



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

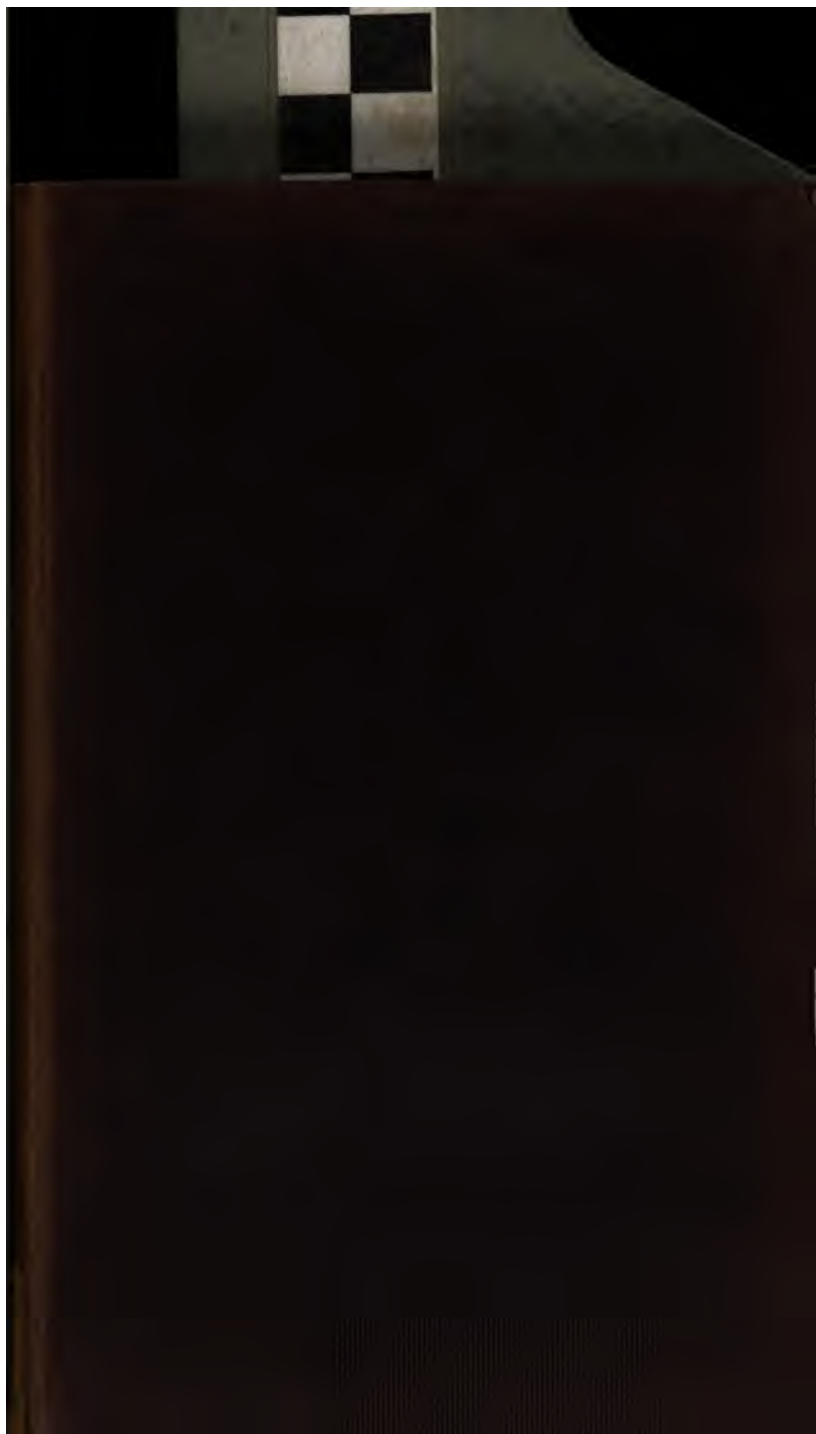
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

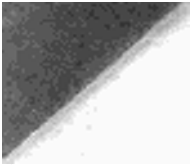
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

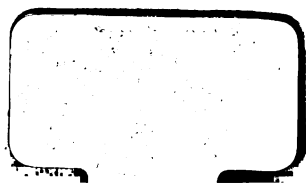




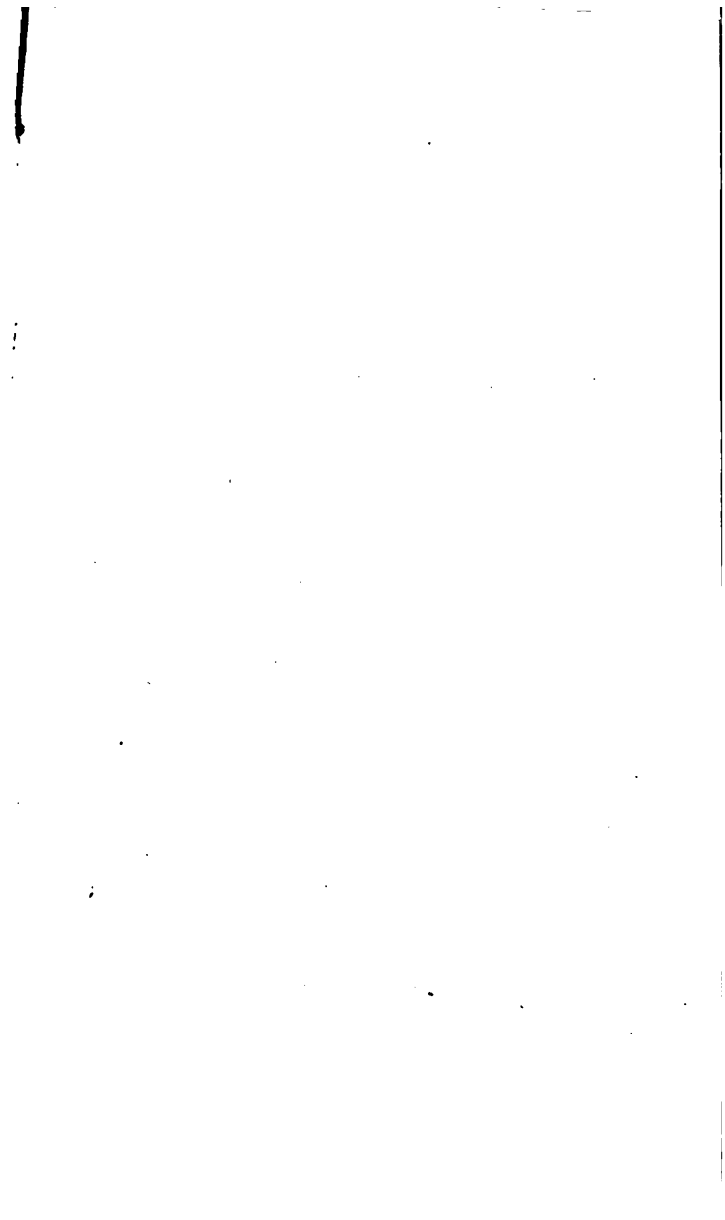
Per. 133. f. 142.
1848 5

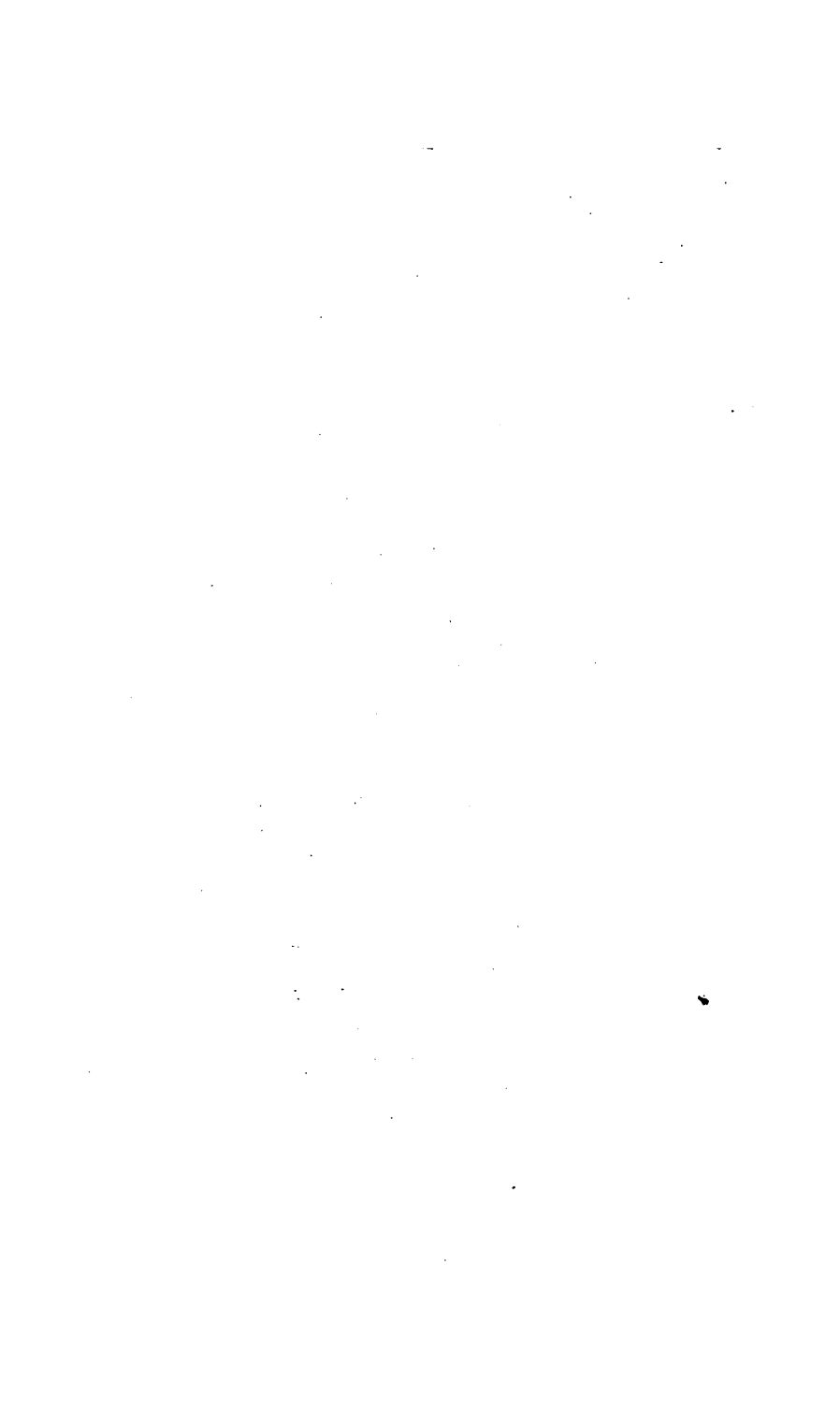


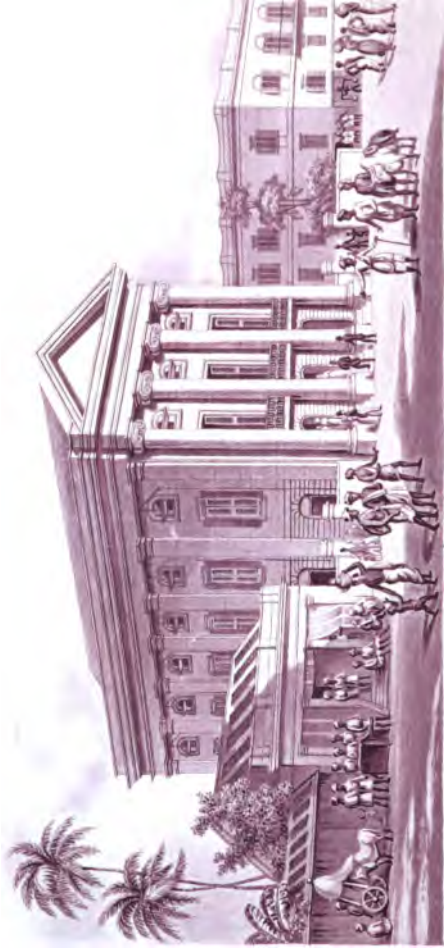
Per. 133. f. 142
1848 5











THE WESLEYAN CHAPEL, POPHAM'S BROADWAY, MADRAS.

Illustration published by the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING :

A MISCELLANY

OF

MISSIONARY INFORMATION

FOR YOUNG PERSONS.

VOL. V.

FOR THE YEAR MDCCCLXVIII.



MASOOLA BOATS, EMPLOYED AT MADRAS, INDIA.

LONDON :

SOLD AT THE WESLEYAN MISSION-HOUSE,

BISHOPSGATE-STREET-WITHIN :

ALSO BY JOHN MASON, 66, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1848.



LONDON:
PRINTED BY JAMES NICHOLS,
HOXTON-SQUARE.

CONTENTS OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

Page.	Page.		
Aged Scholar.....	20	Gospel Banner	15
Anecdote of Dr. Bettelheim, Missionary to Loochoo	41	Gospel sent too late for a poor Mother	11
Anecdote of North-American Indians	137	Happy Death of an Indian	46
Anecdotes from the South Seas ..	49	Happy Death of an Indian Boy ..	25
Anecdotes of Juvenile Collectors for the Christmas Offering	71	Heathen Temple turned into a Methodist Chapel	123
Appeals for Missionaries	117	Heaven is my Home	100
Bechuana Story	61	Horrid Murder in Ceylon	109
Bible in Africa	64	Hymn to be sung in all Weathers, by the Mariners on Board the "John Wesley"	138
Bible taken to Khassee	142	Idol's House	125
Borneo.....	43, 59, 70	Important Change	31
Children in Western Africa	2	Important Considerations.....	143
Chinese Advertisement	93	Interesting Scene.....	27
Christian Brotherhood	23	Jemmy Button, York Minster, and Fuegia Basket	78, 89
Christian Experience of a Ton- guese Woman	136	Jewish Society for the Conversion of Jews to Christianity	52
Christianity at Vewa	122	"John Wesley" in Danger	129
Christmas Juvenile Offering.24, 48,	132	Lawry, Rev. W., Extracts from his Journal.97, 99, 121, 129, 132, 136	
Civilization in England and in the West Indies	35	Letter from a Tongan to the Rev. Walter Lawry	124
Cruelty to Children in New- Zealand	28	Letter to the Teachers and Scholars of the Wesleyan Sabbath Schools	6
Cup of cold Water	42	Letters from Mrs. Allen....	30, 81, 128
Dangers and Deliverances.....	8	Letters on South Africa.38, 54, 65, 73, 103, 111, 125, 133	
Death of Franzen's Daughter Amelia	57	Little Benome, a liberated African Girl	16
Death of Leonora, Franzen's eldest Daughter	68	Little Lora.....	30
Examination of School Children in the Friendly Islands	27	Madras, in the East Indies	1
Extracts of Letters from Mis- sionaries	86	Meeting of Friends in New- Zealand	85
Faith	87	Missionary comforting himself by the uttered Name of Jesus	4
Feejee District-Meeting.....	123	Missionary Hymn	89
Fountain of Siloam.....	21	Missionary Intelligence	
Garments for Feejee	48		
God's Faithfulness	83		

	Page.		Page.
Missionary Scraps	96, 108, 120	Strange Oversight	120
Missionary Stanzas	29	Tale of Slavery	16
Missionary's Baby and the cruel Feejeean Nurse	141	Tank of Trivaloor, South India . .	37
Missions	77	They that sow in Tears shall reap in Joy	69
Mr. Cold Morning and his Family .	133	Tonguese (a) taking Physic	99
Naked School Children in South Africa	143	Travelling in Western Africa	81
National Peace should be practi- cally acknowledged	63	True Independence	23
Native Encampment at Portland- Bay, Australia	133	Vaivu, the Hindoo God of the Wind	25
Necessity of Missions	93	Varuna, the Hindoo God of the Sea	97
Negro Sympathy	107	Vewa, Feejee	13
New-Zealand Children	73	Visit of the King of Feejee to the Rev. W. Lawry	124
New-Zealand Swing	49	Wesleyan Chapel at St. Thomé, Madras	109
No Gospel!	45	What shall I render unto the Lord for all his Mercies?	95
Norwegian Missionary	22	Who hath formed a God?	5
Pilgrims in India	16	Who ought to be punished,—the Devil, or Man?	22
POETRY.			
A Hymn to be sung in all Wea- thers, by the Mariners on board the " John Wesley " . . .	138		
Fountain of Siloam	21		
Heaven is my Home	100		
Missionary Hymn	88	LIST OF EMBELLISHMENTS.	
Missionary Stanzas	29	<i>Vignette</i> , Masoola Boats, employed at Madras, India.	
Missions	77	<i>January</i> , Wesleyan Chapel, Popham's Broadway, Madras.	
The Bible in Africa	64	<i>February</i> , Wesleyan Mission-House, and Heathen Temple, at Vewa, Feejee.	
The Cup of cold Water	42	<i>March</i> , Vaivu, the Hindoo God of the Winds.	
The Gospel Banner	15	<i>April</i> , Temple and Tank at Trivaloor, in India.	
The Idol's House	125	<i>May</i> , A New-Zealand Swing.	
The Jewish Society for the Con- version of Jews to Christianity	52	<i>June</i> , The Blind and the Lame in Kafferland.	
The Missionary comforting him- self by the uttered Name of Jesus	4	<i>July</i> , New-Zealand Children.	
The Seed is the Word of God . .	115	<i>August</i> , A <i>Tungi</i> , or Meeting of Friends, near Mount Egmont, New- Zealand.	
Power of Prayer	32	<i>September</i> , Varuna, the Hindoo God of the Sea.	
Prayer of a Christian Feejeean . .	132	<i>October</i> , Wesleyan Chapel at St. Thomé, Madras.	
Reasoning	116	<i>November</i> , Bau, the Capital of Feejee.	
Sabbath in Kumasi	101	<i>December</i> , Native Encampment at Portland-Bay, Australia.	
Seed (the) is the Word of God . .	115		
Sin of doing Nothing	83		
South-Sea Islander	14		
South-Sea Islands	97		
Speech of the Rev. John Hobbs, at a Wesleyan Missionary Meeting in New-Zealand	139		

THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

JANUARY, 1848.



MADRAS, IN THE EAST INDIES.

MADRAS is a large city in India. The voyage from London to Madras used to take four months; but the steam vessels, by way of the Red Sea, now do it in less than two months: so it may be said, that England and India are nearer to each other than they were formerly. We hope that the poor idolatrous Hindoos and Mahommedans will have more of our kind help, now we are nearer to them.

The Mission in Madras was begun more than thirty years ago. Mr. Lynch built the chapel in 1822. After more than twenty years it had been much injured by storms and heavy rain, and had to be rebuilt. Mr. Roberts, the Missionary, begged money for the purpose, and made it the beautiful chapel you see in the picture.

The services in this chapel are conducted in the English language, and sometimes in other languages, as the Tamul and Portuguese. At the sacraments and at the lovefeasts I have seen a congregation of English, Hindoo, Malay, Portuguese, and other nations, all uniting to worship God, through one Mediator, the Lord Jesus Christ, and rejoicing in pardoning mercy, and in the hope of heaven.

It is a great thing to have so noble a chapel, known to every one, in a city which, like Athens of old, is "wholly given to idolatry." We can hope that, by establishing Christian worship, and publishing the Gospel to all classes of the people, many will be won from the service of idols, and be led to seek for mercy from God through Christ alone.

A MISSION

THE MISSIONARY
COMFORTING HIMSELF, EVEN WHEN HE FAILS TO SAVE
OTHERS, BY THE UTTERED NAME OF JESUS.

JESUS ! what pleasure to proclaim,
What transport to repeat, Thy name ;
Or 'midst the sanctuary-throng,
Or in the lonelier Sabbath-song !

All sweetness gushes from the word,
Though but by him who speaks it heard ;
Such, that whoe'er in heart *believes*,
Confessing, instant peace receives.

'Tis sweet as minstrelsy, more dear
To minstrel's than to listener's ear ;
Sweet as the glad-sung symphonies,
Which welcome dying saints to bliss.

O ! need I die that bliss to know ?
O ! is not mine a heaven below,
If, labouring, I may but proclaim,
Or, languishing, repeat, Thy Name ?

In distant or in dearer climes,
In sunny or in stormier times,
When crowds I warn, or weep alone,
This moves their hearts,—or stills my own !

Lord ! let the nations own its worth ;
Lord ! let its virtue wide go forth :
To seal Thy truth, to aid Thy call,
Breathe its blest influence over all !

William M. Bunting.



WHO HATH FORMED A GOD?

Most of the Heathen nations have idols, that is, images of imaginary and false gods, to which they present offerings, and before which they bow down themselves in worship, as if blocks of wood and stone could not only hear the cries of men, but could really save them. In Hindostan, it is said, there are three hundred millions of idols. There are none in Caffreland; but there are many in the South Sea Islands. The people in Western Africa seem ready to worship any thing that is strange or mysterious. They have been known to present an offering to an echo, as if, when they listened to it, they were hearing a god. A man was once found worshipping a cannon ball, (probably fired from the gun of some slave-ship,) as if it had been his Maker. What stupid, or detestable, or wicked thing, will not man do, when he has departed from his God? He will go the length, not only of disobeying God, but he will "change the glory of the incorruptable God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things," as if the very basest thing were, in his eyes, good enough to be a god.

In very ancient times, idols were cut out of wood or stone, just as they are among the Heathens at this day.

Before you proceed further, you must take your Bible, and you will get a true description of the way in which it was done; read from the tenth to the twentieth verse of the 44th chapter of Isaiah. If you do not understand the meaning, the following anecdote will help you.

One evening, a young Negro, who had come from a distance, thus addressed a West-African Missionary: "Massa, those words you talk last night, strike me very much; when you preach, you read the 15th and 16th verses of the 44th chapter of Isaiah, and explain them, you show how our country people stand. Me say, 'Ah, who tell massa all this? He never been in my country.' You say, 'Do not your country people live in that fashion?' I say, 'Yes, that true. God knows all things; He

them things in the Bible.' Massa, I so sure that the Bible is God's word ; for *man* cannot put all them things there, because he no see it. That time I live in the country, I live with a man that make greegree. He take me into the bush, and teach me to make greegree too : he show me one tree ; he say that greegree tree ; he take country axe, and cut some of that tree ; he make a god ; and he take the leaves and that which was left, and give me to carry home. When we come home he make a fire, and all the people come and sit round the fire. Then they cook and eat ; when they done eat, the man take the leaves of the greegree tree, and burn them in the fire ; and then all the people stand round, and clap their hands and cry, ' Aha ! Aha ! ' Massa, when you read that verse, (16,) I can't tell you what I feel. You then begin to talk about the text, (verse 20,) ' He feedeth on ashes,' and I was struck again ; for when they done cry, ' Aha ! Aha ! ' they take the ashes, and make medicine, which they give to people when they be sick. You been see some greegree, which look like dirt ; that is the same ashes ; they carry that round their neck, and they eat it sometimes. You see, massa, our poor countrymen feed upon ashes : for true the Bible God's word."

From the Juvenile Missionary Magazine of the United Presbyterian Church.



A LETTER TO THE TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS OF THE
WESLEYAN SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Another year is gone, gone for ever. How quickly the time passes away ! It seems but a little while since the close of 1846. Most of us can, no doubt, remember very well the feelings with which we entered upon the last new year. We felt that we had not been doing our duty ; that we had not been so diligent and so useful as we might have been ; and we resolved that if it should please God to " spare us yet another year," we would devote ourselves afresh to him ; that we would give

more, work more, and pray more, and seek in every possible way to promote the spread of the Gospel, and the interest of Christ's kingdom in the world. And now what have we done? Of how many in our Sabbath-schools can it be said that in the past year they have done what they could for the cause of Missions? Sabbath-schools are not doing what they might, nor can I believe that they are all doing what they wish, to help forward this important and interesting work.

A great deal more might be done with a little care and management. In the year 1946 the children of the school with which I am connected raised the sum of £34, for the Missions. The way in which the money is raised is easy and simple. We have in every class, excepting a few infant classes, a Missionary box, and this box is carried round the class by one of the scholars once or twice in the day. Then we have a Secretary, who is chosen once a year from among the teachers: his duty is to collect the money from the boxes at the close of the school, and to keep an account of what each class has contributed, which account is read by the Superintendent on the first Sabbath of the month. In the month of November last, a class of very little girls collected 2s. 2d. for the Missions. These little ones take a great delight in learning Missionary hymns, and in listening to stories about Heathen lands, generally exclaiming at the conclusion, with one voice, "We will get more money, Teacher." If all the little classes in our schools were to contribute 2s. 2d. every month, or if all our Sabbath-schools were to collect £34 yearly, to what a noble sum would it amount! It would be a happy new year for India, for Africa, and the islands of the South-Seas, if all our scholars and teachers were agreed to deny themselves a little, and to do their utmost to support the cause of Christian Missions. Dear friends, the time is short. How many in our Sabbath-schools have since last January found an early grave; and how many, who were then in health and strength, have been laid

upon beds of sickness, and their lives rendered almost or altogether useless! Let us work while it is day, for the night cometh; and let us each endeavour so to employ our talents for the glory of God, that when he cometh to call us to account for them, we may each receive the welcome word,

“ Well and faithfully done !

Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne. ”

I wish you all a very happy and prosperous year.

A SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER.



DANGERS AND DELIVERANCES.

NEARLY a hundred years ago, a Moravian Missionary went to Guiana, in South America, to try and form a Mission amongst the natives living there. These poor Heathens were very unwilling to have him amongst them, and he could persuade but one of them to live with him. After some time his only companion was taken ill, and the Indian doctors who passed by told him he would never recover if he continued to live with the white man, who was under the power of the devil, and would likewise soon turn sick. Influenced by these representations, the poor fellow, as soon as he got a little better, forsook his teacher, and returned to his own countrymen. But though the Missionary was left alone without either friend or companion, even in this solitude he was happy and content: “ Our Saviour,” says he, “ was always with me, and comforted me with his gracious presence, so that I can truly say, I spent my time in happiness and peace.”

The Indians, at first, had strong suspicions against him, and even formed the design of putting him to death. He was informed of his danger; but his mind was kept in perfect peace. One day, however, as he sat at his frugal meal, about fifty of the Carabeese

landed from their canoes, and surrounded his cottage, intending to kill him. Some of them were armed with swords, others with tomahawks. This was truly an alarming sight: nevertheless, he went out and bade them welcome. They then asked him, through the medium of an interpreter, Who gave him liberty to build on their land? To this he replied, "The Governor." They next inquired, what design he had in coming thither; to which he answered, "I have brethren on the other side of the great waters, who, having heard that many of the Indians on this river were ignorant of God, have, from the great affection they felt towards you, sent me to tell you of the love of God, and what he has done to save you." The Chief then said, "Have you never heard that the Indians intend to kill you?" "Yes," answered Daehne, "but I cannot believe it. You have among you one who lived with me, and he can tell you that I am the friend of the Indians." To this the Chief replied, "Yes, I have heard so; they say you are a different sort of Christian from white people in general." The Missionary then said, "I am your friend: how is it that you come to kill me?" "We have done wrong," answered the Chief. Every countenance now altered, and the Indians quickly dispersed. The Chief, however, remained behind, behaving in a very friendly manner, and left him a supply of cassava. Thus the Missionary, by his magnanimous, yet temperate, conduct, warded off the blow which threatened his life, and converted his enemies into friends.

During his stay in this solitary situation, the Missionary was frequently in want of the common necessaries of life. Besides these various trials, he now and then suffered from fever, and was often in no small danger from wild beasts and other venomous creatures. At one time a tiger long kept watch near his hut, seeking an opportunity, no doubt, to seize the poor solitary inhabitant. Every night it roared most dreadfully; and though he regularly kindled a large fire in the neighbourhood before he went to bed, yet as it often went out by the morning, it would have

proved but a miserable defence, had not the Lord preserved him.

The following circumstance is still more remarkable, and illustrates in a singular manner the care of God over his servants. Being one evening attacked with a fever, he resolved to go into his hut, and lie down in his hammock. Just, however, as he entered the door, he beheld a serpent descending from the roof upon him. In the scuffle which ensued, the creature bit him in three different places; and, pursuing him closely, twined itself several times round his head and neck as tightly as possible. Expecting now to be bitten or strangled to death, and being afraid lest it should be thought the Indians had murdered him, he, with singular presence of mind, wrote with chalk on the table, "A serpent has killed me." Suddenly, however, that promise of the Saviour darted into his mind, "They shall take up serpents, and shall not be hurt." Encouraged by this declaration, he seized the creature with great force, tore it loose from his body, and flung it out of the hut. He then lay down in his hammock in tranquillity and peace. This was most probably a boa-constrictor, whose bite, though painful, is not venomous, and which destroys its prey by crushing it to death, and gorging it whole.

Bernan's Missionary Labours in British Guiana.



MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

THERE has been a dreadful hurricane at Tobago, in the West Indies; several hundred houses have been blown down, three Methodist chapels and two Mission-houses have been quite destroyed, and one chapel much injured. The school-houses in which the Negro children were taught have been all carried away by this awful wind. Happily none of the Missionaries have been injured or killed, though many of the inhabitants of the island lost their lives by the houses falling on them.

THE GOSPEL SENT TOO LATE FOR A POOR MOTHER. 11

The Rev. Walter Lawry, Missionary in New-Zealand, says, in a letter to the Secretaries, "I will now say that we all feel our hearts full of gratitude to God and to yourselves for sending us the 'John Wesley,' and so many valuable helpers in the Lord's vineyard. We thank you and our many friends for such articles of apparel, hardware, and other things, as have been sent out. Had you all seen a little girl who had entered my premises almost naked, just when I was opening one of the cases, and over whose shoulders I slipped on a new frock; had they seen how the brown child was astonished, and delighted, and improved by this sudden and unexpected change in her circumstances; it would have been the richest payment that benevolence could receive. The girl's name was Mary; and her friends love prayer and the holy Scriptures."

The Rev. Enoch Wood, Missionary in Canada, writes:—

"The Indians formerly at the Credit, having removed in a body to Grand River, the first house they proposed to erect was the house of God. I was present at the dedication of this holy sanctuary."



THE GOSPEL SENT TOO LATE FOR A POOR MOTHER.

THE people of India who are still without the Gospel think very little of human life; but, when brought to a knowledge of the truth, all the sensibilities of their nature are at once awakened. The following anecdote illustrative of this fact was recently related at a public Missionary Meeting:—

At a great Heathen festival there was present a careless mother, with her infant son in her arms. As she was pressed in the crowd, the child cried, and interrupted her pleasure; when she was so annoyed, that she retired from the

12 THE GOSPEL SENT TOO LATE FOR A POOR MOTHER.

throng, went out into the jungle, deliberately broke the child's back across her knee, threw it in the bush, and returned to the Heathen festival to enjoy it without further interruption.

A short time afterwards the Gospel was brought to this dark part of the earth. A few of the natives received it in meekness and in love. A Christian school was established; and after a time an interesting anniversary was held, when the school-children sung most sweetly, and went through their various exercises in the Catechisms and in the Scriptures, to the great delight of their parents and friends who were present.

