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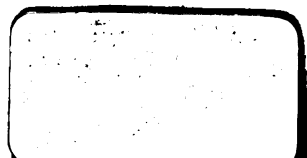


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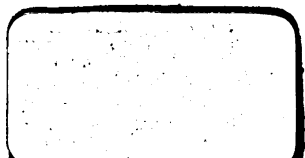


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WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING:

A MISCELLANY

OF

MISSIONARY INFORMATION

FOR YOUNG PERSONS.

VOL. IX.

FOR THE YEAR MDCCCLII.



LONDON:

SOLD AT THE WESLEYAN MISSION-HOUSE,

BISHOPSGATE-STREET-WITHIN :

ALSO BY JOHN MASON, 66, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1852.



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THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

JANUARY, 1852.

KING GEORGE, OF THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

A SKETCH.

OUR picture is a likeness of a very remarkable person, whose residence, as it regards England, is at the farthest verge of this green earth; yet his fame has reached us; and no doubt but my youthful readers will be interested in perusing some facts and anecdotes respecting him.

King George was born early in the present century. His parents were Heathen, and kept no Sabbaths; therefore they did not reckon time by weeks, and months, and years; consequently, the exact date of his birth cannot be ascertained.

The name by which King George was formerly known, was *Taufaahaa*. When quite a lad, he gave promise of future greatness by his brave disposition. As he grew to man's estate, he appeared as a *Chief* among a fine and noble race; the size and dignity of his person exceeding that of many of the Chiefs by whom he was surrounded.

He is now a tall, fine-looking, well-made man, six feet four inches in height, with a remarkably penetrating eye, dignified carriage, and his countenance sweetly tempered with Christian benignity.

The name of his grandfather was *Tuku-aho*, one of the former Kings of Tonga. He was a brave, but cruel, man; and the *matua*, or "old men," of Tonga, predicted that King George would be like him, as he appeared to resemble him in energy of character, and fierceness of disposition. His father's name was *Tubou-toa*: (*toa* means "courageous:") he reigned about eight years.

Taufaahaa at first governed only that group of islands known by the name of *Habai*; but, upon the death of his relative, *Finax*, baptized *Zephaniah*, he succeeded to the government of *Vavau*; and, upon the death of *Josiah Tubou*, Tonga was likewise added to his territories: both of these Kings upon their death-beds acknowledged George as the lawful heir of *Tubou-toa*, and they resigned their lands and people to him. Upon his

accession to the throne of Tonga, he was, with much ceremony, on the 4th of December, 1845, dignified with the title of Tui-kanokubolu : this title, according to the opinion of a Tonguese, is somewhat above a King, and perhaps agrees with our term *Emperor*. Thus, by heritage, and by the general wish of the natives, King George sits upon the throne of his fathers ; and, as a *Christian King*, reigns over an improving and a happy people.

The dress of the King, in the picture, is that used upon state occasions : it is a large mat, folded around the waist. It is very cumbersome, and not as becoming as his usual costume.*

Having informed my readers respecting His Majesty of the Friendly Islands, I will now give you an account of a circumstance which happened when he was still a Heathen :—

When Tausaahau was quite a youth, the champion of the Friendly Islands gave a public challenge, at a *kava* ring, to any one to come forward and engage with him in single combat, with a *balalafa* (an instrument made from the middle part of the cocoa-nut leaf). Tausaahau accepted the challenge, fought, and proved victorious. Both of the arms of the champion being broken, he was defeated and disgraced. Not being able to endure this mortification, he shortly afterwards left the islands, and proceeded to Feejee.

Thus fought and thus conquered this youthful Chief, and at this period the predictions of the aged appeared likely to be fulfilled, and the pride, ambition, daring, and determination of Tausaahau to be satisfied with nothing less than universal dominion.

But a brighter and more glorious day was about to dawn upon these green isles of the sea, and the good fight of faith was to engage the powerful mind of this Chief. He was about twenty-six years of age when the Tonguese, with this their Goliath, might have exchanged their war-song for the following poetic lines : “ How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth *peace* ; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth *salvation* ! ”

The Missionaries first settled at Tongatabu. Tausaahau heard of them ; but, as yet, knew not the joyful sound : consequently, the following circumstance occurred. His brother Laujil visited Tonga : there he heard respecting the *lotu*, or “ religion,” and that

* The portrait was taken by Oswald Brierly, Esq., of H.M.S. “ Meander,” Hon. Captain Keppel, on the occasion of her visit to Tonga in June, 1851.

the Sabbath day was a day of rest from worldly employments, and was to be kept sacred. He returned to Habai intending to keep this the commandment of the Lord. His brother heard of his determination, and he resolved to try him. The Sabbath day arrived: Taufaaahu sent a message to Laujii to go and draw down his canoe to the sea, ready for sailing. Laujii returned answer, that on any other day he should be most happy to attend to his brother's commands; but that he had learned at Tonga that this day was the Sabbath, and must be kept sacred; therefore he could not attend to his canoe on this day. This was enough for Taufaaahu: he felt himself insulted, not only because his command was disobeyed, but because, contrary to Tonguese etiquette, his brother had dared to take precedence of him in introducing some new thing. Accordingly he seized his club, and set off for his brother's house. As he entered, Laujii made his exit in another direction. They ran! It was for life!—Haste, thou who, half-savage and half-Christian, art seeking the protection of the gods, while daring to keep the commandment of the Lord!—They near the “place of refuge.” Laujii enters the sacred precincts. *He is saved.* He is under the protection of the gods. His brother's wrath rages; but he dares not enter to execute his murderous design. The brothers knew not then that a sparrow falleth not to the ground without our heavenly Father's notice, and that it was the living and true God who had saved Laujii; but so it was. The Lord spared him that he might live to declare the goodness of the Lord, (he is now a Local Preacher,) to bow with Taufaaahu at the throne of the heavenly grace, and to be folded in that brother's arms.

(*To be continued.*)

LETTER FROM THE REV. WILLIAM MOISTER

TO HIS YOUNG FRIENDS IN ENGLAND.

ARRIVAL OF MISSIONARIES FROM THE INTERIOR.

ON the 10th of September, 1851, having heard of the approach of the Missionaries from the interior, I mounted my horse, and rode out, in company with Mr. Henry Tindall, to meet them, as I wished to consult with them on some matters of business, as well as to show my respect for those servants of Christ who had braved the dangers of the wilderness, and endured many hardships in prosecuting the great Missionary enterprise far away

from the abodes of civilized men. After travelling about ten miles over the Cape Flats, we beheld, at a distance, the waggons, with their white canvass covers, arranged in order on each side of the road, and the oxen browsing on the bushes and such tufts of grass as could be found in this desert place. I contemplated the scene before me with peculiar feelings. Remembering the glorious work in which this party had been engaged, I was ready to exclaim, with one of old, "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel!" (Num. xxiv. 5.) On arriving at the encampment, I was introduced to the Rev. J. Tindall and his excellent wife, from Damaraland, who had travelled upwards of a thousand miles from the Station at Wesleyvale; and to the Rev. J. A. Bailie, Mrs. Bailie, and their interesting family, from Great Namaqualand, who had travelled about six hundred miles from the Station at Nisbett-Bath. We felt truly thankful for the preserving mercies of the Almighty vouchsafed to these heralds of the Cross and their dear families, while exposed to so many dangers from scorching heat, wild beasts, and wicked men; and we conversed on the goodness of God and the progress of the Missions with feelings such as are known only to those whose hearts are united by the love of Christ, and who have been engaged in preaching the Gospel to the poor Heathen.

While our horses were knee-haltered, that they might graze on the scanty supply of grass which this out-span place afforded, Mrs. Tindall, with an alacrity which reminded me of Sarah, the wife of Abraham, prepared a comfortable cup of tea for our refreshment; for, although she had been three years away from the colony, she had so economized her original stock of this precious herb, that a small portion still remained. In arranging for this novel tea-party, some took their seats in Mr. Tindall's waggon, and others on the ground at a short distance, in true gipsy style; and all seemed to enjoy this treat in the wilderness. As soon as the oxen were in-spanned, and the waggons in motion for another stage towards the city, we took our departure for Cape-Town, where we arrived just in time for the English service at Burg-street chapel, where I preached once more to an attentive congregation.

MISSIONARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

On the road homeward we passed the Mission-flocks, which were moving forward at a gentle pace, in consequence of the number of pretty little lambs and kids which were with the sheep

and goats. I was forcibly reminded, by this interesting scene, of several beautiful passages of Scripture; such as Gen. xxx. 13, Isai. xl. 11, and John xxi. 15. But the most pleasing circumstance was the fact that these flocks of sheep and goats consisted chiefly of contributions to the Wesleyan Missionary Society from the converted natives of Great Namaqualand. The use of money is scarcely known in those remote regions; but the poor people, feeling how much they are indebted for the Gospel, cheerfully present, as offerings to the Lord, oxen, sheep, and various other articles, which are sold in the colony, and the amount of the proceeds placed to the credit of the Parent Society. It would amuse the friends of Missions in England to see the offerings of this simple-hearted people; and, if we had a Missionary ship to bring them to London, they would form an important part of a "grand exhibition" illustrative of native liberality in aid of Missions. The following is a list of the contributions of our people on the Nisbett-Bath Station for the present year:

51 head of cattle,	4 skins of wild beasts,
75 sheep,	1 rhinoceros-horn,
75 goats,	20 pairs of shoe-soles,
200 ostrich-feathers,	2 wooden bowls.

This statement may serve to show the Juvenile Collectors in England that our dear people in Africa are actively engaged, with them, in labouring to provide the means for the support and spread of the Gospel.

TRAVELLING IN THE DESERT.

The mode of travelling adopted in this country is very remarkable. The Missionaries have to use their waggons as dwelling-houses for months together. In these they eat, and read, and sleep; and, to adapt them for this purpose, they are fitted up with more conveniencies than might, at first sight, be supposed. An African waggon is drawn by sixteen, eighteen, or twenty oxen, the first two of which are generally led by a Hottentot boy, to keep them in the right road; whilst a man sits behind with a very long whip, to drive them forward. When the party halts for the night, the cattle are out-spanned and allowed to graze. A fire is then lighted, food is cooked, and Divine worship is conducted by the Missionary, every morning and evening, in the native language of the people. The Mission-families soon become accustomed to this mode of life; and the time passes sweetly &

6 **LETTER FROM THE REV. WILLIAM MOISTER.**

swiftly away. I was much amused with the rosy, happy appearance of Mr. Bailie's little children. They had become quite attached to their movable dwellings; and, when they got to the Mission-house in Cape-Town, they were frequently calling for the waggon and oxen. When they walked through the Government-gardens, and saw the beautiful flowers and rich foliage on every hand, they declared that it would be a delightful out-span place for cattle to feed, and little children to play!

LION-HUNTING.

The bottom of Mr. Tindall's waggon was covered with the skin of a lion, instead of a carpet; and, with a brief account of the capture of the animal to which it belonged, I must close this paper. In the year 1847, when Mr. Tindall was residing on the Station at Elephant-Fountain, in Damaraland, a large lion came down to the Mission-village one evening, and carried off two cows. This depredation was sufficient to arouse the people from their accustomed lethargy; and, the next morning by daylight, they armed themselves, to the number of seventy or eighty, and proceeded on the lion-hunt. They came upon their prey about eight miles from the Station. The king of the forest took refuge in a thicket of brushwood, from whence he surveyed his pursuers with glaring eyes and savage mien; while his head rested upon his paws, ready to spring upon the people. The natives drew nearer and nearer, and at length entirely surrounded the lion's den; and, when the first shot was fired, he bounded forward with fearful velocity; but, before he had time to seize upon any one, he was overpowered by his enemies, who pierced him through and through with musket-balls and assagais, as was evident from the number of holes which I observed in the skin, now brought to Cape-Town. Mr. Henry Tindall, the Missionary's son, and my travelling companion on this journey, was present at the lion-hunt, and took a part in destroying the animal. I was much interested by his account of the adventure.

On some future occasion I may, perhaps, give my juvenile friends an account of the country and people among whom the Missionaries have been labouring, who have thus been introduced to their notice. In the mean time, I trust they will continue zealously to exert themselves on behalf of the poor Heathen, and not forget to pray for those who are exposed to so many dangers while labouring far hence among the Gentiles.

Cape-Town, South Africa, September 24th, 1851.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE HAPPY DEATHS OF
SELINA, JANE, AND CECILIA,

THREE LITTLE GIRLS WHO BELONGED TO THE
WESLEYAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL, MADRAS.

ADDRESSED TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHILDREN.

DEAR CHILDREN,—We have printed the following account, hoping that by reading the good effects produced upon the minds of these dear children, whose deaths are recorded, you will be encouraged, not only to continue your exertions for the Missionary Society, but also to feel an earnest desire to love and serve your blessed Saviour yourselves.

