

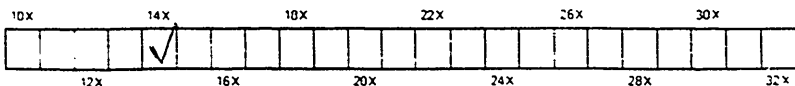
Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous



L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

THE
JUVENILE PRESBYTERIAN

A Missionary
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN
IN CONNECTION
CHURCH



Newspaper
CHURCH OF CANADA
WITH THE
OF SCOTLAND.

Conducted for the Lay Association.

VOL. III.

October, 1858.

No. 7.

MISSION SCHOOLS. "GOING HOME!"

We were reading the other day, an account of the establishment of Missionary Sabbath Schools, in Philadelphia, which interested us much. It is a kind of work, in which so many may take part, and from which so much good may result. In Hamilton, Kingston and Montreal, there are already such schools connected with our church, and there must be many other places, where there is room for such efforts. In such schools, attached to a single congregation "the Calvary Presbyterian Church" in Philadelphia, there have now been gathered in, in three years, from the highways and byways of a crowded city, 963 scholars—one school commenced two years ago with 69 scholars, now it is attended by 588! The workers in these schools too, have been permitted to see fruit of their labors. They have seen children before ignorant, neglected and uncared for, becoming attentive and growing up to be useful. They have in view, some who in their lives have begun to shew, that they have learned to know the Lord. Some too, of the little ones have been called away. Children you know die as well as the more aged. Church-yards have many graves in them, some shorter than you. And

of those who have thus been summoned from earth the teachers in these schools have good hope, that when their time comes to lie down in the bed of death, there will be some to welcome them home to heaven. One little child, taught in these schools, died with the words on his lips "Going home mother"—"going home." Another, early ripe for heaven, expired, sweetly saying "Let me go mother—let me go to heaven." In another school, at the end of the year, the little band assembled but "One was not, for God took her,"—a little girl whose name stood first on the roll of the establishment, had passed from earth. It was the first and last school she attended. There she had learned the Hymns that comforted her in death, and there she had learned, of Jesus and of Heaven. The teachers rejoice in the confidence, that the religious instruction they had given her, had been blessed by God, to the ripening of her spirit for Heaven. She was the first fruits of the Tabor Mission School. Had no other good been accomplished, surely here is cause for rejoicing. Young reader, you may not die young—long life may be before you, or it may not, but remember so to live, that whether to live or die, may be your gain. Remember that in your gracious Father's house, there "are many mansions," to which Jesus "is the way, the truth and the life." Read about these mansions in the Gospel by John 14th Chapter. And may you be, able living or dying, to bear about with you the happiness of feeling, that you are "going Home" to that bright world.

"Where sickness, pain and death are felt and feared no more."

FIRST FRUITS OF OUR MISSION.—MADRAS ORPHANAGE.

The following extract from a letter written by the Rev. Alexander Walker, and dated at Madras 25th June last, will be read with much interest—especially by those who aid in the support of orphans.

"You will be glad to hear that God has been pleased to own

and bless our labours. On Sabbath, the 6th instant, I had the privilege of admitting into the Church, by baptism, *three* interesting girls, who have been living with us for some time in the Mission House. After a very appropriate address by one of the theological students, I questioned the catechumens at considerable length on the nature of baptism, and on the truths of the Gospel generally. All my questions, except one, were readily and distinctly answered. This was very gratifying, showing, as it did, that the girls thoroughly understood the important subjects on which they were catechised. And not only is their knowledge of the Bible pretty extensive and accurate, but we believe they they are all influenced, more or less, by the high and holy motives which it presents to us. In my last letter I referred particularly to the pleasing conduct of one of the girls. We have now, I am happy to say, as good reason to be satisfied with that of her two companions. Let us pray that they may all continue to walk worthy of their profession, and thus adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.

The names of the girls and the parties by whom they are supported are

Nagamah,		Friends in India.
Rutunun,	Jane Pearson,	Sabbath School, N. Queensferry.
Salima,	Ruth Toronto,	{ Sabbath School, St. Andrew's Church, Toronto Canada West.