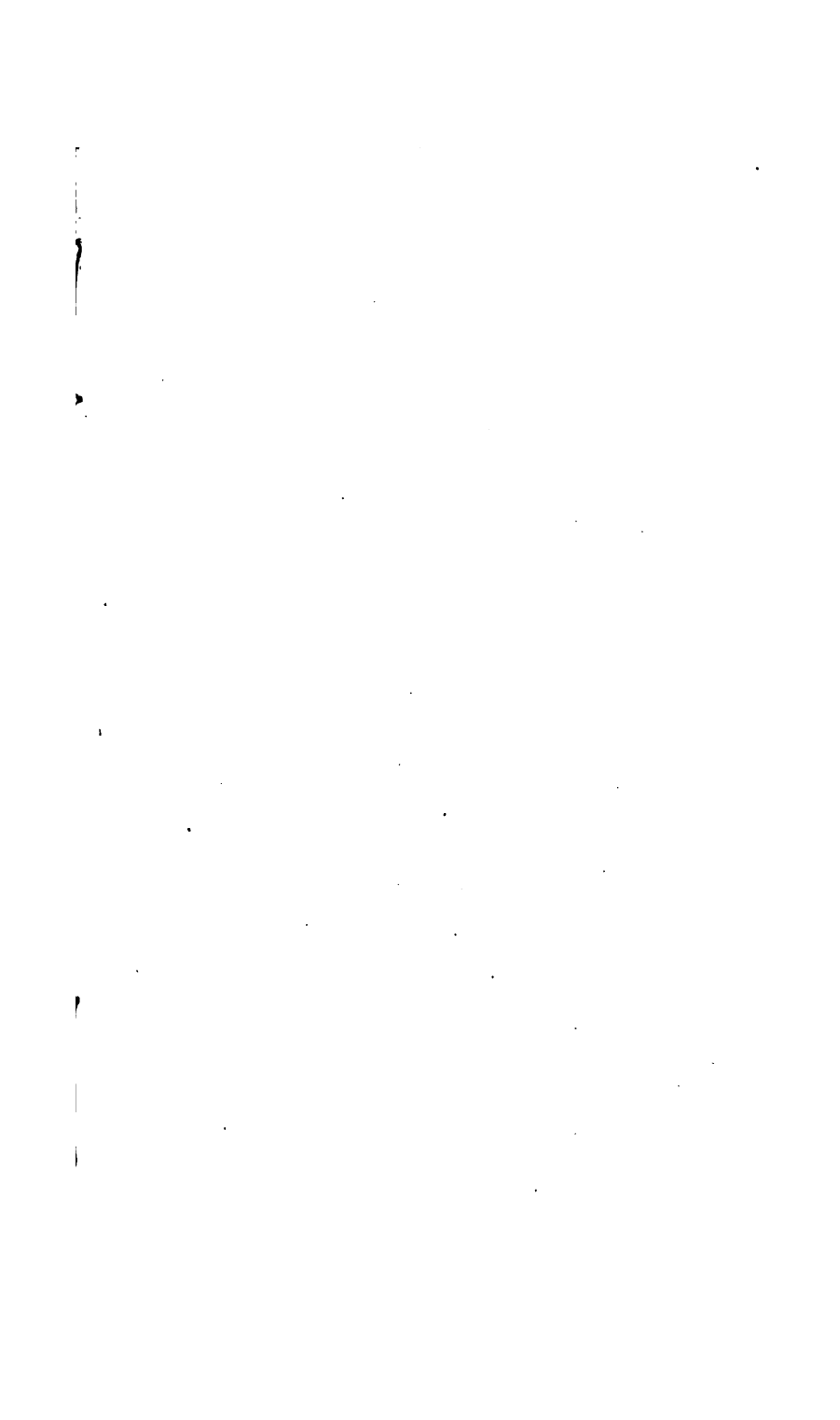
Among the spectators at this Anniversary the cruel Heathen mother, mentioned above, was present; and in the course of the exercises she burst into tears, with loud lamentations. When the Missionary came to her to ask what was the matter, she exclaimed, with misery depicted in her countenance, "O my child! my child! I had once a lovely boy; but I killed him with my own hands. Why did you not come *sooner*? If you had brought the Gospel sooner, my child might have been alive, and standing with the school-children to-day; but you came *too late*. O my child! my child!"

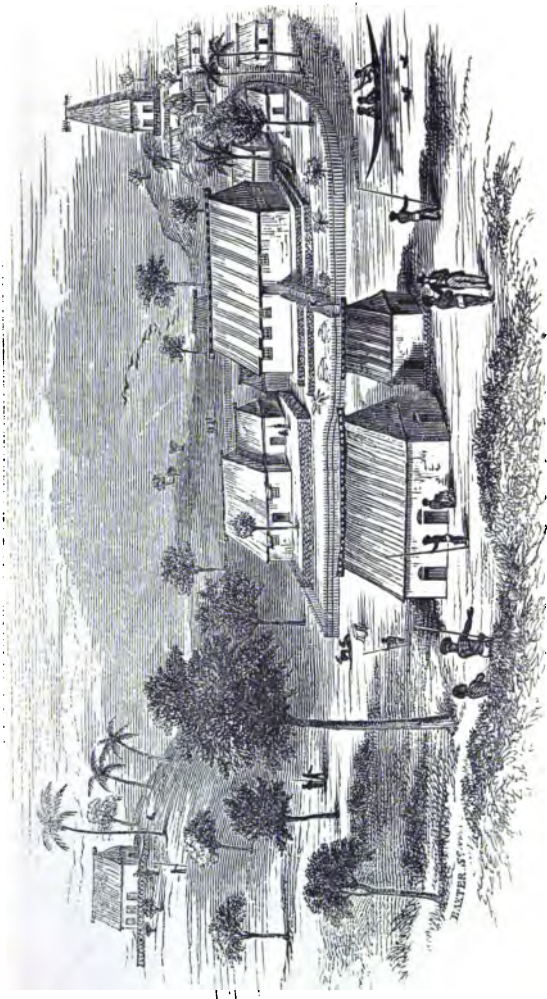
We have here an important lesson. What we intend to do for the Heathen must be done *at once*, or it may be *for ever too late*.

Rev. W. Moister.

CONTENTS.

Page.	Page.
Madras, in the East Indies 1	Letter to the Teachers and Scholars 6
Children in Western Africa 2	of the Wesleyan Sabbath-Schools 6
The Missionary comforting himself, even when he fails to save others, by the uttered Name of Jesus . . . 4	Dangers and Deliverances 8
Who hath formed a God? 5	Missionary Intelligence 10
	The Gospel sent too late for a poor Mother 11





WESLEYAN MISSION-HOUSE, AND HEATHEN TEMPLE, AT VEWA, FEEJEE

THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

FEBRUARY, 1848.

VEWA, FEEJEE.

VEWA, Feejee, is a small island about three miles round. Though small, it has every variety of hill and dale in miniature. It is nearly covered with bread-fruit trees; and *eve*, a kind of chestnut, the flowers of which smell so much like the violet, that the island sometimes has the delicious fragrance of that plant.

Mr. Cross, the Missionary, about whom we have told you in former Numbers, went to live at Vewa in August, 1839.

There is but one town on the island. The people were Heathens, and believed in the existence of a deity called *Ove*, who is considered the maker of all men, and is supposed to live in the heavens,—some say, in the moon. There are several other gods worshipped; some under the form of a serpent, others as fish or birds, and some even under the form of men.

These Heathens, however, gladly received the Gospel; and many listened to the teaching of the Missionary, and became Christians.

The chapel which you see on a hill on the left side of the picture, was built by a Feejeean Chief. It was considered a bold step in favour of Christianity. When this Chief was persuaded by other Chiefs to go to war, he refused, saying, "I fear God." The others replied, "A great thing indeed is Christianity! Because of it we are to have no men to eat."

The Heathen temple stands on a hill opposite the chapel; but now there are no worshippers, for the head Priest is dead, and his two sons have become Christians.

The latest accounts from Feejee tell us, that in Vewa and Bau, another small island near, there are four hundred natives who are members of society; which proves that nearly or quite all the inhabitants have become Christians. This is one of the glorious triumphs of the Gospel.



A SOUTH-SEA ISLANDER.

MR. NOTT, a Missionary in the South-Sea Islands, having read on one occasion the third chapter of St. John's Gospel to a number of the natives, one of them, when he had finished the sixteenth verse, interrupted him, asking, "What words were those you read? What sounds were those I heard?" Mr. Nott again read the verse, "God so loved the world," &c.; when the poor Pagan again rose from his seat, and said, "Is that true? Can that be true? God love the world, when the world did not love him? 'God so loved the world,' as to give his Son to die, that man might not die? Can that be true?" Mr. Nott assured him it was true, and that it was the message which God had sent to them; and that whosoever believed in Him, would not perish, but be happy after death.

The overwhelming feelings of the wondering Pagan were too powerful for expression or restraint: at length he burst into tears; and as these rolled down his dark visage, he withdrew to meditate in private on the amazing love of God which had that day touched his soul: there was every reason to believe that he was afterwards raised to share the joys of divine peace, the fruit of "the love of God shed abroad in his heart."

Rev. John Kershaw.



THE GOSPEL BANNER.

MARK XVI. 15.

LIFT up the Gospel banner,
Wide be its folds unfurl'd ;
Display the love of Jesus
Before a guilty world ;
Go forth to every creature
That dwelleth under heaven,
Proclaim the wondrous tidings
Of grace and mercy given.

O stay not—time is passing ;
Work while 't is call'd to-day ;
Thousands of Heathens perish
Each hour that you delay ;
They die without the knowledge
Of God's most holy word,
Without the hopes you cherish
In Christ our gracious Lord.

Remember your Redeemer,
Obey his last command,
And, resting on his promise,
In faithful service stand ;
Lift up his glorious banner,
Grace, mercy, peace proclaim
To all repenting sinners,
In Christ the Saviour's name.

M. A. Stodart.

PILGRIMS IN INDIA.

ABOUT a month ago, there were three hundred pilgrims passing through Goobbee. They had come from a place about a hundred miles beyond this, and were travelling on foot to Tripatoor, a distance of four hundred miles from their native town. They halted at Goobbee about four o'clock in the afternoon. Our attention was first aroused by hearing them, as they passed our garden, calling out Govinda, the name of the god they were going to worship at Tripatoor. After watching them for some time, we found they were pitching their little tents at the bottom of the road leading from our compound. Directly after dinner, I and Mr. Hardey went down to see them. There we found men, women, and children in a most pitiable condition. The men were pitching the tents, the poor women with their tiny infants were sleeping on the grass, worn out by fatigue. It was a cold, windy night; and as my husband stood preaching to them, I was witnessing many distressing sights:—Poor women sleeping; and their little ones, who had been awoke by the cold, piercing wind, by their sides, crying most pitifully, endeavouring to awake their mothers, but in vain: they were too weary to rise, having travelled on foot a hundred miles in a few days. There were many children who were so lame they could scarcely walk, others with fever, hooping-cough, and many with only a small piece of cloth round their middle. The whole presented a most heart-rending scene.

October, 1847.

Mrs. Edward Hardey.

 LITTLE BENOME, A LIBERATED AFRICAN GIRL.

A TALE OF SLAVERY.

THE following account of a little African girl may serve to illustrate the horrors of slavery, as well as the happy effects of religious teaching, when brought to bear upon the dark, benighted heathen mind.

Little Benome was born in the interior of Africa, at a village called Laou, in the district of Radda. When about seven years of age, and when living in peace and comfort with her father, her mother, and three brothers and three sisters, a report was brought that a neighbouring village had just been attacked, and all the people carried off as slaves. The people of Laou knew what to expect. They immediately left their houses, and fled into the jungle, in hope of securing themselves from the fury of their enemies. During the night they beheld their village in flames, and by break of day their pursuers were upon them in their retreat. Benome was captured, along with her mother, an elder sister, and a brother, with several other persons who were all fleeing for safety at the time they were overtaken. They were all marched down to Abokouta on their way to the coast, and there was nothing heard on every side but weeping, mourning, lamentation, and woe.

On arriving at a considerable river which crossed their path, some difficulty was experienced in reaching the opposite bank, as the water was barely fordable. The sister of Benome had a little child, which frequently cried, and, of course, occupied her attention. On perceiving this, the cruel monster in charge of the slaves deliberately snatched the infant from the arms of its mother, and threw it into the bush, at the same time urging them, in the most threatening language, to cross the river. Benome and her sister wept much at the fate of the poor little infant, and would gladly have returned to take it up, but were not permitted to do so.

The slaves remained at Abokouta about a month, and were then sold to different persons having connexions with the slave-dealers on the coast. Little Benome was sold and re-sold repeatedly: every removal brought her nearer to the sea. In consequence of her extreme youth, Benome was kept as a domestic slave in one place for nearly two years, where she keenly felt the loneliness of her situation, her mother and her sister having been sold to other persons.

Her mistress was taken ill and died, and there being no further need of the little girls about the house, Benome and several others were again sold. After several stages, they were at length brought to Dahomey, where they remained for several weeks in the baracoons, awaiting the arrival of a slave vessel. There were about three hundred slaves from various countries, in the baracoons at Dahomey, at this time. Here little Benome once more saw her mother; but they had scarcely time to exchange those friendly salutations in which even Africans themselves, with feelings of keen sensibility, delight to indulge. They were separated once more, and will probably never meet together again in this world.

But God in his providence took care of little Benome. A slave-ship having arrived, she was marched forward once more, and soon came in sight of the "great salt water," which she now beheld for the first time in her life. Every thing being ready, the slaves were sent on board in canoes. The surf was high, and several were drowned before they reached the vessel. Benome was brought on board in safety; and the ship, having received as many as could be closely packed together in the hold, weighed anchor; and the poor slaves were on their way to the scene of their future bondage.

‡ The slaver had been to sea about three weeks, tacking in various directions, to evade the pursuit of the British cruisers, the slaves being closely confined below during most of the time; when, one night, Benome and the rest heard the loud firing of guns, and a tremendous scuffling on deck. Some of the slaves were alarmed; others who had been longer on the coast, and who had heard something of such scenes, encouraged their companions by telling them that it was "good."

The next morning when the hatches were removed, they looked up and saw several "fine white gentlemen with blue coats and gold lace." The slaver had been captured by a British man-of-war, and was now in charge of British seamen.

The slaves thought the change might be for good ; but when they were called on deck, and fed, for the first time, with an abundant meal, and given to understand that they were slaves no longer, joy and gladness filled every heart. In about two weeks afterwards, they were landed in Dominica, when they were again removed to Trinidad, in the West Indies. The liberated slaves were now engaged to various people as free labourers, the boys and girls being apprenticed for a number of years to such persons as would engage to furnish them with food and raiment, and instruct them in some branch of useful industry, as well as in the knowledge of the Christian religion.

When little Benome had been about a year in Trinidad, and was in the course of being trained to the duties of a domestic servant, she was transferred to the writer of this account. When she had been instructed in reference to divine things, she was solemnly baptized into the Christian faith. The name which she then received is that by which she is generally known ; but it is unnecessary to record it here, as her native name will answer the purpose of this brief narrative.

Benome soon grew up to be a fine intelligent young woman, and an excellent domestic servant. She was able to speak the English language with propriety, and she soon learned to read the Scriptures with ease.

She had to struggle against a natural temper somewhat violent ; but I have reason to hope that she has become a subject of genuine religious influence. She has been a member of the Wesleyan society for several years, and careful in her attendance on all the means of grace. She has always been most ready and liberal in supporting the cause of God. From her earnings during several years she saved, and deposited in the savings' bank, about £35. She continued as a faithful and affectionate domestic servant for upwards of nine years with the writer, till his departure from the West Indies, on which occasion poor Benome gave vent to her feelings in the most aff

manner. She followed us to the beach, and, regardless of the concourse of people assembled, she wept aloud, exclaiming, in broken accents, "O my dear massa! O my dear missis! what shall I do now? I cannot let you go,—who will take care of me now?" &c.

Benome was possessed of an affectionate and sensitive heart. While the big tears rolled down her sable cheeks, she would often speak of her country, and the scenes through which she had passed in the days of her childhood. She was sensible of the kind providence of God which had brought her to a land of Gospel light and liberty. We may never be permitted to see her again in this world; but we shall not forget her in our prayers; and should these pages ever meet her eyes, I trust they will recall to her memory the goodness and mercy of her heavenly Father, that she may be faithful unto death, that we may meet her in heaven.

These brief notices of the horrors of the slave-trade and of the happy results of religious instruction, may serve to suggest to us many important lessons, and to awaken in our hearts a more lively interest in the sable sons of Ham. It is only the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ which can make the poor Africans free in body and free in soul; for "whom the Son makes free, they are free indeed."

Rev. W. Moister.

On Board the "Bangalore" at Sea, August, 1847.




AN AGED SCHOLAR.

ONE day an old Negro, walking on crutches, came to the Mission-house, saying, "Massa, me have heard you preach, me should like to learn read that book." "You are rather an old scholar." "Never mind, Massa, me will try." He was told that there was no place for him where he might remain, except the stable. He replied, "Massa, me content with that; me like to know more of that book." He was taught his letters, and,

astonishing to relate, he learned to read tolerably well within six months. Being unable to work, he would sit poring all the day over his New Testament; and often came into the house, saying, "Massa, this word too hard for me, cut it up." Such was his earnest desire to communicate what he had been reading, that on Sundays, when I returned from my tour, I often found him surrounded by a number of people, to whom he read and explained the word of God. He felt the burden of his sins, and often lamented having lived so long without the knowledge of his Saviour; and there is little doubt that he departed this life having found peace and acceptance with God, through faith in the Redeemer.

Bernau's Missionary Labours in British Guiana.



FOUNTAIN OF SILOAM.


ISAIAH viii. 6.

BENEATH Moriah's rocky side
 A gentle fountain springs :
 Silent and soft its waters glide,
 Like the peace the Spirit brings.
 The thirsty Arab stoops to drink
 Of the cool and quiet wave,
 And the thirsty spirit stops to think
 Of Him who came to save.

Siloam is the fountain's name,
 It means "one sent from God;"
 And thus the holy Saviour's fame
 It gently spreads abroad.
 O grant that I, like this sweet well,
 May Jesu's image bear,
 And spend my life, my all, to tell
 How full his mercies are!

Foot of Carmel.

Rev. R. M. M'Cheyne.



WHO OUGHT TO BE PUNISHED—THE DEVIL, OR MAN?

THE Rev. John Thomas, one of the Missionaries at Serampore, was one day, after addressing a crowd of natives on the banks of the Ganges, accosted by a Brahmin as follows: "Sir, don't you say that the devil tempts men to sin?" "Yes." "Then," said the Brahmin, "certainly the fault is the devil's; the devil, therefore, and not man, ought to suffer the punishment." While the countenances of many of the natives discovered their approbation of the Brahmin's inference, Mr. Thomas, observing a boat with several men on board descending the river, replied, "Brahmin, do you see yonder boat?" "Yes." "Suppose I were to send some of my friends to destroy every person on board, and bring me all that is valuable in the boat, who ought to suffer punishment? *I* for instructing them, or *they* for doing this wicked act?" "Why," he answered with emotion, "you ought all to be put to death together." "Ay, Brahmin," replied Mr. Thomas, "and if you and the devil sin together, he and you will be punished together."

Rev. John Kershaw.

A NORWEGIAN MISSIONARY.

A LITTLE more than three years ago, a tall interesting Norwegian called upon me at Gravesend, and anxiously sought an introduction to our Mission-House, or to any one who by information could guide and further him on his way to the Mission-field. I found that six years before this, while a Student of Theology in Norway, he felt a deep impression that he ought to become a Missionary to the Heathen. This was the more remarkable, as, so far as I know, no Missionary had gone forth from Norway; no Missionary publication in that language was circulated in that land; no Missionary association existed in the whole country at that time. It appeared to him, he said, simply thus: "It is my duty, in preaching the Gospel, to go to

them who need me most; and, assuredly, I am most needed where Christ has never been named, and where the foot of a messenger of Christ has never trod." He mentioned his desire to friends in whom he thought he could confide; but with one voice they derided his notion as mere fanaticism. The more he was opposed, however, the more did his sense of duty increase; and by persevering labour, year after year, he had at last succeeded in getting a few Christians at Stavanger to consider themselves as the first Missionary Society in Norway, and himself as their first Missionary.

When the Rev. Mr. Schreuder called on me, he was in company with a pious artisan on his way to Africa, intending to take up his residence among the Zoolu Kaffirs in some part of that country where no other Missionary had yet laboured. He sailed in the same vessel with the Rev. Barnabas Shaw and others.

Rev. George Scott.

TRUE INDEPENDENCE.

WHEN the Rev. J. Campbell went on his first Mission to Africa, the Bible Society sent with him a number of Bibles to be distributed to a Highland regiment stationed at the Cape of Good Hope. Arrived there, the regiment was drawn up to receive the Bibles. Mr. Campbell, and the box which contained them, were placed in the centre; and, on his presenting the first Bible to one of the men, he took from his pocket four shillings and six-pence, saying, "I enlisted to serve my King and country, and I have been well and amply paid, and will not accept of a Bible as a present, when I can afford to pay for it."

CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD.

WHAT a different world would this be, could the spirit of Christian brotherhood pervade the hearts of all its inhabitants! Could woe, oppression, and injustice cease



VAIVU,
THE HINDOO GOD OF THE WINDS.

THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.
MARCH, 1848.

VAIVU, THE HINDOO GOD OF THE WIND.

THE wretched Hindoos, having rejected the knowledge of the true God, have fancied a separate god for every element of nature. The picture shows you how they represent the god of the wind.

HAPPY DEATH OF AN INDIAN BOY,

IN MR. BERNAU'S SCHOOL, GUIANA, SOUTH AMERICA.

ARAMOOSY was an Indian Chief who lived near the Mission Station where Mr. Bernau laboured. For several years he kept aloof from the Mission; but, being at length softened by the death of four of his children, he consented to give the remaining one to be educated in the school. From the commencement this boy appeared to be influenced by the grace of God. He soon learned to read; and while the other children were playing, he would go apart and study the New Testament. At length he fell sick. His father, fearing he would die, came and carried him off secretly into the woods, for the purpose of conjuring the evil spirit on his behalf. The boy took with him his Testament, Prayer-Book, and Hymn-Book; but no one knew whither he had been carried. When Mr. Bernau had heard that he had been carried off, he says,—I gave my scholars a holiday, in order that they might seek in all directions for their companion. When they succeeded in finding him, I immediately went to him. "I am wretched, I am miserable," said the poor child:



VAIVU,
THE HINDOO GOD OF THE WINDS.

THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.
MARCH, 1848.

VAIVU, THE HINDOO GOD OF THE WIND.

THE wretched Hindoos, having rejected the knowledge of the true God, have fancied a separate god for every element of nature. The picture shows you how they represent the god of the wind.

HAPPY DEATH OF AN INDIAN BOY,

IN MR. BERNAU'S SCHOOL, GUIANA, SOUTH AMERICA.

ARAMOOSY was an Indian Chief who lived near the Mission Station where Mr. Bernau laboured. For several years he kept aloof from the Mission; but, being at length softened by the death of four of his children, he consented to give the remaining one to be educated in the school. From the commencement this boy appeared to be influenced by the grace of God. He soon learned to read; and while the other children were playing, he would go apart and study the New Testament. At length he fell sick. His father, fearing he would die, came and carried him off secretly into the woods, for the purpose of conjuring the evil spirit on his behalf. The boy took with him his Testament, Prayer-Book, and Hymn-Book; but no one knew whither he had been carried. When Mr. Bernau had heard that he had been carried off, he says,—I gave my scholars a holiday, in order that they might seek in all directions for their companion. When they succeeded in finding him, I immediately went to him. "I am wretched, I am miserable," said the poor child:

"O, take me back with you!" "I cannot," I replied, "without your father's consent." Seeing the boy's misery, Aramoosy, at length, consented to bring him back the following day. When I visited him, I said to him, "My child, where is your hope? for I think you will not be much longer in this lower world." He replied, "You have often told us in school that Jesus Christ shed his blood for sinners; you also said that he invites children to come to him: I have come to him." "Do you believe that your sins are forgiven?" "I do believe," he replied, "that he has forgiven my sins." Some days after, he said, "I believe that this will be my last day." He was prayed for and comforted.

His father came to see him, and he said to him, "Father, God gave you five children, and he has taken them away one after another; I am the last. I fear, if I had grown up, you would not have given me up to God. You do not care what the Missionary says; and when he begs you to come and settle near him and learn about Jesus, you say, 'Wait a little.' I fear the time will never come." The boy was right, the "more convenient season" never did come; Aramoosy died some time after in the woods.

He was, however, now greatly moved by his child's address; and, although an Indian in his native state never weeps, when I met him, as he left his son, tears were on his face; this being the only instance which has come to my knowledge, where an Indian, in his unconverted state, has been seen to shed tears. "What is the matter?" I inquired. Aramoosy made no reply, and passed on. The child repeated what he had said to his father; and when I asked whether he had spoken with the duty and affection due to a parent, he replied, that he thought he had, and added, that he hoped he had not sinned in speaking to him. About midnight he begged that the boys, who were sleeping in the adjoining room, would procure a light. This being done, he requested that they would sing the hymn,

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear."

When that was ended, he said, "I should like much to see the Missionary once more;" but when he was told the hour, he observed, "No, he is tired; do not call him." He then requested the bystanders to pray; and as they were praying around his hammock, his happy spirit departed into the regions of bliss and glory.

Bernau's Missionary Labours in British Guiana.

—◆—

AN INTERESTING SCENE.

EXAMINATION OF SCHOOL-CHILDREN IN THE FRIENDLY-ISLANDS.

I SHOULD like to give my juvenile friends a brief sketch of one of the most pleasing sights I ever witnessed. It was after an examination of the infant-schools, held at Vavau, Friendly Islands, in June, 1846.

The occasion of the assembling of the children was the arrival of King George from Tonga, with fourteen canoes, two of which were Heathen. The assembling of four or five hundred children was quite a new thing to them, particularly when they saw the order the children were in, their great subjection to their teachers, without the club or any other weapon. The Tonguese children have never been accustomed to anything like control; no parental authority is exercised over them; therefore the sight was so much the more pleasing.

The King and Chiefs from Tonga and Haabai sat two days to hear them repeat their lessons, with the greatest delight; and on the third day, instead of having a feast, as the King could not remain at Vavau any longer, the children all brought a present to him. Some of them presented him with a large yam, some a fowl; others brought a dress such as is used in voyaging, others brought native cloth; not one child appeared em-

handed : they were headed by the native Teachers and Leaders from their respective villages, all carrying something, the smaller children being assisted by their parents. They all walked two and two, entered the fence which encloses His Majesty's premises, and came in front of the house, where the King and Chiefs were sitting. The children then presented their free-will offerings to him. They then returned through the opposite gate, in as great order as any boarding-school I ever saw.

The children were well dressed : all the elder females had on a pinafore. They sung many beautiful hymns, both in native and English.

When all the schools had thus presented their offerings to their delighted sovereign, they were arranged on the green, and presented a sight the most interesting and delightful ever witnessed. The King, and many of the Chiefs from Tonga and Haabai, addressed them. They said, "This is a new sight. This is the fruit of the Gospel. This is what we never expected to see,—our children brought to such order, and made so wise." The King then exhorted the native Teachers to diligence in the good work in which they were engaged, and recommended the Chiefs from the other groups to go and do likewise.

Sarah Wilson.



CRUELTY TO CHILDREN IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE parents here have very little control over their children, and frequently grieve their teachers by neglecting to correct them when disobedient. They carry matters, however, sometimes to the extreme. If a child cries, and will not be pacified, the father or mother takes it to the river, and plunges it head foremost until it ceases. A man in this neighbourhood, last week, resorted to this plan with a fine boy, his son, plunging him over and over again; but, painful to relate, when he took him out, he was quite dead!

*Rev. William Woon,
Missionary in New-Zealand.*



MISSIONARY STANZAS.

Go to the land where souls are blind,
 Go to the land where hearts are chill,
 Go to the land where deathless mind
 Worships stream and tree and hill ;

Go to the land where flame and flood,
 Sun, wind, planet, earth, and sky,
 Each is honour'd as a god :
 Go where lust and theft and lie,

All hell's darkest traits of crime,
 Murder, rapine, hate, and wile,
 Are sung in Shastra page sublime,
 Are sanction'd by a godhead's smile :

Go to the land where man to snakes,
 To kites, apes, oxen, bows him low.
 Go, where he prays to blocks he makes,
 Ay, prays to axe and plough and hoe.

Go to the land whose widows pine,
 Go to the land whose outcasts cry ;
 Go, track the fainting pilgrim's line,
 Go to the car and watch him die.

Go, like thy blessed Lord,
 Go with a heart of flame,
 Haste with the Gospel word,
 Haste with the Saviour's name.

Haste, though thy parents weep,
 Haste, though thy sisters chide,
 Haste thee, where millions sleep,
 Haste, preach the Crucified !

Rev. William Arthur.



LITTLE LORA.

ON Mr. Freeman's first visit to Dahomy, the King gave him five little girls. One of them I now have under my care. She has been baptized by the name of Lora. She is now a strong, robust girl, with spirits as light as the fawn : her principal and greatest amusement appears to arise from her intercourse with our little daughter : they are very much attached to each other. Often have I watched their innocent gambols, when baby would plunge her tiny fingers amidst Lora's woolly crop, both appearing highly delighted with the exploit. One day, when looking at them, I thought, Surely that girl can never have known sorrow, her present appearance is so happy and joyous. I felt my curiosity excited to know her history. On calling her to me, I inquired if she ever knew her mother. It could be immediately perceived that a tender chord was touched ; she hung her head, and all the happiness before so visible on her countenance was fled as she answered, "Yes." I then inquired if her mother was a slave of the King of Dahomy. She replied that they were not formerly slaves ; for she recollected her native Kroom, and parents : but the King of Dahomy's people entered their dwellings as warriors, and captured them as slaves ; as is their frequent practice, to obtain slaves for the market. Lora and her mother, with many others, were driven into the dominions of the King of Dahomy, and separated from her mother, when the King gave her to Mr. Freeman. Lora's account of herself is very brief. But is it not long enough to awaken feelings of gratitude in the breasts of some little girls, to think that the great Disposer of all events has not cast their lot in a Heathen land, where any day they might be subject to such separations ? and of thankfulness in others, when they reflect that by their exertions they have assisted in some measure in providing a home, kind friends, and instructors, that such poor children may be taught the way of eternal life ? Lora can now read and sew, and

promises fair to become a useful member of society. Some of my young friends may have an opportunity of seeing her in England soon, as we have decided on sending her with our baby at the first favourable opportunity.

JANE ALLEN.

Cape-Coast, August 3d, 1847.

—◆—

AN IMPORTANT CHANGE.

BASACK, one of the Hottentot servants who attended Mr. Campbell in his journey into the interior of Africa, evinced an earnest desire to bring his poor ignorant countrymen to an acquaintance with the truths from which he had received so much good.

In addressing a mixed company of Hottentot slaves and Bushmen, he gave a very striking and rational description of the effects of religion on his own mind, and of his transition from brute fearlessness to religious courage. "Before the Missionary came to us," he said, "we were as ignorant of every thing as you now are. I thought that I was the same as a beast; that when I died there would be an end of me: but when I heard them, I found that I had a soul that must be happy or miserable for ever: then I became afraid to die. I was afraid to take a gun into my hand, lest it should kill me; or to meet a serpent, lest it should bite me. I was afraid then to go to the hills to hunt lions or elephants, lest they should devour me; but when I heard of the Son of God having come into the world to die for sinners, all that fear went away. I took my gun again, and, without fear of death, went again to hunt lions, and tigers, and elephants. You soon shall have the opportunity to be taught the same thing."

Rev. John Kershaw.

—◆—

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

FROM THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY KEEPSAKE.

SOME years ago some Moravian Missionaries sailed from London to the island of St. Thomas, where they were going to labour among the slaves. The name of the ship in which they sailed, was the "Britannia." At first the voyage was pleasant and prosperous; and in their hearts, as well as with their voices, the Missionaries would often thank God for his goodness to them.

But one day a great danger threatened them. A pirate-ship was distinguished, far off, but bearing down towards them. Now pirates are at sea what robbers are on land, but even more terrible; because there is seldom any help near. They cruise about the seas in their light-built, swift-sailing vessels; seldom going on land, but making it their whole business to rob other ships. And on their ill-gotten spoils they live. Generally they murder as well as rob. Sometimes they lay a plank over the ship's side, blindfold the eyes of the unfortunate crew and passengers, and compel them to walk thus along the plank, till, without knowing it, they reach the end, and then they fall into the sea, and are drowned. No wonder that the sight of a pirate-vessel was a very alarming one to the people in the "Britannia."

It came on, nearer and nearer:—and what could those who saw it do, all alone there, in the wide ocean? Each did what he thought wisest and best. The captain judged it best to put the ship into a state of defence; so he arranged his men, and prepared to resist, as well as he could. The sailors, whatever they thought best, had no choice but to obey the captain. But the *Missionaries* thought it best to *pray*; and they went down into the cabin, and there, heedless of what was going on upon deck, they poured out their souls in earnest prayer to God; remembering, no doubt, his promises, and the words, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" (Rom. viii. 31.)

The pirate-ship approached till it came within gun-shot

of the "Britannia;" and then, from the cannon ranged along its deck, began to pour out a heavy fire. And there were grappling-irons on board, or strong, sharp hooks fixed to long ropes, ready to throw into the "Britannia," and hold her fast, while the pirates should board her, and do their work of destruction. It seemed that there was little chance of escape from such an enemy. But the captain, whose heart was sinking at the fearful prospect before him, did not know what powerful helpers he had below, in the few peaceable Missionaries, whose fervent prayers were then ascending, through the noise of the fight, to heaven.

