CHILDREN AT THE BOILING SPRINGS NEAR TAUPO LAKE, NEW-ZEALAND.

WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING:

A MISCELLANY

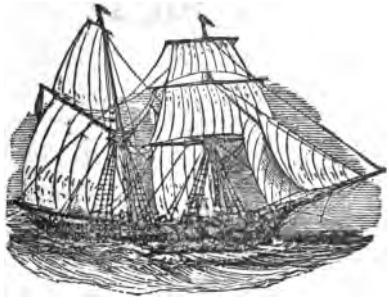
OF

MISSIONARY INFORMATION

FOR YOUNG PERSONS.

VOL. VI.

FOR THE YEAR MDCCCXLIX.



LONDON:
SOLD AT THE WESLEYAN MISSION-HOUSE,
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CONTENTS OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

LIST OF EMBELLISHMENTS.

THE

WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

JANUARY, 1849.

CHILDREN AT THE BOILING SPRINGS, NEAR TAUPO-LAKE, NEW-ZEALAND.

THE boy whose portrait is given in the centre figure of the annexed group, has light or gold-coloured hair: this is very uncommon for a native of New-Zealand. He is the son of one of the Chiefs of a settlement close to the boiling springs, near Taupo-Lake. The natives regard the boy with considerable pride; and he is known by the name of Ko Tiki, which means an "heir-loom," or "treasure."

The sitting figure is Papuka, a lame boy, nephew to the great Chief Te Heuheu, of Taupo; and the girl to the right is Tao, one of the children at the settlement of Tukanu. They all belong to the tribe which inhabits the district of the Taupo-Lakes.

Near the children is a calabash for water, the orifice of which is tattooed. In the background the boiling springs are introduced, at which the natives of the vicinity cook their food.

From Angas's "Scenes in New-Zealand."

LETTER OF A MISSIONARY'S WIFE, IN NEW-ZEALAND, TO THE READERS OF THE "JUVENILE OFFERING."

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

THOUGH you have never seen me, nor I you, because it is so many years since I left old England's happy shores, and because the island I now live in is so man-

miles off from yours, (fifteen thousand,) yet I love my native land, and all the dear young people in it, especially those for whom this sweet and interesting little Magazine is prepared. I have read, with joy and gratitude to Him who said, when he was upon earth, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," of what you dear young people are doing, by your offerings and collections of so many useful things to the Mission cause, to forward the instruction and promote the comfort of poor Heathen children; and I hope, with these offerings of outward things, you do not forget inwardly and earnestly to pray for them. I believe you do pray for them, and that God hears you. I am sure that God accepts your offerings, by the success which attends your humble efforts; and because he has said, that a cup of cold water given for his sake shall not lose its reward. Go on, then, my dear young friends; and may you all be blessed abundantly in your happy toil!

As I am now living among the natives of this land, and see and hear a great deal of their ways and customs, I can perhaps tell you some things about them that you did not know before; and which will show you your own great advantages over them, and how much you owe to your heavenly Father for your birth and education in a Christian country.

The native mothers here have no nice little clothes for their babies; but when they are born, they are laid down on a bit of old dirty native mat, or piece of old dirty rag, that you would not touch without a pair of tongs. When they are a day or two old, they punch a great hole in one or both of their ears; and, to prevent the hole closing up, stuff in a bit of stick, or bit of woollen rag: this hole is to tie an ornament in, when the puncture is healed. The ornaments worn in the ears consist of a curious variety of things: the favourite ear-ring is a piece of smoothed green stone, three or four inches long, and half an inch wide, tied in with a piece of flax (black ribbon, if

they can get it). The next choice ornament is a shark's tooth,—often a bone cut out like one,—the broad end covered with red sealing-wax. But I have seen many other things worn by men, women, and children; such as shells, half-crowns, medals of various characters, the handle of a broken English jug or ewer, a lamb's tail, the skin and feathers of a black bird, called *uia*, likewise parts of the skin and plumage of the albatross, sometimes found washed dead upon the beach from the sea: this purely white bunch, as large as a cheese-plate, forms a striking contrast with their dark and tatooed faces. These things, as well as their garments, they are always changing from one to another, till perhaps all the people in a *kainga* or "village" have worn the same thing.

They like neck-ornaments, too; and some of them get beads, and will wear a pound or two of different kinds at once; but we do not often see these, because the Missionaries have shown them the folly of purchasing and wearing useless ornaments. I have frequently seen a piece of black sea-weed, an inch wide, like a piece of shoe-leather, tied tight round the throat; and sometimes a little scented oil from the berry of a tree called *topi-topi*, squeezed into a bit of rag or rush, and rolled up like a nutmeg, tied round the throat. I have seen the skin of the *uia* tied round the fore part of the head, too, something like the half of a crown. They think they are very gay in these fine things, and attach considerable importance to themselves while they have them on.

The poor children are brought up naked; in their own villages they run about quite naked till they are six or seven years old; but when they come to us, those who can walk have a bit of something thrown round their shoulders,—sometimes a little native mat, bit of old calico, or coloured handkerchief, tied round the neck like a cloak over the back. The infants they carry on their backs, under their mats, quite naked, and nurse them so. You would think they would let them fall; but they do not: they pull them about by the arms, like you would hold

a cat. They seldom wash their poor babies; so that they smell so foul, that you could not nurse them.

When the poor little ones cry, their manner of stopping them is to throw them two or three times into the water headlong, which, I believe, has the desired effect; but, not long ago, a man near this place, the father of the child, did so, and took it out dead! They seldom correct their children, but let them have their own way; when they do chastise them, they do it cruelly, by pinching, and angry blows. I have seen a poor child with its flesh quite black from this mode of punishment, by its own mother.

When the children can feed themselves, they sit on the ground with their parents, and dip with them into the basket or calabash with their whole hand, keeping out the thumb if it be mashed food, and so lade it into their mouths; they have no knives, forks, or spoons, nor would they know how to use them if they had. Their food consists of potatoes, *kumeras*,* fish, shell-fish, berries, thistles, wild cabbage, and, in their season, pigeons, small parrots, (which they snare by hundreds,) and a large species of parrot: these are cooked in ovens made by heating stones, in a hole in the earth, and then covering the food over with baskets and earth, till the contents are dressed.

But these poor children, though so miserably provided for, and having so very little bodily comfort, can read God's holy word as soon as they are capable of being taught; and, before they can read, will repeat a great part of our Catechisms. I have been astonished to hear the little creatures, so filthy, and almost naked, joining with the old people and elder children in repeating their Catechism.

I could tell you many more things about them; but I should make my letter too long: these facts, I am sure, will make you more than ever grateful for the privileges you enjoy, and increase your sympathy for the people of this land.

A FRIEND.

* A kind of sweet potato.

EXTRACTS FROM MR. LAWRY'S VOYAGE TO FEEJEE.

(Continued.)

SCHOOL EXAMINATION IN VEWA, FEEJEE.

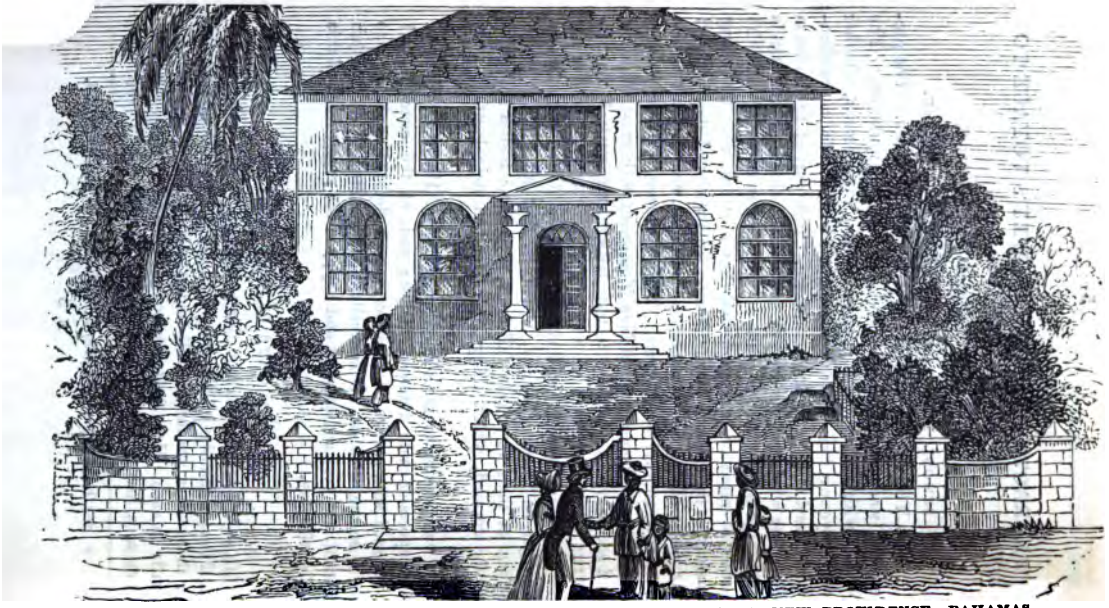
5th.—The school-examination took place at Vewa. The procession was composed of almost the entire population. The Chief, with a grey beard, walked before; each person, whether old or young, bore a thank-offering,—a mat, a club, an earthenware vessel of native manufacture, &c. This part of the business done, the whole body moved off towards the chapel, which stands on a high mound, in the midst of lofty evergreen trees.* In the hands of many were carried branches of trees, and they sang sweetly as they moved slowly along. In the chapel they chanted the Rules of the Society and the Catechism, one part taking the questions, another the answers. They then stood up, one by one, and rehearsed chapters of the New Testament with great propriety and accuracy. THE QUEEN DID HER PART, THE MISSIONARIES SAID, BETTER THAN ANY ONE BESIDE. These are the early days of purity and simplicity here. One thing strikes a stranger on entering Feejee, which is, that all the Christians appear at their worship in full dress, their sable bodies being decently covered, which thing their Heathen neighbours utterly detest.

It was pleasing to see a good sprinkling of Heathen looking at this spectacle with intense interest; and, at the conclusion, I addressed both parties on such points as I deemed appropriate to them on the occasion. Our excellent and promising Chief, Elijah Varani, was very conspicuous and happy in the proceedings of this delightful day.

DELIGHTS OF MEETING.

8th.—We are now six-and-thirty persons at Vewa, belonging to the Mission families of Feejee, met at the District-Meeting; and for these there are three small houses, just sufficient for a small family in each. How the ladies contrive their part of the business, I am at a loss to know; but the families have been long since

* See Frontispiece, Juvenile Offering, February, 1848.



WESLEYAN CHAPEL AND MISSION PREMISES. IN THE EASTERN DISTRICT OF NEW PROVIDENCE, BAHAMAS

they saw one another, especially Messrs. Williams and Haslewood, from Somosomo, and they seem never to know anything about inconvenience or trouble. They are met together with Christian views and feelings, delighted once more to see each other, to talk over past events, escapes, and mercies, to project new plans of useful enterprise, and to edify one another, as also they do.

I observe that each wife has her hands full from morning till night, attending to the children, superintending the native nurses, the native cooks, the native washerwomen, and many things beside, among which is the doling out medicine to the sick, and carrying on the marketing with the natives who come to sell yams, fowls, and other food needed for the house. I would, therefore, earnestly advise all the young ladies who may hereafter enter upon the Mission work to give up at once all thought of a piano, or other heavy instrument intended for amusement. Forsake all such things, which will be worse than useless in such Stations as Tonga or Feejee; forsake them utterly, as those now here have done, and seek all your pleasure in your duties; in serving God and His servants; and great will be your reward in heaven.

WESLEYAN CHAPEL, NEW-PROVIDENCE, WEST INDIES.

DR. COKE'S FIRST VOYAGE TO THE WEST INDIES.

It is just sixty-two years ago that Dr. Coke, with three Missionaries, set sail from Gravesend to go to Nova-Scotia, in North America. He had been to America several times before, and was very anxious that our colonies in that country should have Missionaries sent to them.

But God did not intend he should go to Nova-Scotia this voyage; he had other work for him to do. As soon as they set sail the weather became very stormy, the wind was contrary, and it was three weeks before they got away from the Land's-End. When they were about the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, the ship began to leak, and a dreadful hurricane arose; terror and dismay was in the faces of the Captain and the crew, and all expected the ship would go down. The Captain was in a rage, and

said it was Dr. Coke's prayers that caused the storm; that they had got a Jonah on board; and went into his cabin, determined to throw him overboard, He took his books and papers, and flung them into the sea; then he seized the Docter, to throw him after; but God was with his servant, and preserved him. The Captain grasped him several times with angry violence, swearing horribly; at last he left him, and on retiring swore, that if ever Dr. Coke made another prayer, he would throw him overboard, as he had thrown his papers.

Still the storm raged for many, many days; the leak let in a great stream of water; the sails, exposed so long to the storm, were almost as thin as wafers; the ropes, having all the tar beaten off, were nearly white; so that the vessel was half a wreck, their candles were almost all burnt, and the water nearly all gone. In this dismal state of things a council was held on board, when the Captain said that he believed they should never reach Halifax; and that the only way they could preserve their lives was to direct their course to the West Indies. And so they did; the weather became calm, and warm and favourable winds wafted them gently to the island of Antigua, where their weather-beaten bark cast anchor, December 25th, 1786.

Thus was Dr. Coke brought to the West Indies, to see the dreadful state of slavery in which thousands of Negroes were living; and on that 25th of December, the day of freedom began to dawn on the poor oppressed slaves, which reached its meridian brightness when in 1834 the entire emancipation of the slaves was completed. Dr. Coke soon began to preach to the slaves: he offered them the liberty of the Gospel, and told them that Christ could free them from the bondage of sin and Satan, which was far worse than the galling yoke under which they were then labouring. The poor Negroes were dreadfully ignorant; their masters said they had no souls, and would as soon have thought of getting Missionaries for their horses and dogs as for their slaves; but Dr. Coke knew they were human beings, redeemed by the precious blood of Christ. When told of a Saviour, O how gladly did they go to him for pardon! How welcome was the news of salvation, and the hope of heaven to these poor slaves! Hundreds listened to the Preachers, and thousands now in heaven bless God that the Missionaries ever visited them.

It would be too long a story to tell you how the Missionaries

were treated by the planters, what they suffered, and how the number of the Christian slaves gradually increased; it is a history that would fill many books. Perhaps at some future time I may tell you a little more about it; but I will just tell you, in finishing, the state of Methodism now in the West Indies: there are 408 Methodist chapels, many of them as large and beautiful as the building you see in the picture; there are 19,255 school-children; and 109,105 people attending public worship.

London, October, 1848.

WESLEYAN CHAPEL, THURLES, TIPPERARY, IRELAND.

SOME of you will remember that Thurles is the place where Smith O'Brien was taken, when he was trying to persuade the Irish peasantry to rise up and rebel against the English Government. If there were more Methodist chapels and Methodist Preachers in Ireland, and fewer Popish Priests, the Irish people would be better taught, and better fed, and better behaved.

"COME OVER AND HELP US."

Ye on whom the glorious Gospel
  Shines with beams serenely bright,
Pity the deluded nations
  Wrapp'd in shades of dismal night;
Ye whose bosoms glow with rapture
  At the precious hopes they bear,
Ye who know a Saviour's mercy,
  Listen to our earnest prayer.

See that race, deluded, blinded,
  Bending at yon horrid shrine;
Madness pictured in their faces,
  Emblems of the frantic mind:
They have never heard of Jesus,
  Never to the' Eternal pray'd;
Paths of death and woe they're treading:
  Christian, Christian, come and aid!

By that rending shriek of horror,
  Issuing from the flaming pile;
By the bursts of mirth that follow;
  By that Brahmin's fiend-like smile;
By the infant's piercing cry,
  Drown'd in Ganges' rolling wave;
By the mother's tearful eye;
  Friends of Jesus, come and save!

By that pilgrim, weak and hoary,
  Wandering far from friends and home,
Vainly seeking endless glory
  At the false Mahomet's tomb;
By that blind, derided nation,
  Murderers of the Son of God;
Christians, grant us our petition,
  Ere we lie beneath the sod!

By the Afric's hopes, so wretched,
  Which at death's approach shall fly;
By the scalding tears that trickle
  From the slave's wild, sunken eye;
By the terrors of that judgment
  Which shall fix our final doom;
Listen to our cry so earnest,—
  "Friends of Jesus, come, O come!"

By the martyrs' toils and sufferings,
  By their patience, zeal, and love;
By the promise of the Mighty,
  Bending from his throne above;
By the last command, so precious,
  Issued by the risen God;
Christians, Christians, come and help us,
  Ere we lie beneath the sod!

Mrs. Judson.

THE NEW YEAR.

When the year 1848 commenced, how little did we know of the surprising events that were to happen in the course of it! Who could have guessed that Kings would have been dethroned, governments be overturned, and the whole state of society in Europe changed? And now that 1849 is begun, we cannot tell what will come to pass before the year ends.

But though there are a great many things we do not know, there are some things we may be quite certain of. We know that we have immortal souls, that will be happy or miserable for ever; we know that we are sinners, and that Christ died to save us; we know that a large part of the world is lying in sin and ignorance, for want of the light of the Gospel. Now, being assured of these things, our course of duty for 1849 is very plain. We must first resolve to become God's children, and with earnest prayer entreat our heavenly Father, for Christ's sake, to save u

and to give us his Holy Spirit, that we may do his will; then let us work, with all our might, for the good of sinners around us, and for the salvation of sinners afar off. If we are thus employed, our hearts filled with love to God, our heads and hands employed in his service, happen what will, we shall be safe. What a blessed haven is Jesu's breast to flee to! May God grant that we may all, old and young, take refuge there!

THE "JOHN WESLEY" MISSIONARY SHIP.

THE gift which the Committee have presented this month to the young Collectors of the Christmas and New-Year's Offering, in aid of the Missions, is a beautiful engraving of the Missionary ship, as she appeared when cruising before Osborne-House, in the Isle of Wight, the residence of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

The "John Wesley" is now sixteen thousand miles away, in the South Pacific Ocean. Once in the year she sails from New-Zealand, laden with such things as the Missionaries want. She goes to the Friendly Islands one after another, and then to the Feejee Islands; carries the Missionaries to their Stations, and brings back their letters and messages, some of which are published, from month to month, in the "Juvenile Offering."

All the Missionaries speak well of the "John Wesley;" and all our young friends may wish and pray, with Mrs. Farmer, when the ship was launched at the Isle of Wight, "Success to the 'John Wesley!'"

CONTENTS.

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THE CHURNING OF THE SEA :—A HINDOO PICTURE.

THE

WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

FEBRUARY, 1849.

CHURNING THE SEA:

A STORY ABOUT HINDOO GODS.

INDRU is a god who lives in the sky, and has power over three worlds. He did not want to grow old, or to have grey hairs, wrinkles, or any of the infirmities of old age; so he called forth his three hundred and thirty millions of gods, and went to Vishnu, another god. While they were there, worshipping Vishnu, and calling out, *O parandama*, which means, "O supreme God," Vishnu was pleased, and said, "O, king of heaven, what is your object in coming here?" Indru replied, "Have mercy upon us, that we may be exempt from grey hairs, old age, and infirmities." Then Vishnu said, "O king of heaven, if you eat of the nectar to be obtained by churning the ocean, you will be exempt from grey hairs, wrinkles, old age, and infirmities. Let one of you bring Mount Mundura for a pivot, and you may churn the ocean." On hearing this, Indru and the others were surprised, and said, "Is that a small mountain? Is it possible for one to bring it here? It is very great." And he stood in silence. But the great serpent Aununta, looking at Indru, said, "O king of heaven, why are you grieved? I will bring it." And immediately he brought the mountain, taking it up from the bottom. They then prayed Vishnu to give success in their attempt to churn the ocean, and to grant them nectar. Vishnu went to the ocean, and ordered the mountain to be used as a pivot, the moon as a churning-stick, and the younger brother of the great serpent who brought the mountain was to serve as a rope; and that the gods and *asuras*, or "demons," should churn, each party taking one end of the rope. Vishnu supported the mountain, in the form of a tortoise.

When they had churned, with all their might, for a few days, the serpent, being distressed, vomited poison, which came forth like fire, to burn them to ashes. Indru and the others were frightened, and called out to Siva, another god, to come and save them. Siva appeared to them; and, swallowing the poison, removed their distress. They then again churned the ocean with pleasure. After a time, appeared a white elephant, a white horse, a divine cow, and, last of all, the nectar, or water of immortality. Vishnu was going to distribute the nectar among them; but, before he began, he thought, "These *asuras* or demons are naturally strong and wicked, and do a great deal of harm in the world; if they eat the nectar, they will become immortal, and distress the world still more: some stratagem must be employed to prevent their taking it." Thinking thus, he made a very beautiful damsel, who was to hand round the nectar; and he supposed the *asuras* would be so much engaged with looking at her, that they would forget to take the nectar.

Accordingly, when all was ready, he said, "O gods and demons, some one must divide this nectar among you: I order this damsel to do it. You may all eat." He then directed the damsel to divide it, giving into her hand a vessel and a spoon. As he had suspected, the demons were so occupied with looking at the damsel, that they sat quite still, and forgot to take the nectar. Two of them, however, saw the cheat, and said, "Shall the gods only take the nectar? Does not that which is obtained by the labour of all belong to all? We must go to the feast under the disguise of gods, lest we lose the nectar." They went, and sat at a certain place at the feast, under the disguise of gods.

The damsel gave the nectar to them as well as the gods; but they ate it improperly. The sun and moon, who sat by, observed this; and saw that, though gods in appearance, they were demons in conduct, and gave signs of it with altered aspect. Then the damsel split their heads with the spoon in her hand, and gave the nectar to the gods, who worshipped, and ate with mutual congratulation. The two demons who in disguise had attempted to eat the nectar, considering that their mishap was owing to the sun and moon, perfonned penance, and obtained power from the god to take them at certain seasons into their mouths, and spit them out again. This is now called in the world, the eclipse of the sun and moon.

At last, Vishnu and the others, having placed the remainder of the nectar in a golden pot in the sky, and put a guard of gods over it, with divine arrows, repaired to their respective residences.

This, then, is the Hindoo story of the churning of the sea; and this is the picture by which the Hindoos represent the event.

Now, my dear young friends, do not think that I give you this story merely as a curiosity, or for your entertainment. It is a solemn and heart-rending fact, that such stories as these are believed by millions of people in India; not only by the poor and ignorant, but by the wise and learned. These gods, Vishnu, Siva, Indru, are worshipped by many, many of our fellow-creatures there, who, if they had the Gospel presented to them, would gladly forsake their miserable idolatry, and embrace the truth as it is in Jesus. But there is no one to tell them of a Saviour, no one to lead them to the one true God.

Let us pray that God will hasten the happy time when all the ends of the earth shall know him.

LETTER FROM A MISSIONARY'S WIFE TO THE REV. ELIJAH HOOLE.

My dear Sir,

We have read, with much pleasure, in New-Zealand, the "Juvenile Offering," and heartily rejoice in the success attending its publication.

In this Circuit we are alone among the natives. Our house is like a cottage in the wilderness. We have no civilized society, save a passing traveller, now and then, on his way to one of the English settlements north or south of us, either of them seventy miles distant from this place.

Since we have been in this District so entirely shut up with the natives, we have seen and known more than ever of their real and natural character: the Gospel has indeed done wonders for them.

We suffer great anxiety about our own children. Our two eldest sons we left in Auckland, and the other two we have been obliged to send thither since, not knowing whether they can be accommodated and educated or not.

but it is ruin for children to be brought up here. We rejoice in the expectation that we shall have an academy in New-Zealand shortly, for the benefit of our Missionaries' children,—a thing, indeed, greatly needed. We have yet two daughters with us, who are a very great care and cause of anxiety to us in this place.

My dear husband is, of course, out a great deal; our people are so widely scattered, he is rarely at home on a Sabbath. I have not had the privilege of hearing an English sermon preached in this place since we have been here; notwithstanding, I fully prove that God is "in the wide waste as in the city full;" and though I am cut off from the streams, I have free access to the Fountain-head. Yet frequently, on a Sabbath morning, after my husband is gone, and I am left for the day with two little children, I am constrained to adopt David's language, and say, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord." We have no chapel or native village within four miles of our house.

I never felt any fear of being left among natives till I knew of the murder of the Gilfillan family at Wanganui; of which dreadful case you have, no doubt, heard particulars. We are entirely in the power of natives here, if any were evil disposed towards us; but our confidence is in Him, "whose we are, and whom we serve." Never were the promises of God so sweet and precious to my soul as now; for I have often to "hang" upon them; and, blessed be God, never yet has one "jot or tittle" failed me! How great is his faithfulness to the children of men! All honour and glory to Jesus alone!

Begging an interest in your prayers,

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours sincerely in the Lord,

JANE WOON.

Waimate, Taranaki, January 20th, 1848.

THE RIVER OF THE WATER OF LIFE.

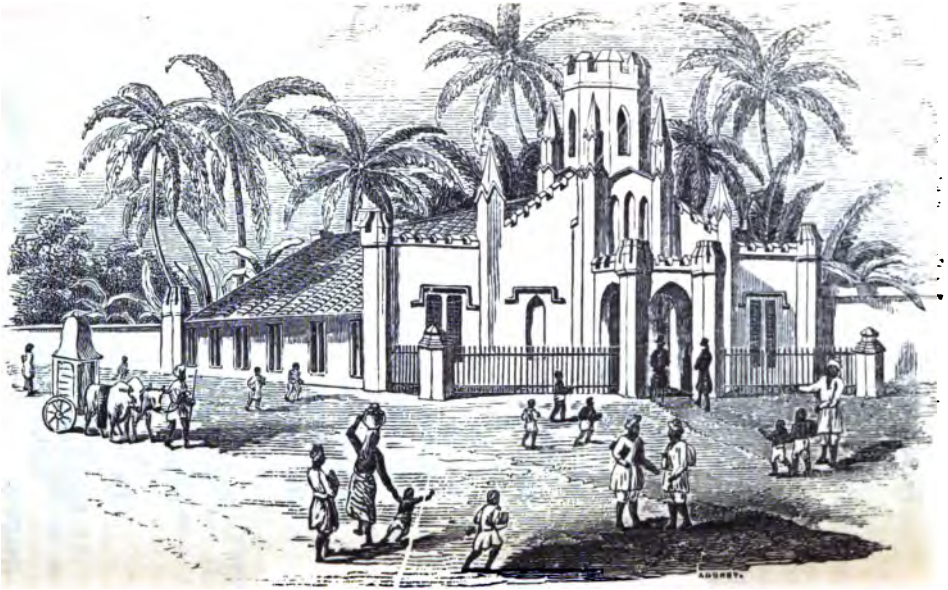
From yonder throne of glory,
  Where sits the bleeding Lamb,
(O have ye heard the story,—
  The tidings of his name?)
There flows a mighty river,
  As crystal pure and clear,
The weak and faint believer
  To comfort and to cheer.