I may state that I am encouraged to hope that the Committee will be able to meet the increased expenditure by a letter which I received by last mail from Mr. Paton of Kingston, Canada, in which he gives a very gratifying account of the missionary spirit manifested by the Sunday Schools, in which he takes such deep interest. And he also mentions he lately sent you a considerable sum, the greater part of which was to be devoted exclusively to the support of *boarders*."

The above we extract from the September number of the Missionary Record of the Church of Scotland. The intelligence it conveys is indeed gratifying, and we congratulate the Sabbath School of St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, on the progress made by their interesting orphan. As Ruth Iona and Esther Munno, though candidates for baptism, have not yet been admitted to the solemn ordinance, we may look upon Ruth Toronto as the *first fruits* of our Juvenile Mission.*

* If our readers turn to the number for July, they will see Ruth's portrait, which will now acquire an additional interest in their eyes.

May that Saviour, whose follower she professes to be, continue to bless Ruth, and make her an instrument of leading many poor heathens from darkness to light.

THE CANADIAN SCHOOL.

We have great pleasure in stating that the proposal and appeal, published in last Juvenile, has met with a cordial response. Already a large number of our young friends have entered heartily into the plan of opening a day school among the Hindoos, close to the Orphanage, and under the superintendence of our excellent friend Miss Hebron. They seem, in fact, to prefer an effort among the Hindoo population to the proposal originally made, to labour for the Mohammedans. What is also very encouraging, and at the same time necessary, a prospect is held out that the contributions will be largely increased. May a rich blessing follow this effort, both to the poor Hindoos, and also to those who thus work for their salvation.

BOMBAY ORPHANAGE.

In a recent letter Miss Young writes as follows:

"The girls who are living in the Orphanage are getting on very well. "Mary Esprunse," of whom I used to tell you as being such a wild careless girl, is now behaving much better."

This is pleasing intelligence, and will no doubt gratify Mary's kind supporters in St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School at Hamilton.

THE INDIAN MUTINY.

At length, and after many anxious months of suspense, the fearful mutiny is nearly at an end. One by one, our brave soldiers have taken every stronghold from the Sepoys, have scattered their armies, and where insurgents still hold out it is in such small bodies that they no longer have power to injure or destroy. The East India Company, which has been so much to blame for mismanagement, and for sinfully encouraging idolatry, has also ceased to exist, and India is now governed by our Queen, aided by a Council of able and experienced men. Let us hope that the day so long looked for, may dawn, when, from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas, every idol shall be utterly abolished, the worship instituted by the false prophets shall cease, and Jesus Christ shall be openly acknowledged and worshipped by every race and condition of men.



EASTERN TORCH BEARERS.

An Eastern marriage is still a scene of splendour and pomp,—the Jews still adhere to their ancient customs, and torch-bearers precede and go forth to meet the bridegroom. The parable of the wise and foolish virgins refers to this practice, and the picture represents the torch-bearers in an Eastern procession. They have oil in their lamps—Is it so with you? are you ready to go forth to meet the bridegroom? Have you been clothed in a marriage garment? Let your conscience answer these questions.

CALCUTTA ORPHANAGE.

The following report of Iona Ruth will have especial interest, as this girl is now a candidate for baptism. We

trust that our young readers will remember her touching request, to be remembered in their prayers. While they pray that their distant friend may be led to a saving knowledge of Christ, may their own hearts also be enlightened.

Report of Iona Ruth, (3rd Bengali Class) supported by St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School at Portsmouth, near Kingston, Canada West, age 14 years.

Progress and Conduct for half year ending June 1858.

Scripture knowledge—Improving.

Bengali Catechism—2nd Catechism, daily texts, portions of Scripture.

Bengali Reading—From Gospels and Acts, Peep of day.

Writing—Bengali.

Arithmetic—In Bengali.

Work—Plain sewing and marking.

Conduct in study—slow but attentive.

Conduct out of study—Very satisfactory and hard working.

FRANCES HEBRON.

Orphanage, Calcutta.

Reports have also been received similar to the above, of Mary Hamilton, Esther Munno, and Hannah Tooney—also of Joanna, supported by St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School, Perth.