SELINA was a little girl belonging to the Wesleyan Sunday-school at Madras. Her attendance was regular. It appeared to her friends that, from an early period, her mind was turned to religion. The instructions she received in the school, and the portions of Scripture and hymns she committed to memory, were, it is hoped, blessed to her infant mind, in awakening and cherishing early religious impressions.

Private devotion was an exercise in which she delighted much; frequently she would be up before others at her prayers. In the morning she made haste to pour out her infant soul to God; and in the evening she never allowed any thing to call off her mind from that duty. Her sisters and play-mates would sometimes endeavour to engage her attention to their play beyond her accustomed hour for going to prayer; but she never yielded to their importunity, but gave them a mild reproof, by telling them, "We must first pray, and then go to play, or God will be sorry" (meaning, angry) "with us;" thus affording pleasing proof to her friends, that the Lord had poured upon her a portion of "the spirit of prayer and supplication."

Another incident, which shows clearly her early religious impressions, is related thus:—One of our Sunday-school Teachers, a friend of the family to which Selina belonged, while on a visit at the house, heard her repeat in sweet simplicity, before she retired to bed, the following part of a hymn she had learnt in the Sunday-school:—

"I lay my body down to rest :
 Let angels guard my head ;
 And through the hours of darkness keep
 Their watch around my bed.
 With cheerful heart I 'll close my eyes,
 Since Thou wilt not remove ;
 And in the morning let me rise
 Rejoicing in Thy love."

He asked her if she understood it; she replied, "Yes, my Sunday-school Teacher told me, that if I would tell this hymn to God every night, He would raise me up in the morning." Shortly afterwards this lovely child was attacked by that fatal disease the cholera, which carried her away from this scene of sin and misery, to that world where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

During her illness, the Teacher, on another visit to the house, was seen by her, and she desired one of her attendants to call him near her; he went, and, struck with her ghastly appearance, and the state of extreme weakness to which she was so soon reduced, sat down by her bedside; when she observed to him, with great anxiety, "I have no shoes, and cannot come to the Sunday-school to-morrow. Will Mr. O——," meaning the Superintendent of the school, "get angry?" "No," the Teacher replied, "Mr. O—— will not get angry with you, if the want of shoes is the real cause of your not coming to school." It was evident, and she could not but know it herself, that she was dangerously ill. But still dear Selina was either unconscious of the nearness of the end to which she was rapidly advancing, or Jesus her Saviour, to whom she loved to pray and offer praise, had removed "the sting of death" from her tender heart. She seemed to have been influenced rather by her delight in her duty to her Saviour, than by the sufferings of her dying frame or by the fear of death: for she begged the Teacher even then to teach her to sing the last three lines of one of our Sunday-school hymns, beginning, "Come to Jesus just now;" and on his complying with her request, she said, "I cannot breathe so fast, and you repeat it very fast; tell Mr. O—— to come and see me, he will teach me slowly." Before the Teacher left her, he heard her repeat, in a tone of real devotion, the Lord's Prayer, and the first, third, fourth, and last verses of the Sunday-school hymn, beginning,—
 "Here we suffer grief and pain," &c.

While the Teacher was away, the child asked twice if Mr. O—— had come, and was answered, "He is expected soon." On the Teacher informing Mr. O—— of the request of Selina, he went immediately, and arrived at the house a little after she had asked for him a third time; and when she was told he was come, she opened her eyes wide, and, straining them, looked eagerly around, though with difficulty, until she saw him come up to her. Unable to speak, she, with anxious and welcoming look, fixed her attention upon him for a few moments, and then, gathering all her remaining strength, turned herself quite round on the bed, and clasped his hands eagerly in both her little hands, which had now become cold: in this position she held his hands for a while, during which he endeavoured to speak to her of Jesus and heaven, but received no answer; and perceiving her sight and hearing were fast failing, he requested her friends to send for him as soon as she became sensible or recovered her speech, which, he said, he expected she would do shortly before she expired. An hour after he was gone, she did revive. The Teacher said to her, "Do you love Jesus?" To which she replied readily, and in a firm voice, "O yes; but Jesus loves me more." After this she was observed to be in silent prayer, for her hands were clasped together and her lips moving. Only a short time before she expired, the dear little child exerted herself, and tried once or twice to speak; her friends were unable to distinguish clearly what she faltered out, but they thought she wished that they should go to prayer with her. The Teacher accordingly knelt down by her side, and prayed; and when he came to the conclusion, to the astonishment of all present, she distinctly, and with solemn earnestness, repeated with him, "Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen." No sooner had she uttered "Amen," than the last severe pangs came upon her, from which she sank into a state of insensibility. She appeared calm for a few moments, and then all was over: the spirit had returned to God who gave it, and to that Saviour whom she loved so much. Thus died this lovely child, after a short but painful illness of twenty-four hours, aged six years five months and seven days.

(To be continued.)





THABA-UNCHU.

THABA-UNCHU is a Missionary Station, about two hundred miles from Natal, in South Africa. The picture represents this place as it was some years ago. It consisted of three villages, containing two thousand houses, with a population of nine thousand people. It was then the largest settlement in that part of Africa; and a very busy, thriving place it was. Mr. Giddy was the Missionary who was living there. It is called Thaba-Unchu, or "Mountain of Night," from the lofty mountain at the foot of which the Station is situated.

These people were glad to have a Missionary among them; they lived in peace, kept flocks and herds of cattle, and cultivated the ground. They built themselves the curious little round houses that you see in the picture. The houses have mud walls and thatched roofs. These dwellings are snug and warm in cold weather; for it is cold there sometimes. In the warm weather the people sit outside their houses. The children often have little houses to themselves, to sleep in; they are curious little conical buildings, something like ovens.

There is a nice large chapel that you see in the middle of the village, that would hold a thousand people; and the natives loved to go there and hear the Missionary preach to them about Christ. Many of them became devout Christians, and some of them were Local Preachers. The children went to school; and very good and attentive they were. They not only learnt at school, but they were diligent in learning at home: good examples to some of our little English children. The Missionary had a printing-press, and so he was able to print lessons for them.

I dare say you would like to know how these people, these Bechuanas, as they are called, dressed, and what they ate. They clothed themselves in tanned skins, generally with the fur on. The women wear a sort of petticoat. Both men and women wear the kaross, a sort of cloak made of fur. They are very comfortable in cold weather. These karosses are beautifully sewed together with fine sinews, every piece being fitted into its proper place, and all the little holes carefully filled up. In this country there is a great deal of game; deer of many kinds. These the people hunt for food. They also are very fond of quaggas and zebras. Some of them do not object to the flesh of a jackal, or a lion; but they will not eat fish.

When the picture was taken, this country was prosperous and peaceable ; but I am sorry to tell you it is not so now ; for there is war in that country as well as among the Kaffirs, and the poor Christians are obliged either to fight to defend themselves, or to flee to some other place. Though there are many Christians among the native tribes in South Africa, there are thousands and tens of thousands who are still Heathens, and love war.



CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES.

“THEY went forth, and preached every where, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following.”—Mark xvi. 20.

THE faithful, acceptable word
 That ransom'd sinners may embrace,
 Their merciful, almighty Lord
 With all His Gospel labourers stays.
 Their mission first by signs He seal'd,
 His providence doth still attend ;
 And still His secret grace reveal'd
 Works in their hearts till time shall end.

Saviour, we on thy word rely :
 Thy word of truth and present power
 Doth wound, and heal, and sanctify,
 To peace and perfect love restore.
 With pardon and salvation blest,
 Wonders we to the world proclaim ;
 Wonders of grace, they are not ceased,
 But daily wrought in Jesu's name !

Charles Wesley.



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NISBETT-BATH, GREAT NAMACQUALAND.

THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

FEBRUARY, 1852.

NISBETT-BATH, GREAT NAMACQUALAND,
SOUTH AFRICA.

LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.

ARE there any of the little readers of the "Juvenile Offering" who would like to live in the wild place the picture represents? No doubt some of you are ready to exclaim at once, "O, no; my home is far prettier than that. I do not wish to change." But perhaps some thoughtful one says, "I should like to know something about it before I answer." Well, if you will patiently read on, you shall know a few things that happened to the Missionary when he first settled in the wild country called Namacqualand.

The Station at Nisbett-Bath was commenced in 1834, and was considered, not only a very hazardous undertaking, but almost a hopeless one. The Warm-Bath, formerly a Station belonging to the London Missionary Society, had been deserted on account of the natural difficulties of the country, and the continual wars among the Namacqua tribes. The Missionary, Mr. Cook, and his wife, when thinking on these things, did not feel very much encouraged during their tedious journey; and when you hear what occurred on their arrival at the place where they intended to settle, you will say they were not likely to be more cheerful after seeing their future residence.

On a cold winter's night in the month of July, the Missionary's waggon drew up for shelter from the keen winds under the ruins of the house formerly occupied by the London Missionary, which had been burned by the natives after the Mission-family had fled for refuge to the colony. Part of the walls were all that at this time remained; and it was truly surprising that they had for so many years stood the violent hurricanes of wind, and torrents of rain, with which this country is periodically visited. Mr. and Mrs. Cook gratefully availed themselves of their protection while taking their evening meal; for, after being exposed during the day to the burning sun, the European is ill prepared to encounter the severe night-winds of the winter season.

The moon shone with uncommon brilliancy ; but it only served to reveal the sterile waste, deserted even by the savage inhabitants themselves, on account of the dry season. But though no trace of human beings was to be found, there was evidently no lack of other company. The present party were intruders ; and into what quarters do you think they had come ? A large lion had chosen this spot as his resting-place, and his formidable foot-prints were soon discovered by the native waggon-driver and guide. The near approach of such an undesirable visitor was not calculated to impress the new-comers with the security of their post ; indeed, it must be confessed the feelings of that long-remembered night were of a desponding character. Faith wavered. A question arose, —Had they mistaken their providential path in coming to this desolate region ? Others, perhaps more devoted than themselves, had laboured there, and found the difficulties insurmountable. Such were some of the agitating thoughts that weighed upon the spirit of the Missionary ; but they soon passed away. The precious promise of Him who said, “ Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world,” was now realized. An appeal to the God of Missions for the comforting assurances of His presence, speedily animated the fainting hearts of His servants, and made them rejoice in the thought that they were counted worthy to suffer toil, privation, and danger for His sake. But you will wish to know how the majestic lord of the forest liked being turned out of “ house and home.” You can easily fancy it was not just the thing that suited him ; but on taking a survey of his old abode, he found such questionable occupants in possession, as well as a good fire, always an unwelcome sight to the lion, that though there was many a good meal he would like to have relished, yet he feared there was too much risk to run in getting one, and contented himself with supping on a poor zebra that came to drink at the fountain a few hundred yards from the waggon in which Mr. and Mrs. Cook were resting.

The next morning was bright and cheerful. The warm sun seemed to infuse new life into the party. After an early breakfast, all were busily engaged in finding out the capabilities of the place. The tent of the luggage-waggon was taken off and brought within the ruined walls, where it formed a little covered sitting-room with a mat spread on the floor. Here was placed the after-chest of the waggon, which was to serve the double purpose of table and cupboard, and camp-stools for seats. Though you may smile at the odd little room now, it was then a comfortable apart-

ment to the tired Missionary who had been six weeks without any other dwelling but the waggon. Building was attended with difficulty. All the wood for roofing, &c., had to be cut and brought from the Great-Orange River, which was distant from the Station between fifty and sixty miles; the rushes for thatching were a long way off. But perseverance overcame all the difficulties, and at length a convenient room was erected, which was the commencement of the house you will see if you look at the sketch. It is the front part of that prominent building occupying the centre of the picture. Some time after, the other part was added, which was the hallowed temple where many a Heathen renounced his sins, and served that God who is a Spirit, in spirit and truth, even Him who blessed a work commenced in weakness, clothing it with strength and success.

But you will remember, when the Missionary arrived at Nisbett-Bath, the natives had left. Why did he stay? At that time it was the most suitable place for establishing a Station on account of its good supply of water; and as soon as some of the inhabitants heard of Mr. Cook's arrival, they hastened back and afforded him all the assistance they could in building the house, and procuring a temporary shelter in which to hold religious services, and carry on school-work.

By interlacing branches of trees and bushes over the walls of another old building near the first named, a rustic chapel was prepared; and in this unadorned but hallowed fane the Missionary dedicated his first-born to God in baptism. Not a little were the natives excited at this interesting scene. And a short time after, many were in like manner received into the visible church, amongst whom was the wife of the Chief.

You would have been amused at the earnest way in which some of the young people and children applied themselves to learning to read: this was highly gratifying to the Missionary and his wife. One of the number, a diminutive little fellow, with sore eyes and a sickly countenance, whose only covering was a dirty sheep-skin, was untiring in his efforts to surmount the difficulties of A, B, C. He made rapid progress till he was able to read distinctly and well in the New Testament. This was accomplished in an almost incredibly short space of time. He continued studying with the Missionary, who, after instructing him in the Dutch language, taught him, with several others, writing, the elements of arithmetic, and English.