That river is salvation,
  Rich, copious, and free,—
Design'd for every nation,
  And open'd, Lord, for me.
The sinner, fill'd with anguish,
  Poor, impotent, and blind,
Whose spirits droop and languish,
  May here redemption find.

Where'er the fountain floweth,
  Health, peace, and joy abound;
It evermore bestoweth
  Blessings on all around.
With plenteous grace it bursteth
  Forth from the' eternal throne:
Ho, every one that thirsteth,
  Come to the waters, come!

Roll on, thou mighty river,
  Through all the wilderness;
Of life thou art the giver
  To man in his distress.
The desert now is singing,
  The lonely wastes are glad,
The flowers again are springing,
  With verdure earth is clad.

Dartford. *Thornley Smith.*



VIEW OF ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, JAFFNA, CEYLON.

VIEW OF ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, JAFFNA, CEYLON.

I THINK I hear many of our young friends say, "Well, this is a lively scene! What a fine building it is! as grand as many of our schools in England. And how brisk the children look, as they are hastening to it! How beautiful those cocoa-nut trees are, that grow around!" It is indeed a pleasant scene to contemplate, and to think that this has been done in a Heathen country by British Christians. The schools in Ceylon are in a very prosperous condition. The English school contains one hundred and fifty pupils of the most respectable Hindoo and European families. The native schools are very flourishing. The children are taught to read the Scriptures; they learn the Catechisms; and the elder ones are instructed in history, natural philosophy, and other sciences. How much better it is to store their minds with useful learning, than to teach them the wicked stories of their Hindoo gods!

EXTRACTS FROM MR. LAWRY'S VOYAGE TO FEEJEE.

(*Continued.*)

DANGERS FROM CANNIBALS.

IT seems that our brethren have had several narrow escapes with their lives at Somosomo. Mr. Lyth, when sent for by the late Tuithekau, talked to him so closely about his soul and eternity, that the savage became enraged, and laid hold of Mr. Lyth's garment, calling out for a club that he might kill him. Mr. Lyth left the skirt of his calico coat in his hand, and escaped away to his own house. The sick man relented, and sent to beg pardon before he died. Mr. Lyth had been sent for by this Chief in the character of a medical man; but even this did not screen him. Another case occurred the other day, when Mr. Williams was getting his baggage on board the "John Wesley." A Chief who had been attempting to steal, and was prevented, ran up to Mr. Williams, shaking his club over him, and shouting that there and then he would settle him. Mr. Calvert stepped up to the succour of our brother, and prevented the fall of the club; but so frightful was the sight, that the ship's crew cleared off to the brig with all convenient speed; and no marvel, seeing any one might cherish a

dread of being eaten by the Feejeean cannibals. Mr. Williams says he never felt any fear. The same Chief, on a former occasion, wanted to get into Mr. Williams's house at the time of taking dinner, that he might assist them in eating the food; but a large dog was chained in the passage to secure the family from intrusion; at which this savage became so enraged that he took up one of Mrs. Williams's little boys, about two years old, and threw him with great violence at the dog. The mother saw it with the feelings of a mother! The child was injured, but not seriously. Good nerves, and full confidence in divine providence, are necessary here. God has hitherto kept his servants, and all belonging to them in Feejee; so that they have not yet received any fatal injury from the warlike eaters of one another.

13th.—I observed to-day a party of Heathen natives engaged in building a new printing-office for the Mission here. As they seemed more diligent, cheerful, and contented in their labour than is usual in the Friendly Isles, I inquired of Mr. Hunt, what he had agreed to pay for the work. He said, nothing was agreed upon; but when the work was done, he should hand over to his Chief Varani what he deemed sufficient, and Varani would pass the same over to their Chief, and all would clap their hands, and walk away quite pleased and fully satisfied.

LETTER ON WEST-AFRICAN SLAVERY.

My dear young Friends,

In order that you may see your superior advantages, and the many obligations you are laid under to love and serve God, I will briefly bring before you the state of the children in this part of Western Africa.

Freedom in this part of Africa is scarcely known. It is true there are a few in the immediate vicinity of the forts who are as free as they are in Europe; but still in the interior, and on the Slave-Coast, freedom is seldom heard of.

Domestic slaves in the Fanti country might with propriety be termed servants rather than slaves, because they are not subject to those cruelties and miseries which endured in the interior and on the Slave-Coast.

There, should a slave misconduct himself, he would be put in irons, severely lashed with the whip, and perhaps sold either to a Chief for a sacrifice at some barbarous custom, or to a slave-merchant to be shipped off to some other country.

I knew a father who viewed his own son as a slave, and for some trifling offence he sold him to a slave-dealer for £6. to be transported across the Atlantic to the Brazils. I have myself, when visiting slave barracoons, seen many children in bondage, in company with others who were farther advanced in life. I have also seen them brought out of these barracoons, branded with a red-hot iron over the back with the initials of the individual to whom they belonged. I have seen them marched to the beach, stowed away under the thwarts of the canoe, and taken to the slave-ship. These unfortunate creatures have been torn from the bosom of their friends, and in all probability will never see them again until that day when the world shall be assembled at the bar of God.

O, children, prize your glorious privileges, where the flag of freedom waves over the land!

The pawn system prevails to an awful extent, even in the Fanti country, where British influence is felt.

I have known many, very many, instances, in which families who wanted money to make one of their foolish customs, have taken some of their offspring, and pawned them for the sum required.

The individual to whom they are pawned claims them as his own property until the money is refunded, with fifty per cent. upon it. This is very seldom done; consequently, hundreds of these poor children are brought into a state of bondage, in which many of them remain to their lives' end.

Now, children, need I tell you the Gospel is the best instrument to unrivet the chain of slavery?

Doubtless the Gospel was the chief instrument in that glorious emancipation of the inhabitants of the West Indian islands; and it is calculated, not only to unrivet the

chain of slavery in Western Africa, but to level the idolatrous temple, and to sink the sacrificial knife into eternal oblivion.

I, as an individual, thank you for what you have done; but would urge you to go forward in every good word and work, resting assured, "In due season you shall reap if you faint not."

JOHN ALLEN,
Missionary at Cape-Coast.

THE FRIARS AND THE BOOKS.

WHEN Mr. A—— first preached in Sens, he carried with him a great many little books in his pocket, which he gave away after the service. There are large schools, of three or four hundred boys, in the town, taught by Jesuits, who are called "Friars of the Christian doctrine;" and these Friars said to the boys, "Go, and take as many as you can of those little books, and bring them to us, and we will burn them." The boys quickly ran off for this wicked purpose.

Mr. A—— knew nothing of the matter, and was very glad to give the books to the dear children. After they had taken them, they ran with them to the Friars, and the books were burned. One of the boys, however, thought he should like to read the book himself first. So he carried it home, and read it through, and liked it so much that he said to his Mamma, "Mamma, I cannot think why the Friars said this book was to be burned; it is a very pretty book." And his Mamma said, "Let me read it." She read it, and she liked it, and she said to her husband, "There must be some mistake, this book ought not to be burned; it is a very nice book." And her husband said, "I must read it;" and, after he had read it, he said, "No; certainly the Friar shall not have this book to burn. And I begin to suspect something. I suspect the Friars dislike the Protestant books because they are right, and the Friars themselves are wrong." The consequence

of the boy's carrying the book home was, that his father and mother were brought to hear Mr. A——, and both became real Christians. Most likely they would never have read the book, had not the Friar sent the child to get it. The Friar little thought of what he was doing. See how God can overrule all things for good!

Report of the Tract Society.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH AND HER TRACT.

I SPENT an evening in 1842 with Charlotte Elizabeth, well known to the Christian church by her writings, and devotedness to every good word and work. In the course of conversation, she inquired of me if I had been acquainted with any instances of positive good having been effected by tract distribution. My reply was, that I had known many instances of good, more or less marked in their character; but that the last case which just then occurred to me was the case of a soldier of one of Her Majesty's regiments stationed in Malta.

He had been put into solitary confinement for six weeks for sleeping on guard, the consequence of a previous day's intemperance. He was visited by the Assistant-Surgeon of the regiment, who gave him a tract to read, the title of which was, "The Roll-Call:" it pleased God to apply its faithful appeals to his conscience, and, under strong conviction of guilt and danger, he wept and prayed, and resolved to prepare to meet his God. On his release he found his way to the Wesleyan chapel, where he was pointed to "the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world;" through grace he believed on Him "with the heart unto righteousness," and found peace with God; became improved in every respect, and as zealous to bring others to Christ and his ordinances as he had been formerly in encouraging them in the broad road to destruction.—While making this statement, I observed that this excellent lady was deep

affected, while tears rolled down her benignant countenance. I was surprised at the depth of the emotion, until a Clergyman, who had joined us at the tea-table, observed to me, "Are you aware that she is the author of that tract?" I was wholly ignorant of the fact; and, if memory does not betray me, I think he added, that it was the first instance she had heard of positive good done by that production of her pen. God thus encouraged her, and all engaged in any department of his work, to "sow in hope;" and it furnishes us with another illustration of the truth, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days thou shalt find it."

Thomas T. N. Hull.

MISSIONARY SCRAPS.

THERE are upwards of three thousand North-American Indians in one province, peacefully attending the means of grace: all this the fruits of Missionary enterprise.

The idol Kallee in India has four arms, two giants' bodies for ear-rings, a necklace of human skulls, and a girdle of giants' hands round the waist.

The two first Missionaries to the West Indies, Dober and Nitschman, left their homes, in Germany, with only thirty-one shillings and six-pence in their pockets; but the Lord prospered them.

The Heathen are perishing. Shall we let them perish? Surely not. Then let us arise for their salvation, and send them all the Gospel of peace.

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LONDON: PRINTED BY JAMES NICHOLS, HOXTON-SQUARE.

A FINGOE OF SOUTH AFRICA.

THE

WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

MARCH, 1849.

THE DYING FINGOE.

"LISTEN," said a Missionary, one day, to a number of children, who were fond of hearing about the Heathen, "and I will tell you a story respecting a dying Fingoe."

The children were all attention; when one of them said, "Who are the Fingoes, Sir?"

"I remember," said another; "for I read of them in the 'Juvenile Offering' a little time ago. They are a people who reside in Southern Africa, were once very powerful, but were driven from their own country in the interior by a great Chief called Chaku."

"You are right," said the Missionary; "and see, here is a portrait of a Fingoe. His dress is a cloak or *kaross* made of sheep-skins. Round his neck are two or three strings of beads, and on his arms several rings of brass. A few white beads are fastened to his woolly hair, and he carries a stick called an *umsimelelo.*"

"What is the colour of his skin?" asked one of the children.

"It is brown," replied the Missionary; "but the Fingoes are a very dirty people, and smear themselves all over with red clay and fat."

"Then I am sure I should not like to live among them," said one. "Nor I either," said another.

"Perhaps you would not," answered the Missionary; "but these people have souls as well as we, and need instruction; and therefore some must go and live amongst them, and try to enlighten them, and tell them of a Saviour."

"But some people say it is of no use, they are so stupid."

"My dear child," said the Missionary, "those people are mistaken, as the story I am about to tell you will prove. The person I refer to long lived in Heathenism, and was very wicked and superstitious; but he came to the house of God, where he heard strange things, that first made him astonished, but soon caused him to weep and to pray. He became a Christian; and was as active and as zealous in the service of the Redeemer, as he had formerly been in that of sin. He sent his children to the Sunday-school, and often came himself. He was not ashamed of the Gospel, but tried to recommend it every where."

"Did he continue to wear a skin *kaross*, Sir?" asked an intelligent boy.

"He was a very poor man," replied the Missionary; "but he was industrious and careful, and was thus able to purchase for himself some clothes, in which to attend the house of God. But he became very ill. When on a visit to some of his friends, who resided on one of the Mission Stations, affliction seized him, and at length he died."

"O tell us of his death!" said one of the children.

"I will do so," answered the Missionary. "It is a solemn thing to die; but religion takes away the fear of death from the mind of a Fingoe or a Kaffir, as well as from that of any other Christian. This poor Fingoe knew that he was dying; but he was happy and resigned. The Missionary visited him, and said,—

"'Are you afraid of death?'

"He replied, 'No, no! I am not afraid of death; I wish to die, that I may go to Jesus.'

"'But would you not like to recover?'

"'No,' said he, 'I wish to die; for then I shall be safe from sin for ever.'

"'But your wife and children——.'

"'Yes,' he said, 'I love my wife, I love my children;

but I love Jesus more; and I can leave them in the hands of God: he will take care of them. All I wish is, that my children may be taught that which is good.'

"He died soon after. Thus you see the power and excellence of the Gospel, and the value of Christian Missions. I hope, then, you will be encouraged to pray for the Heathen, and will do your utmost to send them Missionaries, to proclaim to them the Gospel."

T. S.

EXTRACTS FROM MR. LAWRY'S VOYAGE TO FEEJEE.

(Continued.)

LOVE-FEAST IN FEEJEE.

A LOVE-FEAST in Feejee! Does not this sound strange to you, my young friends? A *love*-feast in Feejee! what a change must have taken place in these fierce savages! What feasts did they have a few years ago? Cannibal feasts, where they showed their hatred and revenge by eating the bodies of their fellow-creatures. And now, behold, they meet in feasts of love, they speak of Jesus, they love his ways; the fierce warrior, who not long since gloried in his wickedness, and who has slain and eaten scores of human beings, is now a Christian, a humble, loving, believing Christian. O the boundless love of Christ! How shall we sufficiently praise him for his mercy to the sinners of Feejee? Mr. Lawry says:—

SUNDAY, 3d.—I held the usual worship at sunrise; took breakfast a little before seven; and attended the public preaching at half-past eight, which was followed by a love-feast.

1. The first speaker was an aged man, named Paul, a man of much simplicity of character, and one of the first who embraced Christianity: what he said was to this effect: "I shall speak my mind about Jesus. When Wesley and Mr. Cross came, we embraced Christianity. The *lotu* in my mind has been something like a tree, that grows up by degrees, and grows quite straight; it is not turned aside by anything. Such is my mind, nothing turns it out of the way. I am happy in the *lotu*. I think much of my

friends who do not *lotu*. On their account I am pained; but in the *lotu* I rejoice. I rejoice in mind and heart, because the Missionaries have come to our land. I have found the benefit of being a Christian. I know the love of God in Christ. I was a bad man; but God loved me. The wind blows on me, that is, the evil words of men; but I am like the tree that moves not. I praise God only. I wish to get to heaven. I am afraid of hell. I only wish to live that I may hear the word of God, that by it I may be convinced of all that is evil, and put it away. I rejoice that Missionaries are here, that I may hear the preached word. I cannot read; but the word I hear from the Missionaries is the food of my soul. Such is my mind."

2. The next in order who spoke was Lydia, the wife of the Chief of Vewa. She is a woman of high rank, being nearly related to the King of Bau, and was for a length of time, after she became a professing Christian, a very troublesome woman. She was, however, truly converted on Whit-Sunday, 1844, and since that time has been "walking in the fear of the Lord, and the comfort of the Holy Ghost." What she said was to the following effect: "I wish to speak my mind, and I wish to say that I know God is true. If he had deceived me, I would say so; but he has not; I have proved his faithfulness. I desire Jesus. God is near me every day. I do not wish to have the praise of men. I wish to put away sin, because it is offensive to God. I wish to trust in Jesus, and to love him. I rejoice in being where the Missionaries reside."

3. The next who spoke was a person who has been with Mr. Williams at Somosomo in the capacity of a servant: his name is Bartimiuse (Bartimeus). He said, "I have peace with God. I am now very happy. The land where Mr. Williams lives is where I wish to live. I do not wish to leave him. Such is my mind."

4. Luisa, a woman from Somosomo, spoke next; but as she spoke in the Tonga language, I did not understand all she said.

5. The next was Jacob, who, from a fierce warrior and cannibal, has become a consistent Christian. He said, "I greatly dishonoured God formerly. If he had despised me as I despised him, I should have been ruined. I am now humbled on account of his love to me. He has not done to me as I have done to him. I have despised him: he has not despised me. Such is my mind."

6. Josua, a Matuku man, who has been residing with Mr. Hazlewood, said, "I formerly followed a way that was not good. I used to spin nuts to know whether Jehovah was the true God or not. I have now abandoned all these things. I know that God is with me. He was with me in my own land. He was with me in Lakemba. I know that nothing else is of any use whatever."

7. Koroitukana, a Bau Chief, spoke next. He said, "I did not first begin to think of Christianity in Vewa. I began at Bau. I was in Vewa some time before I renounced Heathenism. At length Lydia persuaded me to be a Christian. I wish to follow Jesus on earth, and then to see him above. I desire that my friends may *lotu*. I have now no God but one. We formerly thought sin right; but we have learnt to think differently. We now see sin in the light of the Lord, and we desire to follow his steps. We are now concerned about our friends, who are eating one another. This is my mind."

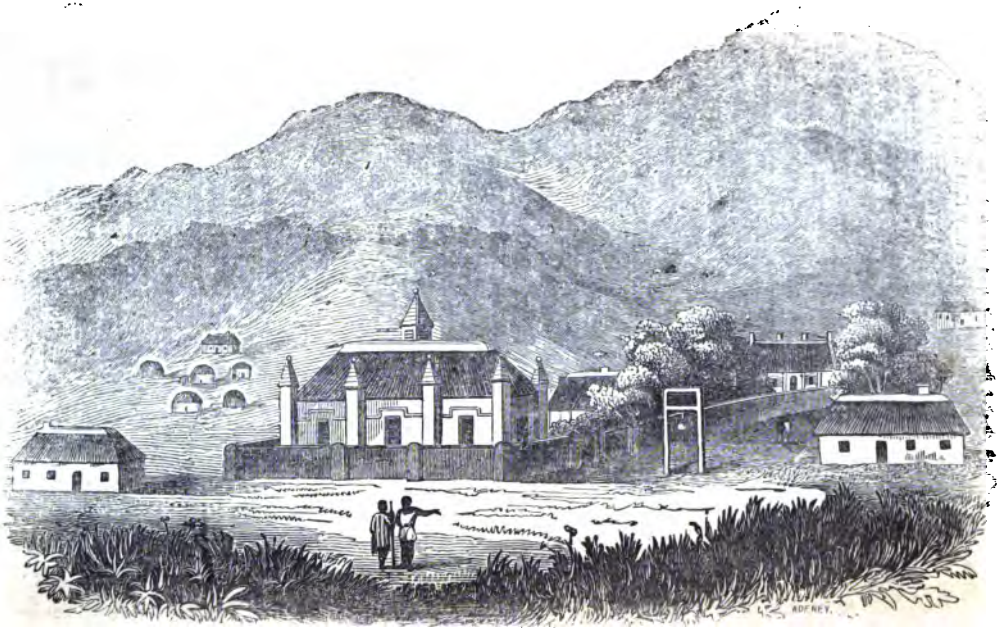
8. Daniel, a Vewa man, was next. He said, "I am very happy, because this is a spiritual assembly. We used to rejoice in our worldly assemblies; but we now meet to speak of Jesus. I am now happy on account of Jesus. I know we did not sail to another land in search of Missionaries; you came to us of your own accord. We are but a small people; but we know in an acceptable time the true religion. I wish to die in this age, a good age for us; others are living under a different age. Such is my mind."

A PERSIAN BOY.

When the celebrated Rev. Henry Martyn was at Shiraz, in Persia, translating the New Testament into the language of that country, he seems to have been delighted with the following incident:—

"The poor boy," says he, "while writing how one of the servants of the High Priest struck the Lord on the face, stopped, and said, 'Sir, did not his hand dry up?'"

This incident, however trifling in itself, shows the influence of religion in inducing thoughtfulness and inquiry.



CHAPEL BUILT BY THE KAFFIRS AT CLARKEBURY, EAST KAFFRARIA.

CLARKEBURY, SOUTH AFRICA.

CLARKEBURY is a very beautiful Station situated in the Tambookie country among a people called the Abatembu. Look at this pretty little chapel. It was built by natives, under the direction of the Missionary, the Rev. F. P. Gladwin. They drew the stone, made the mortar, and did every thing in their power towards its erection; and now you see what a pleasing appearance it presents. It will hold a thousand people, and is often filled with serious worshippers of God.

When I visited Clarkebury a few years ago, this chapel did not exist. But there was a smaller chapel; and on the Sabbath-day I saw it filled, first with children belonging to the school, and afterwards with adults, who came to listen to the word of God. It was a very pleasing sight; and I remember how much I was delighted to hear the children sing a hymn in English, which Mr. and Mrs. Gladwin had taken great pains to teach them. A very large number of native huts stood in the little town; and here and there, as you see in the picture, were cottages belonging to the native Teachers.

During the Kaffir war, Mr. Gladwin, and his family who had left Clarkebury, and were residing at Butterworth, were obliged to fly from the latter place, because the Kaffirs had threatened to attack it. The Missionary got all his goods together that he could, put them into waggons, and, with his family and a number of the Fingoes, left the Station, which was soon after burnt to ashes. And whither do you think he went? To Clarkebury, which the people who resided there had protected. There for a time he remained and found a refuge, until he was afraid lest the Kaffirs should come there too; when he proceeded still further up the country, to a Station called Buntingville. In the war of 1835, too, Clarkebury was a place of refuge for the Missionaries; and the Chief of the Abatembu was very kind to them, and would not suffer them to be injured.

I am not sure whether there is any Missionary residing at Clarkebury now; for all the Stations in Kaffraria cannot be supplied until more labourers are sent out. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few;" let the readers of the "Juvenile Offering" pray, then, that God would send "forth labourers into his harvest."

T. S.

THE BURIAL OF THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

Mrs. Judson, the wife of Dr. Judson, Missionary at Burmah, was on her way home to America, in 1845, for the recovery of her health. The first part of the voyage she seemed to get better, and her husband hoped she would see her native land: this amendment was but short; she suddenly got worse, and it was feared that she would die at sea, and that the blue waves would become the restless sepulchre of her precious dust. But, just as she breathed her last, the island of St. Helena appeared in view: she was buried there the next morning; and immediately after the funeral the ship weighed anchor, and the widowed husband and orphan children pursued their desolate voyage.

MOURNFULLY, tenderly,
  Bear onward the dead;
Where the warrior has lain,
  Let the Christian be laid:
No place more befitting,
  O rock of the sea!
Never such treasure
  Was hidden in thee.

Mournfully, tenderly,
  Solemn, and slow,—
Tears are bedewing
  The path as ye go;
Kindred and strangers
  Are mourners to-day;—
Gently,—so gently,—
  O bear her away!

Mournfully, tenderly,
  Gaze on that brow;
Beautiful is it
  In quietude now:
One look,—and then settle
  The loved to her rest,
The ocean beneath her,
  The turf on her breast.

So have ye buried her;—
  Up! and depart,
To life and to duty,
  With undismay'd heart.
Fear not; for the love
  Of the stranger will keep
The casket that lies
  In the rock of the deep.

Peace, peace to thy bosom,
  Thou servant of God!
The vale thou art treading
  Thou hast before trod:
Precious dust thou hast laid
  By the Hopia tree,
And treasure as precious
  In the rock of the sea.

H. S. Washburn.

CHRISTIANITY IN NEW-ZEALAND.

We hear a great deal of the miseries of Heathenism, and a very sad history it is; it is well we should comfort ourselves sometimes with thinking of the triumphs of the Gospel in those lands that were so long ruled over by Satan.

The following letter was sent by a Christian native to his friends: it was written in the New-Zealand language. Mr. Woon, the Missionary, has translated it into English.

In the Juvenile Offering for December, 1848, you may read a speech by Mr. Hobbs, one of the first Missionaries who went to New-Zealand: compare what he says with the state of our Mission Stations at present, and you will see how much has been done. Truly, Jesus Christ is a wonderful Teacher. And those who say that savages must first be civilized, before they can be taught Christianity, know nothing themselves of the transforming power of the Gospel.

A LETTER FROM WERITA, WHILST LYING ON A BED OF SICKNESS AT AUCKLAND, TO HIS RELATIVES AT WAIMATE.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND ELDER BROTHER TAMATE HONE, —How are you? Many are the tears I shed before God for you.

My dear friend and younger brother Hemi, how are you? I pray much to God for you, in all my prayers.

My dear friend and younger brother Ihaie, how are you? I continually beseech God in your behalf in all my prayers.

My dear friend and elder brother Honi Kengi, how are you? I cease not to pray to God for you, that he may strengthen your heart.

My dear son Rupeni, how are you? My daily prayer to God is for your welfare.

My dear son Rehari, many are the tears I shed to God for you, yea, even for you all.

My dear sisters, who steadfastly believe in Christ, your letters have reached me. When I saw them, I lifted up my eyes to heaven, and my heart wept to God, as well as my eyes.

They took your letters to Mr. Woon, that he might see your work of faith in God. (I did not read them myself.) When Mr. Woon read them, his heart rejoiced in the Lord. He read them to me, my dear relatives, and I listened; and am happy to find the Holy Spirit still dwelleth in your hearts, ministering grace and consolation, and that you, my dear sisters and brethren, still continue one in Christ Jesus. O that we may hold fast the riches, even our faith in Jesus Christ, ever resting on that all-atoning sacrifice, of Christ crucified! The churches (in all parts of the island) are looking to you, watching to see whether you will continue steadfast or not: you (hath God made) an example for all other churches (in New-Zealand). Therefore it is necessary that the fire of the Holy Ghost should continually burn in your hearts: be ever on your guard against the temptations of the devil. God is with you, to strengthen

your heart continually to pray to him, and he will continue to give you strength and faith and love and joy, and every other grace of the Holy Spirit.

My dear friends, let not your hearts be dark at my affliction. My illness began on the 9th of November. I have now been four months confined to my bed, and the doctors have said that I shall not live, but that I shall die: that is their opinion. But I consider that it is with God. If it be his will that I shall die, I shall die; or if he will that I shall live, I shall live; because I am the work of his hands. My heart is not dark at God's dealings with me. The work which I came to do I have not done. My only schooling is to lie upon the bed of affliction, learning the lessons of his grace.

Mr. Woon is very anxious to come to you; but it remains with God to dispose of him as he will, either to permit him to come to you, or to send him to another place; but hold fast that which ye received in the beginning. My heart continually rejoices in God.

Having no more to say to you, I remain

Your affectionate relative, *Werita.*

To you all. Written by your affectionate friend,

Hone Eketone.

MISSIONARY SCRAPS.

THE Burmese worship a white elephant, which lives in a palace, is dressed like a king, and has a thousand attendants. The vessels out of which he eats and drinks are of pure gold.

The fetish-tree in Western Africa is sometimes loaded with the mangled bodies slain in sacrifice. The sight caused the traveller Lander to faint.

The cannibals of the Feejee Islands have been known to devour twenty-eight human beings at one meal.

Mr. Bampton has seen hundreds of dead bodies around the temple of Juggernaut in India, and the living using the dead bodies for pillows.

HOW LITTLE CHILDREN MAY HELP THE JEWS.

"PRAY for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee." (Psalm cxxii.)

