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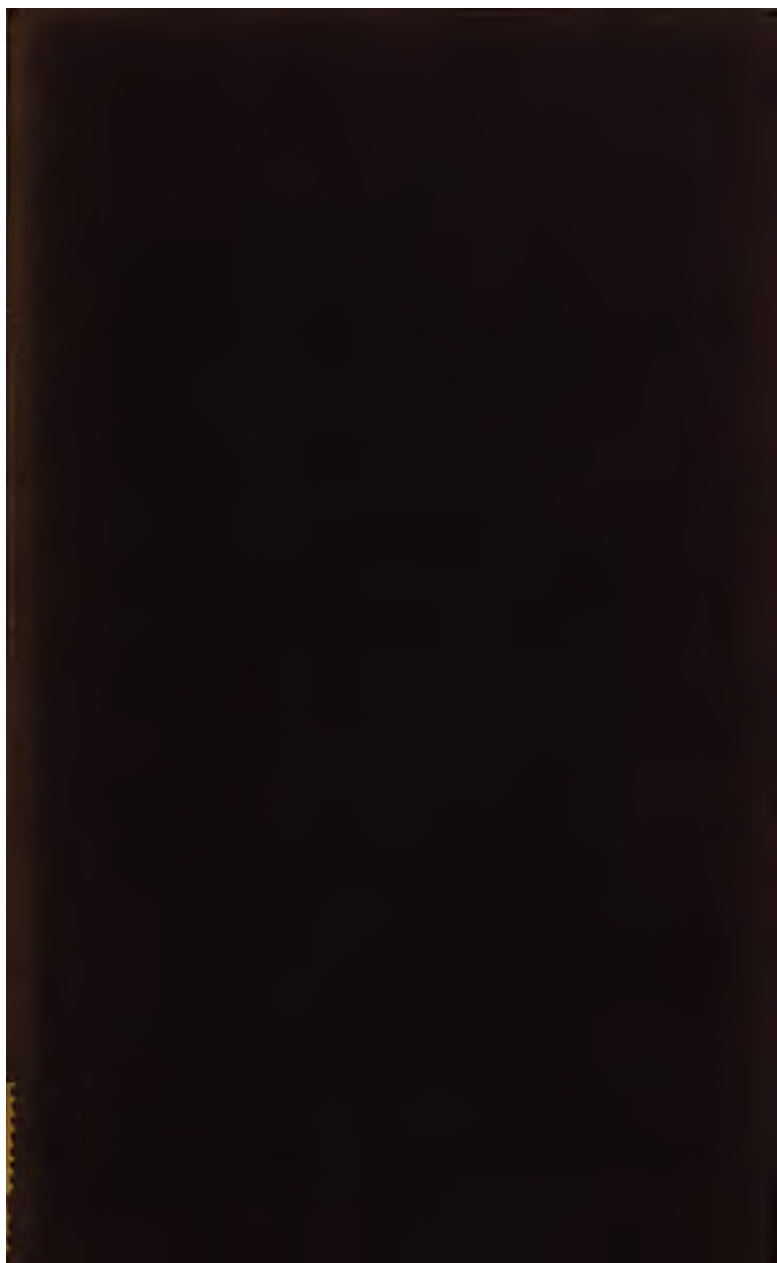
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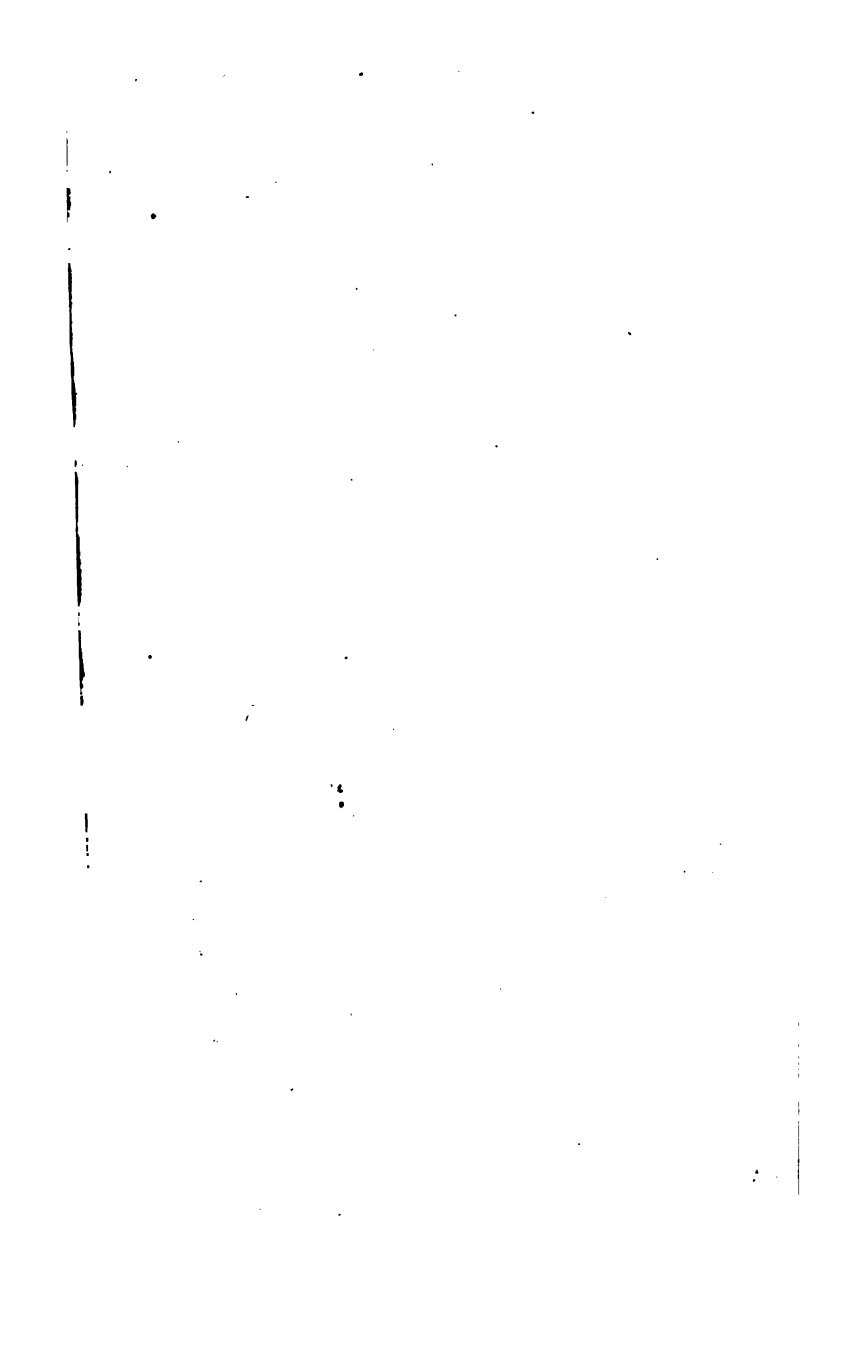
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THE  
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING:  
A MISCELLANY  
OF  
MISSIONARY INFORMATION  
FOR YOUNG PERSONS.  
VOL. III.  
FOR THE YEAR MDCCCXLVL



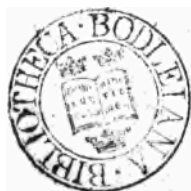
THE ROCK OF TRICHINOPOLY.

LONDON:  
SOLD AT THE WESLEYAN MISSION-HOUSE,  
BISHOPSGATE-STREET-WITHIN:  
ALSO BY JOHN MASON, 66, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

---

1846.





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THE  
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.  
JANUARY, 1846.

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WESLEYAN MISSION STATION AT WAIN-  
GAROA, NEW-ZEALAND.

WITH A COLOURED PRINT.

ABOUT ten thousand of the native New-Zealanders are under the teaching of the Wesleyan Missionaries. Some of them reside at Waingaroa, or Wangaroa, on the banks of a small river on the western coast of the northern island, about half way between North Cape and Cook's Straits. This Mission was commenced in 1835. The house and chapel in the picture were begun by the natives in 1841, and were finished in 1843. They planed all the boards, both for the outside and inside of the walls, and split thirty thousand shingles for the roofs. The bell was presented by some friends at Poplar. The native Christians assemble for worship in boats from various parts of the district. They appear to keep their clothing folded up until they reach the anchorage, and then put it on clean for attendance at the chapel.

The Chief, Se Awaitaia, was a great warrior, and a very cruel man. He has been converted; and has become a Preacher to his fellow-countrymen: his new name is William Naylor. When he was a Heathen, he had nine wives; before he was baptized, he separated from eight of them, and was married as a Christian to the ninth. Her name was Caroline Ngware. They lived happily together for nine years; but she has recently died in great peace, believing in the Lord Jesus Christ. William Naylor is still living, and is very useful and highly respected. May the whole of the inhabitants of New-Zealand soon

become Christians like William Naylor, and the good people of Waingaroa!

The drawing was sent to us by the Rev. James Wallis, of New-Zealand, together with an account of the Mission. We should be glad if our Missionaries at home and abroad would follow his example, for the benefit of our young friends.

### WESLEYAN MISSIONS.

By a statement which is published for the Juvenile Collectors of the Christmas and New-Year's Offering, it appears that the Wesleyan Missionaries have no fewer than 173,137 persons under their immediate care, which are divided as follows :—

Continent of Europe, and Ireland .....	11,382
Asia .....	7,777
South Seas.....	28,026
Africa.....	20,040
West Indies .....	77,041
America.....	28,871

Of these, 102,750 are full and accredited church-members ; 4,956 are persons on trial ; and 65,431 are children in the schools.

### ASHANTI.

ASHANTI is a powerful kingdom near the Gold-Coast, in Western Africa. Kumasi, the capital, is more than one hundred and thirty miles from Cape-Coast Castle in a direct line ; but the distance is much greater by the pathway through the forest. The population of Ashanti is upwards of four millions. About forty years ago the King of Ashanti went to war with the Fantis, a neighbouring nation, and became so enraged against them, that he determined to kill them all, and commanded his soldiers to spare neither man, woman, nor child ; so that the country became a scene of utter desolation. Some of the King's enemies had taken refuge at Cape-Coast : he pursued them there with his army, and would have taken the Fort, had not the

English Governor given them up to him. The King then withdrew with his army, and took with him a great many prisoners, whom he cruelly murdered. These wars continued till 1823, when Sir Charles Macarthy, the Governor of Cape-Coast Castle, went with a large army to fight against the Ashantis; but he was defeated; and, after being severely wounded, fell into the hands of the enemy, who cut off his head, and preserved it in the usual manner. His heart was eaten by the principal Ashanti Chiefs, in order that they might, as they imagined, imbibe his bravery; and his flesh, having been dried, was divided, together with his bones, amongst the men of consequence in the army, who kept their respective shares about their persons as charms to inspire them with courage.

After several more years of war there was a peace made between the King of Ashanti and the Governor of Cape-Coast Castle, when the King agreed to pay four hundred ounces of gold, and to send one of his sons, and a son of the preceding King, as hostages. At the end of six years, the gold was returned; and the present King consented that the two youths should be sent to England to be educated.

In the year 1839, Mr. Freeman went as a Missionary to Cape-Coast, and soon wished very much to visit the kingdom of Ashanti, to try to establish a Mission there. The following extracts from his Journal will show how he succeeded:—

Ever since my arrival on this Station, I had felt deeply anxious to visit Kumasi, the capital of Ashanti, and residence of the King. The tales of horror, wretchedness, and cruelty, which I had often heard respecting the Ashantis, wrought in my mind the deepest pity.

Having determined on commencing my journey, I immediately began to prepare myself by packing up a supply of provisions, hiring hammock men, carriers, &c.

At half-past seven A.M., I left Cape-Coast for Kumasi, and reached Annamabu at noon.

In the afternoon I made arrangements for starting for Domonasi the following morning.

February 1st, Friday.—At three P.M., I proceeded to Yankumassi, where I arrived at a quarter past five P.M.

Yankumassi is one of the largest native towns I have yet seen in Fanti, and it is kept remarkably clean. Assin Chibbu, the Chief, is a young man of more respectable appearance than many of the Chiefs of the country. During my short stay with him, I had some conversation with him concerning the worship of the true God. He paid some attention to what I said.

At three P.M. I reached the town of Mansu, and was very kindly received by the Chief and his Captains.

Before I retired to rest, Gabrea (the Chief) sent me a present, consisting of a good sheep, some plantains, and pine-apples. His mother also sent me some yams and plantains.

Monday, 4th.—At a quarter past seven A.M., I left Mansu, and proceeded on my way to Fessu. Our way lay through a dense forest, abounding in lofty silk-cotton and other trees, and many handsome varieties of fern. Many small rivulets, nearly dried up by the long drought, remind me that I am in a torrid clime. At five P.M., I reached Fessu.

Tuesday, 5th.—At seven A.M., I left Fessu, and reached my next resting-place, Berracoe, at five P.M. Fessu and Berracoe are both small crooms, or villages, belonging to Mansu.

Wednesday, 6th.—At a quarter past six A.M., I started from Berracoe for the River Prah, which I reached nine minutes before nine A.M. The river, the largest I have yet seen in Africa, with its thickly-wooded banks, abounding in palm-trees and mimosæ, presented a beautifully picturesque and interesting scene. Near the crossing-place, its bed is very rocky. As it was very low, I could see many large pieces of granite above the surface of the water. The River Prah forms the boundary between the Fanti country and the dominions of the King of Ashanti. On the Fanti side of the river is a small town, called Prahsu. Here I halted until the following morning, that my people might have an opportunity of refreshing themselves by bathing, &c.

In the course of the day my interpreter had the misfortune to cut his foot with an oyster-shell, while bathing

in the river, which made him almost incapable of walking for two or three days: I was therefore obliged to ease him by walking more than usual myself, that he might ride in my little travelling-chair. I was soon, however, obliged to hire four extra men to carry him in a basket which I had taken the precaution to bring with me, besides my chair, as my heels became so sore with boils, occasioned by the intensity of the heat, that I was little able to walk myself. The road also was exceedingly bad, being in many places not more than nine inches wide, and that full of holes, and roots of trees rising out of the ground.

The whole of the Fanti country through which I passed, from within a mile or two of Cape-Coast Castle up to the River Prah, a distance of about eighty-five miles, is covered with luxuriant vegetation, consisting of plantains, bananas, palms, bamboos, pines, many large forest trees, covered with climbers, and ferns. My ears were charmed with the notes of some of the feathered songsters of the forest; and my attention arrested by the well-known sound of the woodman's hook and axe, while clearing small tracts of ground in the forest for cultivating yams, &c.

Thursday, 7th.—At seven A.M., I crossed the Prah in a large, heavy canoe, and journeyed through a country formerly inhabited by the Assins.

In the evening I reached Anso, a small croom, where I halted for the night.

During the night I slept in a small hut; and, having nothing but thin strips of bamboo tied close together, to supply the place of walls, I felt the cold damps severely, although I lined this frail dwelling with a blanket and sheet. I was also mortified in the morning, to find that a rat had eaten some of my hammock-strings, which almost rendered it unfit for use.

At seven A.M., I started for Quissah, the first town of any importance on the Ashanti side of the Prah, where I arrived at five P.M.

(To be continued.)



## A WHALE-FEAST, AUSTRALIA.

A WHALE is the greatest delicacy that a native can partake of ; and whilst standing beside the giant frame of one of these monsters of the deep, he can only be compared to a mouse standing before a huge plum-cake. It is impossible for civilized man to enter into the feelings of the savage under these circumstances ; for he has never been similarly situated ; he never has had such a quantity of food that he doats on placed at once before him : his heart expands with benevolence, and he longs to see his friends about him ; so he falls to work with his wives, and kindles large fires, to give notice of the joyful event.

This duty being performed, he rubs himself all over with the blubber ; then anoints his favourite wives ; and, thus prepared, cuts his way through the blubber into the flesh or beef, the grain of which is about as firm as a goose-quill : of this he selects the nicest morsels, and either broils them on the fire, or cooks them as kabobs, by cutting them into small pieces, and spitting them on a pointed stick.

By and by, other natives come gaily trooping in from all quarters : by night they dance and sing, and by day they eat and sleep ; and for days this revelry continues unchecked, until they at last fairly eat their way into the whale, and you see them climbing in and about the stinking carcase, choosing tit-bits.

In general the natives are very particular about not eating meat that is fly-blown or tainted ; but when a whale is in question, this nicety of appetite vanishes. They remain by the carcase for many days, rubbed from head to foot with stinking blubber, gorged with putrid meat, out of temper from indigestion, and engaged in constant frays.

There is no sight in the world more revolting than to see a young and gracefully-formed native girl stepping out of the carcase of a putrid whale. When they at last quit their feast, they carry off as much as they can stagger under, to eat upon the way, and take as a rarity to their distant friends.—*Captain Grey's Travels.*

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## STORY OF AN AFRICAN SHEPHERD.

BY MR. MOFFAT.

WHEN this man was a little boy, he was watching sheep in a field ; so, as we do not know his name, we will call him the little shepherd. In the next field was another boy, a stranger ; but they soon did as you know children in England like to do,—got together to talk, perhaps to play. By and by the strange boy took out of the skin bag slung across his shoulder, a small book, and began to read. Away flew the little shepherd, like an arrow from a bow ; and when his friend called him back, “No,” he said, “I dare not come.” “Why, what are you afraid of?” “Of that little thing in your hand ; it is a sorcerer.” “O no ! it is only a book.” “Ah ! but I heard you talking to it ; it has no ears, and no head ; and how can it hear, unless it is a sorcerer?” “I was not talking ; I was *reading*,” said the stranger. But our little boy did not know what reading was ; and far away he kept, at the very corner of the field, while his friend tried to explain. At last, having laid the book on an ant-hill, at a distance, he persuaded the little shepherd to sit down by his side, and listen. “Now,” he said, “the little black marks you saw are seeds ;” (he meant the letters ; ) “each seed has a different sound ; and we string a few of these seeds together, like beads of different colours, and they make words, and tell us stories and other things we like to know : let me show you how.” So the little coward consented ; but he kept his bright black eye sharply fixed on the book, lest it should do him any mischief.

Then the other boy read the story, in Luke, about the star and the Babe of Bethlehem, and the listener forgot his fear in his delight. “What a wonderful baby that must have been,” he exclaimed, “that the shepherds should leave their flocks to seek him, and that his father and mother should take such care about him !” Ah ! he knew that the Bechuanas cared more for their sheep than their children, and that even parents there often threw away their babies to the lions and hyenas ! “Where is that

baby now?" he asked: "can I see him?" "O," said the reader, "he is at the *Kuruman*" (the Mission Station). "I never saw him; but I know he is there; for they talk to him, and sing to him: I have heard them."

The little shepherd thought awhile, and then he too left his flocks and herds, to seek the infant Saviour. No star shone to guide his way; but God, who has said, "They who seek me early shall find me," led him safely on his long, long journey to the *Kuruman*. He got there on a Saturday night, and a kind Christian woman in the village took him in, and gave him food. O, religion teaches us to be kind! The next morning he heard a strange sound,—the "ting, ting, ting," of the bell. He knew not what it meant; for the heathen children know no Sabbath; their life is one long, dreary week, and the day of their death is the Saturday night. He saw that the people gathered up their books, and hurried away, and he thought they must be going to eat: what else should make them in such haste? The afternoon brought the same sound, and away went the people and the books; and this time our little boy followed; they entered a chapel, and in he went too; and there stood the Missionary, with an open book before him. The child was not afraid now, but listened while the people sang a hymn; and O, he thought the voice of praise was very sweet! it was the first time he had heard it. Then the Missionary read; and, strange to say, he chose that very same chapter in Luke. The boy looked round for this Babe of Bethlehem. One of Mr. Moffat's children was there,—a white child, the first he had ever seen. "O surely," he thought, "that must be this wonderful baby!" You could have told him better; could you not? But still he was not satisfied; and he went with his tale to the kind old woman: she knew what he wanted, and led him to the Missionary, who told him the wonderful story of a Saviour's love; how

"He that was a King above,  
Left his kingdom for a grave,  
Out of pity and of love,  
That the guilty he might save;  
Down to this sad world he flew,  
For such little ones as you."

The child listened, and God the Spirit opened his heart to receive that gentle Saviour, and he became indeed a child of God. No wonder, then, he loved his Bible.

---

MY MISSIONARY-BOX.

I WOULD not be an Esquimaux,  
To dwell amid perpetual snow ;  
Nor would I a Siberian be,  
To chase the ermine o'er the lea :  
Nor would I by the Ganges rove,  
An Indian child in banian grove ;  
Nor yet on coral islands wild :  
I'm glad I am an English child !

They say that coral islands bright  
Are radiant now with Gospel light ;  
That to the frost-bound Esquimaux  
The patient Missionaries go ;  
That they for prayer and praise have made  
A temple of the banian shade ;  
That chill Siberia hears a voice  
Which bids the banish'd ones rejoice.

And shall an English child forget  
The many lands in darkness yet ?  
Perhaps the penny saved to-day  
May help to teach a child to pray ;  
And though my purse is small and light,  
Yet Jesus own'd the widow's mite.  
Thou who to me such love hast shown,  
O bless the gift,—accept *thine own* !

E. C.

—*From the Juvenile Missionary Keepsake.*

---

## FACTS TO BE THOUGHT ABOUT.

1. **THERE** are in the world about 800,000,000 of souls.  
Of these Christianity is professed by

Roman Catholics .....	80,000,000
Protestants .....	70,000,000
Greek Church .....	50,000,000
	<hr/>
	200,000,000

2. There are, who never heard the Gospel, Jews, blinded by unbelief .....	5,000,000
Mahomedans, deluded by the false prophet .....	140,000,000
Pagans, sunk in idolatry and superstition	455,000,000
	<hr/>
	600,000,000

3. Amongst this last 600,000,000 of Heathens, there are only about 1,400 Missionaries, including those of America, Great Britain, and the European continent ; or, ONE Missionary to every 428,571 persons.

4. The entire sum of money raised by Great Britain for Missionary purposes, every year, is about £350,000 ; and by America, £150,000 : making together, £500,000 ; which is only equal to what is raised by one single idol-temple in Calcutta,—the temple of Kalee,—in the same period, for the support of its superstitions.

5. If every Sabbath-scholar in Great Britain would collect one penny a-week for the Missions, it would raise £433,333. 6s. 8d. a-year ; and it, divided amongst the principal Societies, would enable them to print twice as many books, establish twice as many schools, support twice as many Missionaries, and occupy twice as many Stations.

6. To add force to all these facts, remember that, of these Heathen,

20,000,000 die every year,  
54,794 die every day,  
2,283 die every hour,  
38 die every minute.

At this rate, 36,860,000,000 have died during the Christian era, and 6,540,000,000 since the Reformation !—*Children's Missionary Newspaper.*

---

### CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S JUVENILE OFFERING.

THE beginning of the year is a good time to make fresh efforts in the Missionary cause ; and I would recommend all the young friends who are collectors, to endeavour to increase the number of their subscribers : those who have never yet collected, should begin with the year ; and even very little children, who are not old enough to have a book, might do something.

I know a little boy who often asks his friends for a penny for the Missionary Society : he puts the money in a bag kept for the purpose, and by this means he has collected ten shillings.

You have, my dear young friends, great encouragement to increased diligence and perseverance ; God smiles upon your labour of love ; he is well pleased with your efforts, and greatly honours you in employing you to work for him.

A few years ago it would have caused great surprise, indeed many people would scarcely have believed it possible, if they had been told that the children attending the Methodist chapels had collected nearly £15,000 in four years ; yet such is the case : in 1841, the Christmas Offering amounted to £4,721. 7s. 4d. ; in 1842, to £2,138. 9s. 7d. ; in 1843, to £3,839. 2s. 10d. ; in 1844, to £4,066. 16s. 7d. ; and in 1845, I hope it will be more than in any former year. In 1812, the whole Missionary income was £4,000 ; so you see that the children now, by one effort, gain more than was given by all the Methodists in the kingdom.

But besides getting money, I want you to read as much as you can about Missionaries and their work ; and when you see how much good they are doing, and how glad the Heathen are to receive them, and to be taught by them, you will have a rich reward for all your labour.

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## UNEXPECTED LIBERALITY.

A RICH old gentleman was some years ago called upon by the members of a Society which had for its object the spread of the Gospel, and was asked to subscribe to it; he replied, he had been thinking about it, but would first wish to become acquainted with their plans, and wished them to call again. Some time after, they did so; and he told them he had made up his mind to subscribe a guinea a year, and immediately began to count out upon the table a number of guineas: when he had got to twenty-one, the gentlemen stopped him, and said, as their time was rather precious, they should feel obliged if he would give his subscription, that they might go. The old gentleman still continuing to count the guineas out upon the table, they interrupted him a second time, when he simply said, he hoped the gentlemen would suffer him to go on; and on he went till he had counted down eighty guineas. "There, gentlemen," cried the old man, "I promised you a subscription of a guinea a year; I am eighty years old, and there are the eighty guineas."

There are many who, when advanced in years, have not the ability to act as this venerable old man did; and how desirable it is that young people should consecrate the morning of their days with their influence and property to the service of their Redeemer, and the spread of his truth! that when sickness, old age, or death comes upon them, they may not have cause to regret a useless and unprofitable life. "Let us work while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work."

*Douglas, November 8th, 1845.*

E. H.

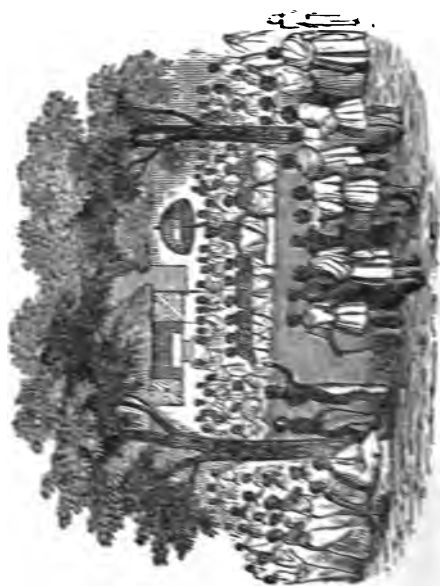
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SIR. PIERRE MARCHAND TO UPRIGHTS AND HIS CAPTAINS.

THE  
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

FEBRUARY, 1846.



ASHANTI.

*(Continued from page 5.)*

I HAD not been in Quissah more than an hour, when I was informed by the Chief, that I could proceed no farther into the Ashanti country, without obtaining permission from the Chief of Adansie, who resides at Fomunah, a neat little town, about a mile distant from Quissah. Being provided with a lodging-place, I therefore halted here for the night. I was delighted to find in Quissah several Fantia, members of our society, who had come hither for trading purposes.