KING GEORGE, OF THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

A SKETCH.

(Continued from page 3.)

ONE of the Missionaries who had arrived at Tonga had taken up his abode at the western part of that island, called Hihifo. The Chief who had received him now manifested his determination not to be instructed by him. He declared he would still serve his gods, and that it was his wish for the Missionary to depart. Perhaps this appeared to the Christian a dark and mysterious Providence; and, with a heavy heart, he said, "Farewell to the Chief Ata."*

Peter Vee, a Native Teacher, had been sent to Habai to instruct the people in the truths of Christianity. Numbers listened, and amongst them the King. And while Peter published to them the glad tidings of salvation, the Holy Spirit of God opened their hearts to receive the truth as it is in Jesus. Accordingly, when the Missionary was banished from Hihifo, he was glad to attend to the cry which was echoed across the waters, from the apparently unimportant islands of Habai, "Come over and help us."

He sailed for the dominions of Taufaahau, arrived there in safety, and was kindly welcomed by the King and his people, whom he found waiting for the law of the Lord. Thus graciously did the providence of God bring the Missionary to instruct him who was one day to be the Emperor of all these islands.

Taufaahau does not appear, while yet a Heathen, to have had much respect for the Priests, or much confidence in the gods, which the following fact proves.

Wishing to take a voyage, he went to the Priest, and asked a fine day and favourable breeze at a particular time. The Priest said the god declared it should be even so. The specified day arrived, when, lo! the sea raged to that degree, that the canoe could not be drawn down with safety, and the wind was contrary. Taufaahau's anger was kindled: accordingly he went to the Priest, and gave him a good thrashing, and then defied him, or his gods, to injure him for his conduct.

After he had bowed the knee to Jehovah, but before he had been renewed in the spirit of his mind, upon one occasion he put

* He died, as he lived, a Heathen.

on sackcloth, and, with some other young men, he went to a spirit (or sacred) house, and presented some *kava* to the Priestess, for the god. She became "inspired," and, in her harangue, gave him to understand she had a rod in pickle for him and his associates. His comrades arose; but Tafaahau drew his *balalafa* from concealment, and gave her such a blow as brought her to the ground. This terrified her attendants, and they fled in consternation; but no one had courage to avenge this insult upon her sacred person and the gods.

As the light of truth dawned upon his mind, he became more determined in his opposition to Heathenism; so that not only the Priests were afraid of him, but he openly insulted the gods. One day he was showing the Missionary some of his houses, when, in a house which had been sacred, were noticed five wooden figures or gods, hung up by the neck. The explanation His Majesty gave was, that *he* had done it, to show all the people that they were *dead*.

Such conduct as this greatly alarmed the Priests; so one day one of the *Taula Eikis* told him, now he had abandoned the gods, that there was no one to defend him; and that, if he ventured into the sea, (the daily custom of the Tonguese,) some day a shark would eat him. Instantly Tafaahau challenged this Priest to swim in the open ocean. It was accepted. They swam. Tafaahau returned in perfect safety; but the Priest was so torn by a shark, that he died shortly after.

Thus did the lying Priests of Heathenism in Habai receive a check from the King; while he continued in an onward course, until the sacred houses (or Heathen temples) were devoted to better purposes, or burnt to the ground, and the gods abandoned.

It was in the year 1830 that Tafaahau, by joining a class-meeting, became a member of the Wesleyan Society. And now a most encouraging sight was presented to the view of the Missionary. Early in the morning there was the King, his pupil at the school, sitting to read the word of God, standing up with his subjects, with them reciting the Creed and Catechisms, or with them lowly bowing and chanting the Lord's Prayer. "Happy is that people that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people whose God is the LORD!"

As the King had now entirely renounced Heathenism, was a worshipper of the true and living God, was under the instruction of the Missionary, and had joined the people of God, he was

considered a proper subject for baptism; and, having declared his faith in God, he was accordingly baptized by the name of George, after the father of his people, George III. of Great Britain.

Through the death of Zephaniah, the King of Vavau, those beautiful islands were added to the dominions of King George. Though worldly greatness is flattering to every youthful mind, yet he did not appear in the least affected by this acquisition: he still longed for knowledge, but especially for a deeper knowledge of religious truth. By his regular attendance at the means of grace, he was an example to his people; his love towards the Missionaries increased; and very great was the care he manifested for the happiness and comfort of his subjects, as the following anecdote will illustrate:—

The Habai islands were suffering from scarcity of provisions, through the failure of the yam plantations, occasioned by the Lord's withholding the fruitful showers of rain. The King had received from his forefathers some property called *Tonga maa* (bread). This is made from different fruits, and is preserved in leaves placed in a pit in the ground, and covered up with the earth. These stores of food can be kept for many years, and are very valuable to the people in times of war, &c. The King heard of the distress of the people, and he felt for them too; accordingly, he gave orders for the *maa* (bread) to be taken up, and freely distributed amongst them. Thus did the generous and brave King show that he did not love in word only, but in deed and in truth.

(To be continued.)



THE MANTATEES.

OUR young friends have here presented to them a Mantatee warrior in his war-dress, consisting of garments made of ox and leopard skins, of a shield formed out of the hide of an ox, of a spear and club, and of a large tuft of the tails of some wild animals, &c. Certainly he looks fierce enough; and is, no doubt, as fierce as he looks. Who would wish to be a Mantatee? Let us thank God that He has made us what we are; not cannibals, or barbarians, or wild inhabitants of the rocks,—but Christians, favoured with the blessings of civilization, and with the light of Gospel truth.



“But who,” our readers will be ready to ask, “are the Mantatees?” They are a fierce and warlike tribe who reside in the Bechuana country, in South Africa. They originally lived to the eastward of that country, and were allied to a people called the Bakora; but, about a hundred years ago, they left that people, and journeyed toward the south. They first fell in with the Zulus, who were too strong for them, and conquered them; and afterwards they came into the Bechuana land, where they fell on many of the Bechuana tribes, and slew many thousands. Wherever they went, they caused the greatest consternation, dread, and misery. They swept off cattle, set on fire houses and villages, murdered men, women, and children, and threatened to devastate the whole country round. It is supposed that a hundred thousand people perished by famine and by war, as the marauders marched along. They were, however, at length repulsed by the Griquas, who, armed with guns, went forth to meet them, under the command of the Chief Waterboer. They suffered greatly, and many of them were slain: a few of them, and but a few, were left, who were found, some years ago, living under a Chief named Sikonyella; and the Wesleyan Missionaries commenced a Mission among them, on a spot called Impanani, which was very successful, being greatly owned of God. Many of the poor Mantatees became partakers of the blessings of the Gospel; and some young men, who were among the earliest converts, became zealous and efficient Local Preachers.

But that country has been frequently the seat of war; and we have recently heard that the native tribes have again quarrelled, and that there has been much confusion and distress. One tribe of Bechuanas attacked the Barolongs, residing at Umpukani; and the Missionary, the Rev. G. Schreiner, was placed in great personal danger. The large Station at Thaba-Unchu has also been attacked, and several thousand head of cattle swept away; and as Sikonyella and his people were quietly returning from the Platberg Station, the Basutos fell upon them furiously, and killed as many as they could.

How distracted a land is Southern Africa! The Kaffirs are at war, and the Bechuanas are at war, and the whole country is threatened with calamity. But we are thankful, and our youthful readers will be thankful, that hitherto the Missionaries have been preserved. Let us pray more earnestly than ever for South Africa. Let us pray that peace may be restored to it; that the

Mission Stations, the Missionaries, and the native churches may be taken care of. Let us pray that the day may soon come, when war shall cease to the ends of the earth, and peace shall be every where proclaimed.



HAPPY DEATH OF LITTLE JANE, A SUNDAY SCHOLAR, AT MADRAS.

(Continued from page 9.)

THE next little girl I shall tell you about was named JANE. She was always early and regular at school, and was observed to give diligent attention to her lessons and the instructions she received. It was evident that she loved her Sunday-school; and there is ground to hope that she not only understood the lessons she had learnt in the school, but that she thought over them, and, in some degree, had felt them. She was often found to take delight in endeavouring to explain, in Tamil, to her mother and grandmother, what her Teacher had taught her at school in English. She loved her Teacher also, and manifested her affection by her desire to please and obey. A short time before she died, while talking with her mother, she was asked, "Jane, where would you go to if you were to die?" She replied, "You, mamma, will go to God, and I shall become an angel." It was remarked that, on the day previous to her death, she manifested more anxiety than usual about getting every thing ready to attend the Sunday-school; and she said she would go, for her Teacher had promised, if she was a good girl, and learnt her lessons, she should have two merit-tickets, as she had behaved well on the Sunday preceding. Two of the Sunday-school hymns were great favourites with this dear little child. One was the hymn which, I dare say, you all know,—

"Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again:
In heaven we part no more."

The other hymn was,—

"Come to Jesus,—just now."

On the day she died, she sang three verses of the first hymn apparently with life and joy, and continued to sing them as long as her faculties retained their power, keeping time, as she sang,

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with the back of her little hand on the pillow which supported her head. After two days' suffering, with the utmost composure, she fell asleep in Jesus, aged four years and ten months.




PITY THE POOR HEATHEN WHO KNOW NOT CHRIST.

Is it not a matter of deep grief and deep concern, that the knowledge of the true God in the world is so little known? and that at this very moment there are more worshippers of the devil than there are worshippers of the one true and holy God? Is it not a shame, and ought it not to be for a lamentation? Is that doing for God as He has done for us? Is that rendering to Him the glory due unto His name? O how distressing is the thought, that there are so many for whom He shed His blood, as for ourselves, among whom He is not so much as named! To my mind this is one of the most touching passages that we find in the whole Bible,—that “among them Christ is not named.” Why, what is there good, or pleasing, or profitable, or holy, or happy among us, that has nothing to do with Christ? with which His name is not in some way or other connected?

Well, among the millions of Heathen there are those for whom Christ shed His blood. They do not know that: Christ is now pleading for sins “at the right hand of the Majesty on high.” They do not know that. He will come again “to judge the world in righteousness.” They do not know that. They are not cheered by Missionary Meetings. They are not refreshed in spirit by any of those things which are frequently cheering our hearts. It is really high time to do more than we ever have done; and, according to our utmost means and opportunity, to put an end to such a state of things. Therefore go on; you are in the right way. You have taken hold of right principles.

This, dear children, is part of Dr. Bunting's speech at a Missionary Meeting last November: it was addressed to men and women; but you, dear children, can understand it, and act upon it. Many of you know the value of the knowledge of Christ; for you know He has died for you. Then think of the Heathen who know Him not; work for them, pray for them, more than you ever yet have done, and may God bless your efforts!



THE ISLES OF THE GENTILES.

CALM in the bosom of the deep,
 A thousand beauteous islets lie ;
While glassy seas, that round them sleep,
 Reflect the glories of the sky.
How radiant, 'mid the watery waste,
 Their groves of emerald verdure smile ;
Like Eden spots in ocean placed,
 The weary pilgrim to beguile !
Graceful, through forest vistas bright,
 The fair *mimosa's* shadows spread ;
And 'gainst those skies of amber light,
 The palm-tree lifts its towering head.
Alas ! that in those happy vales,
 Meet homes for pure and heaven-born love,
Unholy discord still prevails,
 And weeping peace forsakes the grove !
Alas ! that on those lovely shores,
 Where earth and sky in beauty shine,
And Heaven profusely sheds its stores,
 Man should in Heathen bondage pine !
O haste, ye messengers of God !
 With hearts of zeal, and tongues of flame,
Go ; spread the welcome sound abroad,
 That all may bless Messiah's name ;
That, where the smoke of offerings base
 From idol-fanes obscures the day,
May rise the incense of a race
 Whose souls are taught by Heaven to pray.
When shall the solemn Sabbath-bell
 Chime through those plains at morning prime,
And choral hymns of praises swell
 Through those deep woods in notes sublime ?
Soft-mingling with the waves' low moan,
 The sound shall float o'er ocean's breast,
To tell the wave-toss'd wanderer lone,
 The ark of mercy here doth rest.

Mary Lundie Duncan.

SHEM, THE CHRISTIAN BLIND BOY OF FEEJEE.

IN Na Savu, Feejee, there is a school,—an infant school, it is called; but there are boys and girls in it sixteen and eighteen years old. You must remember that till very lately there was no one in Feejee to teach the children any thing: they were savages, and as ignorant as the brute beasts; so that, when a school is begun in a place, the great boys and girls require to be taught every thing just as we teach little children in England. But do you think these great children continue stupid and dull and savage? No, indeed they do not: they are delighted to find any one willing to teach them, and they learn with great rapidity. When Mr. Williams visited the school of Na Savu, he noticed one boy that was the leader of his class: his name was Shem, and he was blind. He was able to answer readily the questions that were asked him on Old and New Testament history; and in all exercises of the memory, Blind Shem was a sure guide: he took his part in all the evolutions through which the children were put. Shem is a very quick lad: he needs only to hear a hymn or psalm repeated twice or thrice, and he is ready to become the teacher of it to his bright-eyed class-mates. And the best of all is, the blind boy knows Jesus as his Saviour.