"WHEN you read to me, last night, mother,
How God bids us love the Jew,
Then my very heart within me yearn'd
Both to love and help them too;
But I 'm only a little child, mother,—
I, alas! can nothing do.

"O, if I were old and wise, mother,
A Missionary I would be;
To seek the lost sheep of Israel,
I would go o'er land and sea:
But I 'm only a little child, mother,—
They would not listen unto me.

"Or if I were very rich, mother,
To send others in my stead,
Who would tell them about Jesus Christ,
And of all that he suffered:
But I 'm only a little child, mother,
And you 'll smile at what I 've said."

"Although you are but a little child,"
Did the mother gently say,
"And not wise in speech, or rich in gold,
To aid, or to give away,
You can still assist the Jews, dear child,—
Let the little children pray!"

Elizabeth Youatt.

From the Jewish Advocate for the Young

CONTENTS.

LONDON: PRINTED BY JAMES NICHOLS, HOXTON-SQUARE.

A CARVED HOUSE IN NEW-ZEALAND.

THE

WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

APRIL, 1849.

CARVED HOUSE IN NEW-ZEALAND.

THE houses of the New-Zealanders are generally collected into villages, fortified with high wooden fences, and supported at intervals by huge carved posts, some of which bear grotesque representations of the human figure. Great skill and taste are displayed in the carving and ornaments of the more important buildings, which are generally raised by some Chief, either to commemorate a battle, or to show his proficiency in the art of carving: they are always painted red, and the ridge-pole and boards that support the roof are richly covered. The doorways are invariably Egyptian in their forms.

The house represented in the plate is designated by the cannibal name of *Kaitangata*, or "Eat man." It was built many years ago by a formidable warrior, who massacred the Europeans at Wairau valley. It stands in the small island of Mana, or Table-Island, in Cook's-Straits, and is one of the finest specimens of ornamented dwellings now to be seen: most of the carving was done by the Chief's own hand; and the image supporting the ridge is intended to represent himself.

MISSIONARY INCIDENTS FOR JUVENILE READERS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MOISTER.

THE LITTLE ORPHAN BOY.

HAVING been permitted, by a kind and gracious Providence, to return to my native country, after many years of Missionary labour among the poor Negroes of Western

Africa and the West Indies, I propose looking over the journal which I kept in those countries, and selecting a few incidents which I trust may prove interesting to the readers of the Juvenile Offering, and tend, by the blessing of God, to keep alive that interest which they feel in the welfare of the dark, benighted Heathen.

It was on a cold morning in the month of October, 1830, that a Negro girl presented herself at the door of the old Mission-House in Hatton-Garden, London, carrying in her arms a poor, sickly-looking white child. This little infant was the orphan son of the late Rev. Richard Marshall, who died at St. Mary's, on the River Gambia, in Western Africa, after five days' illness, in the month of August the same year. As an opportunity presented itself, Mrs. Marshall embarked for England a few days after the funeral of her dear husband, bringing with her their infant son, and the African girl, Nancy, to take care of them during the passage. When they arrived in Bristol, Mrs. Marshall found herself in a state of great bodily weakness and extreme mental suffering, and was anxious to proceed at once to her friends in the north of England. But, in the order of divine Providence, this was denied her. She became worse, all hope of life was taken away, and she died about forty-eight hours after she landed on the shores of her native country, leaving her little orphan and his African nurse as "strangers in a strange land." Nancy was faithful to her precious charge, and carefully conveyed little Richard to London, as stated above.

At the time of this affecting occurrence, I had been in London for several weeks, in company with several other young men, and we were all awaiting our designation to the foreign work. We all felt much interested in the little Missionary orphan boy, and were delighted to observe the mutual attachment which existed between him and his nurse. Nancy seemed very fond of little Richard; and while she carefully folded him in her sable arms, and lewed him with her tears, she would tell of her country,

and of her master and mistress, in a manner the most affecting.

It was known that a Missionary would be required immediately to succeed the late Mr. Marshall at the Gambia Station in Western Africa; and after making it a matter of sincere prayer to Almighty God, and consulting with my friends, I felt it upon my heart to say, with the Prophet, "Here am I, send me;" and I was at once appointed to Africa.

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

"You who stay at home in peace and comfort, with all your friends around you, and are only required to collect or contribute to the cause of Missions, have the easiest part of the work to do," said a speaker at a recent Missionary Meeting; and so you would think, my dear young friends, if you could witness all the trials and privations which the Missionaries and their families have to pass through in prosecuting the great work in which they are engaged. The first is separation from country and friends and home; and this is no easy task; for your Missionaries love their country as much as any of you. I shall never forget what I felt when called to say "Farewell" to friends, and parents, and brothers, and sisters, entwined around my heart by a thousand pleasing ties.

The struggle of parting was severe, but it was soon over; and having been united to one who was willing to share with me the dangers and toils of Missionary life, on the 12th of February, 1831, we embarked at London-Bridge on board a steamboat for Gravesend, accompanied by our dear friend, the Rev. Elijah Hoole. On the Monday morning, we went on board the brig "Amelia." We weighed anchor, a sweet and gentle breeze wafted us along; the distant shores of our native land rapidly receded from our view; and we soon found ourselves tossing on the wide ocean, endeavouring to trust in Him who said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the

pel to every creature; and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

We were favoured with a safe and pleasant passage, and on the 10th of March we entered the mouth of the River Gambia, and beheld the coast of Africa stretching itself before our view.

(*To be continued.*)

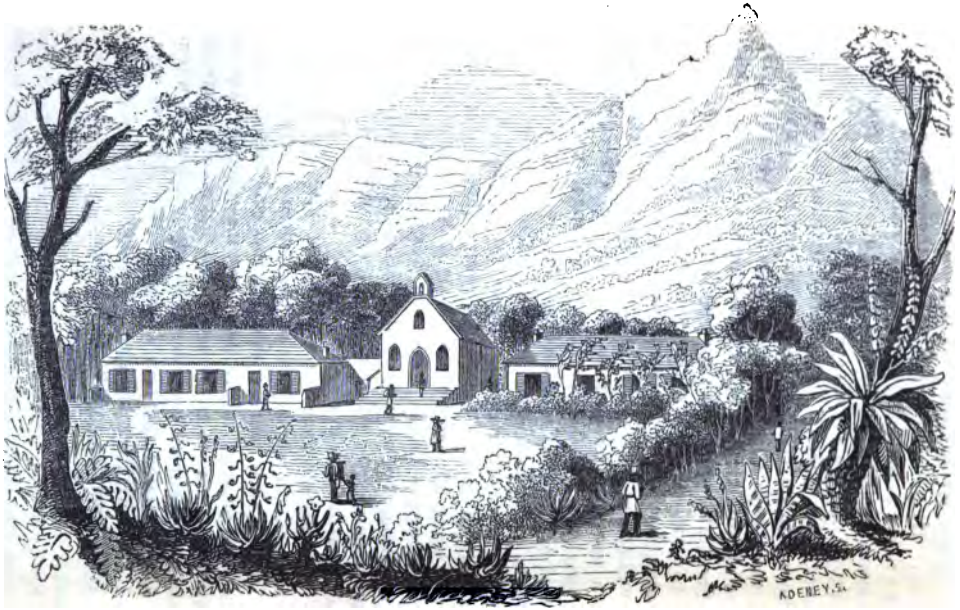
CHRISTIANS IN ABBEOKUTA.

ABBEOKUTA is a town about seventy miles from Badagry, in Western Africa. The people there are very anxious to have a Wesleyan Missionary living among them; many have become Christians, and many more are waiting to be taught the good way. Mr. Thomas, the Missionary at Badagry, paid them a visit last October. In England we do not think much of a journey of seventy miles: with our railroads we soon pass over the country. Not so in Africa: the journey from Badagry is both difficult and dangerous. Mr. Thomas says, "My journey to Abbeokuta was not very agreeable; for two nights we could fix no tent, and I had to sleep with no covering but the broad canopy of heaven. One night as I lay on my mattress, which was spread on the ground, the head man of the road came, and said, I must not sleep very soundly, as the enemy might come and fire a shot through my head. This was not very pleasing news, I thought, especially as I had no rest the preceding night. Another time I had to get up at two A.M., pack up my mattress, and sit on a box in heavy rain, with an umbrella spread over me; and in this state I watched the light as it gilded the eastern sky." The people of Abbeokuta were very glad to see Mr. Thomas, and many of them came to bid him welcome; some brought him a fine sheep, others brought fowls and yams; and it was very pleasing to hear them express their gratitude for his safe arrival among them.

After service on Sunday, Mr. Thomas examined the

candidates for baptism: he was pleased with their sincerity. He put pointed questions to them: some of them felt grieved at his being so particular, and said, "Sir, we no come to serve God to-day, and go to serve Satan to-morrow: we see the Gospel is right, and we are determined to serve God." There are Christians in Abbeokuta who would do credit to religion in any place; and some of them have been tested by persecution, yet they have stood faithful, and have told their persecutors they would suffer death rather than give up Christ. Some have had to pay various sums of money, others have been put in chains, but nearly every one has stood faithful; and it would appear that God had interposed for the sake of his own cause. The enemies, who are in general Fetish Priests, who feel their craft to be in danger, finding they could not get the Chiefs on their side, and so make persecution a public matter, and kill persons openly, determined to try other means. Poison was to be laid in the path which the Christians took to attend their meeting, and then, being affected by this poison, it was supposed they would turn to Fetish. A person was appointed to carry the poison, and lay it down at a certain spot; but, on the day appointed, he was found a corpse. Surely there is a God that judgeth in the earth!

This circumstance threw confusion into the enemy's camp, and the worshippers of the Redeemer were allowed to pursue their course without further molestation. Mr. Thomas baptized nearly thirty persons while he was in Abbeokuta, and there are more than that number there on trial, besides more than twenty steady members to whom he administered the Lord's supper. Mr. Thomas says, "I could wish we had two Missionaries in Abbeokuta; there is plenty of work."



WESLEYAN MISSION-PREMISES, RONDEBOSCH, NEAR CAPE-TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA.

RONDEBOSCH.

Rondebosch is a beautiful village, four miles from Cape-Town, South Africa; and here you have a representation of the Wesleyan Mission Premises, with part of Table-Mountain rising in the back-ground, the entire scene forming one of the prettiest little pictures you could wish to see. Time was, and it is not very long since either, when this spot was a wilderness; and not a habitation of any kind existed on it; when trees covered the mountain-side, in which you might have heard the monkeys chattering the whole day long, there being few persons to disturb them in their gambols and sports. Some years ago one of the Missionaries, of whom you have read, the Rev. Barnabas Shaw, was accustomed to go about in this neighbourhood, like a bell-man, ringing his bell, and telling the people that he was going to preach the Gospel; and right glad was he if he got a few to go and hear him.

But things are different now. Many Europeans live in this locality, and they have built beautiful houses, and have lovely gardens, and the place is quite a little paradise. If I could take some of the readers of the Juvenile Offering into those gardens, how delighted would they be! They would see a great variety of flowers that are seldom seen in England, whilst the abundance of oranges, and figs, and apricots, would tempt them to remain a very long time. But wherever Christians go, they must have churches, and chapels, and schools; and at Rondebosch, you see, there is a very neat chapel, which was erected about four years ago. I resided for a short time in the Mission-House, on the left; and, during that period, I used to preach in this little sanctuary. The congregation in the morning was formed partly of black people and partly of white; but all worshipped together, because all were members of the same family,—the family of God, redeemed by Jesus Christ. There was, too, a Sunday-school, in which many coloured children were taught to read the Scriptures, and to love that Saviour who gave himself for all. One evening we had a Missionary Meeting in this chapel, and a very charming one it was. Among the speakers was a converted Native, who spoke in Dutch, and told us many things respecting his own history, and how he had been brought to see himself a sinner, and to believe in Christ the Lord. He had come from a distant part of the interior, and he was going to return there as a Native Missionary

He was full of Christian zeal and love; and if you could have heard him and understood his language, you would have both wept and smiled, as many did that night. That young man is now labouring successfully in the Damara land, preaching the Gospel to the benighted Heathen who inhabit that portion of Southern Africa. *T. S.*

LETTER FROM MR. AMOS, AT TONGATABU.

Mr. Amos had only been a short time in Tonga when he wrote: he says,—

When my house was completed, I had the old school-house removed, and brought into my yard, so that the establishment is now neat and compact, all the premises being within one large fence. We have hardly room enough in the play-ground at present; but we hope to remedy this defect when King George returns.

The children are rapidly improving in knowledge, and make proficiency in reading, spelling, writing, geography, and arithmetic. The system of marching and singing is very popular; indeed, the school is the most popular thing on the island; and when the swing is up, and the "system" in full operation, the children's happiness will be complete. We have dispensed with the gallery at present, as the scholars sit on the floor, and can be easily overlooked by the person who is giving them lessons.

At the beginning of the year the Lord Bishop of New-Zealand visited these isles, in Her Majesty's ship "Dido," Captain Maxwell; and my school received a large share of attention for two days, both from His Lordship and the gallant Captain.

Our children dressed in their best style, and went through their examinations, marches, &c., to the great delight of the visitors.

I am much encouraged, and am determined to do my best in setting on foot, in these lands, a good system of education.

June 13th, 1848. *Richard Amos.*

A HYMN.

O WHAT a bright and blessed world
  This groaning earth of ours will be,
When from its throne the tempter hurl'd
  Shall leave it all, O Lord, to thee!

But brighter far that world above,
  Where we as we are known shall know;
And, in the sweet embrace of love,
  Reign o'er this ransom'd world below.

O blessed Lord, with weeping eyes,
  That blissful hour we wait to see;
While every worm or leaf that dies
  Tells of the curse, and calls for thee.

Come, Saviour, then, o'er all below
  Shine brightly from thy throne above;
Bid heaven and earth thy glory know,
  And all creation feel thy love!

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

WE give this fable, written many years ago by Miss Taylor, for the encouragement of our young friends, some of whom are often cast down when thinking of the great importance of the Missionary work, and how little they are able to do at a time to help it.

AN old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped.

Upon this, the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung

speechless: each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others.

At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation; when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below, from the pendulum, who thus spoke:—"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; and am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons."

Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged, that it was on the point of striking.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hand.

"Very good," replied the pendulum; "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as every body knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness; you, who have had nothing to do, all the days of your life, but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backwards and forwards, year after year, as I do."

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really weary of my way of life; and, if you please, I will tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours. Perhaps some of you, above there, can give me the exact sum."

The minute-hand, being quick at figures, instantly replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum. "Well, I appeal to you all, if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue

one? And when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect. So, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself,—'I'll stop.'"

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied:—"Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden suggestion. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time. So we have all, and are likely to do; and although this may fatigue us to think of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to do. Would you now do me the favour to give about half-a-dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace.

"Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire, if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."

"Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect, that although you may think of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum.

"Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maid will lie in bed till noon, if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to wag, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever: while, a

beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen-shutter, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

MORAL.

It is said, by a celebrated modern writer, "Take care of minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves." This is an admirable hint; and might be very reasonably recollected when we begin to be "weary in well doing," from the thought of having a great deal to do.

It is not thus with those who, "by patient continuance in well doing, seek for glory, honour, and immortality." Day by day, minute by minute, they execute the appointed task to which the requisite measure of time and strength is proportioned; and thus, having worked while it was called day, they at length rest from their labours, and "their works follow them."

Let us, then, "whatever our hands find to do, do it with all our might," recollecting that now is the proper and "accepted time."

MISSIONARY SCRAPS.

The dying Hindoo is sometimes carried to the banks of the Ganges, then choked with mud, and thrown into the heart of the river.

There are about two thousand two hundred and eighty-three Heathens dying every hour, and thirty-eight every minute.

CONTENTS.

LONDON: PRINTED BY JAMES NICHOLS, HOXTON-SQUARE.

The coral-reefs do not rise above the waters; so that they are not seen till the ship is close to them, or perhaps till she strikes on one. Many a time were the Missionaries on board the "John Wesley" alarmed with the cry, from the mast-head, "Keep her away; we are almost on a rock." For eighty miles together, they have sailed through a passage full of reefs, shoals, and sunken rocks on every side; while screams were continually heard, from the mast-head, of "Keep her away! Steady! A rock right ahead! Rocks and shoals on both sides!"

One time they were sailing in the usual way, among reefs, &c.: Varani and the Second Mate were on the fore-topsail, looking out for danger; and soon enough they found it. At ten o'clock in the forenoon a cry was heard from the tops, "Keep her away! A rock right ahead!" This was instantly attended to by Captain Buck, who had the helm; but it was too late. In an instant on they went, "bump, bump, bump," on a small coral rock, having deep water all around, and with an ebb tide. The vessel hung by the middle, about one-third resting on the rock. The ballast was thrown overboard; but as the tide fell, the vessel heeled over, and her bilge struck hard at times upon the rock. All on board were exceedingly terrified. There was, however, no help, but in putting their hands to the ballast, and praying to the Lord for assistance. As the people were in the hold, they could see the stones heaving, as though something were forcing its way up through. So much did they heave, that at times they were rattled one against another.

While things were in this posture, two canoes bore down upon them, the men being perfectly naked, and savage in their looks. They were ordered not to board, as the vessel was at present *tambu* ("sacred"): they went off at first, but soon returned with an aspect of increased hostility. They were allowed to come very near: then fire-arms were shown to them. At seeing the fire-arms, the glare of their eyes was terrible, as they made all haste to push off before the wind. They did not go near again. No doubt they intended their destruction; but God put the fear of arms upon them.

Meantime, there they lay upon the point of a small sharp rock, so much heeled over as not to be able to stand on the deck without holding on. From ten in the morning till seven in the evening were very anxious hours, during which period many prayers were offered up.

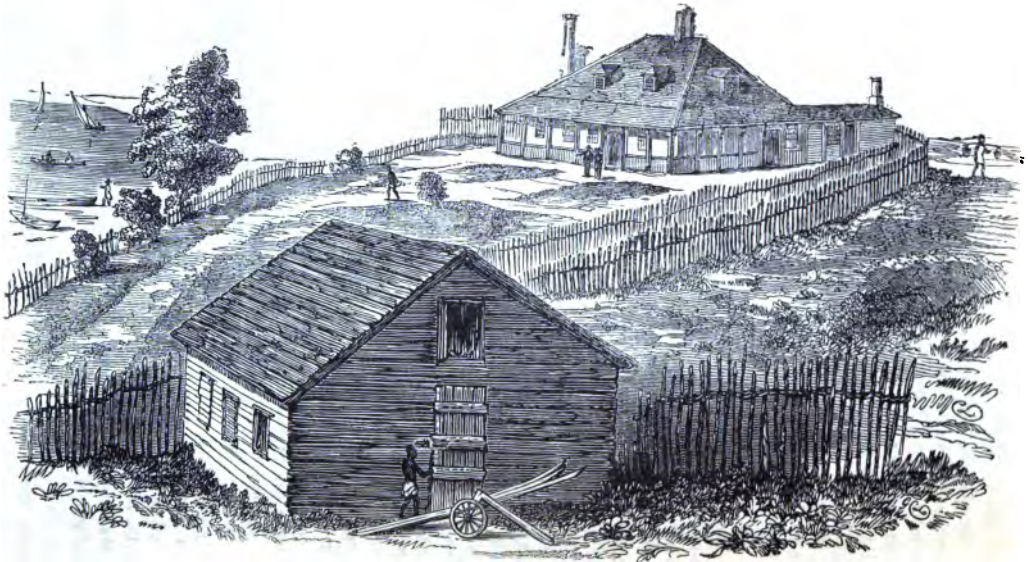
As the ship had been considerably lightened during the day, the flowing tide, at seven in the evening, floated her off under sail, "bump, bump, bump," until she was in deep water. When from the deck the rock appeared astern, all hands and eyes were lifted up in amazement and thankfulness to God for such a deliverance.

In the midst of all these dangers, Mr. Lawry had great consolation in thinking that the people of God in England were praying for them. He says:—

"We are here in the open ocean, without much intercourse with men; to the continuous solitude must be added dangers of various kinds; but the Master is here, saying, 'I am with you.' The prayers from the Mission-House, from the Missionary prayer-meetings, and from many a pulpit and family altar, enter into His ears; and He answers them by blessing us. From this reflection I derived no small amount of joy when our fine new vessel was bumping upon the rocks for nine successive hours. 'The people of God,' said I, 'are praying for us, and our great High Priest ever liveth to make intercession for us.' Such thoughts helped us, also, to pray, as they reminded us that we were not forgotten, even there, upon a solitary rock in the ocean."

Now, my young friends, what encouragement is this for you to pray for Missionaries! Though you may feel yourselves weak, inexperienced, and able to do but little, yet you can offer up daily fervent prayer for those good men, who in foreign lands are so often exposed to danger. And will not God listen to your believing prayers, and answer them? Surely he will. He will either preserve the Missionaries from harm,—or, if they are in peril, he will support and comfort them, as he did Mr. Lawry, with the thought that English Christians are praying for them, and that many, many of our young people at home are daily pleading at a throne of grace in their behalf. Let us all, then, be stirred up afresh to pray for the Missionaries in the East, West, North, and South.

May God bless them, and protect and prosper them; and cause the light of his countenance to rest upon them!



WESLEYAN MISSION-PREMISES AT KAWHIA, NEW ZEALAND

WESLEYAN MISSION-HOUSE AT KAWHIA, NEW-ZEALAND.

Mr. Angus, in his very interesting book about New-Zealand, has given an account of a visit which he paid to the Mission-House at Kawhia. He says, "The Mission-House is prettily situated on a point of land jutting into the harbour; a glassy sheet of water extends in front of the house, and beyond it rises the bold and rugged outline of the mountain of Peronquis.

"To the left of the house is a steep cliff, where the goats belonging to the Mission Station generally browse; and from this elevation a fine commanding view may be obtained of Kawhia harbour, with the ocean breaking with foam beyond. The chapel stands on an elevated terrace behind the house. The morning service, which we attended, was conducted both in the Maori (or New-Zealand) and English languages; about fifteen Europeans, including the Missionary's family, were present; and the number of natives congregated together could not be less than two hundred. They all sat grouped about on the floor in their customary attitudes; and nothing could exceed their attention and decorous behaviour.

"In the afternoon the chapel presented a lively and interesting scene; the children were gathering for school, and it was a striking sight to observe the old Chief Kiwi, who had arrived in state on the previous day, now sitting quietly in the midst of them, teaching the little ones to read!

"The bright and sunny faces of the pupils showed the interest they took in their learning; and this delight was equally manifested in the countenance of the deeply-tattooed warrior."

MONKEYS AND MONKEY-WORSHIP IN INDIA.

So you want something additional, my dear young friends, about monkeys; and though my communication must be brief, yet I do not consider myself to have finished the subject until I have called your attention to another fact in connexion with the history of these animals; (from which you have derived some amusement;) and I am sur-

When they had churned, with all their might, for a few days, the serpent, being distressed, vomited poison, which came forth like fire, to burn them to ashes. Indru and the others were frightened, and called out to Siva, another god, to come and save them. Siva appeared to them; and, swallowing the poison, removed their distress. They then again churned the ocean with pleasure. After a time, appeared a white elephant, a white horse, a divine cow, and, last of all, the nectar, or water of immortality. Vishnu was going to distribute the nectar among them; but, before he began, he thought, "These *asuras* or demons are naturally strong and wicked, and do a great deal of harm in the world; if they eat the nectar, they will become immortal, and distress the world still more: some stratagem must be employed to prevent their taking it." Thinking thus, he made a very beautiful damsel, who was to hand round the nectar; and he supposed the *asuras* would be so much engaged with looking at her, that they would forget to take the nectar.

Accordingly, when all was ready, he said, "O gods and demons, some one must divide this nectar among you: I order this damsel to do it. You may all eat." He then directed the damsel to divide it, giving into her hand a vessel and a spoon. As he had suspected, the demons were so occupied with looking at the damsel, that they sat quite still, and forgot to take the nectar. Two of them, however, saw the cheat, and said, "Shall the gods only take the nectar? Does not that which is obtained by the labour of all belong to all? We must go to the feast under the disguise of gods, lest we lose the nectar." They went, and sat at a certain place at the feast, under the disguise of gods.

The damsel gave the nectar to them as well as the gods; but they ate it improperly. The sun and moon, who sat by, observed this; and saw that, though gods in appearance, they were demons in conduct, and gave signs of it with altered aspect. Then the damsel split their heads with the spoon in her hand, and gave the nectar to the gods, who worshipped, and ate with mutual congratulation. The two demons who in disguise had attempted to eat the nectar, considering that their mishap was owing to the sun and moon, perfonned penance, and obtained power from the god to take them at certain seasons into their mouths, and spit them out again. This is now called in the world, the eclipse of the sun and moon.

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instead of laughing, you will be rather disposed to cry, when I tell you, that monkeys are actually worshipped in some parts of the East: yes, you may look, and look again; but you have read and understood what I have written with perfect accuracy,—there is a monkey-deity, and there are monkey-worshippers, in India.

It would be a long story, and a tedious one, were I to tell you what I think about the origin of monkey-worship; but Tara, the wonderful Ape, was the most renowned of all the tribe; and you will not be surprised at his celebrity when I inform you, he is believed to be the son of one of the gods! Then there was another gentleman of this race, whose name was Nala, famed for energy and valour; and, if you can believe it, he also had a deity for his father, which, of course, would make him very respectable. But there was that terrible fellow, Anuman, who descended, if I mistake not, from the Hindoo god, Varuna, who was more swift, as some people say, than the lightning's flash, more frightful in his shout than the most tremendous thunder: in size he made himself equal to an elephant, and sometimes to a mountain, though I should think not quite so large as the Lotofaxi or the Alps. Well, but this gigantic fellow and his millions of companions and brothers were most valiant in battle, and they went with the god Rama to Ceylon, to fight and overcome that monstrous wretch, Ravanan, who was every thing that was bad. And will you not look with wonder when you hear that these monkeys thought nothing about taking up a huge mountain in one of their hands, and throwing it as a lad would a snowball at home? others plucked up large trees, and used them for the same purpose as a Master does a switch over a school-boy's back; and some of these fellows were so very active, they thought nothing of springing into the clouds, and seizing them for garments, or swift chariots, to glide over the earth whilst they chased their foes. Yes, my young friends, this Anuman, *alias* Jaco, if you please, is now placed amongst the gods of the [illegible]os, and temples are erected to his glory, where his

image is daily worshipped, and many choose him as their guardian deity, thinking, no doubt, that from his supposed power and activity, he is well able to protect them from evil; but you, I am sure, would sooner have your good father and mother for guardian deities than such creatures as these; and yet, though you must and will honour them, you are to worship God only through Jesus Christ his Son.

