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"Feed my Lambs."

THE

JUVENILE PRESBYTERIAN

MISSIONARY RECORD

AND SABBATH SCHOLARS' NEWS PAPER

OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CANADA
IN CONNECTION WITH THE

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.



"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."—Matt. 21

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THE

JUVENILE

PRESBYTERIAN,

A Missionary
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN
IN CONNECTION
CHURCH



Newspaper
CHURCH OF CANADA
WITH THE
OF SCOTLAND

Conducted for the Lay Association.

VOL. VI.

December, 1861.

No. 12.

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

SEALKOTE.

Two of our Sabbath Schools in Montreal having applied through the Rev. James Black for boys at Sealkote Orphanage, the Rev. Robert Patterson, of Sealkote, writes that he is doing all in his power to meet the wishes of our young friends at Pointe St. Charles and St. Joseph Street. Mr. Patterson's letter, dated Sealkote, 16th September, is now on our desk, and in it he says he is about to start on a journey through the country, during which he hopes to find some orphan boys. Of orphans there are very many round Sealkote, but the priests and the friends of the children are generally able to keep them from the Missionaries. The Government Schools are now open, and in these no religious instruction is given, so that the natives prefer them to Missionary Orphanages.

Miss Hillier, an excellent and devoted teacher, is now at Sealkote in charge of the girls' orphanage.

BOMBAY.

Our six orphan girls at this place are now in an orphanage managed by a Committee partly connected with the Church of Scotland, and partly with the Free Church. This

arrangement is a temporary one, and will be changed as soon as a Miss Allan arrives to take charge of our own orphanage. We are not able to give reports of these orphans yet, but have the assurance that they are doing well.

MADRAS.

The large schools at Madras are prospering, there being over three hundred children in attendance. Sir Wm. Denison, the governor, lately visited the orphanage, and was so much pleased, that he undertook the support of an orphan, and also requested another to be assigned to Lady Denison.

During the second week of January, a Bazaar is to be held in the gardens of the Horticultural Society, in aid of the orphanage, at which a large sum of money will probably be realized. A Bazaar in the open air in the month of January would not answer at all here, but at Madras where the snow never falls, they have no reason to fear the cold. We remember seeing some children in Edinburgh who had come from Madras to attend school. One morning on looking out of the window they saw the street and houses white with snow which had fallen during the night. Thinking it must be white sugar, for they had never seen snow, they all ran out of the house to feast on the beautiful covering which the streets had received, and great was their disappointment at finding the sugar not sweet or nice as they expected, but only frozen rain.

COMING TO JESUS.

Mother, what does it mean to come to Jesus? I cannot see Him, and how can I go to Him?"

"You cannot see Him, but you can speak to Him, you can pray to Jesus."

"If He were on earth as He once was," said the child, "there is no trouble that I would not take to go to Him. I would set off at once. I would travel hundreds of miles. I would push my way through the biggest crowd, and fall down before Him and cry, 'O Lord, give me a heart to love and serve Thee!' but now how can I go to Jesus?"

"Without all this trouble you can come to Jesus. *Coming to Jesus is the desire of the heart after Him.* Call to Him as the blind man, who though he did not see Him, cried out, 'Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me!' You are

really better off than those men who lived when he lived on the earth. They often had to travel very far. They sometimes could not get near Him for the crowd. But you may have Him as much to yourself as if there were no other person but yourself in the world. He is always within your call. He sees you, knows all you feel, and hears all you say. If you feel a desire for His forgiveness, for the support of His friendship, for the comfort of His love, and pray, 'Jesus, save me, Jesus, help me; Lord, I am ignorant, teach me; my heart is hard, soften it; help me to love, believe, and obey. Save me from sin, and fit me for heaven—this is coming to Jesus. Can you not do this?'

LITTLE MARY.

Away in the West lived a Roman Catholic family, in which was a little girl seven years old. She was induced to go to a Protestant Sabbath school. The father became very anxious about his soul. His distress increased daily, and one night, at the midnight hour, he arose from his bed in agony. He begged his wife to pray for him, as he said he did not know how to pray for himself. She told him that she could not pray any better than he could.

'What shall I do then?'

'Perhaps, said she 'our little Mary can pray?'

So the father went up to the chamber where she was fast asleep, and took her up from her bed in his arms and bore her down stairs, and putting her down gently, he said to her with great earnestness.—

'Mary, can you pray?'