The moment the pirates tried to throw their grappling-irons across to the other ship, their own was tossed violently, and the men who held the ropes were thrown with force into the sea. Vexed by this disaster, the pirate-captain sent others, who shared the same fate. Seeing he could not succeed in this manner, he resolved to fire at the "Britannia," till she sunk with repeated blows. But this effort strangely failed also; for the balls missed their aim, and fell into the sea. The smoke of the frequent charges was very dense, and hung about the vessels for some minutes, hiding them from each other's view. At last a sudden gust of wind cleared it away; and to the amazement of the pirate-captain, the "Britannia" was seen *at a distance*, with all her sails spread to the wind, speeding swiftly away from the attack! And they were forced in great anger to abandon their cruel purpose.

Thus wonderfully had God appeared, and saved the vessel, in answer to prayer. The Missionaries' prayers had been greatly honoured; but they were to have a further fruit still.

Five years afterwards, during which the Missionaries had been diligently preaching the Gospel at St. Thomas, they, and the other Missionaries on the island, agreed to meet together to celebrate the anniversary of their deliverance from the pirates, and to thank God for his other mercies. As they sat together, word was brought that a

stranger wished to speak to them. And, at their permission, a tall man entered, with fine bold features and a pleasant expression of face. The Missionaries wondered, and one asked, What was the stranger's business with them?

"First answer me one question," said he: "Are you the men who came to this island, five years ago, in the English ship *Britannia*?"

"We are," replied the Missionary who had spoken.

"And you were attacked upon the sea by pirates?"

"Exactly; but why are these questions?"

"Because," answered the stranger, "I am the captain who commanded the pirate-vessel which attacked you." Then the Missionaries looked at one another in silent wonder, as their former enemy continued:—

"The miraculous way in which your vessel escaped was the cause of my own salvation from the power of sin, through faith in Christ."

It would be too long to tell you all his words; but you may imagine with what unspeakable joy the Missionaries listened to his tale, as he went on to tell them how, in his vexation at their strange escape, he had made inquiries of the captain of the *Britannia*, and learned that it was *through the prayers of the Moravian Missionaries of St. Thomas*,—and how, not understanding how a vessel could be saved from pirates by *prayer*, he resolved to know the Moravian brothers. He sold his vessel, and in the United States of America one day visited a Moravian chapel, and heard a sermon from the words, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." He sought the preacher, and heard from him the way of salvation through Jesus Christ. "And thus," he concluded, "from a pirate captain, I am become a poor sinner,—justified by the grace and mercy of Christ; and my chief hope has been that I might some day be able to seek you, and relate to you my miraculous conversion. This joy is granted to me to-day."

He ceased, and you may imagine the feelings of the

Missionaries. They were met to celebrate their deliverance from the pirates on that day five years ago, through prayer. And there stood before them the pirate-captain himself, not fierce now, but humble and pious,—who traced his own deliverance from the bondage of Satan, to the same prayer that rescued them from him.

And they all knelt down together before God, and thanked him for his great mercies.

F. F.

CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND AND IN THE WEST INDIES.

A GENTLEMAN asked me, on my return home from the West Indies, if the Negroes were civilized *yet*. I was rather surprised at the question; but I believe I satisfied him that they were more than civilized *now*; that thousands of them were truly converted to God, and might be ranked with the brightest Christian examples anywhere to be found.

I might have asked him, in return, if my countrymen were civilized *yet*; for, before my appointment to the West Indies fifteen years previously, I had been in reality a home-Missionary in the county of Hertfordshire, and was not a little surprised at what I saw and heard. On one occasion, when preaching out of doors, a man was promised a treat of beer if he would throw a pail of water over me. He came for the purpose, but was interested by the discourse, and heard it to the end. On another occasion young men fastened up the doors and windows of the house in which we were holding divine service. At the same place, one brought a mug of ale, and, holding it up to the window while I was preaching, bawled out at the top of his voice, "Parson, will you have a drink?" Again, they sent in a man drunk to interrupt the service; but the word was too powerful for him, and he walked out abashed. When preaching out of doors one day, two bargemen came up to the place swear-

ing, and threatening to do something with the Preacher; but, the people making way for them, they passed through the crowd, and went away quietly.

How differently was I received in the West Indies! Many came to the ship to welcome us;—all looked pleased as we passed to the Mission-house, many expressing their glad feeling at our safe arrival, and praying to God for our success among them; and when I went to the chapel, at Old-Road, St. Christopher's, to perform service for the first time, the congregation sang, immediately on my approaching the pulpit, the following lines:—

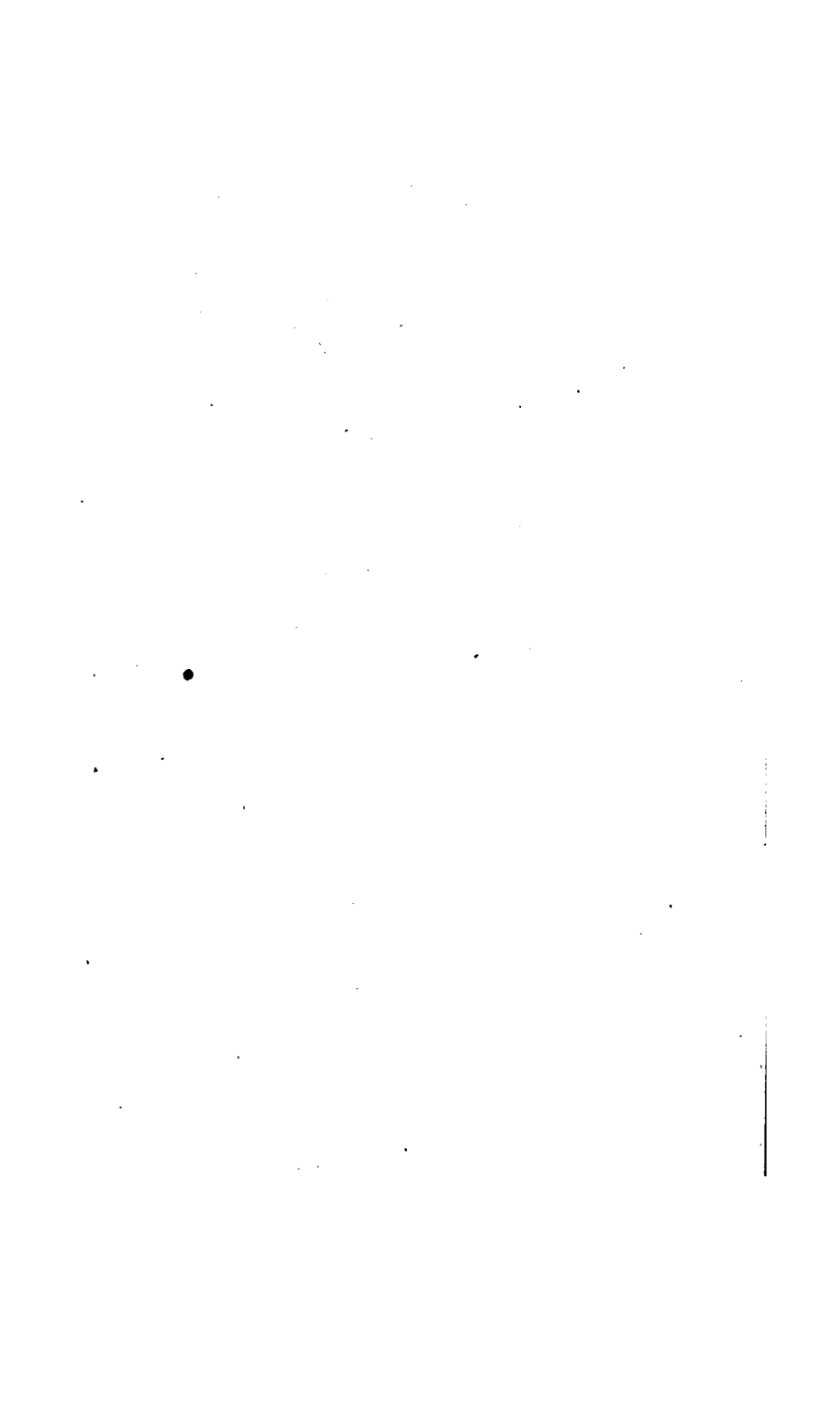
“Welcome, welcome, blessed servant,
 Messenger of Jesu's grace!
 O how beauteous are the feet of
 Him that brings good news of peace!
 Hallelujah!
 Priest of God, thy people's joy!”

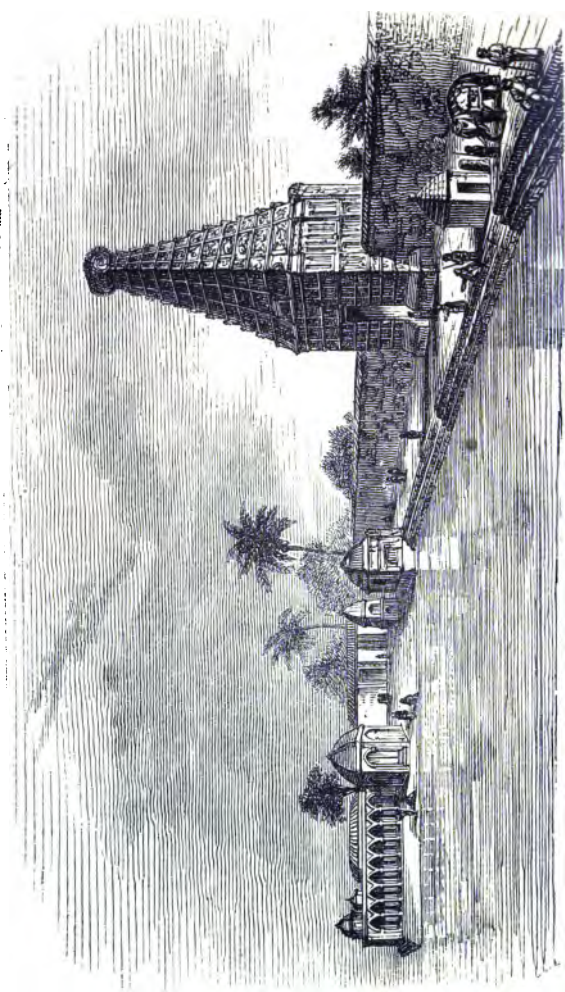
Other verses followed, which I do not now remember. The singing was lively; the people wept for joy. The subsequent service was truly refreshing: and during fifteen years, I never met with anything from the Negroes but respect and affection; and some of the happiest moments of my life were spent in devotional exercises with them. If I were now to visit those places in Hertfordshire, I should, no doubt, find the people improved; all civilized, certainly, and some experimental Christians, and devout worshippers in God's sanctuary.

Rev. Jonathan Cadman.

CONTENTS.

	Page.		Page.
Valvu, the Hindoo God of the		Missionary Stanzas	29
Wind.....	25	Little Lora	30
Happy Death of an Indian Boy....	25	An important Change	31
An interesting Scene	27	The Power of Prayer	32
Cruelty to Children in New-Zea-		Civilization in England and in the	
land	28	West Indies.....	35





TEMPLE AND TANK OF AIVALOOR IN INDIA.

THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

APRIL, 1848.



TANK AT TRIVALOOR, SOUTH INDIA.

WE do not know the value of water in this country, where we have so many flowing rivers, large lakes, and rippling streams.

If we want to know how precious water is, we must go to those countries where the blazing sun dries up every drop of moisture, and there is no rain for months together, and not a cloud to be seen to shade the ground from the fierce heat, and where the animals often die from thirst.

In India a man thinks he performs a good work when he builds any place that will hold water; and some of the most powerful Kings of that country have spent much money in making tanks, as they are called, such as you see in the engraving; some of these tanks are fifteen miles round, larger than many of our English lakes; and strangers who see them for the first time will not believe they are the work of man; their largest tanks are made by enclosing the land with great banks of earth; when the reservoir is made, it is filled by the water which flows down the mountains during the heavy rains.

The tank at Trivaloor is built of stone: some of the blocks are of a very large size. The building on the side is a temple, and there are stone steps at different places round the tank for the people to go down to the water to bathe. The Hindoos wash themselves frequently during their religious ceremonies: they hope to cleanse their hearts from sin by washing their bodies.

I need not tell *you* how foolish and vain this notion is; but the Hindoos know no better; let us hasten, then, to send them the Gospel, that they may be instructed in the way of salvation: pray to Christ to save them, and say,

“ My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

“ Wash me, and make me thus thine own ;
 Wash me, and mine thou art ;
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,
 My hands, my head, my heart.”



LETTERS ON SOUTH AFRICA.

No. I.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I have a few things to tell you about the country in which I laboured as a Missionary for several years. But as I do not know all your names, nor the places of your abode, I have sent my letters to be printed in the Juvenile Offering; and I hope they will afford you profit and instruction.

Now you must look at a map of the world, and find South Africa. It is that part of Africa which lies on the south of the equator,—the line that runs across the middle of the map from east to west. The extreme point is called the Cape of Good Hope; and it was not very far from the Cape that I lived. Now look for England, at the top of the map, and you will see what a great distance Missionaries who go to South Africa have to travel. The distance is about six thousand miles, and the voyage occupies two or three months. How would you like to take so long a voyage as that? How would you like to live in a ship upon the sea, sometimes tossed about with wind and waves and storms, for so long a period? Perhaps you would be afraid; and, when you heard the sea roar, and saw the waves dash over the vessel, would be like the disciples of Christ when they were in the storm,—would think that the ship was about to sink. Well, then, you must pray for Missionaries who are crossing the ocean, and for sailors too; that God, who commands the winds and the seas, and they obey him, may preserve them from danger, and carry them to their destination in peace and safety.

When I, and the Missionaries who accompanied me, arrived at the Cape, we were exceedingly glad, and gave thanks to God for his care and protection. We landed first at Cape-Town, and were pleased to see so many things that were new and striking. A Bechuana Chief once said, "Travelling is not like staying at home: travelling is seeing, and seeing is knowledge." This is very true. Those who visit distant countries become acquainted with many things which cannot be learnt at home; but then it is not every one that can go abroad, and those who cannot, and who wish to know something respecting other portions of the globe, should read books of travels, of which there are now so many, and thus become travellers, whilst they sit still at their own fireside. This, my dear young friends, is what you must do, and if you will travel with me, I will tell you something respecting the things which I saw and heard.

Cape-Town is a large and beautiful place, with streets and houses similar to those of towns in England. There are also churches, chapels, and schools, in which the inhabitants worship God, and children are taught to read the Scriptures, and to sing the praises of our Lord Jesus Christ. What a blessing it is that ever Christians went to that country! It was once a desert waste, peopled by Hot-tentots and Bushmen, who had never heard the tidings of a Saviour, and who were in a state of darkness that might be felt. But God put it into the hearts of some good men to carry the Gospel to this part of South Africa, and now both the white inhabitants of Cape-Town, and many of the coloured inhabitants too, are accustomed to assemble Sabbath after Sabbath to hear the words of eternal life from the lips of the Ministers of Christ. The Wesleyan chapel is a commodious and beautiful building, and the first Sabbath after our arrival our hearts were cheered with the scenes we witnessed within its walls. In the morning and evening the service was conducted in the English language, and in the afternoon in the Dutch. The congregation in the afternoon consisted of coloured people.

and I am sure my little readers would have been glad to see so many persons with black and brown skins, all neatly clothed, sitting at the Missionaries' feet, and listening attentively to the glad tidings of salvation. There were a number of children present too, and they were very serious, and behaved as children ought to do when they are in the house of God; for they had been taught in the Sunday-school, and, though they were black children, had learned to fear God, and to keep holy the Sabbath-day. There are two Wesleyan Sunday-schools in Cape-Town, and one day-school, in which upwards of one hundred and sixty children are instructed, and of these many can read the sacred Scriptures in English and in Dutch, and some have learned to write. I shall tell you something more respecting African children hereafter.

Cape-Town stands at the foot of a large mountain called Table-Mountain, because it is flat at the top like a table. This mountain is five thousand feet high. Sometimes a very singular white cloud covers the top of it, and hangs over the sides like ivy. This is called the table-cloth. One morning, soon after our arrival at Cape-Town, I and several others made an excursion to the top. The path was very steep and rugged, and we were often obliged to sit down on a large stone or on the trunk of an old tree to rest. We were three hours in reaching the summit; but when we arrived there we were very much pleased with the beautiful prospect around us. We could see over a large extent of country. We could look down upon Cape-Town, and see the people walking about in the streets, and the ships that were at anchor in the bay; and, because of the great height that we were above them, they looked very small. On the top of the mountain we found a number of beautiful plants and flowers, and here and there were pools of clear water, just as it had come down from the clouds of heaven. We had with us provisions of bread and meat, and, the table being quite large enough, we sat down and ate our repast, and then descended from the mountain and returned home.

In the neighbourhood of Cape-Town are many beautiful gardens. Some of these I visited, and saw trees, and plants, and flowers, that will not grow in England because the climate is too cold. I also got quantities of fruit,—grapes, and oranges, and figs, which grow in Africa abundantly, and are sold at a very low price. How rich are the productions of nature, and how wise and good is the God of nature, who has provided so many things to satisfy our desires and wants! *Thornley Smith.*



ANECDOTE OF DR. BETTELHEIM, MISSIONARY TO LOOCHOO.

ONE day the Doctor was conversing with some natives of the island; and he says,—During this discourse I was asked how it comes that I, as Physician, understand “THE JESUS BUSINESS,” and speak so often about HIM, whereas the other English and French men here, except the Missionaries, have nothing at all to do with Jesus’s cause. “Well,” said I, “in this respect it is with Europeans as everywhere: the most, though believers in Jesus, think of HIM only on Lord’s days, in distress, or in the dying hour; whereas others, more mindful of their duty towards their Lord, continually set HIM before their eyes, and speak of HIM whenever opportunity offers.” They were quite surprised on hearing me say, that as soon as Mrs. Bettelheim shall be able freely to speak the Loochooan, she also would often speak about the Lord Jesus. “What manner of woman,” said they, “is this, that can make nice tobacco-pouches, play music, and understand religion?” One of them said he knew Mrs. B. wrote a nicer hand than I do, and very straight. Well done, I thought: they may soon learn to acknowledge the wrong they do their women, seeing that a woman may even excel a man.



THE CUP OF COLD WATER.

A LITTLE girl, aged about seven years, had given a trifle of her own to relieve the wants of a poor Christian woman. She came to her mamma, with an overflowing heart of joy, and said, "I am so happy, because I do hope that I have been giving the cup of cold water."

Blue was the soft and earnest eye
 Of her who spoke the word ;
 Who learn'd in early infancy
 That lesson from her Lord.

In His dear name she gave the mite,
 And her young heart was full
 Of that sweet peace which doth requite
 The early bountiful.

'T was but a cup, a portion small,—
 Yet Love eternal smiled ;
 And very soon to heaven did call
 His own accepted child.

We know not now if still she bears
 The cup to spirits faint ;
 Soothes all unseen our toils and cares,
 And lulls our hearts' complaint.

But we do know, that having given
 That cup in Jesus' name,
 He to the' assembled earth and heaven
 Will own her infant name.

From the Juvenile Missionary Keepsake.



BORNEO.

There has been a great deal of talk lately about Borneo. If you take the map of Asia, and look to the south of China, you will find numerous islands scattered over the ocean : the largest of these is Borneo. The inhabitants, like all other uncivilized people, are savage, cruel, and ignorant ; many of them are pirates, and spend their lives on the seas, attacking ships they meet with, and robbing and murdering the crews.

There is a race of people on the island called Dyaks ; and to give you some notion of how these people live, I will copy a letter written by Miss Poppy, a young lady, who went to Borneo on purpose to teach the Dyak children. She says,—

I KNOW it will afford you satisfaction to hear that I am once again among the poor Dyaks at Karagan, and am fully engaged in trying to teach the blessed truths of the Bible to this degraded and oppressed people. The day after my arrival, the children of the nearest village paid me a visit. Those who used to come for instruction are now in their own ideas too big for learners : some five or six little ones came daily for a few days after my arrival ; but nothing could induce them to persevere. When I found that there was no more hope of their coming here, I went to their village ; and after making many excuses, they promised that if I went daily to them they would learn. Thither, therefore, I went, and they continued to behave well so long as the novelty lasted, received my visits gladly, and listened to what I had to say ; but in a very short time they drew back, and I have since often gone without getting one to sit down with me ; three little girls have, however, re-commenced in apparent earnest, and I hope that the prospect of receiving a reward will stimulate them to persevere. I also visit some of the more distant villages, and here I generally find more children willing to learn, though not without a reward in prospect. This then is the work I am doing daily, travelling from village to village, trying to teach, as God shall give me opportunity and ability, some portion, however small, of the word of God, to old and young, male and female. but chiefly the latter.

When I speak of a Dyak village, you must not picture to yourself a number of neatly built cottages and regular streets; but I will try and tell you what I mean. In the first place it seems that a number of Dyak men and women, perhaps thirty, forty, or fifty, have agreed that they will dwell together under one roof, but where their residence shall be is still to be ascertained; some of them then go into the wood, cut down the grass and trees, if need be, and build a sort of altar, on which they offer a sacrifice to whom or what I know not, nor do they, I think, know themselves. They then watch the birds, and by some means find out in which direction they ought to settle themselves. This being known, men, women, and children go to seek suitable wood, and if they are industrious they will soon build a house eighty or one hundred feet long, according to the number of people to live in it. It is generally raised three or four feet above ground; a thick piece of wood, with notches cut in it, forms the stairs. They build a large platform outside, where they dry their rice, of small sticks tied together with rattan, and sometimes four or five inches apart, so that one has to be careful not to slip through. The flooring of the hall is somewhat stronger, and here the people eat their food, and work, &c. Each family has a little room where they spread their mats; parents, children, grand-parents, aunts, and uncles, it may be, sleeping together; and there is generally an opening through which one can look from one little room to another. They keep a great many dogs, and generally have one or two monkeys in the hall, and under the house pigs are kept. There is always, I think, a human head hung in the middle of the hall; I do not quite know for what purpose, but I believe to procure good fortune. The young children are without clothes, and we cannot say much more of the adults. We reach these villages by narrow choked paths, all the rest being forest, or brushwood. They receive me very kindly when I go, but cannot tell why I should wish to teach them. "What is the use of Dyaks learning?" say they. Will you not pray earnestly for this people? Some of them have heard a great deal of truth, yet they at present reject it, and will cleave to their old superstitious customs.

(To be continued.)



NO GOSPEL!

THE Roman Catholic Bishop of Hobart-Town has sent an advertisement to the Catholic Magazine, begging for assistance for his Mission. He says his diocese extends over the whole of Van-Dieman's Land, which is as large as Ireland. At present there are seven thousand convicts living there. Now, what do you think the Bishop would ask for, that these poor wretched convicts might be taught, that though they are great sinners, there is still salvation for them? Why, you say, he would want money to send Missionaries, and plenty of Bibles and Testaments, that they might be taught God's holy word, believe, and be saved. But, no, that is not what the Papists want; I will give you a list of the things the Bishop mentions:—

MONEY,	BREVIARIES,
CHALICES,	VESTMENTS,
PIXES,	ALBS,
HOLY OIL,	SURPLICES,
CRUCIFIXES,	ALTAR LINEN,
TABERNACLES,	PIOUS PICTURES,
CANDLESTICKS,	HOLY-WATER VATS,
MISSALS,	

Or any other Article of Church Furniture.

But no Gospel; the Gospel is the one thing omitted, while it is the one thing needful. Which of the things mentioned in the Bishop's list, do you think, will give comfort to a man sunk in sorrow and sin? Will the Holy Water wash out his sins? Will the anointing of the Holy Oil purify him, so that his future life will be pure and holy? Will the light from the candles illumine his mind, that he may see what is right, and practise it? What are all these without a knowledge of Christ; but when the love of God is shed abroad in the heart, and the mind enlightened by his Holy Spirit, how foolish and wicked does it seem to trust in such vanities!

My dear young friends, when you pray for sinners and Heathens in foreign lands, pray that they may be kept from the influence of Popish Priests; and that the Priests themselves may be converted to the faith of the Gospel, and be saved.



HAPPY DEATH OF AN INDIAN.

We often tell you about the good that is done by the Wesleyan Missionaries in different parts of the world; you will, I am sure, be glad to hear that the Missionaries of other Societies are preaching Christ crucified to poor Heathens, who gladly listen to the good news, and embrace the salvation offered. Mr. Bernau, the Church Missionary, who went to Guiana, South America, has written the following account of the happy deaths of an Indian and his two little girls. When Mr. Bernau first went to live amongst these Indians, they were afraid of him, and ran away and hid themselves in the woods; however, by degrees, they became more friendly, and after a time, built their little houses near the Mission-House: they listened to his preaching, the children went to a school which he began, and a lovely Christian society was formed from these poor ignorant Heathens.

You will see how well the dear children attended to what their Missionary taught them.

May God grant, my young friends, that when you come to die, you may, like these precious Indian girls, feel that the blood of Christ hath cleansed you from all sin, and be able to say, "I am ready, O blessed Jesus: receive me, for thou hast died for me."

Mr. Bernau writes:—

In his younger years, Franssen (for that was the father's name) had lived a wicked life, and was renowned among his people as a great peiman. It pleased the Lord to call him to the knowledge of his truth, and by it to

break through all that would hinder him from serving him with a devoted heart. Most cheerfully did he dedicate himself to the work of teaching, and became very humble, the more he learnt to understand the glorious truths of our holy faith. It was his only grief, that he could not serve the Lord as he wished to do, and this because of his ignorance and weakness. Often have I heard him speak, with a glowing heart, of the love of Jesus, earnestly inviting and entreating, with tears, the people of his tribe to turn to the living God. Being one night out fishing, he caught a severe cold; and from that time his health began rapidly to decline. I saw him almost daily; and when telling him, one day, that this trial was likely to be his last, his eyes brightened, and, taking me by the hand, he said, "Then you think I am so near heaven? Now, then, I will begin to settle my affairs, and only think on Jesus: for, since I have known aright what He has done, I have ever wished to be with him." On my reading some verses of Romans viii., he remarked, "This is a lovely word, blessed Lord! and I thank thee that I feel persuaded, that nothing in heaven or earth shall ever separate me from thee." The day previous to his departure, he sent for the Missionary, saying, "I have called you to settle all about my children. I feel persuaded that you will be their father." Then, calling in his three children, he said, "My dear children, you have no father; but the Missionary will be all to you: follow him, love him, learn well, and soon we shall see each other again. I am going to your mother," she being dead. "O, my dear children! love your Saviour; for you know that he died for us. Will not you love him?" He then gave each a blessing; and, joining their hands with mine, said, "Go now with your father. Why do you weep? I know he will care for you." After a little pause, he said, "Pray, O pray!" He was asked, "Do you feel happy?" "Very happy; but sometimes I seem to be alone, as if walking in the bush: at other times, it is dark all about me. But here," laying his hand upon his breast, "here is light, here is rest! I am very happy!"

On leaving, I observed, "Franzen, look to Jesus. He will guide you till"—"Yes. Farewell; soon we shall meet again!" I called on him the following morning; but he seemed not to notice anything around him; his lips were moving, as if he were engaged in prayer. We all knelt at his bedside, commending his soul to the good Shepherd; and after a few hours, he entered into his rest. "Look ye and see, and mark the death of the righteous, for his end is peace."

(To be continued.)

GARMENTS FOR FEEJEE.

LETTERS are often received, inquiring what are the best kind of dresses to be sent abroad.

I will tell you what dresses they want in Feejee:—Loose pinafores for the children; skirts made of coloured print for the women; the waistband should be more than a yard round, and the skirts rather long. But what is needed most of all is, shirts for the Local-Preachers; no native is allowed to preach without a shirt, and they put it on before going into the pulpit, over their native dress; the shirts should be made of white calico, of a size to fit a large Englishman.

CHRISTMAS JUVENILE OFFERING.

THE amount collected by our young friends this year is more than £4,000. We thank God, and take courage.

CONTENTS.

	Page.		Page.
Tank at Trivaloor, South India ..	37	Borneo	43
Letters on South Africa	38	No Gospel!	45
Anecdote of Dr. Bettelheim, Mis-		Happy Death of an Indian	45
sionary to Loochoo	41	Garments for Feejee	48
The Cup of Cold Water	42	Christmas Juvenile Offering	48



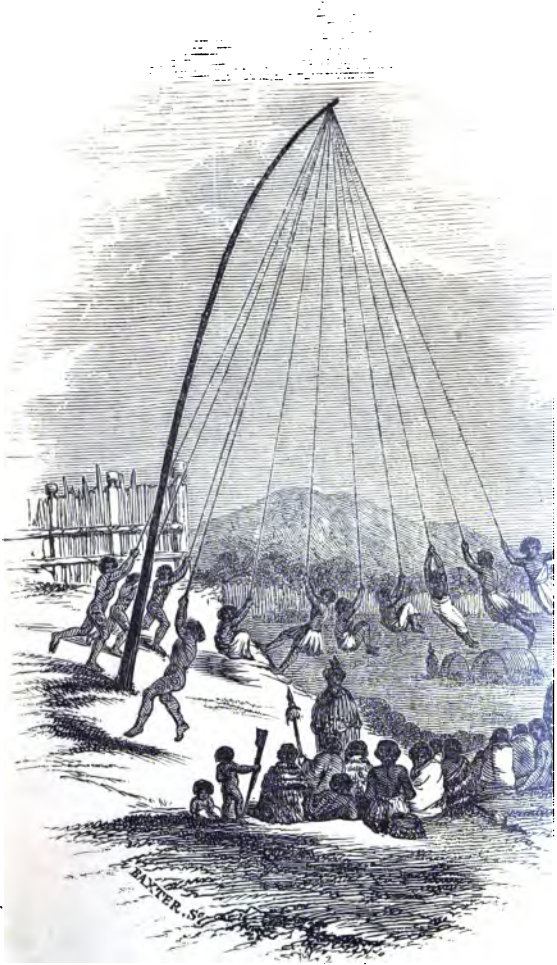
is
a
a
a
a
a
is

ki

pit
for
rot
of
lov
goi
she
En

T
mor

Tank
Letter
Anecd
sions
The Cl



A NEW-ZEALAND SWING.

THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

MAY, 1848.

A NEW-ZEALAND SWING.

THIS swing is one of the amusements of the New-Zealanders; a pole, generally the trunk of a pine, is set up in open space, near the village, flax ropes are suspended from the top, and, holding on to these, the natives swing themselves round and round, as you see in the picture.

ANECDOTES FROM THE SOUTH SEAS.

A SHORT time ago I had a conversation with Mrs. Wilson, widow of the Rev. Francis Wilson, who was some time Missionary at Tonga; she told me many stories about the Tonguese and the Feejeeans, which I am sure you will like to hear.

The Tonguese are a gentle, pleasant people. The group of islands where they live was called the Friendly Islands by Captain Cook, because the natives were so kind and friendly to him. They are a fine race of men, and very handsome in their persons, for they wash themselves twice a day; the women are fond of European clothing, but they do not like fine colours or patterns: when they choose a pattern for a dress, they always fix upon the neatest pattern, and the quietest colour.

The Tonguese are very honest. The Missionaries never lock or fasten their doors, and leave all their property without locking it up, for the natives might be trusted with untold gold."

One day Mrs. Wilson went to her school, Mr. Wilson also was away from home, and there was no one left in the house; when Mrs. Wilson returned home, she was very much surprised to find three Tonguese men in her bed-room; one was standing before the looking-glass putting his hair in order, the other two were examining different things in the room; when they saw Mrs. Wilson, they immediately sat down on the floor, for that is the Tonguese way of being polite; on paying a visit to any one, they go into the house, sit down on the floor, and then begin to talk. As soon as the men were seated, they told Mrs. Wilson they had come to the house to see her husband, and had knocked several times at the door, but as no one answered, they walked in, and had gone from one room to another, till they had come to her bed-room, which they thought very pretty. They asked her if she was angry with them: she said she was not at all angry, and told them to continue their examination till they were quite satisfied. She then went into another room, and heard them moving about her bed-room, and opening one drawer after another, to see what was in them; when they were satisfied, they thanked her, and went away. Do you not think it was very kind of Mrs. Wilson to let them look at her things? They were men from the country, who had not seen a Missionary's house before, so that everything was quite new to them; but they had not injured or displaced a single article; these Tonguese men would be a pattern to many Englishmen, I think.