From what I have now communicated, you will not be astonished to hear, that all those who belong to the pug family are treated with much respect, and are in greater esteem with many than even human beings; and when they steal or do other naughty things, they are treated with far greater lenity; for, in general, except a person was in a great rage through what he had lost, he would never think of lifting up his hand against one who has come from the gods, and, for any thing he knows, may contain one of the souls of his departed ancestors. I, however, once saw a man do his best to inflict an injury on some of these sacred creatures; and certainly he had cause for annoyance, as he had lost profit and enjoyment by their tricks. He had the evening before cut some of the top branches of palmira-trees, and tied earthen vessels to the end he had cut, from which would exude a liquor during the night called "toddy," and this is made intoxicating by putting a little quick lime in the pot. The monkeys, not like some young people who are very difficult to get out of their beds in the morning, are very early risers; and the family I refer to had been aroused rather earlier than usual, and were trying the use of their legs by leaping from one tree to another, when, lo and behold, the toddy-pots met their rejoicing eyes. This was too good a chance to be lost, and they set to, with teeth and hands, to break the strings, and, having succeeded, they raised the vessels to their mouths, and did not leave off drinking until they could not drink any more; after which they dashed the chattees to the ground, which were smashed into scores of pieces. I was up very early to get a little cool morning air, and, hearing a loud chattering, and al-

a human voice raised in no gentle tones, I went to the place, and there I saw the rogues so drunk they could scarcely hold on by the branches: they showed their teeth, and grinned, and stared with their eyes, and talked and scolded in their way with much less distinctness than usual; and the poor man below, to whom the toddy-pots belonged, was swearing and throwing stones with all his might, but all in vain; for, drunk as they were, they took good care he did not hit them; and as for abuse, they returned it with interest; and he was obliged to leave the place, with the satisfaction only of thinking, and saying to himself, how he would have striped their jackets if he had been able. In general, however, a Hindoo would not hurt a monkey; and he would as soon kill his child as one of these.

Thousands upon thousands of these sacred animals, the near relations of the god Anuman, their great leader, are daily fed by the Brahmins in or near the temples of India: and I have seen the creatures, after they have been well gorged, sitting or stretched at full length on the roof or the towers, saying to me as I passed, "Like god, like people," and seemingly defying all our efforts to destroy this system of folly and crime. I, however, believe my Bible, and have no doubt that the jealous God will come down, and will give these Heathen, yes, these Heathen, to Jesus for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession.

Madras.

JUVENILE CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE MISSIONS.

AGAIN our young friends have made us glad. The Juvenile Christmas and New-Year's Offering for the Wesleyan Missions for 1848, given and collected by the children and young people of the Wesleyan-Methodist congregations, amounts to more than FOUR THOUSAND POUNDS. This noble contribution will rejoice the hearts of the Missionaries every where, will greatly help the Missions and schools among the Heathen, and, we doubt not, is highly acceptable to Him who has commanded that his Gospel should be preached throughout the world.

HYMN.

Once upon a Saviour's ear
  Glad hosannahs sweetly fell;
Children's voices, soft and clear,
  Mingled in that music's swell.

But the Saviour sojourn'd then
  In this world of sin and woe;
Now a bright and glorious train
  Round his heavenly footstool bow.

Listen to their lofty song,
  As in melody it floats;
Listen! 'mid that ransomed throng,
  Childhood blends its feeble notes.

If then when he sojourn'd here,
  And if now he reigns above,
"Little ones" are welcomed near,
  By a Saviour's tender love;

Then may children young as we
  Still their lowly praises bring:
Saviour, we would come to thee;
  Teach us in our hearts to sing.

And to many a distant strand
  Let the tuneful notes resound,
Blessing every heathen land
  With the Gospel's joyful sound.

Then, though death our voice may still,
  When we sing on earth no more,
We shall swell the notes which peal
  Soft and full o'er Canaan's shore.

MISSIONARY INCIDENTS FOR JUVENILE READERS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MOISTER.

WESTERN AFRICA AS A COUNTRY—ITS RIVERS, CLIMATE, SOIL, &c.

(*Continued from page* 40.)]

BEFORE I proceed with my record of incidents of Missionary labours and travels, I must detain my young readers for a short time by a few observations on the country in which I was called to sojourn, and the character of the people among whom I had to live and labour.

Western Africa is a term generally applied to that part of the great continent which embraces the regions of the Senegal, Gambia, Sierra-Leone, Gold-Coast, Guinea, Fernando Po, &c.; and is used to distinguish these vast regions from the colonies and settlements of South Africa connected with Cape of Good Hope on the one hand, and the districts of North Africa on the shore of the Mediterranean on the other. If you will consult the map of Africa, you will find the mouth of the River Gambia in latitude 13° 30′ north, and longitude 15° west.

Western Africa is not only destitute of railroads, those wonderful inventions of modern times, but also of common carriage-roads; for no kind of wheel-vehicles are used by the natives. The best roads are mere foot-paths through the forests, on which the people walk one after another, each carrying in his hand a gun or a cutlass, to defend himself against serpents and beasts of prey. In some of the more open districts, horses are used for the saddle; but they are not generally employed as beasts of burden, or for long journeys. The rivers of this part of Africa may be considered as the grand high-ways to the interior, and they are, to a considerable extent, used as such.

The native tribes, inhabiting the banks of the principal streams and creeks, employ canoes of various kinds to

transport themselves and their merchandise to distant places; and it is almost as common to meet boats and canoes on the rivers, as you sail along, as it is to meet gigs and carriages on the common roads in England. Some of those canoes used by the natives on their mighty rivers and creeks, are large and handsome; for though the body of the vessel is made out of the trunk of a single tree, they frequently measure seventy feet long, and seven feet wide; so that, in travelling, I have sometimes spread my mattress across the centre of the canoe and slept very comfortably. A canoe of the largest class will sometimes be manned by twenty-four Negroes, who sit twelve on each side on the edge of the vessel, and propel it forward at a rapid rate, with short paddles, which they ply with great dexterity, beating time to a tune which they generally sing with great spirit, to some song made on the occasion. Thus the scene is rendered quite lively and interesting, when several of these native craft are in company.

The Gambia may be fairly classed among the largest and the finest rivers in Africa, and may justly stand next in rank to the famous Niger and the Nile. It is about twelve miles wide at its mouth; but on proceeding upwards from the sea, we soon find its width contracted to about three miles. Thus it continues varying from one to three miles in width, through a great part of its serpentine course. It is navigable for vessels of fifty or sixty tons' burden for upwards of five hundred miles; and I have myself sailed up the Gambia nearly three hundred miles in a brigantine of about one hundred and fifty tons' burden, which had just come out from England. In the dry season the influence of tide is felt to a distance of two hundred miles from the sea, and the larger vessels of the European merchants avail themselves of this advantage in navigating the stream.

Throughout the entire length of the River Gambia, numerous beautiful islands are found, of various descriptions and sizes. On two of these the English have formed settlements, for the purpose of trade and commerce with the Natives.

St. Mary's Island is only about twelve miles from the mouth of the river, and is separated from the mainland, on the southern bank, only by the Oisteo-creek, which is not more than two hundred yards wide. The island is only about three miles long, and one broad; and from the sandy nature of the soil, it would appear to have been originally a mere sand-bank, thrown up by the action of the water. The English settlement was first formed on this island in the year 1818. The town of Bathurst is situated on that side of the island which faces the main branch of the river, and has a beautiful appearance from the shipping in the harbour. The Government-House, Barracks, Hospital, Wesleyan Mission-House, and the principal merchants' residences, are good stone buildings. The houses in Water-street are generally two or three stories high, built with verandahs in the front, which stand upon pillars, and thus afford a comfortable shade from the piercing rays of the sun in the middle of the day. The rooms on the ground-floor are generally used as stores or shops, while the merchants reside above. The dwellings in the back streets are chiefly native huts, formed of bamboo-cane wattled work; most of them are built of a circular form, and thatched with grass, resembling in shape and appearance the common round hay-stack, as frequently seen in England. A few, however, though formed of the same kind of materials, are built square, and, when plastered with lime and white-washed, look very neat.

(*To be continued.*)

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LONDON: PRINTED BY JAMES NICHOLS, HOXTON-SQUARE.

A NATIVE WOMAN OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

THE

WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

JUNE, 1849.

A NATIVE WOMAN OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

THE woman whose picture you see in the frontispiece, is a native of South Australia.

The true colour of the skin of these people is so disguised by dirt, ochre, and clay, as to be hardly discernible.

Besides their want of cleanliness, there is a smell about them which is offensive, and often rendered worse by the use of shark and whale oil, with which they anoint their bodies.

The men walk along with a proud and majestic air. Behind them come the despised and degraded women, crouching like slaves, and bearing heavy burdens on their backs, with their little ones astride on their shoulders. They are the drudges in all heavy work; and, after their lords have finished the repast which the women have prepared for them, these despised creatures contentedly sit at a distance, and gather up the bones and fragments, which the men throw to them across their shoulders, just as we should throw meat to a dog.

Some of the women make round mats of grass or reeds, which they fasten upon their backs, tying them in front, so that they almost resemble the shell of a tortoise. In the loose portion of these circular coverings the mothers carry their children astride round the shoulders. The sharp eyes of the little creatures just peep over the edge of the basket; and, if alarmed, they suddenly pop down, and nestle beneath its shelter.

Their habitations are extremely rude and simple. In the summer time, a few green bushes broken off from a neighbouring tree, and stuck in the ground, is their only shelter from the wind. At other times they make huts of the branches of trees, open on one side, and about four feet high, somewhat resembling a bee-hive. They bestow but little labour on these frail habitations, which,

when deserted, are soon scattered abroad by the winds of heaven. In the open forest country, the women frequently make little retreats of bark and decayed wood, building them amongst the roots of fallen trees, and in retired places, where they may remain unobserved during the absence of the men.

They appear to have no religious observances whatever. They acknowledge no Supreme Being, worship no idols, and believe only in the existence of a spirit, whom they consider as the author of ill, and regard with superstitious dread.

The sun and moon are believed by them to have once inhabited the earth. They say that the moon is the man, and the sun his wife. Several of the planets are dogs belonging to the moon; the constellations are groups of children; and the meteoric lights are supposed to be orphans.

These poor people live mostly on roots, that the women dig out of the ground with a stout pointed stick, about five feet long. A muscle is also constantly sought after, and is eaten with the bulrush root. The women dive for the muscles in the deep water of the river Murray, with a net round their necks, which they bring up full, after remaining under the water for three or four minutes. On Lake Alexandrina the women go out upon rafts, constructed of layers of reeds, to the beds where these muscles abound. Eight or ten females will occupy one raft, and, propelling it with a pole about twenty feet long over the bosom of the lake, will venture several miles from the shore. On this raft they will sit and cook their food, over a fire placed upon the wet seaweed and sand. Every now and then they dive off in search of the shells, and come up with their net-bags loaded with muscles. For eight months in the year they gather cray-fish, which they catch with their toes, and immediately crush the claws, to prevent being bitten; they then roast them in the embers of their charcoal fires.

They are generally kind to their children, and never beat them. If they are displeased, they take them up, and throw them to a distance.

These are the people the Missionaries would raise from their low estate, by teaching them the truths of the Gospel. Christ died for the poor Australian, as well as the civilized European; and we trust that many of them may listen to the good news of salvation, and be saved.

CHINESE SCHOLARS AT SINGAPORE.

MANY of our readers will remember some Letters which have appeared from time to time in the "Juvenile Offering," written by Miss Grant, about her school in Singapore, and her Chinese scholars Chunio and Hanio. The following Letter, lately published, contains much interesting information about her scholars, and will, I am sure, be read with pleasure.

Singapore, September, 1848.

According to my promise of last month, I sit down to invite you and the ladies of the Society, to hear some of the details of my school; and I think I take up my pen with a more cheerful heart than when I addressed you on a similar subject some six months ago; not that I feel in the least either self-satisfied or school-satisfied; but still that spirit of indifference or lifelessness has passed off which seemed to have paralysed all my children, ay, and, I fear, infected their Teacher. Like all true mothers, those children who have given me most anxiety are my favourites; and, as they are well known to you, I shall allude to them individually at length. C——, then, holds the first place in my heart; and a very anxious month this has been to me in regard to her. Soon after dispatching my last few lines to you she spent a day here, and told me she was beset with offers of marriage, and one most advantageous, as regards this world. She said she knew her mother was busy holding conferences on the subject with different parties, and that she could do nothing. She owned to me she felt doubtful and dispirited: "Did God refuse to hear prayer, or had He forgotten her?" In short, I saw her mother's mild and affectionate words of persuasion had had a much more dangerous influence over C——, than any reproaches or taunts had ever had; and I trembled for my loved young pupil. She hitherto has been used to hear only words of comfort and consolation and encouragement from me; but there was no longer any propriety in addressing her thus; and, though with great inward pain to myself, I placed before her her sin of faithlessness, which, if continued in, would doubtless lead to apostasy. She seemed much distressed to find me so much grieved; but this was not the point to which I wished to bring her, and this I plainly told her. She left me, unhappy herself, and having said nothing to remove F

own anxieties concerning her. In a few days, however, she sent me a few lines, written in quite a different spirit; and surely the Saviour, who prayed for Peter, that "his faith might not fail," at the time when Satan desired to "have him that he might sift him as wheat," had interceded also for C——; and, considering that the girl is now twenty-one, and attractive in every way, I can and do entirely attribute it to the interference of Providence alone, that one of these many proposed matches has not been carried on. Yesterday I was with C——, and she then spoke to me again like herself, full of entire confidence, that as she had placed herself in God's hands and all her concerns, He would yet show her a way of escape; and I am in great hopes that a young man, formerly a pupil in one of the Mission-schools, and of great respectability, is coming forward to prove the "Isaac" for my "Rebekah;" and, if it be so, I shall weep for joy. There is no certainty yet; but, as soon as I know more, I shall communicate any intelligence I may have to give you. H—— has no trouble, and goes on her quiet way hopefully and joyfully.

My second in interest is A——; and having heard she had been seen coming out of the Roman Catholic chapel, with a white veil over her head, I thought I could not be off to the jungle too soon to inquire what was going on. I felt convinced, from the way in which she met me, that all was right, and I found that she had only been following a deceased relative of her husband's to the grave; and the body having been taken to the church, she had followed, with other women, but had not even entered the building, but stood under the portico. The veil was borrowed for her by her husband, as he thought her too young a wife to walk so far, exposed to public gaze. I had three other of my elder girls with me, and we had a nice little time for reading and prayer together; and my heart was greatly comforted at finding A—— as little of a Roman Catholic as myself. A—— goes to her own room daily, and there conducts her own worship in secret. I cannot tell you how greatly lightened in spirit I felt as I came home that afternoon; for I have felt more responsibility about A—— than about any of my pupils; she having been cast more entirely on myself.

C——n's mother saw that she was so unhappy at home, that she said she had no objection to her coming and staying with me, though she would not enter into any agreement as to how long she was to remain. For the last month, or month and a half, C——n

has been back with me, her tears all gone, and she as blithe and merry as a lark; while it is a comfort to me to see her staid and excellent conduct, leading on the younger ones to all that is right. I cannot but the more notice this in regard to C——n, as, only a year and a half or so ago, I expelled that girl from the school for a month for her shameful language and impudent conduct; but never was punishment more blessed to a child; and from her return after that month I date the change in her conduct.

I have another very nice girl, L——; I do not know if I have named her before; but she is one of your blameless girls. Since she has lived with me I have never had occasion to find fault with her. She is the orphan whose property had been swindled away by her guardians, and which I was truly thankful to be the means of getting, in some measure, restored to herself, her brothers, and sisters. The family have felt grateful in consequence; and though L—— has completed her term of three years with me, her family consent to her remaining one more, to my great joy and delight; as I feel like a bear robbed of her whelps, when I see my nice elder girls carried off just as they are turning out all that I could wish.

The number with me at present is twenty-four; and as to supplies, thanks to the kind and continued exertions of my friends at the working parties, I am without anxiety. As to my own health and strength, I have every thing to be thankful for; though I often exert myself when I feel a disposition to lassitude and weariness creeping over me: on the whole, my conscience bears me witness that I am not lazy, even in the midst of this most lazy land.

Singapore, October 7th, 1848.

My poor gentle C—— is much harassed about these matrimonial arrangements. Her pallid cheek and sad countenance, as I went in to see her last Wednesday, told me a tale of no little mental struggle. Her mother says she shall be married now in two months more; and she is constantly engaged in embroidering the various pieces of dress worn by the bride and bridegroom at their marriage. C—— puts me in mind of the lamb being adorned for the sacrifice; and, certainly, God does seem to be allowing her to be very strongly tried.

Perhaps, as in the case of Isaac, God will permit all the arrangements to go on to the last; but surely, as he sent his angel to stay the obedient and uplifted hand of Abraham, so will he rescue my

MISSION-CHAPEL AND SCHOOL IN MACARTHY'S ISLAND.

precious girl from so frightful a thing as that of either being united to a Heathen, or of being tempted into assuming even the appearance of having returned to idolatry!

C—— is a continued burden on my heart. Again let the fervent effectual prayer arise!

MISSIONARY INCIDENTS FOR JUVENILE READERS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MOISTER.

WESTERN AFRICA AS A COUNTRY.—ITS RIVERS, CLIMATE, SOIL, &c.

(*Continued from page* 60.)

MACARTHY'S ISLAND, in the River Gambia, where the second English settlement has been formed, is said to be nearly three hundred miles from the mouth of the river. It is about seven miles long, and a little more than one broad. There are two principal towns on the island, besides a large village. One of the towns is occupied entirely by Native Mandingoes; and the other, called Fort George, belongs to the English settlers. When I was there, the buildings were all of a very meagre description, being formed exclusively of wattled cane or mud; but of late years a few good stone buildings have been built by the Government and by the merchants; and the Wesleyan Missionaries have built a chapel, as you see in the engraving.

As far as the eye can reach, extensive forest trees of the richest foliage may be seen waving in the breeze, interspersed with native towns, and occasional patches of cleared meadow-land of the brightest green, at the close of the rainy season; and then, on looking towards the sea, the beautiful Gambia is seen glittering in the sun, as it wends its way towards the mighty ocean. And when sailing on the river itself, the view is frequently very pleasing. The margin of the water is for more than a hundred miles lined with mangroves, a beautiful tree, with

shining leaves of a deep green, not unlike the laurel of this country.

The greatest drawback to our pleasure in contemplating Western Africa as a country, is the unhealthiness of the climate. For nine months in the year we have not a shower of rain, and during the remaining three months the rain descends in torrents, with scarcely any intermission. The rivers now overflow their banks, the low land is covered with water for scores of miles. When the rains are over, the rivers retire into their usual channels, and the surrounding country becomes one general swamp. The sun pours down upon the earth its fiercest rays, the water becomes stagnant, the vegetable and animal matter in it is turned to putrefaction. The breeze passes over these desolate and extensive regions, and carries with it the seeds of fever and death in every direction. We have sometimes found the effluvia carried on the wings of the wind so strong, from the causes above mentioned, that we have been obliged to close the windows and doors on one side of the house, in order to keep it out as much as possible.

The soil of Western Africa is generally rich and productive; and after the rains vegetation of every description springs up with a rapidity almost incredible. The most common articles of produce, and those on which the Natives chiefly subsist, are corn of two or three kinds, and rice. They also cultivate yams extensively in some places; but the low swampy lands on the banks of the Gambia are best adapted for rice. The ground is prepared by the women, before the river has fully retired into its usual channel at the close of the rains. The seed is literally "cast upon the waters;" and as evaporation takes place, it settles down into the mud, springs up, and produces a plentiful harvest. The drier land is selected for the Indian and Guinea corn, and is produced with very little labour. When the ground has become well moistened with the first showers of rain, the labourer passes along, grazing the soil with a hoe, at intervals of two or three feet, drops in the seed, covers it up

with his foot, and the work is done. The Guinea corn grows to the height of ten or twelve feet, and the process of reaping is more like that of felling small trees than that of reaping in this country. The yam is cultivated like potatoes in England, but when ripe is much larger, one root being frequently several pounds weight. They have, also, a sweet potatoe, unlike any root in this country, but very good when the taste for it is once acquired. Pumpkins, onions, and various kinds of beans, thrive well at the proper season of the year; and the fruits peculiar to the country may be had in great abundance. Oranges. limes, bananas, papwas, sour-sops, pine-apples, and other fruits, are generally plentiful. For all these things the Missionary has to get a taste by degrees, and get on as well as he can, as he is deprived of most of the comforts to which he was accustomed in his native land.

(To be continued.)

TRIALS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

You will be sorry to hear that a sad accident has happened to Mrs. Woon, the kind friend who wrote so interesting a letter to you in the January Number of this Magazine. She was passing from the kitchen, which is detached, into the house, when she fell, and broke her leg just above the ancle. The nearest Doctor lived seventy miles off; so Mr. Woon was obliged to bind up the broken bone himself as well as he could. It was a long time before the Doctor could see her, though he was sent for immediately; for the roads or paths in that part of New-Zealand are bad, and the people have to travel on foot. Mr. Woon did all he could for his suffering wife, waited upon and watched her day and night. When the Doctor arrived, he said he was only just in time to prevent mortification taking place. After her broken limb had been properly attended to, she gradually got better; and when Mr. Woon wrote, he hoped she would soon be restored to health.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN HUNT,

THE DEVOTED MISSIONARY OF FEEJEE.

He left his native isle, by faith inspired,
  By ardent charity for dying man;
His breast with zeal unquenchable was fired,
  He long'd to publish the redeeming plan.

From Heaven the call came forth, a gracious sound,
  "Whom shall we send to distant, dark Feejee?"
The church responded, "Whom?" and look'd around;
  He heard and said, "Lord, here am I, send me!"

With burning coals from off the altar-fire
  To touch his lips, forth flew the seraphim;
Baptized afresh, his soul with strong desire
  Yearn'd the glad news of mercy to proclaim.

He went, conferring not with flesh and blood,
  Nor parents, kindred, friends, could him restrain;
"Break not my heart," he said, "I trust in God,
  His call obey, immortal souls to gain."

A messenger of peace, he soon appear'd
  'Mid the Pacific, on Lakemba's shores,
The standard of the Cross in Vewa rear'd,
  And scatter'd blessings in abundant stores.

The cannibal Feejeean, fierce and wild,
  Listen'd to sounds he never heard before,
He wonder'd, wept; and, humble as a child,
  Approach'd in prayer that God whom saints adore.

A trophy of redeeming power and grace,
  He sits at Jesu's feet, in raiment clad;
Then hastes to publish to his hapless race,
  The tidings he has heard,—so new, so glad.

Those tidings circulate from isle to isle,
And churches fair and flourishing arise;
Angelic hosts above rejoice, awhile
The songs of Feejee Christians pierce the skies.

But—O the mystery of God's designs!—
Amidst the gather'd flock the Pastor falls;
To him his Lord the victory assigns,
His course is run, his heavenly Master calls.

Weep, O Feejee! and turn thy suppliant eye
To Him who sent thee one so wise and good;
He gives and takes away, on Him rely;
Redeem'd to God thou art, by Jesu's blood.

Who for the sainted dead will be baptized,
And hasten forth the vacant place to fill?
The rescue of Feejee, by heaven devised,
From Satan's grasp, must be accomplish'd still.

O may the mantle of the noble Hunt
Upon some youth of favour'd Britain fall;
Undaunted let thine heralds, Lord, confront
The hosts of hell, triumphant over all!

Dartford. *T. S.*

MISSIONARY SCRAPS.

In Britain there are about two millions of Sabbath scholars, with about one hundred thousand Teachers. O remember the poor Heathen!

There are sometimes two hundred and fifty thousand people at the yearly worship of Juggernaut, an idol in India, multitudes of whom perish by the way.

"If I die in Africa," said a Missionary to a student, "you must come and write my epitaph." "What shall I write?" "Let a thousand Missionaries die before Africa be given up."

BALLINGARRY WESLEYAN SCHOOL-HOUSE, TIPPERARY, IRELAND.

BALLINGARRY is a small village in a parish of the same name. The village contains only about one hundred inhabitants, or perhaps one hundred and fifty. The church, as represented in the sketch, is about a quarter of a mile distant, has long been built, with a vestry, which was kindly lent to us for a school before the present house was erected. Beyond, rises the famous Knockshagounon, or "the hill of the fairies," a very celebrated place, concerning which many legends are told.

The school was begun in the vestry, or, as it is called, the porch, of the church, in the year 1840; and since then removed to the newly-built school-house. There are seventy-seven scholars; forty-six boys, thirty-one girls; half of whom read in the sacred Scriptures.

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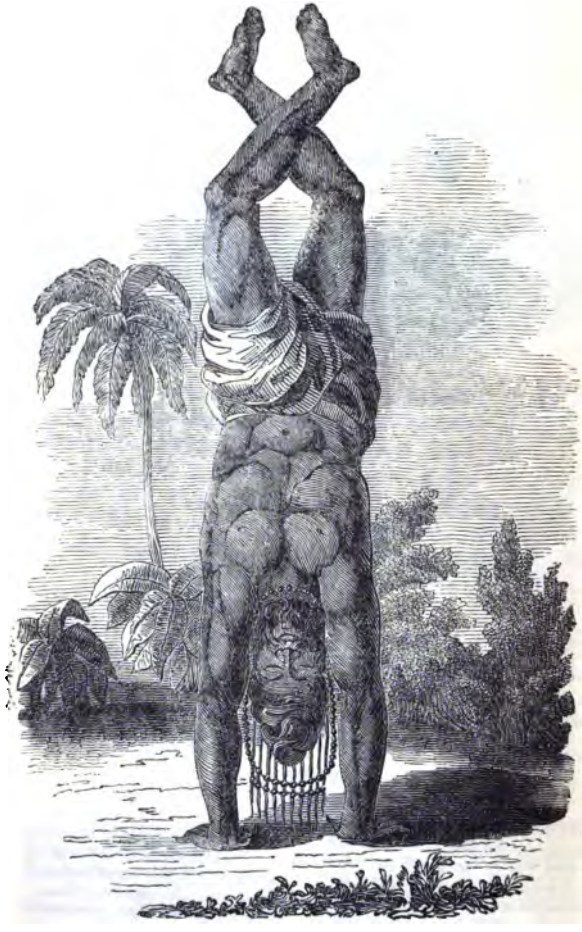

HINDOO DEVOTEE.

THE

WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

JULY, 1849.

HINDOO DEVOTEE.

THIS is the picture of a Hindoo devotee. In India there are some men who try to recommend themselves to the favour of their gods, or to make atonement for their sins, by doing penance. Some will stand for years together without sitting or lying down; others will stretch out an arm, and keep it fixed in one position, till the joint becomes so stiff they cannot bend it. This man, you see, raises himself on his hands, with his feet in the air; he most probably lies down at night, and keeps in this posture during the day. How debasing is superstition! Man, who was created upright, in the image of his Maker, thus to degrade himself! How terrible is the yoke which Heathenism fastens upon her victims! Our blessed Saviour says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Light, indeed, compared with the heavy burden with which idolatry presses down the souls and bodies of men!

My dear young friends, will not the sight of this picture rouse you to make fresh efforts to benefit these Heathen? Can any thing be more deplorable than to see a man trying to save his soul by keeping his body in such a position? Alas! he knows not that Christ is his Saviour. Methinks, if there were a Missionary near him to tell him the good news of salvation, how gladly would he kneel at the feet of Jesus, and, giving up all hope of saving himself, would beseech Him to grant him pardon, and holiness, and heaven!

