie and her husband will take the work between them.—Our children were very much interested in the death of little Margaret (the scholar in Portsmouth School, near Kingston). We also lost a little one last month—Catherine—about 8 years of age. She had a short but sharp illness, and seemed to have a presentiment from the first that she would not recover. A few moments before her death I said to her: "Catherine, I don't think you will recover, would you like to go to heaven?" She said "Yes." "Do you love the Lord Jesus?" "Yes." "Who is He?" "The Son of God." "What else?" "My Saviour." Twice she repeated it in Bengali, which is the language they best understand. Shortly afterwards she fell asleep so quietly. She was interred in the Scotch burying ground—good Mr. Herdman

officiating—and several of her companions attended. * * * *
I have just been asking my little girls what I was to say to our Canadian friends. With one voice it was, "My love—my love." Please accept and present the same to our far-distant friends. Many and kind thanks for your prayers on our behalf. Our petitions are not wanting at the Footstool of Mercy for our dear Canadian friends.

"With kind regards, believe me, my dear Sir, yours in our
Lord and Master, FRANCES HEBRON."

THE CANADIAN SCHOOL AT CALCUTTA.

Our young readers will be much pleased to learn that over £25 has now been remitted to the Treasurer for the support of this interesting school. Instructions were accordingly sent by last mail to have it opened, as soon as the disturbed state of India will permit.

From the pleasing letter of Miss Hebron, in another column, it will be seen that one of the girls educated in our own Institution, along with her husband, a native Christian Catechist, are now reserved for the Canadian School. Most heartily do we wish them success in their labours; and we hope often to have pleasing reports in these pages from Peggie and her husband.

MORE MONEY WANTED FOR THE CANADIAN SCHOOL.

There are still a few pounds required for the Canadian School, which, we have no doubt, will soon be remitted to the Treasurer. We give the following incident to show how much interest is already manifested in this school.

An excellent minister of our Church writes that in his congregation are two little children, orphans, who are under the care of a kind uncle. Desirous of being able to contribute to the Canadian School, and at the same time not wishing to importune their uncle for money, they have fallen upon a plan of earning it for themselves. This they do by abstaining from the use of butter and preserves, neither of which they will take until the sum they wish to raise, is earned. Their minister adds that no one is more regular in attendance than they.

Here is an example worthy to be followed. It is better to give to the cause of God that which is our own, or that which costs us some little self-denial.



A CHINESE.

You have here a picture of a Chinese, busily engaged with his chop-sticks. You would find it no easy task to eat, as he does, rice with two sticks; but practice makes many things easy. Britain, you know, is now at war with this strange people. It will be a happy thing when people shall learn the art of war no more, and that good time will come. Under whose banner are you fighting, reader? Is it under the Captain of our salvation?

WHAT A SUNBEAM DID.

Written for little folks like herself, by a girl eleven years old.

"Of what use am I?" thought a little sunbeam; "it is as well that I should withdraw my light; why should God have made such a poor feeble sunbeam as I am?" But after a while better thoughts came into his mind, and he said, "God must have made the weakest and feeblest for some use, and if I try and do what I can it will please him." So it shone with all its might through the glossy leaves of a banyan tree, under which a little copper-coloured child was crying

with hunger and weariness. It had been forsaken by its heathen mother. The little toddy-bird in the tree over its head was more feeling than she, for it was flying back and forth to its curious nest, carefully feeding its young. But the child's attention was arrested at the sight of the sunbeam dancing on the glossy plumage of a parrot, and clapped its little hands and laughed. The sunbeam saw it, and went away with a happier heart.

The little sunbeam then tried what good it could do on the ocean. So it shone brighter than ever, and the waves sparkled in its light. A young lady on board a vessel, who had left her home and friends to go and teach the poor heathen children about their Father in heaven, saw it, and was comforted. So the sunbeam went away. It had done its errand there.

"Mother," said a poor pale sick boy, "please to open the shutter, and let in that stray sunbeam which has come to cheer me with its presence." The sunbeam heard the words, and did its best to cheer him.

He now entered a home where poverty dwelt, and comforted the heart of the lone one who was wearily using her needle. Her heart was drooping, but when she caught sight of the sunbeam, hope revived, for she thought "God gives me light to this little sunbeam, and he surely will not leave me in darkness."