In the same school there is a blind girl, who is almost as quick and clever as Shem. Paulina is her name: she is the leader of the girls, one in whom they put great confidence. But Paulina is not so active or intelligent as Shem; and when Shem took his part in the marches and evolutions of the children, she sat down.

Shall we not, dear children, strive with all our might to help to send the Gospel, and the means of instruction, to such children as these? And there are thousands more of them, bright, active, intelligent savages, who only want the means of instruction to become equal, nay, superior, to many of the children in our own country.

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HINDOO WOMAN AND CHILD.

THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.
MARCH, 1852.

HINDOO WOMAN AND CHILD.

IN India the children are never carried on the arm of the nurse, as they are in England; but at her side, astride on her hip,—one of their little feet being before, and another behind, her. This custom is in accordance with the declaration in Isaiah lx. 4: “Thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side.”

A Hindoo woman, carrying her child in this way, (as shown in the accompanying picture,) was one day overtaken by a Missionary near Calcutta. As the child appeared to be very ill, the Missionary entered into conversation with the mother respecting it, in hopes that he might be able to give her some suitable medicine for it. She answered several of his questions very satisfactorily; but when he said, “Where are you going to with the child?” she replied, “As the child is so very sickly, and *only a girl*, I am going to put it into the river Ganges.” The Missionary expostulated with her: he tried to show her the sinfulness of drowning her child; but, apparently, she was unconvinced. He then offered to take it home to the Mission-house, and to see that it was properly taken care of. To this the mother consented. She went with the Missionary, and carried the child to his house; and, having left it there with as much carelessness as if it had been merely a parcel, she never gave herself any more concern about it. The little creature never regained its health. It was kindly nursed in the Mission-family for several months, and then died.

This Hindoo mother was apparently “without natural affection;” but her creed had very much to do with her conduct. She did not know that it was a sin to drown her child. On the contrary, she had been taught to think that such an act would be pleasing to some of the Hindoo deities. And besides, she thought that if her child died in the holy waters of the Ganges, its soul would pass into another body that was not sickly. “The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.”

All the little girls who read the "Juvenile Offering" will surely pity these ignorant Hindoo women, and will try to do something for the benefit of poor little Hindoo children.

Our Missionaries in India have received many little orphans and other destitute children into their schools. They have separated them from the Heathen around them, and are teaching them the way to heaven, just as kind and good parents teach their children in England. These schools are partly supported by the Christmas Offerings, and by other collections of one penny a week, which little boys and girls obtain from their friends. I hope my young readers will all get a Missionary-box, or a collecting-book, and will pray God to bless their efforts.

A Missionary.



KING GEORGE, OF THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

A SKETCH.

(Continued from page 18.)

PREVIOUSLY to King George's listening to the instructions of the Missionaries, he had followed the desires of his own heart, and the delight of his own eyes. But now, being nominally a Christian, he wished to act in unison with his profession; and accordingly he began to think of some one to share more fully in the affections of his heart and the honours of his throne. Such a lady he found at Tonga. Her name was Labe ("pigeon"): in rank she was very high, being descended from those families who were connected with the priesthood. The King brought her to Haabai in his canoe; and then, as the Sovereign of a nation untrammelled by the laws of civilised society, he acted with his characteristic promptitude in the following manner.

One morning, before the first rays of the sun had gilded the horizon, King George sallied forth to speak to the Missionary. He approached the outer gate: it was closed: this he soon climbed, and reached the door of the house. He succeeded in arousing the Missionary, who was greatly surprised by a visit from royalty at such an hour, as he knew nothing of the intended wedding. The King soon informed him he wished to be married that very morning, in as private a manner as possible. Mr. Watkin, well knowing the importance of this step upon the character of the King and the natives, hastened to his colleague, Mr. Tucker, to tell him

the joyful news. It was during the twilight of the morning that the two Missionaries were wending their way to the chapel: there they were met by the royal pair and a few other persons, when, in this unostentatious way, the marriage ceremony was performed. The first news of the day was, "King George is married."

This wedding was followed by that of several of the young Chiefs of Haabai, who, no doubt, were influenced by the example of their superior. The Queen was shortly afterwards baptized, when she received the Christian name of Charlotte; thus, by the providence of God, King George and Queen Charlotte were brought to reign over these interesting islanders. May I ask you, my dear readers, now to unite with me in the following prayer?—"Long may they live, happily may they reign, and may we meet them in glory!"

We are now approaching a period in the annals of the Friendly Islanders that fixed the character of the natives. A new era dawned upon them, when old things passed away, and all things became new. This was nothing less than a glorious pentecostal shower with which the islands were visited in June, July, and August, 1834, when about five thousand persons were awakened by the Holy Spirit to see themselves as sinners, and to fly for refuge to Christ their Saviour. This glorious work broke out about the same time in the two groups of islands under the dominion of the King. As taught by the Missionaries, and as led by them in their devotions, the people had prayed for the gift of the Holy Ghost; but they had yet to learn the great difference between the dumb idols they had served, and the heart-renewing power of the living and true God.

Many and interesting are the circumstances which might be recorded of this gracious time; but we must proceed with our "Sketch" of His Majesty.

King George was at Vavau when this work commenced. He had been converted from Heathenism; but he did not yet know that he must receive the kingdom of God as a little child,—that he must be born again. He saw the whole congregation bowing before the Lord, and, in great agony of mind, confessing their sins. There were his warriors, old men and strong men, men of renown, who had not quailed before the enemy: these were emitting on their breasts, trembling and weeping. Yes; the King saw them, and, sad to say, he despised them in his heart, and left the chapel unsubdued. Prayer was made to

in his behalf; again the congregation assembled, the cries of repentant sinners caused joy in heaven, and heaven rang with Jesu's saving name. At length the heart of the King was softened, the silent tear stole down his face, and he fell prostrate at the feet of Jesus a penitent. By his side was the Queen, equally concerned for her soul. The meeting was continued until very late; but they left without an assurance that they were accepted in the Beloved. They retired to their house accompanied by some of the Local Preachers; there they continued to wrestle and plead with God, until about midnight, when He spoke peace to their souls, and made them very happy in the Saviour's love. A messenger was immediately dispatched to the Missionary, (Mr. Turner,) that he who had wept with them might now with them rejoice.

Soon after this, two of the Missionaries, with the King and Queen, visited many of the islands in the Vavau group. The royal progress was not celebrated by war-songs and the shouts of savage men, as in their former Heathen state; but every where hymns of praise to God issued from grateful hearts, and from lips formerly unused to such sacred employment.

During this revival the King sent word to Haabai that it was his *loto*, ("mind" or "will,") the people should, for a few days, abstain from secular employment, and occupy their time and attention with spiritual subjects. This was attended to for about a week; and truly it was a week of sabbaths. The result of that gracious command will be known only in eternity. The Missionaries called this blessed work a "revival;" but the natives said, *Kuo hoko ae ofa*, "The love is come."

Shortly afterwards the King visited the Haabai Islands. The change wrought in him was very apparent; while love, the fruit of living faith, was beautifully manifested in his conduct, as the following facts will show:—

It was during the time of service, when many hearts were softened, that King George and Lote (Lot) were in the same congregation: they had been at enmity, for the Chief had displeased the King; but now eye met eye, and heart met heart, when, unrestrained by the many who were gazing upon them, they rushed into each other's arms, fell on each other's necks, and wept; former animosities were forgiven; they loved as brethren in Christ. It was now time for the King to return to Vavau. The people had been refreshed and encouraged by his visit: they knew

not how to part with him : they assembled in large numbers to bid him adieu. As in days of primitive simplicity, they kneeled on the sea-shore and prayed ; many kissed his hand, many wept ; at length Mr. Tacker noticed some one folded in the arms of the King : Who could it be ? It was Josiah Laujii, his brother.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN CHINESE.

CHINA, as most of you know, is a very large empire, one of the largest in the world. Its length from north to south is 1,200 miles, and its breadth from east to west 3,900 miles. The population is very great. The people are not reckoned by thousands, but by millions. China is a fine country ; the climate is beautiful, the land fertile, and the people are industrious. Many of the most valuable articles we use come from China : silk, tea, spices, chinaware, are brought from thence. Well, one would think that in this fine country, abounding with so many advantages, the people must be very happy. Is it so ? Ah no ! quite the reverse. What is the reason ? Why, the population of China, all those millions of people that throng the land, are Heathens ; they do not know God, they do not worship Him, and therefore they must be miserable ; they worship the spirits of their ancestors, the souls of their fathers who are dead. Once a year they burn quantities of gold paper, cut out to represent the different things which they used when alive : many cart-loads of this paper are burnt ; and then they let off fireworks, squibs, crackers, and rockets, such as the boys in England amuse themselves with on the 5th of November : this is part of their religion. As they do not love God, so they do not love one another. The men are often very cruel to the women. When a baby is born, if it is a boy, they will take care of him ; but if it is a girl, she is often thrown into the streets. The dear little babes that in England would be so tenderly nursed and so dearly loved, in China are tossed out of the house, to be eaten by the dogs and pigs that are constantly roaming about the streets. Little English girls, you have reason to bless God that you were not born in China.

Many good men have been very anxious that the Chinese should be taught the knowledge of the true God and Jesus Christ,

wickedness.	<i>ngoh.</i>	惡	forgive	<i>mien</i>	免
For	<i>Kái</i>	蓋	sin-	<i>fú</i>	負
kingdom	<i>kwoh</i>	國	debts	<i>tsái</i>	債
the,	<i>ché,</i>	者	against	<i>yu</i>	與
power	<i>kiuen</i>	者	us	<i>wo</i>	我
the,	<i>ché,</i>	權	}	<i>tang</i>	等
and	<i>keih</i>	者		those	<i>ché</i>
glory	<i>ying</i>	及	so.	<i>yé</i>	也
the,	<i>ché,</i>	榮	Not	<i>Puh</i>	不
all	<i>kiái</i>	者	lead	<i>yin</i>	引
belong-to	<i>shuh</i>	皆	}	<i>wo</i>	我
thee	<i>'rh</i>	屬		us	<i>tang</i>
for ever	<i>yú</i>	于	enter	<i>tsin</i>	進
	<i>shí</i>	世	seducing	<i>yú</i>	誘
age	<i>shí</i>	世	temptation,	<i>hwoh,</i>	惑
age	<i>jen.</i>	焉	but	<i>nái</i>	乃
indeed.	<i>Sin</i>	心	save	<i>kiú</i>	救
Heart	<i>yuén</i>	願	}	<i>wo</i>	我
wishes	<i>ching</i>	正		us	<i>tang</i>
exactly	<i>shí.</i>	是	out of	<i>chuh</i>	出
so.			evil	<i>hiung</i>	凶

earth	<i>tí</i>	地如於天焉賜我等今日日日所用糧免我負債如我等	Our	{	<i>Wú</i>	吾等父在天者愿爾名成聖爾宰王臨至爾旨奉行於
as	<i>jú</i>		father		<i>tang</i>	
in	<i>yú</i>		in		<i>fú</i>	
heaven	<i>tién</i>		heaven		<i>tsái</i>	
truly.	<i>jen</i>		he,		<i>tién</i>	
Grant	<i>Tsz'</i>		wish		<i>ché,</i>	
us	<i>wo</i>		thy		<i>yuen</i>	
to-	<i>tang</i>		name		<i>'rh</i>	
day	<i>kin</i>		perfectly		<i>ming</i>	
the day	<i>jih</i>		holy,		<i>ching</i>	
what	<i>jih</i>		thy		<i>shing</i>	
use	<i>so</i>		dominion		<i>'rh</i>	
food ;	<i>yung</i>		rule		<i>tsái</i>	
forgive	<i>liáng ;</i>		come		<i>wáng</i>	
our	<i>mien</i>		to		<i>lin</i>	
sin-	<i>wo</i>	thy	<i>chí,</i>			
debts	<i>fú</i>	will	<i>'rh</i>			
as	<i>tsái</i>	received	<i>chí</i>			
we	<i>jú</i>	done	<i>fung</i>			
	<i>wo</i>	in	<i>hing</i>			
	<i>tang</i>		<i>yú</i>			

for they knew this was the only thing that could make them happy ; but then to teach them they must know their language, and the Chinese language is a very difficult one to learn.

Thirty years ago, Dr. Morrison, a good man who loved the Lord Jesus Christ, wished very much to go to China, that he might teach the Chinese to know and love Him too. He left his home, friends, and country, and went to China. He dressed himself like a Chinese, lived with the people, ate the same poor, coarse food that they had : all this he did that he might be always with the people and hear them talk, and so be able the sooner to learn the language.