MISSIONARY INCIDENTS FOR JUVENILE READERS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MOISTER.

THE NATIVES OF WESTERN AFRICA—THEIR HABITATIONS—DRESS—FOOD—SUPERSTITIONS, &c.

THE extensive tract of country where I was called to labour as a Christian Missionary, is inhabited by various tribes of the Negro race, and I have specimens of thirty different languages spoken by these people. But the principal tribes resident on the banks of the Gambia are the Mandingoes, the Jolloffs, and the Foulahs. The Mandingoes are a fine tall, warlike race of men. They are to be found chiefly on the southern side of the river, and far away into the interior in those districts through which the celebrated Mungo Park travelled on his way to the Niger. The Jolloffs are more effeminate and delicate in their personal appearance. They live principally in the country which lies between the Gambia and the Senegal, The Foulahs are a wandering pastoral tribe of people, without any certain dwelling-place. They make no claim to a right in the soil; but live by the sufferance of the Mandingoes and Jolloffs, in whose countries they find pasturage for their cattle for the time being, removing from place to place as occasion requires. Being thus dependent, the Foulahs suffer much, at times. They have not only to pay a large tribute for the privilege of pasturing their cattle, but the King will sometimes come down upon them and take away nearly all they have. The Mandingoes and Jolloffs are of jet-black complexion; but the Foulahs are of a yellow or brown hue, and they have a tradition among themselves that they originally sprung from a white man who settled in the country.

The British settlements on the coast of Africa are, to a considerable extent, peopled with liberated Africans, that is to say, by Negroes who have been first stolen away

from their country as slaves, and then taken from the slave-vessels captured by British men-of-war stationed along the coast for the suppression of the slave-trade. These people are of various tribes from the interior, and soon learn to speak broken English. They make good domestics, sailors, and mechanics. Some of them have been not only civilized, but savingly converted to the faith of the Gospel; and have returned to their own country in the interior, carrying with them the knowledge of the truth, as well as the various arts of civilized life.

But however numerous the native tribes of Western Africa, in a faithful description of one tribe we have a pretty accurate picture of the whole. As a people, they do not like work: not that I think them naturally more indolent than the natives of other tropical countries; but their wants are so few, and so easily supplied, that they do not put themselves out of the way with any thing. They never concern themselves about the future; hence, when the season proves unfavourable, there is frequently scarcity, and sometimes famine. The labour that is absolutely necessary is generally performed by women and slaves, while the men idle away most of their time on the *bentang*, a platform of cane wattled work, generally situated at the entrance of the town, under a large shady tree, where they sit for hours together, talking over the news of the day.

The huts of the natives are generally built of cane wattled work, or mud. They are sometimes of a square form, but more frequently round. The door is generally very low, and I have frequently had to go down upon my hands and knees before I could enter. The door is the only opening for the admission of light, or the letting out of smoke when they light a fire. So that the inside of their dwellings is very dark and gloomy. Their furniture is very simple. A place raised from the ground with a few pieces of wood and spread with mats, serves them as a bed: a box, a wooden bench, a stool or two, a few calabashes and wooden bowls, with a mortar and p

tle for beating their corn and rice, make up the remainder of their household goods.

When in full dress, the men of the Mandingo and Jolloff nations wear wide trowsers drawn tight round the knee, with the leg bare, and sandals on the feet. The upper part of the person is wrapped in an oblong piece of cloth called a *pang*, or sometimes in a loose robe like a wide shirt, and a cap or turban on the head, with abundance of *greegrees*, or charms, around their necks, arms, or legs. The female dress consists chiefly of two *pangs*, one thrown round the waist and tucked in on the left side, and the other thrown rather gracefully over the shoulders, with sandals on the feet, and a head-dress formed of handkerchiefs of various colours. They are not easily induced to adopt the European mode of dress. They say, "White ladies are too foolish: they first cut the cloth all into small pieces, and then take the trouble to sew it together again; but we are more wise, we take it and wear it just as it is." All classes of natives are very fond of ornaments. The females of quality wear massive gold ear-rings, frequently supported by a string over the head. They also wear large rings on their arms and ankles, of silver or gold, according to the circumstances of the wearer, with a profusion of beads, not only on their necks, but round their waists. If they happen to run a few yards, the shaking of their beads and other ornaments may be heard for a considerable distance. Whilst many of the natives are thus decorated when in full dress, large numbers of adults, as well as children, of both sexes, may frequently be seen nearly naked.

Their food is as simple as their dwellings, furniture, and wearing apparel. They seldom make use of animal food, but live chiefly on corn and rice. The first thing that is heard in the morning, long before daylight, is the pounding of the corn for *cuscus*, which is a very nice dish when well prepared. The Negroes are fond of palm-wine, with which they frequently become intoxicated, as well as with the "fire water" which they procure from white men.

The natives of Western Africa may be divided into two great classes, Mahometans and Pagans; and though these may differ in some of their religious rites and ceremonies, they are alike ignorant, debased, "earthly, sensual, devilish," "without God and without hope in the world." The Mahometans of Western Africa have some confused idea of the existence of one God, and they have many strange traditions about Mahomet his Prophet; but their religion chiefly consists in muttering a few Arabic prayers, counting of beads, and observing certain days for fasting and feasting. The most prominent feature in their religion is their superstitious regard for their *greegrees*. The *greegree* is nothing more than a scrap of Arabic writing in the form of a charm or amulet, prepared by the Priest, and enclosed in a piece of cloth or stained leather, so as to be worn on the person as an ornament. A native will wear one of these to prevent his being drowned if the canoe should upset, another to prevent him from being killed in the war, another to make him successful in any enterprise, and so on. Thus the number is increased to a great extent, and you may sometimes meet with a Mandingo almost covered with them. The Pagans are, if possible, still more debased; and in many instances they worship the devil himself. And when we reason with them on the sin and folly of their conduct, they tell us that none can harm them but the devil; therefore if they only keep friends with him, they will be safe.

The moral degradation of both Mahometans and Pagans in Western Africa is shown in many striking features, among which we may mention the prevalence of *polygamy*. No sooner has the African taken to himself one wife, than he is ambitious to have a second, a third, and a fourth. This number is allowed even to the lowest classes so soon as they are in circumstances to procure them; for it must be remembered that in all cases the man pays a handsome price (say two or three muskets, or a bullock) to the parents for their daughter. But while

common people are allowed to increase their domestic establishments in this way, the higher classes and the native Chiefs take wives almost without number. I have seen the King of Barra surrounded by a host of females, all said to be his wives; and it is said that the King of Ashanti numbers three thousand three hundred and thirty-three wives, many of whom he has never seen, and never will see. The men look upon their wives, not as their companions, but as an inferior race of beings, and employ them as slaves, or beasts of burden.

Another fearful evil is *slavery*. Since there has been such a demand for slaves on the coast, by vessels visiting the country for the purpose of carrying on the horrid traffic, it has been the common practice of the native Chiefs to make war upon the peaceful inhabitants for the very purpose of taking them captive. Many a peaceful village has been attacked with fire and sword in the dead of the night, and the poor unoffending inhabitants either killed in attempting to flee, or driven off like sheep to the market. On arriving at the coast, they are shipped on board the slave-vessels, and banished from their native land, never to see it again. Notwithstanding the means adopted for the prevention of the slave-trade, it is stated, on good authority, that the total number of Negroes annually dragged away from their native country cannot be less than two hundred thousand!

But the most appalling circumstance, is the prevalence of *human sacrifices* among many of the pagan tribes of that country. Human beings, chiefly slaves and culprits, are deliberately murdered in cool blood by hundreds, partly to appease the anger of their gods, whom they suppose to delight in human gore, and partly with a view to furnish to the spirits of departed Chiefs a host of attendants in another world.

As the miserable and degraded state of these poor deluded Heathens has been made known in happy England from time to time by Missionaries and travellers, a feeling has been excited in the hearts of British Christians

truly honourable to their character. Missionary Societies have been formed for the diffusion of the Gospel of Christ among this degraded people, and it is pleasing to know that young persons and little children now take a lively interest in this blessed work. I regard it as one of the greatest mercies of my life that I was permitted to go to Africa, and that I was spared to return to tell what God has wrought by the power of his Gospel. From the future incidents which I shall give to my youthful readers, I hope they will be encouraged to go forward in the Missionary enterprise, from the assurance which they will have that the servants of God have not laboured in vain, nor spent their strength for nought.

(To be continued.)

MANNER OF CATCHING DUCKS BY THE NATIVES OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

A WINDY day is chosen for snaring ducks, which are taken in this way:—One man, having a long, slender rod, with a noose at the end, goes into the water, and swims towards the ducks, his head being carefully covered with weeds; so that the fowl mistake it for something floating on the water. He then slips the noose over the head of one, drags it under water, breaks its neck, and fastens it to a girdle round his waist. Another and another are thus quietly despatched, until his girdle is filled with the spoil.

Upright sticks are placed in the water, at a short distance from the shore, in such situations as shags and cormorants are known to frequent; and whilst the birds roost upon these sticks, the natives swim towards them, and snare them in the same manner as the ducks. So expert are these people in stealing upon their prey, that I have known them approach pelicans whilst swimming, dive underneath the water, and catch them in their arms as they rise, breaking their legs and wings to prevent escape.

Angas's Australia.

WESLEYAN CHAPEL, ST ANN'S BAY, JAMAICA.

WESLEYAN MISSIONS IN JAMAICA.

THE picture on the opposite page represents one of the many chapels in the island of Jamaica.

When Dr. Coke first visited Jamaica, he found that the people paid very little attention to religion; there were, to be sure, several churches in the island, but some of them were never opened, excepting for funerals. And in that large island there were not five hundred people who went to any place of worship. This was the case with the white inhabitants; as for the blacks, they were not supposed to have any souls, and were treated like brutes. Dr. Coke hired a large concert-room in Kingston, the principal town in Jamaica, that he might preach to the people. This was so uncommon a thing, that it drew many to hear him; but his enemies were not idle. And one evening, while he was preaching, he was rudely interrupted by a number of white persons, who, hating the message of mercy to the perishing Heathen, pressed through the congregation to drag him from his place. The mob about were greatly enraged against him, and his life was in danger. A gentleman, at whose house he lodged, stood by him as his friend; but it was chiefly through the courage of Mrs. Smith, a white lady, that the riot was quelled. Perceiving the designs of the mob, she stepped between them and the Preacher, and mildly entreated them to desist. She told them how wrong it was of them to behave so: but it was of no use, they only grew more and more outrageous; and she herself became exposed to no small peril. Finding that all her gentle means were of no use, she drew out a pair of scissors, and exclaimed to the rioters, "You may now do as you please; but the first man who lays a violent hand upon him, shall have these scissors thrust into his heart." They saw this was no empty threat, and were so frightened, that they escaped as fast as possible. The noise and tumult occasioned by this interruption were excessive: the Doctor only was calm and unmoved. After the noise subsided, he took another text, and quietly finished the service.

On his return to England he lost no time in obtaining a suitable Missionary for Jamaica. The person he selected was Mr. Hammett, who, as soon as he arrived, rented a house for preaching, in a very populous, though obscure, part of the town and formed a class of eight persons, of whom Mrs. Smith

The Society being formed, Mr. Hammett continued to exercise his ministry with success: many coloured and black people listened to the Word of Life. But the house they occupied being small, the increasing congregation soon became incommoded for want of room. About that time a large building was offered for sale, which was purchased and fitted up for a chapel.

While the Methodists continued to worship in the small and obscure house, they met with but little interruption; but after they had got their large and commodious chapel, and the number of their hearers rapidly increased, the jealousy of their enemies was awakened, and the congregations were annoyed by persons who attended for the very purpose of creating a disturbance. At last the destruction of the Mission-premises was resolved on by the mob, and some of the friends had to guard them to prevent them being pulled to the ground. On one occasion, about the hour of midnight, the mob succeeded in breaking down the chapel gates. After some time Mr. Hammett was obliged so far to yield to the storm as to give up the evening services; this he was very sorry to do, as it was the only time the slaves could attend.

The discontinuance of the evening service was the means of abating the persecution; but still they were bent upon the destruction of the chapel. One morning a quantity of burnt coals were found on the chapel floor: they had been trying to burn it down. At another time a large party of the sons of Belial had, on a dark night, beset the chapel; but before they could accomplish their purpose, two very large and dreadful beings like globes of fire were seen moving towards them with majestic pace, which struck them with such terror and dismay, that they hastily fled. These horrid appearances proved to be only two harmless lamps fixed to a lady's chariot. Thus the wicked fleeth when no man pursueth.

The above facts are taken from the Rev. Peter Duncan's interesting book, "A Narrative of the Jamaica Mission."

AN AFRICAN BOY.

A Missionary in South Africa, when writing to England, gave a very pleasing account of a conversation he had then recently held with a poor boy, whose heart had been impressed by the grace of God. He asked the boy

if he knew himself to be a sinner; and the boy asked him, in return, if he knew any one who was not. The Missionary then asked, who could save him. The reply was, "Christ." He was asked, what Christ had done to save sinners. He replied, "He died upon the cross." The Missionary inquired if he believed Jesus Christ would save him. He said, "Yes." "Why do you believe it?" "I feel it," said he; "and not only so, but I consider that after he died, and has sent his servants, the Missionaries, from such a far country, to publish salvation, it would be very strange if, after all, he should reject a sinner."

THE MISSIONARY'S MIDNIGHT HYMN.

O THOU that dwell'st in the heavens so high,
Beyond yon star, within yon sky,
Where the dazzling fields need no other light,
Nor the sun by day, nor the moon by night;

Though shining millions around thee stand,
For the sake of Him at thy right hand,
O, think on the souls He died for here,
Thus wandering in darkness, in doubt, and fear.

The powers of darkness are all abroad,
They own no Saviour, they fear no God;
And we are trembling in dumb dismay;
O, turn not thou thy face away.

Our night is dreary, and dim our day;
And if thou turn'st thy face away,
We are sinful, feeble, and helpless dust,
And have none to look to, and none to trust.

Thy aid, O Mighty One, we crave,
Not shorten'd is thy arm to save;
Send forth thy Spirit from above,
And fill this land with light and love.

H

WANTS OF THE SLAVE CHILDREN IN ST. EUSTATIUS.

St. Eustatius is an island in the West Indies, belonging to the Dutch. Slavery is not abolished in this island; but an English Missionary (Mr. Horne) is allowed to live there, to teach the slaves. Mrs. Horne, in a letter, writes as follows:—

My dear Friend,—I feel assured you will excuse my asking for a few rewards for the St. Eustatius Sabbath-school. We are a very poor people: many of our children are slaves. We have, in school, eighty-three girls and thirty-six boys; of these twenty-five read in the Bible, twenty-one in the Testament. To encourage them to attend, tickets have been given them, with the promise of a reward if they persevered. But we scarcely know how to fulfil our promise. Will you help us? A few books, paper, thread, needles, samplers, thimbles, &c., will be thankfully received. Many of the little slaves are often obliged to stay at home, for want of clothes. Their masters give them none, and their parents are unable to get them but by begging. Ah! English ladies know little of the sufferings of poor slaves, beaten, worked, and starved to a skeleton.

MISSIONARY SCRAPS.

Do we sacrifice much for the world, which we must leave behind, and yet little for Christ, whom we hope to enjoy for ever?

"We have heard," said a Heathen, "that the Great Spirit has told white men to send the word to *all* His children. Why do they not send it to us?"

There are only about £500,000 raised in Britain for Missionary purposes; just what is raised to support one idol temple in India.

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AUGUST, 1849.

KUMASI, THE CAPITAL OF ASHANTI.

Kumasi is the capital city of the kingdom of Ashanti. After Mr. Freeman's visit to that country, the King gave permission for a Missionary to live there. Mr. Brooking was accordingly sent to Kumasi, and with the assistance of the natives built the house you see. The flag before the door is the Union-Jack, and is put up to show that an Englishman lives there. The natives of Kumasi were astonished to see so nice a house built, so much better than their own native huts. The King was very much pleased with the furniture Mr. Brooking made, especially with a chest of drawers and a wooden sofa. After living there about two years, and before the house was quite finished, Mr. Brooking was obliged to leave the country from ill health. Since that, Mr. Chapman and Mr. Martin have lived there. They also have been forced to come home. In that unhealthy climate, an Englishman soon loses his health. The Missionary is there alone, with no Christian friend to cheer him when he is ill or in difficulties. He is surrounded by the fiercest savages, and daily witnesses scenes of horror and bloodshed. No wonder that his health and spirits fail. Mr. Hilliard is the Missionary now living there. Let us pray that God will have him in His holy keeping, and be his support and comfort amid all his trials.

The following account by Mr. Chapman of his journey from Kumasi to Cape-Coast will show you that there are some bright spots even in the gloom and mis-

Ashanti, and that Christianity will soften the fiercest savages. He says :—

In leaving Kumasi I found myself placed entirely at the mercy of Africans, utterly helpless: my health had failed, my strength was but the strength of a child. I was two hundred miles from the nearest European, without a horse to ride upon; and having to make my way through a dense forest, where the roads were in many places not more than eight or ten inches in width; now entangled in brushwood, then in deep gulleys, again in a more open space, exposed to the vertical rays of the sun, and with hardly the hope of reaching the coast alive.

I commenced my journey with eight hammock-men: these were to take me down to the coast, to Cape-Coast Castle. The difficulty of carrying a man in these hot climates, where only two bearers can be employed at the same time, is very great. I had, therefore, on all my former journeys, walked as much as possible. On this occasion I rode out of Kumasi; but, upon reaching the forest, in consideration of the distance to be performed, and the necessary fatigue the men must undergo, determined to try my strength in walking; accordingly, I bid the men stand still, and, getting down from my travelling chair, commenced my journey on foot.

I walked with difficulty to myself for a few yards, and was beginning to wonder how we should reach the Coast if I could not succeed better; when one of the men came up requesting me not to walk, saying they would carry me. I thanked him for his kindness, but told him I would walk a little longer. "No, master," he said, "you must not walk, you are not strong to-day; we have watched you, and you go from side to side, and your knees are not strong, and you do not walk straight up as you did." I said, "Well, never mind that, you have a long journey before you, and will have quite enough to do before we reach the Coast: I must walk." "No, master," he said again, "you must not walk, we will carry you." I again

thanked him, and was proceeding, when another of the men planted himself before me, and said, "Master, you must not walk to-day; if you do, you will die on the path, and then what can we do?" Then, as is often done when they wish to convey the impression that they are in full health and vigour, he drew himself up to his full height, and, stretching out his arms as far as possible, said, with a look of kindness which expressed more than words, "Master, we are plenty strong to-day, plenty strong; we can carry you well, get up at once and ride." To please them, I did so, thankful for the relief, but fearing they would soon become weary. But I was mistaken; for four days they carried me from morning until sunset, scolding if I attempted to tax my strength by walking, and saying they had plenty of strength to carry me. We journeyed thus until we reached the little town of Prasu, where we rested a couple of days, and then set out again. During the whole of the distance they watched me as though each were personally responsible for my safety; each one seeming to vie with his fellow in acts of kindness and care. When we reached Cape-Coast Castle, which we did at the end of the tenth day, I could not but feel that for the preservation of my life I was, under God, indebted to the voluntary kindness of these men. A kind word and a trifling reward was all they expected in return: indeed, the latter they did not expect; but I could not let them leave without some evidence that I was sensible of how much I was indebted to them. Two or three of these persons had a short time before this embraced the Christian religion.

NATIVES OF AUSTRALIA.

In June you had a picture of a woman of South Australia, and a description of the habits and the wretched way in which the natives live. You will be pleased to read an extract of a letter from a Missionary's wife, who has lived among the natives the Swan River, in Western Australia. She says:—

My dear Friend,—As you have kindly expressed an interest in this Mission, I have the pleasure to inform you, that we have lately held our bazaar, for the benefit of our Native Institution, which exceeded our expectations. I promised our Committee to solicit your kind interest to obtain the remains of some of the English bazaars; they would bring in double returns here, as every thing from home is so highly esteemed. We expect to have valuable friends for our Native Institution, in the Governor and his Lady: we need Protestant strength against the inroads of Popery. There are here, at present, several Priests, Students, five or six Sisters of Mercy, and a Bishop. They have two schools, which are very popular. It is to be feared the Romanists will secure numbers of the natives to their awful delusion. O, I think you will plead their cause, and obtain a Missionary to be sent to them. These natives are awfully neglected; they do require the constant superintendence of a Missionary. I spent some months among them, Mr. S. visiting when he could leave the colonial work. Most gladly would I have continued with them, but for our children. I covet no higher honour than to be instrumental in raising up a people to the Lord, from among these poor outcasts. Some of my happiest days in this Colony have been spent among them. It has long been my intention to give you, for the "Juvenile Offering," an account of the happy death of the first native girl that died in the Institution. I regret the notice is so short, that I cannot send it this time. Our difficulties in the native work are very great; yet we have fine specimens of what the native mind is capable when a desire for improvement prevails. Blessed be God, we have seen the happy effects of the Gospel, both in the life and death of many.

H. Smithies.

MISSIONARY INCIDENTS FOR JUVENILE READERS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MOISTER.

RECEPTION BY THE NATIVES—AFRICAN MARKET—FIRST SABBATH.

How striking are first impressions! I shall never forget the day on which I first set my feet on the shores of Africa, to preach to the sable sons of Ham the unsearchable riches of Christ. It

was on the afternoon of a beautiful day for the tropics; and the sun poured down its fiery rays as we stood upon the deck of the "Amelia," as she rode at anchor before the neat little town of Bathurst, on the Island St. Mary's, in the mouth of the Gambia. While the sailors were preparing the boats for our landing, I observed a number of Negroes assembling on the beach, and watching our movements. These were natives connected with the Mission, who had heard that a Missionary and his wife were on board the brig; and such was their anxiety to welcome our arrival, that several of them actually plunged into the water to meet the boat as it approached the land, and carried us on shore in triumph in their arms; this they did to express their joy at our arrival, as well as to save us from being wet with the surge which was dashing with violence against the sandy beach. We were now surrounded by a large concourse of people, many of whom had received the Gospel at the hands of former Missionaries. They wept for joy. They kissed our hands again and again, and, bedewing them with tears, exclaimed, "Tank God, tank God. Mr. Marshall die, but God send us nuder Minister."

With some difficulty we pressed through the crowd, and were conducted to the residence of Charles Grant, Esq., a respectable merchant, to whom I had a letter of introduction from Dr. Townley. Mr. Grant received us with much cordiality and kindness, and at once invited us to make his house our home till the Mission-house should be prepared for our reception. After dinner we had an opportunity, at family worship, of returning our sincere and hearty thanks to Almighty God for having brought us in peace and safety across the mighty deep to this the scene of our Missionary labours.

On looking around us on the morning after our arrival in Africa, we were much interested with every object which arrested our attention. Everything seemed strange and new, and quite different to what we had been accustomed to in England. Houses without fire-places, chimneys, or glass windows; a host of black servants bustling about the house with such apparent intelligence, the frail texture and peculiar shape of the native huts, the beauty of the scenery, the branches of the majestic palm and cocoa-nut trees gracefully waving in the breeze, were all objects of curious observation.

After breakfast Mr. Grant kindly offered to walk with us to the Mission-house. New objects attracted our attention at every str

the most striking of which was an African market. Under a large thatched shed, which served to screen them from the piercing rays of the sun, were squatted upon the ground two or three hundred natives, men, women, and children, half naked, engaged in various kinds of traffic. Fruit and vegetables in great variety were exposed for sale; among which I observed rice, corn, oranges, bananahs, papwas, mango-plums and ground-nuts, besides beef, pork, fowls, and eggs. These articles were arranged in lots with considerable taste on mats spread on the ground. The beach was covered with canoes, chiefly belonging to the Mandingoes, who had brought the above-named commodities across the river from the main-land. People from the town were constantly coming and going; and the noise occasioned by the loud and boisterous conversation of the natives was literally deafening. The scene altogether baffles description. It forcibly reminded me of the confusion of tongues at the building of the tower of Babel; for I was informed that the persons comprising this mass of human beings were actually conversing in more than a dozen different languages.

On turning the corner from the square to enter one of the streets in the back part of the town, Mrs. Moister observed, "The house before us, with the verandah in front, surrounded by native huts, stands in a nice situation." "I am glad you think so," said Mr. Grant, "for that is to be your residence; it is the Mission-house." We soon entered the yard, and at the foot of the steps leading to the dwelling grew a beautiful wild flower, a kind of jessamine. "There," said I, "that little flower seems to smile upon us, and to welcome our arrival. If I were inclined to be superstitious, I should say, It is a good omen." "Let us take it for a good omen, at any rate," said Mrs. Moister; "but let us not forget, at the same time, that its very situation shows that the hand of death has been here; for had not the house been unoccupied for several months the pretty little intruder could not have retained its place, overhanging the steps." In the interior of the house everything wore a gloomy aspect, and we were naturally led to speak of the fate of poor Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, when a feeling of sadness stole over our spirits at the thought that we also might soon be laid in the silent dust by the side of those dear servants of God, who had so nobly fallen in the work of their Divine Master in this unhealthy climate. We strove to suppress it, changed the subject of conversation, and lifted up our hearts

in silent prayer to God for his protection and blessing. After giving directions to the persons engaged in cleaning and white-washing the Mission-house, we returned with Mr. Grant to spend the day with him at his house.

The first Sabbath we spent in Africa was a day never to be forgotten. At morning dawn the native prayer-meeting was held, and many thanks were offered to Almighty God for our safe arrival. In the forenoon I read prayers, and opened my commission by preaching from that delightful text, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." (1 Tim. i. 15.) The people heard with marked attention, and the whole appearance of the congregation was truly pleasing. It was an interesting proof that the labours of my revered predecessors had not been in vain, though some of them had been called hence at an early period after their arrival. The Negroes who had been brought to a knowledge of the truth, both male and female, together with their children, appeared in the house of God neatly clothed, and in their general aspect they presented a striking contrast with their sable brethren who still remained in heathen darkness. They sang the praises of God delightfully. Another service in the evening, conducted partly in the language of the natives, and partly in English, closed this blessed day; which would no doubt have delighted the hearts of my youthful readers, had they been present on the occasion.