'O yes, father, I can pray.'

'Will you kneel down and pray for your poor father?'

'Yes, I will pray for you.'

So she kneeled, put up her little hands and said.—

'Our Father, who art in heaven,—going through with the Lord's prayer. Then she prayed for her father in her own language, asking God to love him and have mercy upon him and to pardon all his sins for Jesus Christ's sake.

When she had finished her prayer, her father said to her:

'Mary, can you read in your Bible?'

'O, yes father, I can read. Shall I read to you in my Bible?'

'Yes, read to me.'

So she began at the third chapter of the Gospel according to John. She read along until she came to that verse, 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

'O Mary,' said he, 'is that there?'

'Yes, father, it is here. Jesus Christ said so.'

'Well, that is just what I need—what your poor father needs.'

'Yes, father; and hear the rest of it: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life."'

'O that is for me—for just such as me! "Whosoever believeth in him:" I can believe in Him, I do believe in Him.'

And from that hour the father went on his way rejoicing in Christ Jesus with great joy.

So gather in the children—all children—into the Sabbath school, of all classes, from all conditions—*Anon.*

THE MOUNTAIN FLOWER.

In Ross-shire, Scotland, there is an immense mountain gorge. The rocks have been rent in twain, and set apart twenty feet, forming two perpendicular walls two hundred feet in height. On either side of these natural walls, in crevices where earth has collected, grow wild flowers of rare quality and beauty. A company of tourists visiting that part of the country were desirous to possess themselves of specimens of these beautiful mountain flowers; but how to obtain them they knew not. At length they thought they might be gathered by suspending a person over the cliff by a rope. They offered a Highland boy, who was near by, a handsome sum of money to undertake the difficult and dangerous task. The boy looked down into the awful abyss that yawned below, and shrunk from the undertaking; but the money was tempting. Could he confide in the strangers? Could he venture his life in their hands? He felt he could not; but he thought of his father; and looking once more at the cliff and then at the proffered reward, his eyes brightened, and he exclaimed, "I'll go if my father holds the rope." Beautiful illustration of the nature of faith. If the Highland boy could only place the strong hand and loving heart of his father to the other end of the rope, he would descend the precipice.

with a fearless mind. Love and power would keep him from falling, and bring him up again with his floral prize—a trophy of his father's affection and his own faith.—*Christian Miscellany.*



A NATIVE SCHOOL IN NEW ZEALAND.

A missionary in New Zealand thus writes:—"The children, I am happy to say, take the greatest possible interest in the school; but the parents do not value learning for their children as they ought. We never hear of a mother

sending her children to the school; but very often when the bell rings we see the children running to school at their utmost speed, and the mother, with a child at her back, racing after them to try and persuade them to not mind school till to-morrow, but go and hoe up the potatoes. But it so happens that the children at home are generally masters; so, having secured the good will of the influential party, our attendance, unless they are too far away, is very good. It is amusing to see some of them, if a canoe be not at hand when the bell rings, tie their clothes in a bundle on their heads and swim across the river. Others have descended a mountain upwards of 3000 feet, every morning, and are often here soon after six o'clock.

"During the present year they have been taught in reading, writing, (English and Maori), arithmetical tables, and a few lessons in geography, catechism, and singing. They are now able to conduct the congregational singing to the great delight of the natives, parents and others. Through the kindness of ladies in England, we are able to clothe the children on Sundays: the clothes are returned on Sunday evening.

"The progress of the children has been, on the whole, satisfactory during the year. They have also much improved in outward appearance; all being obliged to attend clean. When we came, all the boys, and girls too, used to smoke, but that bad habit is now banished."

It seems to be no uncommon thing for the scholars to swim to school. Two gentlemen one of whom was a missionary, were standing on a hill overlooking a valley with a river running through it, when the attention of one of them was attracted by some specks in the river. Upon his asking what they were, he was requested to wait and see. Presently he ascertained that they were boys, who were in the habit of daily swimming across the river, that they might attend their school. A lady wrote the following lines on the subject:—

"Oh come when the morning's earliest ray,
 Joyfully onward to take our way,
 Across the wide valley or sunny plain,
 Till our teacher's distant house we gain.
 See where the walls of the school-house white
 Cheerfully gleam in the morning light!
 Many a wonderful thing is there—
 Books that can speak, though no voice we hear;

Slates, which can carry our thoughts away,
 Though never a word with our lips we say;
 And pictures and beautiful maps, to tell
 Of the far-off countries where strangers dwell.