Saturday, 9th.—This morning, the Chief informed me that Korintchi, the Chief of Fomunah, had sent over for him, in order to converse with him respecting me; and, shortly afterwards, a messenger arrived from Korintchi, requesting me to go over and visit him, which I immediately prepared to do. When I entered the town, Korintchi was sitting before the front of his house, under his large umbrella, waiting to receive me; his Captains and people occupying the ground on his right and left. After the usual compliments on meeting, he asked me what object I had in view in wishing to pass up to Kumasi. I told him I had nothing to do with trade or palavers, but was come into the country to promote the best interests of the King of Ashanti and his people, by directing them in the way of peace and happiness through the preaching of the Gospel. He then said he should like to hear the Gospel in his town, before I proceeded any farther into the country. I hereupon proceeded to speak to him and all

present on the being of a God. I commenced by taking into my hand a leaf which had fallen from a banyan-tree, under which I was standing, and asking them if they could make one like it; and they answered, *Debida*, "No." I then asked them if they thought it possible for all the wisdom, power, and genius in the world, united, to make such a leaf; they answered again, *Debida*. Having brought them to this conclusion, I directed their attention to the almighty power, mercy, and truth "of God, who made the world and all things therein;" and spoke to them on the nature of the Christian religion. They readily gave their assent to all I said; and Korintchi requested me to pay them a visit on the morrow, that they might hear more from me concerning the Christian religion. On my remarking, that, as I was a Minister of the Gospel, I could not prudently make them presents according to the usual custom; he answered, "We do not desire any of the customary presents from you, but wish rather to become acquainted with Christianity." I then asked him when I could proceed to Kumasi; to which he answered, that I should know more about it on the morrow.

Sunday, 10th.—At three P.M. I again went over to Fomunah, to preach the word of life, followed by the Chief of Quissah. I took my station in the same place in which I stood on the preceding day. Korintchi and his people soon made their appearance, and I commenced divine service by giving out some verses of the hymn,—

"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair," &c.

I had a goodly number of our people with me, who assisted in singing the praises of God. After a short prayer in Fanti by my interpreter, we sung the first verse of the hymn,—

"Lord over all, if thou hast made,  
Hast ransom'd, every soul of man;"

after which I preached from Mark xvi. 15, when I explained more fully the nature of the Gospel; and gave them many arguments which prove the divine origin of the Bible. Solemnity sat on their faces, and the deepest attention was paid to the grand and awful truths which

were laid before them : every minute almost did they utter a hearty *Eou*, "Yea," by way of giving their assent. At the conclusion of the sermon, Korintchi and his Captains said it was a "good palaver." On my telling them that I had not laid before them a thousandth part of the sublime truths contained in the Bible, they said they should like to hear more of them ; and especially what *Yancumpon*, "God," liked, and what he disliked ; and seemed much pleased when I told them I should be happy to preach to them again whenever they pleased.

Knowing their jealous disposition, I thought it prudent to make them as sensible as I possibly could of the character of my Mission : I therefore told them, that it was my love to God, and the souls of my fellow-creatures, which caused me to leave my happy native land behind me, and come among them ; and that this love was the fruit of my having embraced Christianity, as I was once as ignorant of practical religion as they were, and did not feel the desire to benefit my fellow-men until I had repented of my own sins, and turned to God. On hearing this, they were struck with astonishment, and said that the religion which I thus recommended to them, from practical experience, was good. There were about five hundred persons present.

(To be continued.)



### MISSIONARY DANGERS.

MANY of you, my young readers, have perhaps never heard of the difficulties and dangers to which Missionaries are exposed when they are in foreign lands. Sometimes these are very great, for even their lives are not safe, so fierce and savage are some of the nations they visit. I dare say you have heard of the Feejee Islands, in the South Seas, where the people eat their enemies after they have killed them ; and sometimes they kill them on purpose that they may feast on their dead bodies. Mr. Hunt, who is a Missionary there, is a fine tall man, and the natives once thought they should like to eat him ; so a party of them seized him, intending to kill and eat him,


but first wished to see if he were fat enough, and, as he stood in the midst of them, they stripped down his stockings to see if his legs were fat. Think what a situation this was for a man to be in, surrounded by yelling murdering savages, who were just ready to kill and devour him, without any means of defence, and no one on earth to help him; but he trusted in God, and he who has said, "Even the very hairs of your head are all numbered," would not let the savages hurt him, they left him without doing him the slightest injury. Mr. Huat has remained in the islands many years since that time, and there are now one thousand of these cannibals converted to God, and members of the Methodist society.

The following account, will show that the Missionaries in New-Zealand meet with many dangers in travelling in that country. Mr. Turton, who has been a Missionary there some years, was obliged to take a long journey with his wife and children. They engaged twenty natives to go with them to carry Mrs. Turton and the two children, with their clothes, food, and bedding. After travelling many days, and spending the nights in a tent which they carried with them, they came, at length, to a cliff on the sea-shore about eighteen feet high, which they were obliged to descend. The only way of getting down was to lower themselves to the beach by means of a rope, which was tied to a stake driven into the top of the cliff: had this given way, they must have fallen to the bottom. The natives who were with them, twisted some new flax ropes, made them fast to the stake, and took down the children in safety. One good-natured creature offered to take Mrs. Turton down on his back; but she took hold of the rope with both her hands, and let herself down very cleverly. The danger they were in when they were on the beach, you shall read in Mr. Turton's own words. He says:—

"The tide was now flowing; but it was still low enough, we thought, to allow us to get past a long range of shelving rocks upwards of two miles in extent. This we very narrowly effected, though we ran as fast as our dripping clothes would let us. By the time we reached the last

rock, the spring-tide had risen so high as almost to preclude all hope of getting round it, the sand having been greatly washed away by the recent bad weather. To climb the rocks was impossible, to go back was hopeless; so there I was, with my wife and children and people, up to my breast in water, hemmed in with the sea, with but the bare possibility of an escape, which my already exhausted strength was only just sufficient to attempt. O the feelings of that moment! But I saw the invisible hand of Jesus stretched out to me, and I determined to make the venture. Thrice was I thrown off my feet by the rebounding waves, and was only saved from being washed out to sea, by fixing my spear firmly in the sand, and holding on by the base; but the third wave had passed, so that I had just time to struggle out of danger, before the next arrived; and there I found my children wet through and crying most pitifully. But Mrs. Turton, and her eight carriers, were still behind the rocks. When they saw me washed down, they set up a dreadful yell, thinking I was lost; nor were their fears diminished on seeing my cap floating by on the top of the surf, expecting to see my body next. 'Let us all die together,' they exclaimed: 'why should we live after our father is drowned?' and they relaxed their efforts immediately. I sent more natives back to help them, when, on hearing that I was safe, they made one general effort, lifted up my wife on the chair as high as their hands could raise it, and rushed through the surf, sometimes rising above their heads, until at length they rounded the rock and reached us in our place of safety, where we returned thanks to God for his merciful deliverance. This place is called *Te matenga o te Tatonu*, 'The Turton's death,' to this day.

"After staying here about two hours to dry our clothes, we proceeded on our journey. The children we were obliged to wrap up in shawls, &c., as all their spare clothes had got washed into the sea. By five o'clock we reached Urenui, where we were met by Mr. Skevington, and three horses, by the help of which we were enabled to reach Onaroi, where we set up for the night, truly grateful for the mercies of the past day."



## "LET THERE BE LIGHT."

GEN. i. 3.

THOU whose almighty word  
 Chaos and darkness heard,  
 And took their flight,  
 Hear us, we humbly pray,  
 And where the Gospel-day  
 Sheds not its glorious ray,  
 "Let there be light!"

Thou who didst come to bring,  
 On thy redeeming wing,  
 Healing and sight;  
 Health to the sick in mind,  
 Sight to the inly blind,  
 O now, to all mankind,  
 "Let there be light!"

Spirit of truth and love,  
 Life-giving, holy Dove,  
 Speed forth thy flight;  
 Move on the waters' face,  
 Bearing the lamp of grace,  
 And in earth's darkest place  
 "Let there be light!"

Blessed and holy Three,  
 Glorious Trinity,  
 Wisdom, love, might:  
 Boundless as ocean's tide,  
 Rolling in fullest pride,  
 Through the earth far and wide  
 "Let there be light!"

MARRIOT.



## THE VALUE OF A HYMN-BOOK,

A STORY BY MR. MOFFAT.

You, I dare say, have Hymn-Books or Bibles of your own; but it is not so in Africa: even the grown-up people there can scarcely get a book at all, and would give a great

deal for some of those which English children often throw carelessly about. One day Mr. Moffat was sitting in his house, when in came a man in such a hurry he could scarcely speak, but his dark face was full of meaning as he exclaimed, "I want a Hymn-Book! I want a Hymn-Book!" "Well," said Mr. Moffat, "sit down a little." "I cannot sit down; I want a Hymn-Book! I want a Hymn-Book!" And this was all he could say, "I have come a long way for a Hymn-Book! I want a Hymn-Book!" "Well; but," said Mr. Moffat, "I have only one for Mrs. Moffat and myself; I cannot give you that. Go down to the village, and try if you can beg one." "Ah," said the man, "that won't do; you do not know the Bechnanas, but I do. If I had a Hymn-Book, I know I would not give it away." Just then a bright thought seemed to come into his head. "Do you think I could steal one?" (Remember, dear children, he was a Heathen, and only just beginning to "feel after God.") "O no, you must not steal one: that would be wrong." "Why," said the man, "your people have plenty; they can look over one another: mine have not one. Where would be the harm of my just 'taking the lend of one,' and carrying it off with me?" But Mr. Moffat would not hear of this, so off the poor man set; but he returned with a sorrowful countenance; no one would part with a Hymn-Book. And two days he stayed; but on the third, his face looked brighter, and Mr. Moffat began to fear he really had stolen one; but, no, he had a better thought now.

Far, far across the mountains lived a friend, to whom this man had lent a fine fat sheep. (They have no money there, but exchange things instead.) And so, away over hill and valley travelled this poor man, more, I think, than a hundred and thirty miles, till he came to the friend's home. He entered, and, "I am come for my sheep," was all he said; but O, in such a voice! "Well," said his friend, "sit down, and tell us the news." "I am come for my sheep," was the answer. This was bad news for the man, for the sheep was ten miles away across the mountains; so he said, "But not now, friend?" "Yes, now;



I will have my sheep now." And whatever the man urged, "I am come for my sheep," was the reply ; till at length, changing his tone, the visiter said, "Well, then, give me your Hymn-Book."

Now, the poor man had been all the way to the Missionary Station for the Hymn-Book, and had only returned with his treasure the night before, and it was hard to part with it so soon. But the other had heard of his journey. and that was the reason he followed in such a hurry.

While they were talking, the stranger, touching a skin mantle which hung against the wall, spied under it another book tied round with a string, and hanging from a hook, to keep it from the mice. "O, give me that," he said. "No," the man replied, "I cannot give you that ; that book first led me on the way to find the Babe of Bethlehem." Then the visiter begged again for the Hymn-Book ; but the man, who loved God, at last said, "I cannot give up my book ; but my wife and I will sit up with you all night, and teach you the hymns, and you can carry them away in your head instead." At length the man was persuaded ; so there they sat all night, the man, his wife, and the stranger, reading and singing hymns, and with the morning light the poor man went away ; and I hope (do not you ?) that the next time any books were to be had, he would be one of the first to get one. Dear children ! prize your books, but try to put them into your heads too ; and O, pity those who have neither book nor teacher !



### WHAT BECAME OF NOAH'S CARPENTERS?

"NOAH's carpenters !" You say, "Who were Noah's carpenters ?" Let us see. You have read about Noah and the flood, that swept the ungodly away in his time, and the ark by which he escaped, and was borne up so safely above the floods. That ark took one hundred and twenty years to build, and was by far the largest vessel that ever floated on the waters. You have read of or seen some of our line-of-battle ships, capable of carrying above one thousand men, with one hundred pieces of cannon, and stores for a six

months' voyage. Noah's ark was nearly twenty times as big, and could have carried twenty thousand men, and one thousand eight hundred cannon. Many trees must have been cut down to build it, and many hands, besides Noah's, engaged in putting it together. Very likely the people often laughed at Noah for building such a vessel on dry ground, when it was clear there was no means of floating it; and very likely he got the character amongst them of being little short of a madman. Still, on he worked, and they worked too, till the vessel was finished, and the flood was sent. Then they saw its use; and as it rose upon the waters, bearing up all that had taken refuge in it, they must have owned and felt that Noah, in all his folly, was a wiser man than they.

"But who were Noah's carpenters?" Why, the men that helped to build the ark. These were Noah's carpenters. "And what became of them?" That is what we have now to find out.

1. They were not in the ark. That is clear from Gen. vii. 7, where we are told, "Noah went in, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him;" and from 1 Peter iii. 20, where the number is exactly given, "Wherein few, that is, eight souls, were saved by water." Here, you see, were none of the carpenters.

2. They were not nicely housed in some cave where the waters could not come, nor safely placed on the summit of some hill which the waters did not reach. For we are told again that none were so protected: "And the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth; and all the high hills that were under the whole heaven were covered. Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail; and the mountains were covered." (Gen. vii. 19, 20.) Here were no carpenters left upon the hills.

3. Where, then, were they? It is but too plain they all were drowned. "And every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man, and cattle, and the creeping things, and the fowl of the heaven; and they were destroyed from the earth: and Noah only remained alive, and they that were with him in the ark." (Gen. vii. 23.) Here were the poor carpenters all drown-

ed ; and drowned, too, after helping to build the very ark in which they might have found a refuge.

And now for the use I intend to make of the fate of Noah's carpenters.

1. I have thought that the ark saving from the deluge was very like the true church of Christ, in which all who have become its members shall be safe in the day of judgment. That day is sure to come, and it will be a more fearful day than that which Noah saw. It will be marked by a fiery deluge, which shall consume all that the earth contains, and melt the very heavens with its heat. On that day none but true believers in Jesus shall be safe : but they shall be borne aloft, and, accompanied by all the hosts of heaven, soar far away beyond the reach of the smoke, and heat, and misery belonging to the destruction of this earth. If you are amongst this number, you are safe, quite safe ; but if not, if you are not a child of God, the great deluge will reach you, and destroy you the same as others, just as it did to all the wicked that were not in the ark.

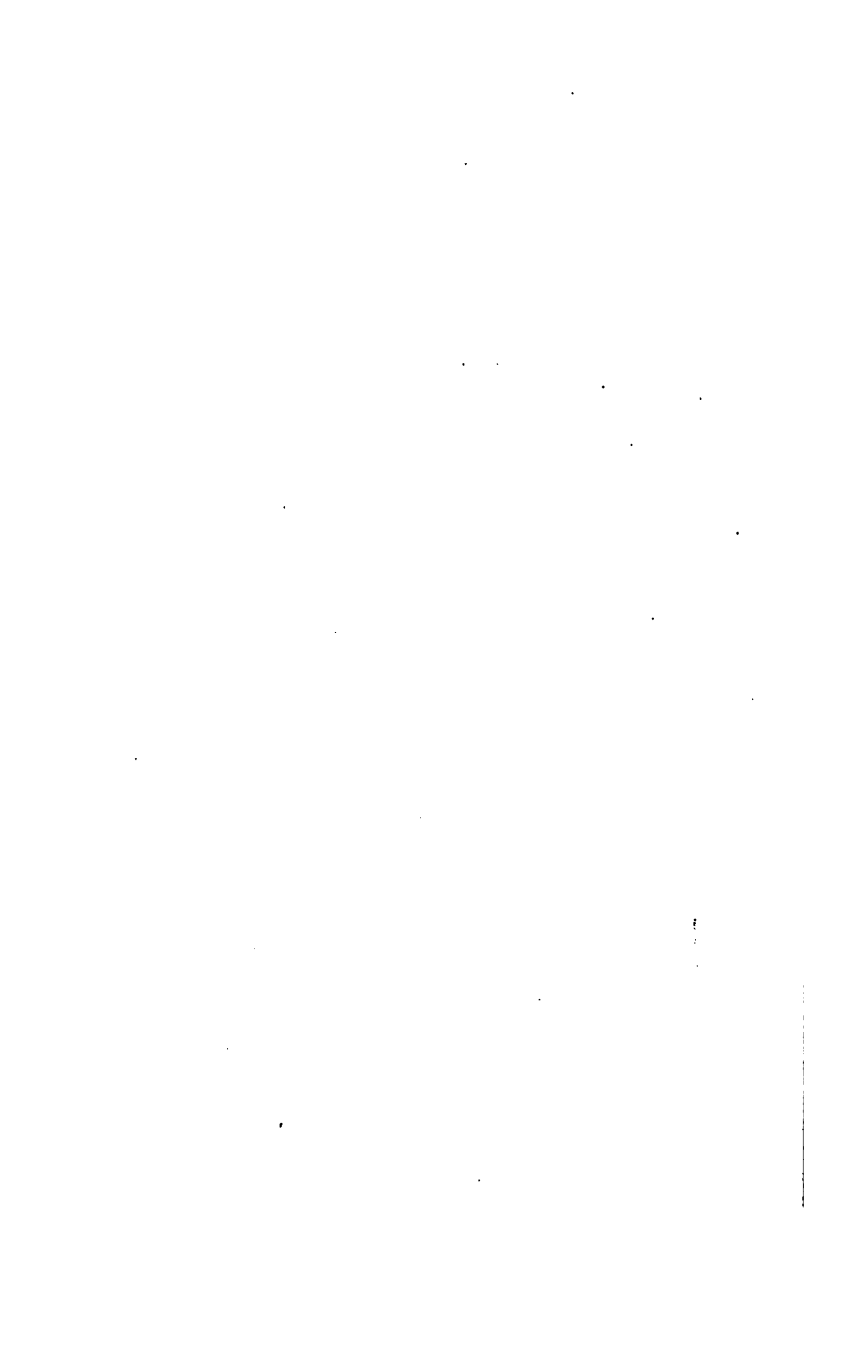
2. I have thought again that many people are just like Noah's carpenters.

They help to build the ark by contributing money to the cause of God, by advancing its interests through the world, and by getting many to join its numbers. But they do not go into it themselves. They do not take Christ as their own Saviour. They do not forsake the world themselves : and so, though they have done so much, and spread abroad the truth so far, at last when the fiery deluge comes, they see the saints, like the ark, arise in safety and in bliss, while themselves are cast down to hell.—*Children's Missionary Newspaper.*

♦ ♦ ♦

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**THE HINDOO GOD NIRUTHI,  
THE GUARDIAN OF THE WESTERN QUARTER OF THE WORLD.**

THE  
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.  
MARCH, 1846.

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THE HINDOO GOD NIRUTHI.

THIS is one of the three hundred and thirty millions of the gods of the Hindoos. He is called Niruthi, and he is the guardian of the western quarter of the world: his colour is deep blue, and he rides on a red giant.

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STRIKING CONVERSION OF A CAFFRE MURDERER IN HIS CELL.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY OFFERING.

IN this narrative our young readers will find the three following important things brought out.

First. A striking proof of the immense value of the Gospel.

Second. A remarkable illustration of the glorious truth that there are no crimes so dark, and deep, and deadly, but the blood of Christ can wash away; and,—

Third. A wonderful instance of mercy shown at the eleventh hour.

A Caffre, whose name was Keyoyo, had been guilty of murder. He had gone along with a wicked companion to steal some cattle. Like all thieves, he was alarmed lest his crime should be known. He thought that a little boy, who took care of the cattle, might perhaps inform against him and his companion; and, in order to get rid of this fear, he resolved on killing the little boy. It was a cruel thought; but, notwithstanding, he put it in execution, and murdered the lad. Now Keyoyo thought that his crime of stealing the cattle would never be found out, if he killed the little boy who took care of them; and so,

to keep his first wicked deed from being known, he committed another still more wicked,—he added the horrible and awful crime of murder to that of stealing; and, though he thought he would escape, God did not permit him to do so. That by which he expected to escape was the very cause of his detection. God hath said, “He that covereth his sins shall not prosper;” and again, “A man’s sins shall find him out;” and so it was with Keyoyo. He tried to cover his sins, but he did not prosper; his sins found him out. He was detected, justice laid its hands upon him, he was tried at the criminal court, and, the crime of murder being clearly proved against him, he was sentenced to die on the scaffold.

As he lay in prison under the awful sentence of death, he was frequently visited by Messrs. Davis and Shaw, Wesleyan Missionaries of the District, who were anxious to enlighten his dark mind about the things of the soul and eternity. When they visited him first, they found him as ignorant about religion as the little child who has not begun to learn anything. His mind was like midnight, dark and gloomy. He had no right idea of God. He did not know that he had a soul. He did not know that Satan was his master, though he had served him all his days. He had never heard of Jesus, or of heaven, or of hell. The poor condemned murderer was ignorant indeed.

He listened to what the Missionaries had got to say; but for a while did not seem to understand. No light seemed to break in on his soul. Had the good Missionaries not trusted in God, and believed in the almighty power of his Holy Spirit, they would have given up the work of attempting to enlighten Keyoyo in hopeless despair. But God at length heard the prayers of the Missionaries, and in great mercy touched his soul. He tried to pray, and God assisted him; for he thus spoke to the Missionaries: “When I pray, something pushes me on to pray more; I look about, I can see nothing; yet something still pushes me on to pray. Now, is this God who thus pushes me on to pray?”

The Missionaries told him that it was God, advised him

to pray on, and said that God would still assist him. So he did continue to pray; and at another time he said, "Sometimes when I pray, my heart is lifted up to my mouth." This was very cheering to the Missionaries.

But of all that was said to Keyoyo, nothing seemed to take his attention so much as the wondrous story of the cross. When Mr. Davis entered the dungeon where he lay, he frequently put the question, "Well, Keyoyo, what shall we talk about to-day?" and the answer he received always was, "Let us talk about Jesus Christ." There was keenness in his eye, and deep anxiety on his countenance, whenever Christ was mentioned; and he earnestly inquired, why he died, and how he died, and for whom he died. And why was he thus anxious to hear about Christ? It was because he now felt that he was indeed a sinner, a great sinner. The Missionary had often told him so, and he now saw it,—he now saw that he deserved to be cast into hell. Speaking of his sorrow on account of his wickedness, he said, "My heart is very sore, because I have sinned against that Saviour who has loved me so greatly and died to save me." When he was told that there was "a balm in Gilead, and a Physician there," that Christ was that Physician, whose blood was a medicine which was able to cure and heal the sorest heart; he said, "Pray, then, that mine may be washed in it."

Sometimes he felt comforted in prayer, and wished others to pray for him. "My heart," said he, "is a little glad when I pray. Tell God's people to pray for me, that my sins may be pardoned."

*(To be continued.)*



## ASHANTI.

*(Continued from p. 17.)*

MONDAY, 11th.—I am still detained at Quissah, waiting for an answer from the King of Ashanti to the information sent him the other day concerning me.

Tuesday, 12th.—To-day, Korintchi again sent for me; and shortly after my arrival at his residence, a messenger arrived from Kumasi with the King's compliments; and a



#### ASHANTI.

promise that he would send for me in a few days. Korintchi having made me the offer of waiting the King's pleasure at Fomunah, instead of Quissah, I readily embraced it, as Fomunah is much larger, more open and healthy, than Quissah. I consequently removed to Fomunah in the evening.

Tuesday, 19th.—Last night a sister of Korintchi died, after a long sickness. Her death was announced by the firing of muskets, and the "mourners going about the streets." When an Ashanti of any distinction dies, several of the deceased's slaves are sacrificed. This horrible custom originates in some ideas of a future state of existence; in which they imagine that those who have departed hence stand in need of food, clothing, &c., the same as in the present world; and that, as a vast number of wives, slaves, &c., are the chief marks of superiority among them here, so it must also be in a future state. As I walked out early in the morning, I saw the corpse of a poor female slave, who had been beheaded during the night, lying in the public street. In the course of the day I saw groups of the natives dancing round the body, with all manner of frantic gestures. In the evening I was informed, that as Korintchi and his Captains did not wish me to see more headless trunks lying in the streets, they had not sacrificed any other persons during the day, but would most probably do so during the night.

Saturday, 23d.—Early in the morning, the Fetish tune was played through the town, to collect the people together for the finishing of the "Custom" for Korintchi's sister. In the afternoon nearly all the principal persons in the town were dressed in their gayest attire: a large group of them was collected under the Fetish-tree, to see and hear the Fetishman, while he made his orations, and danced to the sound of several drums, which were played by females. The appearance of the Fetishman was very much like that of a clown: his face was bedaubed with white clay; he had a large iron chain hanging around his neck, which seemed to be worn as a necklace; around his legs were tied bunches of Fetish; and he held in his hand an immense knife, about fifteen inches long, and two and a half inches broad. Sometimes he danced with many fran-

tic gestures ; and at other times stood gazing around him with every indication of a vacant mind. While I stood at a distance, looking at him, he set out, and ran to a distance of about a hundred yards. Anxious to keep him in sight, I walked forward past a small shed which would have concealed him from me, and saw him standing with a musket at his shoulder, aiming at a turkey-buzzard on a tree hard by. Having fired without hitting his mark, he returned to the tree from whence he started, and began to make a speech to the people.

Sunday, 24th.—To screen myself from the heat of the day, I went to my usual place of retirement on the skirts of the forest, intending to swing my hammock to some of the trees, and remain there until towards evening. As I approached the place, I found that the air had a putrid smell ; which reminded me that I was not far from the spot where the body of the poor sacrificed female had been thrown : I was, therefore, obliged to return to my quarters, as I could find no other place free from large ants and snakes.

Tuesday, 26th.—I went into the forest, where I saw some very large monkeys, and several kinds of birds of the most exquisitely-beautiful plumage imaginable.

*(To be continued.)*

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## SLAVE-TRADE AT WHYDAH, IN WESTERN AFRICA.

THERE is a town in Western Africa called Whydah ; it is very pleasantly situated near the sea, shaded by trees, which wave their graceful heads above the houses. There is a lake near the town, in which are several small islands, beautifully wooded : the banks of the lake are covered with mangrove-trees, and thousands of monkeys may be seen skipping from branch to branch. The town is well laid out, and is one of the best in Western Africa.

But there is something which makes this beautiful spot a scene of wretchedness and misery : this is the slave-trade, which is carried on here. Many thousand slaves are brought from the interior of the country to Whydah, to be put into ships, and then carried to the West Indies. They

are confined in buildings called barracoons, and kept there till a ship comes to take them on board. It is very shocking to hear of the way in which the poor creatures are treated. When they are brought to Whydah, they are bought by the Spanish and Portuguese merchants; they put their feet in irons, to prevent them from running away; and place them in the barracoons; and before they send them off, they burn them on the shoulder with a red-hot iron: this is to mark them with the name of the merchant to whom they belong. When a slave-ship comes in to Whydah, these poor creatures are marched down to the beach, and stowed away in the bottom of a canoe. As the sea is generally rough on that coast, the canoes are often swamped or sunk, and many of the slaves are drowned before they reach the vessel. The barbarous manner in which the slaves are stowed away is distressing. In small vessels, where you would suppose they would not find room to put one hundred men, they will pack five hundred. It is not an uncommon thing for one-third of them to die on board of suffocation.