He next found his way into a beautiful and costly mansion, where wealth and luxury dwelt. "There can be nothing but happiness here," said the sunbeam, and it was about to withdraw, when it was drawn back by a low moan. Within there lay a suffering invalid, and, though surrounded by all the luxuries that life could enjoy, she was not happy. She felt that she was going to die. The sunbeam fell across her couch. She thought of the verse, "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." She cast herself on Christ. Her burden fell.

Thus it went on from day to day doing what it could, and never again was heard to ask, "Of what use am I?"—*The Appeal*.

TO HIM THAT KNOWETH TO DO GOOD AND DOETH IT NOT, TO HIM IT IS SIN. James iv., 17.

The following pleasing incident shews that in the support of the orphanages^r our children have an high but excellent example before them. Our good Queen is a Sabbath School Teacher. We hope our young friends will imitate her conduct in these respects:—

THE QUEEN'S GIFT.

THE newspapers tell us that Queen Victoria purchased a gift for her son, the Prince of Wales. It is a costly gift, for she has paid three hundred guineas for it. Can you guess what it is?

Children will probably guess each according to their own fancies of what is delightful or desirable—we fear that many will guess all sorts of luxuries, and pleasures, and indulgences, and comparatively few will guess that it is a nobler gift than any merely selfish pleasure.

The gift of the Queen to the Prince is not anything for his own personal use. She has purchased for him the power of relieving misery and want, thus teaching him that there are higher and purer enjoyments than any selfish pleasures; showing him the best use and highest privilege of wealth, and letting him know by experience the truth of the verse in Scripture—"It is more blessed to give than to receive." (Acts xx. 35; Luke xiv. 12-14.)

The Queen's gift was thus announced in the newspaper:—"The Queen has been pleased to present to the London Orphan Asylum, Clapton, the sum of three hundred guineas, to purchase for his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales the right to keep one child always in the Asylum during the lifetime of his Royal Highness."

The parents and children of Britain should profit by the example set them by the Queen. She may be able to do good on a larger scale, but the principle is the same. The principle may be taught to children by small gifts as well as by great ones. Children are too often allowed to squander their pocket-money selfishly. Many children are so liberally supplied with toys, book, and pictures, that it is a positive exercise of ingenuity to find out some new thing for them. Would it not be well to direct such children to a new pleasure?—the pleasure of giving gratification, instead of always receiving it. Would it not be well if they were taught to share with the children of the poor the luxuries of which they are weary? But, much more, would it not strengthen

and ennoble their characters, to teach them the duty and the real pleasure of self-denial for the sake of others?

But some children may say when they read this, "It is all very well for the Prince of Wales to give liberally, or for the children of the rich, who have only to ask and receive from their parents whatever they choose, but what have we to do with that? We have no money to give—what can we do? The son of a Queen is no example for us."

Dear children, let me remind you, that if you have given yourselves to Christ, you are the children of a great King, greater than all kings, for he is King of kings, and Lord of lords, and this King has promised that he will give you whatever you ask according to his will. (1 John v. 14; Matthew vii. 7, 8.)

This great Father has been pleased to place his children in this world in a state of trial and discipline. They must learn to be faithful in little before they can be trusted with much (Luke xvi. 10, 11); they must learn to be faithful over a few things, before they can be rulers over many things. (Matthew xxv. 14-30).

Remember, too, that you may ask the great King, your heavenly Father, to help you in doing good, and he will hear this prayer, for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ, because it is his will and his command that you should do all the good you can to others in his name, and for his sake. (Matthew xxv. 31-46; Isaiah lviii. 8-12.) He who on earth went about continually doing good, will certainly hear and help you, and new powers of doing good will be given if you are faithful in using those you have.

Who can tell what showers of blessing may be brought from heaven to earth in answer to the prayers of the poor and the destitute, or even of a little child! (Psalm xxxiv. 6; Isaiah lxxv. 24; Mark x. 14.)—*Children's Paper*.

HOW MANY MERCIES IN A YEAR!

I HAVE read of a little boy, very clever at figures, who heard so much about the goodness of God, that he thought he would try to reckon up how many mercies God had given him in that one year. So he took his slate and pencil, and began to set them down.