ANOTHER INTERESTING LETTER FROM MISS HEBRON.

Mr. Paton received the following letter by the "North American," which we have pleasure in inserting.

SCOTTISH ORPHANAGE,

10 Lower Circular Road

Calcutta, July 3rd, 1858.

My dear Sir,—I have pleasure in forwarding four reports of the orphans supported by the Canadian Schools. I trust their labour of love will not be in vain, as I am thankful to tell you that "Iona Ruth" has applied for baptism. We do not like to enforce this in any way, neither is it administered unless we see a decided change, (God only knows the heart) and Iona Ruth, though past 14, was always a wild romping girl. Within the last few months, however, she has become much steadier, and reads her books more frequently. Mr. Herdman examined Iona the other day, but thought it would be well to keep her under instruction a little while longer,

so I hope, dear sir, that you and the dear children will make her a special object of your prayers.

I told Iona Ruth that I was writing to you, and asked her if she had any message. She said, "tell them, with my salaams, that I am waiting for baptism, and that my constant prayer now is, create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Tell them that I pray for them, and I hope that they also pray for me."

We have three others who have asked for baptism. One is a very interesting girl, and understands English very well. She, I think, will be the first to receive the rite. The other two are not so advanced in Scriptural knowledge, and will have to wait a little longer. One of them is Esther Munno. Mr. Herdman has examined them all, and will continue to do so from time to time.

Accept my thanks for sending me the "Juvenile Presbyterian" for April. I am so sorry that I made a mistake about the little collar. In my hurry I find that I did send a *knitted* one, instead of one done in *crochet*; I now send one of the latter, and hope I shall be pardoned when I say that I was alone at the time, and much harassed, having the whole work on my hands.

I hope the dear children will not lose their interest in the "Canadian School." It has been such a disappointment to me not to be able to open it at once, but it is best to wait, for if we remove further into the country I should not be able to visit it so frequently as I could wish, whereas a few months hence we can open the school close to the Orphanage.

Ten days ago I lost, by death, from one of my day schools, a sweet girl eleven years of age. She had got up to the first class, and could read the New Testament. She was always ready with her answers, and whenever I spoke or explained her lessons she looked so earnest. Dear child, her name was Sukkic. She was attacked with fever, and soon lost her reason. She called for me, but of course her parents gave no heed, being heathens. May we not hope that such little ones are safe, and that the last day will disclose what we are not permitted to behold in this life, even their salvation? I feel a very warm interest in these little heathen day schools, and will be so delighted when the "Canadian School" can be opened.

Dear Sir, continue your prayers on our behalf. The chil-

dren unite their affectionate regards with mine, to yourself and the dear children in the several Sabbath Schools.

And believe me

Yours faithfully,

FRANCES HEBRON

Mr. Paton duly received a very pretty crotchet collar, enclosed in the above letter, and will be happy to forward it, along with letters in Bengali and other specimens of what our orphans are now learning, to any schools who intimate to him their desire to see these interesting presents.

I MUST TELL OF JESUS.

A girl, only thirteen years old, who belonged to a mission school in Ceylon, was converted to the Saviour. After some time she wished to go and see her mother, who was still a heathen, to talk with her about the salvation of her soul. When she came to the house, her mother, who was much pleased to see her, spread a mat on the ground for her to sit down upon, and said she would go and boil some rice for her; for in that country, if a person wishes to show that he likes you very much, the first thing he should do is to give you something to eat. The daughter answered, "I am not hungry, and do not want anything to eat, but I do very much wish to talk with you." "Well," said the mother, "you can do that when I have got the rice ready." The child again said that she was not hungry, but that, as her mother worshipped idols, and therefore might lose her soul, she wished to speak to her about Jesus Christ. The mother was not at all pleased with what her daughter said, and as the child still wished to speak on the subject, she threatened to beat her. "Mother," replied the girl, "if you do beat me, I must tell you of Jesus," and she began to cry. The mother's heart was softened: she sat down beside her side, and her daughter talked to her, and prayed with her. This dear girl was so anxious for her mother's salvation, that she might have been heard all night long praying for her. The effect was, that the mother gave up her gods, became a Christian, and was the means of persuading several others to give up idol-worship too. Does not this story teach you that it is worth your while to help in sending the gospel to the heathen?