But the most remarkable story she told me was about a Feejeean Chief, a great frightful man, seven feet high, with immense whiskers, and a beard a yard and a quarter long; he was a cruel, fierce man, and only let the Missionaries live near him that he might get what he could from them; for he liked their tea and sugar and flour, and always made them give him of their stores as long as they lasted. One time the Missionary's wife, Mrs. Hunt, had been ill and confined to her bed for some months. By some good fortune Mr. Hunt had got two eggs, which he had boiled,

and was just taking them to his wife, when the Chief met him, took them both from him, and ate them. Mr. Hunt told him how weak his wife was, and begged him not to touch them; but it was of no use. He sends every day to the Missionary for some tea; and if it is not as sweet as molasses, he makes them take it back again for more sugar. Mrs. Rabone, who lives in another island, wished to send Mrs. Hunt some lard; but as she knew how greedy the Chief was, she put it in a large iron pot, and thought he would never find out that it was filled with lard; but, unfortunately, when some natives were carrying the pot on shore, they thought it was very heavy, and they would just look and see what there was in it; they stripped off the band round the pot, and discovered the lard. Very soon after the Chief sent for some lard to fry his fish in. Mr. Hunt sent him a piece of pork; but he sent it back, and said that was not what he wanted, he must have some lard out of the iron pot: and they were obliged to let him have it. Mrs. Wilson went in the "Triton" to visit the island where this Chief lived; when he saw the ship coming he ran away, for he knew how badly he had behaved to the Missionaries, and he was afraid the Captain would punish him; after a short time, however, he ventured back; and one day, as the Mission family were sitting at dinner, this frightful cannibal made his appearance at the door of the room: he came to look at the new lady that had arrived in the "Triton." Mrs. Wilson was a little afraid of him, so she did not look up, but went on eating her dinner, with her eyes fixed on her plate. The Chief could not get a good view of her where he stood, so he came round the table to her, knelt down close by her side, and poked his great head over her plate, that he might look up into her face; the Missionary scolded him, and told him he was very rude; he said he did not mean to be rude, he only wanted to look at her. This man is still a Heathen and a cannibal. He is the son of the Chief who tried to kill Mr. Lyth,* he-

* See Juvenile Offering, March, 1846.

cause he told him of his sins. When a ship comes to the island, he is very much afraid the Missionaries will go away; and then he tells them they must not go, for he means to *lotu*, that is, turn Christian, by and by.

These troubles I have been telling you of, are very little trials, compared with many the Missionaries have to suffer; they are sometimes obliged to witness things too dreadful to tell you; they are often in danger of their lives, and suffer from hunger and sickness, without friends, and far from help.

Mr. Hunt has been in Feejee eleven years: he may be called the Apostle of Feejee: for though he is not forty years old, his hair is grey, and he has the appearance of an aged man, he is so worn and broken with what he has suffered; but in the midst of it all he has found time to translate the Scriptures into the Feejeean language; this glorious work is now nearly finished, and for the future the Feejeeans will be able to read in their own language those truths which will make them wise unto salvation. You must not think that the Missionaries complain, or are tired of their work; O no! Mr. Hunt would not change with any Monarch in Europe; the only complaint they make is, that so few men are sent, and so little done for poor Feejee.



THE JEWISH SOCIETY,

FOR THE CONVERSION OF JEWS TO CHRISTIANITY.

ON this labour of love may a blessing attend,
 May the Shepherd of Israel his Salem befriend;
 And hasten that period by Prophets foretold,
 When the stragglers of Judah shall rest in his fold.

For surely the time is approaching when He
 Will set, in his love, the law's prisoners free,
 And send them to feed in the ways of his grace,
 And find them a pasture in every high place.

Behold, they shall come from afar at his word,
Which alike in the north and the south shall be heard ;
His uplifted standard shall Sinim's land see,
And a light to the Gentiles his people shall be.

Awaken, O Zion, and put on thy strength,
And array thee in beautiful garments at length ;
Shake thyself from the dust with the might of the strong,
And cast off the bands which have bound thee so long.

The sons of the strangers thy walls shall rebuild,
Thy gates shall be open, thy courts shall be filled.
God once smote thee in anger ; but now thou shalt see
That He, in his favour, hath mercy on thee.

The Lord, in his glory, before thee shall rise ;
The Gentiles shall come to thy light with surprise ;
And their Kings shall rejoice thy bright rising to greet,
When God shall make glorious the place of his feet.

Then shall ye, poor wanderers, no longer roam wide,
For a greater than Moses your footsteps shall guide ;
Not unto the Mount, where the trumpet once sounded,
With blackness, and darkness, and tempest surrounded ;

But unto Mount Zion, the city of God,
The courts of whose temples by angels are trod ;
To the church of the first-born recorded above,
And the spirits of just men made perfect by love ;

And to Him, whose new priesthood shall ever endure,
More powerful than Aaron's, more holy, more pure ;
Who needeth not daily oblations to make,
Having offered up freely himself for your sake.

If the judgments of God on your fathers went forth,
Who were deaf unto him that spake only on earth,
O refuse not the boon which would surely be given,
Nor turn ye from Him who now speaketh from heaven.

Bernard Barton.

From the Jewish Advocate for the Young.

LETTERS ON SOUTH AFRICA.

No. II.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I must give you a short description, in this letter, of African travelling. It is a very different thing from travelling in England, but, though sometimes tedious, it is often pleasant and amusing. In many parts of South Africa there are very bad roads; and in others no roads at all, save such as the traveller makes as he proceeds. Hence coaches and gigs cannot often be used; and as for railways, I am afraid it will be many years before any are constructed in that country, though I am sure the inhabitants would be very glad indeed if they could travel more quickly than they do. I must observe, however, that in Cape-Town and the neighbourhood, and in other parts of the Colony, very excellent roads have been made, some of them over steep mountains, and through beautiful ravines and glens; and now carriages may often be seen, drawn by horses or by mules, as neat and elegant as those which are driven in the streets of London.

But this is not the way in which the people generally travel in South Africa, especially when they take a very long journey. The vehicle they use is a wagon, something similar to the large covered vans, employed in this country by the carriers, but so constructed that it will bear to be driven over the roughest roads, being very strong, but, at the same time, as light as possible, considering the usage it will often meet with. There are generally attached to it three or four boxes, for the purpose of containing provisions to be used on the journey; for it is necessary, when you travel, to take with you a good supply of tea, coffee, sugar, bread, and meat, and whatever else you may require. The tent with which the wagon is covered, is made of strong canvas, and painted, that the rain may not get through it, and that the interior of the wagon may be kept quite dry. When a Missionary travels in one of these

wagons, he places his boxes at the bottom, and on the top of them a wooden frame, called a *curtel*, on which he lays his mattress and bedding; for not only must he travel in the wagon by day, but also sleep in it at night. And, indeed, it makes a far more comfortable bed-room, small as it is, than many people would suppose. I have often slept very soundly in my wagon; and in the morning have arisen with the dawn of day, refreshed and strengthened, as though I had slept in the most spacious apartment I ever saw.

The African wagon is not drawn by horses, but by oxen. Horses are sometimes used by the Dutch-African farmers; but they are not so safe on bad roads, nor so easy to manage, as oxen. Ten, twelve, or fourteen oxen are fixed to one wagon; and in crossing rivers and ascending steep and rugged mountains, it is sometimes necessary to employ eighteen or twenty. The driver usually sits on a box in the front of the wagon, with a long whip, with which he can reach the foremost of the oxen. He holds no reins to guide them, but a man or boy, called the *voor-looper*, runs before the oxen, leading the two first by a rein, or piece of rough leather, attached to their horns. You know that oxen cannot run so fast as horses, so that we travel in Africa very slowly, seldom more than three miles an hour. I have often wished to go a little quicker; but it is no use, for though, by flogging the oxen with the long whip, they may be made to run a little faster for a few hundred yards, yet they will soon tire, and proceed again only at the usual easy rate. The best thing, therefore, in travelling in such a country is, *to be patient*; and, indeed, I would advise all young persons to cultivate patience; for it is a virtue always requisite and valuable, not only in travelling in Southern Africa, but in the great journey of life which all are pursuing.

Some of the mountain-passes of Africa are very steep; and the heavy rains cause deep ruts to be formed in the roads, so that it is very difficult for the oxen to proceed. They are often obliged to stop, and then the traveller

get out and walk; and the driver will flog the poor animals severely, and cry, *Trek, trek, trek*, "Pull, pull, pull," until, with very great effort, they at length advance a little way, and halt again.

After travelling three or four hours it is necessary to rest awhile; and as we do not often meet with inns on the road, we select some shady spot in the bush, and near to a stream of water, if we can find one; and we then *set open*, or *unyoke* the oxen, and turn them out to feed. We afterwards kindle a fire of wood, put on the kettle, make a little tea or coffee, and cook some meat; then, sitting down upon the grass, with thankful hearts we partake of our repast. When the weather is fine, and the sun shines brightly, this gipsy kind of life is pleasant and romantic; but when the rain is descending in torrents, and the thunder rolls over our heads, and we are obliged to remain in the wagon for shelter, it is very comfortless and trying. But the climate of South Africa is mild and salubrious; and sometimes we may travel for days, and even weeks, without any rain at all. When Christian Missionaries and other pious persons encamp for the night, and again before they proceed on their journey in the morning, they usually assemble their families and their native attendants for divine worship. A hymn is sung, generally in the Dutch language, a chapter read, and prayer offered to Almighty God for his blessing and protection. How often have I heard the woods and the valleys resound with songs of praise! How often have I witnessed a group of Hottentots, Kaffirs, or Bechuanas kneeling on the grass with their faces to the ground, whilst the Missionary, or perhaps a native convert, has engaged in solemn prayer! On the Sabbath, too, we always rest, and, if possible, hold divine service once or twice a day.

In this way, after arriving at Algoa-Bay, I travelled to Graham's-Town, a distance of one hundred miles; and in this way I have, at different times, travelled for two or three weeks together. Some of the Mission Stations are a long way in the interior; and when the Missionaries

who reside on these distant Stations visit the colony, as they must do occasionally, the journey occupies a month or six weeks. Thus, you see, they are travellers indeed, by land, as well as by sea; but God is their protector, and though sometimes their path is arduous and difficult, they are cheered by his presence, and supported by his word. I never experienced any serious accident when travelling in Africa myself; but I have known wagons to be upset in the bed of a river, and others to fall over a steep and dreadful precipice; and but three or four years ago, the excellent wife of a Missionary of the London Society was killed in this way. This was a painful and mysterious occurrence; but it did not happen without the permission of God.

Thornley Smith.



DEATH OF FRANZEN'S DAUGHTER, AMELIA.

(Continued from page 48.)

THE next who followed Franzen into glory everlasting, was his favourite daughter Amelia. The death of her father seemed to make a deep impression upon her, and her sickly body soon began to show that she would not be much longer in this lower world. For some weeks she lived with us; but when she became unable to leave her hammock, she desired to be carried to her late father's cottage. Here the Missionary visited her often; and though but seven years old, she was prepared to enter into her rest. Many happy hours did I spend by her side. One day, when I was praying with the dear child, she pressed my hand, saying, "Thank you, sir! thank you!" At another time, having read to her about the New Jerusalem, she sat up in her hammock, and cheerfully discoursed on the subject: "O, yes!" she said, "soon I shall be there." On being asked, what made her believe that she should go there, she said, "Did not Jesus die for me also?" "But you are a child: do you think you are so great a sinner as many others?" "Yes, sir, I am a child; but you have

often told us, that even children need to pray for pardon, and for grace to change their hearts. I have thought on these words, and prayed, and O!" here she sighed deeply, and wept, "I have felt my heart to be very sinful; but I knew that Jesus has forgiven; Jesus has adopted me as one of his." "But you are yet young; would you not wish to live a little longer?" "Yes, I might wish it; but I am afraid I should be unthankful to my Saviour. I remember, you have told us," meaning in school, "that in heaven there is no more sin, nor grief, nor death: thither I wish to go; and," pausing a little, "soon I shall be there." She was hastening to her rest faster than I anticipated; and not having paid her a visit for several days, she sent to inform me, that she was going away, and wished to see me. I went, and conversed with her on the joys of heaven; but, being very weak, she appeared to take little notice of what was said. Having read, and prayed that the Lord in mercy might shorten her trial, and receive her into the joys of heaven, she raised herself, and uttered a loud and hearty Amen. Being asked, "Are you in great pain?" she replied, "Yes, Sir, it is very great, but—" "Do you wish for anything I can do for you?" "No, Sir; but"—with a faltering voice, she said, "will you please send a little coffee, sugar, and some candles? for I should like my brother and sister to watch over me," "Well, do you wish for anything else?" "No, Sir, I shall want nothing at all; for my friends I ask it: to-night I shall be in heaven." She then called, "John! where are you, my brother?" John drawing near to the side of her hammock, she said, "Please watch over me this night, also my sister Leonora: and mind you love Jesus—see, I am very happy; I die." Her feelings overpowering her, she reclined in her hammock, and after a few hours breathed her last.

She was certainly a very remarkable child. Whenever she was at leisure, at home or in school, she would sit in some corner, with her little Testament or Hymn-Book open; and, though often urged to join the other children

in their amusements, she constantly refused. She read and spoke English well, and committed a great portion of Scripture and many hymns to memory, apparently much pleased when she could say her tasks well.

(To be continued.)

BORNEO.

MISS POPPY'S LETTER CONTINUED.

July 16th, 1846.

THOUGH I cannot boast of having a happy school gathering around me, I am enabled to rejoice in hope that my feeble attempts made at their own villages shall not be in vain, and even now I have some cause to hope that those girls who have been most under our influence, are at least less openly vile than their poor companions. The paths between the villages are very muddy and choked, besides which I have often to walk through considerable depth of water; but I seldom return regretting that I have gone, as I hope that not only the children, but the women, and even the men, may by the blessing of God gain some benefit by my visits. On the 29th of May, I met with a merciful deliverance from a watery grave; going over one of the frail bridges at time of high water, I grasped tightly by the railing, which gave way, and I fell into the water. I caught hold of the tree which formed the bottom of the bridge, and lifted myself so as to get seated on it; and though a strong tide threatened to overcome me, I was enabled to move towards a tree bending over the water, and thus, through the mercy of God, escaped with my life. May that life be more than ever consecrated to the service of my Deliverer!

September 2d, 1846.

I THINK, if I make a sort of journal, you will better understand my position. I visited three villages this morning, Angaku, Maraku, and Ubak. At the first, five of my pupils were gone out, leaving me three, with whose behaviour I was well pleased, and one of them received a belt (that is, a piece of printed cotton hemmed on both sides) for repeating the Lord's Prayer correctly; this is the fifth little girl at this village who has received the like reward. I have promised one to every little girl who shall be able to repeat it, in all the villages I visit. I have also promised a *bayee* (a sort of jacket) to all who shall be able to repeat a catechism which Mr. T. has translated. They are making progres

60 THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS SHALL REAP IN JOY.

in reading, though but slowly. I teach them to count a little, and to sing, and this I fear is all that I shall be able to do, till they are willing to come to me. At Maraiku, I found but one of my little pupils who did not object to learn alone, as they usually do, and she, having repeated the Lord's Prayer correctly, obtained a belt. At Ubak, there were five or six girls, beside some boys, and they were less wild than usual; they answered some of the first questions promptly, read diligently for a few minutes, joined in the singing heartily, and one of the girls repeated the Lord's Prayer so as to receive a belt; I returned with a thankful heart.

4th. Yesterday I found at Angaku six pupils, at Maraiku five, and at Ubak five, besides lookers-on.

7th. This morning I went to Tobaku; my way to this place lay through a path grown over with long grass and brushwood, which was all wet with dew as I went; but the sun during the latter part of my journey dried me, so that I arrived in a tolerably comfortable state. The people here are much wilder than those who live nearer to us, and I found none of those at home who usually make some small attempts at learning: all the very little girls and two bigger ones joined me, but they seem too wild at present to receive any salutary impression.

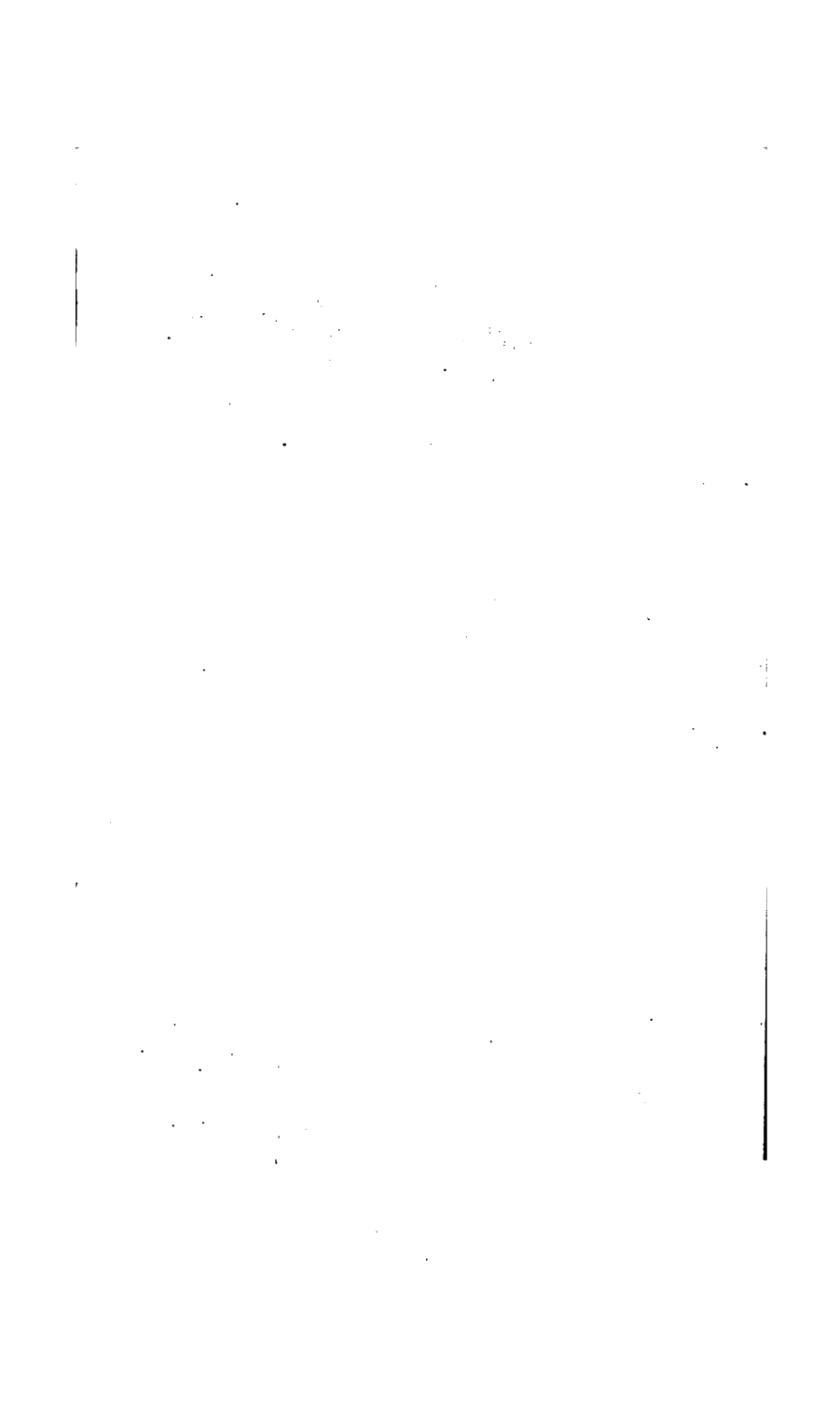
(To be continued.)

“THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS SHALL REAP
IN JOY.”

At the late revival in Tonga, the people were so affected during the public services, that their faces were bathed in perspiration, whilst floods of tears poured down their cheeks; they went to Mrs. Wilson, the Missionary's wife, to ask her to give them handkerchiefs, to wipe their tears away; and she cut up every yard of print she had, to make handkerchiefs for these weeping, heart-broken, repentant, Tonguese.

CONTENTS.

	Page.		Page.
A New-Zealand Swing.....	49	Death of Fransen's Daughter,	
Anecdotes from the South Seas ..	49	Amelia	57
The Jewish Society for Converting		Borneo.....	59
the Jews to Christianity.....	52	They that sow in Tears shall reap	
Letters on South Africa	54	in Joy	60





THE BLIND AND THE LAME IN CAFFRELAND.

THE

WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

JUNE, 1848.

A BECHUANA STORY.

SOME of our little readers will perhaps be reminded by the following story of one of the fables of good old Æsop.

Once upon a time there came down from the interior of Southern Africa a numerous band of warriors with spears and shields, very fierce and cruel. They spread destruction and death wherever they went, and their name was a terror to the surrounding country. Coming to a Bechuana kraal or village, they set on fire the huts, killed many of the inhabitants, and swept off all the cattle which the people possessed. After the attack the village was a scene of ruin and desolation. Those who had escaped death fled from the place, and but two individuals were left of all who formerly resided in it. One of these was a *blind man*, the other a *lame one*. They were forsaken of their friends, for no one thought it worth his while to take any trouble respecting them; and here, far from any habitation, in a country that had now become a wilderness, they were likely to perish for want of food. Not being many yards distant from each other, they began to complain of their melancholy fate. "O that I could see!" said the blind man: "then would I go and seek food; but I have no eyes, and here I must stay and die with hunger." "And I," said the lame man, "can see, but I cannot walk, my feet are dried up, and I too must sit still and perish." "Stop," said the blind man: "suppose you got

upon my back. I will be feet to you, and you shall be eyes to me, and we will go in search of food until we find it." With some difficulty this plan was adopted; and with the lame man on his back, the blind man sallied forth across the plain. It was long and tedious, and there was no hut or village to be seen. The blind man began to be weary of his burden, and both were faint for want of food. At length the man who could see discerned at a little distance the carcass of a spring-bok, which had been killed by a lion, and but half-devoured. This was a prize, and they were filled with joy. They hastened forward, and very soon came up to it. But no sooner had they succeeded in the object of their journey, than they began to quarrel respecting whose the food should be. "It is mine," said the lame man; "for I saw it, and but for my eyes you would never have known where it was." "No," said the blind man, "it is mine; my feet came to it, and but for my feet you could not have moved." Upon this came up a party of wandering Bechuanas, who, hearing and seeing what passed between them, told them that they both deserved to starve. "Why," said they, "are you not content to divide the food? Does it not belong to you both? Are you not indebted one to the other? What fools you must be to quarrel in this way!" This advice they took, and then the party of Bechuanas assisted them forward until they came to another village, and so their lives were preserved.

Children, what lessons may you learn from this story? You may learn to help one another as circumstances require; and you may learn also that frequently you are mutually dependent upon one another, and should not therefore boast that you did this or that, when at the same time you were assisted to do it by others.

Thornley Smith.



NATIONAL PEACE SHOULD BE PRACTICALLY
ACKNOWLEDGED.

Most of you, my young friends, have either read, or heard from your friends, an account of the sad things that have happened lately in most of the countries of Europe: Kings have been dethroned, many hundred lives have been lost, and bloodshed and confusion have prevailed. Our country has been preserved in peace: God's providence has indeed been over us for good. I think we owe a great deal to the prayers of the thousands of converts all over the world, who by our Missionary efforts have been led into the way of truth, and who are now praying for their benefactors.

What can we do to show our gratitude to God for his mercy to us? I will tell you. GIVE A THANK-OFFERING TO GOD, AND GIVE IT FOR THE MISSIONS; and let it not be a small one.

God's mercy has been great to us: then let the expression of our gratitude be great to him.

Tell this to your parents, and urge them to give liberally from what they have been allowed to keep in peace; for had it not been for preserving grace, many of us might have been deprived of home and friends and property, as has happened to hundreds in other countries. We perhaps are kept in quietness on purpose that our Missionary Societies may not be interrupted; for it is a great and good work to send God's word into the dark places of the world; it is the most glorious work that mortal can be engaged in.

Then let us show our gratitude to God by giving liberally to his cause, and he will continue to bless us.

At the same time let us pray that the Holy Spirit may be shed abroad in the earth, and that men may love righteousness and peace.



THE BIBLE IN AFRICA.

FROM THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY REPOSITORY.

TOIL-worn and faint, o'er Afric's burning sands
 Two travellers journey'd ;—'twas a stranger-land.
 Athirst and hungry, wearily they moved,
 Friendless and far away from all they loved ;
 Away from all save One : His pitying eye,
 Who hears the ravens when for food they cry,
 Who watches o'er the desert's lonely flower,
 Was on them still in that distressing hour.

He sent a pitying woman to their side :
 Soon the dark stranger every want supplied.
 And when they ask'd her whence her kindness came,
 She said, " I do it in my Master's name :
 You serve the Saviour, I would serve him too ;
 From love to Him I minister to you."

O ! it was sweet to find love's holy light
 Thus burning brightly in that land of night !
 For years its steady flame had softly shone,
 Like a fair star that treads the heavens alone.
 The travellers asked, " Who told you of our Lord ?"
 "'Twas his own voice," she said, " his blessed word.
 Years have pass'd by since to my childish hand
 A Christian stranger, from a distant land,
 Gave this most precious treasure ;" and she drew
 A tiny, well-worn volume forth to view.

" 'Twas here I lighted first faith's heavenward flame,
 And here for fresh supplies of oil I came ;
 Nor hath it fail'd me yet, nor ever will :
 Where first I trusted, I am trusting still.
 From this bless'd book I know that you and I,
 Strangers, are children of one family ;
 To meet, at last, life's little journey o'er,
 Beside our Father's throne, and part no more !"

Children of England, send the Bible forth,
Till o'er the East, and West, and South, and North,
It shed its holy influence, full and free,
As the glad waters of the boundless sea.

E. M. S.



LETTERS ON SOUTH AFRICA.

No. III.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I have conducted you to Graham's-Town, and must now give you some information respecting it, and especially concerning its Missions and its schools. It is the capital of the eastern province of the Cape Colony; and although it has not existed, as a town, more than thirty years, it contains many beautiful streets, houses, and public buildings, and has a population of six or seven thousand. Of these, the greater part are Europeans, who emigrated from this and other countries some years ago; but there are also considerable numbers of natives residing in the town,—Hottentots, Fingoes, and Bechuanas, who find employment as servants and day-labourers, and, if industrious, obtain excellent wages.

Now, if any of my young friends were with me in Graham's-Town, I would take them, some Sabbath morning, to the several schools, where, I am sure, they would be highly gratified. In the English school they would think themselves at home, and be ready to ask, "Can this be Southern Africa?" But what would they think when they entered the native schools? Of these there are two, one for the Kaffirs and Fingoes, and a second for the Hottentots, and others speaking Dutch. The former are taught in the old Wesleyan chapel, at one time occupied by the English congregation, but now used only by the natives. There you would see upwards of two hundred persons,—children, and grown-up people, all black, or very dark-brown, many of them neatly clothed in European

apparel, sitting in classes, and learning to read in their own tongue the word of God, which can make them wise unto salvation. The greater part of the sacred Scriptures has been translated and printed in the Kaffir language. This was a very difficult task; for when Missionaries first went to South Africa, the inhabitants of the country had no books, and of the art of writing they were totally ignorant. "What a strange thing," you will perhaps be disposed to say, "for a people to be without books and not to know how to write!" Yes; but so it was, and the first thing, therefore, to be done by the Missionaries was to put down words on paper, and so form a written language, and then to make a grammar, and, when that was done, to write books, and translate portions of the word of God. All this required much labour, time, and patience; but, by God's blessing, the work has been accomplished; and now Kaffirs, Fingoes, and Bechuanas have got the Scriptures in their own tongue, and can read for themselves the facts and lessons they unfold. The natives of South Africa thought books were very wonderful things when first they saw them; and, as they are disposed to ascribe everything remarkable to witchcraft, were ready to suppose that they were produced by that art. I have heard a story of a Kaffir, who, one day, seeing a Missionary with a book, went to him and said, "What thing is that which you have got?" The Missionary replied, "A book." "And what is it for?" "To read." "Let me hear you read." The Missionary read. "What," said the Kaffir with surprise, "will that thing talk to you?" "Yes." "And will it talk to me?" he inquired. "You must try it," said the Missionary. He took the book, listened attentively, and put his ear close to the open page, but could hear nothing. "The book," he exclaimed, "will not talk to me: how is that?" nor could he be made to understand why the book talked to the Missionary, and would not talk to him.

But in the school to which I have introduced you, many have been taught the use of books, and can now read the

Scriptures, and have learnt also portions of the Conference Catechism, and take great delight in attending the school and receiving instruction in the things of God. O it is a blessed thing to see African children, who were once running wild and naked, or clothed only in the skins of beasts, learning the sacred lessons of the Bible, and hearing of Christ, and of the way to heaven! And many have felt the Gospel's saving power. I went one day to visit a young person connected with the school who was very ill; and when I saw her, and found that she was in a very dangerous state, I said to her, "Well, Mary, what can I do for you?" She replied, "Pray with me." I prayed with her, and then said, "And are you, Mary, afraid to die?" She said, "No, for God has pardoned all my sins, and, if I die, I shall go to heaven." She did die, expressing to the last her confidence in Christ, and on the Sabbath afternoon following her body was committed to the ground. Nearly the whole of the scholars attended the funeral, (for Mary was beloved by all,) and sang a suitable hymn, as they stood over her grave.

There was a little Fingoe girl in the school, who used to listen very attentively to the instruction given her, and loved to attend the house of God. Her father was a Heathen, and a very wicked man. The little girl often wished that he would go to chapel and hear the Missionary preach concerning Christ; and she went to him one day very kindly and said, "Do, father, go with me this morning to the chapel." But he refused. She tried him again, and yet again, and at length he consented to go. He was surprised with what he saw and heard. The word of God was applied to his conscience by the Holy Spirit. He felt that he was a sinner, and he sought and found forgiveness through the blood of Christ. Some time after he was taken sick, and died in great peace, rejoicing that God had given him a child who had been the instrument of leading him to the knowledge of the truth. See, my dear young friends, how God puts honour even upon children, when they honour him by trying to do good. Thus it ---

you will remember, that the little captive maid from the land of Israel, who waited upon Naaman's wife, was the means indirectly of her master's cure of his leprosy; thus, too, it was, that the little Fingoe girl was the means of her father's conversion and salvation; and thus it is that many young persons may become, if they will but try, the means of benefiting their neighbours, friends, and parents, in the most important things. Let the readers of the Juvenile Offering remember this little story, and let them never be ashamed to speak to their companions, or to their ungodly relatives, if they have any, concerning Christ and the blessings of the Gospel.

Thornley Smith.

—◆—

DEATH OF LEONORA, FRANZEN'S ELDEST DAUGHTER.

(Concluded from page 59.)

HER elder sister did not long survive her; and she, also, died the death of the righteous, having sought and found pardon, through faith in the Saviour. She was about twelve years of age, and, having lived for some considerable time under our roof, she had made much progress, both in learning and domestic concerns. When she was taken seriously ill, I often conversed with her, but found her more reserved than her sister had been. She seemed, however, perfectly resigned to God's holy will and pleasure, and I never heard her utter a complaint, though she must have been a great sufferer. When opening to her the condition she was in, she replied, "I thank the blessed Jesus, for his mercy bestowed on me." I asked, "Do you, can you trust your soul to him?" "Yes, of this I never doubted!" "Are you persuaded," I continued, "that your sins are forgiven you?" "I hope they will be forgiven me." "What makes you hope so?" "Why, Sir, I have often read the verse, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth us from all sin.' Then I thought, How can this be? till one Sabbath, some time back, you

made me understand it." "And how do you think your soul is made clean?" She then related the illustrations I had made use of, and added, "It is also said, 'Purifying their hearts by faith.'" "And do you believe on the Son of God, Leonora?" "Yes, from that very day I felt something working in me, I knew not what; but I think the Holy Spirit—which you say we all must pray for—he it is. I am ready: O blessed Jesus, receive me, for thou hast died for me." "Is the word of God sweet to your soul?" "Yes, indeed, but I beg you to give me one with larger print; for my eyes, I don't know why, are getting dark." This being done, she used to read for hours together, and it was truly edifying to see and converse with this dear child.