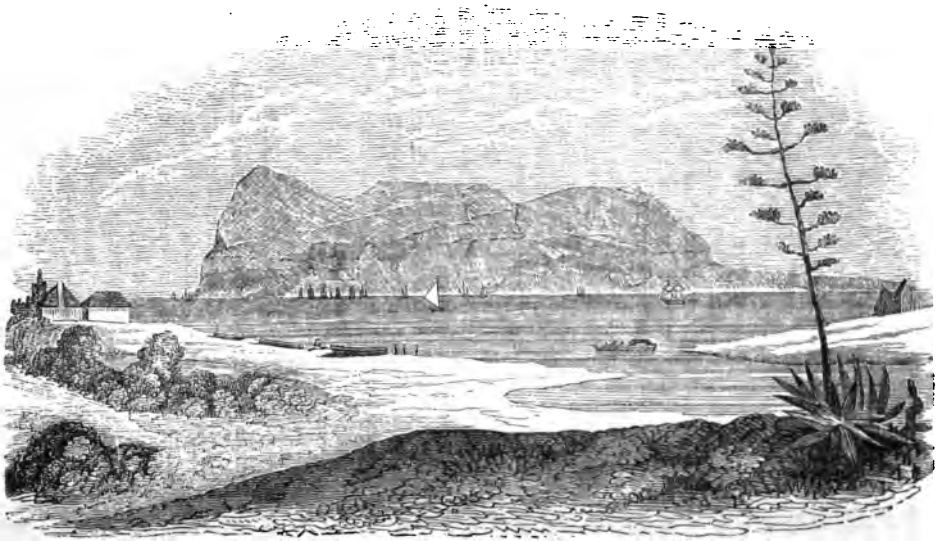
(To be continued.)

COCK-ROACHES IN SIERRA-LEONE.

COCK-ROACHES are very numerous in this house, and so large, that I have mistaken them for mice running along the floor.

They are very destructive; nibbling the leather off trunks, tracing figures, in the same fashion, upon boots and shoes, and quite as bad as mice for devouring sugar, candles, biscuit, and any thing eatable; whilst their eggs cause a hole, when deposited in paper, or fabric of linen or cotton, as well as in silk and wool. I hear much of the ravages of ants and other insects; and a lady told me lately, that it is no uncommon thing, on opening a book, to find a scorpion between the leaves.

Letters from Sierra-Leone, by a Lady.



VIEW OF GIBRALTAR, FROM ACROSS THE BAY.

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

Our young friends are furnished this month with a sketch of that interesting spot, the Rock of Gibraltar. A few words may assist them to form a more correct idea of it. "The north front," which is at the left-hand side of the sketch, rises from the level of the sea about thirteen hundred feet in height, and runs in a south direction, until it terminates at Europa Point, a distance of two miles and a half. On the east side, or back of the Rock, is the Mediterranean Sea; and on the west side, where the ships are lying at anchor, is the Gibraltar Bay.

The town is situated just opposite the ships, and contains a population of about twenty-five thousand persons, chiefly Spanish, but with many Italians, Portuguese, French, Moors, and English. Among this community the Wesleyan Missionary Society employs two Missionaries, one for the English, and the other for the Spanish, department. There are three hundred children of Roman Catholic parents in our schools, who learn to read the word of God, and commit to memory the Wesleyan Catechisms in the Spanish language. The Missionary sometimes rides into Spain, and distributes Tracts and New Testaments in the direction of what on the sketch seems a tree, but is the American aloe in full blossom, which shoots up twenty feet from the ground. The Missionary also visits the ships in the bay, and circulates the Scriptures among the crews of different countries. On one of those interesting occasions, the writer was accompanied by a Surgeon of one of Her Majesty's ships. They ran alongside a French vessel, called the *Fortunée*. On presenting their New Testament to one of the crew, he declined purchasing, saying that he knew nothing about the book, but that there was a man on board who understood these things better. When called up, this man examined the title-page, and immediately purchased it, with a look of peculiar pleasure, and induced every one on board follow his example. He explained the reason after

by saying, "I have a sister who spent some time in England. She abandoned the Romish Church, and became a Protestant. She has returned to France; but she retains her new profession, and" (laying his hand on his heart as he spoke) "she is *très religieuse*. She has often urged me to procure and search the Scriptures; but I have not known where to apply to. You have now brought me the long-desired book. I will examine, and, if I am convinced, I will also become a Protestant." Thus does the Missionary scatter the seeds of truth and life; and it is hoped our dear young friends will more frequently pray that God may bless his servants at Gibraltar, and give an abundant increase, until the handful of corn on the top of the mountain shall wave like the ripened harvest over the whole earth. *Thomas T. N. Hull.*

THE SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

SOLDIER, go—but not to claim
  Mouldering spoils of earth-born treasure;
Not to build a vaunting name,
  Not to dwell in tents of pleasure.
Dream not that the way is smooth,
  Hope not that the thorns are roses;
Turn no wistful eye of youth
  Where the sunny beam reposes.
    Thou hast sterner work to do,
    Hosts to cut thy passage through;
Close behind thee gulfs are burning:
Forward!—there is no returning.

Soldier, rest—but not for thee
  Spreads the world her downy pillow;
On the rock thy couch must be,
  While around thee chafes the billow.
Thine must be a watchful sleep,
  Wearier than another's waking;
Such a charge as thou dost keep
  Brooks no moment of forsaking.

Sleep as on the battle-field,
Girded—grasping sword and shield:
Those thou canst not name nor number
Steal upon thy broken slumber.

Soldier, rise—the war is done,
Lo, the hosts of hell are flying;
'T was thy Lord the battle won;
Jesus vanquish'd them by dying.
Pass the stream: before thee lies
All the conquer'd land of glory;
Hark! what songs of rapture rise!—
These proclaim the victor's story.—
Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
Quit the sword, and take the crown;
Triumph! all thy foes are banish'd,
Death is slain, and earth has vanish'd.

Charlotte Elizabeth.

"AS THY DAY, SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE."

SHALL we, my dear little readers, have another story about "faith?" Perhaps you will think I am too fond of that subject; but, O, it is such an inexhaustible one; so cheering, so encouraging, that I do love to think of it, and to speak of it, too. Faith trusts in God's word, just as you would trust your mother's word, if she said, "My child, go and do that piece of work, and I will come and help you." God says, "Fear not, worm Jacob, I will help thee;" and, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be:" and I was going to tell you of an old woman, in the West Indies, to whom these promises were as a staff in the time of affliction. She and her old husband lived in a small cottage, just opposite one of our Mission-houses. She had been a sick-nurse; and one lady, on whom she had waited, was so fond of her, that she took her to Bath with her; and often used old Mammy G—— to talk, with no small pride, of her "visit to England."

Had you peeped into her small house, you would have seen every thing quite clean and neat; for, though it was only *one* very little room, it had a nice bed in it, with clean curtains, and the table and chairs were scrubbed beautifully white. She herself would be sitting on the front of the bed, with her spectacles on busy at her needle; for she took in plain sewing, and had two

three little girls who came to her to learn to sew. There was a good big yard in front of her house, where she had a sheep, a pig, and several hens, with their chicks. These were attended to by the old man; for she had long been so lame, that she had to be helped to the door. Old Mrs. G—— was truly happy; she was not only able to earn as much as kept them out of debt, and, by her kind, gentle manners, to win the respect and affection of all her neighbours, but, what was far, far better, she had found the pearl of great price, and could say,

"My God, I am thine: What a comfort divine!
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!"

Things were in this state with Mammy G——, when her old husband got so sick one day, that he had to go to bed, and every day he got worse and worse, till it was plainly seen that he would die. All the neighbours said, "Poor Mammy G——! What will she do? She, poor, helpless thing, can't walk, can't mind she ould man, can't go after she stock. Whatever will um do now?" And what did she do? Let her speak for herself: "O, mi missis!" she said to the Missionary's wife, a few weeks after her husband took sick; "my God too good, I can't tank him half enough; he do all for me. Just look: before my poor ould man get sick, me no able for walk; but I tell him how much I wish to mind my ould man; mi beg um to give me de strengt to do it: he hear me in dat. Me tell him me no able for mind my stock; me beg um to mind um for me. Just see: whose stock like my stock? My sheep have two lamb, my pig do so well, my fowl never wander away, me get all dem egg. When me so tired as to be fit to drop down, and my work not done, me just go kneel down, and tell mi Fader what to do, an say, 'Lord, help me to do it!' and up me get, and go do it. O, mi missis, it so good to trust in God; it too sweet!" This was *faith*, my dear children; simple, child-like faith, which God delights to honour.

Margaret.

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LONDON: PRINTED BY JAMES NICHOLS, HOXTON-SQUARE.

A SCENE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE

WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

SEPTEMBER, 1849.

THE WESLEYAN MISSION AT PORT NATAL.

The engraving which we present to our readers this month is a view on the Umgeni River, Port-Natal, South Africa. But a short time ago a Mission was commenced in this neighbourhood, which promises to be one of the most successful and important in that very interesting country. The Rev. W. C. Holden is labouring amongst the Zulus, a wild tribe of Kaffirs inhabiting the territory of Natal, and God is greatly blessing his zealous efforts, in the conversion of many of the people. Mr. Holden, writing to a friend in England, gives some account of the great work that God is doing on his Station. We give our young friends the following extracts:—

"A short time ago, a few families came to ask me to provide a place for them, where they might build their houses, and live peacefully in God's service. I sought and found a spot, but I would allow no heathen customs to be practised there; so that before they could go, I had to separate two women from their husbands, it being not lawful for a man to have more than one wife. They submitted to this requirement, and left me to form their new village, the first of the kind in this part of Africa. In a few weeks, news came to me that some of them had obtained pardon; and, a fortnight ago, I visited them, and was highly gratified to find that the intelligence was true. I requested them to let me know who the persons were; when ten of them, including all the women, stood on one side, leaving two old men alone, almost broken-hearted. One of these

found peace before I left. The work here is daily becoming more important. I have now a large native congregation in the town, and another about ten miles distant; but, at present, we have no chapel, so that the people to whom I preach are obliged to sit on the ground in the open air, and sometimes they are as thick as they can be packed together. You would be amused to see our Sunday-school, and to observe large groups of children sitting in different places; one, who is the Monitor, shouting A, B, C, and ten or twenty repeating the letters after him, and making quite a song of the alphabet. If one makes a blunder, all the rest set up a loud laugh. Some are now spelling words of three letters. When preaching to the people, you would think I had forgotten to sermonize; for, instead of taking a text, I commence by asking them what they remember of the subject on which I spoke the previous Sabbath, and I am often surprised at the answers they give. One Sunday a woman repeated the whole of one of my prayers, concluding with the benediction.

"Our Missions in this District have not been long commenced; but God is beginning to work. On Mr. Allison's Station, many have found the pearl of great price; and at Pietermauritzberg twelve have lately been brought to God. When any are convinced of sin, they go away into the bush, alone, to pray, and very often continue for days and nights wrestling in prayer until they obtain pardon. A little food is taken to them; but they only touch it so far as is needful to preserve life. We have now one hundred members meeting in class, who have all been brought out of Heathen darkness within the last twelve months; and scarcely a day passes without our hearing of some beginning to seek Christ, or of some penitents finding mercy.

"I do not think that I ever had a more important field of labour than the one I now occupy; but I never felt more humbled and broken in spirit than now. We need your sympathy, your faith, your fervent supplications, that the God of all grace may visit us with a pentecostal shower, so that multitudes may be brought out of darkness into light."

Such is the cheering news that is reaching us from the distant shores of Africa. What encouragement to prayer, to Christian liberality, to special efforts, on behalf of that benighted country! Let our young friends still remember Africa. Let them again renew their efforts on behalf of the thousands of poor children in that country, who have never yet heard the name of Jesus. And who can tell how greatly God may bless those efforts, and what cheering tidings they may hear even from the darkest wilds of Heathenism?

MISSIONARY INCIDENTS FOR JUVENILE READERS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MOISTER.

COMMENCEMENT OF MISSIONARY LABOURS—PREACHING—SCHOOLS—JUVENILE PRAYER-MEETING.

FROM the details already given, I have no doubt but my juvenile friends will be anxious to know how we succeeded in our Missionary labours at the Gambia Station. On examining into the state of the Mission, I was happy to find that the few members who had been united in church-fellowship, about forty in number, had been kept together by the Native Exhorters, since the death of Mr. Marshall; and that, whilst they had been left as sheep without a shepherd, their meetings for prayer and praise had been regularly held in the chapel from week to week. I felt much affected on hearing their own simple account of the earnest supplications which they constantly sent up to heaven, that God would remember them in mercy, and send them another Pastor.

On becoming in some measure settled, the arrangement for our weekly services in the chapel at Bathurst was nearly as follows:—Every Sabbath morning I read prayers and preached in English, for the benefit of the Europeans and intelligent persons of colour, who used to attend our chapel in considerable numbers. On the Sabbath evening I used to deliver a short discourse in English, which was afterwards repeated in Jolliff by one of the Native Exhorters. For this purpose, we generally fixed upon a subject beforehand, and made it a matter of special conversation ar-

study. On the Wednesday night I preached by an interpreter, every sentence being rendered into Jolliff as it was advanced. On the other week-evening we had prayer-meetings and class-meetings, in which the English, Jolliff, or Mandingo language was used according to circumstances. The congregations were generally good, and a divine influence frequently rested upon the people.

I had not laboured long, before several were brought to a knowledge of the truth; two additional classes were formed, and the number of members united in church-fellowship with us was more than doubled. I have sometimes seen the natives passing the chapel on the Sabbath, with loads on their heads, attracted by the singing; they have halted, put down their burdens, listened, entered, and many embraced the Gospel with all their hearts. At an early period of our labours in Africa, we had also the happiness to witness the peaceful death of two or three of our native converts, who departed this life in the faith and hope of the Gospel.

But the most delightful and successful part of our Missionary labour was that of training up the children in the knowledge and love of God; and if my dear little readers could have seen our schools in Africa, they would have been more than ever encouraged to use their utmost efforts to send the Gospel to the poor Negro children. From the beginning we felt the importance of this work; and we had not been many days in Africa, when we set about it in good earnest, though we had many difficulties.

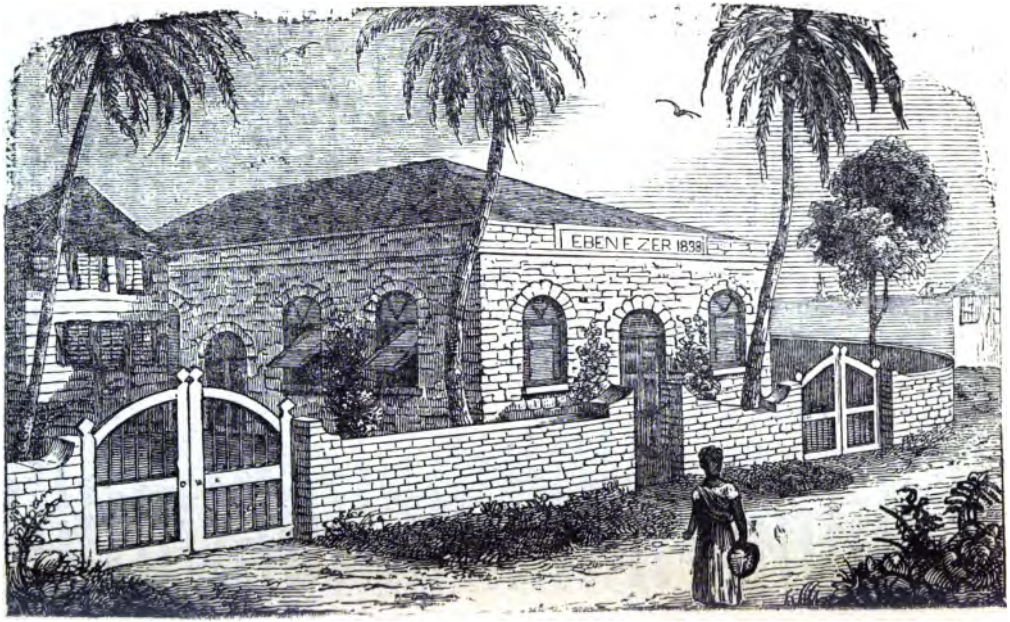
There had been a Mission-school formerly at St. Mary's, but it had been given up since the death of the Missionary, and the Mulatto young man who taught it had got other employment. I was thinking of engaging his services again, when a messenger came and said, "Robert is sick." I went to see him. He was in a high fever, but in a happy state of mind. The next day the messenger came again, and said, "Robert is dead." So uncertain is human life in Western Africa! As there was no other person in the colony suitable for a Teacher, we were obliged to teach the children ourselves; but we were not discouraged. We were young and, as yet, healthy; and we had gone out expecting and intending to labour with all our might. We therefore opened the school at once. I took charge of the boys, and Mrs. Moister taught the girls. The bell was rung every morning at six o'clock, and the school continued till two in the afternoon.

I rejoice to say, that our humble labours among the children in Africa were not in vain. We found them capable of receiving instruction. Many of them learned to read and write and cipher very nicely; they could also sing little hymns, and repeat the Conference Catechisms, both in the English and in the Jolliff languages, into which we had them translated. When they first entered the school, many of the children were like little naked savages; but we soon clothed them with the frocks and shirts and pieces of print which our friends in England had given us for the purpose. Many of the girls learned to sew as well as read; and the school soon presented a most interesting appearance, being attended by nearly a hundred little black children.

It was our grand aim, from the beginning, to lead these dear little Negro children to Christ. We were therefore delighted to observe evidences of a work of grace on the hearts of several of our youthful charge. This was more particularly the case with five or six boys and girls whom we had taken to live with us at the Mission-house. Some of these were orphan children, and they were all more or less destitute. They were employed in various domestic duties in the intervals of school-hours; and, on the whole, they gave us great satisfaction.

One night, some time after we had retired to rest, we heard a noise in the children's room, which was some distance from our own. We felt anxious to know what our little people could be doing, up so late. We approached the door, and listened; and, lo! it was the voice of prayer. We continued to listen, and we soon found that these dear little African children were holding their own little prayer-meeting. The eldest girl was named Matty; she seemed to be conducting the exercises. She first prayed herself in broken English. She then called upon John. But John said, "Matty, me no sabby pray English." "Then pray in Jolliff," said Matty; "God knows every language." He prayed in Jolliff. Matty then called upon Petty, who also prayed in Jolliff. The next boy called upon was Gabriel. But Gabriel said, "Matty, me no sabby pray English, me no sabby pray Jolliff." "Then," said Matty, "say, 'Our Father.'" The poor boy repeated the Lord's Prayer in a solemn tone, and the little prayer-meeting concluded. We returned to our room unobserved, and thanked God in our hearts that he was beginning to work upon the minds of our dear Negro children.

(To be continued.)


EBENEZER 1838

WESLEYAN CHAPELS IN THE ISLAND OF ST. KITT'S.*

A SHORT time ago, you had an account of the state of the West India Islands, at the time of Dr. Coke's first visit. There were then no chapels for the Negroes, no Preachers, to tell them of Christ. Now, I will tell you what Mr. Parkes, a Missionary, says of the present state of the little island of St. Kitt's :—

"The island is completely engirdled with Methodist chapels; the centre of the island is a high mountain, around which the towns and villages are situated. At Basseterre they have a large chapel, capable of containing from one thousand five hundred to two thousand people, with a school and Mission-house; three miles from that there is another chapel, which contains three hundred persons; three miles further on there is another chapel, capable of containing five hundred people, with a Mission-house, and a resident Missionary; two and a half miles beyond that, another chapel, containing two hundred and fifty people; two and a half miles from that is another chapel, capable of containing twelve hundred people, with a Mission-house; two and a half miles further there is another chapel, capable of holding six or seven hundred people; two and a half miles from that there is another chapel, capable of holding a thousand people, with a Mission-house and resident Missionary; five miles further there is a chapel, holding nine hundred or a thousand persons, with Mission-house and resident Missionary; five miles from that there is another chapel, capable of holding four hundred persons; and five miles more brought them to Basseterre."

Is not this account cheering? This little island, formerly the abode of sin and darkness, now surrounded with a halo of glory! Out of a population of twenty-three thousand, there are ten thousand who listen to the glad tidings of salvation from the Wesleyan Missionaries. We will pray God's continued blessing on the Missions; and with such encouragement, we will continue our labours in the cause with increased energy.

* The picture represents one of these chapels.

THE MISSIONARY'S DEATH.

WEEP not for the saint that ascends,
  To partake of the joys of the sky;
Weep not for the seraph that bends
  With the worshipping chorus on high.
Weep not for the spirit now crown'd
  With the garland to martyrdom given;
O weep not for him! he has found
  His reward and his refuge in heaven.

But weep for their sorrows, who stand
  And lament o'er the dead by his grave;
Who sigh when they muse on the land
  Of their home, far away o'er the wave:
Who sigh when they think that the strife,
  And the toil, and the perils before them,
Must fill up the moments of life,
  Till the anguish of death shall come o'er them.

And weep for the nations that dwell
  Where the light of the truth never shone,
Where anthems of praise never swell,
  And the love of the Lamb is unknown.
O weep!—for the herald that came
  To proclaim in their dwelling the story
Of Jesus, and life through his name,
  Has been summon'd away to his glory.

Weep not for the saint that ascends,
  To partake of the joys of the sky;
Weep not for the seraph that bends
  With the worshipping chorus on high:
But weep for the mourners who stand
  By the grave of their brother in sadness;
And weep for the Heathen whose land
  Still must wait for the day-spring of gladness.

Anon.

THE SUFFERING STATE OF THE PAGAN INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA.

THIS account of the distressing sufferings of the Indians in the Mackenzie river is extracted from a letter sent to Mrs. Mason's brother, by a friend. Similar sufferings frequently occur in these territories, where the Indians are without the Gospel.

"The Indians of the North are a most simple, though miserable and improvident, set of creatures; during summer they fatten, to starve in winter.

"The feeling of pity has very frequently been called forth within me by objects which certainly called loudly for it; some with their feet and thighs frozen as hard as rocks, and the flesh falling from their bones a few minutes after they got to the fire. A little girl was so much frozen, that she became raving mad; but she appears to be more sensible now than she was a few weeks ago. Others, again, were almost completely naked, having devoured their skin clothing to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Last January two died ere they could reach the Fort, or we could have intelligence of their miserable condition; and, shocking to relate, some of them served as food to a wretch, who, two years ago, murdered his wife and five children for the same horrid purpose. The day before yesterday, another family arrived in the last stage of existence; they could scarcely walk, and yet there was the poor mother, with two children on her back, and another before her; their eldest son, about twelve years of age, dropped down on the river, some distance from here. The same night, after I had retired to rest, I heard a very solemn sound, which appeared to come from a great distance. I at first imagined it was mere fancy; but, as it still continued, and I was quite awake, I got up and went out. And what do you think I saw? Why, there was the woman and her husband, with their heads resting on each other's shoulder, singing the song of death! I was very much affected, and could not but admire the simple effu

sions of an affectionate, though uncivilized, heart. This mournful sight drew the tears from my eyes; and it would have melted a harder heart than mine, to have seen them weeping for the loss of their first-born."

Do not such facts call aloud for the most earnest prayers, and deep sympathy, of every true Christian? O send them the Gospel! and that will soon effect a change in their improvident habits and their miserable condition. Many were the sufferings endured by the Ross-Ville Indians before they became Christians, from hunger and improvidence; but now they have enough and to spare, for they sold upwards of one hundred bushels of potatoes this Fall.

William Mason.

Ross-Ville, Hudson's-Bay, North America.

HORRORS OF HEATHENISM.

A COLD rainy evening, some time ago, one of our women* heard a faint wailing outside the street door; and, peeping out to see whence it came, found a babe laid there. It was brought in, and Miss Aldersley thus found herself the mother of a third adopted daughter. Had she not received it, the poor little one would have died by lying on the stone pavement on a winter's night, or have been devoured by the famished dogs which stroll about the streets, *and are accustomed to feed on such prey*, as the Chinese of the humbler classes do not bury little girls under three years of age; but merely wrap them in coarse matting, and lay them anywhere. Sometimes they throw them into the river; but often during my walks I have been filled with horror at finding, directly in my path, the corpses of infants shockingly bitten by dogs, the passers by having taken no notice. It is a sight to which they are accustomed.

* Extract of a Letter from Miss Selmer, Ningpo.

NUMBER OF MISSIONARY CONVERTS.

A SHORT time ago there were two Bishops consecrated at the cathedral of Canterbury: one, the Rev. George Smith, is going to Hong Kong, in China; the other, the Rev. David Anderson, to Rupert's Land.

The Clergyman, Mr. Venn, made the following statement in the sermon he preached on the occasion:—"The number of converts belonging to the different Missionary Societies are as follows:—

Church	Missionary	Society	106,796
London	ditto	ditto	162,300
Baptist	ditto	ditto	110,500
Moravian	ditto	ditto	64,071
Wesleyan	ditto	ditto	200,656."

HAPPY DEATH OF A LITTLE AFRICAN BOY.

THE Missionary says:—"Early in the morning, at about four o'clock, Mei David, a little boy, about seven years of age, fell asleep in Jesus. He had long been suffering, and during his illness had frequently sent for me, with the request that I would come and pray with him. I had visited him the evening previous to his departure; and no sooner had I entered the hut, than he immediately expressed his joy at my visit, and said to those who were standing around him, 'Now my dear Teacher is with me.' He then asked me to sit down at his side, and exclaimed, with eyes beaming with joy, 'I shall soon be going to my Saviour.' On my asking him whether he really thought that his end was so near at hand, he cheerfully replied, 'Yes, dear Teacher; my Saviour will soon be coming.' On this he folded his little hands, lifted up his eyes, and said, 'O my Saviour, come, come soon!' After lying silent for a few moments, he again turned towards me, and said, 'Dear Teacher, please sing a verse for little Mei.'

We were all deeply affected, and joined in singing the hymn,—

'Jesus makes my heart rejoice;
I 'm His sheep, and know His voice,' &c.

For a time he joined us with a loud voice, folding his hands over his breast; but in the middle of the second verse his breath stood still: his ransomed soul had taken its flight to glory. This scene was rendered doubly impressive by the striking contrast between the riches of divine grace, of which this little child was a monument, and the poverty and meanness of the hut in which he had breathed his last. 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.'" *Moravian Missionary Magazine.*

PRINCE GEORGE IN TROUBLE.

King George of Tonga has a fine, interesting little son named George. One day the King was going a voyage to another island, and the Prince was to be left behind. He had received the parting kiss, and was left with the Queen, his mother; when his nurse took him up to see the King embark, which led the young Prince to cry most bitterly after his father. Mr. Thomas, the Missionary who was by, tried to pacify him, and succeeded for a time; but, as soon as he left him, he broke out afresh, and the King could not withstand his pitiful cries, but took him on board the canoe.

I hope this young Prince will not be always allowed to have his own way, which is not good for children either in Tonga or in England.

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A CEYLON PEARL-MERCHANT.

THE

WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

OCTOBER, 1849.

PEARL MERCHANT.

CEYLON has long been celebrated for its excellent pearls. They are found in a small oyster on the north-west coast of the island. The banks on which the pearl-oysters are found, extend several miles along the coast, and some of them equally as far out to sea. They are procured by diving, a practice in which the natives are very expert. It is not uncommon for the divers to remain under water two or three minutes, and some for nearly double that time, without taking breath.

The oysters, when caught, are buried, and taken up again as soon as they have reached a state of putrefaction, when the pearls can be taken without injury. The man you see in the picture has a bunch of pearls strung in his hand, and is offering them for sale.

SAN AVONG:

A STORY OF A LITTLE CHINESE BRIDE.