NOW IS THE TIME.

"Not yet," said a little boy, as he was busy with his trap and ball; "when I grow older I will think about my soul."

The little boy grew to be a young man.

"Not yet," said the young man; "I am now about to enter into trade; when I see my business prosper, when I shall have more time than now."

Business did prosper.

"Not yet," said the man of business: "my children must have my care; when they are settled in life I shall be better able to attend to religion."

He lived to be a grey-headed old man.

"Not yet," still he cried; "I shall soon retire from trade, and then I shall have nothing else to do but to read and pray."

And so he died: he put off to another time what should have been done when a child. He lived without God, and died without hope.

"LET ME PRAY FIRST."

A very intelligent girl was passing quietly through the streets of a certain town a short time since, when she came to a spot where several idle boys were amusing themselves by the very dangerous practice of throwing stones.

Not observing her, one of the boys, by accident, threw a stone toward her, and struck her a cruel blow in the eye. She was carried home in great agony. The surgeon was sent for, and a very painful operation was declared necessary. When the time came, and the surgeon had taken out his instrument, she lay in her father's arms, and he asked her if she was ready. "No, papa; not yet," she replied. "What do you wish us to wait for, my child?" "I want to kneel in your lap and pray to Jesus first," she answered. And then, kneeling, she prayed a few moments, and afterward submitted to the operation with the patience of a woman.

How beautiful this little girl appears under these trying circumstances. Surely Jesus heard the prayer made in that hour. He loves every child that calls upon His name.—*Christian Treasury*.

A PRAYER FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Jesus, love me, make me good,
 Take my naughty heart away;
 Jesus, teach me, for I would
 Love Thee better every day.

Thine, dear Saviour, I would be ;
 Always gentle ; always kind ;
 Make me, Jesus, just like Thee,
 In my heart, and in my mind.

But a little child I am,
 Yet, sweet Jesus, I do know,
 I may be a little lamb,
 In thy sheepfold here below.

Keep me, Jesus, while I live ;
 Take me, Jesus, when I die ;
 And my little spirit give
 A happy home with Thee on high.

From "Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones."

TOUCHING SCENE.

Some gentlemen passing through the beautiful village of Renton, in the vale of Leven, Dumbartonshire, about nine o'clock at night, a few weeks ago, had their attention directed to a dark object in the Churchyard. On going in to ascertain what it was, they found a boy of tender years lying flat on his face and apparently sound asleep over a recently made grave.

Thinking this not a very safe bed for him, they shook him up and asked how he came to be there? He said he was afraid to go home, as his relative with whom he resided, had threatened to beat him.

"And where do you live?" asked one of the party.

"In Dumbarton," was the answer.

"In Dumbarton—nearly four miles off; and how came you to wander so far away from home?"

"I just can'" sobbed the poor little fellow, "because my mither's grave was here,"

His mother had been buried there a short time before, and his seeking a refuge at her grave in his sorrow, was a beautiful touch of nature in a child, who could scarcely have yet learned to realise the true character of that separation which knows of no reunion on earth. Thither had he instinctively wandered to sob out his sorrows, and to moisten with tears the grave of one who had hitherto been his natural protector, he had evidently cried himself asleep. May God bless the motherless child!



THE ESQUIMAUX.

The foregoing picture will give our readers some idea of the appearance of that singular people, the Esquimaux,—in the cold icy regions where they dwell, humble missionaries,—pious, God-fearing Moravians, have long laboured and been permitted to see the fruit of their labours. The field is indeed

the world. May the day speedily come when all, in every land, whether in the cold north, the burning plains of India, or benighted Africa, shall know the Lord Reader, let the petition come from the heart, "Thy kingdom come," and do what you can to spread the knowledge of the Truth as it is in Jesus.

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

It is sweet to read the words that Jesus sometimes spake of heaven. He had no home here. When the fox hid in its hole, and the bird flew to its nest, and rich Simon went to his guests, and every man went to his own house—Jesus went to the Mount of Olives.