"But the little ones came to a river's side,
 Where gently onward the wavelets glide;
 But, ah! neither bridge nor boat is there
 To help them over the waters fair,
 Do the little travellers turn again,
 And retrace their steps over valley and plain.
 No! with their treasured books held high,
 Lightly they spring from the herbage dry.
 And, manfully breasting the yielding wave,
 No help from bridge or from boat they crave;
 But quickly land on the opposite shore,
 And soon are safe at the school-house door.

"Oh, could some of our English children feel
 But a spark of the little islanders' zeal,
 How soon would each vacant class be full
 In our happy English Sunday school!"

"NOTHING, EITHER GREAT OR SMALL."

It has frequently been asked respecting the authorship of this hymn, which is now so popular that one hears verses of it repeated at almost every open air meeting, as well as elsewhere. The writer of it was the Rev. James Proctor, Independent minister at Hamilton, near Glasgow. He was quite a young man when he died. But although he had done no more than written that beautiful, clear, simple gospel lyric, he had not lived in vain. As many of our readers may not have seen it, or perhaps seen it only in a *mutilated form*, we will subjoin it, and we may give it them, and preserve it as the author wrote it. It is prefaced by these lines:—Since I first discovered Jesus to be the end of the law of righteousness to every one that believeth, I have more than once met with a poor sinner seeking peace at the foot of Sinai instead of Calvary) and coming as little speed as I did); and I have heard him now and again bitter disappointment and fear groaning out, 'What must I do?' I have said to him, 'Do! do! what can you? what do you need to do?'"

Nothing, either great or small,
 Nothing, sinner, no ;
 Jesus did it, did it *all*,
 Long, long ago.

When *He* from his lofty throne
 Stoop'd to do and die,
 Everything was fully done ;
 Harken to *His* cry :

" *It is finished ?*" Yes, indeed,
 Finish'd ev'ry jot :
 Sinner, this is all you need,
 Tell me, Is it not ?

Weary, working, plodding one,
 Why toil you so ?
 Cease your doing ; all was done
 Long, long ago.

Till to Jesus' work you cling
 By a simple faith,
 " Doing " is a deadly thing,
 " Doing " ends in death.

Cast your deadly " doing " down,
 Down at Jesus' feet ;
 Stand in *Him* in *Him alone*,
 Gloriously complete !

PERISHING WITHIN REACH OF A CURE.

The Right Honorable Lord Kinnaird, who has long taken a warm interest in the labours, the perils, and successes of our friend Mr. Ross, a short time ago kindly honoured me with a letter of which I give an extract:—

" I have received," says his Lordship, " an interesting letter from Dr. Livingstone, in which he tells me that he found the graves of the missionaries, whom Mr. Ross mentions close to his waggon, in which he had a medicine, a certain cure for the fever, which waggon he had left there seven years before." Is it not singular !

DR. LIVINGSTONE WRITES.

" A party of English missionaries perished, as we suppose, by fever at Linyanti, at the very time we were on our

way up, and were curing the fever so quickly that no more than one or two days were lost after the operation of our remedy. Severe attacks in Linyanti were cured generally without loss of strength. The remedy was first tried on my own children and a party of the English at the Lake Ngami in 1850, and I have never failed in a single case since. I have said little about it as it would appear quackish, which you know, we doctors have a mortal aversion to; but the loss at Linyanti makes me anxious to let it be known. When I went over to Linyanti to search for medicine for the disease of Sकेletu, the chief of the Makololos, I found the material for the composition of the fever powder in my waggon, which has been guarded to me during the last seven years and that within a few hundred yards of the missionaries graves. It is mentioned near the end of '*the Missionary Travels*'—(Dr. Livingstone's book). I now mention it to every one likely to try it, and though you may never need it, possibly at some future time your friends may."

SALVATION FOR YOUR SOULS IS NEAR.