Now, what can be done to stop this cruel trade? The Queen of England sends ships to prevent the slave-vessels from going to Whydah, to get the slaves; but they watch till they know there is no English ship near, and then run in, in the night, and will sometimes take off eleven hundred slaves in a few hours. The only way to prevent this inhuman traffic, is to send Missionaries to the Africans, and teach them how cruel it is for them to steal and sell their fellow-creatures. If they had the Gospel of peace preached to them, their native wars would cease, they would learn to love one another, and slavery would be at an end.

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### MISSIONARY DANGERS.

LAST month you were told of the danger Mr. Hunt was exposed to from the cannibal Feejeeans. I will now give you an anecdote from the journal of Mr. Lyth, in Somosomo, Feejee; you will see how much the Missionaries need your prayers, that God would protect their lives in the midst of these ferocious savages:—

On Monday, February 5th, 1844, the old King, Tuitha-

kau, sent for some medicine for his mouth. I thought it best to go and see him, that I might ascertain his complaint. I found him laid on his mat ; and, having inquired about his mouth, thought it was a favourable opportunity to speak to him about his soul, and particularly as none were present but myself and his favourite wife. So I spoke to him as faithfully and affectionately as I could ; indeed, my heart yearned over him ; but he could not bear it, and, interrupting me, said, " Is Jehovah the God of the *baolas* ? " meaning those who fall in war, as a proof of the power of their gods. " As for you Englishmen, you are liars ; do you think the Thakaundrovi people will *lotu* ? (worship.) No ; they are a land of Chiefs. Do you think I would wish to go to your heaven ? No ; I shall go to where my fathers went. Jehovah is only God of heaven ; but we are Chiefs, and our gods have to do with earth. I hate you for what you have now said." I told him not to be angry, that what I had said was true. He said I should be killed ; he would kill me just now, and would Jehovah save me ? I said, I thought he would ; on which he rose from his mat, seized both my wrists, and ordered his wife to club me. She prayed him to forbear ; but he ordered her to bring him his club. Seeing that she would not do as he bid her, he left hold with his left hand, and was about to strike me, when she sprang in between us. He then felt on the ground for his club. His wife now urged me to tear myself away, as reasoning was of no use. My hands were soon at liberty, when he seized my coat, which, with a little force, gave way, and I hastened home, leaving my hat and stick and part of my coat behind me. Thus did the Lord deliver me from the hands of the violent man. The King afterwards sent to beg pardon for what he had done. Perhaps he was more irritable on this occasion in consequence of having eaten human flesh for two or three days previous. The old man is evidently a confirmed Heathen, and full of enmity to God. When religion is out of the question, he is very kind and complaisant towards us ; but tell him of the vanity of the gods in which he trusts, and his accountability to Jehovah, and his proud heart rages against the truth. Such everywhere is the carnal mind.

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## THE LITTLE WANDERING JEW.

FAR, far from Zion, far from God,  
And bearing still the chastening rod,  
Hopeless and homeless meets your view  
The little weary wandering Jew.

No Saviour's love, no worship sweet.  
No Father's name, no mercy-seat,  
(Blessings his nation brought to you,)  
Console the weary wandering Jew.

O ! Christian Gentiles, can you hear  
That Gospel to your soul so dear,  
And yet no sympathy from you  
Await the little wandering Jew ?

Or can you hear their God's address,  
"Who blesseth *thee*, I'll ever bless,"  
Nor give the mite now ask'd from you,  
To bless the little wandering Jew ?

—*From Hardy's Christian Melodist.*

## SPEECH OF JOHN SUNDAY.

SHAWUNDAIS, or John Sunday, is a converted Indian Chief of North America : he visited England in 1836, and perhaps some of our readers remember seeing him. A little while ago he was speaking at a Missionary Meeting in Hamilton, Upper Canada. Mr. Richey, the Missionary, who sends an account of the Meeting, says, "I wish I could remember the whole of his speech, I am sure you would be delighted with it ; but I will send you the close of it :"—"There is a gentleman," said Shawundaia,— "There is a gentleman, I suppose, now in this house ; he is a very *fine* gentleman, but he is very *modest*. He does not like to show himself. I do not know how long it is now since I saw him, he comes out so little. I very much afraid he sleeps a great deal of his time, when he ought to be going about doing good. His name is *Mr. Gold*. Mr. Gold, are you here to-night ? or are you sleeping in your iron chest ? Come out, Mr. Gold ! come out, and help us

to do this great work, to preach the Gospel to every creature! Ah, Mr. Gold, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, to sleep so much in your iron chest! Look at your white brother, *Mr. Silver*: he does a great deal of good in the world while you are sleeping. Come out, Mr. Gold! Look, too, at your *little* brown brother, *Master Copper*. He *everywhere*! Your little brother, running about all the time, doing all *he* can. Why don't you *come out*, Mr. Gold? Well, if you *won't* come out, and give us *yourself*, send us your shirt, that is, a **BANK NOTE**."

### JUVENILE MISSIONARY MEETING, LEICESTER.

THE Committee of the Wesleyan Juvenile Missionary Society, Leicester, in presenting their First Annual Report, do so with feelings of grateful emotion and devout acknowledgment to the Giver of all good for his blessing, which has attended their feeble endeavours to extend the kingdom of Christ.

The Society has been in operation only about three months, and twenty shillings have been raised by subscriptions from the scholars in the schools. At the Meeting on Christmas-day, in the afternoon, at two o'clock, Mr. Merywether in the chair, addresses were delivered by the Chairman, Rev. Messrs. Beckwith and Hulmer, Messrs. Buckley and Grocock; the attendance pretty good, considering it was the first year; collection amounted to £1. 12s. 6d. There were also Juvenile Cards brought in, to the amount of upwards of nine pounds: altogether the proceeds were more than twelve pounds. The whole of the Juvenile Cards have not yet been brought in; so that we hope to raise a good sum in this town for the Missionary cause. Many of the scholars are deeply interested in this sacred cause, and some are willing to deny themselves. A youth connected with one of the schools brought in 1s. 6d., for which he had worked over-hours; and we hope next year to see greater exertion and prosperity.

*Leicester, December 26th, 1845.*

### MISSIONARY JUVENILE OFFERING.

MR. PHILP, writing from Tunbridge Wells, says, "Our young people here have collected much more for the Christmas Offering than they did last year. There has been an unusual degree of interest excited among them; they seem to vie with each other who should do most. It was pleasing to see them running from house to house in the rain and snow with their Cards: one sweet little girl, who collected twenty-three shillings, got her-

self thoroughly wet four or five times in the course of her rambles from day to day over the scattered town. The people seem to expect an application from our dear children, and receive them with smiling faces.

"It is pleasing to remark, that two of our young friends, who have been trained in this way, will this year be entered on our list as regular Collectors."

*Extract from a Letter written by the Rev. W. G. Campbell,  
Tralee, Ireland.*

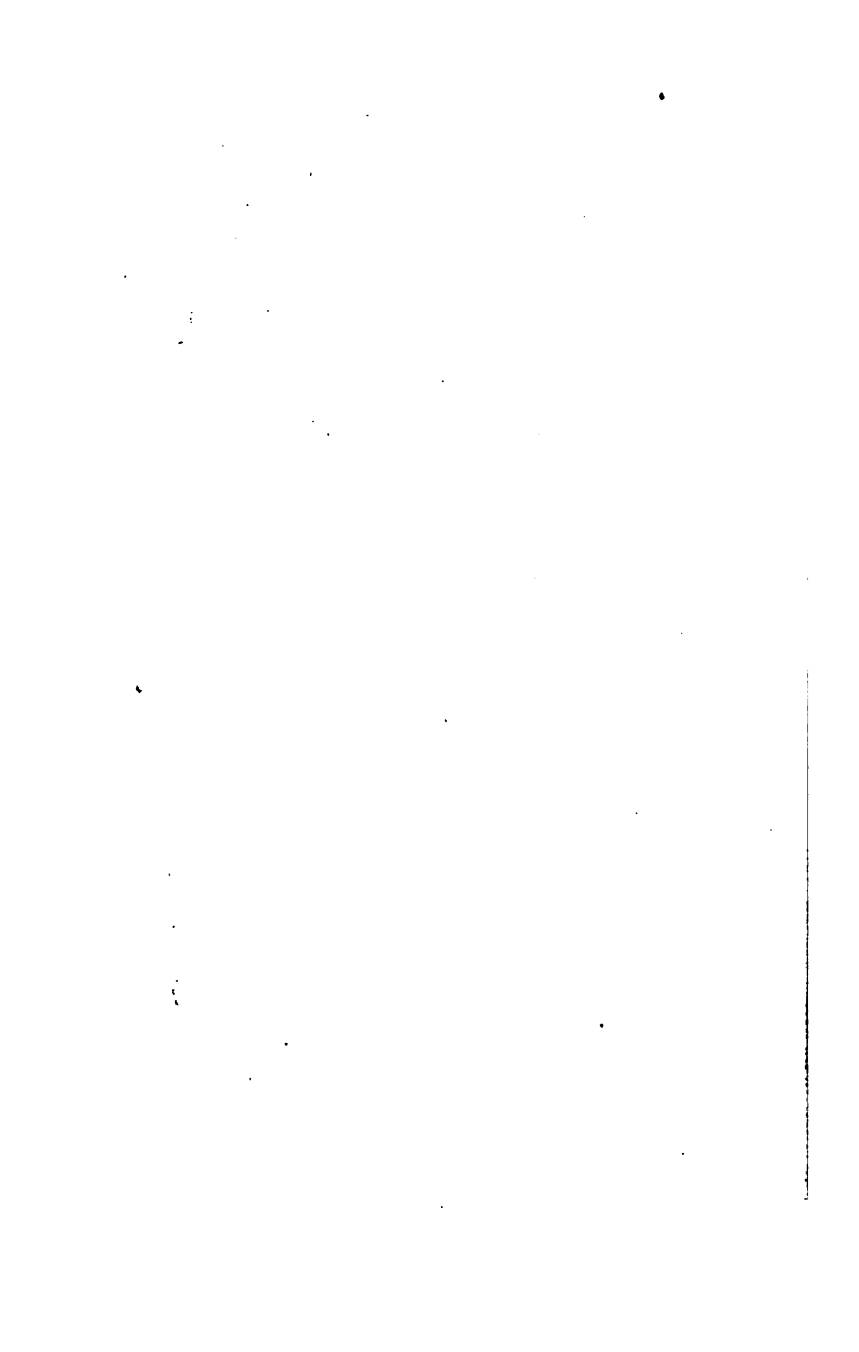
I SEND you £10 as the result of our Juvenile Christmas Offering in Tralee. The interest in behalf of this grateful tribute has by no means diminished in this Circuit; and if you beheld the enthusiasm with which about fifty of our children engaged in this noble enterprise, it would remind you of the anthem, "Hosanna to the Son of David." If every Circuit in Ireland did as much in proportion to the members in society, you would have about three thousand pounds.

#### JUVENILE CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S OFFERING TO THE WESLEYAN MISSIONS FOR 1845.

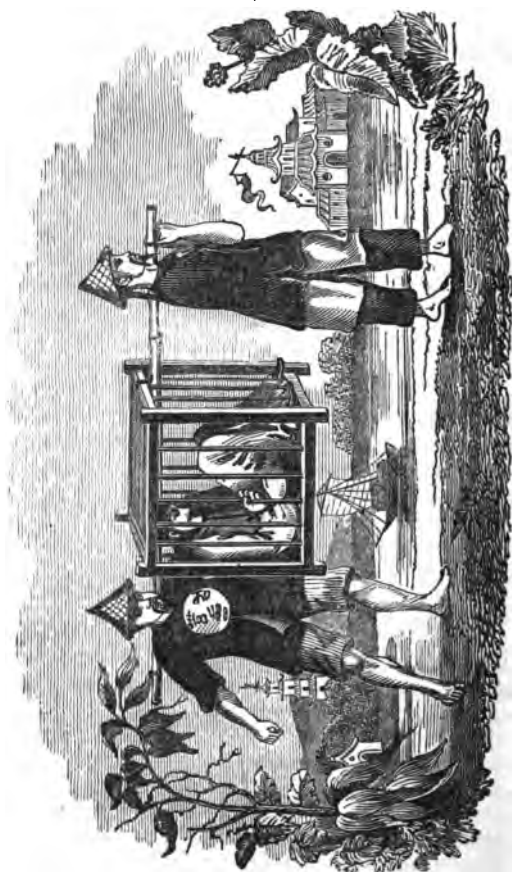
OUR young friends will learn with much pleasure that, at the time of going to press, the Juvenile Christmas and New Year's Offering for 1845, received at the Mission House, amounted to more than three thousand five hundred pounds; and that there was reason to hope, that when all the remittances should have been received, the total amount would prove to be little short of FOUR THOUSAND POUNDS; a sum highly creditable to the zeal and diligence of our beloved young friends, of immense value and use to the Missions among the Heathen; and we trust very acceptable to the great Lord of the vineyard, who has commanded us to work while it is day, and according to whose declaration, a cup of cold water offered to a disciple in his name shall not lose its reward.

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CHINESE TREATMENT OF LIEUTENANT DOUGLAS.

THE  
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.  
APRIL, 1846.

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CHINESE TREATMENT OF A PRISONER.

THE frontispiece is a picture of Lieutenant Douglas, who was shipwrecked on the coast of China, and was taken prisoner by the natives.

The Chinese call themselves the most civilized people in the world, and say that all other nations are barbarians ; but it is no proof of their civilisation to shut a man up in a wooden cage like a wild beast, and carry him about the country.

The Chinese are very jealous of foreigners, and do not like them to come to their country. This was the reason of their behaving so cruelly to Lieutenant Douglas : they kept him confined in the wooden cage for many weeks ; he was carried about from one prison to another ; and it was a long time before he was set at liberty, and allowed to leave the country.

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STRIKING CONVERSION OF A CAFFRE MURDERER IN HIS CELL.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY OFFERING.

*(Continued from page 153.)*

HE expressed great sorrow because he had not gone to school, nor listened to the Missionaries when he had it in his power to do so. There were Missionaries in that part of Caffreland where he lived, before he was put in jail for murdering the little boy, and he might have heard about Christ from them, but he would not ; and now he wondered at the goodness of the Missionaries in coming to him to tell him about the Saviour. And, O, what a happy

thing would it have been for Keyoyo, if he had only been wise enough to listen to the Missionaries, and follow Christ! He would not then have been guilty of the cruel act of killing the innocent boy. His brow would not have been branded with shame, nor his conscience filled with remorse. Neither would he have died on the scaffold a violent and disgraceful death.

But the good Missionaries did not leave Keyoyo, although formerly he would pay no attention to them. And this, as we have already said, astonished him very much. He wondered greatly why they should come to see him in the dungeon; and he wondered still more why Christ should have come from heaven to save him. And he was deeply sorry that he could now do nothing for Christ in return. He said that he was shut up in a dungeon, and would soon be dead, and that all he could do was to pray; but that he would pray as long as he could open his lips. On being asked what he prayed for, he said, "I pray to Christ to pardon my sins, and help me to pray." On being asked *when* he prayed, he said, "Always; for when my lips do not pray, my heart prays, and God blesses me." A few days before his execution, he said, "My heart feels pleasant when I pray, and I am not now afraid to die." Being asked why he was not afraid to die, since he knew he was a great sinner, and since he knew, also, that God punished sinners in another world; he replied, "Yes; God punishes sinners; but then there is Jesus Christ, and through Him I hope to be saved."

The day of his execution drew on. The place selected for the appalling scene was a military station on the boundaries of the colony, called Fort Wiltshire. The reason that induced the Governor to fix upon this spot, was, that the Caffres of that district might be spectators of the execution, in the hope that thereby they might be warned and deterred from the commission of crimes. One of the Missionaries went to Fort Wiltshire, two days before the execution, for the purpose of conversing with the poor Caffre, and discharging the painful and solemn duty of attending him in his last hours. On arriving at the Fort, he found the Caffre praying; and on asking him how he felt, he

said that he could look on death without the slightest alarm.

The Missionary spent much of the day previous to the execution in conversation with Keyoyo, and was much satisfied with the result. He proposed many questions to him, and the answers which he received were appropriate and satisfactory: he questioned him about death; and he replied, that his heart was "quite pleasant" in the prospect of it: he questioned him about Christ; and he replied, that he would rejoice to go to God and see Christ, who had loved him so much as to die for him: he questioned him about sin; and he replied, that while he could not forget his sins, he was not now afraid, as he once was, on account of their consequences, because, when he looked at them, he looked also at Christ at the same time, and all his fears fled.

On the morning of his execution, being reminded by the Missionary that it was the "fatal" morning, the last he had to spend on earth, he said he was aware of it. "My body is even now half-dead," said he; "but what of that? My soul lives, yea, lives more actively than ever; and though my poor body be soon entirely lifeless, my soul will yet live, and will go home to God."

At nine o'clock the doomed man mounted the fatal drop. It was a time of awful suspense; yet he was calm and composed. Though about to be launched into another world in a few moments, he exhibited no signs of alarm; but, on the contrary, rejoiced in hope, and said, "My confidence is in God; and if he will receive me, what have I to fear?" The faithful Missionary stood by him in his last moments, and exhorted him to pray. The poor Caffre did so. The Missionary then took leave of him, and, in doing so, counselled him to die with Christ's precious name on his lips, and holding *him* fast in his heart. Keyoyo's last moment on earth had now come—the Missionary had left the platform—the last farewell had been taken—the last prayer had been offered—the signal was given—the drop fell—one faint struggle was witnessed—and the spirit had fled and gone to its God. There was hope in his death.

How unspeakably valuable to the poor Caffre was the

blessed Gospel of Christ ! But without the faithful Missionary of the cross, that Gospel would never have reached the Caffre, and he would have perished in his sins, and without hope. And yet more : without Missionary Societies, and Missionary Meetings, and Missionary collections at home, that Missionary would never have been sent with the Gospel to the poor Caffre. How happy, then, must they be, who sent the Missionary on his errand of mercy ! My young readers, would you not like to be thus happy, too ? If so, then try what you can do to send more. Strive to be wise in winning the poor Heathen to Christ ; then shall you “ shine as the stars in the firmament for ever and ever.”



### VALUE OF THE WESLEYAN HYMN-BOOK IN INDIA.

A MISSIONARY, preaching in India more than twenty years ago to a company of English soldiers, saw, in the hands of some of them, Hymn-Books of an unusually large size. At the close of the service he asked to look at them, and found they were not printed books, but written with pen and ink. The poor men, not being able to get Hymn-Books in that distant and heathen country, had made copies of them with their own hands.



### THE LONDON CITY MISSION.

THIS is a Society for sending Missionaries to visit the poor in the alleys and courts of the city of London, who are most of them very ignorant and wicked, and know no more of God and Jesus Christ than the Heathen do. One of these Missionaries has established an infant school for the little ragged children who are found playing about the streets.

How useful this Missionary has been with his school, of which his wife is the Schoolmistress, the following little anecdote will show :—

John and Mary — were admitted into the school in

1842. John was two years and a half, and Mary four years, old. They soon fell into the school discipline, and were very attentive to the lessons given. When they were asked questions, (as is usual in infant schools,) they had always an answer ready, and sometimes the answer would be very apt. Indeed, their readiness was surprising, as was their cheerful character, and at times they would make the school all alive. They had attended school constantly for more than two years, when they were both taken ill of fever, during which time I often visited them, and always found them rehearsing some of their school exercises. The mother told me that the room did not seem like the abode of affliction; for, when taking their medicine, they would sing, in the well-known easy tune,

“Since all that I meet shall work for my good,  
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food,” &c.

Singing was their great delight both in school and at home, and it was their last employ on earth; for, although they were very weak, and almost worn out, in spite of all their mother's entreaties, they determined to sing their favourite hymn, and thus began,

“I think when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How he call'd little children as lambs to his fold,  
I should like to have been with them then.”

The dear girl could not sing any more, but requested John to sing on. The little fellow paused for a moment, and, as if directed by the Holy Spirit, he omitted one part, and sang the conclusion of another verse,

“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.”

Having sung this, he looked at his sister, and laid himself down never to rise or speak again. They were both in eternity before the sunset of that day. Neither of them spoke or noticed anything after singing their hymn. “Of such is the kingdom of God.”



A MOONLIGHT LESSON FOR YOUNG  
CHRISTIANS.

FROM MISSIONARY TRACTS.

THEY tell me that the gentle moon  
Receives her silver light  
All from the great and glorious sun,  
That beams in heaven so bright :—  
He pours on her his golden ray ;  
She shines to guide our darksome way.

And as she treads the evening sky,  
And smiles so sweetly there,  
I think a little child may try,  
To read the lesson fair,  
Traced in pure lines of silvery light  
Upon the gathering clouds of night.

Some distant ones have never heard  
Of Christ, "the truth, the way :"  
If God upon *our* minds have pour'd  
His Gospel's precious ray,  
And if the Sun of Righteousness  
Have filled *our* hearts with joy and peace,—

Oh ! shall we not reflect the beam  
To us so freely given ;  
And guide young wanderers to Him  
Whose glory filleth heaven,  
And yet whose eye hath often smiled  
On the weak efforts of a child ?

*Manchester, January 16th, 1842.*

E. M. I.



## HEATHEN CRUELTY.

IN the island of Somosomo, Feejee, a little boy had died, and, according to the custom of the country, an aged female of the family was to be strangled on the occasion. The Missionary heard that the old woman was to be put to death, and hastened to the hut, to try and prevent the murderous ceremony. When he arrived, he found the old woman's son clinging to her neck, and mourning bitterly. How strange thus to mourn, and then to strangle the mother that gave him birth!

The Missionary expostulated; but the old woman begged him to forbear. "She was old; what was the use of her living any longer?"

He warned those who were standing around, waiting to put her to death, of their guilt; but it was of no use, the old woman was strangled.

Alas! how truly and awfully do these people seek death in the error of their ways!—*Rev. R. B. Lyth.*

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ASHANTI.

(Continued from page 31.)

MARCH 1st, Friday.—Early last evening the Fetishman called many of the people together, and continued playing his drum all night; the noise of which disturbed me so much, that I had very little sleep.

Saturday, 2d.—To-day another human victim was sacrificed, on account of the death of a person of rank in the town. As I was going out of the town, in the cool of the evening, I saw the poor creature lying on the ground. The head was severed from the body, and lying at a short distance from it; several large turkey-buzzards were feasting on the wounds, and literally rolling the head in the dust. This unfortunate creature appeared to be about eighteen years of age; a strong, healthy youth, who might, in all probability, have lived forty, fifty, or even sixty years longer. As I returned into the town, I saw that they had dragged the body to a short distance, and put it into the



ditch where the poor female was thrown the other day. On my conversing with some of the natives concerning the horrible nature of human sacrifices, they said, they themselves did not like them, and wished they could be done away. While the poor creature was lying in the public street, many of the people were looking on it with the greatest indifference ; indeed, they seem to be so familiar with these awful and bloody scenes, that they think no more of them, yea, they do not think so much of them, as they would of seeing a dead sheep, dog, or monkey.

*(To be continued.)*



### CHINESE GIRLS AT SINGAPORE.

SOME months ago we told you about the Chinese girls in Miss Grant's school at Singapore : you will be glad to hear something more about them, I dare say.

There has been a letter received from Miss Grant, written September 4th, 1845, in which she says :—

“ It was now time for my much-loved children, Chunio, Hanio, and Kaychae, their younger sister, to leave me.

For many months the two former of these girls have been most anxious to make an open profession of the Christian religion, which, for the last year and a half, I have not a doubt, they have fully embraced in their hearts.

Their father has long been dead ; so the mother's consent was the only thing wanted. This they pleaded and pleaded for, but in vain, and worse than in vain ; for at last the mother became so violent that they were convinced it was of no use to ask her again. But what was to be done ? The time was drawing very near for their leaving ; and if they once left my house unbaptized, they never would have the opportunity afterwards. I bid them take time for thought and prayer, and then tell me their resolution. I never saw a more delightful, calm, composed “ counting of the cost ; ” but they did not waver.

On Friday night, August 1st, at ten o'clock, the die was cast ; and they begged me to request our Chaplain, Mr. Moule, to baptize them publicly on the following

Sunday evening. Up to six o'clock on Sunday night the mother had not an idea of what was about to take place ; for I thought it imprudent to mention it to her until the very moment was come, lest she should carry the girls off, and lock them up out of my reach. I can truly say that Sunday, August 3d, I spent on my knees. Nobody could keep me but God ; and towards afternoon I felt that I had taken hold on his strength, and 'his strength was made perfect in weakness.'

"As the bell began for evening service, I heard my children shut themselves into their room for prayer, along with their brother, who, I think, has been influenced by their pious example and advice, and who had determined to come forward with them, and offer himself for baptism.

We had resolved to have the carriages ready, and then I was boldly to ask the mother's consent once more ; if she gave it, well ; if not, we were to jump into our carriages, and get to church before she could overtake us.

I asked the mother if she knew her children were going to church with me. 'Yes,' she replied ; 'wherever Missie pleases to take them : ' for she has trusted them entirely with me. But then I was obliged to tell her, while the three dear children stood behind her the very images of terror, that we had come to the determination that they should be baptized that night ; but that one sorrow was connected with it, which was that they must act against her authority, because she was opposing the Almighty.

Her agitation was extreme whilst I was speaking to her ; but God, I do think, gave me in that same hour what to say. In short, I did not leave her till she had given a sort of consent, by telling me, if I wished it, she could not oppose me. I seized my opportunity, thanked her warmly, bid the children do the same, and jumped into the palanquins.

But I saw her come out and look after us ; on which I paused, and said, 'Nonio, why should not you come too, and see what is done?' She replied, 'If Missie likes to allow me ;' and the next moment the mother and her two daughters were seated beside me on our way to St. Andrew's church.

I think I never felt a more pure, holy joy in my life

than as I heard the answer of my dear girls, in the baptismal service, as, with their brother, they replied, 'All *dis* I steadfastly believe.'

"When I returned from church that evening, my heart overflowed with thanksgiving; and I could only say, 'Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing. Then said they among the Heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them; the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.'"