Had you seen Him there, you would have known how poor he was for our sakes—a weary man gone to spend a night in prayer while the city slept, His coat moist with dew.

But had you seen into His heart, and how it went back, past Galilee, and Nazareth, and Bethlehem, to the glory He had before the world was—had you heard the tone in which He said "FATHER" to Him who filled the sky with worlds—you would have said with Paul, "*He was rich:*" you would have cried, Who is this King of glory! And if your eyes had been opened as Elisha's servant's was, the Mount of Olives would sometimes have been seen full of horses and chariots of fire.

And Jesus was on His way to a throne again. A few months more, and He was to go up in a bright cloud, and two men in white were to tell that He was gone to heaven. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in."

All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

Songs like these were soon to be sung for Him who now wept, and bore the scorn of men.

Poor and sad he seems; He waits to feed the crowd till a lad brings him a few loaves and fishes; He waits to pay the penny till Peter fetch it from the sea; He will not quench His own thirst till a woman please to draw Him water. And yet words about an unseen kingdom fall on the ears of them who hear Him.

Little boy, leave your toy—little girl, lay down your story book; do not say you have heard it all before. That king spoke of *you* when He told about His kingdom, He said *you* might belong to it here on earth, and that it should belong to you there above. As if He had put an arm of love round each child that lived in His day, and around every child that should hear of Him to the end of time, and said, "This child is mine, it belongs to me; of such is the kingdom of heaven, He says so *now to you*."

How can I serve so great a Lord? Cherub and seraph, angel and prophet, saved ones above and saints below, may do it, but how can I?

Do you remember about the night when He spoke to Samuel? If you will listen for His voice, He will let you hear it. He will say again and again, not now in your ear, but in your heart, that little name of yours, and then He will say, "Follow me." "I will come again, and receive you to myself." And between the day He comes thus and takes your heart, and that day when he comes to lift you to His throne, He will give you work to do for His kingdom. A little child may serve the King. Every one gets work to do from Jesus, and so shall you. "To every man his work."

What will Jesus give me to do? Just some little things to shew how much you love Him. You will not need to give up either books or toys, your sister's play-time or your mother's love, to serve Jesus. You will do the very same things you do now, with a heart more glad. You will stop doing them to please yourself, you will begin to do them all to please Him.

As your friend did when she died, or as your mother does when she is going away, this loving, tender Lord Jesus will leave you, in the first place.

A Book to read for His sake,

till He come again. That book must not lie whole days on the shelf, the finger must not leave a mark in the dust when you take it up. It must not be read fast, or half asleep, or thrown quickly down to read the rest of a tale. No; the Bible must be loved, much made of, your favourite story-book it will be—the man of counsel, the well of life. It has the King's law in it—it is the map that shews us all the way to yon far skies. It has the only picture that truth ever made of Jesus, shining on its page. Sometimes you will think as you read, *I wish I were like Him*; and sometimes, *I wish I*

were with Him; and sometimes, *I wish I would please Him more.* And there will be nights, when you put the Bible by, and lay your head upon your little pillow, that you will say within your heart, "I beheld His glory." You, a poor sinful child, will rest under the shadow of that great Lord, the man Christ Jesus, and His fruit will be sweet to your taste. All day long the words of that book will be like the string tied round the neck of Christ's little lamb to keep it near Him, to keep it from running off in ways of its own. "Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely, and thy foot shall not stumble. When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet."— (*Proverbs iii. 23, 24, and vi. 22.*)

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

INDIAN ORPHANAGE AND JUVENILE MISSION.

Already acknowledged,.....	\$59.59
From St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School, Hamilton, per M. Leggatt, Esq., for one year's support of Lydia Burnet,.....	16.00

\$75.59

JOHN PATON,
Treurer.

Kingston, 16 Sept., 1858.

THE INFANTS' DROWNING-PLACE.