"Let me see, 365 days, 365 mercies. No; surely every hour has been a mercy, by day and by night; that then

makes 8760. But I think I should count the minutes—the moments; for God is *always* doing me good. How many moments are there in a year? What a vast number! But let me count the greater mercies. There are my dear parents, who have been spared to me all the year, two marks for this; health preserved, another; food, another; clothing, another; teachers, books, cheerful companions, and merry play, more still: the Bible! a broad mark for that! *Sabbath's, fifty-two.* O dear! I cannot reckon: my slate is becoming full of figures and marks, and yet I keep thinking of more mercies. I must give it up."

And this was just what King David himself was obliged to do. I do not know that he had ever tried to reckon in a way like the little boy's, the thoughts of God's love to him. But I do know that he felt the task to be too hard for him; for here, in the 139th Psalm, are the words, "If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand."

Think of them, dear children, more and more; and pray, not only that God's mercies still may come, but that you may be always mindful and thankful, and never forget the Giver while you receive the gift.—*Union Magazine.*

THE NEW VOLUME.

The next number will be the first of the third volume. It therefore presents a suitable opportunity for a large accession to our list of subscribers. We hope to attain a much wider circulation than has yet been reached.

A HYMN FROM INDIA.

Most of our young readers are fond of singing, especially of singing the many beautiful hymns used in our Sabbath Schools. They will therefore be pleased to learn that the orphan girls at Calcutta also take great delight in this exercise. Perhaps we shall yet be able to join them in singing the glorious song of praise before the throne of God in heaven.

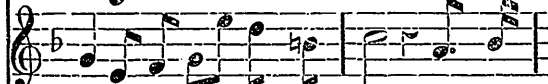
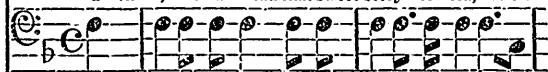
Wishing to have something in common to sing with us, one of the girls named Julia has copied out and sent to our Treasurer the following beautiful hymn, which is one of their favorites. Many of us know it well; but, for the sake of those who do not, we give the hymn and music, so that all may learn to sing it:—

CALCUTTA ORPHANAGE,
7th December, 1857.

THE CHILD'S DESIRE.



I think, when I read that sweet story of old, When

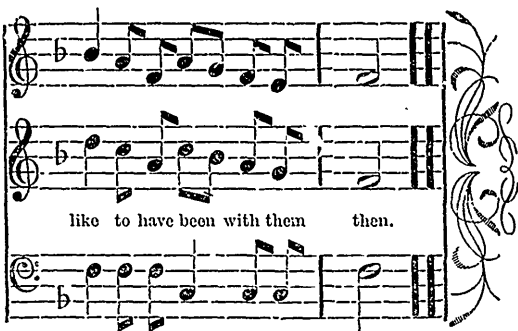


Je-sus was here a - mong men, How ho



call'd lit - tle children as lambs to his fold, I should





II.

I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
 That his arm had been thrown around me,
 And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
 "Let the little ones come unto me."

III.

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
 And ask for a share in his love;
 And if I thus earnestly seek him below
 I shall see him and hear him above;

IV.

In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare,
 For all who are washed and forgiven;
 And many dear children are gathering there,
 "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

 A JUVENILE MAGAZINE FOR SOUTH INDIA.

[To the Mission School Children of the United Presbyterian Church
 in Jamaica.]

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—About three years ago, I addressed an appeal to the readers of the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine*, to assist in providing Christian books for chil-

dren in India. I had hoped that the highly-favoured youth of Scotland would come generously forward to aid in the enlightenment of 150,000,000 subjects of the same Queen, but the slaves of the darkest superstition. Though my expectations were in a great measure disappointed, a few interesting contributions were received. None of them, perhaps, afforded me greater pleasure than a remittance of £3, through the Rev. Adam Thomson, from the Montego Bay Sabbath School, Jamaica. Coming quite unexpectedly from some of *you*, in such a far distant island, it deeply affected me, and was a great encouragement. Recently I have had fresh proofs of your continued interest in the great country in which I labour. Two noble contributions, amounting to £19, have been received from the Montego Bay Congregation and Sabbath School, and a letter from the Rev. Matthew Strang, shows that £1 11s. 6d. was collected by the children at Mount Olivet.