Being told one morning that she had spent a very restless night, I called on her in the course of the day, saying, "Well, Leonora, how are you to-day?" "This day I am to be quite well, for this I am sure will be my happiest day!" "Do you feel great pain?" "None whatever; but my feet are stiff and cold." Are you at peace in your heart, and persuaded you shall go to heaven?" "Yes; and please tell my brother John that I wish to see him before I die. O, Sir, do take care of him; Jesus will bless you." John being called, and standing near her, she said, "John, my brother, you are left alone of our family; O, do come to Jesus, for he is good. I am going"—her voice failing, she continued, after a considerable pause—"I am—to the angels in heaven; and this evening I shall be there." John seemed to be very much affected, and began to weep; but she, looking in his face, said, "Brother, weep not, I shall soon be very happy. You learn, love." Fatigued with the exertion, she sank into her hammock. Some of her friends being present, we commended her in prayer to the Almighty Saviour; and when we rose, she beckoned with her hand, but could not speak. At four P.M. she entered into her rest, sensible and happy to her last moment.

—*Bernan's Missionary Labours in British Guiana.*

BORNEO.

MISS POPPY'S LETTER CONCLUDED.

8th. WHEN I arrived at Angaku, I found but two of my pupils, who, however, were very diligent while I stayed. The women seemed willing to converse, but thought themselves too ignorant and mean to receive any instruction. These little details may seem unimportant, but as my time is spent in the midst of such little things, I wish you to see as near as possible what my proceedings are, and let us not "despise the day of small things;" a grain of mustard seed will not always remain so very small if it is sown in the earth. The best of my class at Angaku know about ten pages of the catechism; of course, on the present plan they must necessarily make slow progress. They sing, "O, that will be joyful," "Jerusalem, my happy home," and are beginning to learn, "Day of judgment, day of wonders," all of which hymns, with others, have been translated from the English.

15th. To-day I went to Tobaku, and found the people preparing for a sacrifice and a dance, which will take place this evening, to celebrate (it would seem) the taking of a Chinese head in the war which is being carried on at the present time about Sandak. The poor creatures had hung up the head and surrounded it with fruit, &c. They will also put some rice, and perhaps kill a pig, and present part of it as an offering to I know not what. It is not long since such sacrifices were held in all the Kampangs near us, and they last five or six days. They continue to play their rough music, and one of the men dances almost day and night while the feast lasts, during which time it is forbidden to any in the Kampang to work. The poor creatures themselves seem to get thoroughly tired of their folly, and I have found them more ready to sit down with me at such times than at any other. The children strove to behave well to-day, and are very desirous that I should go often; would that I could, for there are some nice girls among them.

19th. We had a tremendous rain last night, and this morning I found the first bridge on my way to Angaku a foot under water, and I had therefore to turn back. What a state of things! I suppose the second bridge, which was built on purpose for me two or three months ago, will be quite washed away, and it will cost *billion* to have it rebuilt—think of a shilling for building a

27th. We have had some heavy rains, and in consequence high water lately, and therefore I have not been able to visit as much as usual, though I have managed to reach at least one Kampang every day except yesterday, when six girls came to me from Angaku.

Oct. 9th. I now find very few children at home, almost all are at work in the fields; yet the few I do find are very desirous that I should go constantly. Two of the children received a *bajee* yesterday, for answering twenty pages of the catechism, and this morning I had the pleasure of rewarding another in the same way. I am glad to see, in those who have received them, something which looks like gratitude.

13th. Ever since the 8th some of the children of Angaku have come to me daily; which is far better, as my strength is spared, and they can learn far more when free from the noise of the Kampang. This morning eight came; they found one bridge under water, and had to make a railing before they could proceed; I accompanied them on their return, and found they had to walk through a considerable depth of water, with a current that would have sent their teacher afloat.

14th. I have had six children this morning, who continued with me about three hours; but their progress in reading will be slow, owing to the lack of proper books.

There is a gentleman named Brooke, who has been trying to do good to the people of Borneo, and to make them a peaceful and industrious nation; he has told the English people how much their help is needed, and a Society has been formed to send out Missionaries to them: we hope their labours will be greatly blessed.



ANECDOTES OF JUVENILE COLLECTORS FOR THE CHRISTMAS OFFERING.

LAST Christmas, a lady living in the north of England had occasion to get up very early one morning, long before daylight, to make breakfast for her brother who was going on a journey; as soon as she got down stairs, she heard a tapping at the door, and, on opening it, saw two or three children. "What do you want here at this time of

morning?" said she to them. "If you please, Ma'am," they replied, "we are come to ask for something for the Juvenile Offering, and we were obliged to come early because we have not much time." These dear children had been waiting outside the house, cold, dark as it was, till they saw a light, and knew some one was stirring. Blessings on them! they will have the reward of their zeal in the knowledge that many hundreds of children in foreign lands are taught to fear and love God. There is one great difference between young Collectors and old Collectors, which I notice. When a grown person collecting for the Missions hears of another who has subscribed, he says, "O, I will not call upon him, for he has given already." Not so with our children; directly they hear of some one giving to one of their companions, off they start to the same person to get something for themselves, for they think he is the right person to go to; and children are never offended or discouraged by refusal; if they get sharp words and no money from some, it only makes them more anxious to try in other quarters; this is one reason of their success.

Many children give a great deal of their own money. I know a little boy who had five shillings of his own: that was all the money he possessed. When he got his collecting card, the first thing he did was to ask to have his name put down for five shillings. It is a good way to begin early both to subscribe and collect. A nephew of mine was born the Christmas before last: when he was two days old, his father gave a shilling for his boy's subscription to the Juvenile Offering; last Christmas he was a collector himself, and paid in £3. 12s.



CONTENTS.


	Page.		Page.
A Bechuana Story	61	Death of Leonora, Fransen's eldest Daughter	68
National Peace should be practically acknowledged	63	Borneo	70
The Bible in Africa	64	Anecdotes of Juvenile Collectors for the Christmas Offering	71
Letters on South Africa. No. III.	65		



NEW-ZEALAND CHILDREN.

THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.


JULY, 1848.



NEW-ZEALAND CHILDREN.

THESE are the children of Apokea, a New-Zealand Chief. They are gay, lively young creatures, and afford favourable examples of the rising generation in New-Zealand. The family of the Chief resides not far from the Mission Station; and these children are great favourites at the Mission-house, where they learn to read in the native school.

The taller girl is called Powharo, and the younger one, who is sitting on the ground, has been baptized Juliana. They both wear New-Zealand mats, the borders of which are richly ornamented. The boy is clad in a coarse dress made of flax leaves, a garment usually worn in wet weather, and by the natives when working at their plantations.



LETTERS ON SOUTH AFRICA.

No. IV.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—The Dutch school in Graham's-Town is conducted in a separate building, erected for the purpose. It does not contain so many scholars as the Kaffer school, but it is a very interesting one; and, though not established long, has prospered very considerably. Here there are not only children, but also old men and women, who Sabbath after Sabbath come to be in-

structed, and to learn to read. But learning to read is a very difficult thing when people are advanced in life. The time to learn is youth, when the memory is retentive, and the mind vigorous and fresh. Hence, whilst the children of our Mission schools learn very quickly, the old people, who had not opportunities to learn when they were young, find it almost impossible to make much progress. I remember one old woman who attended the school very regularly, and tried hard to learn to read; but who, because, as she said herself, she was very stupid, could never get much farther than *a, b, c, d*, the first few letters in the alphabet. It is very pleasing, however, to see persons of this class make the effort, as it shows their anxiety to learn; nor do they always make the attempt in vain.

In addition to the Sunday-schools, we have also in Graham's-Town a day-school for girls, called the "school of industry." It was established by Mrs. Shaw, and is now conducted by an excellent English lady, Miss Pitchers. The children are taught to sew, and are employed in making garments, sometimes for themselves, which are given them as a reward for good behaviour. If any of our young friends could send a few articles to Mrs. Shaw for her school,—such as pieces of print or calico, thimbles, needles, pins, and thread,—she would receive them very gladly, and the children would be very thankful too. Perhaps some of you will try. Much good may be done by young persons on Mission-schools in this way at a very little expense; and you know it is very desirable that African children should be neatly clothed. But they are generally very poor, and their parents do not often care to procure them clothes, but suffer them to remain in a dirty and very wretched state.

Once a-year all the schools in Graham's-Town, English, Dutch, and Kaffer, assemble together in the English chapel, and are examined in the Scriptures and the Conference Catechisms. These are occasions of very great interest. It is highly gratifying to witness white children and black worshipping God in the same sanctuary, and to bear them

repeat the same great lessons of religious truth. Some persons are of opinion that African children have no minds, that they are incapable of being taught, and that all the labour bestowed upon them in trying to instruct them, will be thrown away. But I wish such persons could witness one of these annual examinations of the schools I am now writing of. They would, I think, be satisfied that people with black skins belong to the common family of mankind, and possess the same capacities as ourselves for learning the truths and doctrines of the Gospel. They would hear Kaffer children, and Fingoe children, and Hottentot children repeat many portions of the word of God, and answer questions from the Catechism with so much propriety, that they would be obliged to confess themselves mistaken in their opinion, and would tell the Teacher and the Missionary to proceed in their work.

After the examination, the children on these occasions are addressed by one of the Missionaries, after which they proceed to their respective schools, where refreshment is provided for them; and then the remainder of the day is spent in innocent mirth. "What," I imagine some of our little readers will say, "and are there school-feasts in Africa?" Yes, my dear young friends; and this is one result of the introduction of the Gospel into Africa. The Gospel is designed to make people happy; and wherever it goes it causes joy and gladness to spring forth, where previously there had been sorrow, misery, and death. O how different was the state of Africa, and the condition of African children, before Christian Missionaries entered the land! "The dark places of the earth," say the Scriptures, "are full of the habitations of cruelty." This was formerly the case in South Africa; and in those parts of the country which the Gospel has not visited, it is the case still. The Heathen are unhappy, because they are without God. Until the word of life is sent to them, they are under the influence of Satan, and of a corrupt and fallen nature; and though they have their days of feasting, when they dance and sing,—sometimes in the night for many hours

together,—yet they know not what true happiness is, and their joy is vain.

The number of scholars in the Wesleyan schools in Graham's-Town is about five hundred. Several of the Teachers in the Dutch and Kaffer schools are natives, who, having first been instructed themselves, are now employed in teaching others. A considerable number of persons have been trained in these schools, who have become very useful members of the church,—Class-Leaders, Local Preachers, and even native Missionaries. Sometimes persons have come from a very distant part of the country, where the Bechuana tribes reside, and have attended the schools for a short time, where they have heard of Christ and of the blessings of the Gospel; and then they have returned to their own country, and carried with them the news to their perishing fellow-men. In this way is the light of truth spreading in the land. It will be a happy day, my dear young friends, when Africa is converted; but before that day arrives, many more prayers must be offered, much more money must be raised, and a considerable number of additional Missionaries must be sent. Do not, then, if you pity Africa, do not, if you love your Saviour, relax in your efforts on behalf of this important cause, but rather increase them, that those who are perishing for lack of knowledge, may receive the Gospel and be saved.

I cannot close this letter respecting the Wesleyan schools in Graham's-Town without observing, that there are also other institutions of the same kind belonging to the London Missionary Society, &c., which are also prosperous, and of great value and importance. We rejoice in the success of others, as well as in our own; and we must not confine our prayers and our efforts to our own section of the church, but extend them to the utmost of our power in aid of all who are engaged in the same great enterprise.

Thornley Smith.



MISSIONS.

LIGHT for the dreary vales
 Of ice-bound Labrador!
 Where the frost-king breathes on the slippery sails,
 And the mariner wakes no more;
 Lift high the lamp that never fails,
 To that dark and sterile shore.

Light for the forest child!
 An outcast though he be,
 From the haunts where the sun of his childhood
 smiled,
 And the country of the free;
 Pour the hope of Heaven o'er his desert wild,
 For what hope on earth has he?

Light for the coral Isles!
 Those dark spots of the sea,
 Where the cannibal over the human flesh smiles
 With horrid gluttony!
 O break the power of Satan's wiles,
 And tell them they are free!

Light on the Hindoo shed!
 On the maddening idol-train;
 The flame of the suttee is dire and red,
 And the fakir faints with pain,
 And the dying moan on their cheerless bed,
 By the Ganges laved in vain.

Light for that empire vast
 Just opening to our sight;
 Lo, the reign of prejudice is past,
 And China's mental night:
 Her millions wake, and hail at last
 A Gospel day how bright!

Light for the Burman vales!
For the islands of the sea!
For the coast where the slave-ship fills its sails
With sighs of agony,
And her kidnapp'd babes the mother wails
'Neath the lone banana tree!

Light for the ancient race
Exiled from Zion's rest!
Homeless they roam from place to place,
Benighted and oppress'd;
They shudder at Sinai's fearful base;
Guide them to Calvary's breast.

Light for the darken'd earth!
Ye bless'd, its beams who shed,
Shrink not till the day-spring hath its birth,
Till, wherever the footstep of man doth tread,
Salvation's banner, spread broadly forth,
Shall gild the dream of the cradle-bed,
And clear the tomb
From its lingering gloom,
For the aged to rest his wearied head.



JEMMY BUTTON, YORK MINSTER, AND FUEGIA
BASKET,

THREE NATIVES OF TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

If you take the map of South America, and look at the most southern part of it, you will see a tract of land called Tierra del Fuego, or Land of Fire. It received this name because, when it was first discovered, the natives, on perceiving the ship, lighted large fires all along the coast, so that, as far as the sailors could see, the shore was blazing with fires.

It is a land of storms; the cold, driving rain is continually falling, and the sun is not seen for weeks together. If you look at its situation, you will not be surprised at this: with the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans on each side, and with nothing to shelter its shores from the storms from the south, it must needs be con-

tinually visited by tempests, and its barren shores and huge rocky cliffs look as if they had borne the lashing of the ocean for ages; you cannot have a more complete scene of desolation than this land presents. However desolate and miserable the view of the country is, the appearance of the natives is still worse; they wear no clothes, notwithstanding the cold; they have no houses to shelter them; they do not cultivate the land, but live like brutes, eating what roots they can find, and what fish they can catch.

Is it not sad to think of God's redeemed creatures, with immortal souls, capable of knowing him and loving him, being sunk so low? "Like brutes they live, like brutes they die!"

Some years ago, Captain Fitzroy visited this land. He was much shocked by the sight of the misery of the poor natives, and brought three of them to England with him, that they might be taught the customs and habits of civilized life, and be instructed in the Christian religion. One of these natives, a boy, his friends sold to Captain Fitzroy for a pearl button, and he was named Jemmy Button: the two others were a man and a young girl; the man was named York Minster, and the girl Fuegia Basket. These natives lived three years in England, and at the end of that time Captain Fitzroy was sent to that part of South America by the English Government, and he took these Fuegians back to their native country. When the ship arrived at Tierra del Fuego, they touched at several places before they came to the tribe from whence Jemmy Button and the others had been taken. They landed first at a cove called Wigwam; the inhabitants, living chiefly upon shell-fish, are obliged constantly to change their place of residence; but they return at intervals to the same spots, as is evident from the piles of old shells, which must often amount to many tons in weight. These heaps can be distinguished at a long distance by the bright green colour of certain plants which grow on them.

The Fuegian wigwam resembles, in size and dimensions, a hay-cock. It merely consists of a few broken branches stuck in the ground, and thatched on one side with a few tufts of grass and rushes. The whole cannot be the work of an hour, and it is only used for a few days. On the west coast, however, the wigwams are rather better, for they are covered with seal-skins. They were detained here several days by the bad weather. The climate is wretched; the summer solstice was now past, yet every day snow fell on the hills, and in the valleys there was rain and sleet.

While going one day on shore, the sailors pulled alongside a canoe with six Fuegians. These were the most abject and miserable creatures. On the east coast the natives had guanaco cloaks; and on the west, they possessed seal-skins. Amongst these central tribes the men generally had an otter-skin, or some small scrap about as large as a pocket-handkerchief, which is barely sufficient to cover their backs as low down as their loins. It is laced across the breast by strings, and according as the wind blows it is shifted from side to side. But these Fuegians in the canoe were quite naked, and even one full-grown woman was absolutely so. It was raining heavily, and the fresh water, together with the spray, trickled down her body. In another harbour not far distant, a woman, who was suckling a little child, came one day alongside the vessel, and remained there out of mere curiosity, whilst the sleet fell and thawed on her naked bosom, and on the skin of her naked baby! These poor wretches were stunted in their growth, their hideous faces bedaubed with white paint, their skins filthy and greasy, their hair entangled, their voices discordant, and their gestures violent. Viewing such men, one can hardly make oneself believe that they are fellow-creatures, and inhabitants of the same world.

At night, five or six human beings, naked and scarcely protected from the wind and rain of this tempestuous climate, sleep on the wet ground, coiled up like animals. Whenever it is low-water, winter or summer, night or day, they must rise to pick shell-fish from the rocks; and the women either dive to collect sea-eggs, or sit patiently in their canoes, and with a baited hair-line, without any hook, jerk out little fish. If a seal is killed, or the floating carcass of a putrid whale discovered, it is a feast; and such miserable food is assisted by a few tasteless berries and fungi.

A small party of these men one morning set out, and the other Indians said that they were going four days' journey for food; on their return, each man was carrying a great square piece of putrid whale's blubber with a hole in the middle, through which they put their heads. It is certainly true, that when pressed in winter by hunger, they kill and devour their old women before they kill their dogs. A boy, being asked why they did this, answered, "Doggies catch otters, old women no." This boy described the manner in which they are killed by being held over smoke and thus choked,—he imitated their screams as a joke, and described the parts of their bodies which are considered best to

Horrid as such a death by the hands of their friends and

relatives must be, the fears of the old women, when hunger begins to press, are more painful to think of: they then often run away into the mountains, but they are pursued by the men, and brought back to the slaughter-house at their own fire-sides. Captain Fitzroy could never ascertain that the Fuegians have any distinct belief in a future life. They sometimes bury their dead in caves, and sometimes in the mountain forests; we do not know what ceremonies they perform; Jemmy Button would not eat land-birds, because "eat dead men;" they are unwilling even to mention their dead friends.

(To be continued.)



TRAVELLING IN WESTERN AFRICA.

PART OF A LETTER FROM MRS. ALLEN TO A FRIEND.

PERHAPS a description of our journey would not be uninteresting to you. My conveyance was a hammock, with baby on my lap, and Mr. Allen in a chair. May 11th, we left Akra at three A.M., and travelled until eleven, when we reached a krume, or village. When we came in, the women dropped their canky stones, and the men ceased their palavers, and children too numerous came around us. A white female is nothing very uncommon amongst them; but a white baby they could not understand. I gave her to one of the women to carry, being very tired myself. She was not a little pleased with her burden. After they thought that they had examined us sufficiently, they led us into one of their houses, and gave me a stool to sit on, whilst they continued their examination of our little girl; and at last came to the conclusion that she was white too much. On Mr. Allen's arrival we succeeded in getting some hot water to make tea. About twelve o'clock we again resumed our journey, followed for some distance by the greater part of the inhabitants, and arrived at Winnebah without any particular occurrence, with the exception of climbing a few rocks, and being carried through rivers, the water up to the men's necks. On the following morning at nine we again left Winnebah; after travelling about two hours we were overtaken in a tornado, but fortunately we were near a krume. The people received us very kindly, and gave us one of their best houses. In a short time we were comfortably settled with our boxes for seats and tables, and a few visitors into the bar-

gain. But the greatest object of attraction was the baby. We gave them to understand that we wanted something to eat. In a short time they brought some palm soup, made of dried fish. They cure their fish by laying it in the sun, when it putrefies and then dries. This soup I could not eat, although Mr. Allen made a good meal. I succeeded in getting some eggs, so got on very well, but could not get any milk for baby, the Fetish not allowing them to keep goats here.

About twelve we resumed our journey, followed as usual by the greater part of the inhabitants, wishing us good bye. We arrived at another krume about four, but only stopped for the men to buy their canky and fish; we also procured some fish and carried on with us for supper. I was quite glad to get away from this place; the streets were very narrow, and the people crowded on us so that we could scarcely breathe. About half-past six we arrived at Tacotum, and stopped at a respectable native's house; cooked our fish, and enjoyed our supper, I think, much more than I ever enjoyed a meal in England. Our little girl also appeared to rejoice over her nice cup of hot milk and water.

The next morning we left Tacotum. At six, after crossing a river about a quarter of a mile broad, sitting in the bottom of a canoe, something different from our passing-boats in England, we arrived at a krume. Not seeing a native house that we much liked, we took our station under some cocoa-nut trees, and, having procured some eggs, made a good breakfast. I remarked to Mr. Allen, that I thought he had made the tea rather strong; but this I accounted for afterwards, when asking for a little water for the baby. They brought me some in a calabash, rather thick, and about the darkest shade of brown. The poor baby preferred a little cocoa-nut milk.

In about an hour we again set forward; and, after crossing another river in the same fashion, arrived at another krume, but did not stop, as all our provisions were done, and none could be procured here. We continued our journey until about six in the evening, when our eyes were gladdened by the sight of Annamaboe Mission-house. Never was a more welcome sight to me; we had travelled one hundred miles in three days, rather different from our mode of travelling in England, but very romantic, had it not been for the fatigue.

Cape-Coast, August 3d, 1847.

Jane Allen.



THE SIN OF DOING NOTHING.

In an old religious Magazine there are the following questions on the words, "Curse ye Meroz."* The writer says:—

By whose authority? The Angel of the Lord's.

What has Meroz done? Nothing.

Why, then, is Meroz to be cursed? Because they did nothing.

What ought Meroz to have done? Come to the help of the Lord.

Could not the Lord do without Meroz? The Lord did do without Meroz.

Did the Lord sustain, then, any loss? No; but Meroz did.

Is Meroz, then, to be cursed? Yes, and that bitterly.

Is it right that a man should be cursed for doing nothing? Yes, when he ought to do something.

Who says so? The Angel of the Lord. "That servant which knew his Lord's will, and did not according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes." (Luke xii. 47.)



GOD'S FAITHFULNESS.

God not only supplies the wants of his children when they trust in him, but when they are in danger he is near to deliver them. You little children who live in Britain have little to fear from the conflicting elements, if you keep on dry land; but in tropical countries it is very different. There the dreadful hurricane goes forth in its fury, and in a few hours frequently lays a whole district in ruins. And the fearful mysterious earthquake comes to

* "Curse ye Meroz, said the Angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." (Judges v. 23.)

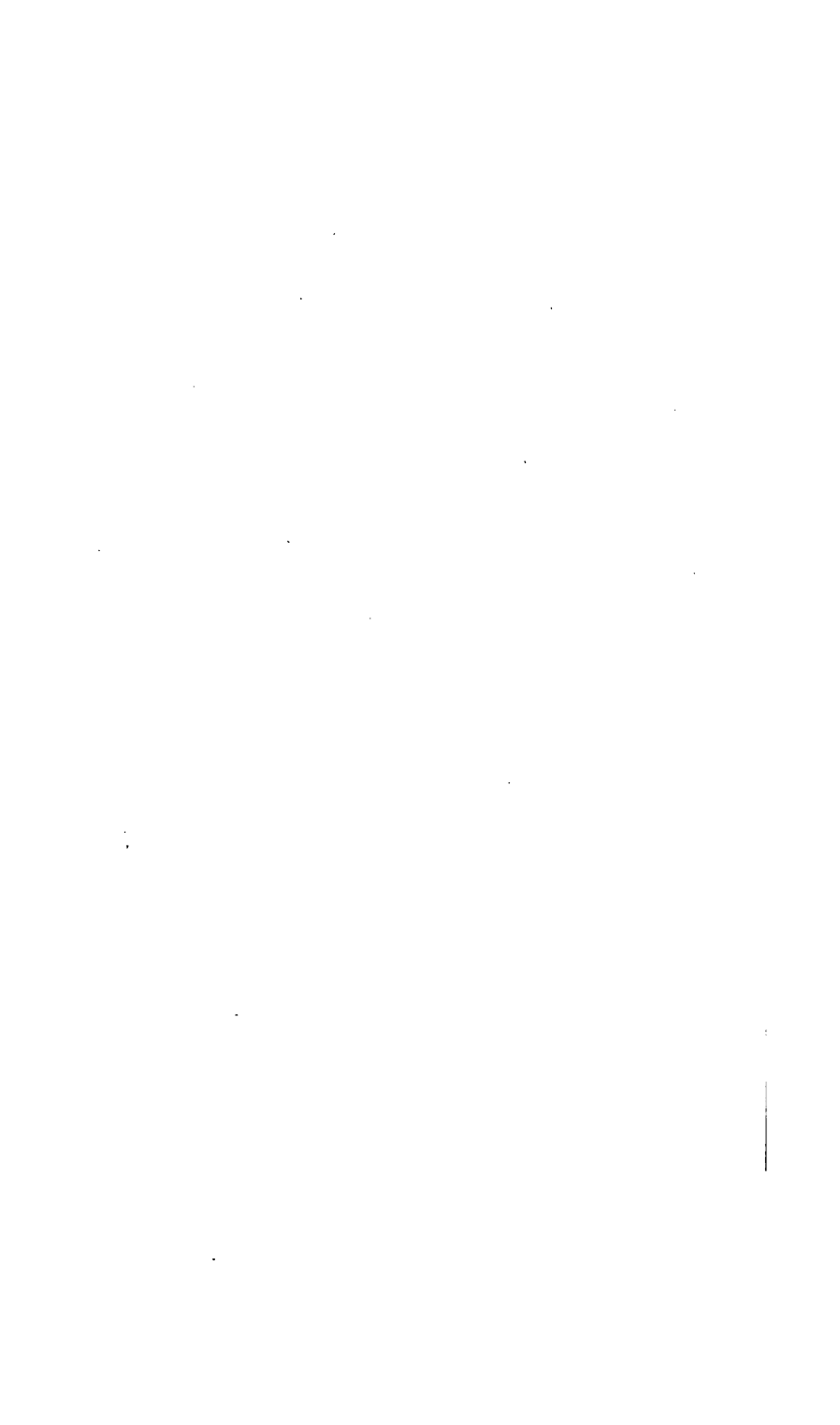
remind proud man of his impotency, and in a few seconds "makes of a city a heap." No one who was in Antigua on the 8th of February, 1843, can ever forget the horrors of that day. The sun had risen as brightly as ever: the merchant, the tradesman, and the planter had all gone to their usual pursuits. The Wesleyan Missionaries, who had been assembled at their annual District Meeting, had taken leave of each other once more, and most of them had left the island, except those who were to labour there for the year, when "the Lord looked upon the earth, and it trembled." In two minutes the whole island was in ruins. Churches, chapels, sugar-mills, boiling-houses, and private dwellings were indiscriminately levelled to the ground. We visited one estate the next morning where the work of destruction appeared at first sight to have been complete. The manager, overseers, and labourers were all assembled under a large tamarind-tree, where they had passed the night. One little hovel, however, stood amid the general wreck. We went and looked in at the window, and saw an old sick woman lying on her bed in the corner. The Missionary recognised her as one he had frequently visited, and who had been for a long time perfectly helpless. "What!" he said, "you there still, and your little cot too! how is that?" "Mi massa," she replied, "when me hear de people run scream, scream, all about, me say, 'Poor me, what me for do now? Me can't run, me can't get up.' Den me look up an me say, 'O mi Fader, dont let mi bid of a shelter fall on top o' me!' and O praise de Lord, praise de Lord, he hear me."

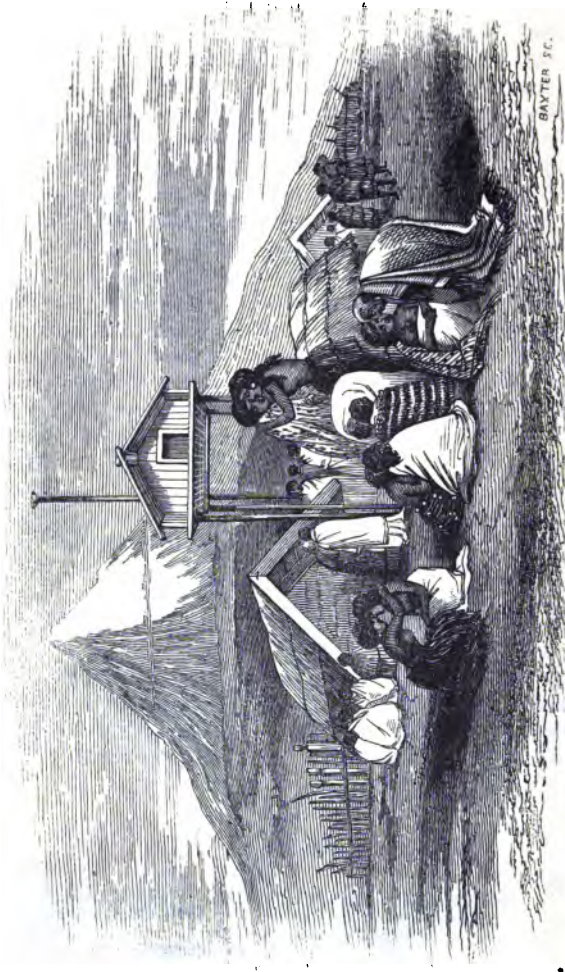
Margaret.

—◆—

CONTENTS.

	Page.		Page.
New-Zealand Children	73	Travelling in Western Africa	81
Letters on South Africa. No. IV...	73	The Sin of doing Nothing	83
Missions	77	God's Faithfulness	83
Jemmy Button, York Minister, &c. 78			





**A TANGI, OR MEETING OF FRIENDS,
NEAR MOUNT-EGMONT, NEW-ZEALAND.**

THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

AUGUST, 1848.

MEETING OF FRIENDS IN NEW-ZEALAND.

THE natives of New-Zealand have a curious custom called *Tangi*: When friends meet who are very glad to see each other, instead of showing their pleasure with cheerful looks and kind words as we do in England, they begin to cry bitterly; the women weep and howl, the men shed tears, and sit with their eyes mournfully fixed on the ground, as if they were suffering the deepest sorrow. This sometimes will continue for hours; after which they will begin to chat, and tell the news, and be very merry together.

The accompanying picture is taken from a sketch which Mr. Angas made of one of their meetings, when he was travelling in New-Zealand. He says: "We came to a settlement of natives. As soon as they saw us, the cry of *Te pakeha!* ('The white man!') resounded along the hills; whilst from eighty to one hundred natives met us, and conducted us to the front of the Chief's house, a sort of square. Here we sat down in silence, and the women burst forth into a loud *tangi*: many stood wringing their hands, and bending their bodies down in the eastern style, whilst from all around tears flowed profusely; and such *apparent* agony of grief was shown, that it seemed almost impossible to believe that it was only the performance of an every-day custom amongst the New-Zealanders.

"At sunset the next day we reached a small fortified village: there were but few natives living in it, to whom the sight of a *pakeha* was indeed astonishing; and, after the salutation of welcome, they began a *tangi* at my guides and myself. The man who entertained us uttered a faint sound in his throat, like that of a person crying at a distance, and continued to look mournfully

on the ground. The welcome of the women was voluble and loud; they howled dismally, and their tears fell fast for some time. Another female soon arrived, who, squatting on the ground, commenced a *tangi* with her friends, so loud and doleful that it made one feel quite dismal. There she sat, yelling horribly; but New-Zealand politeness compelled me to look grave, and not disturb her. There seemed to be no end of this woman's wailings of welcome: the night was cold, and she still continued to sit by the fire prolonging her dismal, discordant strains. Sometimes she would pitch a higher key, going upwards with a scream, shaking her voice, and muttering between every howl; then it would be a squall with variations, like 'house-top cats on moonlight nights.' Then she made some remarks to the woman next her, and recommenced howling in the most systematic way. Once again she became furious; then, during an interval, she spoke about the *pakeha*, joined in a hearty laugh with the rest, and at last, after one long-continued howl, all was silent, to my great relief."

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS FROM MISSIONARIES.

MY thoughts are, in a great measure, devoted to the females of India; I would spend and be spent for them. Do, if you can, assist me by getting a grant from some source for a girls'-school.

The school I left at Negapatam afforded me great pleasure and satisfaction. Several girls, while I was there, acquired a very good knowledge of reading, plain needle-work, and also rug-work; indeed two of them are now employed as schoolmistresses; one in connexion with the Church Missionary Society, and one in a girls' day-school which has been begun at Melnattam. Thus you see we have positive proof of the benefits of education to the females of India.

Mary Bachelor.