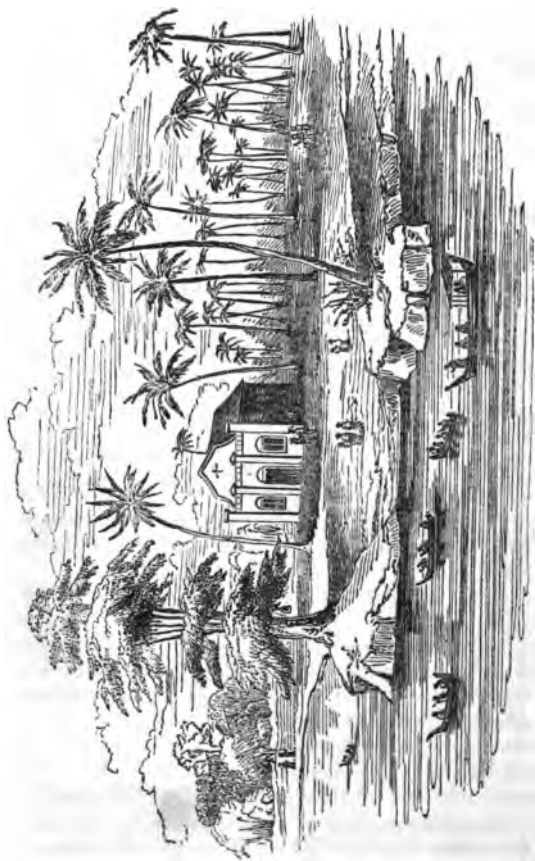
### THE NEW TESTAMENT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE Rev. Robert Moffatt, in a letter which he has recently sent from Kuruman, says,—“The reception of the New Testaments, &c., produced a wonderful change in every department of our labours. Our schools, the family circle, and public worship, bore testimony to the boon conferred on the Bechuana Mission. Our native Teachers were thereby not only equipped with a full set of armour, but with weapons far more potent than those they were wont to wield. I was struck with the following remarks made by one of our Native Assistants lately, while addressing the people of his charge: ‘Now,’ said he, ‘I will remind you of your rascality. You said that the Teachers talked to the book, and made the book say what they wished. Here is the book, and it can talk where there are no Teachers. If a believer reads it, it tells the same news; if an unbeliever reads it, the news are still the same. This book,’ holding it out in his hand, ‘will preach, teach, and tell news, though there were no Teachers in the country.’”  
—*Monthly Extracts of the Bible Society.*

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WESLEYAN CHAPEL AT SEEDUA, IN THE ISLAND OF CEYLON.

THE

## WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

MAY, 1846.



### A WATCH-NIGHT IN CEYLON.

Most children who go to a Methodist chapel in England, know that a watch-night is a service held the last night in the year, which continues till after midnight. A few minutes before twelve, the people fall on their knees, and continue in silent prayer till they hear the clock strike, when they rise, and sing the hymn beginning, "Come, let us anew," &c.

In the island of Ceylon there is a Missionary Station called Seedua.

The Frontispiece shows you the chapel, which is beautifully situated on the bank of a river; a great many of the Heathen in the neighbourhood have been converted to Christianity, and attend the services every Sunday.

Some years ago, the Missionary living at Seedua thought he should like to hold a watch-night there: this was quite a new thing to the native Christians; but they were pleased with the thought of ending the old year, and beginning the new, as Wesleyan Methodists do fifteen thousand miles off, over the great sea.

When they were told that the striking of a clock, in England, announced the hour of twelve, which began the new year, they were rather puzzled for an expedient to answer this purpose, having no time-piece in the whole country, except watches. A method, however, was soon found, which answered all the purposes of a clock. There was outside of the chapel a bell, hung upon the branch of a high tree, with a rope tied to it, (see *Frontispiece*,) by which the inhabitants were summoned to church. It

was proposed that the bell should be tolled twelve times by the Schoolmaster of Seedua, at the moment twelve o'clock should arrive.

The privilege of tolling the bell was regarded as a great honour. The Schoolmaster went out to toll the bell, while the whole congregation went upon their knees, in which position they had been told to wait until the bell tolled twelve times. It tolled once, and then twice, and then thrice, with a solemn slowness. Here the tolling ceased; and the Schoolmaster ran into the chapel, exclaiming loudly, that the bell-rope had broken, and he could not toll it any more! Although this accident somewhat disturbed the seriousness of the moment, the congregation rose, and, for the first time in their lives, began to sing,—

“Come, let us anew Our journey pursue,  
Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still till the Master appear.”

Great care was always afterwards taken to have a good rope to the bell on these occasions. On this night Seedua presented one of the most novel sights, and to the Christian's eye one of the most cheering it had ever witnessed. Standing at the chapel-door, there might be seen first one company, and then another, slowly moving towards it from different directions, each preceded by one man holding a large blazing torch in his hands, far above his head; the torch being large enough to give light to the whole company. Both the men and the women were dressed in white calico jackets, and had folds of printed calico bound round their waists, which reached down to the ankles. The broad red glare of the torches had a peculiar effect upon their bronze countenances, and discovered, too, the brilliant high combs in the heads of the men, and made the large silver pins in the heads of the females glitter with unusual brightness: these pins, beautifully worked, are three or four inches in length, and cross each other through the bunch of hair, so as to form the appearance of a star.

In another direction there might be seen others coming to the watch-night down the river, in their canoes, with

blazing torches at the head. Nothing could exceed the interest of this night. God was with his people: he received their sacrifices, and sent them home rejoicing.

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ASHANTI.

*(Continued from page 46.)*

AFTER many delays, Mr. Freeman at length reached Kumasi. He says,—Having reached the outside of the town, we halted under a large tree, and there waited for another royal invitation. In a short time, His Majesty's chief linguist, Apoko, came in a palanquin, shaded by an immense umbrella, and accompanied by messengers bearing canes nearly covered with gold, to take charge of my luggage, and see it safe lodged in the residence intended for me. All these things being properly arranged, another messenger arrived, accompanied by troops and men bearing large umbrellas, requesting me to proceed to the market-place. The King's commandment being urgent, we pushed along with speed, preceded by a band of music. As soon as we arrived at the market-place, I got out of my little travelling-chair, and walked through the midst of an immense concourse of persons, a narrow path being kept clear for me, paying my respects to the King and his numerous Chiefs and Captains, who were seated on wooden chairs, richly decorated with brass and gold, under the shade of their splendid umbrellas, (some of them large enough to screen twelve or fourteen persons from the burning rays of the sun, and crowned with images of beasts covered with gold,) surrounded by their troops and numerous attendants. I was occupied for half an hour in walking slowly through the midst of this immense assembly, touching my hat and waving my hand, except before the King, in whose presence I of course stood for a moment uncovered. I then took my seat at a distance, accompanied by my people and several Fanti traders who are staying in the town, to receive the compliments of the King, &c., according to their usual custom.



After I had taken my seat, the immense mass began to be in motion ; many of the Chiefs first passed me in succession, several of them cordially shaking me by the hand, accompanied by their numerous retinue. Then came the officers of the King's household, his Treasurer, Steward, &c., attended by their people ; some bearing on their heads massive pieces of silver plate, others carrying in their hands gold swords and canes, native stools neatly carved and almost covered with gold and silver, and tobacco pipes richly decorated with the same precious materials. In this display I also saw the royal Executioners bearing the blood-stained stools, on which thousands of human victims have been sacrificed, and also the large death-drum, which is beaten at the moment when the fatal knife severs the head from the body, the very sound of which carries with it a thrill of horror. Then followed the King, Quacoe Dooah, under the shade of three splendid umbrellas, the cloth of which was silk velvet of different colours, supported by some of his numerous attendants. The display of gold which I witnessed, as His Majesty passed, was truly astonishing. After the King followed other Chiefs, and, lastly, the main body of the troops. This immense procession occupied an hour and a half in passing before me.

I suppose the number of persons which I saw collected together, exceeded forty thousand, including a great number of females. The wrists of some of the Chiefs were so heavily laden with gold ornaments, that they rested their arms on the shoulders of some of their attendants.

The arduous duties of the day being over, I immediately repaired to my quarters, and, spreading a cloth upon the floor, sunk, tired and weary, into the arms of sleep.

*(To be continued.)*

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## HAPPY DEATH OF A NEGRO BOY,

AT ST. MARY'S, WEST AFRICA.

THE greater part of the population of Sierra-Leone, St. Mary's, and Macarthy's Island, consists of re-captured

Negroes, or, as they are more generally called on the Coast, "Liberated Africans," who have been rescued from those floating dungeons, the slave-ships, by Her Majesty's men-of-war.

A few years ago, a great number of children who had thus been saved on the "middle passage," were brought to Macarthy's Island, most of whom were placed under the care of the Missionary and his wife. And these little Negroes soon gave pleasing proof that they were quite as capable of learning what was taught them as English children.

John Cupidon, one of our excellent Assistants, had charge of two of these friendless children; and, some time after, being removed to the St. Mary's Station, he took them with him. In the latter end of the year 1841, Robert Clark, the elder of the two, died: I had myself frequently seen him during his illness, and also just after he expired, which was under the following circumstances:—Feeling that he could not live much longer, he inquired for Cupidon, who was immediately by his side; when this poor African slave, aged about thirteen years, said, in broken accents, "Massa, me bin call you, for tell you, me now bout for die, but me no fraid for die; Jesus Christ pardon all my sin, and my soul is happy in de Lord." This was pleasing, especially to John Cupidon, under whose roof he had lived, and who had often prayed with and for him; but this was not all; the dying lad went on to say, "And me bin call you also, Massa, for tank you for all de goodness you bin do me. You bin teach me berry well in de house, and berry well in de school; and now me going to Jesus." And then, lifting up his withered hand, he shook hands with his faithful friend and master, saying, "'Tank you, Massa, tank you; good bye, good bye." And, in a few minutes after this, he breathed his last. Thus died Robert Clark, one of our school-boys in Western Africa.

*Bristol, March 10th, 1846.*

W. Fox.

## CHILDREN CALLED TO CHRIST.

BY THE LATE REV. R. M. M'CHEYNE.

LIKE mist on the mountain,  
Like ships on the sea,  
So swiftly the years  
Of our pilgrimage flee.  
In the grave of our fathers  
How soon we shall lie !  
Dear children, to-day  
To a Saviour fly.

How sweet are the flowerets  
In April and May !  
But often the frost makes  
Them wither away.  
Like flowers you may fade :  
Are you ready to die ?  
While "yet there is room,"  
To a Saviour fly.

When Samuel was young,  
He first knew the Lord,  
He slept in his smile,  
And rejoiced in his word ;  
So most of God's children  
Are early brought nigh :  
O seek him in youth,  
To a Saviour fly.

Do you ask me for pleasure ?  
Then lean on his breast ;  
For there the sin-laden  
And weary find rest.  
In the valley of death  
You will triumphing cry,  
"If this be call'd dying,  
'T is pleasant to die !"

## THE HAPPY HOTTENTOT:

OR, LOVE TO CHRIST.

IN South Africa, there is a race of people called Hottentots. They live a wretched life, in poverty and ignorance, and wander about from place to place. Their dress consists of old sheep skins; and their huts are made of mats, placed over sticks, in the shape of a bee-hive, with scarcely room in them to stand upright. But what do you suppose they worship? An insect! It is called the *mantis*, or walking leaf; as it is often taken for a leaf of a tree lying in the pathway. They call it "the child of heaven;" and should it fly upon any person, they take it as a sure sign of prosperity; but the English, who have gone to live in that part of the world, call it the "Hottentot's god!" Many Missionaries have settled among this people, and have been very useful to them.

Some years ago, there was a Hottentot boy, who had been sold as a slave. After he had been with his master for a short time, he heard that there was a Missionary who had come from England to teach his people about Jesus Christ. He felt a strong desire to hear him. He went to the place where he preached, and soon became concerned for the salvation of his soul. His master was a stern and severe man, and the boy was fearful he would be angry with him for going to hear the Missionary. One evening, as he crept softly under the window of the house, his master saw him, and called out, "Where are you going?" The poor boy came back, and trembled very much as he said, "Me go to hear the Missionary, massa." His master replied, "To hear the Missionaries, indeed! If ever you go there, you shall be flogged, and put in irons." However, the master, after a short time, said he might go; and the boy with great joy hurried along, that he might be in time to hear the preaching. No sooner had he gone, than the master thought he would follow; for he had heard his little slave speak of a "great Master" in heaven, who takes notice of every thing that is done on the earth: this had made him unhappy, and he went to see if what

the Missionary said would suit his case also. The master got into a corner of the house, and listened to the words that were spoken. That day the Missionary addressed the natives from the words, "Lovest thou me?" "Is there no poor sinner," said he, "who can answer this question? Not one poor slave who loves Jesus Christ? No one who dares to confess him?" Here the poor slave boy, unable any longer to control his feelings, stood up, and holding up both his hands, while the tears flowed down his cheeks, cried out, "Yes, massa, me love the Lord Jesus Christ: me do love him; me love him with all my heart!" The master heard the words of his slave, and went home: in a short time it was seen that the master had been brought to love Jesus Christ also.

If we could bring together a hundred true converts, from all parts of the world where Missionaries have gone, they would say with one voice, "We all love Christ. He died for us on the cross; he shed his blood to take away our sins; he gave his Holy Spirit to change our hearts; he sent his servants to preach to us the gospel; he has promised that we shall dwell with him in heaven for ever; and ought we not to love him?" The Hindoo from the east, the Negro from the west, the Hottentot from the south, and the Greenlander from the north, would all say, "Lord, thou knowest we love thee." Reader, do *you* love Jesus Christ with all your heart?

Lord, may it be my chief delight  
To yield to thee my early days;  
Let every morning, noon, and night  
Bear witness to my grateful praise.

—*Missionary Tracts.*

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## CHINA.

CHINA is a very large country, and has more people in it than any other country in the world. The King, or rather the Emperor, who is at the head of it, rules over as much as a thousand miles of country in every direction; and his people are more than three hundred millions in number.

China has very long and mighty rivers, and it has large canals : one of them is at least seven hundred miles long. People say that as many as thirty thousand men were at work at it forty years, before they could finish it.

China has vast ridges of mountains covered with forest trees. It has also a great number of towns and cities. Some say, that as many as four thousand of them, at the least, have walls round them.

You must know that China has a country near to it, called Tartary ; and that the Tartars who live in it, being warlike people, used to make war against the Chinese. It was, therefore, to keep the Tartars out of China, that the great wall was built.

The great wall, high as it was, did not prevent the Tartars from conquering China. They made desperate attacks, and took the country ; and the Emperor who now rules over China is a Tartar.

The wall was built about three hundred years before our blessed Saviour came into the world, to die, the "just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." (1 Peter iii. 18.) It is something more than a thousand miles long, and is paved on the top ; and if you could only see how it crosses valleys, brooks, and rivers, and climbs over hills and mountains as much as five thousand feet high, it would surprise you.

Some parts of the wall are built with stone, and some parts of brick ; and every now and then there is a strong tower. David likens God to a "high tower ;" he says, "The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer ; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust ; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower." (Psalm xviii. 2.)

There are hundreds, if not thousands, of these towers. The wall is about thirty feet high, and the towers are about forty feet ; but where there was little danger, the wall was built lower ; and where the danger was great, it was much higher. There is no other such in the world. Though it has been built more than two thousand years, yet there it stands, and is likely to stand. There is as much stone, and brick, and earth, in this mighty defence, as would build a thick wall all round the world five or six

feet high, though the world is twenty-four thousand miles round it. The great wall may not be much more than one thousand miles long, but when you consider its height, and thickness, and the great number of its towers, you will find that what I say is true. It has stood for two thousand years ; but time will conquer it at last :

And China's wall, as crumbling clay  
Or mouldering dust, will pass away.

Let us not put our trust in the work of men's hands, but in "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever," (Heb. xiii. 8.)—*The Chinese, by Uncle Adam.*

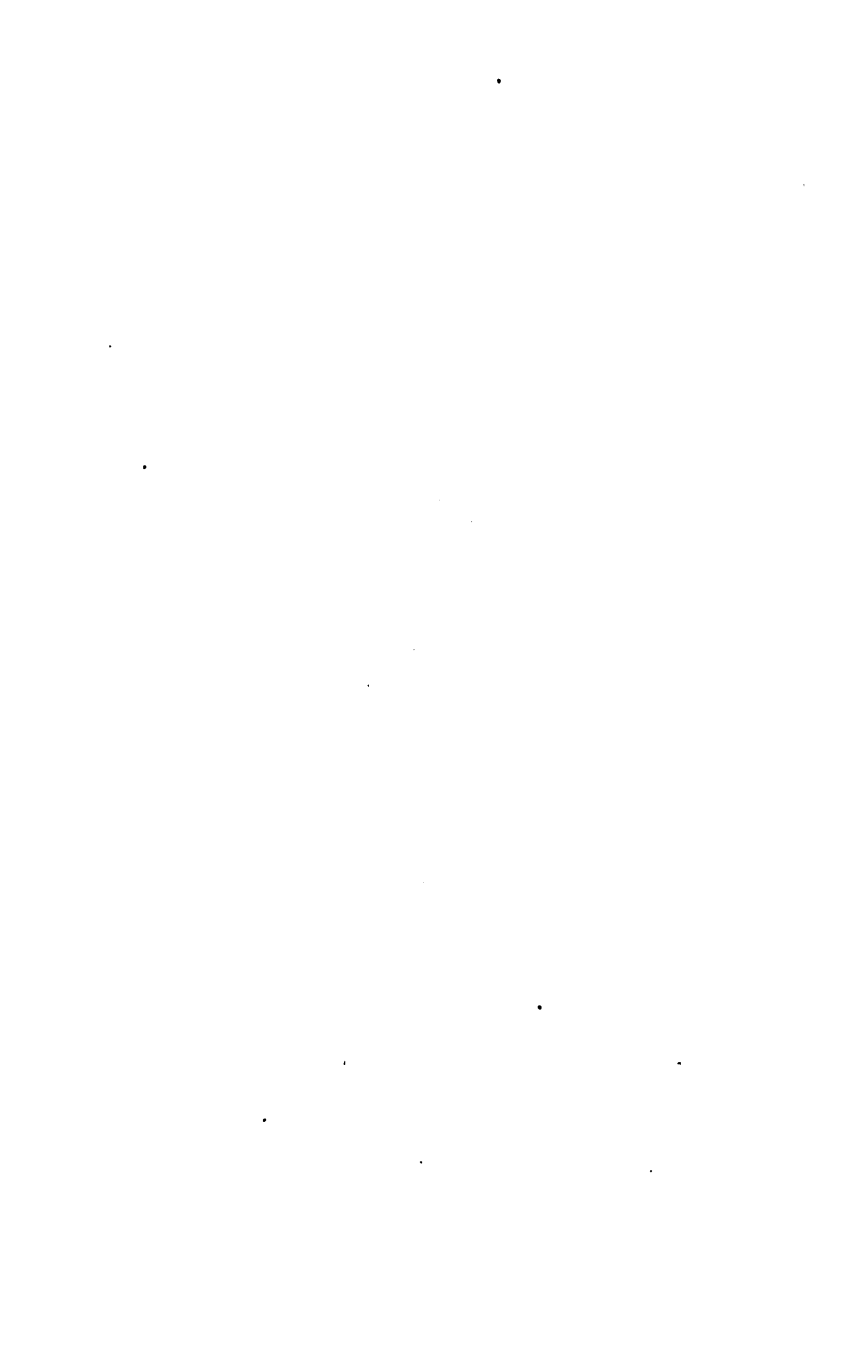
## CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILISATION.

WE are often telling you of the wants of the heathen world, and of the cruelty and ignorance still existing in many lands ; yet it is delightful to think, that in these times there is not a zone or climate where the word of salvation has not been proclaimed ; and they who once sat in the region and shadow of death, have seen the glorious light, and are rejoicing in it.

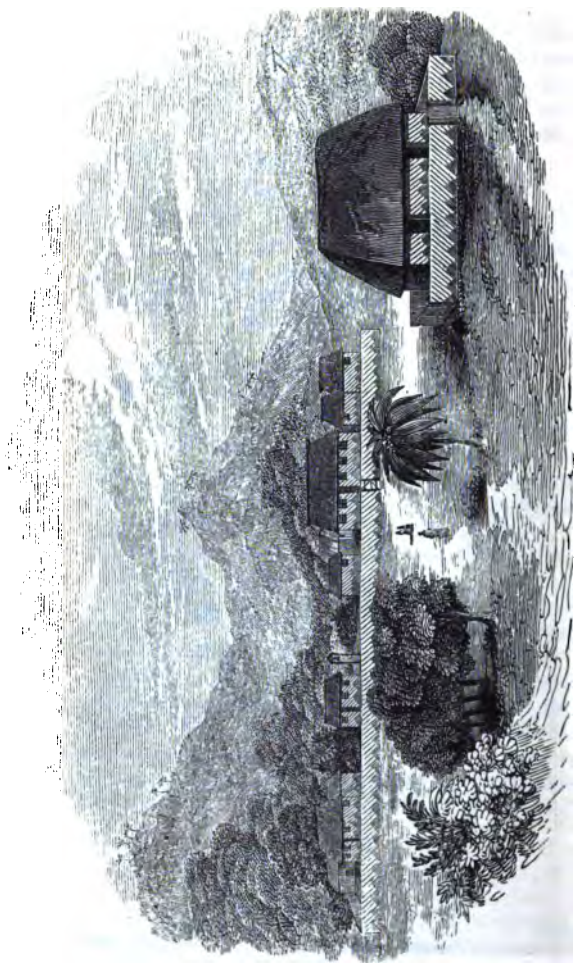
Nor must we forget to be grateful that the goodness of God has made our little isle of the sea the chief instrument in the spread of the everlasting Gospel ; so that wherever it has been proclaimed, many have been turned from darkness to light, and the promise of the Saviour has been gloriously fulfilled : "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all other things shall be added to it." For wherever the Gospel has been preached in its purity, it has always been followed by the comforts and enjoyments of civilized life.

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**WESLEYAN MISSION-HOUSE, AND OTHER BUILDINGS, AT LAKEMBA, FEEJEE ISLANDS.**

THE  
**WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.**

JUNE, 1846.

—◆—  
**LAKEMBA, FEEJEE ISLANDS.**

THIS picture, drawn by Mrs. Lyth, is a view of the Mission-house and other buildings at the Mission-Station of Lakemba, one of the Feejee Islands.

The longest building is the chapel, which will hold about five hundred persons ; two of the houses are occupied by the Mission families, and one of the buildings is a printing-office ; this was the first printing-press that was used in Feejee. Next to the printing-office, on the right hand, stands the bell to summon the people to chapel. May the day soon arrive when all within the sound of the bell will gladly repair to the house of prayer and praise !

—◆—  
**MEMOIR OF EPELE VAKACERI, A YOUNG  
TONGUESE.**

EPELE VAKACERI was born of Tonga parents, in the island of Lakemba. Both embraced Christianity, and joined our society. When I first met with Epele, he had been ill in a declining state of health for a long time. He was a member of the society, and was considered steady. He came to Somosomo to be under my care, in October, 1843. His complaint was decline, and medicine was but of little use : it, perhaps, prolonged his life a little, and alleviated some of his sufferings. At first, he was able to get about ; but for about the last three months of his life, he was chiefly confined to his mat.

When he first came to Somosomo, he appeared to me

to be unacquainted with his fallen state ; and my instructions were directed to that point, to bring him acquainted with himself. My view was confirmed by his conduct : he was careless and trifling, and preferred the society of those who were like himself. As his complaint laid firmer hold of his constitution, he became more thoughtful and more attentive to the form of religion ; but still he remained a stranger to its power, being disposed to think that all was right, and to say, "Peace, peace," when there was no peace. He continued much in the same state of mind for some time ; but, gradually becoming more serious and concerned about his soul, and attentive to religious duties, my mind alternated between hope and fear concerning him. But being convinced from careful observation, that he was yet a stranger to saving truth, I embraced an opportunity, on Sunday evening, March 17th, when Mr. Williams and I visited him together, to set before him his state, and the nature and duty of faith in Christ, in order to his obtaining the blessing of pardon ; for he now plainly acknowledged that he was still without an experimental knowledge of this blessing. We prayed with and for him, and left him, trusting that the Holy Spirit would lead the seeking soul into the way of truth. I saw him from time to time during the week : he was gradually growing weaker, and his spirit was humbled before the Lord. He feelingly acknowledged his sinfulness and helplessness, and that his only hope was in the Saviour. On the following Sabbath, the last in his life, we thought it would be well to administer to him the sacred ordinance of the sacrament of the Lord's supper, having previously instructed him in its nature. Nothing particular transpired on this occasion.

I think it was on the following Tuesday night, that I was particularly led to encourage him to venture his whole soul on Christ, assuring him of a hearty welcome. He looked as if he would look me through, as much as to say, "Is it really so? Is salvation so free as all this?" I parted with him much encouraged on his account. Mr. Williams and I stepped in together on the following morning : his heart was full, his very countenance beamed with

light ; and he hastened to tell, with glowing eyes, the comfort he had found in thinking on the Saviour, on the previous night. He saw him now with new eyes, the eyes of faith ; and he added, " O that we " (referring to Christ) " may dwell together for ever ! " He now knew, and unhesitatingly bore witness to, the delightful experience of a pardoned sinner. In this happy state he continued until he died.

I exhorted him, in my visits, to hold fast his confidence and hope. When summoned to his dying bed, I found his spirit in the same peaceful state. He made an acknowledgment of some sins he formerly committed, but had truly repented of ; he felt no guilt, the blood of Jesus had removed the sting of sin. Feeling his end was near, he told his weeping mother to draw near to receive his parting kiss ; then his sister and brother. To Mr. Williams and myself, he bade farewell in the usual Tonga form, " And you two remain, I am going." I said, " Epele, do you expect to go to heaven ? " He answered firmly, " Yes." Again he addressed us all, and said, " And you remain, I am going ; " and in a few moments was " absent from the body, and present with the Lord."

*Rev. R. B. Lyth.*



## A CONVERTED HINDOO'S APPEAL TO ENGLISH CHRISTIANS.

O YE favoured people, who are blessed with the Divine Spirit, ye have existed eighteen hundred years ! and what have ye done for this dark world ?

I am a Hindoo, poor and destitute ; but ask of you neither land, nor elephants, nor horses, nor money, nor palanquins, nor doolies ; but I ask, What can be done to teach the people to obey the laws of God ? O holy people, this I ask ! O good fathers, good children, good people, hear the cries of the poor ! O good people !

*Smith's India.*

## THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER TO HER INFANT SON.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY OFFERING.

My little one, my gentle one,  
I'll weave a lay for thee,—  
A lay of love ; for well I ween  
Of love that lay should be.

I'll fondle thee and tender thee  
With all a mother's care ;  
By day I'll hug thee to my breast,  
By night thou 'lt nestle there.

When skies grow dim, and floods do rage,  
And storms the welkin rend,  
I'll cradle thee to soft repose,  
And Heaven shall thee defend.

The blushing morn and dewy eve  
Alike for thee shall bring  
The smile, the kiss, the love, the care,  
On swift and balmy wing.

Should sickness pale thy ruby lips,  
And dim thy gleaming eye,  
I'll close not mine till once again  
Thy wonted laugh I spy.

And when thy little limbs shall bear  
Thy fairy form full well,  
Forth hand in hand we'll go to play,  
And sport in flowery dell.

And O when on thy thoughtful brow  
Shall sit life's high design,  
May Christ and souls be then thy care,  
For which thou 'lt all resign !

My darling boy, had I my wish,  
I ne'er would ask that thou  
May'st twine the wreath of deathless fame  
Around thine honour'd brow.

Thy mother's heart would rather far,  
 That thou shouldst go to tell  
 The story of redeeming love,  
 Where the poor Heathen dwell.

And could we part? could I resign  
 My boy so loved, so dear?  
 Ev'n now in thought the parting hour  
 Draws down the burning tear.