SAN AVONG was a little Chinese girl, who went to Miss Aldersey's school at Ningpo. When she was ten years old, her father died; and her mother, as is the custom in China, prepared a feast, to be eaten by all the family: this is one of the idolatrous customs of the Chinese at the death of a relative. They prepare a feast, and meet together to eat it. This they call, "worshipping the souls of their ancestors."

Now San Avong had been taught at school, that God alone is to be worshipped: she knew it was sinful to join in any Heathenish custom; and she refused to eat of the offerings made to h

dead father. Her mother was very angry with her; but the child was firm.

From time to time, Miss Aldersey was pleased to see the increasing seriousness of the little girl. Her knowledge of the Scriptures and Christian doctrine often surprised her Governess; and she showed her earnestness by collecting the elder girls of the school together, praying with them, and exhorting them to consider their lost estate.

When San Avong was twelve years old, she was to be married, and to a man who was an idolater. Now was the time for her Christian principles to be tried. Dear child, she had been enabled by the Holy Spirit to put forth the hand of faith, and to take hold of the hope set before her in the Gospel; and she assured her Governess, that, whatever the treatment might be which she should receive from her relatives, she would not (the grace of God enabling her to stand) conform to any idolatrous customs, or omit to keep holy the Sabbath-day.

Miss Aldersey had a Chinese man-servant: he was a Christian. When he saw how much in earnest San Avong was in her course heavenward, he proposed to his mistress that the mother of the child and her intended husband should be sent for to their house, and hear from the child her solemn determination not to conform to the idolatrous rites of a Chinese wedding. Ayen (the faithful man-servant) suggested the desirableness of their being married according to the Christian mode; and Miss Aldersey promised to give a little present to the bridegroom, to make a wedding-feast, a week or two after the wedding, when there would be no temptation to any observance of an idolatrous kind. The man consented, and they were married by Mr. Cuthbertson, the Christian Minister living there. The husband promised that his little wife should spend every Sabbath with her kind friend.

A few days after the marriage, some of the young bride's school-fellows went to pay her a visit. They found the dear child greatly harassed by the conduct of her neighbours, and the elder female relatives of her husband. They crowded in upon her like bees. She told her school-fellows, that she was not regarded as married; but that her new relatives had fixed upon an early hour on the Sabbath to perform the usual idolatrous ceremonies.

San Avong assured her neighbours that she would take no part in such ceremonies; that she had worshipped the great God of

heaven and earth at her marriage, solemnized by Mr. Cuthbertson; and now they might be sure she would not worship deceased ancestors. The women railed at her, and scolded her; but all that she would do was to hold her head on her hand, and quietly tell them she would not submit to an idolatrous rite. Happily she had no mother-in-law; but the women said, "We will send for your own mother, that she may beat you." She replied, "How can my mother beat me? It was my mother who took me to Miss Aldersey's school, and bade me listen to her instructions. I have listened to them, and am now acting them out."

When Miss Aldersey heard this, she resolved to send Ayen, the servant, to spend the whole of the Saturday at the bride's house. He was to sleep there, or close by; and to take her on the Sunday, according to agreement, to pass its sacred hours with her. While Ayen was at the house, he explained to the many people who had assembled, that San Avong's refusal to worship ancestors, &c., was not the effect of whim or caprice, but arose from a sense of duty to the great Maker of all things. All appearances were very fair on the Sabbath morning, when Ayen took San Avong to her friend in a palanquin. A relative of the husband's, however, came to fetch the child home very early. Miss Aldersey was thus led to fear that there might be some intention of celebrating the Heathen rites of marriage: she therefore directed one of her Christian female attendants to accompany her. On their arrival, she found that preparations had indeed been made. The people were much displeased by the attendance of the Christian woman, and without ceremony took her into the next house and locked her in, in order to prevent her interference. Poor San Avong was then seized by three men, who obliged her by force to make the usual prostrations in the Hall of Ancestors. She cried most piteously, "O, have I lost my soul? for I have indeed bowed down to the dead." The dear child, in her confusion, forgot that where the heart was not engaged in idolatrous prostrations, there was no offence against the one true God.

After this sad scene, the Christian woman was permitted to join her. San Avong said to her, "I will pray to God; for truly I need strength from Him." She did not kneel in the presence of the crowd; but her lips were observed to move. She then wiped away her tears, and took her New Testament, and read to the men and women present out of the tenth chapter of Mat-

explaining the latter part to them. Her audience were not a little surprised. A few days after some of the school-fellows called to see her, and found her looking very poorly: her husband called her aside, and directed her to request her visitors to leave the house. She did so, and said to them on parting, "If we should not meet again on earth, we shall meet in heaven."

The kind Miss Aldersey still watched over her little friend, and tried to protect her from the cruel persecutions of her Heathen relations. She sent Ayen to talk to the husband, who seemed quite ashamed of his conduct, but said he was obliged to obey an uncle, who had directed him to act as he had done. Such, alas! is the domestic tyranny which prevails in that Heathen country. After a time Miss Aldersey tried to persuade the Heathen husband to go and live with her, to become the cook of the children's food: he consented, though with much fear, to go himself; but he would not allow his little wife to accompany him: he was afraid he should be conjured into a Christian; for the people imagined that Miss Aldersey gave medicine to her servants and children to turn them into Christians. And when, on the Sabbath day, he was told to read a portion of the Scriptures, which all the servants were required to do, he thought, poor man! that was surely the time for conjuring him into a Christian. He trembled, and was so agitated, that his fingers could not hold the book quietly, and he made his escape as quickly as possible. They did not insist on his wife living with him; but hoped, when he found out that they were honest people, and did not conjure, he would allow her to come.

Poor San Avong, her trials are not yet over! The next Sabbath she told Ayen, "There is to be another wedding in the family on Tuesday, at which I shall be required to be present; and they will, I doubt not, urge me to eat things offered to ancestors." Ayen, who is a sort of Great-Heart to the household, was sent to the wedding to protect her, lest she should encounter another storm; but the dear child's relatives had ceased to harass her, in the way of eating things offered to idols. They said, "It was manifestly of no use; they really found her a good girl, although so obstinate about idolatry, and it must be her religion that made her so."

This is all I have to tell you at present about the little bride. Perhaps, when Miss Aldersey writes again, she may tell us something more.

These particulars are taken from the Quarterly Paper published by the Ladies' Society for promoting Female Education in the East.

A TONGUESE DINNER.

Mr. Thomas, Wesleyan Missionary in Tonga, was taking a little tour with the Bishop of New-Zealand, and Captain Maxwell, of H.M.S. "Dido," to show them some of the Mission Stations and schools in that island. One day, after travelling a long time without food, they arrived at a fort called Nuku-nuku, the Christian Chief of which place gave them a most hearty welcome; and, in a short time, food was laid out in the Tonga style. It consisted of a roast turkey and baked yams. It was spread on the floor, on banana-leaves, which served both for cloth and plates; and although there were neither knives, forks, nor spoons, yet, sitting down upon the floor, all partook heartily of the wholesome food. The Bishop appeared quite at home; and as they were well supplied with cocoa-nut milk to drink, as well as ripe bananas to eat afterwards, they were greatly refreshed.

After the repast, they took leave of the Chief, and Captain Maxwell invited him to visit his ship. The party then set out to walk to the boat, which was five miles off. Mr. Thomas had been told, that the Bishop was a good walker; and he found it was true. Owing to the lowness of the tide, the boat was further off than they expected; and their road lay over rough and loose stones. The Bishop was a most agreeable travelling companion; but when they got to the spot where the boat was, they were all very much tired, and sat down on the beach, under the shade of a tree, to wait till the tide rose high enough for them to get into the boat. They then returned to Nuku-lofa, where the children of the school were assembled, that the Bishop and the Captain might see them go through their different exercises; at which sight they were highly delighted.

LIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

MANY parts of South Africa are much infested with lions, and the Missionaries in their journeys are often exposed to great danger from them. The picture represents a man seized by a lion; and the following story about Mr. Moffat, Missionary in Africa, will show you what formidable enemies these lions are to travellers.

Having put my waggon in order, taken a driver, and a little boy as leader of the oxen, and two Barolongs, who were going to the same place, I left the Station, my wife and family, for an absence of two or three months. Our journey lay over a wild and dreary country, inhabited by Balalas only, and but a sprinkling of these. On the night of the third day's journey, having halted at a pool, we listened, on the lonely plain, for the sound of an inhabitant; but all was silent. We could discover no lights, and, amid the darkness, we were unable to trace footmarks to the pool. We let loose our wearied oxen to drink and graze; but as we were ignorant of the character of the company with which we might have to spend the night, we took a firebrand, and examined the edges of the pool to see, from the imprints, what animals were in the habit of drinking there, and, with terror, discovered many spoors or tracks of lions. We immediately collected the oxen, and brought them to the waggon, to which we fastened them with the strongest thongs we had; having discovered in their appearance something rather wild, indicating that, either from scent or sight, they knew danger was near. The two Barolongs had brought a young cow with them, and, though I recommended their making her fast also, they replied that she was too wise to leave the waggon and oxen, even though a lion should be scented. We took a little supper, which was followed by our evening hymn and prayer. I had retired only a few minutes to my waggon to prepare for the night, when the whole of the oxen started to their feet. A lion had seized the cow only a few steps from their tails, and dragged it to a distance of thirty or forty yards, where we distinctly heard it tearing the animal, and breaking the bones, while its bellowings were most pitiful. When these were over, I seized my gun; but as it was too dark to see my object at half the distance, I aimed at the spot where the devouring jaws of the lion were heard. I fired again

and again, to which he replied with tremendous roars, at the same time making a rush towards the waggon, so as exceedingly to terrify the oxen.

The two Barolongs engaged to take firebrands, advance a few yards, and throw them at him, so as to afford me a degree of light, that I might take aim, the place being bushy. They had scarcely discharged them from their hands, when the flame went with such swiftness, that I had barely time to turn the gun and fire between the men and the lion, and providentially the ball struck the ground immediately under his head, as we found by examination the following morning. From this surprise he returned, growling dreadfully. The men darted through some thorn-bushes, with countenances indicative of the utmost terror. It was now the opinion of all that we had better let him alone, if he did not molest us.

Having but a scanty supply of wood to keep up a fire, one man crept among the bushes on one side of the pool, while I proceeded for the same purpose on the other side. I had not gone far, when, looking upward to the edge of the small basin, I discerned, between me and the sky, four animals, whose attention appeared to be directed to me, by the noise I made in breaking a dry stick. On closer inspection, I found that the large, round, hairy-headed visitors were lions; and retreated on my hands and feet towards the other side of the pool, when, coming to my waggoner to inform him of our danger, I found him looking with no little alarm in an opposite direction, and with good reason, as no fewer than two lions, with a cub, were eyeing us both, apparently as uncertain about us as we were distrustful about them. They appeared, as they always do in the dark, twice the usual size. We thankfully decamped to the waggon to keep alive our scanty fire, while we listened to the lion tearing and devouring his prey. When any other of the hungry lions dared to approach, he would pursue them for some spaces, with a horrible howl, which made our poor oxen tremble, and produced anything but agreeable sensations in ourselves. We had reason for alarm, lest any of the six lions we saw, fearless of our small fire, might rush in among us. The two Barolongs were grudging the lion his fat meal, and would now and then break the silence with a deep sigh, and expressions of regret that such a vagabond lion should have such a feast on their cow, which they anticipated would have afforded them many a draught of luscious milk. Before the day dawned, having deposited

nearly the whole of the carcass in his stomach, he collected the head, backbone, parts of the legs, the paunch, which he emptied of its contents, and the two clubs which had been thrown at him, and walked off, leaving nothing but some fragments of bones, and one of my balls, which had hit the carcass instead of himself.

When it was light we examined the spot, and found, from the footmarks, that the lion was a large one, and had devoured the cow himself. I had some difficulty in believing this, but was fully convinced by the Barolongs pointing out to me that the footmarks of the other lions had not come within thirty yards of the spot; two jackals only had approached to lick up any little leavings. The men pursued the spoor to find the fragments where the lion had deposited them, while he retired to a thicket to sleep during the day. I had often heard how much a large hungry lion could eat, but nothing less than a demonstration would have convinced me that it was possible for him to have eaten all the flesh of a good heifer, and many of the bones, for scarcely a rib was left, and even some of the marrow-bones were broken as if with a hammer.

Having discovered a small village on a neighbouring height, although it was the Sabbath, we thought it quite right and lawful to invoke our oxen, and leave a spot haunted with something worse than ghosts. When we told our tale to the natives, they expressed no surprise whatever, but only regretted that the lion should have had such a feast, while they were so hungry.

CHINESE SUPERSTITION.

The poor people at Ningpo, in China, when asked by a Christian, where they are to go after death, reply, with a loud laugh, "To hell, of course!" They think that the Mandarins and other rich people only, who can afford to give much money to the gods, can expect to go to heaven; and that all the common people go either directly to hell, or have to pass into the body of some animal. O that they could learn that Christ has purchased salvation for them, and that the poorest among them might obtain it without money and without price!

MISSIONARY INCIDENTS FOR JUVENILE READERS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MOISTER.

NATIVE FUNERAL—BIRTH OF CHILDREN—SLAVERY—SCHOOLS, &c.

We had not been long in Africa before we witnessed the first native Heathen funeral. The procession, if such it may be called, was passing the Mission-house, when I called Mrs. Moister to come and see the strange spectacle. The corpse was laid upon a few pieces of bamboo cane, fastened together in the form of a bier, but without any coffin, being merely covered with a piece of native cloth. This, to the eyes of Europeans, is very disgusting, as you may see the head and the feet and the shape of the whole body. The bearers carried the corpse shoulder-high, and proceeded towards the grave at a running pace. A considerable number of people followed, but without any order or regularity. Some carried muskets in their hands, which they fired into the air at intervals. This, they say, is done to drive away wicked spirits; for the same purpose they light a fire in the hut as soon as any one dies, having a strange idea that the devil cannot stand smoke. Several persons, chiefly females, attend the native funerals, for the purpose of mourning and lamentation. They sometimes howl in a most dreadful manner, and, at intervals, chant in a doleful tone the excellencies of the dead. On returning from the funeral they make a great feast, sometimes killing and cooking an ox; while, at the same time, they continue drinking and drumming and dancing the whole night long. They are also in the habit of making feasts afterwards in memory of the dead, and they carry portions of food to the grave, from the foolish idea that their departed friends require food in another world, and that their spirits return, during the night, to partake of the portions they have thus put for them. How striking is the contrast between the scene here presented to our view, and that of a Christian funeral in a country village in our own happy native land! On the Mission-Stations in Africa, when the people have received the Gospel, they soon learn the forms and usages of

civilized life. They make use of coffins at funerals, and proceed with the remains of their departed friends to the house appointed for all living with order and solemnity, listening with deep attention to the funeral service which we read on the occasion. But even in their converted state the natives of Africa are remarkable for excessive grief at the death of their friends; and I have frequently had to remonstrate kindly with them, and to remind them of that eternity of bliss which awaits those who die in the faith and hope of the Gospel.

The birth of a child in an African family is a circumstance which calls forth much merriment and rejoicing, as well as the practice of various superstitious rites and ceremonies. Instead of being nursed in the arms of a fond mother, nicely dressed, and laid down to sleep upon a soft pillow, like a new-born child in England, the poor little stranger in Africa is first held up by the feet and severely shaken, and then laid upon a goat's skin, or a coarse mat, with a piece of native cloth thrown over it to preserve it from the stings of the musquitoes. Among most of the tribes, when the infant is a few weeks old, it has to undergo the cruel and painful operation of tattooing, when deep cuts are made in its flesh with a knife, generally on both cheeks and on each side of the forehead. The scars thus made continue through life, and by their number and form the tribe to which each individual belongs is clearly shown. While young, children are generally carried on the back, and scarcely ever in the arms, of the nurse or mother. It is quite common to see women pursuing their ordinary work about the house or in the field, with their children tied on their backs; and the poor little creatures frequently get their legs injured, and are lame as long as they live, from the coarse and careless manner in which they are nursed in the helpless years of infancy. How thankful ought English children to be even for the temporal comforts which Christianity secures to them in infancy, as compared with little Heathens, as well as for the comfort and religious training with which they are blessed in this highly-favoured land! But the worst feature in the circumstances of African children is their bondage. Most of them are born slaves; and if they happen to be nominally free when they come into the world, they are always liable to be torn away from their friends and home, and doomed to drag out a miserable existence as slaves in a foreign land, without any

hope of freedom. Hundreds and thousands are thus stolen away every year; and as the Gospel of Christ is the only remedy for this and every other evil which afflicts the sable sons of Ham, let us make haste to send them Missionaries and Bibles, that they may be free in body and free in soul; for "whom the Son makes free, they are free indeed."

The only Heathen children taught to read in Africa are those who are intended for Priests. The teacher is generally a Priest or Maraboo; and if he has occasion to travel, he takes his school with him. The very idea of a travelling school will no doubt be somewhat amusing to my juvenile readers; but such is the fact. I remember once having a visit from a school of this kind. It consisted of about eight or ten fine little black boys, at the head of whom was a Maraboo, their teacher. They had travelled a distance of several hundreds of miles; and as they moved forward by short stages, they had been six weeks on the road, learning the Arabic lessons at intervals every day. They said, their object in visiting the colony was, to purchase a supply of writing-paper, and to see white men and their houses, which they had never seen before. Both teacher and scholars were much interested in every thing they saw. They were particularly delighted with a sight of my library, a musical box, and an alarum clock. Again and again they clapped their hands in joyful astonishment, exclaiming, "White man has got a good head; white man knows every thing!" When we had talked with them about the great God who made them, and Jesus Christ who redeemed them, and made them a few trifling presents, they left the Mission-house apparently well pleased.

(*To be continued.*)

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A MAHOMEDAN READING THE KORAN.

THE

WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

NOVEMBER, 1849.

INDIAN MAHOMETANS.

THERE are in India many thousand Mahometans who call themselves true believers, and say that all Christians are infidels. They believe there is one God, and that Mahomet is his Prophet. They do not believe in Jesus Christ. Mahomet wrote a book called the Koran; this book is to his followers what the Bible is to us. It contains the doctrines of their religion; and tells them what they are to believe, and what they are to do.

In the picture you see a man at his devotions, reading the Koran; it is considered to be too sacred to be touched, so he has a stand to place it on.

The Mahometans are commanded to pray several times a day, and to be very particular in washing themselves, and in keeping long fasts. They generally observe all the rules of their religion very strictly; but, like the Jews of old, while they attend to all outward forms, they omit the inward purification of the heart.

Now these men, as well as the Heathen, need to be taught by the Missionaries that theirs is a false religion; no man can be saved unless he believe in Christ. They do not believe in Christ; they hate the very name of Christ, that name to sinners so dear; that only name given under heaven by which we can be saved, is their abhorrence. Christians they despise; and "infidel dog" is the term they use when speaking of one.

I fear there are but few of these Mahometans converted to Christianity, they are so satisfied with their own religion, and are so proud, selfish, and wicked. But the time will come, when even these self-righteous sinners shall bow before the cross of the blessed Jesus, whom they have hitherto treated with such contempt. For hath not He said, "Unto me every knee shall bow?"

MISSIONARY INCIDENTS FOR JUVENILE READERS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MOISTER.

FIRST VOYAGE UP THE GAMBIA—MANDINGO WAR.

I HAD not been long in Africa when, hearing of the dark state of the native tribes in the interior, I felt a strong desire to extend the blessings of the Gospel to the "regions beyond." The way was, in some measure, prepared for this enterprise by the providential raising up of two or three excellent native labourers on the St. Mary's Station. As I have no doubt my youthful readers will feel interest in the circumstances connected with the establishment of a Mission among distant Heathen tribes, who had never before heard of the Saviour, I shall now proceed to relate a few particulars of my first voyage up the River Gambia, preparatory to the commencement of our new Mission at Macarthy's Island.

It was on Saturday, the 14th of May, 1831, that I commenced my voyage, in a small merchant sloop bound for the upper river. When I considered the danger of the undertaking to one as yet unseasoned to the climate, and that I should soon be hundreds of miles distant from my dear wife, who was obliged to remain at St. Mary's, to attend to the Mission schools, I felt somewhat gloomy and sad for a short time; but when I remembered the glorious object which I had in view, and the promise of my Divine Master to be "with me always, even unto the end," I took courage, and was enabled to say, with the Apostle, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." (Acts xx. 24.)

For the first ten miles the river had the appearance of a vast inland sea, but afterwards it became much narrower, and both the banks might be distinctly seen from our little vessel: they were covered with evergreen mangroves, which formed a beautiful contrast with the silvery whiteness of the serpentine stream, as it glittered in the rays of the setting sun. I wish I had time and space to tell you of a hundred amusing incidents that occurred during this voyage, with reference to the natives, the elephants, the lions, the leopards, the crocodiles, and the monkeys, with which this country abounds. The natives frequently came on board for traffic; and I frequently went on shore to visit the

native towns, to circulate the Scriptures in the Arabic language, and to tell the people of the great God who made them, and of Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save sinners. I remember coming to one town where the people seemed quite afraid of a white man. Perhaps they had never seen a white man before. In former times white men never came to their country but to make war and steal away their children. This might account for the women and children running away when I entered the town. But when I sent to assure them that I was a man of peace, and come to tell them good news, they returned, and surrounded me in vast numbers, and listened attentively to what I had to say. By and by the little black children ventured to touch my hands; and, as they were curious to know whether I was "altogether white," I allowed them to turn up my coat sleeve, to examine me more minutely; when they all clapped their hands, and shouted, *Tababe rafit na loll wali, &c.*; "O what a fine white man! he is every bit white." My only attendant during this journey was a little black boy, whom I took out of the school at St. Mary's. He used to cook me my food, and interpret for me when I spoke with the natives; for he could speak English, Mandingo, and Jalloff.

Having sailed, day after day, up the mighty Gambia, for about a week, a distance of nearly three hundred miles, I came to Macarthy's Island. I landed late in the evening, and obtained a lodging in a native hut. When I awoke the next morning I perceived that the hut was hung round with implements of war and idolatry, and I lifted up my heart to God in prayer, that he would have mercy upon these poor deluded people. Then came the Sabbath, a day long to be remembered by the inhabitants of this Island, as the dawn, to them, of a new dispensation. Men, women, and children flocked together to hear the good news; and it did appear to me as if the Lord himself had prepared the way for the establishment of his Gospel in this dark, benighted land. The people heard with marked attention, and many seemed deeply affected. I remained about two weeks at Macarthy's Island on this occasion, visiting the people from house to house, taking a census of the population, conversing with the native Chiefs, and obtaining such information as might prepare the way for future Missionary operations.

The object of my visit being so far accomplished, and my presence being required at St. Mary's, I began to prepare f[illegible] return. When I took my departure, many of the natives

to the river side, and begged me to come again, or to send them a Teacher to tell them about the great God and his holy word. I bade them farewell, promising to do my best to meet their wishes. We had a pleasant run down the River, and, on Friday, the 10th of June, I arrived at St. Mary's, thankful to find my dear wife well, and that the Lord had so graciously preserved me during my absence from home of about a month.

It was my intention to have made arrangements immediately for the commencement of our new Mission at Macarthy's Island; but my plans were interrupted by the breaking out of war between the British settlement and the native tribes on the northern bank of the Gambia. This war continued for five months, and was carried on chiefly within three miles of the Mission-house. The British fort on Barra Point was taken by the Mandingoes, and burned up; and many lives were lost, on both sides, during the fearful conflict. I shall never forget the pain of mind and the anxiety with which we listened, both day and night, to the firing of cannon, the clashing of armour, and the wailings of wives and mothers, who had lost their husbands and sons in the battle. Boat-load after boat-load of the dead and dying were brought over; and, being the only Minister in the Island, and appointed by the Governor to the office of Acting Colonial Chaplain, my principal employment was visiting the sick and burying the dead. It was during this trying time that we had our "seasoning fever," by which we were brought to the very brink of death, and then mercifully raised up again by a kind and gracious Providence. The warlike natives were at last subdued by the British arms, and peace was again restored to the country. Free access was now afforded to the interior, and we addressed ourselves to our Missionary work with renewed zeal and vigour.

CHRISTIAN INDIANS IN CANADA.

In the month of September there was an account of the sufferings of the Heathen Indians in Canada; and, certainly, nothing could be more heart-rending than the facts which were there mentioned. If you have forgotten the account, just turn to it, and read it again. Now, to show you what a difference Christianity makes in the temporal circumstances of these Indians, I will give you an extract

from a letter I have just received from Mrs. Brooking, the wife of the Missionary who is living among the Indians at Rice Lake. Before a Missionary went to live among them, these Indians were just in the sad state of those Mr. Mason writes about,—they were without houses, often without food and clothing.

Mrs. Brooking says: "The Indians are improving rapidly, both temporally and spiritually. They have all worked well on their farms this spring. You will be surprised to hear, they have one hundred and fifty acres of wheat to gather in, besides oats, pease, and potatoes. The women have all very nice gardens, which they look after themselves. Our chapel has been repaired, and a tower, with a bell, has been added; so that everything around us seems in a prosperous state. Towards defraying the expenses of the chapel, I begged £12. We are now wanting something for our sacramental occasions; the only things we have at present, are glass tumblers. If you could, among your friends, get us something, ever so simple, I should be glad.* The contents of the box you sent are all very acceptable and useful; and I beg you will accept our warmest thanks for your kind remembrance of us: you could not have thought of a better thing than the petticoats; for our Indian women are extremely fond of a decent petticoat. They always wear their gowns a quarter of a yard shorter than their petticoat: some of the more tasty ones go so far as to embroider them at the bottom. Our situation here is cold and dreary in the winter, but beautifully pleasant in the summer. The last winter was very cold, and I got my face frozen twice."

We are glad to hear of the temporal welfare of these poor Indians; but how much our joy is increased, when we know these worldly benefits are accompanied by spiritual good, and that, besides securing comfort in this world, they have a good hope of another and a better world!

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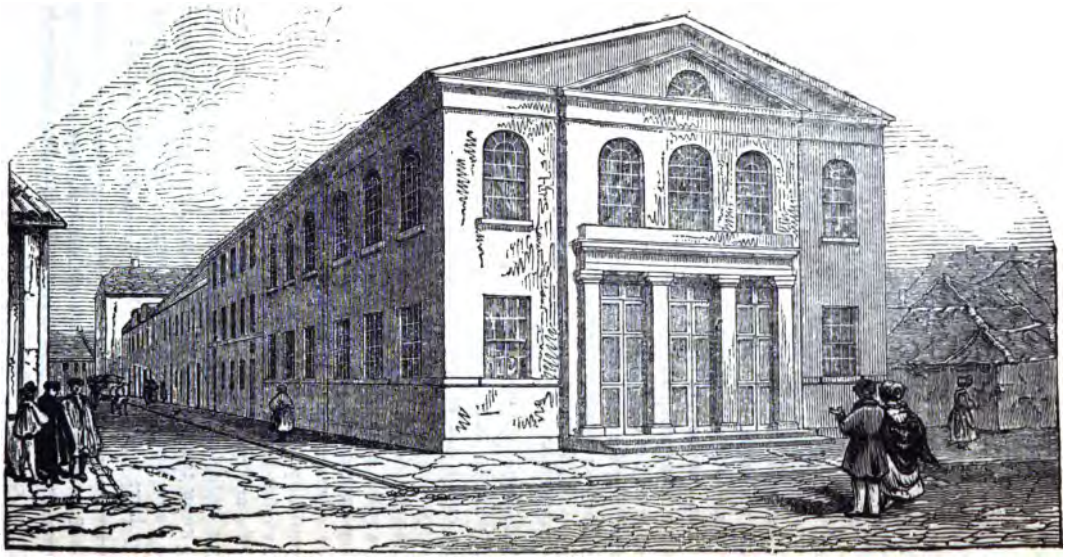
*Two ladies, kind friends of Missions, have given a sacramental service, which will be sent to Mr. Brooking immediately.