OUR people of late years have bestirred themselves well to learn; consequently the schools are well attended by boys and girls; the Sunday-schools by men and women. We sometimes see a woman with a child tied to her back, learning to read from a boy or girl.

Henry Badger, Missionary at Sierra Leone.

FAITH.

WE read a great deal in the Bible about "faith," and that, not only the faith by which a poor penitent sinner looks to Jesus as the only Saviour, and lays hold on him as *his* Saviour; but the faith which trusts in God in times of danger for deliverance, in times of sorrow for comfort, in times of want for supply, and in times of perplexity for direction. It would be a delightful evening's exercise for our little readers to take their Bibles, and, beginning at Genesis, to mark all the instances recorded there of this confiding faith; and it will puzzle them to find one case in which God did not honour such faith. There is now, alas! too little of this simple childlike faith in the Christian world; but wherever it is exercised, God honours it still. A poor old woman in one of the West Indian islands was once in great poverty: times were hard, she was sickly and unable to work; and, what distressed her most, her shoes were so bad that she could not go to chapel without getting her feet wet, which always made her ill. She was one who could say, with truth, "My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord;" and when Saturday came round again, her heart sunk within her, because the weather was wet, and she had no hope of getting to God's house. "But," said she, "my blessed Massa say, 'Ask, and ye shall receive;' so me dust go take up me ould shoes, and, kneeling down, me say, 'O Massa Jesus, look upon me ould shoes; do, mi Massa, dem all broke, me can't go to dy house to-morrow; do, mi Massa, help me.' Me put em down, mi heart quite light; me know Massa Jesus see em, dat enough. In de evening some one come to de door, rap, rap. 'Who's dare?' me say. 'Its me, mammy,' says Mr. D——'s boy. 'Massa sent dis parcel for you.' When de boy gone, me open de parcel, and what should be in it, but a pair of bran new shoes. Me know Massa Jesus sent em, and me heart too much glad. O, how me praise him!"

Margaret.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

AWAKE! arise! the Heathen fall
 Before the power of sin and death;
 Go sound the Gospel trumpet's call,
 And rescue them from hell beneath,

Haste to yon distant shores afar,
 Where Afric's sable children roam,
 Delighting in the art of war;
 And bid them to a Saviour come.

To India's burning plains repair,
 Where men to idol-gods bow down;
 And plant the Gospel standard there,
 And there proclaim that God is One.

To China's multitudes make known
 Celestial truth,—the' eternal word;
 And point them to that God alone,
 Whom nations all must own as Lord.

See yonder beauteous isles, far spread
 O'er the Pacific, bright and fair:
 There savage tribes each other dread,
 And cruelty and wrong are there.

Go! take the olive-branch of peace,
 Go, and announce a Saviour's name,
 Bid them from strife and discord cease,
 And for your Lord those islands claim.

Nor let the Indian wild and strange,
 With tomahawk and scalping-knife,
 Unpitied in the forest range,
 Seeking to take his brother's life.

Ye British youth, on whom the light
 Of truth and righteousness doth shine,
 Go, and diffuse its beams so bright,
 Go, and proclaim the grace divine.

From north to south, from east to west,
 The cry of dying men is heard,
 "O what is truth? O where is rest?
 We perish for the living word."

Thornley Smith.

— — — — —

**JEMMY BUTTON, YORK MINSTER, AND FUEGIA
 BASKET,**

THREE NATIVES OF TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

(Continued from page 81.)

AFTER having been detained six days in Wigwam Cove by very bad weather, we put to sea on the 30th of December. Captain Fitzroy wished to get westward to land York and Fuegia in their own country. When at sea we had a constant succession of gales, and the current was against us. On the 11th of January, by carrying a press of sail, we came within a few miles of the great rugged mountain of York Minster, (so called by Captain Cook, and the origin of the name of the elder Fuegian,) when a violent squall compelled us to shorten sail and stand out to sea.

Captain Fitzroy having resolved to settle the Fuegians, according to their wishes, in Ponsonby Sound, four boats were equipped to carry them there through the Beagle Channel. At night we slept close to the junction of Ponsonby Sound with the Beagle Channel. A small family of Fuegians, who were living in the cove, were quiet and inoffensive, and soon joined our party round a blazing fire. We were well clothed, and, though sitting close to the fire, were far from too warm; yet these naked savages, though further off, were observed, to our great surprise, to be streaming with perspiration at undergoing such a roasting. During the night the news had spread, and early in the morning a fresh party arrived, belonging to Jemmy's tribe. Several of them had run so fast that their noses were bleeding, and their mouths frothed from the rapidity with which they talked; and with their naked bodies all bedaubed with black, white, and red, they looked like so many demons who had been fighting. We then proceeded (accompanied by twelve canoes, each holding four or five people) down Ponsonby Sound, the spot where poor Jer-

expected to find his mother and relatives. He had already heard that his father was dead; but as he had had a "dream in his head" to that effect, he did not seem to care much about it, and repeatedly comforted himself with the very natural reflection, "Me no help it." He was not able to learn any particulars regarding his father's death, as his relations would not speak about it. Jemmy was now in a district well known to him, and guided the boats to a quiet pretty cove named Woollya, surrounded by islets, every one of which and every point had its proper native name. We found here a family of Jemmy's tribe, but not his relations; we made friends with them; and in the evening they sent a canoe to inform Jemmy's mother and brothers. The cove was bordered by some acres of good sloping land, not covered (as elsewhere) either by peat or by forest-trees. Captain Fitzroy originally intended, as before stated, to have taken York Minster and Fuegia to their own tribe on the west coast; but as they expressed a wish to remain here, and as the spot was singularly favourable, Captain Fitzroy determined to settle here the whole party, including Mr. Mathews the Missionary. Five days were spent in building for them three large wigwams, in landing their goods, in digging two gardens, and sowing seed.

The next morning after our arrival the Fuegians began to pour in, and Jemmy's mother and brothers arrived. Jemmy recognised the loud voice of one of his brothers at a great distance. The meeting was less interesting than that between a horse, turned into a field, when he joins an old companion. They simply stared for a short time at each other; and the mother immediately went to look after her canoe. We heard, however, through York, that the mother had been inconsolable for the loss of Jemmy, and had searched everywhere for him, thinking that he might have left after having been taken in the boat. The women took much notice of Fuegia, and were very kind to her.

Everything went on peaceably during the three next days, whilst the men were digging the gardens and building wigwams. We estimated the number of natives at about one hundred and twenty. The women worked hard, whilst the men lounged about all day long watching us. They asked for everything they saw, and stole what they could. They were delighted at our singing, and were particularly interested at seeing us wash in a neighbouring brook; they did not pay much attention to anything else, not even to our boats. We returned into the Beagle Channel by the

southern arm, and thence proceeded back to Ponsonby Sound. We arrived again at Woollya, after an absence of a month. Mr. Matthews, the Missionary, gave so bad an account of the conduct of the Fuegians, that Captain Fitzroy determined to take him back to the Beagle; and he was left at New-Zealand, where his brother was a Missionary. From the time of our leaving, a regular system of plunder commenced; fresh parties of the natives kept arriving; York and Jemmy lost many things, and the Missionary almost every thing which had not been concealed underground. Every article seemed to have been torn up and divided by the natives. Mr. Matthews described the watch he was obliged always to keep as most harassing; night and day he was surrounded by the natives, who tried to tire him out by making an incessant noise close to his head.

One day an old man, whom Mr. Matthews asked to leave his wigwam, immediately returned with a large stone in his hand. Another day a whole party came armed with stones and stakes, and some of the younger men and Jemmy's brother were crying: the Missionary met them with presents: another party showed by signs that they wished to strip him naked, and pluck all the hairs out of his face and body. I think we arrived just in time to save his life. Jemmy's relatives had been so vain and foolish, that they had showed to strangers their plunder, and their manner of obtaining it. It was quite melancholy to leave the three Fuegians with their savage countrymen; but it was a great comfort that they had no personal fears. York, being a powerful, resolute man, was pretty sure to get on well, together with his wife Fuegia. Poor Jemmy looked rather disconsolate, and would then, I have little doubt, have been glad to have returned with us. His own brother had stolen many things from him; and, as he remarked, "What fashion call that?" he abused his countrymen, "All bad men, no *sabe* ('know') nothing." Our three Fuegians, though they had been only three years with civilized men, would, I am sure, have been glad to have kept their new habits; but this was impossible.

In the evening, with the Missionary on board, we made sail back to the ship. The boats were heavily laden and the sea rough, and we had a dangerous passage. By the evening of the 7th, we were on board the "Beagle," after an absence of twenty days, during which time we had gone three hundred miles in the open boats. On the 11th, Captain Fitzroy paid a visit by himself to the Fue-

gians, and found them going on well; and that they had not lost many more things.

On the 5th of March we anchored in the cove of Woollya; but we saw not a soul there. We were alarmed at this; for the natives at Ponsonby Sound showed by gestures, that there had been fighting; and we afterwards heard that the dreaded Oens men had made a descent. Soon a canoe, with a little flag flying, was seen approaching, with one of the men in it washing the paint off his face. This man was poor Jemmy, now a thin haggard savage, with long disordered hair, and naked, except a bit of a blanket round his waist. We did not recognise him till he was close to us; for he was ashamed of himself, and turned his back to the ship. We had left him plump, fat, clean, and well dressed. I never saw so complete a change. As soon, however, as he was clothed, and the first flurry was over, things wore a good appearance. He dined with Captain Fitzroy, and ate his dinner as tidily as formerly. He told us he had "too much" (meaning enough) "to eat, that he was not cold, that his relations were very good people, and that he did not wish to go back to England." In the evening we found out the cause of this great change in Jemmy's feelings in the arrival of his young and nice-looking wife. With his usual good feelings, he brought two beautiful otter-skins for two of his best friends, and some spear-heads and arrows, made with his own hands, for the Captain. He said he had built a canoe for himself; and he boasted that he could talk a little of his own language. But it is a most singular fact, that he appears to have taught all his tribe some English: an old man spontaneously announced, "Jemmy Button's wife." Jemmy had lost all his property. He told us that York Minster had built a large canoe, and, with his wife Fuegia, had several months since gone to his own country. Jemmy went to sleep on shore, and in the morning returned, and remained on board till the ship got under weigh, which frightened his wife, who continued crying violently till he got into his canoe. He returned loaded with valuable property. Every soul on board was heartily sorry to shake hands with him for the last time.

Every one must sincerely hope that Captain Fitzroy's noble hope may be fulfilled, and that he may be rewarded for the many generous sacrifices which he made for these Fuegians, by some shipwrecked sailor being protected by the descendants of

Jemmy Button and his tribe ! When Jemmy reached the shore, he lighted a signal fire, and the smoke curled up, bidding us a last and long farewell, as the ship stood on her course into the open sea.

From Darwin's Naturalist's Voyage.

A CHINESE ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following advertisement is copied from a Chinese newspaper:—

“Achen Tea Chin Chin, sculptor, respectfully acquaints Masters of ships, trading from Canton to India, that they may be furnished with figure-heads of any size, according to order, at one-fourth of the price charged in Europe. He also recommends, for private venture, the following idols, brass, gold, and silver:—

“The hawk of Vishnoo, which has reliefs of his incarnation in a fish, boar, lion, and turtle.

“An Egyptian apis, a golden calf and bull, as worshipped by the pious followers of Zoroaster.

“Two silver mammosits, with gold ear-rings; a ram, an alligator, a crab, a laughing hyæna, with a variety of household gods, on a small scale, calculated for family worship. Eighteen months' credit will be given, or a discount of 15 per cent. for prompt payment of the sum affixed to each article. Direct, China-Street, Canton, under the Marble Rhinoceros and Gilt Hydra.”

NECESSITY OF MISSIONS.

DR. CAREY was once walking with a gentleman at Serampore, who pointed to a boy, and asked the Doctor if he could imagine how he came by him. The reply was, of course, in the negative. He then stated, that he was on the east coast of Sumatra, when, having occasion to go ashore, he saw three little boys. He asked a Malay who they were, and was instantly told, they had been stolen from a neighbouring island, and would be sold for food to

the Battahs, (a nation inhabiting part of Sumatra,) *as soon as they were fattened.* He asked their price, was told it was one hundred and sixty dollars; he paid the money, and took them on board his ship for the preservation of their lives. Truly "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty!"

When a Missionary in South America was reproving a married woman, of reputed good character, for following the custom of destroying female infants, she answered with tears, "I wish earnestly, father, I wish that my mother had, by my death, prevented the distresses I endure, and have yet to endure, as long as I live. Consider, father, our deplorable condition. Our husbands go to hunt, and trouble themselves no further. We are dragged along, with one infant at the breast, and another in a basket. They return in the evening without any burden; we return with the burden of our children; and, though tired with a long march, are not permitted to sleep, but must labour the whole night in grinding maize to make chica for them. They get drunk, and in their drunkenness beat us, draw us by the hair of the head, and tread us under foot. And what have we to comfort us for slavery that has no end? A young wife is brought in upon us, who is permitted to abuse us and our children, because we are no longer regarded. Can human nature endure such tyranny? What kindness can we show to our female children equal to that of relieving them from such oppression, more bitter a thousand times than death? I say again, would to God that my mother had put me under ground the moment I was born!"

"Five hundred millions of souls," exclaims a Missionary, "are represented as being unenlightened! I cannot, if I would, give up the idea of being a Missionary, while I reflect upon this vast number of my fellow-sinners who are perishing for lack of knowledge. 'Five hundred millions!' intrudes itself wherever I go, and however I am

employed. When I go to bed, it is the last thing that recurs to my memory ; if I awake in the night, it is to meditate on it alone ; and in the morning, it is generally the first thing that occupies my thoughts."

Missionary Anecdotes.



WHAT SHALL I RENDER UNTO THE LORD FOR ALL HIS MERCIES ?

LET us think a little about our mercies. It is a great mercy that we were not born in a heathen land, where we should now be worshipping idols, gods of wood and stone ; instead of living in houses, and getting suitable food, we should be roaming about, naked, starving savages, like the natives of New South Wales ; or, as the people in Feejee, we should be feasting on human flesh ; or perhaps be ourselves sacrificed, to make a feast for others. Had our lot been cast in India or China, where the people are more civilized, still misery would have been our portion. You, dear children, have heard of the cruelties that are practised in those countries : mothers torn from their families to be burnt with the dead bodies of their husbands ; children sacrificed to idols ; babies thrown into the streets, trampled upon, and eaten by dogs : many, many more are the cruelties I could tell you of ; but these are enough to show you that it is a great mercy to be born in England.

We are living in a land where Christ is worshipped. In Roman Catholic countries the people worship the Virgin Mary, and pray to sainte, and confess their sins to men instead of God ; they never read the Bible, and know not that Jesus Christ will, for his own sake, pardon their sins.

And then we have, all of us, I hope, pious parents and teachers, who have watched over us and kept us from evil, and taught us to read and to reverence God's holy word. A few months ago the inhabitants of a town in Switzerland dragged the holy Scriptures through the mud in the streets, crying out, "Down with the Gospel ! Down with Jesus Christ !" It makes us shudder to hear of such wickedness ; and we may well be thankful that we were not of the number.

And then the crowning mercy bestowed upon us, the redemption

of our souls by Christ Jesus, the pardon bought with blood, which is offered to every one of us. We are all sinners, we may all be saved and be made heirs of heaven; for Christ has died for us. Surely, when we think of these things, our every breath should be praise, and our whole life one continued effort to spread the knowledge of his love.

“ O God, of good the’ unfathom’d sea,
 Who would not give his heart to Thee ?
 Who would not love Thee with his might ?
 O Jesu, Lover of mankind,
 Who would not his whole soul and mind,
 With all his strength, to thee unite ? ”

What shall we render to the Lord for all these mercies ? Why, we will first give ourselves to Him ; and then, with earnest prayer, and unwearying effort, we will try to send the knowledge of this salvation to those who have it not ; we will never forget the millions of Heathens who are living in misery, because no one has told them of Christ ; we will pray for them, and work for them : and surely the service of our whole lives will be but a small return for the abounding mercies bestowed upon us.



MISSIONARY SCRAPS.

THERE are about one hundred and eighty thousand converted Heathen in communion with the Mission churches, and two hundred thousand attending schools. Happy fruits of Missions !

The ocean is made up of drops, so is the world of particles, and the Mission fund is swelled with half-pennies and pennies.



CONTENTS.

	Page.		Page.
Meeting of Friends in New-Zealand	85	Jemmy Button, York Minster, &c.	89
Extracts of Letters from Missionaries	86	A Chinese Advertisement	93
Faith	87	Necessity of Missions	98
Missionary Hymn	88	What shall I render unto the Lord ?	95
		Missionary Scraps	96

1
2
3
4
5

6

7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100



VARUNA, THE HINDOO GOD OF THE SEA.

THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

SEPTEMBER, 1848.



VARUNA, THE HINDOO GOD OF THE SEA.

THE little children who look at this picture will laugh, and think it is a very funny one, and will wonder what it is intended to represent. Ah, my dear children, your smiles will vanish when I tell you that it is the picture of a god that is worshipped by millions of our fellow-creatures in India: it is called "Varuna, the God of the Sea." This image, which in our Christian land will only amuse children, is bowed down to by grave, learned men, who pray to it, and call it their God. How low does human nature sink when it is left without the light of divine truth!

Let us pray that the Heathen in India may soon be taught to know the one true God.



SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

A LONG letter has been received from Mr. Lawry, in which he gives an account of his voyages in the "John Wesley" to several islands in the South Seas. I will give you a few anecdotes from it; the whole of his journal will be published in the "Missionary Notices."

ARRIVAL AT TONGA.

June 12th, 1847.—We came to anchor at Tonga, after a rough and stormy passage of a fortnight, which, in most vessels, would have been at least three weeks; but the "John Wesley" does wonders, and is a first-rate vessel in all respects. Mr. Thomas came on board, an honoured servant of the great Master; and we soon followed him ashore, where every thing teemed with luxu-

riance and beauty. The Missionaries and their wives had no language to express their delight. We visited the King and Queen,* after their return from the Saturday evening prayer-meeting: their dwelling is simple, but lovely, and they were engaged in reading the Scriptures by two lamps. They said, with animation, "We are happy to see you, and praise the Lord for sending you."

SUNDAY SERVICES.

On Sunday we went ashore and breakfasted; at nine o'clock the native service began: the large chapel was filled with devout hearers. Mr. Thomas preached, and the King prayed after the sermon; so energetic and touching was his prayer, that tears and sobs became general throughout the congregation. Both sailors and passengers retired from the scene deeply affected; and each asked the other if he had ever before witnessed a scene half so delightful as this. After the service in the evening, we returned to the brig, highly delighted. As we passed down through the grove, which is between the Mission premises and the sea, we scarcely passed a house where the inmates were not engaged in family devotion, singing, reading the Scriptures, and prayer.

KING GEORGE PREACHING.

On Sunday, 20th, I preached in the large chapel at Nukua Lofa in the morning. In the afternoon the King preached in the same pulpit; the attention of his audience was riveted while he explained the words of our Lord: "I am come, that ye might have life." The King is a tall and graceful person: in the pulpit he was dressed in a black coat, and his manner was solemn and earnest. His action was dignified and proper, his delivery graceful, fluent, and not without majesty. His hearers hung upon his lips with earnest and increased interest. It was affecting to see this dignified man stretching out his hands over his people, with one of his little fingers cut off, as an offering to a Heathen god; a usage among this people before they became Christians.

SAIL FOR VAVAU.

Monday, 21st.—We weighed anchor, and sailed for Vavau: this passage took us eight days; we arrived on Sunday morning. I was pleased to find, while working our way up the harbour,

* King George and Queen Charlotte.

A TONGUESE TAKING PHYSIC.

39

that not a single canoe came off to us : we saw only a few carrying the Local Preachers to their respective places for the day ; while more than once, as we neared the shore in tacking, the beautiful groves were vocal with congregational singing in their usual places of worship. On my former visit to these isles, fleets of canoes would have surrounded us, clamorous to barter ; but the pure word of God has come to the people, and they are changed from Pagans to Christians.

SCHOOL AT VAVAU.

This morning I attended the school, and was deeply affected while there. Could you have witnessed that sight, your tears would have flowed as fast as mine. About sixty boys and girls were there, clean, intelligent, and well instructed in useful knowledge. They sat in four rows, in the centre of a large house. A Local Preacher and his wife were at the head, and six other grave natives were assisting. All was silent order and well-disciplined attention to the case in hand. They showed good knowledge of the Scriptures, and some of the children were decidedly pious. Of such schools we have about sixty in the Vavau Circuit. Here is the ground-work of civil and moral elevation for this beautiful race of Friendly Islanders.

A TONGUESE TAKING PHYSIC.

A MAN came to the Mission-House for some medicine, which was carefully wrapped up in a pretty substantial piece of brown paper, and accompanied with the verbal direction, "TAKE THIS when you get home." The man accordingly did so ; but complained to one of his neighbours, that the medicine (a small portion of calomel) was very difficult to take. The other said that, as to the difficulty, he, for his part, had taken the same kind of medicine, and found no difficulty whatever. To which the first replied, that he should not have minded the medicine, but he found it *very hard to swallow such a lump of brown paper.*

Rev. Walter Lawry's Journal.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home ;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand ;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

What, though the tempest rage ?
Heaven is my home ;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
And time's cold, wintry blast
Soon will be overpast ;
I shall reach home at last,—
Heaven is my home.

Then, at my Saviour's side,—
Heaven is my home,—
I shall be glorified ;
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best ;
And there I, too, shall rest :
Heaven is my home.



A SABBATH IN KUMASI.

It was the day for commencing the Yam Custom. On the Saturday a grand reception had been given by the King to the provincial Chiefs and their numerous attendants. Knowing that, at the usual time of service, the town would be in a state of extreme disorder, I called the people together at six a.m. instead of eleven. A number of Ashantis were present, who listened to the word with great attention. As soon as the service was concluded the rain began to fall, and continued, without intermission, until one p.m.; by this a check was put upon the wild proceedings of the people. The town was, however, in a state of indescribable excitement and confusion. Towards noon I walked out for a short time, to see and converse with some of the people, but soon found that conversation was out of the question. Large brass pans had been placed in the streets, and these, by order of the King and Chiefs, had been filled with rum; all being at liberty to drink as much as they thought proper. Tens of thousands were in a state of drunkenness; some shouting and singing, others drumming and dancing. Here lay persons of both sexes, "wallowing in the mire," so far overcome by rum as to be unable to reel home. There one drunken party professed to conduct their no less drunken charge to a place of safety, both alike needing some one to guide them. Then again, an intoxicated Captain astride upon the shoulders of his staggering slave, attempted to reach his home; but, from appearances, was unlikely to do this in any thing like reasonable time, as both slave and master occasionally came to the ground, and, when once there, found it no easy matter to regain their former position. Among the crowd were the executioners, flourishing their knives, and carrying in their mouth pieces of human flesh. These men, running madly among the crowd, spread terror on every hand.

Many of the Chiefs, who were for the most part sober, had, despite rain and mud, sallied forth, and were paradin-

the streets, their noisy drunken attendants bellowing forth their "strong names." At twelve the King joined the dense crowds, and made a circuit of the town; his presence every where being the signal for an increase of riot and confusion, and drunken good humour.

At three P.M. I again conducted divine worship; about sixty persons attended, some of whom heard with attention, but the noise without frequently disturbed us.

At five P.M. the trophies won in many a battle were displayed; the skulls of vanquished enemies were, according to custom, brought from Bantama; and, amidst insults and derision, carried through the town. The scene at this time became altogether indescribable: these valued relics were borne by men already maddened by the large quantity of rum drunk during the day; and now that they were intrusted with these trophies every feeling of the savage nature seemed excited to the highest possible degree. Holding high in the air the skulls of the vanquished, and flourishing their long and bloody knives, a deafening shout of triumph, accompanied by the most bitter sarcasm, broke forth. Occasionally the multitude made a pause, in order to perform some ceremony of a superstitious nature: while those whose business it was to attend to these ceremonies were performing their part, thousands of the wild, and now seemingly furious, multitudes were with mad gesticulation rushing to and fro, amidst the encouraging shouts of numerous bystanders, both male and female.

It would not at this moment have required any very great stretch of imagination for a looker-on from a Christian land to have thought himself suddenly removed from earth, and placed for the time being amidst a multitude of demons: to nothing else could I compare the whole scene before me. I gazed upon this assembly of furies with feelings of mingled horror and pity, and retired to weep and pray for them.

At seven P.M. our little society met for prayer. I reminded them of the state of the people; and with one

consent they cried unto God, that unto these deeply-fallen ones he would give light, conviction, and penitence.

At ten the scene closed, to be partially renewed again on the following morning.

One man had been killed in the morning: he was an Ashanti, who had committed some offence for which he had been sentenced to death. After his head was cut off his body had been literally cut to pieces by the executioners, for the purpose before mentioned. During the day I passed the spot, where lay a small part of the body: two or three of the ribs, a foot, and part of the hairy scalp; was all that remained; the executioners and turkey-buzzards having carried away all the rest. This man was the only person killed during the celebration of the whole Custom.

Rev. G. Chapman.

LETTERS ON SOUTH AFRICA.

No. V.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—When I first went to Africa, I expected to labour in the Bechuana Country, which is situated beyond the Great Orange River, several hundred miles in the interior. There are a great many tribes and nations in that country, some of whose names are Corannas, Mantatus, Baralonge, Batlapis, and Baraputsi. Many of these tribes are exceedingly numerous; but they are all Heathens, and live in a very wretched state, being clothed in skins, and frequently at war one with another. If you were to see a Mantatu warrior, with his shield made of the hide of an ox, his spear, and his battle-axe, or club, I think you would be greatly afraid; for his appearance is very terrible, and he looks as if he would destroy every one that comes near him. I have heard of a great Chief and warrior, named Sikonyella, who cruelly murdered a fine young man, called Lekuana, because he was a Christian, and bore witness among his people of the grace of God. How thankful should we be that we are not

ger of being put to death for the sake of the religion we profess! Do not forget that whilst you dwell in a land of liberty, where you possess Sabbaths and Bibles and Christian sanctuaries, and can worship God as you please, there are many who live in countries where superstition and idolatry prevail, and who, if they wish to worship God, can do so only by retiring to the dens and caves of the earth, where they will not be heard. So it was in some parts of South Africa, and I believe it is so still.

But Christian Missionaries have entered the land; and though, at first, they had to suffer many privations, to endure great trials, and to witness the cruelties practised by the tribes whom they sought to turn to God, they have had the happiness of seeing many renounce their Heathen customs, and become true disciples of the Saviour, Jesus Christ. There are now several beautiful Mission villages in that country, as well as in Kaffraria, where great numbers of persons hear, and are taught to read, in their own language, the words of truth and life. The town of Thaba-'Unchu contains a population of fifteen thousand people.

On one of the Mission Stations, M'parani, God was pleased to pour out his Spirit upon the people very abundantly. Many young persons, among whom was the son of a Chief, became convinced of sin, and, as the custom is in such cases, went into the bush to pray, until they found peace with God. I have often heard persons in South Africa praying and singing in the bush; and it is very cheering and delightful to listen to them, as it leads us to hope that they are anxious to find the way to heaven. Well, after this revival, several young men, whose hearts had been filled with the love of Christ, were accustomed to sally forth from the Station early on the Sabbath day, riding on the backs of oxen, to visit the neighbouring kraals, or villages, that they might tell the inhabitants the "good news" which they had heard from the Missionary. They would sometimes try to remember the sermon they had heard last, and would attempt to preach it as the Missionary had done; and thus the word of God spread in

various directions, and great numbers were brought to the knowledge of the truth.

It is very amusing to see people ride upon oxen. The Kaffirs and Bechuanas frequently do so, and they make the oxen run very swiftly. They use no saddle, but will sometimes tie a kaross, or piece of skin, upon the back of the ox, on which they will sit, and they put a ring through his nose, to which they make fast a sort of bridle. The boys will often jump upon the backs of young oxen, which are very wild, and the oxen will kick, and throw up their hind legs, until, at length, the boys fall off. But they do not care for the tumble, but will run after the animals, and try again.

The Missionary who resided at M'parani, at the time to which I refer, was the Rev. J. Allison. He is a very zealous and devoted man, and has suffered much for the cause of Christ among the Heathen. He took a long journey, some time ago, far into the interior, to establish a Mission among the Baraputsi. Whilst on his way with his waggons, and a number of the natives who accompanied him, the long dry grass, which is very abundant in that country, took fire, and the flames ran along the ground for many miles, when they reached the Missionary and his party, who were in great danger of being suffocated, or burnt to death. In a letter, giving an account of his journey, Mr. Allison says, "The progress of the flames was fearfully rapid, beyond any thing I had before seen or heard of. The roar was like artillery at a distance. No time was to be lost; I jumped from my waggon with a box of lucifers in my hand, anxious to clear a place for the oxen's feet, and cause them to pass into it, ere the current of air gave a terrific force to the flames. On opening the lucifer-box, to my alarm, I found it contained but two matches: the first one failed, the second happily did not. In a few seconds a space was cleared, and we drove into it. At that moment the main body of the fire reached us. It was a fearful time. Although we got as far from it as the space would admit of, the heat was almost beyond endur-

ance. For a few seconds I could scarcely breathe." Thus you see, that by burning the grass that was around him, before the more powerful flames drew near, the Missionary was graciously preserved, and, after several weeks' travelling, he arrived among the people whom he wished to see.

Not unfrequently have I witnessed the grass burn in South Africa. In this country, where there is so much rain, it is seldom dry enough to burn; but in Africa, where there are long droughts, and the sun is very hot, it becomes parched and withered, and, if a spark be applied to it, it will speedily take fire, and the flames, carried along by the wind, will often spread over a vast extent of land. In the night the appearance thus presented is often very grand. The heavens seem illuminated, as they are over the city of London by the reflection of the numerous gas-lights in the streets. Sometimes the grass is set on fire by accident; but at other times it is done purposely to destroy the insects that abound in it, and that are very injurious to the cattle, as well as to burn up the straw and stubble, so that fresh grass may spring up in their place. After the grass has been burnt, the country, for many miles, appears quite black; but when the rain falls, it soon becomes beautifully green. Thus it is, my young friends, with the human heart: whilst the thorns and briars of sin are permitted to remain in it, the tender plants of righteousness will not grow; but if the thorns and briars are burnt up, the heart, refreshed with the showers of heavenly grace, will be beautified with the flowers and fruits of holiness, as a garden of the Lord, which he hath blessed.

Though, in consequence of family affliction, I never reached the Bechnana Country, yet I shall tell you something more respecting it in my next letter.

Thornley Smith.

NEGRO SYMPATHY.

A GREAT many years ago, people who did not fear God used to say, that Negroes had no souls, that they were only a little better than monkeys, and that it was no use to try to instruct them, for they would never be able to learn. No one is so foolish or so wicked as to make such a remark now; because it is well known that the Negroes can learn, and do learn, as well and better than many Whites. They have embraced the offer of salvation which the Missionaries have taken to them; and thousands of Negroes are this day living ornaments of the Christian religion. We are continually meeting with accounts of their love to their Ministers; and the following little story from the letter of a Missionary in the West Indies will show you, that there is a sensibility and delicacy among these Christian Negroes which is not often to be found amongst our English poor. On the 30th of April, Mr. Denton's baby died; and he says:—

“It would be worse than forgetfulness, it would be ingratitude, were I not to record the great sympathy and affection which have been shown to us by the people. When the event took place, they could scarcely restrain their grief; and from the time the baby died, until after she was buried, our house was never without many comforters. It is the custom here, when a death occurs, that all who have any respect for the deceased should go to the house, in order to see the corpse, and say ‘hush’ to the surviving relatives. We were reminded of what is said respecting the death of Lazarus, that ‘many of the Jews came to Martha and Mary, to comfort them concerning their brother.’ Each one laboured to say something to soothe our grief, or to reconcile us to the providence of God.

“As they are much in the habit of using figures and parables, we had an opportunity of hearing many. Some of them we could not understand; but some of

which we could were very significant. One was to the following effect:—‘Supposing some one has given you a sheep to take care of and to feed, and by and by they return to you, and ask for the sheep; what can you do? You cannot refuse to give it to him. He must take it, because it is his own.’ The application of this, which is left to one’s own mind, is very easy. An old woman applied another, as follows:—‘Every person has a thread, and that thread is in the hands of God. Even little children have a thread. When that thread is cut, we die. But if that thread were in our own hands, who would cut it? Suppose your babe’s thread had been in your hand, when would you or master have had courage to cut it? Never. In this case she would live always. But no! we are all in God’s hand, and it is he who must cut our thread.’”