I am now off Saugor, the island-shrine of the Ganges; yes, here we are on the spot where thousands upon thousands of little infants have been offered in sacrifice to the god of the river. The English long ago abolished this cruel rite, but I am told that even now, secretly, scores of little ones perish every year, during the grand festival in January. And while I write, I see several dead infants floating in the waters near the head of the island, a spot peculiarly sacred to the idol goddess, as here two branches of the Ganges join. Our captain tells me that he once found one of these poor mothers

floating upright under the bowsprit, her feet having become entangled with the cable of his ship. Across each shoulder was tied a little infant, just as if she was bearing them upon her bosom! I can conceive of no one *but a mother* who would thus care for her tender babes; and it is probable, that being compelled either by her own superstition, or by the cruelty of her husband, to sacrifice her children, she chose to clasp her darlings and die with them.—*Mrs. Mason, Burham.*

A POOR BOY'S RESOLUTION.

I know I am poor, but I am not ragged; and I will try to be honest. I can go to the Sabbath school, and there I can get many a tract and pretty book, and my teacher says if I get the knowledge of Christ I shall be richer than many a man who owns a million of pounds. Yes, I am poor; but I am not poor enough to steal, or to beg, or to lie. And I am not near poor enough to sell on Sabbath or to go to whisky-shops. What if I am poor? My teacher says the blessed Saviour was poor. He says the apostles were poor. And he says God loves the poor. I will sing a little, before I work:

“He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.”

Thank ye for that, good John Bunyan. They say you were a poor boy yourself once, no better than a tinker. Very well, you are rich enough now, I dare say.

I don't see, after all, but that I can sing as gaily as if I had a thousand pounds. Money does not lighten people's hearts. There is Mr J——. He is rich, but I never heard him sing a hymn in my life. His cheek is paler than mine, and his arm is thinner, and I am sure he can't sleep sounder than I do. No, I am not so poor either. This fine spring morning I feel quite rich. The fields and flowers are mine. The red clouds yonder, where the sun is going to rise, are mine. All these robins, and thrushes, and larks are mine. I never was sick in my life. I have bread and water. What could money buy for me more than this? I thought I was poor, but I am rich. The birds have no purse or pocket-book; neither have I. They have no pains nor aches; neither have I. They have food and drink; so have I. They are cheerful; so am I. They are taken care of by the Lord; so am I.

THE CONSOLATION OF ISRAEL.

Our colporteur found some years ago in the town of——, a very interesting and respectable Jew, above three-score and ten years old, who listened and received the word of the truth as it is in Jesus; the blessed Spirit revealing to his quickened soul the efficacy of the blood, righteousness, and intercession of Christ, the surety of His people. Some time ago the colporteur came again to this place, and was told that the old man had died, after having been ill for some time, and the Jew, the son of that old man, shut the door rather rudely in his face. A few doors off lived a pious Christian family. He heard from the mother of the family that he had nursed the old believing Jew the whole time of his sickness. "He," she related, "spoke always of Christ as the only hope of sinners. 'Can I hope,' he asked me, 'to be saved, to go to heaven, and be with Jesus, with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob?' I consoled him according as the Lord assisted me, and he took such a delight in all I said to him about Jesus. At last he begged his son to send for a minister to baptize him; but his son, like all the rest in the house, being a very bigoted Jew, refused to do so, and said the old man was delirious; but he was not so; his illness was decay through old age, he being seventy-five years old. His last words were, 'Lord Jesus, I commit my spirit into Thine hands!' What I have heard I cannot and I dare not deny. Old B——died by the grace of God in the full assurance of faith in our Redeemer."—*Rev. Mr. Pauli, Amsterdam.*

A TRACT IN A SHOE.

A shoemaker who had received a tract, without reading it, used it for the lining of the sole of a shoe. To all appearance the labour of the tract distributor was in vain. But it was not so. The shoe was worn, and after a time was sent to another shoemaker to be soled anew. The latter, one Sabbath morning, sat down to his work. Tearing off the worn-out sole, he found the tract, and his attention was immediately arrested by the title—"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." The words were like an arrow from the quiver of the Almighty. The shoe was laid aside, and the man hastened to the house of God. He was awakened, and led to the cross of Christ, and herein found peace.

There is an Eastern proverb which says:—"Thoughts are daughters of earth; but deeds are sons of heaven."