And yet 'mong all the toiling crowds,  
 That throng life's weary road,  
 I see no man who toils so well  
 As yon brave man of God,

Who in the lonely wilderness,  
 'Mid peril, scorn, and pain,  
 Exhibits Christ to savage men,  
 Their deathless souls to gain.

Sweet prattling one, thou seem'st as if  
 Thou even now didst know  
 Of what I speak, and in reply,  
 Saidst, "Mother, I will go!"



## ASHANTI.

(Continued from page 54.)

THURSDAY, 4th.—This morning the King sent his linguists (some of whom were heavily laden with gold ornaments) to make every inquiry as to my object in visiting him. I gave them all necessary information; but found much difficulty in making them understand me. And no wonder; for how can those who are buried in superstition, and who witness scarcely anything but scenes of cruelty arising from that superstition, form any just idea of the motives which stimulate the Christian Missionary to visit them? "O that they were wise, that they understood this!"

Friday, 5th.—This morning I received information, that the King had lost one of his relations by death, and that, in consequence, four human victims were already sacri-

ficed, and their mangled bodies lying in the streets. I therefore concluded that I should not have an opportunity of seeing the King for a day or two. Shortly afterwards I saw Apoko, the Chief Linguist, and told him I was aware that there was bloody work going on. He said it was even so, and, in consequence thereof, I should not have an opportunity of seeing the King to-day, and perhaps not to-morrow. I told him I did not like being confined to one place, in a low, unhealthy part of the town ; and that I must walk out and take exercise, otherwise my health would suffer. I also said I was anxious to commence my journey home to the Coast on Monday next. On hearing this, he went immediately to the King, and informed him of what I had stated ; shortly after which, he returned, accompanied by two messengers, informing me that His Majesty begged of me not to go out into the town to-day, as he was making a "custom" for a departed relative, and he knew Europeans did not like to see human sacrifices ; that he did not wish to keep me from seeing his capital ; that he was fully satisfied my object was to do good ; and that he would see me as soon as the "custom" was over. I of course complied with his wishes, and made up my mind to wait patiently. In the evening I learned that several more human victims had been immolated during the day, but could not ascertain the exact number. The most accurate account I could obtain was, that fifteen more had suffered ; making a total of forty, in two days !

*(To be continued.)*



### THE WHITE BABY AT BADAGRY.

MR. ANNEAR is the Missionary residing at Badagry, on the western coast of Africa. Mrs. Annear has a little daughter now about four months old, who is the first white child that was ever seen in that part of the country : the natives are so pleased that they come from all parts to look at her.

The Chief of Badagry is very proud of having had this baby born in his country, and says, that "God has sent her down from heaven to him ; that when he dies and sees

his father in another world, he shall tell him, that he has been more highly privileged than his father ever was ; for he never had a white baby born in his country during his life-time." Another Chief has told Mr. Annear, that he shall be very glad to marry his daughter when she is big enough to be his wife.

Let us pray that this dear child's life may be spared, and that she may live to be useful to the poor Heathen who are now rejoicing in her birth.



### THE STORY OF NANABUZHU.

WHEN Peter Jacobs was in England, he related many of the stories and traditions of the North American Indians. They were most of them very foolish ; and you would scarcely think it possible that men could believe such childish accounts.

One of these stories seems to relate to the deluge ; I will try and remember it for you.

There is an imaginary being whom the Indians call Nanabuzhu. Once upon a time he saw several lions, which used to come to a rock to sun themselves, and among the rest a white one. He thought his skin would make him a nice tobacco-pouch, and he wished to catch him for that purpose. He tried, but did not succeed.

One morning he thought he would go to the rock before they came, and change himself into a black stump, and then the lions would not suspect him, and he might shoot the white one.

Accordingly the lions came. One of them saw the stump. "Ah!" says he, "I never saw that stump before. Is not that Nanabuzhu?" Another said, "I think it is." "No," says a third, "it is a pine stump." "However," said they, "let us go and shake it, and see if it will move, and we shall find it out." They went. Three of them laid hold of him, and used all their efforts to move him. They had nearly shaken him ; but Nanabuzhu contrived to be firm.

The lions lay down, and by and by fell asleep, when Nanabuzhu shot the white one. His arrow stuck fast ;



but he did not kill him ; and they all plunged into the river. Nanabuzhu was very sorry that he had not got the lion, and was walking in the woods, when he met with a very old woman. She was loaded with bass bark. Nanabuzhu said to her, "Granny, what are you going to do with the bark?" "O," said she, "you cannot think what trouble we are in ; for Nanabuzhu has shot one of our Chiefs ; and I am going to boil this bark, and some roots which I have with me, and put upon a dish, to give to the Chief, to cure him."

Nanabuzhu, upon learning where she lived, tomahawked and skinned her, and put her skin and clothes upon himself, and the bark upon his back, and, walking like an old woman, went in search of her house. He soon found it, and the kettle and dish she had mentioned ; boiled the roots, and put them on the dish, and went to the Chief's house. Many people were gathered together, all in confusion ; but when they saw, as they thought, the old woman coming, they filed to the right and to the left, and let her pass. Nanabuzhu gave the medicines ; but seeing the arrow which he had shot sticking in his side, he pulled it out, and made another thrust with it, and killed him ; then made his escape.

They consulted what they must do to destroy Nanabuzhu, and concluded they had better drown him, as they had power to raise the water. They accordingly made the water rise, and it soon overflowed the plains. Nanabuzhu ran to the mountains. The waters still rose, and he began to think what he must do. He contrived to get a few logs together, for a raft. He saw various animals swimming around, and thought, if he could but get a little earth, he could soon make another world. He first spoke to the beaver, and told him he was going to make a world for him and for himself ; and if he could but dive to the bottom of the waters, and bring him up a little earth, he would accomplish it. The beaver dived, and after a time came up ; but could not reach the bottom. He then tried the musk-rat. The musk-rat dived down, and stayed a long time, and at last came up dead. Nanabuzhu took hold of him, and examined him, and perceived a little earth on his paws, and also on his mouth. He carefully

took it in his hand, then shook the rat, and brought him to life again, and put him aside. He put the earth on the water, and blowed upon it, to enlarge it. Then he put a little mouse upon it, and by its running round repeatedly it got bigger. He next put the musk-rat upon it, and then the marten, to effect the same purpose ; at the same time, he guarded the young production with a stick, to keep off the larger animals, that they might not sink it. By and by it was large enough, and he went on himself, and took all the animals upon it : and this is the earth on which we live.



## ADDRESS TO SUNDAY-SCHOLARS.

MY dear young Friends, I feel persuaded that, as the Wesleyan Juvenile Offering has been reduced to one halfpenny a month, it will now become the favourite little book among our children ; and that many thousands of copies of it will be distributed every month in our Sunday-schools. I hope that, by reading its pages, your hearts will beat with a constant wish to do something for the Mission cause.

It is to encourage you in this work that I am about to give you an account of what has been done in the Cherry-street Girls' Sunday-school, Birmingham. I feel sure, if all the Wesleyan scholars in England were encouraged by their Teachers, the noble sum of £20,000 might at once be added to the annual income of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. All that is wanted is *system*, *perseverance*, and *oversight*.

I know, my dear children, you wish to be useful ; and most of you will be glad to become little Collectors. Indeed, I believe that in many ways you could get subscribers of a penny or half-penny a week, where our regular Collectors would never think of trying ; and if you only begin, I am sure you will succeed.

On February 9th, 1844, a number of the Cherry-street Sunday-School children took tea together, with a few of their Teachers and friends, in the school-room. The meeting was made very interesting by a kind friend of Missions, William Howell, Esq., who exhibited on the occasion his large Missionary map, in which he pointed out all the various Mission Stations in the world ; and pointed out to the children how large a portion of the globe still lay in heathen darkness and superstition. They were also kindly encouraged to make an effort by their esteemed Ministers.

Delighted with the meeting, and the kind words which their Ministers said to them, an Association was formed in connexion with the school, and a Committee, Treasurer, and Secretary were appointed. A number of the children offered to become Collectors, and the work of collecting was set about immediately. Aided and

encouraged by their Teachers, the weekly subscriptions were regularly collected, and paid over to the Committee on the first Thursday evening in the month.

The first annual meeting was held on the 4th of February, 1845, when the little Collectors and subscribers took tea together with their Teachers. It was found that the sum of £20. 10s. 10d. had been paid over to the District Treasurer as the fruits of the first year's effort.

The meeting was addressed by the Rev. E. Walker and several other Ministers and friends, who took a deep and lively interest in the Juvenile Association. In the course of the evening the children sung appropriate hymns, and returned home delighted.

Soon after this it was suggested that a working society might with great propriety be formed, for the purpose of making frocks for the African children. The proposal was hailed with delight, and it was immediately commenced. Two of the Teachers consented to undertake the management of their Meeting, and from twenty to thirty children attended them. Quarterly collections were made in the school for the purpose of purchasing materials.

These little working meetings have been truly delightful, the children always appearing happy; and the occasion was embraced for reading some interesting accounts of Missions and Missionaries.

The second annual meeting was held on Monday, January 26th, 1846. During the year the sum of £20 has been raised by the Association, besides more than £2 towards purchasing materials for frocks, &c. A box has just been sent to the Mission-House, to be forwarded to Mrs. Annear, Badagry, containing forty-three frocks, thirty-eight bags, and a number of pincushions; also a number of different articles given by the children at the annual meeting.

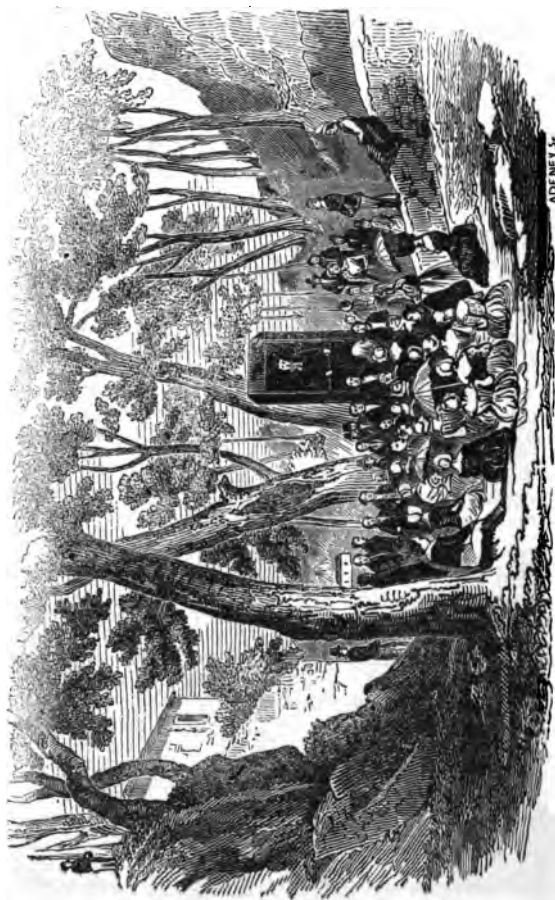
And now, my dear children, you see what may be done by Sunday-scholars; and we beg you to request your Teachers to assist you in forming a Missionary Association in your own school. Some of you can collect, some can subscribe, all can do something. Begin while you are young; and if what you give be the result of some little act of self-denial, it will be more acceptable in the sight of God. Remember, if one hundred of you subscribe one halfpenny a week, it will amount to more than ten guineas by the end of the year.

A SUPERINTENDENT.

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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including the names of the authors and the titles of the works.



**THE REV. CHARLES COOK PREACHING IN THE CEVENNES, SOUTH OF FRANCE.**

THE  
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.  
JULY, 1846.

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THE REV. CHARLES COOK PREACHING IN  
THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

For about thirty years there have been Missions in France ; and Mr. Cook has been one of the most useful Missionaries.

The Missionaries often preach where there are neither churches nor chapels ; on a mountain by the way-side, or in a forest, as represented in the wood-cut. In this way many wicked persons have been converted to God, and many mourning and hungry souls have been comforted and fed. The Missionaries are very laborious, and sometimes have to endure great hardships. Let us often pray for them.

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THE MAY MEETINGS.

THE great Missionary Meetings in May were very happy, joyful occasions.

The first we shall notice was the Wesleyan Missionary Meeting in Exeter-Hall on Monday, May 4th, the Right Honourable Fox Maule, M. P., in the chair. The Rev. John Angell James, of Birmingham, had preached one of the sermons at the City-road chapel, on the Wednesday before the Meeting, on the subject of brotherly love. And the Meeting seemed to be a specimen of brotherly love. Episcopalians and Moravians and Dissenters united with the Methodists, and rejoiced with them in the blessed work which is begun in many heathen countries. It was stated at that Meeting, that the Juvenile Christmas Offering for the year raised nearly £5,500. Of this sum, £4,486. 9s. 8d. were received in time to be carried into the account

of the year. Our young friends may take courage. At that Meeting the great Hall was crowded. Many persons could not obtain admission. We saw persons there from the East Indies and the West Indies, from North and South America, from Western Africa and from Southern Africa, and even from the South Seas ; as well as from nearer countries, such as Germany, France, and Ireland.

On Friday, May 15th, a Public Breakfast was held at the London Tavern, and a Collection of nearly Two Hundred Pounds was made for the Missions in Feejee. On that occasion, the Honourable and Rev. Baptist W. Noel read, from the Juvenile Offering for March, 1846, the account of the deliverance of the Rev. W. B. Lyth from one of the heathen Chiefs of Feejee, who wished to kill him, because he preached the gospel.

The last Meeting we shall mention was that held at Great Queen-Street chapel, on Monday, May 18th, Colonel Conolly, M.P., in the chair. The Rev. Messrs. Squance, Hardey, and Arthur, from India, and other Ministers, made speeches on the occasion ; and many persons who were there thought it was the best Meeting they had ever attended.

## ASHANTI.

*(Continued from page 68.)*

### DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWN OF KUMASI.

HAVING asked His Majesty to allow me to see the town to-day, he readily gave me liberty to go wherever I pleased. I therefore embraced the opportunity of looking over it, which occupied about one hour.

The streets are large, and more clean than any I have seen in Africa. The breadth of some of them is at least thirty yards, and the length from three hundred to six hundred yards. A row of splendid banyan trees, planted at a considerable distance from each other, occupies some of the largest streets, affording a most delightful shade from the burning rays of the sun. The houses on each side have open fronts, the floor being raised from two to three feet

above the level of the ground. The space between the ground and the level of the floor has a front of carved work, beautifully polished with red ochre. In some the carved work is continued up to the roof; and where that is the case, it is covered with white clay. The roofs are made chiefly with bamboo poles, or sticks, with the bark stripped off, and thatched with palm-leaves.

Behind each of these open fronts, are a number of small houses, or, rather, open sheds, in which the people dwell; the room open to the street being more of a public seat than a private room. These small dwellings in the back-ground are in many cases hidden from the sight of any one passing along the streets, the only indication of them being a small door on the left or right of the open front. The houses are all built on the same plan, from that of the King down to the lowest rank of Captains.

The market-place is a large open space, about three quarters of a mile round. On one side of it is an extensive dell, surrounded by large trees and high grass,\* into which they throw at last the dead bodies of sacrificed human victims. As I passed by this dell, I smelt a most intolerable stench, proceeding from the poor creatures who were thrown there on Saturday last.

There are no regularly built stalls in the market-place. Many articles of merchandise were placed on the ground, and others on little temporary railings, which might be put up or taken down in a few moments. Among the things for sale, I saw Manchester cloths, silks, muslins; roll tobacco, from the interior; large cakes of a kind of pomatum, made from the fruit of a tree found in the interior, and used by the Ashantis for anointing their bodies, to give a polish to their skins; native tobacco-pipes, of very neat manufacture; cakes of a kind of whitening, used by the natives for marking their bodies; *kanku*, (native bread,) yams, plantains, bananas, pines, ground-nuts, fish, and the flesh of monkeys and elephants.

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\* There is a kind of grass in the immediate neighbourhood of Kumasi, which grows to the enormous height of twenty feet, the stalk of which is about three quarters of an inch in diameter.



About half-past nine this morning, I went to the King's House. He appears to be about thirty-six years of age. He is of middle stature: his complexion is not so dark as that of many of his subjects: his manners are pleasing and agreeable. In the course of the day I reminded Apoko of my anxiety to obtain an answer from His Majesty, respecting the establishment of schools, &c.; in Ashanti; who answered, "The King will speedily give you an answer; and we hope you will come to Kumasi again, and pay us another visit, as we shall be always glad to see you. The King believes that you wish to do him and the people good."

Monday, 15th.—I arose from my bed, determined to make an attempt to commence my journey back to the coast to-day, if possible; the commencement of the rains, together with the sickly state of several of my people, and the claims of our society on the coast, rendered my speedy return necessary. I therefore began to pack up my things, while Apoko went to His Majesty's residence, to remind him of the necessity of allowing me to return to-day.

In about two hours Apoko returned, accompanied by a host of attendants, linguists, and messengers, with a present from His Majesty, consisting of two ounces and four ackies of gold-dust, (£9 currency,) and a slave for myself; also eight ackies (£2 currency) for my interpreter and other attendants. He also gave me the following message from the King: "His Majesty knows that you cannot stop longer, on account of the rains; and as the thing which you have mentioned to him requires much consideration, he cannot answer you in so short a time; but if you will come up again, or send a messenger, after the rains are over, he will be prepared to answer you." With this message I was pleased; and said that I would certainly either come up again, or send a messenger, at the time mentioned. I then repaired to His Majesty's residence, to take my leave.

(To be continued.)



## GOD'S LOVE TO ISRAEL.

JERUSALEM, Jerusalem ! I've set my love on thee ;  
O foolish and ungrateful thou to wander thus from me !  
How kindly would I gather thee beneath my sheltering  
wings !

Jerusalem, thou knowest not whence all thy safety springs !

Ah, well do I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth,  
The love of thine espousals, thy faithfulness and truth ;  
When thou thy Lord didst follow in a land that was not  
sown,

In a bleak and howling wilderness, unpeopled, dark, and  
lonely.

I led thee through the desert, and through a land of  
drought,  
And from Egyptian bondage I brought thee safely out.  
I placed thee in a fertile land, where milk and honey flow ;  
And now thou lovest strangers, and after them wilt go.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, my bowels yearn for thee !  
For cisterns, broken cisterns, thou hast forsaken me !  
I am the living fountain, whose waters gently flow :  
How couldst thou ever leave me, so far astray to go ?

O when wilt thou return again ? My arms are open'd  
wide :

Return, backsliding Israel, to thine Almighty Guide.  
I'll lead thee to the pastures green, and to the waters  
clear ;

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, the friendly warning hear !

M. S. DANA.



## DESCRIPTION OF A HINDOO FESTIVAL.

In the course of a Missionary tour in the interior of India from Madras, Mr. Hoole visited Conjeveram : he says, We reached the town an hour before day-break on the morning of the 30th of May ; but, early as it was, and notwithstanding the torrents of rain that had been falling that night and the preceding day, we found the roads and streets crowded by strangers, who had assembled from all the country round, to attend the feast, or, as they expressed it, "to see God." Many of them, wearied by their journeys and privations, were lying on the damp ground in the open air, with no other covering than their thin cotton cloths. When we saw this, we did not wonder that many who attend these festivals, from even no greater distance than Madras, never live to return to their families.

At six in the morning we proceeded to the temple, to witness the commencement of the procession. At a signal given by loud explosions of gunpowder and native music, the lofty gates of the entrance were thrown open, and the idol was presented to view : it was worshipped by a lifting up of hands, a cry of *Sâmi, Sâmi*, or, "Lord, Lord," from the assembled multitudes, and was carried in procession along the streets.

The idol represented the human figure under the full size, profusely decorated with ornaments, and seated on a platform, borne on the shoulders of men. Several Brahmans were on the platform with the idol, greatly increasing the burden of the carriers ; several were employed in fanning the object of their worship, as though to keep him cool during this unusual exertion, or to prevent him from being annoyed by flies : one of them held in his hand a sort of crown, apparently of brass, and almost in the form of a bell, which, as the procession moved along, he was incessantly employed in applying to the bare heads of those who presented themselves for the purpose.

A number of men were employed under the direction of the English Magistrate, to moderate the rush of the people, as on a former occasion many persons had been killed ; on this, a woman was much hurt by one of the elephants attending

the procession putting his foot upon her. It was surprising that we heard of no other accident having occurred in the movement of so vast an assemblage : it was calculated that the people in the main street, leading to the entrance of the temple, and commanding a view of it, amounted to eighty or a hundred thousand.

The people were dressed in their best clothes and gayest ornaments : they appeared to attend the procession without any act of devotion, more than the lifting up of their hands, and crying, *Sami, Sami* ; and manifested much the same feeling as may be observed in England at a fair or wake.

A grand display of fire-works, in which the Hindoos excel, had been prepared for the evening ; but the torrents of rain which fell hindered this intended addition to the attractions of the festival.

*Hoole's Missions in Madras, Mysore, &c.*

## JESUS, THE SAVIOUR OF THE HEATHEN.

For several months past, each number of the Juvenile Offering has contained an account of the happy death of a converted Heathen. These are inserted, dear young friends, both for your encouragement and instruction. These poor savages were all saved by faith in the merits of Christ ; they all acknowledged him as their Saviour ; and all died rejoicing in his love. The cannibal Feejean, the poor ignorant little Negro boy, and the murdering Caffre, were told that Christ was able and willing to save them from sin and hell ; they cried to him in their extremity ; and He who is able to save to the uttermost heard their prayer, and delivered them.

Now, we are apt to suppose, that these Heathen need a Saviour more than we do. Do you think, English children, that these savages are sinners above all the people that dwell in England ? " I tell you, Nay : but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

Ask yourselves, then, " Do I believe in Christ as my Saviour ? Have I been sorry for my sins, and prayed to

Christ for forgiveness? If I were to die, am I as sure of going to heaven as the dear little Negro was?" Some of my young readers, I trust, can say, "Yes" to all these questions; others desire to be able to do so, and are praying to God to help them by his Holy Spirit to give themselves up to him. O be encouraged; for Christ is waiting to receive you: and never cease praying, till you can say,—

"My God is reconciled,  
His pardoning voice I hear;  
He owns me for his child,  
I can no longer fear."



## THE FIRST MISSIONARY VOYAGE.

ABOUT eighteen hundred years ago, a little ship was seen, with sails outspread, lying at Troas, a small sea-port town of Asia. As the sailors were busily preparing to depart, they little thought that the account of the voyage they were about to make would be written in a book, and read by people of far distant lands, when hundreds of years had passed away.

In this little ship were four passengers: they were Missionaries, and were going to cross the sea, that they might preach the gospel to the Heathen who lived in Europe. Their names were Paul, Silas, Timothy, and Luke. God had given a dream, or vision, to Paul, in which he saw a man of the country of Macedonia, who earnestly prayed that he would come over the sea, and preach the gospel in that land of idols. He knew that this was a dream sent from God; and at once he obeyed the heavenly vision.

The ship now went on its first Missionary voyage. At night they arrived at a little island, where they stopped until the morning, and then again set sail; and, as God gave them a prosperous voyage, they landed in safety at a small sea-port town, called Neapolis: it is now a little village. Of its former size or history, we know nothing. It is only known as the spot where the first Christian Missionaries set foot on the continent of Europe. They made

no stay there, but hastened on to a city called Philippi. This city is famous in history for its beautiful palaces, and for a great battle which was fought near its walls ; but the Christian looks to it as the place where the gospel was first preached to the Heathen in this part of the world. At that time the people worshipped false gods, named Jupiter, Mars, Saturn, and a great many other idols.

When the Sabbath arrived, the Apostle went out of the city, to the side of a river, to pray in secret ; and soon he came to a spot where others had also met for prayer ; and, sitting down, he began to preach to the women who were present. We are not told what he said ; but no doubt he told them of Jesus, who was crucified to take away the sin of the world. Nor do we know in what language he spoke : as a Jew, among his own people he spoke the language then in use in Palestine ; as he travelled through Asia, he spoke Greek ; and now in Europe, most likely he spoke in the Latin and other tongues. The first preachers of the gospel could "speak in other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." (Acts ii. 4.) Now, Missionaries have to study, sometimes for years, to learn a language, so as to be able to address the people to whom they are sent.

Did he preach with success ? Yes ; for the Lord opened the heart of one of the females, so that "she attended unto the things which were spoken." The name of this first Missionary convert in Europe was Lydia. From Philippi the gospel spread to other lands, and at last came to Britain. And there it is still to be found ; and there may it continue, and every heart be opened to receive its truths !

It would have been sinful if the first Christians had kept the gospel to themselves ; for their Lord had told them to preach it to all the world. It is also sinful for us to withhold it. The lands from which we received it are now in spiritual darkness, and they seem to return the cry, "Come over and help us. Send us that gospel which you first received from our shores. Let us share with you in its blessings." Five hundred millions of Heathen join in the same cry, "Send us the gospel !" O how shall we withhold that which alone can make them happy in this world, and prepare them for the happiness of heaven ? Such con-

duct would be cruel, ungrateful, and highly sinful. Let us send them Bibles, Missionaries, and tracts; for, if we love Jesus, and believe in him as the only Saviour, we shall wish that all the world knew and loved him too.

*Missionary Tracts.*

## LIBERALITY IN THE CAUSE OF MISSIONS.

*To the Editor of the Wesleyan Juvenile Offering.*

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

I HAVE the mournful pleasure of forwarding you five pounds for the Missions, the dying bequest of Miss Raven, daughter of Mr. Thomas Raven, of Quorndon, in the Loughborough Circuit. You will probably recollect that, a little more than two years since, I sent a similar sum,\* bequeathed by Mr. Charles Raven, her only brother. Miss Raven was then the only surviving child; and she has now followed her brother to the paradise of God, in the fourteenth year of her age. She literally fell asleep in Jesus; for, without a sigh, or struggle, or groan, her breath gradually declined, so that the moment of her departure could not be ascertained. A few hours before her death, her hands were employed in labours of love for the Sabbath-school; and the accompanying £5 will be a testimonial of her love for the Heathen.

Her father also presents a similar sum, as a memorial of his regard for his sainted daughter, and to promote the cause of the Redeemer in distant lands.

I am the more pleased, because these offerings are not from the opulent, but are the fruits of daily economy, and ardent love to the Saviour and to the souls of men. May many imitate these worthy examples, and may your treasury overflow, and the wide fields of Heathenism be cultivated by faithful Christian Evangelists, by whose instrumentality the glory of God may be promoted in the salvation of the world!