The Chinese language requires a long time to learn. Instead of having twenty-six letters as we have, and making every word out of those letters, they have a character for almost every word, so that there are nearly as many characters as there are words in the language. If you look at the engraving, you will see what some of these characters are like : one column is the Chinese word ; the next is the word spelt with our letters, that you may know how to pronounce it. But Dr. Morrison was not to be frightened by all the difficulties he met with. Year after year, for twenty-five years, did he toil on, enduring hardships and dangers more than I can tell you of ; but at last he was rewarded, by being able to write the whole of the Bible in Chinese ; and now the people of China may read the Bible in their own language. The Lord's Prayer that you now see, is the same as that in Dr. Morrison's Chinese Bible.



A LITTLE TALK ABOUT MISSIONS.

BETWEEN MAMMA, EMMA, AND MARY.

Emma.—Mamma, we have had some Missionary pictures given to us this Christmas ; and we want you, if you please, to tell us some stories about them. Mary has a picture of Sierra-Leone, I have one of Wellington, New-Zealand, cousin Robert has Madras, and cousin Lucy a picture of a school in the West Indies.

Mamma.—I shall be very willing, my dear, to tell you a few anecdotes about them. Which place shall I begin with ?

Mary.—O, mamma, please to begin with Sierra-Leone ; it is such a very pretty picture.

Mamma.—I think there is some information about Sierra-Leone given you under the picture.

Mary.—O yes, mamma; it says that Sierra-Leone was first used for some poor blacks to live in that were in England after the war with America; and that now they take there all the slaves that the English rescue out of the slave-ships: but I want to know about the Missionaries who live there. I think they must be very happy to live in so beautiful a place, with such a bright sun and sky, and such lovely trees.

Mamma.—The Missionaries love Sierra-Leone very much, but it is not exactly on account of the bright sky and graceful trees; it is because, wherever they go, there are hundreds of Negroes who are willing, nay, anxious, to hear about Christ. They listen to the Missionary with earnest attention; and tears of gratitude flow down their cheeks, while he tells them about their Divine Saviour, who has redeemed them from a slavery worse than that in which the English found them on board the slave-ships. There are now in Sierra-Leone 9,114 persons attending the preaching of the Wesleyan Missionaries, and 3,144 children who go to the schools; besides many thousands more who attend the ministry of the Church-of-England Missionaries.

Emma.—Why do they say that Sierra-Leone is so unhealthy? it looks very pleasant and healthy.

Mamma.—The climate of Sierra-Leone is very hot. The bright sun, that Mary admires so much, is no friend to the Missionary. Instead of having winter as we do, they have a long-continued heavy rain, which they call the "rainy season." This rain causes the trees and all vegetation to grow very rapidly. After the rains, the bright sun shines very hot, and draws up an unhealthy moisture from the damp ground and decayed vegetables: this causes fever and ague. The Missionaries are much exposed to these damp fogs. Often they have to go great distances to preach to the Negroes of an evening. When they get to the chapel, they generally find it crowded; even the windows are blocked up with eager listeners. In this stifling atmosphere the Missionary preaches, and shows forth the unsearchable riches of the Gospel to these once degraded Africans. After preaching, he perhaps has to meet the classes; and, languid and exhausted as he is, his spirit rejoices in him as he listens to these happy Negroes, who, with their faces beaming with joy, bless God who sent His servant among them to tell them of the Saviour who died for

them. After all his duties are finished, the Missionary goes home, the heavy dews falling upon his dress, already soaked with perspiration. Can you wonder that disease seizes upon him, and that many Missionaries have died in Sierra-Leone?

Mary.—But why do they not build nice, large, airy chapels, that would hold all the people comfortably?

Mamma.—They would be very glad to do so; but they have no money to build chapels. Most of the people are very poor. When taken out of the slave-ships, they have nothing, and are obliged to learn a trade, and work hard to get a living. They are building one large chapel in Sierra-Leone, which is to be called Buxton Chapel, after Sir Thomas F. Buxton, who did so much for the abolition of slavery. Several friends in England have given subscriptions towards helping to build it; one gentleman gave the roof; and other presents have also been made. It is not finished, for they have not got money enough yet.

Emma.—What language do the Negroes speak?

Mamma.—There are Negroes from many tribes, and each tribe speaks a different dialect or language; but they mostly talk what I suppose they think to be English; they call it talking “country fashion.” It is a curious jargon, and sounds very silly to English people when they first go there.

A lady who went to live in Sierra-Leone, determined she would not talk to the people in their own way, but would speak proper English to them. She was told by her friends, they would not understand her. One morning, she asked her servant for a breakfast-cup; he brought a cream-jug. She then said, slowly and distinctly, that she wanted a large blue cup; the boy then brought a dessert plate. The lady then said to him, in his own way of talking, “Go fetch big tea-cup; he live in pantry:” then the boy understood her. There is no neuter in the Negro grammar, and every thing is endowed with animation; they say of dinner, “He live en table.” The same lady one day sent into the market for some mutton; instead of receiving a message from the butcher to say he had not got any, she received the following note, for the Negroes are very fond of writing letters:—

“PLEASE MADAM,—I very sorry no mutton live in market this morning.

“Your affectionate butcher,

“JOHN MACAULEY.”

I could tell you many more stories about Sierra-Leone, and the people ; but I have not time now.

Mary.—O, mamma, de tell us something about the children. What are they like ?

Mamma.—Many of them are good children, and love the Lord Jesus Christ. The children, generally, are intelligent little creatures, and are very fond of learning to read and write. They are often apprenticed as servants to the English people living at Sierra-Leone. A lady, who had a little boy and girl as servants, says, that the boy was so fond of writing, that he did not do his work properly ; and the only way she had of getting it done was to say to him, “ Now, I shall not give you any more pens and paper till you have done your work well.”

The little girl had asked her mistress one day, after she had been reading the Bible, if she thought that, had Adam *not* eaten the forbidden fruit when it was offered to him by Eve, he would have been allowed to remain in Paradise. This little girl was one day very naughty, and her mistress told her to stand in the corner, and not to come out till she was good. She stood in the corner for about eight minutes, and then went to her mistress, and asked her pardon in a mild tone of voice. Her mistress spoke a few serious words to her, and she answered, “ When I first been wish to leff corner, and come ask pardon, de devil always say to me, ‘ Na, don’t go ; ’ but de good Spirit say, ‘ Go.’ And I listen to de good Spirit, and come ; and so you been forgive me, ma’am.”

Emma.—Thank you, mamma. We hope the next stories you tell us will be about New-Zealand.



FAREWELL TO A MISSIONARY,

ON HIS DEPARTURE TO THE FIELD OF HIS LABOURS.

HOME, kindred, friends, and country,—these
 Are things from which we never part ;
 From clime to clime, o’er land and seas,
 We bear them with us in our heart :
 And yet ’t is hard to feel resign’d,
 When these must all be left behind.

FAREWELL TO A MISSIONARY.

But when the pilgrim's staff we take,
 And follow Christ from shore to shore ;
 Gladly for Him we all forsake,
 Press on, and only look before :
 Though humbled nature mourns her loss,
 The spirit glories in the cross.

It is no sin, like man, to weep,
 For " Jesus wept " o'er Lazarus dead ;
 Or yearn for home beyond the deep,—
 He had not where to lay His head :
 The patriot-pang will *He* condemn,
 Who grieved o'er lost Jerusalem ?

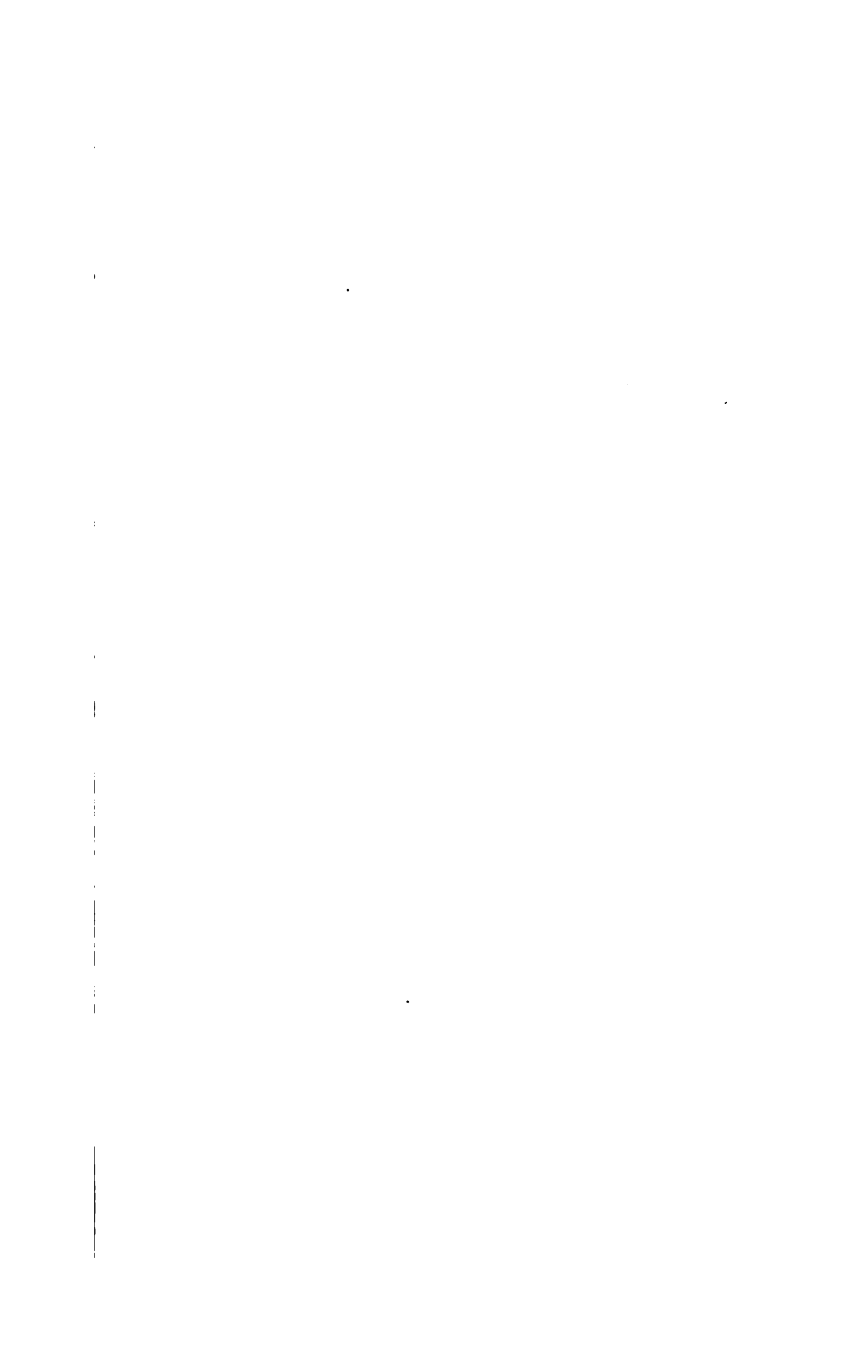
Take up your cross, and say, " Farewell ! "
 Go forth without the camp to Him
 Who left Heaven's throne with men to dwell,
 Who died His murderers to redeem.
 O tell His name in every ear !
 Doubt not,—the dead themselves shall hear,—

Hear, and come forth to life anew ;
 Then, while the Gentile courts they fill,
 Shall not your Saviour's words stand true ?
 Home, kindred, friends, and country, still,
 In earth's remotest realms you 'll find,
 Yet lose not those you left behind.

James Montgomery.


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BLACK FEMALE DEVIL.

THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

APRIL, 1852.

THE BLACK FEMALE DEVIL.

I HOPE the *very* little children who like to look at the pictures in the "Juvenile Offering" will not be frightened at the picture of this black devil, with two little babies in her hands, that she is going to destroy. They will, I am sure, be sorry to hear that it represents a demon that the people in Ceylon worship. When the little children in Ceylon fall sick and die, their parents think this demon has killed them; so they offer sacrifices to her, and pray to her. They say, "O come now, thou Black Female Devil, who dwellest under the rocks and stones of the Black Sea, to our offerings! Take away the sickness thou hast caused, by accepting our offerings!"

The figures standing on each side are intended to represent the mothers of the children that the devil is going to destroy. The poor Cingalese people, who worship this Female Devil, do not know that it is God that sends sickness, and that they should pray to Him for health and life. There are many Missionaries in Ceylon, who are teaching the people how foolish and wicked it is to worship false gods; and the people listen to them gladly when they read the Scriptures to them, and say they are the words of truth.

But the island of Ceylon is very large, and there are not Missionaries enough to go to every place. Do you not wish there were more Missionaries sent to Ceylon, that they might tell *all* the people about the true God and Christ their Saviour?

KING GEORGE, OF THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

A SKETCH.

(Continued from page 29.)