How strange? how doubly sad it is to reflect that a cure was so near at hand, and yet to perish? Yes! the hitherto unfailling medicine was within an easy distance of the heroic missionaries—Mr. and Mrs. Helmore, Mrs. Price and three of her children, and their native guides—and still they died of the malady. And why? but because they did not know of the medicine being there; and although they had been aware of its nearness to them they were altogether ignorant of its power to cure;—just as Hagar and her son Ishmael in the wilderness, would have perished of thirst, though a well was close by, had not the angel of God appeared. This was none other than the Lord Jesus Christ himself. He opened the anxious mother's eyes to behold yonder green spot, and there she finds water in abundance. (*Please to read Gen. xxi. 15-19*) And so, dear young friends, you have the word of God within your reach, nay, in your very hands, telling you of the medicine—the precious blood of Christ—which cannot fail to cure the most desperately diseased souls! But your eyes of faith must be opened to see, and your hearts to understand its efficacy, if it would be of use to you. Plead with Jesus to send you His Holy Spirit, to give you sight, so that you may be able to see the 'well of salvation,' the 'fountain of living water.' Then up, drink, and apply, and your soul will be refreshed and strenghten-

and made perfectly whole, and *you shall live for ever*, with Jesus and His holy angels, and all the ransomed, among whom will be those devoted men and women and children who, at home or abroad, were *glorying in nothing save in the cross of Christ*, while their bodies were by its grievous weight being broken, crushed and agonized, even unto death.
—*Church of Scotland Juvenile Record.*

A DAY TO BE REMEMBERED.

I was born on a Sabbath-day : I was new-born on a Sabbath-day : and I hope I shall die on a Sabbath-day. I long for the time. O why is his chariot so long in coming?—
David Brainerd.



THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

“That, being steadfast in faith, joyful through hope, and rooted in charity, he may so pass the waves of this troublesome world that finally he may come to the land of everlasting life.”

I stood on the deep blue ocean's shore,
And watch'd the wild sea-birds lave ;
While, murmuring low, fell sweet on my ear
The flow of the passing wave.

When, dancing so light in the morning bright,
A fair little bark came by ;
Its tiny white sail so joyously shone
With a gleam from the sunny sky.

And I thought of youth :—of its early morn
Fresh launch'd on life's restless wave ;
When each gale that blows with rich odour is fraught
To the young heart so gladsome and brave.

But that gleam vanish'd soon ; the sky was o'ercast :
In terror each sail was furl'd :
I thought of the Christian mariner toss'd
On the waves of " this troublesome world."

This little bark, on the rough billows' foam,
Was tossing from side to side.
I marvell'd it sunk not ; but One was there,—
Jesus, the " Ruler and Guide "

No empty shells has that mariner sought
From the barren and sandy ground ;
Deep treasured within his bosom there lay
The " pearl of great price " he had found.

The darkness came on , the tempest rose high ;
And I heard the breakers roar ;
But the little vessel bore bravely on,
Fast nearing a glorious shore.

The morning broke on that night of sorrow,—
A morning serene and still ;
I look'd for the bark ; it was safely moor'd
In the haven under the hill.

The white sail was furl'd, the anchor dropp'd ;
The winds were hush'd to sleep ;
And gently the bark wafted to and fro
On the face of the glassy deep.

Oh, blest the repose and eternal the peace
Of the ransom'd soul shall be ;
No toiling in rowing in fear of storm,
For " there shall be no more sea."

GOOD PRINCIPLES.

"Mamma, what do you mean by good principles?" said a little girl to her mother.

"A person of good principles, my dear," said her mother "is one who does not do well for fear of the people he lives with, but from the fear of God. A child who has good principles will behave just the same when his mamma is out of the room as when she is looking at him,—at least, he will wish to do so; and if he is, by his own wicked heart, at any time tempted to sin, he will be grieved, although no person knows his sin, for he will feel that God sees and knows it."—*Children's Paper.*

DON'T TATTLE.

Don't talk about each other. Don't call one of your school-fellows "ugly," another "stingy," another cross, behind their backs. It is the meanest sort of sin. Even if they are ugly, stingy, or cross, it does you no good to repeat it. It makes you love to tell of faults; it makes you uncharitable; your heart looses its kindly blood when you tattle about your friends. Tell *all the good* you know about them; and carry the sins to your own heart, to be sorry for them, and to tell them to God, and ask him to pardon them. That will be Christ-like. If anybody says to you, "Oh, that Mary——did such a naughty thing," call to mind some good that Mary did, and hold it up to her praise. Learn to make this a habit.—*F.C. Record.*

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St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School, Hamilton, for one year of Lydia Burnet, per Mr. C. H. Kenmore	20 00
St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School, Williamstown, in aid of the Canadian School, per Rev. P. Watson.....	5 00

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JOHN PATON, Treasurer.

Kingston, 26th Nov., 1861.

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