Four members of our Church, with princely liberality, have given £170 during the year for India. And a few other friends, among them, "A Poor Woman," and "A Maid Servant," have raised about £5. Exclusive of private contributions and £5 18s. 8d. from Liverpool, the congregations and Juvenile Missionary Societies in Scotland, have voted £21 1s.; while from like sources, the sum of £20 6s. 9d. has been received from Jamaica. This great comparative liberality induces me to make a proposal to you, somewhat similar to one presented about eight years ago to young people in Scotland. A short letter was inserted in the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine* for November 1849, asking whether the young people belonging to any congregation would support a printer in Ceylon, that a little monthly magazine might be issued for the mission school children in that island. Probably a hundred thousand eyes glanced at the letter, but it appears to have touched the heart of only one individual. A lady in Glasgow had been restored to her family from the bed of affliction, and while pondering within herself, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits?" she met with the letter. The proposal seemed calculated to do good; it appeared practicable at all all events, she resolved to try. She enlisted the services of six young assistants, and from the little band neither fainting nor becoming weary, up to the present time they have raised £87 6s. 8d., and thus aided in the publication of 256,500 copies of the magazine. This periodical is circu-

lated in Ceylon, which resembles your own beautiful island, but is four times its size. The part of India nearest Ceylon is inhabited by a nation called the Tamils, about twelve millions in number. They are a fine enterprising race. Upwards of one hundred thousand come over to Ceylon to labour on the coffee-estates, and Tamils are to be found at nearly every station in India. The first Protestant Missions in India were commenced among them, and as they are the oldest, so are they the most flourishing. The number of converts among the Tamils is about double of that from among the remaining 140,000,000. The Tamil children in the Mission Schools are about 32,000 in number. They have no Juvenile Magazine at present, and it is highly desirable that one should be published, to be given as a reward to all the children who answer well at the monthly examinations. For this purpose at least 5000 copies would be necessary. It would be printed in Travancore, at Nagarcoil, quite close to Cape Comorin, the southern point of India. Paper can be obtained from the Religious Tract Society; and as the work would be done at the London Mission Press at a very low rate, the cost would be about £20 a year. This is a large sum, however, for you to raise. If you were *all* to try, I think you could collect the whole that is required. This can scarcely be expected, but I do hope, judging from the past, that you will raise a part of it.

One thing I should like you to bear in mind. What you give for India should be *in addition* to what you subscribe to other objects—not taken from them. I trust that the hearts of all of you beat warmly towards Africa, the land of your fathers. Labour and pray that Ethiopia may “soon stretch out her hands unto God.” At the same time, I do not think that Africa will suffer if, in a right spirit, you extend some aid to Asia, the birth-place of the human family, the home of half its number, the scene of our Lord’s sufferings and death.

Many of you are probably aware that India is nearly opposite to Jamaica on the earth’s surface, and, consequently, while it is sunset with us, it is sunrise with you. While the children here are reading in the schools, you are fast asleep. Perhaps some of you may say to yourselves, when you happen to awake during the stillness of the night—

“Bless’d angels, while I silent lie,
Your Hallelujah’s sing on high.”

Were you to assist in the publication of the Magazine, it

would be an additional pleasing thought that then probably some of the children of India were reading about the love of Jesus on pages which you provided. You would swell the yet faint note of praise ascending to Jehovah, amid the din of ten thousand heathen temples, and the shouts of millions of worshippers. You would be hastening the time when

“One song employs all nations; and all cry
 ‘Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us!’
 The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
 Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
 From distant mountains catch the flying joy;
 Till, nation after nation, taught the strain,
 Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round.”

I shall only add, that if you take up the proposal, I shall esteem it a pleasure, if life be granted, to write to you, from time to time, about the progress of the Gospel in India.

Yours, affectionately,

JOHN MURDOCH.

Kandy, August 17, 1857.—*U. P. Juvenile Record.*

LETTERS FROM THE ORPHANS.

St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School at Kingston have had the great pleasure of receiving letters from the orphans whom they support at Calcutta, thanking them for the Bibles sent some time since.

One of the letters is nicely written in the Bengali character, a specimen of which we gave some months ago. It is as follows:—

(Translation.)

“MY DEAREST FRIENDS,—Very many thanks for the very nice gift so very kindly given by you; and I shall try and study diligently, and I hope I shall learn something by it. I know that God has put it into your hearts to support me; and again, dear friends, my prayer is that He, by His Holy Spirit, would help you. I know that I shall never see you in this world, but hope to meet in heaven. I beg of you to pray for me that I may grow more and more in holiness; and now I conclude my letter.