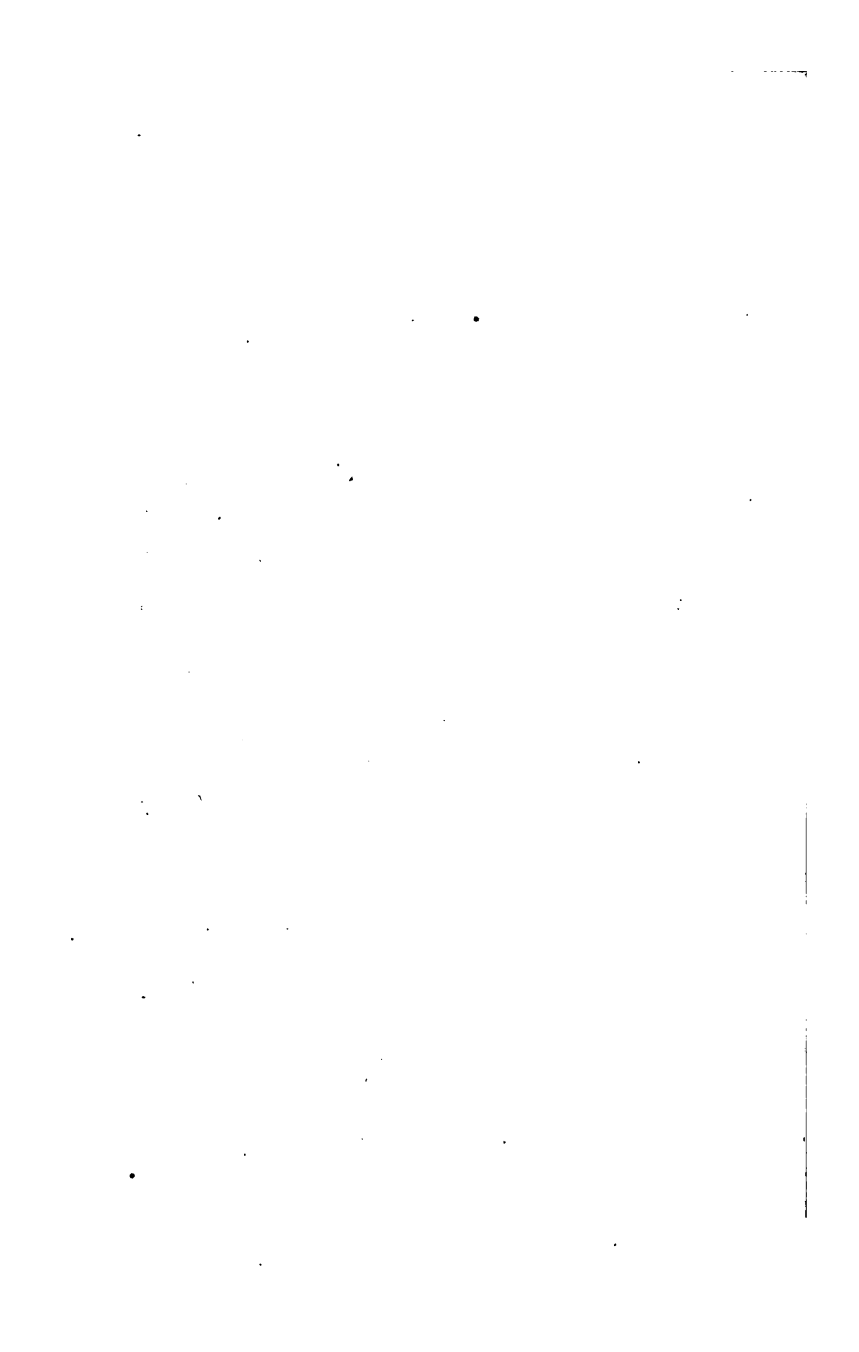
*Loughborough, April 23rd, 1846.*

SAMUEL FREDMAN.

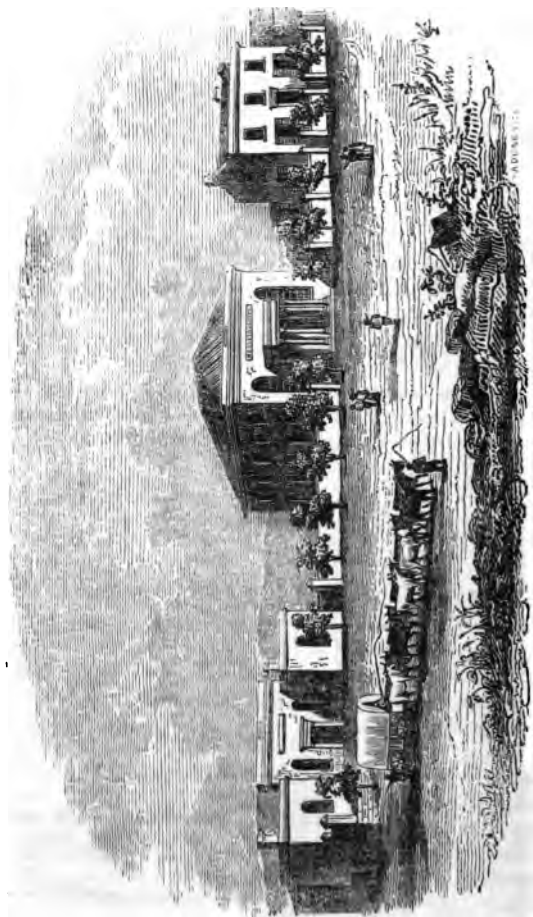
\* See the Juvenile Offering for September, 1844.

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WESLEYAN MISSION PREMISES, GRAHAM'S TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA.

THE  
**WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.**

AUGUST, 1846.

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**WESLEYAN MISSION PREMISES, IN GRAHAM'S  
TOWN, SOUTHERN AFRICA.**

In the year 1819, the Rev. William Shaw accompanied a ship-load of emigrants to Graham's Town, in Southern Africa. He was made a great blessing to those poor people. Many of them have become rich, their town is now large and commodious, and they have built some good chapels and houses and schools for the Missionaries. Many of the poor Kaffers have been converted ; and there is also a large chapel for them and their children. How much happiness has resulted from the labours of one faithful Missionary !

---

**LOVE-FEAST AT ST. MARY'S, GAMBIA,  
WESTERN AFRICA.**

LAST Sabbath we had a love-feast, when twenty-two Negroes spoke. A few of their statements were as follows.

Seymour Gay said, "I thank God, I feel he has power to forgive sins. God is my Father, Christ is my Brother. If all the world were against me, I should not fear, while Christ holds me."

Nelson Gum said, "Glory be to God, for his great goodness to me. If I tell all that Christ has done for me, I shall talk all night and all day. I am happy in God. I pray him to give me more of his Spirit in my heart."

Harry Buntu said, "I thank God that he took me out of my dark country, took care of me in danger, and brought me here. I was dark ; but now I am light in the Lord."

Maria Foster, with streaming eyes, said, "Once me

blind, once me deaf, once me dumb, once me dead ; but now me lib, now me see, now me hear, now me speak. Glory be to God, he good."

John Thomas said, "God has saved my soul from hell. I knew he has forgiven my sins."

Several others spoke in a like manner ; and, while I listened, my heart rejoiced, my soul was encouraged, and I resolved afresh to devote my little all to God, to labour more diligently in this corner of his vineyard, yea,

"To spend and to be spent for them

Who have not yet my Saviour known ;

Fully on these my mission prove,

And only breathe to breathe his love."

—*Rev. Matthew Godman,*

### MORE MISSIONARIES WANTED.

WHEN Mr. Chapman was in Kumasi, the news of his being there spread far into the country : and the people were so anxious to have a Christian teacher, that many came two or three hundred miles to him, to beg that he would send a Missionary to their part of the country. "Nothing," he says, "gave me more pain, all the time I was in Africa, than to be obliged to tell them that I had none to send. They would turn back weeping, because there was no one to go with them, to tell them about Jesus, and show them the way to heaven."

Now, what can be done, that these poor Heathen may have Missionaries sent to them ? Is it possible that, for the sake of a little money, these precious souls should be lost ? For money is all that is wanted : there are many men waiting to go, if they could be sent.

You, dear children, cannot do much ; but try to get a little more for the Missions than you have done.

There are thirty thousand of these little books sold every month. Suppose each child who takes one were to be the means of one shilling more being given to the Missions : that would be thirty thousand shillings, which make fifteen hundred pounds ; a sum which would enable the

Committee to gladden the heart of many a poor outcast, who is waiting to be taught.

Do what you can, and pray that God would incline the hearts of the rich to give of their abundance.

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ASHANTI.

*(Continued from p. 78.)*

HAVING taken my leave of the King, I commenced my journey to the coast at noon, preceded by an escort of troops. After I had proceeded a short distance along the street, Apoko came to testify his affection by a hearty shaking of the hand.

When I reached Franfrham, the troops left me ; and I stopped a few minutes, to emancipate the slave whom His Majesty had given me. This poor fellow is a native from the depth of the interior, and is now in the prime of life. On my informing him that he was now become a free man, he appeared overwhelmed with gratitude, and almost fell to the earth before me, in acknowledgment of the boon. He had not all the joy to himself, however ; for, while I enjoyed the luxury of doing good, many of my people looked on him with delight ; and our pleasure was increased, when he told us that he had been brought out twice for the purpose of sacrifice, during the recent " custom," and had been twice put in irons and sent back alive ; and that, when he was brought out this morning, he expected to be sacrificed in the course of the day. Happy change ! instead of having his head cut off, and his body thrown to the fowls of the air, he now finds himself in the enjoyment of liberty, safely proceeding with us, far away from the scenes of his captivity.

I then journeyed on with speed, and reached the town of Edgewabin about five P.M., where I took up my quarters for the night.

Tuesday, 16th.—At six A.M. I again proceeded, and reached Fomunnah at a quarter after seven o'clock, wet, weary, and hungry. I immediately repaired to Korintchi's residence. He seemed overjoyed to see me, gave me a

heartily shaking with both hands, put his arms around my neck in transport, and made me a present of palm-wine, and a mess of soup, made with the flesh of the monkey. I then retired to my lodgings, and thankfully partook of Korintchi's monkey-soup, to satisfy the cravings of hunger, having little else to eat.

Thursday, 18th.—At seven A.M. I resumed my journey, under rather trying circumstances, being almost without food. About half-past four P.M. I halted for the night. On my arrival at this place, I felt tired and hungry; and the God of providence kindly “furnished me a table in the wilderness.” A wild hog had been killed in the neighbourhood, a portion of which I purchased, and found it very delicious. “Thy bread shall be given thee; thy water shall be sure.” My sleeping-place, it is true, was a very bad one, such as an Englishman would hardly put a pig in; but I laid me down with humble confidence, and slept in peace.

“How do thy mercies close me round !  
For ever be thy name adored !  
I blush in all things to abound ;  
The servant is above his Lord.

“Inured to poverty and pain,  
A suffering life my Master led ;  
The Son of God, the Son of man,  
He had not where to lay his head.

“But, lo ! a place he hath prepared  
For me, whom watchful angels keep ;  
Yea, he himself becomes my guard ;  
He smoothes my bed, and gives me sleep.”

After five days more of hard travelling, I reached the Mission-house in safety, and obtained a refreshing view of the deep, deep sea, which unites Cape-Coast with my native land, with feelings of humble gratitude to Almighty God, who had mercifully preserved me in the midst of so many dangers, and brought me home in health, peace, and safety.

## THE FIELD OF THE WORLD.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

"The sower soweth the word."—Mark iv. 14,

Sow in the morn thy seed,  
At eve hold not thy hand ;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,  
Broad cast it round the land.

Beside all waters sow,  
The highway furrows stock ;  
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,  
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground  
Expect not here nor there ;  
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 't is found ;  
Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,  
The late or early sown :  
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,  
When and wherever sown.

And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toll in vain :  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garnerers in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,  
The day of God, is come,  
The angel-reapers shall descend,  
And heaven sing, "Harvest home!"

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## A YOUNG MISSIONARY'S FIRST VOYAGE.

THE writer of the following letter, written in Spanish, and addressed to me, was admitted into the Wesleyan Mission-school at Cadiz, in Spain, when a boy. He and his mother were both converted to God a short time afterwards. In the order of divine Providence, he came to England, learned our language, grew in grace, and embarked for South America, as companion of Captain Allen Gardiner, a self-devoted gentleman, who consecrated himself and his property to the extension of the gospel of Christ. May the Lord reward him with abundant blessings in this world, and, in the world to come, with everlasting life!

WILLIAM H. RULE.

*Valparaiso, January 27th, 1846.*

MY VERY DEAR SIR,

I DOUBT not but, on receiving this my second letter, you will have already received that which I left written for you at Monte Video, with Mr. Negrotto, and which, I suppose, he has not forgotten.

We were so greatly hurried, and remained there for so short a time, that I could scarcely give you even a brief account of our voyage from Liverpool. However, although there is nothing interesting in it, I know that you would be pleased to hear of me.

The first days were the worst. Constant gales of contrary wind, and heavy rains, which, together with sea-sickness, kept me in my berth, and unable to take food to any profit.

After a few days, every thing changed its aspect, as we entered into a milder climate, and had more regular winds. Our best days on the passage were the Sundays; for it was very remarkable, that, on every Sunday, except one, the weather was the finest, and sky and sea appeared to have arrayed themselves in beauty, as if to solemnize the day already hallowed by the Creator. Fortunately, the Captain of the vessel, Mr. Pringle, was a truly religious man, and was much pleased that we should have divine worship on board. Although we had persons of very different opinions, two passengers, the Mate and the Steward, being Papists, the Captain succeeded in having all assembled, the man at the helm alone excepted. We used to meet in the cabin when the weather was cold, and, when it became fine, on deck. Our chapel was fitted up in a few minutes. The flags of the ship, of different forms and colours, were hung round on the bulwarks. The seats on the poop, the hen-coops, with chairs and planks, served us with accommodation. The deep lay beneath our feet, and over our heads was the blue, clear sky.

Captain Gardiner, after reading prayers, gave us a very scrip-

tural discourse; and I was rejoiced at observing the attention of all, especially the Romanists, who were pleased with the first service, and continued to attend afterwards of their own accord. May God grant that this seed, falling into good ground, produce fruit unto everlasting life! What a lovely spectacle it was, my dear Sir, to see those twenty persons kneeling on the boards of a frail barque, and lifting up their hearts to the Almighty, in a place where "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth forth his handy-work!" The gentle murmur of the pure breezes, as they agitated the flags, and the hoarse noise of the white-crested waves, as they dashed, in quick succession, on the sides of our ship, far from interrupting the voice of prayer, gave it a majestic harmony, and brought to our mind that we were strangers, voyaging towards a land of promise.

The provision during the voyage was excellent in every respect; and I shall never forget the kindness of the Captain. By his careful attention to our convenience, with his agreeable manners and conversation, he made the voyage pass over pleasantly. So, with a reciprocal friendship between Captain and passengers, we reached Monte Video in safety, on the 28th of November, at nine o'clock in the morning, where, through the great mercy of God in our preservation during sixty-five days, we landed a little before twelve o'clock.

*(To be continued.)*

## A MISSIONARY'S PRAYER IN AFFLICTION.

Do you ever think, my young friends, of the Missionary and his family, in his solitary Station, among savages, without Christian friends, without servants, and, when sickness comes, without medical advice? What situation can be more desolate? And what less than love to perishing souls could enable him to sustain such privations?

The following extract is taken from the journal of the Rev. Matthew Willson, a Missionary in Tonga, when himself, and his wife and children, were all ill at the same time:—

"Myself and wife and family are all ill with the influenza. O thou God of Missions, do thou help! Without thy blessing, how vain is the help of man, when we get it! But how often we get it not! Therefore, to thee we look, in thee we trust. Thou art the Missionary's entire and only Saviour, Saviour of body and soul, wife and family, by sea and by land. Thou art indeed his all and in all."



## LINES ON AN ABSENT FRIEND,

WHO HAD GONE AS MISSIONARY TO PALESTINE.

O'er the rolling world of waters,  
Far away, is one we love :  
She to sad Judea's daughters  
Bears a message from above.

When she saw the Saviour grieving  
O'er the nations dark and dead,  
She, her home and country leaving,  
Follow'd where his banner led.

There to children lone and dreary  
She will teach the Saviour's name ;  
To his cross allure the weary ;  
To the poor the truth proclaim.

O may angels round her hover,  
Shield her from the Moslem's rage ;  
In disease and danger cover,  
All her woes and pains assuage.

Happy friend ! we, too, will labour,  
Ills to cure, and souls to save :  
Never more our Gentile neighbour  
Vainly shall the gospel crave.

At thy throne, in warm devotion,  
Here, O Prince of Life, we fall :  
East or west, o'er land or ocean,  
We will follow, shouldst thou call.

—*From the Missionary Memorial.*



## HEART-SICKNESS, AND ITS CURE.

I WAS amused; and my heart was warmed, with the following remarks taken from an address of one of our Native Assistants. "We are all sick," said he, "and crippled, and blind. This book," the New Testament, which he held in his hand, "says so; and we know that the book is true, because we feel it to be verily the case. Some have sickness in the head, some in the feet, some in the heart, some in the liver, and some have the falling sickness. Jesus Christ tells us that all these sicknesses come out of the heart. Does your head ache? Here is medicine to heal it, and mend it too, if it be cracked. You know, when we are sick in the stomach, we want medicine to vomit up bile. We have all bile within us, which makes us loathe food. Here is medicine to cause us to vomit up pride and love of sin;" referring to the dog turning to his vomit, as a proof that the new man has vomited up his sins. "Are you blind? are your eyes sore, so that you cannot bear the light? Here is eye-salve," referring to the text in the Revelation. "We tell you that Jesus Christ is the light of the world; but your eyes cannot bear the light. Here is a Doctor who wishes to open your blind eyes. 'Behold, I stand at the door, and knock,' &c. Are you crippled? do you stagger? do you fall? Here is a staff to keep you up. It is an old staff always new. All the saints who have gone to heaven have found it to be a good staff. Old people when they die leave their staves behind them; but this staff you take with you through the valley and shadow of death. Besides, here you can get a new heart. 'Create within me a new heart,' was David's prayer, when he found his own hard rogue of a heart would not do. This book is the book of books: it has medicine for all the world, and for every disease. It tells us where we can get all these things, and a multitude more; and all, all for nothing. Brethren," he added, with great emphasis, "our fathers, who died in Heathenism, never saw a book like this; they never heard news like this."

*Bible Society's Monthly Extracts.*



## A FULL HEART.

THE Molegans are a tribe of North American Indians, and many of them have been converted to Christianity. An old woman belonging to this tribe, and who was a Christian, was one day praying with a few of her own people. Being so much affected, that she was unable to go on, she lifted her hands and streaming eyes upwards, and exclaimed, "Lord! I cannot tell it; but I can cry it,"—and said no more.

*Missionary Memorial.*

## TO JUVENILE WORKING MEETINGS.

WE give the following extract from Mr. Gladwin's letter for the information of our young friends who are making dresses for Mission-schools, and would be glad to know where they are most wanted:—

### "WANT OF CHILDREN'S APPAREL.

"I must again appeal to you in behalf of our school-children. If you have any thing in the way of clothing for the children, it would be a great assistance. Our school is large, and many have not yet received a vestige of European clothing. The different lots that we have received are now all distributed, and we are greatly needing a fresh supply."\*

*Rev. R. P. Gladwin, Clarkebury, South Africa.*

\* White calico pinafores, made high, with long sleeves, plaited in front, and a broad belt,—such as our English boys wear, in brown Holland,—are very suitable.

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**A MONKEY-GOD.**

THE  
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

SEPTEMBER, 1846.

—♦—  
A MONKEY-GOD.

“A MONKEY-GOD! Can it be true that men really worship such images as these? Are there any beings in the world so blind and degraded, that they pray to this figure as God?” Yes, my young friends, one-sixth part of the inhabitants on this earth worship such unnatural representations as these, and others far more vile and ugly.

The Hindus have three hundred and thirty millions of gods, and this monkey-god is one of them.

The Rev. William Arthur, who has been a Missionary in India, tells us that every thing you can see is worshipped,—the sun, the stars, the mountains, the rivers, beasts, birds, reptiles: he has seen grey-headed men falling down to the ground before the image of a bull; large companies of people going to groves where monkeys were playing their antics, to present them with an offering; grave men doing reverence to images not bigger than a child's little-finger. A learned man once said to him, in a great rage, “The serpent you have just killed is my god.”

Even the tools which a workman uses he calls his gods: the ploughman worships his plough, the tailor his needles, the barber his razor.

O when will this sad scene be changed! When will our aching hearts be gladdened with the news that these deluded souls are worshipping the only one true God!

Let us pray that God would hasten the time when he will give his Son “the Heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth” for his possession.

## TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY IN CANNIBAL FEEJEE.

### CONVERSION OF A CHIEF.

VARANI had been a cunning, successful warrior, and many a Feejeean had fallen under his warlike hand. He had long acted as the human butcher of the young Chief of Bau, who is the Napoleon of Feejee.

Varani learned to read during the early part of the year ; and, what was of still more importance, he began to pray. Often would he retire into the woods to entreat God to have mercy on his soul. He was, in fact, so fully convinced of his need of a Saviour, that the name of Jesus became very precious to him. If he found, in the course of his reading, a passage which referred to the love of Christ to sinners, he would kiss the book for joy and thankfulness. Two or three Viwa men, who are truly devoted to God, attended to him continually. They frequently spent whole nights in conversation, reading, and prayer. Two of these young men were at the time students in our Institution, and are both now in Circuits. Varani would talk about nothing but religion, either to Heathens or Christians. He was obliged to go to war ; but it was exceedingly against his will.

The Lord protected him in a remarkable manner. On one occasion, he was ordered to set fire to a town, and had to approach very near to effect his purpose. He was perceived by the enemy, and a musket-ball passed close by his head. He immediately fell on his knees to thank God for his deliverance, not merely from death, but from hell ; which he feared much more than death, and which he fully believed must be his portion, if he died without making a public profession of Christianity. He felt that praying, while he still remained a Heathen, would not do ; but that he must take up his cross and follow Christ, as his professed disciple, before he could hope for salvation. This conviction induced him, at length, to inform the Chief of Bau, that he must become a Christian. The Chief endea-

voured to dissuade him from taking such a step, at any rate for the present. This, however, only led Varani to exhort the Chief to join him. Seru, the Chief, knowing the firmness of the man, said no more ; and thus gave an unwilling assent to what he evidently disapproved. All that remained was to take the important step, which is always done, if the person is able, by bowing the knee in the house of God, at a public service. I had published, on the Sunday before Good-Friday, that we should observe the day as a *singatambu*, "sacred day," in honour of the death of our Saviour. Varani heard of this, and determined that this should be the day of his decision. He came early in the morning, to inquire when this day would return. I informed him, of course, not till another year. "Then," said he, "I'll become a Christian to-day." A short time after, the bell rung for the morning prayer-meeting, which Varani attended ; and at which he publicly, to the great joy of many, bowed before "Jehovah's awful throne." In a day or two he was married to his principal wife. He began at once to meet in class. He is now baptized by the name of Elijah.

He is humble, zealous, and conscientious. He is exceedingly diligent in all the means of grace, and not ashamed of confessing Christ before men. He has many enemies, and has need of our prayers and counsel. May God keep him, and make him as successful a servant of the Saviour, as he has been of the arch-murderer !

*Rev. John Hunt.*



## OPPOSITION TO CHRISTIANITY.

THE Chief of Somo Somo is a great enemy to Christianity ; and he has told his people that if any one of them becomes a Christian, he will KILL him and EAT him ! !

There are some Christians in Somo Somo ; but they are natives from other islands.

*Rev. John Hunt.*





## THE CAPTIVE MAID.


A LITTLE captive maiden stood  
Before a Syrian dame,  
A worshipper of Israel's God,  
From Israel's land she came.  
The Syrian bands that land had sought,  
And that young maiden with them brought.

And now in Heathen land she sigh'd,  
A child of God apart,  
No earthly friend her steps to guide,  
And soothe her aching heart ;  
But yet her fathers' God was there,  
To point her path, and hear her prayer.

And he was pleased that child to make  
A messenger of good ;  
For often of the Seer she spake  
Who in Samaria stood.  
And, " Would to God," she sometimes said,  
" My Lord were to that Prophet led !"

The simple tale we need not tell,  
Her words were not in vain ;  
Upon her master's ear they fell,  
And glorious was his gain.  
His fearful leprosy was heal'd,  
And God was to his soul reveal'd

Lord ! wheresoever I may be,  
In high or low estate,  
May I be faithful found to thee,  
And humbly on thee wait ;  
And strive and pray thy truth to spread,  
E'en like that little captive maid !



## THE "JOHN WESLEY,"

## THE MISSIONARY SHIP.

Mr young readers have all heard of the "Triton," the ship that was sent to the South Seas to take the Missionaries from one Station to another, and to carry them their stores : it was the ship in which Mr. Waterhouse made two voyages when he went to visit the Missionaries in New-Zealand and the South-Sea Islands. This ship has been of great service in those seas, where sailing is very dangerous ; all the islands are surrounded with coral reefs ; and if a ship strikes against them, unless she is very strong, there is great danger of her springing a leak and sinking.

The Missionary Committee have resolved to have a new vessel, instead of the "Triton ;" and there is now a beautiful new ship building at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. It is expected to be finished in the month of September. As soon as we are able, we will give you a picture of it : it is to be called the "John Wesley." This ship will be laden with stores and supplies for all the Stations in New South Wales, New-Zealand, and the South-Sea Islands ; and it will be a fine opportunity for our young friends, and old friends too, to send any thing they may be able to contribute for the natives of these Stations ; such as presents for the school children, or clothing for them ; knives and scissors, pins and needles, thimbles, &c. ; parcels should be sent to the Mission-House, directed to one of the Secretaries, and the name of the Station to which it is to be sent should be written on it. Our young friends will no doubt feel much pleasure in employing some of their money and time towards helping the Heathen children, who need their assistance so much.



## NEGRO LIBERALITY.

A Negro in the West Indies came, on one occasion, to a Missionary, to present a contribution to the funds of the Society. The Missionary thought that the Negro offered a

larger sum than was consistent with his circumstances, and took occasion to tell him so ; when the liberal man insisted on giving it, at the same time saying, "Massa, the work of God *must* be done, and I shall soon be dead."

Let the saying of the pious Negro admonish our young friends to work while it is day ; for the night cometh when no man can work.



### A SIMILE.

As we passed through the bush, we saw a tree growing out of the side of a hill. The trunk coming out horizontally, then shooting up several branches, one of the natives said, "That tree is a representation of man : in his natural condition, he grows along the earth ; but when he receives the Spirit of God, his thoughts shoot up towards heaven."

*Rev. T. Buddle, New-Zealand.*



### A YOUNG MISSIONARY'S FIRST VOYAGE.

*(Concluded from page 93.)*

It having become impossible for us to cross the Pampas from Buenos Ayres, on account of the blockade of Monte Video, our first care was to obtain information of the state of the country through which we thought of taking our route, which would have been through Corrientes, Rio Grande, and Santa Fé ; but the intelligence received set aside all our plans ; for, to have followed these, we must have exposed our lives to the barbarity of the soldiers which overrun those parts, and cut to pieces, without mercy, all who fall into their hands. Of course, we could not expose ourselves to this.

It happened, or, rather, God so ordered it, that there was a vessel ready for Chili, which would have sailed on the very day that we reached Monte Video, but for a dispute which the Captain had with one of the passengers, in consequence of which the ship was detained for two days,—just the time that we required to take our passage.