"THE liberal deviseth liberal things." King George considered the chapel at Lifuka, Haabai, as too small to accommodate

the congregation ; he therefore resolved to build a noble edifice, to be consecrated to the service of God, such as the Friendly Islanders had never seen before. To accomplish this, a calculation was made, and a certain measurement given to each Chief, for his men to do the fence, (answering to our wall,) roof, &c., of his proportion of the building. While it was progressing, one day King George made his appearance with some beautifully carved clubs ; these had been sacred, they were supposed to be the *hala* (road) of the gods when going to the Priests, in order to inspire them ; these the King thought would serve to support the communion and pulpit rails in the new chapel ; and, as the people now knew that an idol was nothing, they did not hesitate to drive them into the ground, and use them as stakes in the house of their God.

In a few months the building was finished, without any cost to the Missionary Committee, and yet it was *free from any debt* ; it was the free-will offering of a grateful people, and also a monument of the fine taste and enlarged ideas of their Sovereign.

The length of the chapel was one hundred and fifteen feet. It was supported by two rows of pillars, and, in order to have a variety in the patterns of *lalava*, (the *kafa* twisted around the posts,) different artists had been employed. The aged gazed upon this chapel with joy beaming in their countenances, and both young and old with praise flowing from their lips.

This house was dedicated to the service of God on the 9th of September, 1835. It was filled upon this occasion, besides hundreds who sat outside the fence (or wall). His Majesty and the Missionary, Mr. Tucker, preached. It was a glorious sight to see such a vast congregation, composed of the natives of this group of islands, who, about six years before, were Heathen, now worshipping God, and listening to words of salvation from the lips of their King.

The feast connected with the opening services was on the most liberal scale : both sea and land were laid under contributions. Forty-eight turtles were prepared, some of which were immensely large, also a variety of fish, besides pigs, fowls, and vegetables. During the feast, the Missionary was surprised to see a native bringing a *living* pig to his house ; this was followed by another, and another, until he reckoned eight. Not knowing how many more were coming, he sought the King, and begged him to restrain his bountiful hand. The explanation His Majesty gave

was, that he knew his (the Missionary's) objection to receive a large quantity of food ready dressed, because it must be wasted; so he thought living animals would be more acceptable.

In reference to the conduct of the King at this period, Mr. Tucker writes thus:—

“The King and the Queen have five classes under their care; the King is a nursing father, and the Queen is a nursing mother, to the church. The King is a Local Preacher, and as obedient as any other person on the Plan. I have had him under my eye for the last twelve months, and can truly say, that I never heard him speak a word, or saw, or heard of, any action or disposition manifested by him, on any occasion during that time, but such as became the Gospel of Jesus Christ. There is not a more striking monument of the saving power of Divine grace in all these islands than he is. The lion is become a lamb.”

King George diligently applied his naturally powerful mind to the acquisition of such knowledge as was within his reach. Those portions of Scripture which were now issuing from the Mission press he carefully and prayerfully studied, and gladly availed himself of every opportunity with the Missionaries to ask questions respecting the meaning of various passages of Scripture. He also learned to write; nor did the fact, that the first rudiments of geography were taught by the Missionary's wife, prevent his attending the school. He was deeply interested in this study; and, with his subjects, would express his surprise that Tonga-tabu, that great and important place in their opinion, should look so small and insignificant upon the map of the world.

King George acted as a friend and father to the Missionaries. It was only for them to tell him their wants, and, as far as he could, those wants were supplied.

Some years before, while in a state of Heathenism, four men had done something for which they were to die. The people assembled; there sat the King, and at a little distance were the culprits. The sword was ready, and the executioner was prepared to strike the fatal blow. All waited for a word, or a nod, from His Majesty. He delayed,—when the men availed themselves of a Tonga custom, by rushing from their places, and fleeing to the King; they touched his sacred person, took refuge in him, and were saved. Well did the customs of this people prepare them for understanding such passages of holy writ as the following:

40 DISTRIBUTION OF CLOTHING TO SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

“Deliver me, O Lord, from mine enemies; I flee unto Thee to hide me,” and, “I said, *Thou art my refuge.*”

King George manifested, in various ways, that he only required his duty to be pointed out to him, and he was ready to make the sacrifice necessary for its accomplishment. This is illustrated by the following anecdote.

Mr. Tucker had received letters from home, when his heart was gladdened by hearing of the sum which England had promised to give for the liberation of slaves in her West-Indian colonies. He sought and found the King, when he informed him of the glad tidings. “What,” said the King, “is slavery a bad thing?” The Missionary told him his opinion, that it was not doing to others as we would they should do to us. His Majesty answered, “Do you know many of the Chiefs have slaves, and my servants are slaves? But they shall be free.” The Missionary was surprised; he did not know they were slaves, as they appeared as free as other servants.

At the time of evening twilight Mr. Tucker was in his house, when he heard a cry of distress; he listened; it appeared to proceed from the residence of the King. Upon inquiry, he found that the King had assembled his servants, spoken to them of what the Gospel had done for them, reminded them that they were his slaves, and then granted them their freedom: upon this they cried aloud, and said they could not leave him. But liberty is sweet. And they, knowing his will, gradually began to disperse, and, eventually, settled among their friends.

The Chiefs who held slaves followed the example of the King; so that, in a short time, slavery was banished from his dominions.

(*To be continued.*)



DISTRIBUTION OF CLOTHING TO THE SCHOOL-CHILDREN AT YORK, SIERRA-LEONE.

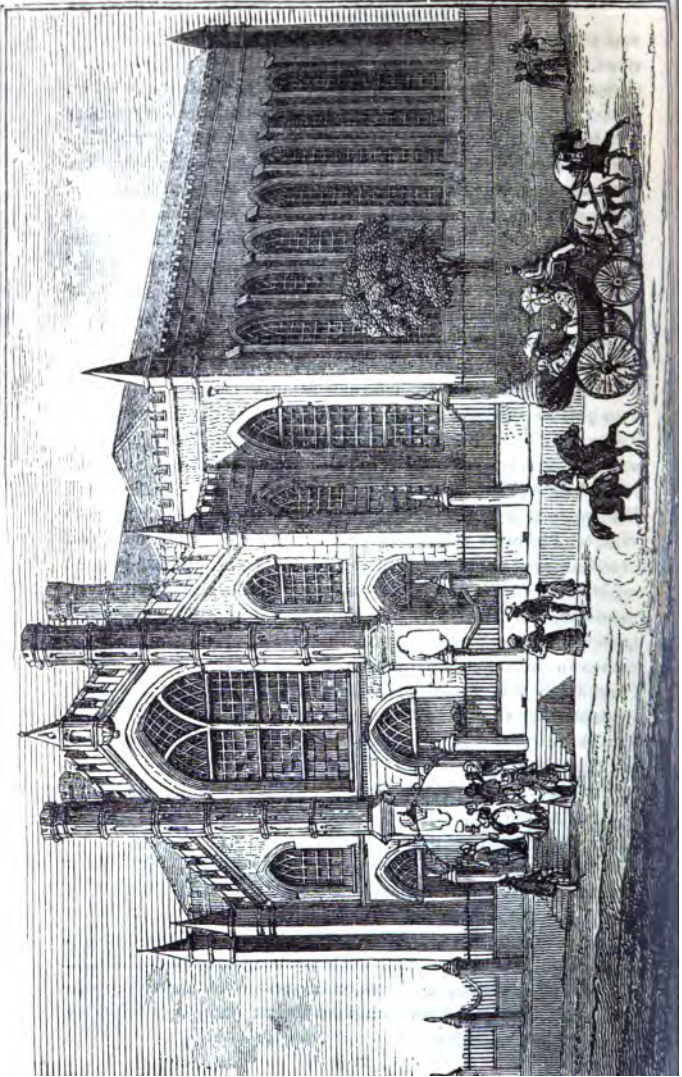
MANY of you, my dear young friends, are engaged in making garments to send to the poor little black children in far-off Heathen lands. You will like to hear the account Mr. Decker, the Missionary at York, Sierra-Leone, has given me of his presenting to the children in his school a box of clothes which a friend in England sent to him for them. Many of the people at York are very poor, and cannot get money to buy clothes. Their little

DISTRIBUTION OF CLOTHING TO SCHOOL-CHILDREN. 41

woolly-headed children like very much to go to the Missionary's school; but many of them are obliged to stay away for want of clothes. You may suppose they were much pleased when Mr. Decker called them together to give them the nice dresses that were sent from England. The children assembled at the Mission-house one Monday morning, last September, at half-past ten. Two Leaders and Exhorters were present. The children first repeated and sang some hymns. They sang so melodiously, that Mr. Decker said to his wife, "How happy would the kind friends be who sent these things, if they could hear these children sing!" Then the dresses were distributed to the children, who were greatly delighted with them. While the distribution was going on, the two Leaders began talking about the good English people. I will tell you what they said, though I am not sure you will understand their "talkee, talkee," as they call it; but I give it to you as the Missionary wrote it. One of the Leaders said, "May God bless English people! No *sabby* we father, no *sabby* we mother, no *sabby* we children; * -but they feel for us, and send presents for our children from far country, pay Schoolmasters and Missionary to teach us and our children, and give them clothes to wear." The other said, "They good pass all white people, and all nation live in this world. You no see" (meaning, Do you not see) "God bless dem pass every nation? The Portuguese, Spaniards, and Americans buy us for slaves; but English people fight for us, put man-of-war in the sea, pay plenty of money to seamen to protect poor African, and to save them from slavery." Then, turning to Mr. Decker, he said, "For true, the people of England they very good people; they be father and mother to poor Africans, though African people not able to reward them. But God shall reward them for their kindness." The other said, "Pass mouth for talk only for pray, for pray plenty;" meaning, they could not express in words how grateful they were to the English; but they would pray for them.

When the children had received their presents, Mr. Decker gave them a short address, and then asked the children what he should say to the friends who had been so kind to them. They all, as with one voice, said, "Tell them we thank them, Sir.

* They were poor Africans, redeemed from slavery by the English. They had been torn from their country and homes by the wicked slave-dealers.



God bless them, and all good English people." He said, "Is this all?" They all made a curtsy, and said, "We will pray for them, Sir."

—◆—

COKE CHAPEL.

THIS grand chapel that you see in the picture is Coke Chapel, Kingston, Jamaica. Sixty years ago there were no Wesleyan chapels in the island of Jamaica : now there are one hundred and fifty chapels and preaching-places.

—◆—

PSALM XLVII.

EXTOL the Lord, the Lord most high,
King over all the earth ;
Exalt His triumphs to the sky,
In songs of sacred mirth.

Where'er the sea-ward rivers run,
His banner shall advance,
And every realm beneath the sun
Be His inheritance.

God is gone up with loud acclaim,
And trumpets' tuneful voice ;
Sing praise, sing praises to His name ;
Sing praises, and rejoice !

Sing praises to our God ! sing praise
To every creature's King !
His wondrous works, His glorious ways,
All tongues, all kindred sing.

God sits upon His holy throne,
God o'er the Heathen reigns ;
His truth through all the world is known,
That truth His throne sustains.

Princes around his footstool throng,
Kings in the dust adore ;
Earth, and her shields, to God belong :
Sing praises evermore !

James Montgomery.

MISSIONARY MEETING IN NAMACQUALAND.

I WISH my dear young friends could witness a Missionary Meeting in Great Namacqualand. The first one held at Nisbet-Bath was in 1840, during the pastoral visit of the late much beloved and lamented Rev. Thomas L. Hodgson, then General Superintendent of the Wesleyan Missions in the western division of South Africa. The chapel was well filled; for not only were all the residents on the Station present, but many living at distant out-posts, and who only occasionally heard the Gospel during Mr. Cook's itinerating journeys, were so impressed with its value that they willingly journeyed, some of them, fifty or sixty miles, (and that not *by railroad*, but *on ox-back*;) in order that they might profit by the occasion, and give of their substance, to evidence their gratitude for the blessings of the Gospel. When assembled, the countenances of all present portrayed pleasurable excitement, which was not at all lessened by the animated speeches of some of the converted Namacquas, who urged upon their countrymen a recollection of their former state while destitute of the Gospel, in comparison with the peaceful and happy circumstances in which they were now found. They remarked that, before the Mission was established, the different petty tribes were all at war with each other, and lived in constant dread of a sudden inroad being made upon them, either for the purpose of plunder, or to take revenge for some real or supposed injury done to themselves or relatives. This state of things prevented them from taking advantage of the best parts of their extensive, but generally barren, country for pasturing their cattle; the consequence was considerable loss to them, especially in seasons of drought. "Now," said one of the speakers, "you are all aware, we can go wherever the grass is fine with our flocks and herds, and have no fear of falling in with our enemies. Bondel-Swartz's Africaaners, Veldschoon-draagers, as well as all other tribes of Great Namacqualand, are at peace. The Gospel has not only brought joy and gladness into our souls, but it has also brought temporal blessings, such as increase of cattle, &c. Let us, then, be willing to give of them for the support of our Missionary, and also to assist in sending Missionaries to other tribes, who are still in darkness." These appeals were cheerfully responded to; and very few who really had any thing to give left the Meeting without offering some contribution.