“I remain, your grateful friend,

“ESTHER MUNNO.”

INDIAN ORPHANAGE SCHEME & JUVENILE MISSION.

Already acknowledged,	£82	15	7
From the Sabbath School in Lanark village, to support an orphan-- name to be Jennette Fraser-- 1st year, per Mr. W. C. Clarke,	4	0	0
From the Sabbath School of Rev. Mr. Herdman's Church at Pictou, Nova Scotia, to support an orphan, per W. Gordon, Esq.,	4	0	0
From the Sabbath School at L'Original, to support an orphan at Bombay, per Rev. W. Johnson,...	4	0	0
<i>Donations in aid of the Canadian School:—</i>			
From St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School at Quebec, per J. W. Cook, Esq., two subscriptions,	6	0	0
From Sabbath School at Fergus,	1	0	0
Do. Do. at Niagara,	1	0	0
Do. Do. at Portsmouth, in connection with St. Andrew's Church, Kingston,.....	1	5	0
Legacy of Emeline Malloch, remitted by the Rev. Wm. Bain,	0	5	0
Donation per John Lovell, Esq., Montreal,.....	0	15	0
Mrs. Hamilton, Kingston,	1	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£106	0	7
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Received on account of Orphans,.....	£80	10	7
In aid of Calcutta School,	25	10	0
	<hr/>		
As above,	£106	0	7

JOHN PATON, Treasurer.

Kingston, 16th Feb., 1858.

THE TWO ADVISERS.

There was once a little girl, whose name was Kitty, and she had two advisers, who were always telling her what she had better do. One generally spoke the quickest, and that I shall call the first adviser: the other, who was modest, though very faithful, shall be called the second. Sometimes she minded one, and sometimes the other, and according as she heeded the one or the other, so she behaved.

Kitty slept in a little room near her mother's, and her mother usually waked her up in the morning with, "Jump up, Kitty." Early one winter's morning, "Jump up, Kitty," waked the child, and she lifted her head, and it looked early, and felt quite wintry. "I would not get up," said

the first adviser, who was always sure to be at hand; "be quiet in your snug little bed; it is very cold and early; stay where you are warm."

"Kitty, it is time to be stirring," whispered the other, for they were always cross-counselling each other. "It is time to be stirring, Kitty; your morning duties are waiting for you; up, up!" Kitty thought a moment, and then jumped up. She carefully dressed herself; then she shut the door and knelt down to pray, thanking God for his kind care through the night, and asking for help through the day. Then she skipped out, crying joyfully, "Mamma can I help you? can I help you, dear mamma?" But her mamma had gone down stairs; so she sat down by the fire in her mother's chamber, and began to study her spelling lesson; and study Kitty did with all her might. After breakfast she dusted the parlour, and fetched papa's boots, and hushed the baby; and did all she had to do with a sweet and willing spirit; and her mother thought, as her little one went to school, "What a comfort Kitty is to me!" All the morning Kitty was hearkening to the second adviser.

I do not know how it was during the forenoon at school, but as Kitty was walking down the sunshiny side of the street, on her way to school in the afternoon, "It is too pleasant to be cooped up in a school-room," whispered the first adviser; "it is nice to walk, it is nice 'o play, to slide, or do something else." Kitty listened, and as she listened, she lagged and lagged more and more, until, in quite a discontented mood, she reached the school-room. School had begun, and she was tardy; this was quite provoking. Kitty went to her seat, and sat down in rather a pettish manner. "Pleasanter to be walking than to be here," whispered the same adviser. Then her lesson was not learned. Alas! Kitty had not tried to learn it, and the teacher was sorely grieved, and she said, "Kitty can be studious and good, but sometimes she is *very* troublesome."

Now, which adviser was the safest and best—the first or the second? The first was called Feeling, and the second Principle. Feeling seeks only to gratify for the moment: Principle endeavours to do what is right. Feeling looks only at self; Principle has an eye on the comfort and interests of others as well as self. Feeling is uncertain, unsteady, and not to be relied upon; Principle is true, straightforward, and trusty. Which adviser is safest and best, and which do the little girls follow who read this?—*Juvenile Missionary Herald.*