Sunday, November 30th, we spent in Monte Video. In the morning we went to hear Mr. Armstrong, who preached in the evening also. The chapel is two rooms thrown into one, which,

although well and respectably fitted up, cannot contain a numerous congregation. But a new church is nearly finished, and will shortly be opened.

On Monday, December 1st, at ten o'clock in the morning, we embarked in the English brig "Alciope," and set sail for Valparaiso. It would be impossible to describe to you what we have endured on board this vessel; and to go into particulars would be too lengthy for a letter.

The Captain, who is also owner of the ship, and who was the hardest man that you can possibly imagine, has treated us in the coarsest and most disagreeable manner. Being an infidel, he would not permit us to meet together on Sundays, as we had done in the "Plata," so that we held our service in Captain Gardiner's cabin; and there we two alone praised Him whose way is in the sea, and his paths in the deep waters. O how precious to our souls in those moments was the promise of the Saviour, that wherever two or three are gathered together in his name, there will he be in the midst of them!

If God would only vouchsafe his presence in the congregations of the great, how could we have presumed to raise our humble voice to the Sovereign Creator of heaven and earth, in that little cabin, where conveniences were few, and where earthly grandeur was unknown?

Although the wind was favourable for about a fortnight, on making Cape Horn, we fell in with contrary winds, which continued with us twenty days or more. The cold was excessive, such as I had never felt before; and we had even snow on deck, although in this part of the world it was then the summer season; so that you may suppose how agreeable it must be there in the depth of winter! The winds blew so furiously, that we had to drive under bare poles for three days, and were in great peril. This brought us back again within sight of Tierra del Fuego.

How often did I here remember your dear children! When I used to be playing with them, at your house, at "the game of the world," I could never get at any other part of the map than South America, and almost always at Tierra del Fuego. This was odd enough; and a Missionary Friar would have attributed it, as a miracle, to his favourite saint.

With these gales, the sea rose to such a height, that the billows dashed against the ship with a violence that made her shudder, and all but sent us to the bottom. Indeed, we expected every moment that one of those heavy seas would have carried away boats, and every thing else that was on deck. And, to make the matter worse, the pump had got choked with sand from the ballast, and became useless, so that the water that we shipped sunk us at least a foot deeper than we should have been. Thus we continued until the 11th of January, when a fair wind sprang up, which in a few days brought us out into the Pacific, and we went

on pacifically with good winds, until the 19th, when we caught the long-wished-for sight of land. Although the weather was so bad, we reached this part of the voyage without any greater loss than that of a little timber beaten from the bulwarks; for, happily, the vessel was as hard as its owner. We have a proverb in Spain which says, *Todas las cosas se parraecen á su dueño*, "All things are like their master."

Such is the state of man, that, when we think ourselves the most secure, just then we are on the very edge of the precipice. Not far from Valparaiso, a dead calm fell on us, only interrupted now and then by a gentle breath of air, which, instead of helping us forward, only contributed to drift us so close upon one of those reefs of rock and shoal which are so numerous on these coasts, that we could have pitched a stone upon it. The danger was great. The Captain lost all hope of saving the ship, if the lightest breeze should spring up from the land, and gave orders to get the tackling all ready to hoist out the boats in that case: for the water is so deep there, that we could not find anchorage, although so near the shore. Meanwhile, ten or a dozen whales of immense bulk came snorting around us, in the most extraordinary manner, just as if they were making sport of our situation; but one of those fine animals paid dearly for his presumption; for, in dipping under our ship, he scraped his side with the copper on the keel, and left the water discoloured with his blood.

I was in my cabin, quite ignorant of our peril, when Captain Gardiner came down and told me of it; and then we united, in his cabin, which had been our sanctuary throughout the voyage, in offering up fervent prayer to Him whom winds and seas obey. Captain Gardiner had got together the few articles which he valued most, in hope of saving them from the threatened wreck. These were, as he told me, his Bible, his journal, and a few papers. I went up on deck, resigned to suffer what the Lord might please; and there the words of the Psalmist came to my memory: "Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will he be favourable no more? Is his mercy clean gone for ever? Doth his promise fail for evermore?" But, no. How soon were our fears dispelled! Blessed for ever be his most holy name! a light breeze arose, but almost imperceptibly, and gently bore us away from the place of danger; and by midnight we were skimming on steadily along-shore.

At last, on Wednesday, January 21st, at six o'clock in the morning, we came to the lofty city of Valparaiso, after fifty long days of navigation. I cannot now describe this city; but, in some respects, it resembles Gibraltar. It is, however, much larger; and here the houses are not only on the skirt of the mountain, but among the heights, and on the summits of the highest hills. The city may be rather called pretty than any thing else; and, when surveyed at night from above, where you have an extensive prospect of the ocean, when it is delightfully cool, and as the lights

are all lit up, the scene exhibited is one of the most majestic that can be conceived.

We shall probably set sail again on the 25th of this month, in a French vessel bound for Cobija, and thence pursue our way by land as far as Salta, or some place near, where we shall begin to cultivate the ground. May it please the Lord, in infinite mercy, to give increase to the seed we hope to sow, and not to permit that our labour in the Lord be spent in vain !

After writing much more, in acknowledgment of the Christian kindness of Captain Gardiner, and in reference to personal and private affairs, he closes his letter thus :—

May the Lord bless you and yours, and pour out on all of us infinite blessings ! Pray for me and for my friend, that God Almighty may conduct and help us, enlighten us with his Holy Spirit, and give us good success, for his own honour and glory. Awaiting with anxiety a letter from you, (and let it be a long one,) I again subscribe myself as your thankful son, who never can forget you, and who loves you most sincerely,

FREDERICO GONZALEZ.

#### LETTER FROM SWANSEA.

“ONWARD ! onward !” is the voice of Providence to the Directors of our Missionary Societies. Our prayers have been heard ; the world is opened ; its expectations have been excited ; and, humbly depending on His promised benediction, we have only to advance and take the prize. Our resources and yours have been inadequate ; but we have mines of wealth which are yet unworked. Missionarize the population, and unblessed millions shall soon be favoured with the light of life. Your £112,000, and our £80,000, shall soon appear but paltry items in the history of the past.

The millions of Britain’s sons and daughters of our Sabbath and other schools, the young men of the land, the manufacturing population, the merchant, the nobleman, are much at our command ; and the Missionary cause must be placed before them in lectures, in addresses, and the periodical press. Your own venerable John Wesley never struck a blow which he was unprepared to follow up : imitate his example !

In your last year’s receipts, you report £5,295 from Juvenile Offerings : this may be quadrupled. Ask your own John Dysons, Thomas Farmer, Esq., and other warm-hearted lead-

ers of the young of our Sabbath-schools, to take tours of inquiry among them, and the response of "Yes, yes, yes!" which I received on Whit-Monday, from the crowded assembly of children, the Teachers, and friends of the Swansea Sabbath-School Union, in the large Wesleyan Welsh chapel, when I put the questions to them,—after a Missionary address from Psalm cxlv. 3: "One generation shall praise thy works to another," &c.,—whether they felt happy that they had ever contributed to the cause of Missions; whether they were prepared, after all I had told them of Wycliffe, John Huss, Luther, George Whitefield, John Wesley, the moral wants of the yet-unblessed world, humbly, resolutely, perseveringly to take their full share in blessing the world;—shall accompany their visit also; for your Wesleyan children were as sonorous as the rest.

The enlargement of your sphere of operation which these juvenile collections shall enable you to accomplish, is also associated with the conviction that we are preparing millions of warm and youthful hearts for accelerating the period when the Redeemer "shall see of the travail of his soul," in China, India, Africa, and South America, to an extent beyond conception glorious.

Yes! and in the re-action which the Missionary enterprise will thus have on our entire population, we shall reform the Senate; and from thence the principles which endowed Maynooth, and aided Tractarian errors and the Papal See, shall pass away for ever.

THOMAS THOMPSON.

*Poundsford-Park, June 6th, 1846.*

\* \* In the Wesleyan Juvenile Offering for January, 1847, will be given, in addition to much original Missionary information, a beautiful coloured print by Baxter, representing a Hindoo Temple, and Oriental Scenery.

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A CHINESE CAT-MARKET.

THE  
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

OCTOBER, 1846.

---

A CHINESE CAT-MARKET.

THIS is a Chinese cat-market. They are buying the fine fat cats, not to catch their rats and mice, but that they may cook them and eat them. If you cannot eat cats and dogs, snails, grubs, and snakes, you had better not go to a Chinese dinner; for they consider these things as great delicacies. Not only are these animals, reptiles, and insects eaten by the Chinese, but almost all other kinds that are found in the empire.

In England the staff of life is wheaten bread; but in China it is rice. This is boiled, and usually swept into the mouth out of a basin. Had the Chinese our broad acres of pasture-land, no doubt they would live much on beef or mutton; but this not being the case, they eat fish, pork, and fowl on a large scale; to which must be added the flesh of wild horses, dogs, cats, rats, mice, grubs, sharks' fins, birds' nests of a particular kind, sea-slugs, and other things; with the *pih-tsae*, the sweet potatoe, the root of the arrow-root, the water-lily, the water-chestnut, bind-weed, and other roots, for vegetables.

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MISERIES OF HEATHENISM.

WE do not like telling our young friends too much about the horrid cruelties which the Missionaries witness in Heathen countries; and yet, perhaps, it is necessary they should know something about them, that they may see how much Christianity is needed there.

The following is one of the least dreadful stories which Mr. Watsford, who is a Missionary in the island of Viwa, in Feejee, tells, in some letters which have just been received from him :—

“Mr. Hunt and I went to see the wives of the late Ko-mai Boli, who has been lately murdered. The head-wife had her back burnt *all over to-day*, in a most dreadful manner; and the little-fingers of eight of his wives and children were cut off. *How cruel is Heathenism!*”

“We went again to see the wives of Ko-mai Boli. Outside the house the eight little-fingers were hanging, which had been cut off from their hands some days ago. We entered, and it seemed indeed the region and shadow of death. The women and children were sitting around the dark dwelling, evidently suffering much pain, as the stump of the little-finger was very sore. They were all weeping, and seemed to have fasted a long time.

“In a dark corner we found the principal wife: her back and head were dreadfully burned. She had eaten nothing since the death of the Chief; she wept most pitifully.

“I felt much for this poor Heathen, sorrowing without hope; and thought of the vast difference between her lot and that of the bereaved enlightened Christian. She promised us, that she would become a Christian when the days of her mourning were ended.”

In another letter Mr. Watsford says, “The wives of the late Ko-mai Boli embraced Christianity to-day. There are ten of them. The head-wife has been a cruel, wicked woman. She has strangled many women and children.”

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### I'LL BECOME A CHRISTIAN TO-DAY.

THIS was the expression of the Feejeean Chief whose conversion we told you of in the last number of the *Juvenile Offering*.

Are you all, my young readers, real Christians? if not, this Heathen gives you an example of decision which you will do well to imitate. Perhaps some of you are saying,

"I'll be a Christian when I grow old," or, "I'll be a Christian when I think I am going to die." You may never live to be old ; and when you are going to die, you may, perhaps, not be able to pray for pardon. Christ's promises and invitations are for *TO-DAY* : he does not say, *To-morrow* is the accepted time ; but "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation ;" and, "To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

O, my dear young friends, let not this Feejeean rise up against you in the day of judgment to condemn you ; but follow his noble example, and say, with God's blessing and the assistance of his Holy Spirit, "I'll become a Christian to-day !"

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### SLAVERY IN AFRICA.

In that part of Africa called the Gold-Coast, or Guinea, domestic slavery is carried on to a very great extent ; and is, of course, attended with many evils.

There is one small state near the Kong mountains, which is tributary to the King of Ashanti ; and I was told, while in Kumasi, that this state alone sent to the King every year, as part of their tribute, three thousand slaves of the finest young people that could be obtained. These must all be sent by a stated time, or else a heavy fine is laid upon them.

Think of three thousand poor children being torn from their families every year ! What must be their feelings, when they are forcibly taken from their fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, never to see them more ! And what must be the feelings of their parents, who watched over them with tender, affectionate love, (for African parents love their children,) to see them thus torn from them, with the prospect of never seeing them again ! And how much more painful must the feelings of both parents and children be, when it is considered, that their lives are not secure ; for they do not know how soon they may be killed in some of those bloody customs which are so frequent in Ashanti.

Besides this tribute, there is a regular trade carried on by the Ashantis in slaves. They proceed from Ashanti to the

the interior, and purchase slaves in great numbers: these are brought back to Kumasi, and are sold as domestic slaves, either to those Ashantis who may want them, or to those tribes who occupy that part of the country which lies between Ashanti and the sea. These poor people are bought and sold just like a farmer in England would buy and sell his horses. The usual value of a slave in Kumasi is from £6 to £9 sterling. The women, provided they are strong, are worth from £1 to £1. 10s. more than the men. These poor creatures are sometimes treated with great severity, although this is not always the case. Their masters have great power over them; for although they may not kill them when they like, yet if their slave offends them, they may punish them so as to cause their death. I have frequently known them to have their ears, noses, or lips cut off. I well remember one poor boy, who, for tasting his master's dinner, had his lips so burnt, that when they healed, his mouth was so contracted that he could scarcely speak. And instances of this kind are of very frequent occurrence. Indeed they are hardly secure of their lives for a day. If a man is only suspected of a crime, they have no great difficulty in finding him guilty, by means of their Fetish. A person accused has to pass through a kind of ordeal, which sometimes consists in drinking a very nauseous draught, composed by the Fetishman, of the bark of a particular tree. The man is either condemned or acquitted according to the manner in which it operates. They have also other modes of finding out guilty persons, which are all very foolish.

How thankful should we be, who are born in a Christian land, where no such thing as slavery can exist! Above all, we should bless God for the great blessing of Christianity, which has made our country what it is. I would also have you to understand, that it is Christianity only that can put a stop to slavery in Africa. Trade has been carried on for ages on that part of the coast of which I am now speaking, and our own country has sent out several vessels on that coast for many years; yet neither trade nor armed vessels have put it down: nothing less than the Gospel can overcome it.

My young readers will easily anticipate the conclusion to which I would lead them. I need only say, therefore, that I hope they will do all in their power to send that greatest of all blessings, the Gospel, to Africa.

*Rev. Robert Brooking, Missionary to Ashanti.*

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## HYMN-BOOKS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE Religious Tract Society sent ten thousand Hymn-Books to Mr. Moffat, who is a Missionary in Africa. In a letter received from him, dated June 13th, 1845, he writes:—

“The boxes containing the Hymn-Books came all safe to Lattakoo, with the exception of a couple of cases slightly injured by water in crossing the Orange-River. I need scarcely say, that the new Hymn-Books were most acceptable to our churches. When first taken out of the cases they excited no little admiration, and the eagerness to obtain them was very great. However, in a land like this, where there is little of either silver or gold, and many poor, there was no little difficulty, on the part of some, to procure the means to obtain a copy. Some purchased them with corn, some with goats and sheep, and others with cash.

“One or two having been given to children who had distinguished themselves in learning to read, and in good behaviour, this opened a door to many more juvenile applicants, who now feel something like a title to a Hymn-Book, on their being able to read it.

“A few weeks ago, after preaching, at a neighbouring village, where there is a Schoolmaster, two very little girls came to ask for Hymn-Books. Their only plea was, that they had learned to read. One of them looked so very young, that I expressed some doubts as to her proficiency. She smilingly replied, ‘Try me.’ I handed the book which I had in my hand, and it happening to open at a well-known hymn, she read it clearly. I remarked, ‘You know this by rote.’ To this she quickly answered, ‘Then show me one I do not know.’ I turned over to one of the

new ones,—an imitation of Montgomery's beautiful Hymn on Prayer. . This she read with nearly the same ease. She got her book, and scampered off home with a glad-some heart."

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### . BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

SOME weeks ago, when Mrs. Toase, the wife of the Rev. William Toase, our Missionary at Paris, was staying a few days at Calais, on her return from England, I invited one of our oldest members to come and see her, for the purpose of having some conversation with her on religious subjects.

On Mrs. Toase asking him how he had been brought to the knowledge of God, he replied that, nine years since, he was standing on the pier, when he saw some ladies distributing little pamphlets : he asked if they were French. They said, No ; but that if he would be there at the same time on the morrow, they would bring some, which they did, also telling him of our chapel in the town. After reading the tracts, which he found to be what he wanted, he went to the chapel, and heard the Rev. J. Renier : he was convinced of sin, and, in a few months, found peace with God. Soon after, he induced his wife to come and hear, and she also was brought to the knowledge of the truth, and joined our society : since then, to the time of her death, which took place eighteen months ago, they have walked together in the fear of the Lord. I visited her during her illness, and have reason to believe that she has exchanged this life for a blissful immortality : he is still one of our most faithful members. For many years he lived in Courgain, a town of fishermen, the only Protestant, surrounded by ignorance and superstition ; but he continued steadfast.

After this conversation, Mrs. Toase asked if he remembered the lady who had given him the tracts ; he said, "No." She then told him, it was herself, and she well recollected the circumstance. The poor man's joy was very great.

*Rev. G. Leale, Missionary at Calais.*

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## A PENNY.

"A PENNY I have,  
It's all my own,"  
Little Charlotte exclaim'd  
In lively tone.

"I cannot do much  
With a penny, I fear ;  
But I'll buy myself something  
To eat or to wear."

"A penny I have,"  
Little Mary said,  
And she thoughtfully raised  
Her hand to her head :

"Both Missions and schools  
Want money, I know,  
But I fear 'tis little  
A penny can do."

So Charlotte ran off,  
And some apples she bought,  
While Mary her mite  
To the Mission-box brought.

And which of them, think you,  
More cheerfully smiled?  
And which of the two  
Was the happier child?

M. A. STEWART.

## MISSIONARY SELF-DENIAL.

WE are now often reading accounts of children and grown people who give up many things they would like to have, and deny themselves many indulgences, in order that they may have money to help the Missions. These sacrifices are very trifling, compared with those which are made by the Missionaries themselves, as the following story will show :—



"Mr. Bernau was sent as a Missionary to British Guiana in South America. When he arrived at the Station, he did not find a single Indian: they had all fled to the woods, and would not come near him. He could get no one to help him to build a house; so he made a shed, and then began his Missionary excursions; but whenever he reached a settlement, the children, uttering a scream, ran away from him, then mothers followed, and their fathers walked after them with their bows and arrows in their hands. He remained there for a year, without being able to speak to a single Indian. At length he got the assistance of a little boy, with whom he paddled about from place to place. He then took some small biscuits with him and threw them after the children, who gathered them up. On the next occasion he held a biscuit in his hand; but they would not come near until he turned round, and they ran up, snatched the biscuit, and ran away into the bushes. On his next visit he took a pocket full of biscuits, and the children then came and helped themselves.

"The reason they were so much afraid was, the conjurers had told them that if they went to him they would die. On his fourth visit, the little ones remained, and their fathers and mothers too.

"After making them a small present, he spoke to them on general subjects; and, on his sixth visit, he talked to them about religion, and told them of Jesus Christ having come into the world to save them. He told them that God loved them. They said, 'We know that: he does us no harm.' He replied, 'God gave his Son to die for you and me, because we are sinners.' 'Are you a sinner?' they asked: 'we have never seen you drunk.' He said, He hoped not, but there was a time when he lived in forgetfulness of God, who had shown him nothing but kindness from the day he was born, and who, when he was living in sin, gave his Son to die for him. 'What is that to us?' they inquired. 'Are we sinners? We have never stolen.' He answered, 'Suppose you have a friend, and you show him nothing but kindness, and he should slight you: would you not feel it?' 'Yes.' 'What would you think of that man?' 'We should think him a very bad

man. - 'Exactly so,' he replied; 'the Almighty feels you owe him nothing but kindness; but you never pray to him: he loves you, notwithstanding your forgetfulness, and gave his Son to die for you.' This, at last, prevailed upon the heart of the savage; this is the love of Christ, which, when felt in the heart, makes the Heathen love him who so loved them. After a time, he persuaded them to come nearer, and then told them they should build comfortable cottages. They said they did not know how: he offered to teach them; and he was sometimes Minister, Schoolmaster, mason, carpenter, and doctor, all in one day.

"He erected a cottage, as a model; they made others; and there were now no less than twenty-eight cottages.

"Whilst this was going on, he was employed in teaching the people the things of God. A boys' school was then established, in which many had been taught, and, afterwards, a girls' school.

"There were not less than forty-five of these savage Indians in the schools, and some have been married from the schools, and live very happy with their partners.

"When he had established two schools, he thought of building a church, and asked the people to give something towards it: they said they would very gladly, but they had no money.

"He then told the people, as they had no money, to bring him the legs of the deer, which they had formerly given to the devil, and he would buy them. They did so, and he purchased them at a fair price; others made curiosities, which they sold. The women said they would be glad to give money for the building of the church, but they had none, and inquired how they were to get it. He said to them: 'You rear fowls: set one apart as the Mission-fowl, and sell all the eggs she lays for the benefit of the Mission.' They did as they were told, and there was soon such an abundance of eggs and fowls, that they could scarcely dispose of them.

"The children were also most anxious to contribute.

"When the church was finished, the people did not know exactly what time to go; for they have no clocks, and can only tell the time by the sun. Sometimes they

were very late, and he spoke to them about it. Their reply was, 'We have not seen the sun to-day.' He then said he would endeavour to get a bell to tell them the time. They subscribed £5 for one; and when that bell stopped ringing, every Indian was found in his proper place; and it was extremely delightful to hear the congregation join in the responses and in the singing. This was the state of things when he left them to come to England. Before leaving, the people surrounded him, and said, 'You will not return.' He promised he would, unless God prevented him. They asked him to leave a pledge. He asked them if they had ever found him unfaithful to his word. They said, 'No;,' but still they wished him to leave a pledge that he would be sure to come back. He asked them what he should leave. They said they wished him to LEAVE HIS LITTLE BABE, THEN ONLY SIX WEEKS OLD! He said, 'Well, my babe you shall have as a pledge;,' and he left his dear babe with them!!"

You will, I am sure, be glad to hear that the Indians have taken good care of this dear child; and the last time her father heard of her, she was very well, and beginning to walk. Now is there any comparison to be made between what you have done, and the sacrifice this man of God made? You, dear young friends, cannot imagine what the father felt when he left his babe behind him; but those of you who have little brothers and sisters a few weeks old, read this story to your fathers and mothers, and ask them if they could bear to give up their children in like manner. Ah! many a mother will hug her babe still closer to her breast, and thank God she is not called to make such a sacrifice.

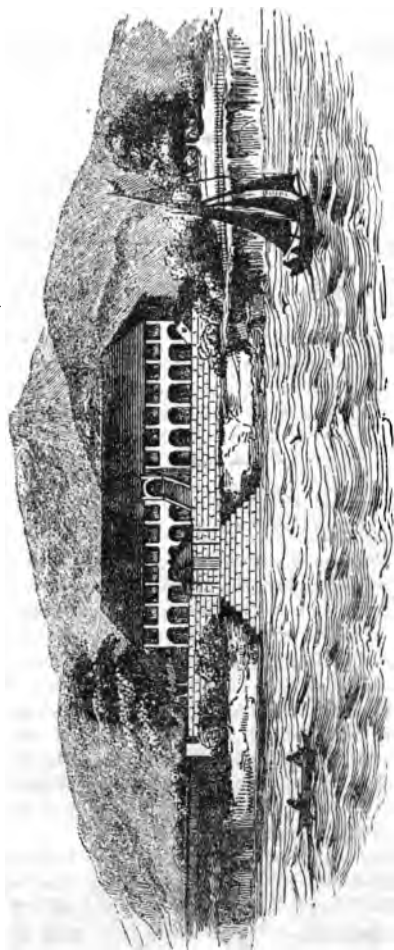
Then we would call upon all Christian parents to pray for those who are so deeply tried, and, as they do not give their children to God's cause, to give their money.

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WESLEYAN INSTITUTION, KING TOM'S POINT, SIERRA-LEONE, WESTERN AFRICA.

THE  
**WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.**

NOVEMBER, 1846.

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**WESLEYAN INSTITUTION AT KING TOM'S  
POINT, SIERRA-LEONE.**

THIS spacious and substantial building is occupied for the training of native Teachers and Missionaries. This is one of several establishments of the same kind, supported by the Missionary Society, for the purpose of spreading the Gospel among the Heathen. Many thanksgivings have already been offered to God, for the benefits resulting from the Institution at King Tom's Point. May God bless the young men who live there, and make them a blessing!

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**THE LAUNCH OF THE NEW MISSIONARY  
SHIP, THE "JOHN WESLEY."**

WE had the happiness of being at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, on Wednesday, the 23d of September.

Soon after we landed, we observed a large congregation coming out of the Methodist chapel. It was nearly one o'clock; and they had been holding a meeting for prayer and thanksgiving to God in reference to the Missions among the Heathen, especially those in New-Zealand and in the Friendly and Feejee Islands, for whose service the new ship is chiefly intended. Dr. Bunting, Mr. Atherton, the President of the Conference, and other Ministers, had conducted the worship, in a manner which had delighted and comforted the congregation.

We went on with the crowd to the ship-building yard of Messrs. Thomas and John White, where the ship was prepared to be launched. She was adorned with flags and signals, the top flag being a white one with "JOHN WESLEY" in very large letters.

There was a platform close to the ship, for Mrs. Farmer and other ladies, and for the members of the Committee.

Many hundreds of people stood about on both sides the river Medina, into which the ship was to be launched. Many persons were in boats on the river: the event appeared to have awakened general expectation.

Dr. Alder, one of the Secretaries; Dr. Olin, of America; Mr. John Wesley, from the Mission-House; Mr. Robert White, son of the builder; and many other persons, were on the deck of the vessel. John Irving, Esq., then handed a glass of wine to Mrs. Farmer, who said, "Success to the 'John Wesley!'" and performed the usual ceremony of breaking a bottle of wine against the bows of the ship. Mr. Thomas White then gave the word of command to the men who were in readiness to release the vessel: this was only the work of a minute, by striking away two bits of timber, and turning a screw, when the "John Wesley" glided smoothly and beautifully into the water. The workmen and the spectators gave three cheers, and the band played the Portuguese Hymn.

The "John Wesley" was soon brought round into the dock near the place where she had been built. It was a magnificent sight, to see her thus complete what may be called her first voyage. The band played, "See the conquering hero comes;" and some of the spectators wept for joy, to think of the beautiful ship prepared for the use of the Missionaries.

As a close of this delightful festival, two hundred and fifty Sunday-school children marched through the town, and were regaled with tea and buns, and had each a book given to them.

Many persons think they never passed a more happy day, and they will never forget the launch of the "John Wesley."

When we think what the ship has to do, and the good which, by the blessing of God, will result from it to the Missionaries and to the Christians and Heathens of the South-Sea Islands, we may all pray and exclaim, with Mrs. Farmer, "Success to the 'John Wesley!'"

We shall tell you more of the ship in a month or two.