MISSIONARY SCRAPS.

THERE are about two hundred millions of people in India, and they have no less than three hundred and thirty millions of idol gods.

There are upwards of six hundred millions of people living in Heathen darkness; and about seventeen millions four hundred and twenty-two thousand of these die every year.

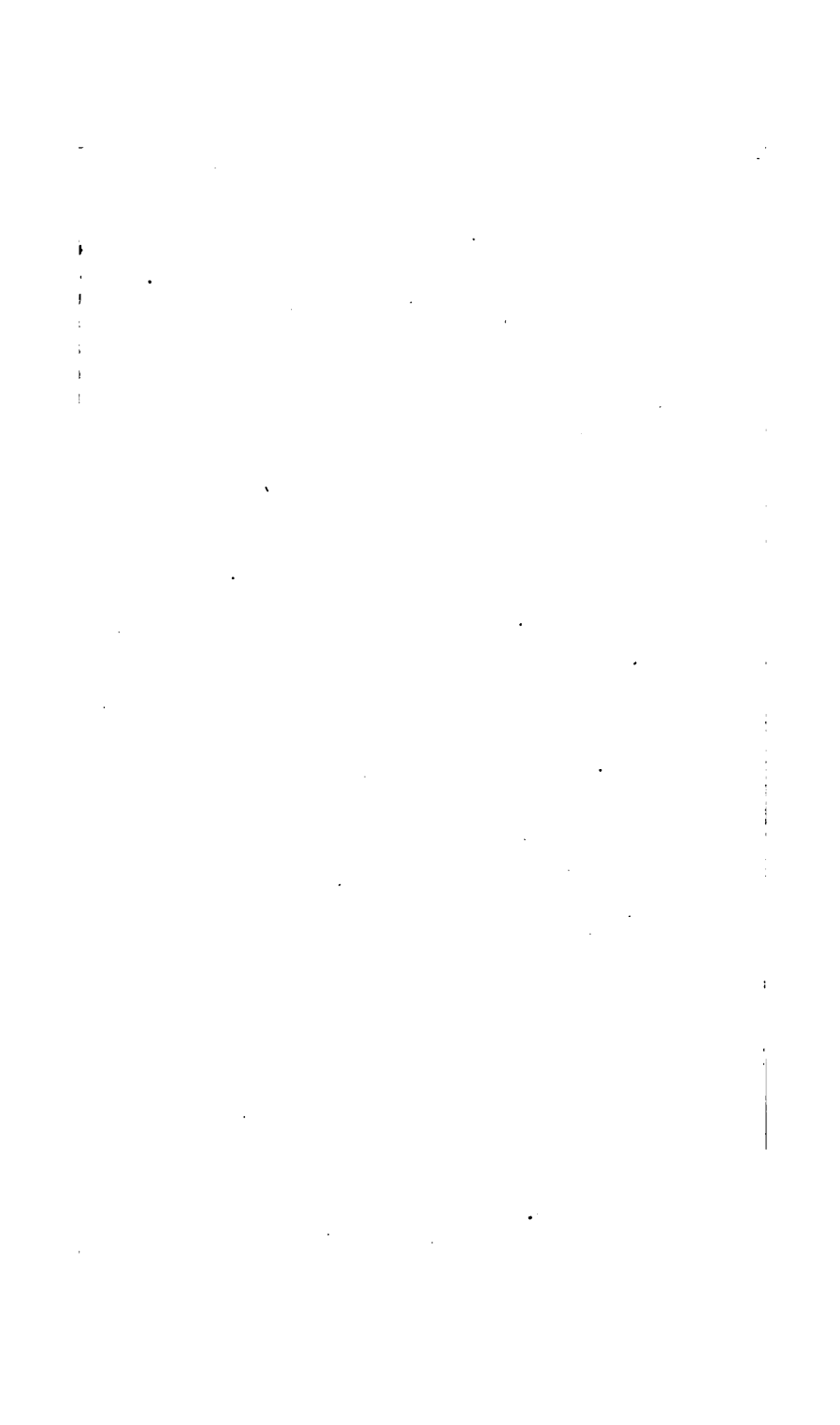
In India they worship a river called the Ganges, in which many thousands perish every year. Let us send them the water of life.

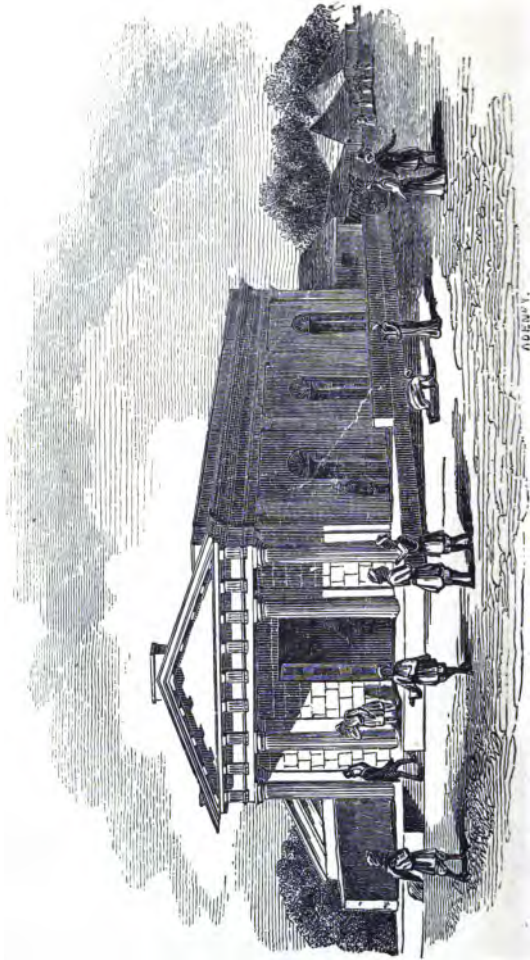
In 1844, a Koolen Brahmin died in Northern India, who had one hundred wives, all of whom were burned to ashes with the dead body of their husband.



CONTENTS.

	Page.		Page.
Varana, the Hindoo God of the		A Sabbath in Kumaes	101
Sea	97	Letters on South Africa. No. V...	103
South Sea Islands	97	Negro Sympathy.....	107
A Tonguese taking Physic	99	Missionary Scraps	108
Heaven is my Home	100		





AGENCY.

WESLEYAN CHAPEL AT ST. THOME, MADRAS.

THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

OCTOBER 1848.

—◆◆◆—
WESLEYAN CHAPEL AT ST. THOME, MADRAS.

LAST month the picture in the "Juvenile Offering" was a Heathen God; we have a more pleasing subject this month, the Chapel at St. Thome, Madras. One shows the evil,—idolatry; the other shows where the remedy is to be found,—the house of God where his truth is preached. We have two chapels in Madras; the large one, of which you had a picture in the January Number of this Magazine, and the chapel in St. Thome, which is situated in another part of the town where the poorer natives live. Great things have been done in Madras. There are several chapels and churches belonging to Wesleyans, and other denominations; but a great deal yet remains to be done before the myriads of India will all be made Christians.

—◆◆◆—
HORRID MURDER IN CEYLON.

I HAVE to record a most revolting murder, perpetrated here a short time ago, under circumstances of great aggravation. The unhappy victim, a child of about ten years, was a scholar in one of our schools. The murderer is a follower of the "Arab thief," *alias* a Mahomedan. It has since transpired, that this man was seen loitering about the school for some days, without any apparent business.

In this school there are several sons of wealthy Chittys, or merchants, who wear ornaments of gold about different parts of their persons. He had repeatedly urged the little fellows to go with him into the jungle, promising to gi-

them some birds. It appears they were afraid to go into the jungle with him. He reproached them with their cowardice, and tried other boys.

The hapless child with whom he succeeded was the son of a merchant, also a Mahomedan. To the father of the boy this man was under special obligation. He was one of the most interesting children in our school, and a decided favourite of mine. He wore ornaments of silver about his neck, wrists, and ankles. He was decoyed away as he left the school to take his breakfast. He carried with him his stylus, and the *ola* or leaf on which he had written the lesson of the morning. The former was the instrument with which the assassin completed his bloody purpose. The iron pen had been thrust through the neck several times. There were many other wounds, any of them fatal, in different parts of the body. The body, thus mutilated, was stripped of its ornaments, and cast into a ditch.

The guilty man then returned to Trincomalee, and, horrible to relate, went to the house of the child's mother, and ate of her rice. As the shades of evening thickened, particularly as the boy had been absent all the day, the mother began to be apprehensive that all was not right. He was sought, first and naturally, among their relations and acquaintances; and the man whose garments were spotted with the blood of the murdered child joined in the search. A clever device! But there was an Eye that had observed every thing. A little girl appears to avenge her playmate. She declares that she saw the boy in the company of this man on the outskirts of the town. It was like a clap of thunder. Not only could he offer no explanation, but he could make no reply. He was absolutely speechless.

On the following day another testimony was given by a man. The body was found. The unhappy wretch is now in custody.

A few days after the affecting tragedy, the boy's father came to the Mission-house. I could scarcely bear the sight. He was like a madman. His person was neglected,

and the big tears ran down his cheeks. My heart sympathized with his affliction. I asked after his wife. He said, "She will not eat, she will not sleep, she will not speak,—she will die."

As may be supposed, the wicked deed has produced a deep sensation in the place. I was afraid, for some time, that it would injure our schools; but the only effect it has had, has been to induce the parents to remove from the persons of their children the ornaments which are supposed to have been the temptation to the murder.

John Walton.

Trincomalee, December 4th, 1847.



LETTERS ON SOUTH AFRICA.

No. VI.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—It is now more than twenty years since the Wesleyan Missions in the Bechuana Country were commenced; and what, you will ask, have the Missionaries done during that time? what progress has been made in the work in which they are engaged? They have established seven or eight Stations, on every one of which a chapel has been erected, and a house for the Missionary built. They have formed a number of schools, and collected together about a thousand scholars. They have translated into the Sichuana language many portions of the word of God, and printed them for the use of those who have learnt to read; and they have led many of the miserable and degraded Heathen, who were as wild and fierce as the beasts of the forest, to abandon their sinful and wicked habits, and to believe in Christ to the saving of their souls. If you could but see one of the Mission villages in that distant country, and witness the people assemble on the Sabbath morning, many of them neatly clothed, to worship God, I think you would say that great things had been done, and more than could have been expected.

The Bechuanas are a very superstitious people. They firmly believe in sorcery and witchcraft, and are accustomed to practise all kinds of enchantments. To preserve themselves from sickness they hang around the neck pieces of bone, or of a certain kind of root, supposing that it will act as a charm to ward off disease and death. Sometimes they worship a species of lizard, which abounds in the rivers, thinking, probably, that it has influence over rain; and many of them imagine that thunder is caused by a bird called *tlari*. But these notions and practices, which seem so foolish, are beginning to disappear from among them. Many often express their surprise that they could believe such things, for the Gospel has taught them better; and now, when they are sick, they pray to God, and they know that the rain is sent by him, and the thunder they call his voice.

There are many tribes residing far in the interior who have not yet been visited by Christian Missionaries; but some of them have heard that there are such persons in the land, and they have sent messengers, asking them to go and live with them. The Chief of the Baraputsi nation, whose name was Raputsi, having obtained information respecting the Missionaries from some of his people who had visited one of the Stations, sent a deputation to Mr. Allison, asking for a Teacher to instruct his people; but it was some time before his request could be regarded, for there were no Teachers who could be spared. The Chief was an old man, and soon after this he sickened and died. Previous to his death he sent for his son and for his Councillors, and said, "I am old, and am going to die. I have sent often to the white man (the Missionary) to come and tell me the news from the Great Spirit; but he has not come yet, and it is now too late. I must die before seeing the white man's face, and before I hear the white man's voice. My last word to you my son, and to you my Councillors, is, Send again to the Missionary, and do not rest until he comes." When the old Chief was dead, his advice was adopted. Frequent

messages were sent to the Mission Station, though it was several hundred miles away, urging the request for a Teacher for the Baraputsi. At length, as I told you in my last letter, Mr. Allison went, and commenced a Mission among that people, with every expectation of success. But, I regret to say, that he could not remain; for soon after his arrival, and after he had erected a chapel and gathered a large congregation, war broke out in the neighbourhood; and one Sabbath morning the enemy came to the Station, and attacked the people under Mr. Allison's care, and he saw forty or fifty persons murdered on the spot. O, do not our young friends pity Africa? Do they not see the necessity of sending more Missionaries? And will they not, when they have read this story, resolve to pray more, and to give more, and to collect more, if possible, than they have ever done? "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty;" let us try, then, to send forth that Gospel which only can enlighten, save, and bless.

The Baraputsi Mission has thus been suspended for a time; but I have no doubt that it will be recommenced if the funds of the Missionary Committee will allow. And it is a very pleasing fact, that the Bechuanas themselves are beginning to contribute to the cause of Christ, so that we may hope that in a few years they will raise considerable sums. But they are a poor people, and do not possess money, their property consisting chiefly in cattle. They are very greedy too, and sooner than part with an ox, or even slaughter one to eat, they will feed upon roots, or pieces of skin boiled with a kind of plant that grows in the country. And yet, when converted to God, when their hearts are filled with the love of Christ, they will give, one an ox, another a cow, a third a sheep, and so on, in aid of the progress of the Gospel. I knew several Bechuanas who resided at Farmerfield, within the Colony, and who, having obtained a little money, used to give as much as £1 and £1. 10s. to the Missionary cause every year; and^r

have seen their children also bring their contributions, and present them to the Missionary with great joy.

The Bechuanas who have received the Gospel are very greatly attached to their Missionaries, and look upon them as their truest friends. If a Missionary is absent from his Station for a time, the inhabitants are very anxious for his return, and will look out from the tops of the mountains for his waggon, perhaps several days before he arrives; and then when he comes there is considerable joy, and so much shaking of hands, that no wonder if he gets tired. I have heard of a Missionary of the French Society, who was travelling in a distant part of the country, and who fell in with a party of Natives that were wandering about to plunder and destroy. They unyoked the oxen from his waggon, and were about to take out its contents, when the Chief or Captain of the party was told that the white man was a Missionary; he was very much grieved, went up to him and said, that he would not suffer him to be injured, and ordered the oxen to be yoked again, and then the Missionary went on his way.

Such facts as these will show you what blessed effects the preaching of the Gospel is producing in South Africa, and I hope you will be encouraged in your efforts to promote the Missionary cause. There are many thousands in that country who are yet destitute of the Gospel, and many are looking to England for Pastors and for Missionaries to instruct and save them. They know that Teachers come from over the great waters in ships, or "sea-waggons," as they call them, and they sometimes ask when more will arrive. Some of you, perhaps, are acquainted with the lines of Montgomery, and I hope you will reflect upon them, in reference to South Africa.

"The Heathen perish; day by day
Thousands on thousands pass away.
O Christians! to their rescue fly,
Preach Jesus to them ere they die."

Thornley Smith.



“THE SEED IS THE WORD OF GOD.”

(Luke viii. 11.)

O! are we not thankful for Bibles to read ;
The seed of the kingdom, unperishing seed ?
And shall we not seek that good seed to send forth,
To the East, and the West, and the South, and the North ?

O yes ! where the cold snow of Greenland descends,
Where the slave 'neath a western sun wearily bends,
Where China's vast wall rises dark to the view,
Or the Southern Isles gleam 'mid the waters so blue ;

Wherever a dear little baby hath smiled,
Or the heart of a mother hath yearn'd o'er her child ;
Wherever mankind have a home or a name,
The Saviour of sinners we long to proclaim !

We would send forth the seed, and ask God to impart
His blessing to make it spring up in the heart ;
But O ! we would seek, while we scatter it round,
That in our own garden some fruit may be found.

Dear Saviour ! thy smile is like sunshine, which brings
Light, gladness, and life to earth's beautiful things ;
O let it to every heart's garden be given,
And fit us to dwell with our Father in heaven !

E. M. T.

From the Juvenile Missionary Repository.



REASONING.

ONE of my fellow-passengers to Cape-Coast was a Danish gentleman, a Mr. H——, belonging to the Lutheran Church. A few days after our landing, this gentleman found it necessary to proceed by land to Akra; and as His Excellency the Governor was also about to visit this place, arrangements were made for them to journey in company. Accordingly, hammock-men were hired, and the many necessaries for a journey in Africa collected, and on the day appointed the party set out. His Excellency soon left my friend behind. For some time all went on favourably; when, greatly to the surprise of Mr. H——, the men came to a sudden stand, and, without ceremony, set their master comfortably down. One of them, who spoke a little English, addressing him, said, "Now, Master, if you please, you must walk a little." My friend was greatly surprised at this, and asked, "Why?" "Because," said the bearer, "you are heavy." "Heavy!" was the reply; "but I hired you to carry me, and carry me you must." Native.—"No, Master, we have carried you far, and are tired; you are heavy, and must walk a little." Mr. H.—"No, indeed, I will not walk, I must be carried." Native.—"Well, but, Master, all white gentlemen walk a little, and then ride a little, and you must do the same." Mr. H.—"No; I will not walk, you shall carry me." Native.—"We cannot carry you." Mr. H.—"But you must." Native.—"But we cannot." Mr. H.—"But you shall." Native.—"But we won't." The good gentleman, finding that they were not to be coerced, then became more gentle, and began to use milder means. "Now," said he, "you know I am but just come to your country: it is much better than my own, and white men die here if they walk in the sun; I cannot walk to-day, lest I feel the heat too much, and take fever and die. You do not wish to see me sicken, you do not wish to see me die, as soon as I to your land; and, if you do not carry me, this is

very likely to be the consequence." A pause ensued, when his friend again addressed him: "Master, are you not God's man?" Mr. H.—"O yes, certainly I am." Native.—"And, Master, God takes care of his men, does he not?" Mr. H.—"Yes, certainly he does." Native.—"And, Master, if God's men die, he take them to very good place, much better than this country?" Mr. H.—"Certainly he does." Native.—"Well, Master, now suppose you walk a little, and you get sick, and you die, and God take you to that good place, suppose, is not that better than stopping here? Come, you walk a little."

My friend did not attempt an answer, but quietly walked on; and at the next large town dismissed his men, and hired others who were more disposed to bear him on their shoulders, than so unceremoniously to send him from this to another world.

Rev. G. Chapman.

APPEALS FOR MISSIONARIES.

I THINK, my dear young friends, I cannot adopt a better plan of showing you how much your increased exertions in the cause of Missions are needed, than by giving you some extracts from letters received from Missionaries abroad; you will see how they entreat that help may be sent them.

From South Africa Mr. Garner writes: "Although, to use a native phrase, 'the whole land is dead,' yet our openings for usefulness were never greater. We want at least four Missionaries, and more, if we dare think of what is before us. Do, I beseech you, send us help; do not hinder us from going up and taking possession of the land in the name of our all-conquering Immanuel."

Demarara: Mr. Hurd says, "I take this opportunity of urging, of entreating you to strengthen the Demarara Mission to the utmost extent of your ability; the time to favour this Mission is come: never, I believe, had we so many encouraging tokens of success, and never were labourers more necessary. Ten active, laborious men are needed at this moment, while we have with the promise of a seventh."

The Missionaries from Albany, South Africa, write : " We would earnestly call the attention of the Missionary Committee and Conference to the request of the brethren for additional Missionaries ; the field they occupy is very extensive and very populous : it is altogether a Missionary field, as no colonies are established there, nor has any other Missionary Society as yet occupied any part of that immense country. Thus it is left entirely with the Wesleyan Connexion to provide these myriads of the sons of Africa with the means of grace and salvation. We trust that you will at least send two more Missionaries for the eastern section ; you will see that in all we want four additional Missionaries ; one for Graaf-Reinett, one additional for Kamastone, and two additional for the Mission in the eastern section.

" We are grateful for the help already afforded ; but we entreat the Committee not to disregard our present appeal, if it be possible to comply with it, as the present seems to be a very favourable period for extending the Missions in this country."

From Albany and Kaffraria : " We earnestly entreat that the Committee will take into consideration the small number of Missionaries in this extensive field for Missionary labour, and beg that they will send us, as soon as possible after the ensuing Conference, at least four more brethren ; namely, one for Beecham-Wood, one for Shawbury, and one for the Amaxolo : in addition to these Stations, the Amaxesibini, a large tribe, containing many thousand souls, have made repeated and earnest application for a Missionary."

From the Cape of Good Hope District : " We strongly recommend that an additional Missionary be sent from England without the slightest delay, to assist in the Nisbett-Bath Circuit, in Great Namaqualand. The great extent of the Circuit, one hundred and eighty miles in length, and seventy-eight in breadth, the large number of members (near six hundred) to be superintended, and the eagerness of the people in all the surrounding parts for instruction, render the case one of no ordinary importance ; independently of which considerations, the labour of one Missionary, in a land in which every thing languishes under the excessive heat, is overwhelming and destructive to health and life.

" The present circumstances of the District render it absolutely impossible for us to prosecute the Mission intended to be commenced in George-Town ; but the brethren still press that place upon the attention of the Committee as a fine field for Missionary

operations, and earnestly press them to send such a reinforcement as will enable us to station a brother there."

From Australia : " It is exceedingly desirable that Missionary operations should be commenced at Moreton-Bay, Gipp's-Land, Portland, and Port-Fairy, and that they should be placed under the care of regularly-appointed Ministers. In these and other parts of this immense country, the European population is becoming very numerous, and they are, to a great extent, destitute of the word of life ; but we fear it will be useless to enumerate these places, and to urge their wants, as we must be governed by our supply of Ministers and means."

And now, my dear young friends, need I go on ? Have I told you enough to stir you up to increased diligence ? My list is not nearly finished ; in other parts of the world there is the same earnest desire for Missionaries. At the Gold Coast the Missionary says, " There are many openings around us for the introduction of Christianity ; but our means are inadequate to their claims."

Feejee : " We recommend that Missionaries should be sent to Nandy, and Bua, and Ba, and a cluster of ten islands, containing about three thousand people."

New-Zealand : " We think that a Missionary should be sent to Taupo, in the interior, as soon as possible."

Newfoundland, St. John's, one Missionary wanted.

Grand-Bank, one wanted.

Hermitage-Cove, one wanted.

Trinity-Bay, one wanted.

Hant's-Harbour, one wanted.

Eastern Canada, New-Ireland, one wanted.

France : " Bar-le-Duc, a large town containing eighteen thousand souls, has been pressed upon our attention, persons at that place who desire our ministry offering to contribute 600 francs per annum towards the support of a Minister, while several places for preaching are fitted up, and at our service : we therefore earnestly recommend that this Station be occupied."

Besides these, there is India and China, with their millions of Heathen inhabitants, waiting for us to send them the word of life.

My dear friends, I leave the subject with you : think seriously about it, pray over it. The time will soon come when you will make your accustomed Christmas Collection for the Missions ; tell your friends how much Missionaries are needed, ask them to read this account, and then I am sure they cannot refuse to

you; and remember that, if by your efforts only one Missionary is sent, a great deal of good will be done; for in many of the places where they entreat that a Missionary may be sent, there are thousands of people waiting to receive him.

A STRANGE OVERSIGHT.

I HAVE KNOWN Missionary Collectors, and persons who attended Missionary Meetings, and gave to the utmost of their ability, to send the word of truth and the Gospel of salvation to the ends of the earth, who were nevertheless destitute of Christ themselves, O the folly of such conduct! It is to see others go into the ark, and to fall back themselves into the waters of the deluge; it is to conduct others to their Father's house, and to see them sit down where there was bread enough and to spare, and themselves to go back into the land of famine, and perish with hunger; it is to bring others to the great Physician to be healed, and to remain themselves incrustated over with the moral leprosy of sin, that will eat like a canker through their souls!

Rev. John H. Bumby.

MISSIONARY SCRAPS.

IN 1846 there were upwards of one hundred human beings slaughtered at Old Calabar when the son of the late King died, to attend him in the world of spirits.

There are about fifty-four thousand seven hundred and ninety-four Heathen dying without hope and without God every day. Let us up and be doing.

CONTENTS.

Page.	Page.		
Wealeyan Chapel at St. Thome,	Reasoning		
Madras	109	Appeals for Missionaries	117
Horrid Murder in Ceylon.....	109	A strange Oversight	120
Letters on South Africa. No. VI.	111	Missionary Scraps	120
"The Seed is the Word of God" ..	115		

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

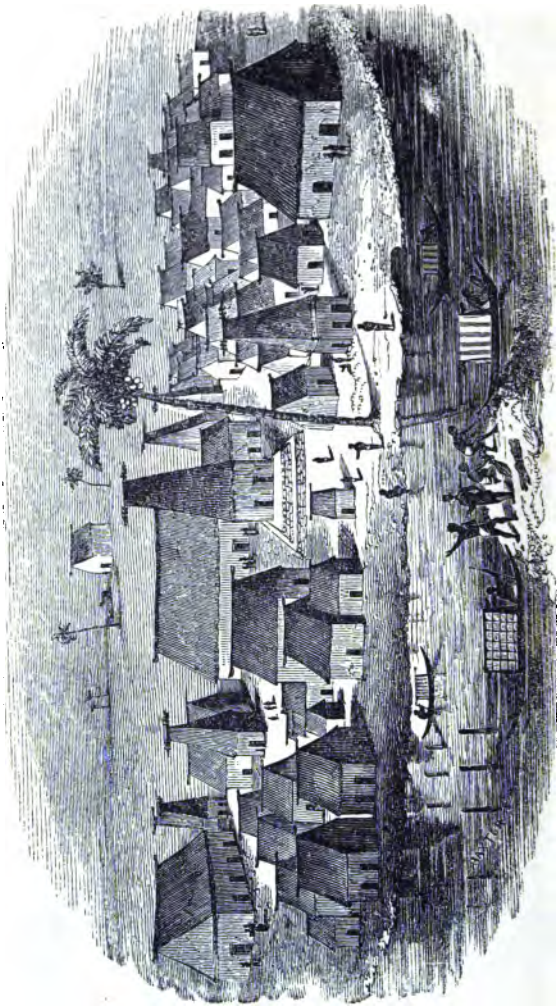
100

100

100

100





BAU, THE CAPITAL OF FEEJEE.

THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

NOVEMBER, 1848.

—◆—
EXTRACTS FROM MR. LAWRY'S VOYAGE TO
FEEJEE.

BEFORE I give you any account of Mr. Lawry's visit to Feejee, I should like you to know exactly where these Islands are; but I am afraid you will not find them distinctly marked in your maps. The situation and size of the islands of Feejee were never exactly known till Captain Buck surveyed them in the "Triton" some years ago: they are now put down in maps that have been lately published. You will, however, find the group of islands marked: they are in the South Pacific Ocean.

You have heard much about CANNIBAL Feejee: what I am going to tell you now is chiefly about CHRISTIAN Feejee; and surely if ever the Gospel of Christ triumphed over sin and Satan, it has been in Feejee. When Mr. Lawry had finished his visits to the Friendly Islands, he sailed for Lakemba, where he arrived on Sunday, September 12th, 1847. He says:—

The island is high, and measures about thirty-five miles in circumference, with a population of about fifteen hundred, of whom two hundred and fifty are Christians, whose children are trained with care and in the fear of the Lord.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvert gave us a very kind welcome. I preached in the chapel in the afternoon; Mr. Calvert interpreting to a most attentive congregation.

From the top of a hill we could see several of the islands comprehended in the Lakemba Circuit, where we have many members. Many more lie so distant as to be far beyond the horizon of view, and all have to be visited in the feeble native canoes. The number now visited is considerable, and on each of them we have native Teachers and Christian churches.

CHRISTIANITY AT VEWA.

15th.—I sailed for Vewa with the Missionaries, to attend the District-Meeting. This island is a mere insignificant speck in the Feejeean group; but it is very near the large island that measures three hundred miles round, and is the key to a very dense population. Beside which, it is within sight of Bau,* the imperial Heathen city, with which a daily intercourse is maintained. It seems that the great Chiefs of Feejee prefer living on small islands, near the large land.

We landed at nightfall, and were received by the families of this interesting Mission with a most cordial welcome. Messrs. Hunt and Lyth came on board, while Mr. Jaggar prepared for us on shore. We were now surrounded by man-eating, dark-coloured, and almost naked, men and women, whose appearance made nothing in their favour, and whose history scandalizes human nature. In addition to what they were born in, they possess a fine set of white teeth, and a large, bushy head of hair, which some of them take great pains to set off to advantage. One has his natural hair set up and powdered grey, like a Judge; another spreads it out like a forest oak in full foliage; while a third has the front white and the back part jet black.

The country presents a fine appearance from its richly-wooded and uneven surface.

Sunday, Sept. 19th.—Mr. Calvert preached at eight o'clock to a very well-behaved native congregation, who evidently entered into the spirit of religious worship. The well-built native chapel was quite full. The Feejeeans observe better order and more solemnity than most congregations that I have seen. At eleven o'clock, I preached in the same chapel to the Mission families, and the crew of the brig. We were all professing Christians, and, being met under rather peculiar circumstances, the interest of the occasion was somewhat strong and lively. Our friends were glad to see us among them; and shame upon us if we did not cherish a deep interest in these heroic servants of the Lord! While those fine spirits, Messrs. Hunt, Lyth, Calvert, and Jaggar, with their wives, stood before me, with the junior members of the Mission, I could not but reverence and honour the men whom God had so greatly distinguished in this scene of activity, danger,

* See Frontispiece.

and usefulness. In the afternoon, Mr. Watsford preached to the natives with a fluency and effect that astonished me. His swarthy audience was not merely impressed, but rivetted to the subject, so well handled by their Preacher.

A HEATHEN TEMPLE TURNED INTO A METHODIST
CHAPEL.

Elijah Varani, the second Chief of this place, and a thoroughly Christian man, has just told me that he has been negotiating with the few Heathens left in Vewa, for the 'Mburi, or god-house, of this town. Most of the people are turned Christians, and, among them, all the Priests, save one, and he has run away. Varani remarked to the Heathen, that they could now have no service in the temple, and that he and his Christian friends would like the use of it for the purpose of reading the Scriptures and repeating the Catechisms. "The appropriation of it in this way," Varani said, "will give your gods an opportunity of being avenged on us, if they are able, for driving them out, and bringing in another worship. Let them try what they can do," said he; "and be assured we are not afraid of them." So the matter is settled: the temple is now for the use of the Christians.

FEEJEE DISTRICT-MEETING.

22d. — We are now fully engaged with the business of the District-Meeting. All the characters stand fair in every place: and, except poor Somosomo, the great work prospers. The language has been mastered by most of the brethren, who speak it with surprising fluency. The New Testament is translated and printed in the Feejeean language. Measures are taken for the translation and printing of the Old Testament forthwith, and for a more extended system of education. Considering the heat of the climate, I am thankful to find the Mission families in such health as they are. When I look at the very great and formidable difficulties with which they have had to grapple, in their perils by sea, perils among false white men, and perils among the Heathen, this little band of Christian Missionaries exhibit to me so many more proofs of the special providence of God over these precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, though esteemed as earthen pitchers, the work of the potter's hands. Great, indeed, is the honour which the Master has put upon these his servants; great is the work already accomplished; and gre

the labour which they have now resolved to bestow upon this long-debased and bloody people.

In the next world, a faithful Missionary from Feejee, with his quenched brands of saved sinners attending, who shall be his crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus, will stand so near the Apostles and Prophets, and martyrs of the Lamb, that ordinary Christians can hardly hope to rank with them, so near the throne of the world's Redeemer.

VISIT FROM THE KING.

24th.—I received a visit from Thakombau, *Tui Fiti*, or King of Feejee, who is about thirty-five years old, above the middle size, of a very dark complexion, but rather comely. He has many wives, and knows no restraint: two were killed in his house lately, because a house of his had been burnt, and they *might* have done it! He is an absolute ruler: whom he will he kills, and whom he will he keeps alive.

This Pagan King has very little majesty. He has ceased to blaspheme our holy faith, as was his custom formerly. His hair is neatly dressed, and he has a small bandage round his loins, with a string of blue beads round each arm and round his neck, to which is suspended a circular boar's tooth. These are all his clothes and ornaments, except a strong black beard projecting about eight inches from his chin, and an abundance of oil besmearing his sable skin. His attendants, smoking and spitting about the Mission-house, are few, and not over-dignified.

LETTER FROM A TONGAN TO MR. LAWRY.