WESLEYAN CHAPEL, STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.

THE STOCKHOLM CHAPEL.

In this Number our young friends have a view of the commodious chapel erected in Stockholm ten years ago. It was built by special subscription; and our noble Missionary Society headed that subscription by a grant of £500. The truly Christian example was generously imitated in Great Britain, Ireland, and America; and disciples of Jesus of all denominations assisted the undertaking, adding upwards of £2,000 to the above sum.

This may truly then be called an Evangelical-Alliance chapel, because of the persons contributing to its erection; and because of the purely catholic object contemplated by that erection. There it stands in a central and prominent part of the city, a monument of Christian love and zeal; but, alas! alas! its closed doors and deserted appearance give a painful evidence that the words are still true, "Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." For some time large congregations of Swedes assembled there, many precious souls were savingly converted to God; numbers who had been wont to desecrate God's holy day, began to sanctify it; not a few engaged in zealous endeavours to do good, and the chapel was likely to become the head-quarters of important movements for the religious and moral benefit of the whole land. But no small stir now arose about that way. Carnal-minded men could not understand the godly disinterestedness of the Mission; and evil surmisings as to hidden and dangerous designs were put forth against the Missionary.

At length, in March, 1842, a company of "lewd fellows of the baser sort," hired, it is believed, for the purpose, attacked the chapel, when nearly two thousand Swedes were quietly listening to the Gospel, and succeeded in breaking off the service.

The government of the country, though they could not charge the Missionary with violating any law, declared, that as the Swedish services had occasioned a breach of the peace, they must be prohibited. Since that time the chapel has been shut up; but it is well taken care of; and the dwelling-house attached lets for a rent sufficient to cover the annual outlay for interest and taxes.

A year or two after the chapel was closed, a pious friend, whose windows overlook the front, wrote me, that one morning she saw a respectable aged man of very serious appearance advance from the end of the street next the Hay-market, till he came opposite the

chapel, when he stood still. After looking up at the building a few minutes, he took off his hat, knelt on the steps of the principal entrance, clasped his hands, and, regardless of the many passers by, remained some time in silent prayer. "Doubtless," adds my friend, "he prayed that the chapel might be re-opened; and surely his prayer shall be heard." *George Scott.*

A HYMN.

LAMB of God, who bear'st away
All the sins of all mankind,
Bow the Heathen to thy sway;—
While they may acceptance find,
Let them thankfully embrace
The free offers of thy grace!

Thou thy messengers hast sent,
Joyful tidings to proclaim,
Willing all should now repent,
Know salvation by thy Name,
Feel their sins by grace forgiven,
Find in thee the way to heaven.

Jesus, roll away the stone!
Good Physician, show thy art!
Make thy healing virtue known;
Break the unbelieving heart!
By thy bloody cross subdue;
Tell them, "I have died for you!"

Let thy dying love constrain
Those who disregard thy frown;
Sink the mountain to a plain;
Bring the pride of sinners down;
Soften the obdurate crowd;
Melt the rebels with thy blood!

THE DEATH OF A NEW-ZEALANDER.

I WAS at Manawapou on the 3d inst., a place in this Circuit, and found a fine young man, about twenty-four years of age, in dying circumstances. He was lying in a small house, in shape like our dog's-houses at home, the heat and smell most offensive; and the entrance was so small, that I could not get in to pray with him. I stood outside. He heard my voice. I asked him, "Do you know me?" He turned round, with his large, dark, and expressive eyes, and exclaimed, "Yes; you are my Minister." I asked him the state of his mind. He replied, that it was dark, on account of the great pain in his body. The next morning he died, repeating the words of the Saviour, "I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work."

Waimate, Taranaki South, New-Zealand,
March 12th, 1849. *William Woon.*

THE PENNY PIG!

"A PENNY pig! What in the world is that?" asks our little southern reader, while his fellow in the north, amazed at his ignorance, exclaims, "Eh! yon laddie disna ken what a penny pig is; I thocht a' body ken't what a penny pig was." But, no, little Sandy, you are mistaken; a' body's not likely to ken: so we will gladly stop to explain to little John Bull what a penny pig is.

The good folks north of the Tweed have got a way of calling all articles of common crockery-ware "pigs." I fear we should have some difficulty in finding out the root and derivation of this strange name; and it is doubtful if there be either a student or a professor in Britain who could tell us. But, from whatever root it sprang, it is a fact, that we hear of "pig" sugar-basons, and "pig" cream-jugs, and butter "pigs," and jelly "pigs," and penny "pigs." A penny pig, then, is a piece of coarse brown crockery-

ware, something like two tea-cups stuck together, with a little knob at the top, and a slit near the knob just wide enough to admit a *penny*. Either this or its price being a *penny*, has given rise to one part of its name.

That which makes it peculiarly suited for a *child's* bank, is, that all goes in, and nothing can come out, till the bank is broken.

Parents who wished to train their children to habits of economy, used to buy one of these for them on New-Year's day; and it was given them with the promise, that all the halfpence deposited there during the year should be expended on something nice for them.

This is not the place to discuss the good or bad effects of such a use of a penny pig. But we may quote the saying of a good saint now in heaven. "I never," he said, "laid up money for myself, lest it should make me a miser; now I will lay up for God, *that* will make me generous." Now, whatever may be said about denying ourselves for self, no doubt can be entertained about the good effects of denying ourselves for Christ's sake. We would have each little reader of the "Juvenile Offering" to get a penny pig, or, where no such animals are known, get something which will answer as well, and there deposit now and then a halfpenny, or a penny, or a sixpence, that would otherwise go to the candy-shop or the confectioner's. Not that we would wish to make the labours of the candy manufacturer vain, or make our dear little readers feel as if they were doing wrong when they bought a jelly tart or a little candy. No, no, we were once children as well as you, and we know you like such things very much; but you may have a taste occasionally, and leave ample room for self-denial too. O, how much we have been pained at times to see a fine intelligent child spending threepence, and fourpence, in an afternoon on a *momentary* gratification of his taste! We have thought of many a hungry child who would have been glad of half that sum to get them a meal; and we have thought of the bitter root of selfishness that was sending forth new shoots in the little heart of the youthful

gormandizer; and we have looked forward to the time when the same evil principle would lead the future man or woman to the tavern and the ale-house at the expense of his or her family.

Tell me, my dears, Would that child not have felt happier, had three-pence of the four-pence been saved from self, and put in the penny pig? Yes, if it had been done with a *willing* heart, all the candy in town would not have given him so much real pleasure as that deposit. And then, when taking-out time comes, O what a treat! there would be so much to make a little present to mother, and so much to help to buy a pair of shoes for a poor little school-fellow, who has been unable to attend Sunday-school for some time for want of a pair; and so much to buy sugar-candy for a little sister who has got the cold; and, of course, the *largest* sum to help to send the Gospel to the poor little Heathen children, for whose sakes Jesus shed his blood, and for whose sakes many are now suffering pain, and sickness, and toil far away, instead of sitting, like you, at a snug English fire-side. I know one little boy who has got a penny pig, and I hope many others will before next Christmas.

Margaret.

A WORD TO OUR YOUNG FRIENDS,

WHO ARE PREPARING TO MAKE THEIR ANNUAL CHRISTMAS OFFERING TO THE MISSIONS.

Dear young friends, since you made your last Christmas collection, nearly a year has passed over us all; a year in happy Christian England! It has been a careless year with many; with others it has been a year of continued effort for the cause of God. Some youthful spirits have been led to seek Christ on earth; and some have gone to dwell with him in heaven.

A year, too, in Heathen lands has passed away. Some dear children there have died in the faith; and some, O how many! have passed away in darkness. Valued faithful Missionaries have departed, and the cry has bee-

echoing through the year from thousands of perishing souls, "Who will come and teach us the word of life?"

Do you say, "What can we do? we are so feeble, and the cause is so vast." Take courage; remember what you have done in years that are past. £34,889. 3*s*. 3*d*. have been collected by the children alone in their Christmas Offerings. Will you not this year make a fresh effort? Surely, the readers of this Magazine must have learnt enough of the wants and woes of the Heathen to make them very urgent in their applications to their friends this Christmas. The object of this little book is to make you acquainted with the sad state of Pagan lands; for we know that when you are interested in their state, your heads will soon devise plans, and your hands will soon set to work to help them.

To you we appeal, then, whom God has blessed with Christian parents and happy homes, to use your utmost efforts to send the glad tidings of a Saviour's love to the thousands of wretched Heathen, who are perishing for lack of knowledge.

"For yet, on dark and distant shores,
His dying groan the suppliant pours;
His parched lips no draught receive;
No voice of mercy bids him live.
Salvation's sacred sounds of bliss,
Soft notes of angels, whispering peace,
Fall not upon his ears! Lo, he,
Though heir of immortality,
Yields hopeless his expiring breath,
In life unblest, and dark in death!"

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HINDOO WATER-CARRIER.

THE

WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

DECEMBER, 1849.

HINDOO WATER CARRIER.

THE picture represents a Hindoo carrying water: the vessel which contains it is made of the skin of a sheep or goat. In most Eastern countries the skins of animals are used for the purpose of holding water or wine. In the New Testament they are called "bottles." Our Saviour says of these skin bottles, "Neither do men put new wine into old bottles; else the bottles break, and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish: but they put new wine into new bottles, and both are preserved."

A NIGHT IN THE JUNGLE.

MANY years ago a Missionary in India was taking his solitary journey from one Mission-station to another: the road lay through an uninhabited country, covered with jungle, and infested with wild beasts.

It was night, and the Missionary lay in his palanquin musing on his work, and listening to the song of the bearers, who were chanting some wild melody to beguile the time as they proceeded on their tedious journey; the torch-bearer was running by the side with a flaming light, to scare away the wild beasts; the air was sultry, and betokened an approaching storm; presently the lightning flashed and the thunder burst over their heads in deafening peals; then came the rain in all its fury, not like the rain in our own country, but as it descends in tropical countries, a deluge of water, sweeping all before it; the bearers set down the palanquin in the middle of the road, ar

fled for shelter; and there was the Missionary left for hours exposed to the fury of the storm. The darkness was intense, excepting when the bright lightning showed the tall cocoa-nut trees bending under the violence of the blast. Before long an unexpected danger presented itself; the rain had flooded the path, and the water, rushing along with violence, had nearly reached the bottom of the palanquin, and threatened to carry it away. At length, however, the storm subsided, the rain ceased, the thunder rolled away in the distance; and then the only sounds heard were the growling and roaring of the wild beasts, who, frightened at the storm, had sought the refuge of the jungle.

Still the Missionary remained alone in his palanquin, the bearers did not return; he had no light to scare away the tigers, no means of defence; his refuge was in God: to His care he commended himself, and patiently waited for the dawning light; he endeavoured to sleep, but was soon aroused by a wild animal leaping into his palanquin and resting on his breast; it was but a moment; for another bound carried the creature out of the palanquin on the other side, and left the wondering and grateful man to praise God for his deliverance from a sudden and violent death. The long-wished-for light at length appeared, the palanquin bearers came back, and, ere the sun had risen, the Missionary was pursuing his journey, to encounter, for aught he knew, the same dangers the next night.

A NEW-ZEALANDER'S IDEA OF NUMBERS.

One day I was travelling down the coast with a Chief, when I told him that I had lately received intelligence of the death of my father. He asked, "How old was he?" I replied, "Seventy-five years." He was struck, as he thought, with his great age, exclaiming, "What an old man! there's a million of years, I suppose, in them!"

Waimate, Taranaki South, New-Zealand,
March 12th, 1849. *William Woon.*

MISSIONARY INCIDENTS FOR JUVENILE READERS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MOISTER.

SECOND VOYAGE UP THE GAMBIA—COMMENCEMENT OF NEW MISSION—THIRD VOYAGE UP THE GAMBIA—DR. LINDOE'S BENEVOLENCE—FAREWELL TO AFRICA.

No sooner was the Mandingo war at an end, and peace once more proclaimed, than I began to prepare for my second voyage up the River Gambia, remembering the promise which I had made to the people at M'Carthy's Island. On this occasion I took with me a Native Teacher, as well as books, slates, and pencils, &c., for the commencement of a permanent Mission Station. We left St. Mary's on Thursday, March 8th, 1832, followed by the prayers of our dear people that God might prosper our undertaking. After sailing on the river for seven days, sometimes in a canoe, and sometimes in a small sloop, and frequently visiting the native towns as before, we came in sight of M'Carthy's Island. We landed about nine o'clock in the morning, and the natives flocked around us to testify their joy at our return to their country.

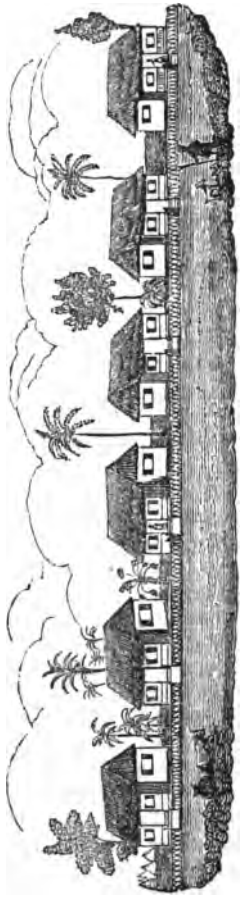
I must pass over many affecting incidents which occurred about this time, and hasten to inform my juvenile readers of the steps which we took with a view to plant the Gospel among this degraded people. I immediately purchased a piece of land, and we erected the first place of Christian worship in this country. It was a humble sanctuary, built of cane wattled work, and thatched with grass, with small apartments at the end for the Native Teacher and his wife. But, humble as it was, when we collected the people together for divine worship, we realized the presence and blessing of our Divine Master. Having thus prepared a place, we collected the little black children together, and formed the first Christian school ever known to this people. We found the children wandering about like little naked savages; but we clothed them with the garments sent out by our kind friends in England; and we had in a short time a very promising Native school, presenting the appearance of a small spot of light in the midst of surrounding gloom.

Having thus set the Native Teacher to work, I returned to St. Mary's; and truly thankful was I to be restored once more to any

thing like civilized life; for, during the whole of this journey, which occupied several weeks, I had never slept in a house of any description, but was frequently exposed to the heavy dew by night and the scorching sun by day; but the Lord mercifully preserved me, and I was thankful to find my dear wife well on my return, and busily engaged in the schools, being the only European female at that time in the country.

About twelve months afterwards I visited M'Carthy's Island for the third and last time. This voyage was one of peculiar interest, as I had frequent opportunities of intercourse with the natives. I landed on February 9th, 1833. The following day was the Sabbath, a day which will never be forgotten by me. Had I not beheld it with my own eyes, I could hardly have believed that such a change would have been effected in so short a space of time, by the simple teaching of a converted native. The little chapel was filled with devout and attentive worshippers, who, like the restored maniac in the Gospel, were now "sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in their right mind." The people seemed much affected whilst I endeavoured to unfold to them the simple truths of the Gospel; and at the close of the service a considerable number of natives, who had renounced their Heathen practices, and been prepared by a course of religious instruction, presented themselves for baptism. There were mothers with their children in their arms, all dedicated to God in the same solemn service. The language of their hearts was, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." And then there was the little native school, an object on which angels might gaze with holy joy. Several of the little negro children had actually learned to read easy lessons in the New-Testament Scriptures in the short space of twelve months; and my heart danced for joy to hear them sing the sweet songs of Zion in this Heathen land. I returned to St. Mary's this time in a very feeble state of health.

I cannot refrain from mentioning a remarkable interposition of Divine Providence on behalf of this infant Mission at this early period. Up to this time the land had been bought, the buildings erected, and the Mission sustained, without any expense to the Parent Society. The entire outlay had been met by certain moneys placed at my disposal by the Government, for the performance of certain duties over and above my regular Missionary work. But this source of income having been discontinued, I began to fear that we should be obliged to abandon this promising



VIEW OF THE LINDOE-MORGAN VILLAGE.

Mission. But while we were praying in Africa, the Lord was working by His providence in England. He inclined the hearts of Dr. Lindoe and his friends to make an offer to the Missionary Committee to contribute three hundred pounds a year for the support of an European Missionary at M'Carthy's Island, with a view to extend the Gospel to the wandering Foulahs of that neighbourhood. The Missionary was forthwith sent out, and I had the happiness of receiving him in Africa. Through the benevolence of the same parties, substantial Mission premises were soon erected in the place of the rude native huts which we had built, and an Institution was established for the religious training of the sons of native Chiefs, with the hope of their being made instrumental in carrying the glad tidings of salvation to the "regions beyond." Since its commencement, this Mission has had to contend with many difficulties, from the unhealthiness of the climate and other causes; but it is pleasing to know that it has been the means of bringing many poor Heathens from darkness to light, and of training up many of their children in the way to heaven.

Having more than fulfilled our appointed time in Africa, two Missionaries were sent out to relieve us, as we were in a very debilitated state of health, and we took our leave of the dear people of our charge with feelings of deep emotion; and, after a

very eventful passage, we were once more permitted by a kind and gracious Providence to set our feet on the shores of our dear native country, truly thankful to God for His preserving goodness. Here I must terminate this brief and imperfect narrative of Missionary Incidents in Western Africa.

We had only been in England a few months, when we embarked for the West Indies, where we spent about fourteen very happy years in the same blessed work. Perhaps I may at some future time give my young friends a few little stories about the cause of Christ and the little children in those beautiful islands. In the mean time, I wish you a very blessed Christmas and a happy new year, and I trust you will this year present *a noble Juvenile Offering to the Mission Fund.*

FORT AND PETTAH OF BANGALORE.

A LADY writing from India gives the following description of Bangalore :—

"I am charmed with Bangalore. The climate at this time of the year is delightful, equal to any in Europe. For the first two or three days there was a good deal of fog; but it has now cleared away, and all is so cool, clear, and bright, that it is quite a pleasure to feel oneself breathing. The early mornings especially are as pleasant as any thing I can imagine. They have all the sweetness and freshness of an English summer. The air smells of hay and flowers, instead of ditches, dust, fried oil, curry, and onions, which are the best of the Madras smells. There are superb dahlias growing in the gardens, and to-day I saw a real, staring, full-blown hollyhock, which was like meeting an old friend from England. The English children are quite fat and rosy, and wear shoes and stockings. There is a fine old Fort here,—Tippoo's stronghold; a most curious place, adjoining the old native-town, surrounded with mud walls, *to be strong!* The Pettah, it is called. The English ladies told me this Pettah was 'a horrid place; quite native!' and advised me never to go into it; so I went next day, of course, and found it most curious, really 'quite native.' It is crammed with inhabitants, and they bustle and hum like bees in a bee-hive. At first I thought my bearers would scarcely be able to make their way through the crowd of men, women, children, and monkeys, which thronged the streets. The ground was covered with shops, all spread out in the dirt;

FORT AND PETTAH OF BANGALORE.

the monkeys were scrambling about in all directions, jumping, chattering, and climbing all over the roofs of the houses, and up and down the door-posts, hundreds of them; the children quarrelling, screaming, laughing, and rolling in the dust, hundreds of them, too,—in good imitation of the monkeys; the men smoking, quarrelling, chattering, and bargaining; the women, covered with jewels, gossiping at their doors, with screams at each other that set my teeth on edge; and one or two that were very industrious, painting their door-steps instead of sweeping them; and native music to crown the whole."

Now hear what the Missionary says about Bangalore:—

"The first object that morning presented to my view was that which is always beautiful, but doubly so in a land of idols. Just before the Mission-house stands the chapel, capable of accommodating three hundred persons, substantial and neat. In front of the chapel stretches an open esplanade, more than a mile long, each of its sides skirted with an avenue of trees, with a fine broad road. There are in Bangalore three places of worship for English service; for the Tamil people, the large chapel and several preaching-places in the bazaars; and for the Canarese people, daily preaching is held. In Bangalore there are eleven Wesleyan schools, and one hundred and seven scholars. The aspect of the congregations on the Sabbath is beautifully clean and reverent, Few things are more affecting than to see a messenger of the Cross take his stand in some thoroughfare of a great Heathen city, and begin to set forth the truth of God. A crowd of dark faces soon surrounds him, some sneering, some deeply attentive, the greater number with a look of pure curiosity. The congregations are frequently numerous; I have preached to hundreds in the busiest parts of the city. Besides their labours in the city, the Missionaries visit the neighbouring villages, to the distance of six or seven miles. It is difficult to ascertain the population of the place: the natives say that it amounts to two hundred thousand; the Europeans say, sixty to eighty thousand."

Now, let any one living in a considerable town imagine the place to be suddenly changed. In the morning you walk out and find a low building in which is a rude image of a bull. Before that image a white-headed man, with his staff in his hand for very age, is casting himself prostrate. You ask him, "Why?" The reply is, "It is God." A little further on, in a similar building, stands a cast of a human form, not larger than a child's

plaything; before it fathers are bowing, and teaching their children to bow. You ask, "Why?" They say, "It is God." The men that meet you carry small boxes on their chests. You ask, "What are these?" They say, "It is God." Every man, woman, child you see has a lie in his right hand. They are calling stocks, birds, beasts, reptiles, "God." Think how shame and horror would sting you to the soul. Think how you would call on the God they were forsaking, to save them from their darkness! And then judge how the soul of a Missionary mourns as he threads his way through multitudes that know not Him whom to know is life eternal.

The whole of the Mysore country is open to Christian Missionaries, and there is no country on the face of the earth where their labours are more free. By the wayside or in the public street, at the temple door or in the tradesman's shop, in the thickest of a feast or the busiest of a market, the Minister of Christ may open the Bible, preach the Gospel, and offer prayer to God. Our Missionaries have already preached Jesus and the resurrection from the palace of the King to the hut of the outcast. The kingdom contains *thirty-three thousand towns and villages.* Of these *four* have Missionaries! All the others are equally open; but there is no one to enter in. "The labourers are few."

MISSIONARY CHILDREN.

WITHIN the last few months Mr. and Mrs. Chapman and Mr. and Mrs. Hardey have left England, with five little children, to go to far distant lands. Dear little Missionary children! may they be comforts to their parents, who have left home and friends behind! Mr. Chapman, who was formerly Missionary at Cape Coast, sailed in August for South Africa. He has two children, a girl three years old, and a boy a year old. Two days before they embarked, the baby was christened at Islington. The whole congregation joined in earnest prayer that God would bless this dear babe, and preserve him amidst the various dangers and hardships he would have to pass through; for babies on board ship cannot be so well taken care of, even by their own tender mothers, as on shore. Notwithstanding all their hardships, children are very happy on board ship: they like the rolling of the vessel, and can balance themselves on their little feet, when older

persons cannot stand. Sometimes, in stormy weather, when the noise and clatter on board are very great, they will clap their hands, and shout for joy. In fine weather they enjoy being on deck. The sailors, generally, are kind to them, and take good care of them.

Mr. and Mrs. Hardey left, in September, for India. They have three little girls; the youngest six months old, the eldest five years. The latter was born in India, and was brought to England when she was a year old. The ship in which she came was swarming with rats; and so bold and hungry were these creatures, that Mrs. Hardey was obliged to watch in the night, lest these fierce rats should bite her baby. Now she is returning to the land of her birth; and, before she is six years old, she will have travelled twenty-eight thousand miles.

THOUGHTS IN SICKNESS BY A CASSEE CONVERT.

He related the thoughts and feelings he had experienced during his sickness. Amongst other things, he said, that he had much familiar converse with the Almighty, and did not fear anything except the devil,—not even death itself, for he was quite happy. "I told God," said he, "that I was willing to die, if he was willing too. But I said to him, 'I have some thoughts, as You* know, O great God! of doing very much for You among these foolish and wicked Cassees; but as You will, O God, I am willing, poor worm!'" Mr. Lewis, the Missionary, then asked him if he really thought the work of God would progress in his country; for he saw every day how wicked and opposed his countrymen were. "Grow!" he exclaimed, "yes, it will grow." He then added, with deep feeling, "I have a thought about that: I will tell it you. I remember what Christ said to his disciples: 'With God all things are possible;' and I stand on this when I pray for the poor Cassees, and feel that God hears me.

* The Cassees, in addressing the Deity, use the plural pronoun "You," thinking it more honourable than the singular "Thou."

This work must go on: then let us trust in God; this is the secret."

On a subsequent occasion, the same interesting individual gave the following striking, though rather amusing, account of the troubles he had suffered under the temptations of Satan. Rubbing his eyes and forehead, and sitting upright, like a tailor on his board, he said, "That old devil, the wicked one, has tormented me a great deal these last two or three days. He has been provoking me to deny God, to deny Christ, to deny the Bible, to deny Christianity, and to turn like the Cassees again, and not to make such a long sorrowful face. 'Look,' said he, 'at the Cassees, what fun they have every day; they are free to do what they like, and not, like you, in prison.' I told him that I never had more pleasure, for I believed God had forgiven my sins, which I had done through him every day; and that I had found a Saviour,—the same one that fought with him forty days in the wilderness of Judea, and made him run for his life. 'How can I be sorrowful, then, thou fool wicked one?' said I. As he could not get me by that sugar-cake, he began to spit upon me, and say that I was no better than other Cassees. This he did every where I went, when I prayed or read the word of God. At last the Lord heard my prayer. O I do thank him, and I do not find Satan now!"

He then added, with singular animation, "I have never struck a man in my life. I have always been afraid of coming off the worst. But if that old Soitan * was flesh and bones, and was here now standing up fairly before me, God helping me, I would pound him to dust, that I would, I am so vexed at him." Whilst thus speaking, his eyes flashed, and he lifted up his brawny arm as if prepared to suit the action to the word, his fellow-converts looking at him with amazement, as if they expected to see the deadly conflict commence there and then.

From Ca Nabon, an account of Cassee Converts.

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* The Cassee name for Satan.

A HYMN,

COMPOSED FOR A MISSIONARY SERVICE.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

HARK! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes, above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.
See Jehovah's banner furl'd;—
Sheath'd His sword:—He speaks,—'t is done:
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have pass'd away.
Then the end:—beneath His nod
Man's last enemy shall fall.—
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in All.

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