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## LITTLE CHILDREN.

SPORTING through the forest wide,  
Playing by the water-side,  
Wandering o'er the heathy fells,  
Down within the woodland dells,  
All among the mountains wild,  
Dwelleth many a little child :  
In the Baron's hall of pride,  
By the poor man's dull fire-side,  
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean,  
Little children may be seen ;  
Like the flowers, that spring up fair,  
Bright and countless, everywhere.

In the far isles of the main,  
In the desert's lone domain,  
In the savage mountain-glen,  
'Mong the tribes of swarthy men,  
Wheresoe'er a foot hath gone,  
Wheresoe'er the sun hath shone  
On a league of peopled ground,  
Little children may be found.  
Blessings on them ! they in me  
Move a kindly sympathy,  
With their wishes, hopes, and fears,  
With their laughter and their tears,  
With their wonder so intense,  
And their small experience.

Little children ! not alone  
On the wide earth are ye known ;  
'Mid its labours and its cares,  
'Mid its sufferings and its snares,  
Free from sorrow, free from strife,  
In the world of love and life,  
Where no sinful thing hath trod,  
In the presence of your God ;  
Spotless, blameless, purified,  
Little children, ye abide !

*Mary Howitt.*



HORRID TREATMENT OF INFANTS IN  
ASHANTI.

SAD are the scenes which sometimes transpire in Kumasi, showing the brutalizing effect of Heathenism upon the heart of those who are brought under its influence.

In the "customs" which are held in honour of any deceased Chieftain, great numbers of slaves are generally beheaded. This is done under the belief that the spirit of the individuals so sacrificed will attend upon their deceased masters in another world, and will there wait upon them, as they had been accustomed while here.

In the selection of the victims, no regard is paid to age or sex, but male and female are slaughtered.

Should it be the case that a female, with an infant at the breast, is condemned to die, the child is not spared; but as soon as sentence of death is pronounced upon the mother, her infant is regarded as an abomination. Hence, when the mother is led to the place of execution, and falls in the streets a headless corpse, her child falls with her. The body of the mother may remain all day in the street, exposed to the gaze of every passer by; and by her side may remain her helpless living infant, exposed, too, not only to the heedless foot of the multitude, but suffering intensely from the effects of the direct rays of a tropical sun. Seldom does any eye pity: no one would ever think of taking away that child, and thus of saving its life: it remains in the street until evening, and then, as the individual, whose business it is to drag away the bodies of these victims, takes away the mother, he at the same time takes away the child; not to pity and to save it, but to cast both mother and infant together into the dell where these wretched victims are thrown, and there both remain to putrefy, or to be devoured by swine, or carnivorous birds.

During the time of my residence in Kumasi, several infants perished in this miserable manner. Never shall I forget the effects produced upon my own mind, when, on one occasion, a person connected with the Mission family came in from the town in great distress, and, with a countenance expressive of fear and pity, as well as of horror,

stated that he had just passed a spot where lay a victim and her infant : the mother had been sacrificed two hours before, and her infant, pressed by hunger, had crept to her bleeding neck, and was literally feeding upon the blood of her who gave it birth ! I shuddered as I listened to the narration, and at once determined, if possible, to save that child. Bidding the narrator accompany me, I hastened to the spot ; but it was too late : a by-stander, observing my approach, and suspecting my errand, had placed his foot upon the neck of the infant ! It was dead, and there it lay : side by side were these two unoffending persons, victims of a sanguinary superstition, pleading in death, in language which could not be misunderstood by a Christian heart, the necessity existing for Teachers.

With a sad heart I returned to the Mission-house, to weep over and pray for the people of my charge ; a whole nation with but one Missionary ! Many were the earnest prayers which this and similar scenes prompted, that messengers of mercy might be sent, to guide the feet of these wanderers into the way of peace.

*Rev. George Chapman.*

## DESIRE FOR MISSIONARIES IN ASHANTI.

THE anxiety of the people of Ashanti to obtain Teachers is great indeed ; and, where their wants cannot be supplied, distressingly great. "Is it right," asked a Chief-tain of the Missionary party, as they passed his town on their way to Kumasi, "that food prepared in England, by the kind people there, for us who so greatly need it, should be carried past my door, and I and my people not be permitted to taste that food ? Stay with me, and be our Teacher !" And such is the feeling of many a Chief-tain : many who have not a Teacher sit down in sadness, and prepare "to die in the dark," despairing of ever receiving instruction.

Inquiring of one who came on ship-board, as I sailed on one occasion along the coast, whether he and his countrymen were desirous of a Teacher, or if they would receive me, could I go among them ; "Receive you !" he said, with indescribable animation ; "receive you ! I would

take you to my father's house," (meaning his superior Chief,) "my father should be your father: we would give you yams, and corn, and plantain, and banana, and a place to live in; we would take care of you, and you should be our father, and we would obey you; but, ah! you cannot come! We must be left alone! You go to Cape-Coast; but nobody stays with us." And such was the case; six or seven hundred miles from any Mission-Station, a people willing to learn, but with none to instruct them; men left to perish, and no one near at hand to point them to the world's Redeemer: and in this state they remain to the present hour. We know their willingness and their wants; but to visit them, without the neglect of other duties,—duties of the most urgent and pressing character,—is not in the power of the limited number of Missionaries stationed on the Coast. We look with anxious eyes and bleeding heart to England.

*Rev. George Chapman.*

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### MONKEYS IN BLACK TOWN, MADRAS.

A KIND friend in Madras has sent the following account to two little boys in England, who are very fond of hearing stories about monkeys. It has amused them very much; and, as they think there are many children who would like to read it also, they with the account to be printed in the *Juvenile Offering*.

STRANGERS are very much surprised to see monkeys romping about on the tops of the houses, or dashing across the streets; and sailors, on landing, are greatly amused with them, and try to catch them, or hit them with sticks or stones; but all in vain, as they soon jump out of the way, and then show their teeth as if in contempt for the assailant.

Some years ago these animals were so numerous, so mischievous, and so destructive to property, especially in pulling off tiles, and in stealing from people in the market and the bazaars, that it was determined to catch the depredators, put them in cages, and carry them off to the distant jungles; for the people had a great aversion to kill them. After much trouble, many were caught;

but they were so very refractory, that some of the rebels received a dozen lashes each, and were sent far away : many of them found their way back again, and now the inhabitants are as much troubled as ever.

Within the last eight or ten months they have played all kinds of pranks in our house ; for as we are obliged to allow the doors and windows to be open on account of the heat, they can very easily get into any apartment. I had the mortification to find one day a young fellow had got hold of my "Pilgrim's Progress," and had actually torn down the plate whers the Pilgrim receives his "parchment roll ;" and as he saw me, he leisurely marched off, seeming to say, as he turned round to look at me, "Have I not done it?" Another rogue had no doubt seen some one use a tooth-brush ; and he carried it completely off. My wafers they are perpetually stealing, and several times they have taken away the box : nay, the steel pens were quite in their way ; and one day, when I was nearly blaming a servant, it was found that a monkey was the thief. As for tumblers and various earthen vessels, I know not how many they have broken ; and loaves of bread, if not watched or locked up, are soon in the hands of these gentry ; and when the creatures have gone a short distance, they sit down to look at us, and then begin to eat.

But I ought to have said before, that they delight in my letters and notes ; and, after looking gravely at them for a short time, they tear them to pieces.

One day, a corset was missing, and no one knew any thing about it. This seemed a strange affair ; and, after a long search, it was given up ; but our ingenious pilferers had again been at work ; the article was discovered at the top of the house, and the culprits were looking on when it was found. It was not at all unlikely that they had been trying to put it to some use,—probably to wear it, but they had not succeeded.

Sometimes they get on the bed, and stretch themselves, then roll about in their gambols, and leave plenty of marks behind. At other times they admire themselves in the looking-glass, and try to touch what they believe to be

one of their own kin. Not long ago they broke one of them, and carried off a beautiful silver watch. They were soon on the top of a neighbour's house, and commenced their experiments ; the glass was forthwith broken, the seconds' hand, which no doubt astonished them by its movement, was torn off, and the other hands were served in the same way. The *tick tick* of the watch was the greatest puzzler of all. The servants were after them ; but, no, Jaco could run well, and did not wish to part with his prize. A fine loaf of bread, however, was brought, and placed at some distance, and pug could not resist that : he left the watch for what to him was much better, and the watch was regained, though sadly injured.

This unfortunate transaction, however, had only excited their curiosity, and they one day succeeded in dragging from a table a large old watch belonging to the writer of this paper, and carried it to the top of the house ; but they were detected in their villany, and were frightened away.

They are also fond of small bottles, especially if there has been a scent in them, which gives them much pleasure.

"Well, but why not kill them?" say my young friends. I did shoot one, but I shall not soon do it again : he looked so much like a human being, his companions also made such a noise, and hooted me for days after ; then the Natives were much offended ; so that I cannot try that plan again. Then I offered a large sum to any servant who would catch one ; for I determined to make an example of him, and trim him up a little, and crop his ears and tail, so that others might be frightened : but all in vain. We got a large rat-trap, and put some bread on it. An inexperienced *youth* set at it ; he was caught ; but he worked hard, and his tapering head assisted him, and, after some *deep* scratches, he escaped, and shortly returned with another to show him the machine : they examined it, and walked away.

The next day we tried again ; and they so managed the matter as to carry off the bread. I procured poison, put on bread and butter and preserves. An old fellow seized the prize, chewed a little, then looked at me, put it out

of his mouth, shook his head, and bid us good morning. A young fellow came, and he did exactly the same thing.

I must conclude : my paper is finished, and I am sure you, my young friends, have been pleased with my chapter on monkeys.

## JUVENILE OFFERING TO THE WESLEYAN MISSIONS, FOR CHRISTMAS, 1846, AND NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1847.

### ADDRESS.

THE time has arrived when we think it right to remind our young friends of the near approach of that season of the year when they are requested to renew their exertions in behalf of the Wesleyan Missions.

For several years past, many thousands of young persons and children belonging to the Methodist congregations have undertaken to give, of their own money, or to collect from others, a sum of not less than One Shilling each, as an Offering to the Missions, at Christmas, or New-Year's Day.

By this plan the Missionary Society has been greatly assisted in its operations : many Missionaries have been sent out, many Schools established, many poor Heathen have heard the Gospel, in consequence of this Juvenile Offering ; and much good, under the blessing of God, has been effected, which would otherwise have been left undone.

The Christmas and New-Year's Juvenile Offering amounted, in

		£.	s.	d.
1841	to	4,721	7	4
1842	—	2,138	9	7
1843	—	3,839	2	10
1844	—	4,066	16	7
1845	—	5,478	18	8

These sums include Contributions from Ireland and the Foreign Stations, as well as from Great Britain. Of the last amount, for 1845, only £4,486. 9s. 8d. appeared in the Balance-Sheet of the Report, many remittances having

been received too late to be included in the total: the Balance will appear in the Report for 1846.

We now ask our young friends to renew their liberality and their exertions.

When the Jews returned from captivity to Jerusalem in the days of Ezra, and when they had heard the reading of the law of God, they were commanded "to eat the fat and drink the sweet, *and to send portions to them for whom nothing was prepared.*"

Let our young friends do likewise. In the religious services of Christmas and of the New-Year, they will "have a feast of fat things, and wine well refined on the lees:" let them take that opportunity of contributing and collecting the means of *sending portions* of spiritual good to the *poor Heathen* and others, for whom *no such good things have hitherto been prepared!* And thus the happy season of Christmas and the New-Year will be made happier still.

The Christmas and New-Year's Juvenile Offering, so happily commenced in 1841, suggested to us three years ago the title of this Missionary Periodical; namely, "THE WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING." We think, therefore, there is great propriety in the intention of the Committee which is now announced to you. The Committee intend, at Christmas, to give to each child or young person who may undertake to give or collect a Shilling or more, one Number of this Miscellany for January, 1847; which will contain, in addition to much original information, a beautiful coloured print by Baxter, representing a Hindoo Temple and Hindoo Scenery.

*Every Collector of One Shilling or more for the Christmas and New-Year's Offering, may ask for the gift of the January Number of "The Wesleyan Juvenile Offering."*

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**CAR OF THE IDOL AT TRIVALOOR.**

THE  
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

DECEMBER, 1846.

—♦—  
HEATHEN FEAST AT TRIVALOOR, EAST  
INDIES.

ABOUT six weeks since, I accompanied Mr. Batchelor to Trivaloor, a large Heathen place, about fifteen miles from Negapatam, during the time of the principal feast. We took up our abode in an old palace of the Tanjore Rajahs, which is now used as a traveller's bungalow, and commands a fine view of the largest temple and tank. The car, a rough drawing of which I send you, stood very near the bungalow, so that we had a good sight of it: it was from fifty to sixty feet in height, and ornamented with trappings of crimson and gold, interspersed with white frill-work. It had been standing in the place alluded to for three days, and thousands of people pulled, and pulled in vain, they could not move it.

A young man came to us, and said, that the god would not proceed without two or three persons perishing. The third night the people were in a state of great excitement, and threw several pieces of brick at Mr. Batchelor and myself, we being seated on the roof of the palace: we deemed it prudent, therefore, to descend; but no sooner had we gained the lower apartment, than several more pieces of brick were thrown in at the windows, which we were compelled to close.

The noise of the multitudes was beyond description. Indeed, we could not hear ourselves speak; and it continued more or less so all night.

The next day we witnessed a very striking scene, such as we could not have formed an idea of. The banks of the tank, which, I imagine, is nearly a mile in circumference,

were literally thronged with individuals who had come to bathe in its waters, and thus purify their souls! Trivaloor being regarded as a very sacred place, its feast is attended by people from all parts. The crowds who had come to bathe, now gave their assistance in pulling on the car; and after a short time, the huge mass moved on, amidst the acclamations and deafening shouts of the assembled thousands. We were very glad to leave the place of Satan's power; and in the afternoon, Mr. Batchelor having visited Amyappen, where we have a few Christians, we departed.

The temple at Trivaloor is dedicated to Siva, and is a fine building, as far as the architecture and dimensions are concerned; but the Christian must ever lament, while viewing such scenes, the dominant power of the Prince of darkness.

My interest in the girls' school continues unabated. In March last, I lost by cholera two of the most interesting of my flock: I trust our loss was their gain. We still continue our former plan of instruction, endeavouring, above all, to instil into their minds a knowledge of the word of life, which alone can make them wise unto salvation.

*Mary Batchelor.*



## BRIEF NOTICES OF THE CEYLON MISSION.

ONE instance of the good resulting from an acquaintance with the word of God which I witnessed while residing in Colombo, will show the value placed upon the Scriptures by the natives, and their adaptation to the circumstances of the Heathen.

We were in the habit of conducting family worship in the language of the natives for the benefit of our servants, and for the spiritual advantage of any one who might happen to be on the premises, and disposed to unite with us. Just as we had concluded the service one morning, I was informed there was a person at the door wishing to speak with me. I begged him to

came into the room where we were ; when a respectable-looking man, a native Mohanderam, with wrinkled cheeks and silvery locks, stood before me. His countenance bespoke deep anxiety, and he soon began to relate the distress of his mind. He concluded by saying, "I am a sinner. I am a great sinner, and have no merit whereby to procure pardon ; but," added he, "I have heard that a book is printed which informs us that those persons who have no good deeds may obtain forgiveness."

A notion prevails among the natives, inculcated by that system of religion they are taught by their Priests to venerate, that a scale of the good or evil deeds of individuals is kept, and, at the period of death, if the amount of evil deeds preponderate over the good, they sink in the scale of being ; so that in the next birth they may be born a reptile or a beast, and not a human being. This poor man had received a degree of spiritual light, so that he perceived that his sins far out-numbered his virtues, and the system of religion prevalent around him afforded no relief to his agonized mind. His prospects after death were gloomy in the extreme ; but he had heard that there was a passage in the Christian Scriptures that gave him hope. He now inquired whether there really was such a passage, and whether it was calculated to give him consolation. The Bible, which had been just used in our family-worship, was lying on the table ; so I opened it, and read the passage, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy, and eat ; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price ;" (Isai. lv. 1 ; ) which I took to be the passage he referred to, and that suited his state of mind. The venerable old man could scarcely credit what he heard. He put on his spectacles, and read the words for himself. A new class of ideas immediately took possession of his mind. I then spoke to him on the method of a sinner's pardon through the meritorious death of Christ. I then presented him with a copy of the word of God ; and never shall I forget the expression of the old man's countenance when it was placed in his hands, while the big tears rolled down his furrowed face ; he kissed it with delight, and, hugging it

to his bosom, hastened to his home to peruse the invaluable treasure of which he had become possessed.

The grand object of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, is to guide the feet of tens of thousands, now sitting in darkness and the shadow of death, into the way of peace, by furnishing them with Bibles, and Ministers, and Christian ordinances.

*Rev. Elijah Toyn.*

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### SUCCESSFUL PREACHING.

AMIDST the trials and discouragements incident to such a Mission, circumstances sometimes transpired which at once dispelled every desponding fear, and strengthened our hands, while, at the same time, they confirmed our faith in the divine promises. Among others, I well remember the following.

I had been for some weeks toiling with but little visible success, and was beginning to entertain the thought that I laboured in vain ; when, one Monday morning, as I was directing a number of men who were employed on the Mission-premises in cutting boards, one of them, the foreman of the party, came up to the spot where I stood, and, with a smile playing upon his countenance, told me his experience of the day before.

Taking off his cap, and with heaven beaming upon his face, he thus addressed me in broken English :—

“O, Massa, yesterday I come to hear you speak the great word ; and when I come, my heart be cold, cold, cold, all same as one stone ; I sit, and sit, and it be cold still. Then you speak of Jesus Christ ; then it become warm. You still speak of Jesus Christ ; and as you speak of him, my heart become hot, hot, hot. You still speak of him ; and as I hear you tell of his love, O, my heart become all one blaze ; and now it be all one blaze too. O, Massa, Jesus Christ love me too much ; and now me love Jesus Christ too. I leave my father, my mother, my brothers, all, at Fernando Po, and land at Cape-Coast. I feel alone and solitary there ; and I think, O could I see fathen,

could I see mother ; but, no ; no ship take me back. Then I come to you, and you tell me of Jesus, my Saviour, and my heart say he love me. Now I want nothing but stay with you. Jesus Christ be more than father, and mother; and brother, and riches ; Jesus Christ be my everything."

The full heart of this poor Negro could say no more ; but a flood of tears, tears of joy, told how deeply he felt as he raised his eyes to heaven, the heaven for which he was then preparing, and where dwelt his Saviour, his "everything."

*Rev. George Chapman.*

### CONVERSION OF WILLIAM SALLAH.

IN the Juvenile Offering for January, 1845, we gave an interesting narrative of the conversion of Pierre Sallah, a native Teacher in Western Africa. The following account of the conversion of his adopted son, William Sallah, also a native Teacher, was related by himself to one of the Missionaries in Macarthy's Island, River Gambia, by whom it is furnished for insertion in this little book. We have great pleasure in laying it before our young readers.

From a little boy I like for read too much. I pray, but, mind, that time I no feel nothing in my heart. The first thing led me to class good was. One day my father (Pierre Sallah, who had taken him, when a boy, from the liberated African yard) says, "Little boy will die as well as big man." When I hear that, the next day I went to Mr. Fox, and tell him, "I want join myself to class." He tell me, "What reason you want join yourself to class?" I answered, "I not hungry for food. My soul is hungry." He ask me, "How you do you know your soul is hungry? You not see your soul. How you know it is hungry?" He ask me, "What pray is?" I tell him, "Pray is beg." He said, "Do you *sabby* (know) beg?" I tell him, "Yes, if I hungry, I *sabby* beg person *nyam, nyam* (food). As I *sabby* beg *nyam, nyam*, for my body, so I think if I beg God *nyam, nyam*, for my soul, he

go give me." He say, "Don't you hear what Christ say, 'Suffer little children,' &c.?" I say, "I hear that very well from my father, all time; but I think I do so much bad, Christ can't carry me to that place." When he hear that, he pleased very much, and ask me, "What class you wish to meet?" I tell him, "Monday." He tell me, "Monday you come to class."

In Monday I come, and join myself in class: then, next Monday I come in class, I pray: it please Mr. Fox very much. So I continually; but I not feel the pardon of my sins. Sometimes when I pray, my heart sweet me very much: sometimes it still dark. One day, I pray, my heart sweet me very well. I see nothing in world. I only want for die. I was with my mother in middle day. I say, "Mammy, I want nothing but die." She asked me, "William, are you hungry? Have you nothing to cover your skin? Anything hurt you?" I tell her, "No;" but I didn't tell her what reason.

In this way I continued until Mr. Swallow sent me in Fattota to teach, in 1842. I was in house by me one (myself). In night I cook me supper, done, I put it in middle house, I think, By and by he cool. I come back, I eat him. I go in piazza, and lay down, the moon shine, and I see plenty star come out. I think of one word my father tell me one of the Prophets say before: "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him?" &c. I think, That person who make them no him finger, he no bad as me." I say, "If he hear man as me; if he let the firmament fall down and crush me ta I die, I am sure I shall be in hell." When I think upon that, I am afraid and trembling. I rise, and went in the house to pray. When I begin to pray, I wish to pray sofely (softly), but my heart force me to pray aloud. Many Mandingoes and other people heard me and came; but my sin trouble me, and I pray loud and loud, till I believe in Jesus Christ, when I feel in my heart, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." Then my heart glad. That same night I not take my supper for the sake of my heart rejoice.

In next morning the people begin come to meeting. I begin tell them all that God done for me. They astonishing. They get no proper word to say, until some say, "I hope God will give me that blessing to feel it in my heart." I tell them, "Hope, without believing, could not give them that." They all went home, and pray much; but no one return back and tell me anything.

The same morning I write to my father. It please him very much. He give me very good word. This was January 25th, 1842. I thank God, I feel this yet.

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### A READY ANSWER.

As we passed along, a native, at work in the wood, supposing that we were on an expedition of war, called out, "Whose is the fight?" to which one of my lads replied, "The Being to whom the fight belongs lives yonder: we are only his messengers, come to talk with you; and if you will not listen to our talk, he will come himself, and destroy you all."

*Rcv. Thomas Buddle, New-Zealand.*

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### THE MYSTERY MAN.

SEUSOO was a North-American Indian. When he was about fifteen years of age, he was set apart by his people to be a "mystery man," or conjuror. They blackened his face with coal, and made him fast for ten days: during this time he only took a cup of broth; but the long fast nearly killed him. A short time after this, he had to fast for five more days, when a drum was given him, a little tent was made for him to dwell in, and he was owned by his tribe as a regular "mystery man;" and employed by them to foretell events, drive away evil spirits, obtain rain, and cure diseases. He was now an object of fear among the people, who allowed him to do as he wished, and he became a noted drunkard.

After leading a very wicked life for many years, he was



brought to hear the preaching of the Gospel. He then threw away his drum, and gave up all his arts and deceptions, with which he had imposed on the Indians. From that time he lived and died as a believer in Christ.

Although his heart had been hardened by living in almost every kind of sin, he was, as a Christian, remarkable for his tenderness of conscience. Many facts might be given to show how careful he was to avoid what he knew to be wrong : we have only room for two instances.

Before his conversion, he was a great drinker of "fire-water," or strong spirits, such as whiskey and rum ; but afterwards, he used to pray to God to take from him the love of strong drink, and was never known to taste or touch it again. On one occasion, when some Indians, who were his wife's relations, came to the place where he lived, he feared lest he should be prevailed on to drink with them. He went out early in the morning, and was some time away from home, so that his wife began to fear he had joined his friends in drinking, and went in search of him. She found him in a secret place in prayer : he had been so long and earnestly engaged, that he had forgotten where he was, and what was the time of the day. After prayer, he said to his wife, that he now could go and visit her friends. He went, and found them lying round a pail of whiskey, overcome with drink. They tempted him to taste it ; but he refused. They said, "Why is it, Shusco, that you will not drink with us now, when you always did formerly, and loved it so much?" He then firmly and seriously spoke to them, told them of his change of life, and how he had obtained, in prayer, strength from God to resist this temptation.

His conscience was also very tender in regard to the Lord's day. As he could not read, he was in the habit, when away from the Mission-house, of cutting a notch in a stick, every day, to serve as a kind of almanack, that he might know when it was the Sabbath. Once, when away from home, there was no notch cut : he forgot all about it, and thus was put out in his reckoning. When the next Lord's day came, he went out to his daily work ; but soon a person passed by, and told him it was the day of rest.

He was much grieved, at once left off work, and went home, with his heart full of sorrow. In the course of the week, he hastened to tell the Missionaries what he had done through ignorance. "I am very sorry," said he, "I have broken the Sabbath day. I thought I would come and tell you of it myself, and not wait till all the Christians heard of it." And then he threw away the stick which had led to the mistake, and prepared another.

May we have "a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men!" (Acts xxiv. 16.) But as we have often sinned already, may we seek for mercy through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!

*Missionary Tracts.*



### JOY IN HEAVEN.

"WHY, there is always joy in heaven, angels are never unhappy, they are continually rejoicing in the presence of God." That is true; yet it is in our power to add to their joy. "What!" you say, "is it possible that a helpless child like I am, could increase the happiness of an angel?"

Yes, this you may do; for Christ has said so in his holy word.

People in general do not think much on this subject, or they would not act as they do: many of them employ all their time in building fine houses; but this gives no pleasure to angels who dwell in the mansions of bliss. How poor and mean does the most splendid palace appear in their sight! Others dress themselves in rich clothes, and ornament themselves with diamonds and pearls and all sorts of precious stones; but what are they compared to the jewels that deck an immortal crown? The angels look down on such persons with pity and compassion. The humble, sincere Christian who believes God's word, spends as little money as he can on the perishable things of this world, that he may have money to give to the Missionary Society.

This money is employed to send Missionaries abroad to preach salvation in foreign lands.

The poor Heathen gladly believe what the Missionary

tells them,—that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and to save them. They give up their idols; they forsake their sins, and turn to God; and then there is joy in the presence of the angels over many sinners that are converted.

Now, my dear young friends, you see how even you may cause joy in heaven; what an awful power is that which is given to you! What excuse can you make, if you do not employ it? O may God incline your hearts to give all you can, and to get all you can, to assist in sending the light of the Gospel to the dark places of the earth; and then you will have the high honour of increasing the joy of heaven!

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### CONCLUDING SONNET.

So now our task is ended for a while :  
 Reader, if we may class thee with our friends,  
 Join thou the prayer with which our volume ends,  
 In faith and hope and love, that knows no guile.  
 Pray that while Albion, from her sea-girt isle,  
 Her wing'd leviathans o'er ocean sends,  
 Some they may bear whose Gospel labour tends  
 To combat creeds that darken and defile :  
 That from the Orient to the glowing West,  
 'Mid burning sands, or snows of dazzling sheen,  
 In mighty forests, or savannahs green,  
 The name of God by man may be confess'd,  
 His Spirit known, till every human breast  
 Shall meekly glorify the Nazarene.

*Bernard Barton.*

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