You will, perhaps, like to hear how our collection is made. To send plates round for money would be quite useless, as the Namacquas have none of that article. The usual way of proceeding is this: The Missionary, by way of commencing, and setting the example, tells aloud how much he will give, perhaps a young ox; then he speaks for his wife and children. An incident occurred on this occasion which caused much mirth among the natives. When Mr. Cook announced that his little girl, not then three years old, would give a sheep, she eagerly jumped up, and lisped out, "No, papa, I must give two sheep." After the Mission family, and those immediately connected with the Institution, have had their names put down, then the natives in the congregation stand up, and say what they will give. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cook were busily employed in putting down the names, residences, and articles given. They were frequently rather puzzled how to spell the odd names, in the hurry of the scene, as they were called out so rapidly, one after the other: those who were rich in cattle would give an ox or cow, some a calf, sheep, or goat; some of the young men, expert in hunting, gave of the trophies of the chase, such as ostrich feathers, horse-whips, and other articles made from the hide of the rhinoceros and hippopotamus; others gave wooden bowls, of their own manufacture, spoons, &c., dressed antelopes' skin. One poor man stood up, as if impelled by his feelings; but, when asked what he would give, hung down his head, and exclaimed, "I possess nothing in the world to give; but if any one present will lend me something, I will give it." Mr. Hodgson related this afterwards at the Missionary Meeting in Cape-Town, when several contributions were sent in "on behalf of the poor Namacqua who had nothing to give." When these various articles, collected at the Nisbet-Bath Missionary Meeting, were sent in to the Cape-Town market, they realized the handsome sum of £60. The following year similar meetings were held at Nisbet-Bath, and also at Africaaner's Kraal, (Jerusalem,) when the sum of £120 was handed in to the general Fund. And this from the poor degraded Namacquas! Let this incite you to increased efforts in aid of the same cause in which these poor Heathen were so much interested.



HAPPY DEATH OF CECILIA, A SUNDAY SCHOLAR, AT MADRAS.

YOU will remember that in January and February we gave an account of the happy death of two of the Madras Sunday-scholars. The third little girl was CECILIA MILLER, who was born at Madras. She was a child of many prayers, and blessed with a pious mother's tender care; and, in consequence, was habituated from her earliest fancy to be present at the daily family worship and other public means of grace.

As a scholar in this Sunday-school, her attendance for upwards of two years was regular and punctual. Her inattention to her lessons, as well as to the instructions and explanations of her Teacher, was, at first, very discouraging, and was the cause of great anxiety both to the Superintendent of the school and to her affectionate parent; but there was soon a hopeful change apparent for the better, so that, for four months previous to her leaving the Sunday-school, both her Teacher and Superintendent had frequent occasion to remark the decided improvement in the attention she paid both to her lessons and the explanation of them; so much so, as to give pleasure to the Teacher in recommending her to be promoted to a higher class, which was accordingly done, by placing her in the Second Bible Class. She was now observed to profit much by the explanations from the visiting Teachers of what she had committed to memory, and was always ready with replies to the questions put to her. She was fond of attending those meetings where the children of the Sunday-school were taught to sing the praises of their Redeemer, and where the devotional subjects of the hymns were impressed on the children's minds. Of the hymns she learned in the Sunday-school, she was particularly fond of the 146th:—

“ Guide me, O thou great Jehovah ;

and also,—

“ Not all the blood of beasts ;

and, most of all, the 52d hymn:—

“ Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed ?

And did my Saviour die ?

Would He devote His sacred head

For such a worm as I ?” &c.

Many noticed with what serious attention and moistened eye she listened to the relation of the happy deaths of her school-fellows. Little did they think how soon she would follow them. But so it pleased God, who doeth all things well. When Cecilia had to go with her friends up the country, she frequently expressed her regret at being obliged to leave the Sunday-school, and made it a particular request that she might be allowed to take her Sunday-school books with her; which she pressed so earnestly, that she could not be denied. These are some of the marks observed whilst in connexion with the Sunday-school, which induced her friends to hope that the Spirit of God had then commenced a work of grace upon her soul. But the closing scene of her peaceful and triumphant death confirmed those hopes, and furnished evidences, beyond all doubt, that her happy spirit is now resting, together with her two school-fellows who preceded her, in "Abraham's bosom." We have said that Cecilia was obliged to leave the Sunday-school to accompany her mother and friends up the country; and she had scarcely arrived at Vellore when the same scourge which had been appointed by God to cut off our two Sunday-school children, was permitted to carry her away also. She arrived there apparently in perfect health, but was almost immediately attacked with symptoms, which the medical attendant described as different from all other cases of cholera he had witnessed; prompt medical aid was obtained, but without avail, as the disease baffled all human efforts; and, within the space of twelve hours after her arrival at Vellore, the spirit of Cecilia was summoned to meet her God. The watchful parent, from the first moment, declared she feared it was cholera; but the dear child endeavoured to soothe the alarm of the poor mother, by reminding her that the symptoms were not the same as she had seen in others attacked by the cholera. It was remarked, however, that she spoke but little after she was attacked; but remained, frequently for several minutes together, with her eyes shut; until, at last, her anxious mother asked her, "My dear, are you thinking of Jesus?" To which she replied, "Dear mamma, I have been praying to Jesus all day." Her mother, anxious to improve every moment, said to her, "Cecy, have you not offended your God?" to which the dear child replied, "Yes, mamma, often, very often; but I am pardoned by my blessed Saviour, and I am going to my dear Jesus." She confessed she was in great pain, but she did not

complain, but appeared quite collected and resigned, and happy to talk of her dear Jesus.

A friend of God's children, although a stranger, and far above her in rank, having accidentally heard of the little dying girl, went to see her; and, observing evident symptoms that she had not long to be here, asked her, if she thought on Jesus's love; to which she immediately replied, "O, yes; O, my dear Jesus!" And when he further pressed her to say what she thought of Him, she replied, in the words of that beautiful hymn,—

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Saviour die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?"

On which that gentleman writes: "O, it was a cordial to hear her say it so sweetly, and so resignedly; her mind was evidently enjoying peace."

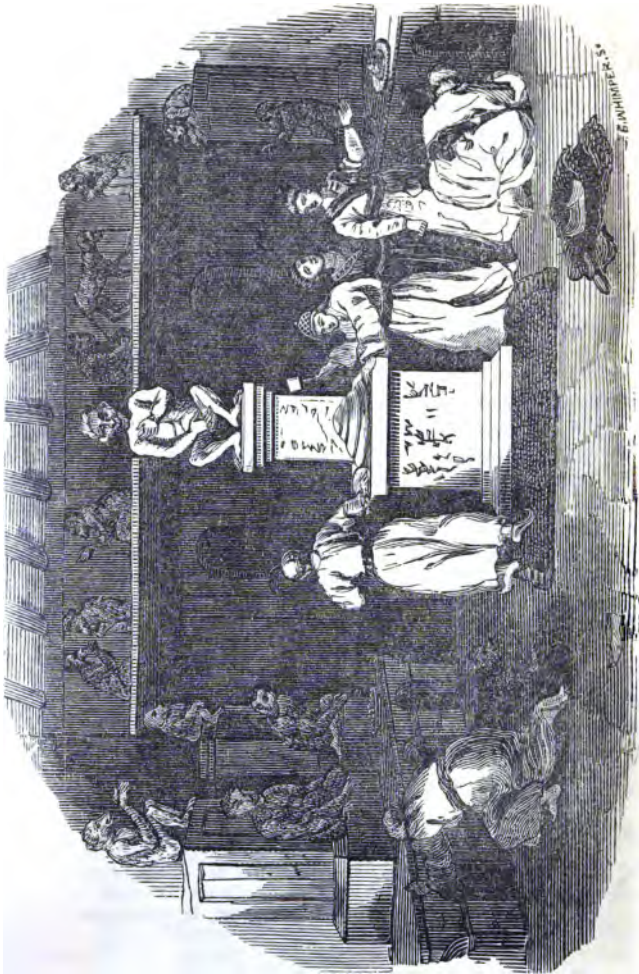
A few moments before Cecilia died, she requested her mother to reconcile her dear father (who, she knew, loved her much, and whose love she tenderly returned) to the event; and then, almost immediately after, looking at her playfellow, Caroline T——, she said, "Carey, give your heart to Jesus. Be reconciled to God. How little do you know of the pains of dying! You must die, too." And then, turning to her dear mother and sister, she said, "God bless you;" and, after a little pause, she distinctly uttered, with eyes uplifted to heaven, "Jesus, receive my spirit; Jesus, receive my spirit." And whilst invoking her Saviour a third time, she could only utter, "Jesus, receive ——;" when her happy spirit took its flight to that Redeemer who had washed her "robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Thus triumphantly died Cecilia Miller, aged twelve years and three months. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."



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INTERIOR OF A MONKEY TEMPLE IN CHINA.

THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

MAY, 1852.

INTERIOR OF A MONKEY-TEMPLE IN CHINA.

A MONKEY-TEMPLE! Do people *really* build temples to worship monkeys in? Yes, dear children; however strange it may seem, it is quite true that men, capable of knowing and loving the great God who made heaven and earth, are so debased as to worship monkeys, the most disgusting creatures on the face of the earth. The picture shows you the inside of one of these temples. In the middle an ape is seen mounted on a pedestal, which is placed upon an altar sufficiently large to hold, also, the offerings of the worshippers, and a basin of copper, on which the Bonza, (Priest,) who is standing by it, strikes continually, to excite the attention of the people, and to call them to worship. Under vaults formed in the walls of the pagoda there are monkeys, of all kinds, in different attitudes, and pedestals, each bearing its monkey. In front of these pedestals are seen other apes, and before them the offerings which they have obtained from their worshippers. Dear children! are you not sorry for these poor degraded idolaters? Why is it they are so foolish and so wicked? These people have never been told that they should worship the true God. From their childhood they have been taught to worship monkeys; and they will never know any better till the Holy Scriptures are taken to them, which alone are able to make them wise unto salvation. But perhaps you say, "Why tell us this? We children cannot go into the far-distant country of China to tell the people not to be so foolish as to worship monkeys." But, though you are but children, you may help these poor idolaters; you can pray for them, and you can collect money for Missionaries to be sent to them. May God incline your hearts, dear children, thus to help them! And may He hasten the time when idolatry shall be at an end, and the knowledge of the Lord cover the earth!

KING GEORGE, OF THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

A SKETCH.

(Continued from page 40.)

IN the year 1836, the Missionary resolved to endeavour to form a Branch Missionary Society for the Habai Islands. He accordingly reminded the people of the blessings they had received through the Gospel, and then asked them what they were willing to do to help forward this good cause.

Shortly afterwards, one poor old *blind* woman was seen groping her way to the Mission-house; she had travelled four miles to bring her offering, which was a small piece of native cloth. Her gift was very trifling; but Jesus, who upon a former occasion "sat over against the treasury," no doubt saw and approved of this first offering to Christian Missions in Habai. Many followed her example, until there was a long list of articles subscribed, comprising yams, oil, fish-hooks, sacred clubs, and Heathen gods. His Majesty alone could present silver and gold; this he willingly did, by giving £1. 4s.

The Missionary Meeting *followed* the collection: this was held in the large chapel at Lifuka, which was crowded upon the occasion: many of the people were there from the adjacent islands; also Josiah Tubou, the King of Tongatabu. At this Missionary Meeting His Majesty, George, King of Vavau and Habai, for the first time presided as Chairman, and thus manifested the deep interest he took in the diffusion of religious truth. Among the speakers were Peter Ve, the Native Local Preacher, who was the first to bring the glad news of a Saviour to the Habai Islands, Josiah 'Laujii, and John Mahe, who has since laid down his life upon the Missionary altar at Wallis Island.

As the Papists have made several attempts to obtain a footing in Vavau, sometimes coming there in a French man-of-war, my readers will like to know how the King met and answered their request.

It was in the year 1837, when the Missionaries were away at the District-Meeting, that a vessel arrived at Vavau, having on board a Roman Catholic Bishop, and three Priests. The Bishop waited upon the King and said he wished to leave two or three Missionaries there. "For what purpose," inquired the King,

"as I and my people have all turned to God?" "Because," replied the Bishop, "ours is the old and true religion; but that your Missionaries teach you is a new religion, and lately sprung up." "Why," said the King, "it is as old as this book," holding up the Scriptures. He then begged the Bishop to leave the subject until the return of the Missionaries.

Upon their arrival from the District-Meeting, they accompanied the Bishop to the King's residence; when he again pressed the King to allow him to leave two of the Priests for two or three months, only to learn the language, stating that he might send them away when he chose. "But," said His Majesty, "if you wish to leave them for a short time only, you can take them when your vessel leaves." Upon the Bishop's again begging him to allow them to remain, George said, "No, it is not my mind" (or will). Thus, through the firmness of the Sovereign, were the infant churches in his dominions saved from Popish Teachers and doctrines.