I received the following letter in the Tonga language. The writer, an excellent Teacher, came from Tonga a long time since, and is useful in Feejee:—

“MR. LAWRY,

“I, Paul Vea, I like to make known that I very much like your face. I rejoice exceedingly to hear that you have come to this land, and I desire to come and see you; but I am very much engaged in the work. Love to you from my heart and mouth. The love of truth to thee, Mr. Lawry, my father in the Gospel. Come thou, that I may look upon thee, and also the *lotu* people here. This is the end.—Oct. 1st, 1847.”

(To be continued.)

THE IDOL'S HOUSE.

I SEE a graven work of stone,
 An image strange and grim ;
 The idol's house is dark and lone,
 The woods around are dim.

And on the pavement there is blood,—
 The blood of living things :
 Yet to the temple in the wood
 A child its offering brings.

Mother and child are kneeling there,
 With spices and with flowers,
 To stone, that cannot hear their prayer,
 Though it should last for hours.

Be thankful, English child, that thou
 Art better taught than these ;
 That, night and morning, thou canst bow
 To God, who hears and sees.

And sorrow for the little one
 In countries far away,
 Who goes beneath the burning sun
 To graven stone to pray.

From the Juvenile Missionary Repository.

LETTERS ON SOUTH AFRICA.

No. VII.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Africa is a country in which great numbers of wild animals abound. The plains of the interior are often covered with thousands of hart-beasts, quaggas, zebras, giraffes, and ostriches, and the natives go and hunt them ; and of the skins of some kinds of animals, such as the jackal and the wild cat, they make *karosses* or cloaks, by sewing a great many skins togeth-

very neatly. These they sell to traders, who take them to the colony, and there dispose of them again.

I wish you could see a flock of spring-boks. The spring-bok is a beautiful animal, something like a deer. Many hundreds of them feed together, and appear very tame and gentle; but when they hear a noise they bound away over the hills and rocks so swiftly, that the fleetest horse can scarcely overtake them. Travellers often shoot them, and their flesh is very excellent food.

The forests, rocks, and mountains of South Africa abound with several kinds of monkeys. When riding along, I have sometimes seen them sitting on the boughs of the trees, and heard them chattering, screaming, and making such a noise as to frighten away the birds, whose enemies they are. Monkeys, you know, are very mischievous. They steal whatever they can; and if they get anything from you, they will run up with it into a high tree, where you cannot follow them, and there sit and look at you with all the impudence imaginable. I was one day riding along by the side of a lofty mountain, when several large baboons came out of the bush, and stood in the front of me, as though they meant to say, "You shall not come this way." When, however, I shouted and cracked my whip, they fled; for they are rather timid, and dare not attack a man. A friend of mine had a favourite little dog called Phiz, who was very fond of running after the monkeys in the bush. But on one occasion poor Phiz, having run into a very thick bush abounding with monkeys, came out covered with blood; for some of them had attacked him, and torn his skin; and we were obliged to tie a handkerchief round him to stop the bleeding, or otherwise he would probably have died.

There are elephants, too, in Africa, and wolves, and lions. The elephant, you know, is the largest of all animals. He dwells in the forest, and lives on the leaves of certain trees. He is so strong, that he can break off the thickest branches of a tree with his proboscis or trunk, and as he moves along can make the trees themselves fall

down before him. Formerly there were great numbers of elephants in the colony; but they have been driven away in consequence of parties going out to hunt them. Elephant hunting is very dangerous. I have heard of many who were killed by elephants. A single blow from an elephant's trunk will strike a man dead, and sometimes the elephant will trample his enemy under his immense broad foot. The huge tusks of the elephant are ivory, and are very valuable; the natives make rings, spoons, and snuff-boxes of them, some of which they carve very neatly.

But the lion is the fiercest beast. He has been called "the King of the forest," for he can conquer every other animal. It is a terrible thing to encounter a lion; but the natives do not fear him, though one individual will seldom attack him alone. When they succeed in killing him, they dance, shout, and brandish their assegais and spears with great delight; and, having taken out his heart, on which they feast, secure the skin, and either bury the carcase, or leave it to be devoured by vultures and other birds. Sometimes the lion is very troublesome to the farmer in destroying his horses, sheep, and calves. Not far from the place in which I lived, a lion had been prowling about for some time, and had killed a foal, part of which he had left uneaten. The person to whom the foal belonged contrived the following plan to kill the enemy. He made a large ring of trees and bushes, and put the body of the foal in the middle, and then placed a number of guns in the bush, with strings or wires attached to the triggers. The lion came in the night to feast upon the spoil, and was shot, his carcase being found the next morning. I will tell you another story, though it is a very sad one. A young lion which had been taken alive was brought to Graham's-Town, where he was placed in a yard and made fast by a chain, that he might not do any harm. I went to see him, and a very fine fellow he was. But there were some little boys who, to get a sight of him, foolishly climbed to the top of the wall, when one of them fell over into the yard. The lion instantly sprang upon the child, tore him drea^d

fully, and killed him. O how the body was mangled, and what distress was occasioned to the parents of this boy ! Children should always avoid unnecessary danger, and should learn not to be too curious. Had this little boy been wiser, he would not have met with so sudden and dreadful a fate. Learn, my young friends, never to run into danger when you can avoid it.

I have not told you of half the number of animals that are found in South Africa ; and I have said nothing about the serpents, insects, and beautiful birds which I have seen ; but you can read of them in books of natural history, and there is scarcely any study from which you can learn so much of the wisdom and the power of God. He it was that made all these things : the elephant with his mighty strength ; the lion, terrible and fierce ; the giraffe, with his long and elevated neck ; behemoth or the hippopotamus, whose bones are like bars of iron ; and the ostrich of the wilderness, the largest of all birds, “ which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust, and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them.” “ O Lord, how manifold are thy works ! in wisdom hast thou made them all ; the earth is full of thy riches.” Read the 38th and following chapters of the Book of Job. There many of the wonderful works of the Creator are described. But learn above all things to fear God, to love him, and to keep his commandments, that you may secure his favour, and be partakers of the blessings of the Gospel through his Son Jesus Christ.

Thornley Smith.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MRS. ALLEN.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—While in London, I regretted not being able to thank you personally for your kindness in sending us those useful things for the females of Africa.

It was with feelings of regret that I left those scenes of our labour, although about to return to my native land and friends ; but when I reflected that I was leaving the women of Cape-Coast

without an European female who would take any interest or instruct them, I would willingly have sacrificed the pleasure of revisiting my friends for a time to remain with them. They promised me to meet together once a week, and be as useful as they could to each other until I again returned, or another Missionary's wife came out. Nothing but the state of my health could have induced me to return at such a time; but our medical man strongly advised it, as he said that I could not live there through another rainy season. The ways of the Lord appear mysterious in calling his servants from such a sphere of usefulness when the fields are white unto the harvest, and the labourers so few; but we must rest satisfied with knowing that the Lord does all things well.

Jane Allen.

Our young friends will be pleased to hear that Mrs. Allen's health is much improved, and she is preparing to return with her husband to Cape-Coast, Western Africa. I will ask her to write to you when she arrives in Africa, and tell you how her black friends received her, and how they had been getting on during her absence.



THE "JOHN WESLEY" IN DANGER.

IT was on a stormy morning that Mr. Lawry stood on the shores of the island of Vewa, Feejee, anxiously looking out to sea. The "John Wesley" was expected: she had been to Somosomo to fetch the Missionaries from thence, because the King would not allow his people to become Christians; the preceding day and night had been tempestuous, and even then it blew a gale; the island was surrounded with coral reefs; there was only one opening through which the ship could pass: should she miss that, she must strike on the rocks. At length she appeared in sight, and many a prayer was offered up that she might pass in safety the threatened danger.

We cannot tell how precious their ship is to the Missionaries in those lonely isles: her arrival is hailed by them with the greatest delight. She brings them news from their English homes and friends, letters from fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters; Captain Buck and his Christian sailors are welcomed by them; their dear friend Mr. Lawry pays them his long-wished-for visit, in company with other Missionaries; and these lonely Mission families who have for so many months had no society but that of

Heathens and cannibals, are gladdened by the sight of Christian faces beaming with love; they are refreshed and strengthened to go on another year, when they anxiously look out again for the same dear messengers.

But there is the "John Wesley" in sight, threading her way in between the reefs, under reefed topsails.

Captain Wallis, of the American bark "Zotoff," was standing with Mr. Lawry watching the movements of the brig, when he observed, "I should not be at all surprised, if she gets upon some of those reefs. The water is foul from the late rains, the clouds hang heavy overhead, and the air is in that state that makes objects look large; and Captain Buck thinks he is nearer shore than he really is. I see him at the mast-head; but he cannot see the reefs to-day." The next minute he cried out, "The brig is ashore on the reef!"

O the agony of that moment! the lives of those on board might be saved, the friends on shore could go off immediately with canoes to take them to land; but their ship, their beautiful ship, who could save her from destruction? None but God. To him they prayed; and who ever trusted in him and was confounded? You shall hear whether the Missionaries prayed in vain. Mr. Lawry and Mr. Hunt lost no time in getting off, with all the native Teachers, and others, that could be mustered quickly. Captain Wallis, with a boat's crew, was a most seasonable and valuable help. The vessel lay full two miles from Vewa; but they were soon on board, and found the furniture of the two Mission families, and part of their houses, covering the decks. The vessel was bumping, and the stony bottom visible. She struck at high tide, and the tides were "taking off." The wind blew very strong, and it was right aft, with much sea on. Captain Buck had just before taken in his full quantity of ballast; and the long-boat was crowded with all sorts of things from Somosomo. There was great difficulty in getting the main-hatchway clear, in order to throw the ballast overboard; but an effort was made as quickly as possible, and her anchor carried out astern; but it was of no use, the tide having begun to ebb. There they were, hard and fast. One said, "She must be shored up to keep her from liting over as the tide ebbs out: it falls six feet here." Another said, "She is hung in the middle, and will probably break her back." A third could "see coral rocks, that in all probability would find their way through, and the vessel would thus become a

wreck." A fourth could "see the brewing storm, that rendered their case additionally perilous." One came up to Mr. Lawry, and said, "There are large war-canoes coming off, and the natives have painted their faces red; with them it is law to seize every vessel wrecked on their shores."

These were their circumstances! That was an hour of trial! They knew that prayer to God, and united effort, would be the best course; and many a brief but hearty prayer of, "Lord, help us!" went up to the Advocate above. The decks were crowded, and must be cleared as soon as possible. The wives and children were sent ashore. Every canoe that came alongside was employed to convey ashore the articles which crowded the decks. The Chiefs remained aboard, and were set to work, throwing ballast overboard. This kept all parties out of mischief. The yards were sent down, and a large anchor carried out astern, to heave upon when the next tide should serve, which would be at midnight. All hands worked well, and every step was taken to lighten the vessel. At eight o'clock all the Missionaries, and as many as could be spared from their respective stations, were at prayer in the cabin, which resounded with deep-toned and loud *Amens*. At half-past nine, they began to heave upon the anchors astern; the wind lulled, and the lightning played at all points of the heavens. At last, when the tension of the hawsers had been brought to a high pitch, and the tide was within an hour of high water, the "John Wealey" sprang astern, and floated off in fine style: then went forth the cry, "The vessel is off!" "The ship is afloat again!" It was not ascertained that any material injury was done. At midnight the Missionaries all went ashore in a native canoe, and left the crew to secure the brig. They did well, and were exhausted enough. Captain Wallis was of great service; and the white men in Vewa lent a hand. They left Captain Buck happy once more; but he said he should have to be at work nearly all night.

Time was, when not one man on board that vessel would have escaped the oven, and the open-throated sepulchres of these barbarous people; but now they came and rendered the most efficient help, and not one thing was said or done by any of them to give pain. But the word of God, the simple preaching of Christ, has accomplished this moral miracle, this mighty revolution in Feejeean manners.

The Missionaries returned to Vewa, a little after midnight.

132 JUVENILE CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S OFFERING.

a double canoe under the command of Varani, to bear the cheering news to the wakeful natives and to the anxious Mission families, and retired to rest thankful to the Lord who had delivered them out of great trouble, because his mercy endureth for ever.

PRAYER OF A CHRISTIAN FEEJEEAN.

IN the native prayer-meeting at sun-rise this morning, one said in his prayer, "Lord, help us to bear our cross, and, if it be heavy, help us to move on still bending slowly. Untie the load of our sins. If this load were tied round our loins, we could untie it ourselves; but as it is tied round our hearts, we cannot untie it, but thou canst. Lord, untie the burden now!"

Rev. Walter Lawry's Journal.

THE JUVENILE CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S OFFERING.

I HAVE no doubt, my young friends, you are anticipating with pleasure the return of the annual opportunity of contributing to the support of the Missions. It is very desirable that your contributions and collections this year should exceed those of any former year. The Missions are greatly extending, and increasing in usefulness, as the accounts contained in this little Periodical plainly show. They require more help every year; and, by God's blessing, and the hearty and increasing labours of our young friends, they shall have it.

I am sure it will please you to hear that the Committee is preparing a very neat picture of the Missionary ship, the "John Wesley," to be given to each Contributor and Collector of One Shilling and upwards, at Christmas next. You will be reminded by it of the claims of the poor Heathen of the South Sea Islands, and of the good which the Missions have already done.

CONTENTS.

	Page.		Page.
Mr. Lawry's Voyage to Feejee ..	121	The "John Wesley" in Danger..	129
The Idol's House.....	125	Prayer of a Christian Feejeean ..	132
Letters on South Africa. No. VII.	126	Juvenile Christmas and New-	
Extract of a Letter from Mrs. Allen	126	Year's Offering.....	132

1
2
3
4



NATIVE ENCAMPMENT AT PORTLAND-BAY, AUSTRALIA: — MR. COLD-MORNING AND HIS FAMILY.

THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

DECEMBER, 1848.

—◆—
NATIVE ENCAMPMENT AT PORTLAND-BAY,
AUSTRALIA.

MR. COLD MORNING AND HIS FAMILY.

THIS hut, which you see in the picture, is the residence of a native of Australia, who has taken the curious name of Mr. Cold Morning. Wretched as this dwelling appears to be, yet it is better built and warmer than those which the natives make in other parts of the country: it is made of boughs of trees, thatched with reeds and dry grass; spears, shields, and baskets are lying about on the roof.

When Mr. Angas made this sketch, Mr. Cold Morning was lying sick upon a round grass mat within the hut; and his wife, and a numerous family of dirty, naked, little "Cold Mornings," were about him.

These are the people that the Missionaries try to teach; but they are so ignorant and stupid, that they seem to understand very little of what is said to them. Their children, however, are much more intelligent, and learn more readily than their parents: the Missionaries have great hopes of them.

—◆—
LETTERS ON SOUTH AFRICA.

No. VIII.

MY dear young friends, I have sent to be engraved for you a portrait of a Fingoe, dressed in a sheep-skin mantle, or *kaross*, that you may know what kind of an appear

the natives of South Africa present.* The Fingoes are a people who were once very powerful, and resided in the interior, beyond the Bechuanas; but a powerful Chief, whose name was Chaku, made war upon them, and drove them from their country, and a great many of them were slain, whilst others perished with hunger, and a few escaped, and made their way into the colony, where they found a refuge from their enemies. You have, perhaps, heard a great deal about the horrors and cruelties of war; but very few people know what misery and distress it has caused in Africa, because very little has been written about the wars of that country. Many thousands have been killed in the most dreadful manner, and in some cases whole tribes have been almost, if not utterly, destroyed. When the natives war with each other, they go to a village in the dead of the night, set on fire the habitations, and, as the inmates rush out to escape the flames, fall upon them with their spears, and put them to a cruel death. They do not spare either women or children, but slay them all without any mercy. How thankful you should be that you are not exposed to such dangers and distresses! O, if British children knew how wretched many thousands are in Pagan lands,—no Christian teachers to instruct them, no Bibles, no Sabbath-schools, no happy homes; with what deep and earnest feelings they would sing!—

“Lord, I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance, as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a Heathen or a Jew.”

Now, I dare say that many of you wish the time to come when war shall cease to the ends of the earth, and men “shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks.” Well, but how shall this event be accomplished? How do you think the natives of South Africa shall be induced to love one another, and to fight

* The engraving is not yet ready, but will appear in an early Number of 1849.—EDIT.

no more? It must be by the preaching of the Gospel. The Gospel proclaims "peace;" and wherever it is made known, and men believe it, peace follows in its train.

Many of the Fingoes are now residing on the Missionary Station called D'Urban, and many others reside in the colony; and they attend the house of God, and are glad to send their children to the Mission schools; and great numbers of these children have learnt to read the Scriptures, and to sing the praises of Jesus Christ. The parents of some of them cannot read, for they are too old to learn; but when this is the case, the children sometimes read to them, and thus the aged are instructed by the young. It is very delightful to see children, who once were living in the wilderness, sitting in the Sunday-school with the word of God in their hands, learning the way to happiness and heaven. My heart has been often gladdened with the sight, and I have longed for the day when all the children in South Africa shall be favoured with these valuable privileges.

And now, my dear young friends, I shall conclude these letters, though I might find many other things to relate. Let me, however, beg of you to remember Africa, and to increase your exertions to send forth Missionaries, until the whole of that dark continent shall be saved. You have, perhaps, done something for the Mission cause, but you can still do more.

You can pray more. Do all the readers of the *Juvenile Miscellany* pray daily for the Heathen? God has commanded us to pray for them; and when we say, "Thy kingdom come," we do pray for them. But many who use these words do not think what they mean, and do not know that they have any thing to do with the Heathen. But when the kingdom of Christ comes, when this prayer is fully answered, Africa, and India, and the South-Sea Islands will all be converted to God. Think, then, when you use this prayer, that you are praying for the conversion of the Heathen; and pray fervently, and try to feel what you say. Africa needs your prayers; African chil-

dren need your prayers; Missionaries need your prayers; the world needs your prayers.

Perhaps you can give more. How much do you give? Do you spend the money you have on trifles, or do you put it into the Missionary-box? Many children and young persons squander their money away, others give it to the cause of God; which, think you, is the best, and who experience the greatest happiness? Perhaps some of you will say, "We are poor;" and so are Kaffir children in Southern Africa; and yet some of them contribute to the Missionary cause. I have seen little boys and girls with black skins bring their *dubbeltjes*, or "pennies," and put them in the plate with the greatest joy. Now, do African children give their money to the Missionary cause, and will English children refuse to give? If so, yet I hope none of the readers of the "Offering" will be of the number.

And I dare say you can collect more. The time is coming round again when the Juvenile Christmas Offerings are collected. Will you try to increase your efforts in this good work? Perhaps many who collected last year are dead, and, we hope, have gone to heaven, where children who love Jesus, of whatever nation, name, or colour, meet; and perhaps before another year shall pass away, some who may read this letter may be called to die. Whatever, then, you attempt to do, do it with your might. Let every one try to collect something this year; and let those who did so last, try to do a little more.

Thornley Smith.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE OF A TONGUESE WOMAN.

MARY TAUKEIAKO, a Class-Leader, rose, and, with a strong, clear voice, said, "I rejoice this day in the Lord: I am very happy to be at this love-feast this day. Praise the Lord! My Christian friends, I am very happy this

day. This day is a day which causes joy, not vain and worldly, but joy in the Lord, in his love. Here are his Ministers likewise, whom he has sent to us. I praise the Lord, and give him thanks. I know he has saved my soul. My soul is very happy, and I have got up to speak before you all of what the Lord has done, and is still doing. It is not on account of any thing else, but on account of the death of Christ, that my soul is saved. The death of Jesus is the cause of my soul's life from the dead. This is the cause of my joy. And is it unbecoming in me to be joyful? Do angels rejoice in heaven when a sinner is converted to God, and shall not I rejoice when God saves me? I, who am a sinner, a condemned slave, in danger of everlasting death, shall not I rejoice? I will rejoice,—I do rejoice in the Lord, who came that I might be saved."

Journal of the Rev. Walter Lawry.

ANECDOTE OF NORTH-AMERICAN INDIANS.

I WILL tell you one thing which will show how dark the minds of these Indians are. The first time they came with their furs to the trader to purchase articles, they were struck with wonder to see a great many curious things they had never seen before. One of the Indians took a fancy to a large kettle for cooking: he purchased it, and was very proud of it; he put it on his head, and showed it to his brethren. One of the Indians said to him, "O my friend, you very silly! what will you do with that great big thing in a few years? It will grow so big you won't be able to handle it. I'll go and buy one." Well, this man went, and he bought one that would hold about a quart. "Here," he said, "I've got one just proper size; I shall keep it good many years, and then it will grow proper size." They thought, you see, the kettle grew just like trees in the fields.

Peter Jones.

A HYMN TO BE SUNG IN ALL WEATHERS,

BY THE MARINERS ON BOARD THE "JOHN WESLEY."

Now weigh the anchor, hoist the sail,
 Launch out upon the pathless deep,
 Resolved, however veers the gale,
 The destined port in mind to keep ;
 Through all the dangers of the way,
 Deliver us, good Lord, we pray.

When tempests mingle sea and sky,
 And winds, like lions, rage and rend,
 Ships o'er the mountain-waters fly,
 Or down unfathom'd depths descend ;
 Though skill avail not, strength decay,
 Deliver us, good Lord, we pray.

If lightning from embattled clouds
 Strike, or a spark in secret nurst,
 From stem to stem, o'er masts and shrouds,
 Like doomsday's conflagration burst ;
 Amidst the fire, thy power display ;
 Deliver us, good Lord, we pray.

Through yielding planks, should ocean urge
 Rude entrance, flooding all below,
 Speak, lest we founder in the surge,
 "Thus far, nor farther, shall ye go ;
 Here, ye proud waves, your fury stay ;"
 Deliver us, good Lord, we pray.

Where o'er the coral ledge the surge,
 With loud-voiced thunder, rolls the knell
 Of foundering hopes, our course we urge ;
 No hand but thine, now know we well,
 Can point the night-enveloped way ;
 Deliver us, good Lord, we pray !

Save, or we perish;—calms or storms,
 By day, by night, at home, afar,
 Death walks the waves in all his forms,
 And shoots his darts from every star;
 Want, pain, and woe man's path waylay;
 Deliver us, good Lord, we pray.

James Montgomery.

SPEECH OF THE REV. JOHN HOBBS,

AT A WESLEYAN MISSIONARY MEETING IN NEW-ZEALAND.

ON Monday evening last, the annual Meeting of the New-Zealand branch of the Wesleyan Missionary Society was held in the chapel, which was well attended.

At half-past six o'clock, the proceedings were commenced by the Rev. Thomas Buddle, who gave out a hymn, which being sung, the Rev. John Whiteley engaged in prayer.

Alexander Shepherd, Esq., Colonial Treasurer, was then called to the chair.

The Secretary, Mr. Henry H. Lawry, then read the Report for the year, from which it appeared that there had been collected at Auckland, £67. 18s. 3d.; Mangungu, (Hohianga,) £8. 8s.; Waimea and Newark, £8. 11s.; Wairoa, Kaipara, £12. 3s.; Kawhia and Aotea, £10. 5s.; making a total of £117. 5s. 3d.

The Rev. John Hobbs rose to move the first Resolution, and said,—That success has attended the Society's Missions during the past year will not, I think, be denied. Instead, therefore, of confining my observations on the present occasion to the sentiments contained in the Resolution, you will perhaps allow me to refer for a few minutes to the state of New-Zealand during the first years of my Missionary labour in this land. It is now twenty-five years since I first came to New-Zealand. It was then, truly and emphatically, "a land of darkness, and of the shadow of death." There were at that time only two Missionary Stations in the island, and these belonged to the Church Missionary Society. We were all "brethren in Christ" in these days. We loved each other, and mutually sympathized in our privations, and dangers, and toils. We fr

our own Station on the Waingarua-river, to the north of the Bay of Islands. The people among whom we lived were notorious for their wickedness. It was there where the "Boyd" was cut off, and ninety of our fellow-countrymen, some of them ladies, were, for some offence, inhumanly butchered, and greedily devoured. Often, during my residence there, was I told that I should be eaten as those were. I cannot say that I was always free from fear. We were in perils among the Heathen; but I never enjoyed more of the love of God than I did then, I was never more happy, and never more disposed to submit to the will of God. I did indeed feel that it was possible my life might be required at my hands; but I was enabled to commit this to God. I felt that others had undergone the same in order to bring the Gospel to our ancestors; that the Saviour gave his precious life for me, and that I should be honoured in dying for his name's sake, if the will of God were so. We lived three years on that Station, we did all we could for the conversion of the Heathen, we laboured night and day, we learnt their language, we established a school, we visited them in their huts, we talked with them, and preached unto them the Gospel; but with little success: they spurned the Gospel; and they have since been cut off, perhaps by a retributive Providence, for having hardened themselves against the Lord. At the end of three years, they were invaded by the renowned and dreadful Hongi. He then commenced that carnage which is a disgrace to human nature, which terminated in the total overthrow of the people, and the complete abandonment of our Mission Station. We were unwilling to leave, and stood by it to the last. My worthy friend, the Rev. N. Turner, now in New South Wales, was my Superintendent. He said to me, "Brother Hobbs, what is your opinion? what ought we to do?" Our house was now filled with savages, they were spoiling our goods, and threatening to strip our clothes from our persons, and we were even in danger of our lives. I said to him, "I will abide by your judgment. I am willing to leave it to your discretion, praying that God will direct you aright." Well, we determined to go to the next and only other Missionary Station in the land. Three hundred natives were now in and about our dwelling-house; our barn, which was filled with wheat for our own support, was burned down, and we departed with only the clothes we wore. There were three ladies in our party, we had twenty-five miles to

walk, and this was not an easy journey for delicate females, through the rough roads, if roads they may be called, of a New-Zealand forest. One of them fainted on the way from weakness, probably from alarm; fortunately we had brought with us a bottle of wine, and found it very serviceable in this extremity. We had taken the precaution, the preceding evening, to send a messenger to our brethren of the Church Mission, informing them of our position, and expressing our fears of the result. When we had proceeded about half way, we met them coming to meet us, with natives to carry the ladies, (our own natives had all abandoned us,) and refreshments for the whole party. O, how did our hearts rejoice within us! I delight to reflect, and reflect with gratitude, on the great kindness we received at the hands of our brethren of another Society. I have often wondered what New-Zealand would come to. I little thought that I should live to see such a scene as the present. Most heartily do I congratulate this Christian congregation on those delightful evidences of religious prosperity which I rejoice to witness among them. Ever since this land has become a British colony, I have been thankful for it, as, previously to that, I witnessed nothing but anarchy and confusion, every one doing what was right in his own eyes.



THE MISSIONARY'S BABY AND THE CRUEL FEEJEEAN NURSE.

I AM now going to tell you a story that I am sure will make your hearts ache.

Many of the Missionaries abroad find great difficulty in getting servants; if they are ill and require nursing, or if the Missionary's wife wants help in the house, or in taking care of her children, no one is willing to assist them.

Mrs. Watsford, the wife of the Missionary at Ono, an island in Feejee, had a little baby, and wanted some one to help her to nurse it; the King of Ono sent one of his daughters to her as a child's-maid. Now this girl was a cruel, wicked girl, a true Feejeean for cunning and cruelty; she did not like the trouble of nursing the baby, and so she resolved to kill it; and her plan was this: when the baby cried, she hugged it in her arms with all her might, that she might crush it to death. She did not, however, succeed in her wicked scheme: her cruelty was discovered, and

then she confessed that she had been trying to kill the child by crushing its tender frame in her arms. The babe is not dead ; but it seems to pine away, and shows great difficulty of breathing ; but whether, under the judicious treatment of Mr. Lyth, its life can be preserved, time will show.

But who can tell the mother's anguish as she watches her babe wasting away day by day ? Far from her country, home, and friends, she feels that the stroke would be heavier than she could bear, did she not lean upon an Almighty arm ; but, casting all her care on her Saviour, she feels that he is caring for her ; and, trusting in his love, she is patient and resigned.

A young friend once said to me, "I wish to pray for the Missionaries, but I don't know what to pray for !" Now I will give you one subject that you may all pray about : Pray for the Missionaries' children, that God would preserve them from cruel people, and keep them in life and health, that they may comfort their parents, who have given up all for the sake of the Heathen.



THE BIBLE TAKEN TO KHASSEE.

KHASSEE is a country in Asia, lying to the north-east of Calcutta, and bordering on Burma and China ; it belongs to the English. Some years ago the Bible was translated into the Khassee language, and a Missionary was sent into the country. Mr. Lish, the first Missionary who went, was received joyfully by the people ; and when they heard him speak in their own language, they laughed heartily ; but when he began to open to them the truths of Scripture, they were so forcibly impressed, that they said, "he was a god, and that they were but cows and goats." After a time another Missionary went to them ; and a Chief from a village he had not yet visited came to him, and thus addressed him : "If you have anything from God to say to us, come quickly ; otherwise we may be dead, and what you have to say will be of no use to us. What will then become of us ?"

One of the Christian converts said to the Missionary, "The word of God is truly wonderful ; for I have some

new thoughts whenever I look into it. I do not find it so with anything else. But the word of God is like a fountain which sends forth fresh waters every day; they are not the same, but, although they differ, they are all very good. Even the same verse says something new whenever I look into it."

From the "Bible of every Land." Published by Bagster.

NAKED SCHOOL-CHILDREN IN SOUTH AFRICA.

In the "Missionary Notices" for August there is a letter from Mr. Davis, Missionary in Albany, South Africa, where he tells of the sad state of the children there, who are obliged to go to school naked, because they cannot get clothes, and he has none to give them. The ladies of Cheetham-Hill, near Manchester, have been much concerned at this account, and have given a large quantity of calico, printed cotton, and dresses, which are to be sent to these little destitute Africans; and I am sure they, as well as the Missionary, will be very much obliged to their kind friends.

We should be glad to send many more such articles if we had them; for in the part of the country where Mr. Davis is living, there are ten settlements of Africans, each numbering ten thousand persons; so you see, if there was a ship-load of prints and dresses sent, it would not be too much amongst one hundred thousand persons.

Parcels of clothing have also been received from the Lynn, Grosvenor-street, Manchester, and First London Circuits.

IMPORTANT CONSIDERATIONS.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Now we are come to the close of the year, let me ask you to sit down and consider what you have done for the Mission cause during the last twelve months. Have you done all you could do? Have you done all you intended to do? I fear there are but few of us who can say we have fulfilled all the resolutions we made at the

beginning of the year. If we could fully understand the importance of the work in which we are engaged, we should not want urging forward, we should rather want restraining; for the thought of perishing souls would so continually be in our minds, that we should never be satisfied unless we were doing something for their help. But if you have failed in doing as much as you might have done during the year, do not despond: God has put it into your hearts to assist his cause; and if you sincerely and humbly pray to him for help, he will enable you to be more zealous in your efforts to send the knowledge of salvation to the Heathen.

Do you want encouragement to perseverance? I can give you the best, the sweetest news that ever gladdened a Christian's heart. The Heathen are giving up their false gods, and turning to the only true God; the cannibal Feejeean lies at the foot of Jesus, and beseeches him to take away his sins; the Tonguese are praising the Lord because he has saved their souls. O do not these accounts cause you to weep tears of joy, and to bless God for his goodness to these Heathen? and do you not wonder at and adore that mercy which permits you, even you children, to help in sending the word of salvation to them? And now, my dear young friends, before I conclude, let me ask you, Are your own souls saved? Whilst you are anxious to secure the salvation of others, are you seeking to be sincere followers of Christ yourselves? Do not neglect to pray that God will give you his saving grace, and make you his own children. Shall the Tonga woman rejoice in a Saviour's love, and you remain a stranger to that Saviour who died to save you as well as her? O no, it must not be. Let me affectionately entreat you now, before this year closes, to yield your hearts to your loving Saviour; and then the news from far countries of saved sinners will be doubly welcome to you.

—◆—◆—◆—

CONTENTS.

Page.		Page.	
Native Encampment at Portland-Bay, Australia	133	Speech of the Rev. John Hobbs, at a Wesleyan Missionary Meeting in New-Zealand	139
Letters on South Africa. No. VIII.	133	The Missionary's Baby and the cruel Feejeean Nurse	141
Christian Experience of a Tonguese Woman	136	The Bible taken to Khaasce	142
Anecdote of North-American Indians	137	Naked School-Children in South Africa	143
A Hymn to be sung in all Weathers	138	Important Considerations	143

1875

1875

1

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100

1

1

1

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100