The disposition of King George is noble and generous. Sometimes the Missionaries have had to apply to him to give up some of his choicest men, to go as Teachers to Heathen islands, in order to spread the joyful news of a Saviour's love.

As a King or Chief is powerful in proportion to the number of his people, the parting with them is felt as a sacrifice. But King George has nobly given them up to go to Niua, Samoa, Rotumah, Feejee, &c.; and has declared, were he not King, there is no work in which he should be more delighted to engage, than to visit the distant islands as a herald of salvation.

The following anecdote is another proof of his generous disposition.

When Her Majesty's Ship the "Conway," Captain Bethune, visited Vavan, King George presented to the Captain a beautiful little canoe, with which he was so much pleased, that he gave him ten sovereigns. His Majesty had, perhaps, never possessed so much gold before; and now that civilization was following in the track of Christianity, he had many wants, which could have been supplied by spending his money, when vessels anchored at the island. But King George reasoned not thus: he thought the money was needed to help forward the Gospel chariot, and he gave the entire sum to the Missionary Society.

(To be concluded.)



A LITTLE TALK ABOUT MISSIONS.

BETWEEN MAMMA, EMMA, AND MARY.

Emma.—Now, mamma, I have brought my picture of Wellington: will you, if you please, tell us something about New-Zealand?

Mamma.—Shall I tell you about New-Zealand as it is at present, with thousands of Europeans living there, and many Missionaries and chapels; or would you like to hear some stories about New-Zealand when the country was populated only by the Heathen natives?

Mary.—O, tell us about the New-Zealanders before the English lived there. Who was the first Englishman who went to New-Zealand?

Mamma.—Captain Cook. He was sent by the English Government to the South Seas on a voyage of observation.

Emma.—O, yes, I know; it was to observe the transit of the planet Venus over the sun.

Mary.—What is the meaning of transit?

Mamma.—It means passage.

Mary.—What a silly thing to send a ship all that way for people to look at a planet going across the sun!

Mamma.—If the time of the transit could be exactly ascertained, very important advantages would be secured to science. The Governor of Rio Janeiro was very much of your opinion, *Mary*. Captain Cook, on his voyage out, touched at Rio Janeiro, to get water and buy provisions; but the Governor refused to let him have any. He did not believe him, when he told him what the object of his voyage was; but thought he was come for some evil purpose. After a great deal of talk with Captain Cook about the matter, the Governor thought he was going to the South Seas, to see the North Star go through the South Pole.

Emma.—How ridiculous! but did he let him have the provision?

Mamma.—Yes; and the ship sailed to Tahiti. They saw the transit, and made all necessary observations. Captain Cook then sailed to the south-east, to make fresh discoveries. After some time he saw land, which proved to be New-Zealand. He landed on the shores; but the natives were much frightened at the sight of Europeans. Captain Cook vainly tried to get some of them on

board his ship, that he might show them how kind he would be to them. At last he resolved to seize some by force. So one day, seeing two canoes filled with natives, he sent a ship's boat, with orders to seize some of the natives, and bring them on board. The people in one of the canoes saw what they intended, and escaped to shore. The others were overtaken by the ship's boat, and the sailors tried to seize the men; but the natives were not to be taken so easily, and fought desperately for their liberty. At length the order was given to fire upon them. Four out of seven were killed; one man jumped into the water and swam to the shore; the remaining two, who were boys, were carried to the ship.

Emma.—O, they should not have killed the poor natives, they had done no harm!

Mamma.—It was very cruel. The two boys were kept on board a few days, and then sent on shore laden with presents. About the same time that these four natives were killed by the English, a French Captain behaved very cruelly to the New-Zealanders. A French ship visited their shores; the natives received the French very kindly; the Chief allowed their sick men to be brought on shore, took them into their village, and treated them very kindly. The French Captain returned their kindness by the most base ingratitude; for, enraged by the loss of a small boat, which he fancied the natives had stolen, he invited the Chief on board his ship, and made him prisoner. He then burned to the ground the village in which his men had found shelter in their need, and then weighed anchor and sailed for South America, bearing with him the unhappy Chief, who pined away, and died after three months' captivity.

Mary.—Poor man! What did his people say, when they found their Chief carried off?

Mamma.—Can you wonder that these poor savages determined to revenge themselves upon the next white men that came to their shores? They knew it would be madness for them to attempt to kill the Europeans in open warfare. They had only their stone hatchets to fight with: so they resolved to follow the example of treachery and ingratitude they had just received. About three years after their Chief was carried off, another French ship reached their shores. The natives appeared very friendly, came alongside the ship in their canoes, went on board, accepted the presents given to them, and several of them remained all night.

The Captain was treated by them with every mark of affection; and he, in return, trusted them as friends. Days and weeks passed on in this friendly intercourse, till, at length, the time came for them to take revenge. One day the Captain and a party of twelve men went on shore; they were attacked by the natives, and all killed and eaten by the natives, save one man, who escaped back to the ship.

Emma.—I did not know that the New-Zealanders were cannibals.

Mamma.—Yes; they used to eat their enemies that they killed in battle. And sometimes they would eat bodies that had not fallen in war.

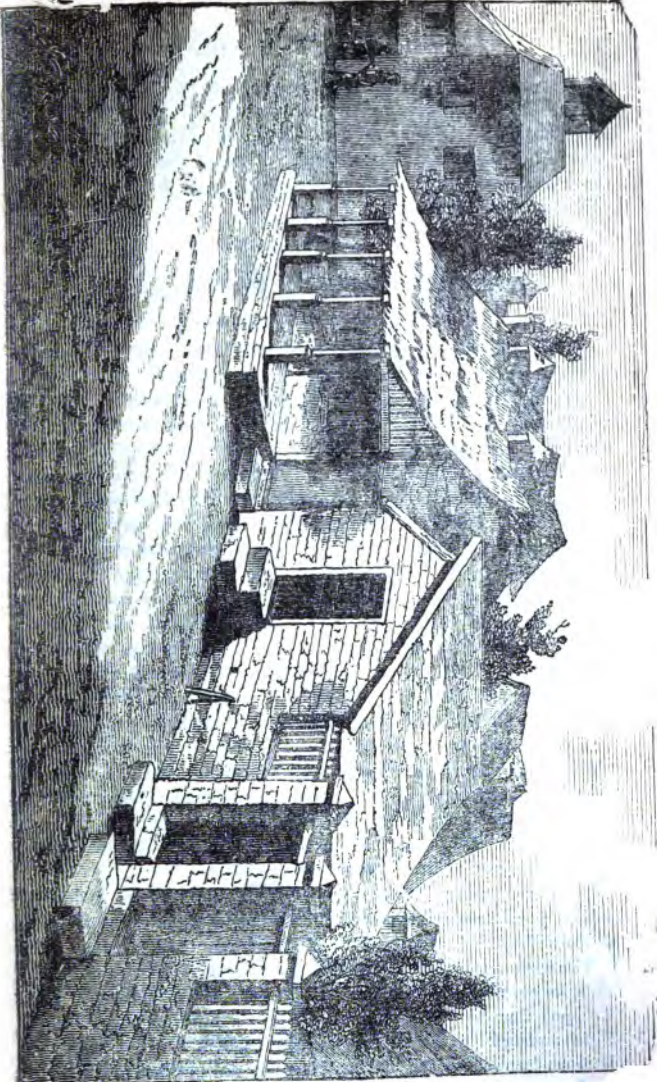
(*To be continued.*)

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S OFFERING.

THE efforts of our juvenile friends last Christmas, in behalf of the Missions, proved very successful. On the cover will be found a statement of what has been collected in various Circuits. Some particulars have not yet reached us; but a complete account will be found, as usual, in the Report of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. The total received, as Christmas and New-Year's Juvenile Offering, for 1851, is Five Thousand One Hundred and Fifty-Nine Pounds, Two Shillings, and Three Pence.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH DR. COKE COMMENCED THE JAMAICA MISSION.

LAST month you had a picture of the last large chapel that was built in Jamaica. This month we give you a view of the house in which Dr. Coke preached his first sermon in Jamaica. And here it was that he was in great danger of being killed by the masters of the slaves, who were very wicked men, and who did not wish to hear about Christ and his Gospel themselves, neither would they allow their poor slaves to listen. These white men went to the house while Dr. Coke was preaching, and raised a great riot, and cried, "Down with him! down with him!" Dr. Coke's life was in great danger; but God protected His servant. The friends who surrounded him defended him; even women came forward courageously, and defied the rioters to do him harm.



When Dr. Coke had preached a few times in Jamaica, he said, "Now I have seen something of Jamaica, I will send you a Missionary." He did send one. And that Mission was begun which has been so very successful. Tens of thousands of souls have been converted to God by the preaching of the Gospel by the Missionaries in Jamaica.

AFFECTING CASE OF DANIEL LAPÍ.

A STORY FROM NATAL.

LAPÍ was a sharp Kaffir boy, who began to attend the preaching as soon as I commenced at Port-Natal.

When I began, about three years and a half ago, to call the Kaffirs together to hear the word of God, many attended; but they were very unlike an English congregation, being all naked, and very wild. I soon began to ask them their *own* thoughts about the great word, and especially what they had heard upon the preceding Sabbath; when, amongst those who answered, was a boy, about thirteen or fourteen years of age, who could relate nearly all that I said the Sunday before. He was very attentive, and very earnest; and, whenever one was absent, he was sure to be present, and listen with the greatest attention. In a short time we began a Kaffir Sabbath-school; and Lapí was one of the most eager to learn. Soon afterwards we commenced a catechumen class, and Lapí was among the first to meet, seeking the Lord with all his heart; and, in process of time, he professed to obtain the pardon of his sins, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. In about twelve months it was thought that five of those who had been meeting in class were sufficiently advanced in piety and knowledge to be baptized; and amongst this number was Lapí, who was one of the first Kaffirs baptized at Port-Natal. He received the Christian name Daniel.

This, my young friends, you may rest assured, was a day of solemn joy,—when the first Kaffir Christian church was formed at Port-Natal. It was the 24th of December, 1848.

For some time after this Daniel Lapí continued to go on well, until he could read the word of God in the Kaffir language; and I hoped that he would one day become a burning and shining light amongst his own Heathen countrymen. But I was not without fear concerning him, as his piety did not become so deep as I wished; besides which, I thought he was rather too bold

and forward, as young people are in great danger of being. I watched over him, admonished him, and did all I could to preserve him; until, about twelve months after his baptism, he left the Mission-house in a very improper manner, and for some time I heard nothing more of him; when, upon inquiry, I found he was sick; but instead of praying to God, and seeking recovery by the use of proper medicines, he forsook God, went to a Heathen Doctor, denied the Saviour, and adopted Heathen arts for his recovery. But all in vain. His sickness continued; I saw him at different times, and conversed with him about his soul. But he had grieved the Spirit of God; and although he sometimes appeared desirous to serve Him again, he appeared to have no power so to do. Matters thus went on until one morning, when riding with my Native Teacher to one of my country Stations, for the purpose of holding Kaffir service, I saw a black boy walking in the long grass, but did not know him, and was riding past, when William Kongo, my Native Teacher, spoke to him. I then asked who the boy was, when I was told that it was Daniel Lapi. I stopped my horse, and he came up. I inquired where he was going; he said to the town, to sell a few small onions which he had with him. But O how grieved I was to see him! Instead of the fine, fat, active boy I had been accustomed to see, he was withered and wasted to a skeleton; and as I looked at his legs and arms and head, I saw bones covered with skin, but without flesh. I felt that it was a fearful thing to fall under the displeasure of God. My heart yearned over him. I exhorted him again to seek the Lord with all his heart. He said he would; and I left him.

A short time afterwards, I and my family went into the country for a few days. Upon my return, the friend whom we had left in the house told me that a sick Kaffir boy had been to see me; and, upon being told that I was not at home, said he must see me. When told the day upon which I should return, he said he could not wait, but must see me. He stopped that night; but in the morning his mother required him to go, and away they went. But when they had travelled about ten miles, Daniel said he could go no farther, but must die. This was a sad hour. The poor mother and boy were alone upon the path: she wanted to leave him, in order to call some one to assist them; but he would not allow her to leave him, as he had only a few minutes to live. He then told her that Christianity was true, and that Heathenism was false; that he had committed a grea

sin in leaving the service of God and in going to the Heathen Doctor; and that what he had said to the Doctor against Christianity was false, was filth which he had thrown at Jesus Christ; that when he was dead his mother must go to the Heathen Doctor and tell him this word, and require him again to give back the beast (ox, or cow) which had been paid, and that this was his dying word. He then lay down exhausted, and died. I afterwards inquired of some of my people what he said when he was at the Mission-house waiting to see me; when they informed me, that he told them that he had heard my words, and promised to follow them, but had not done so, he had thrown them away, and was now shortly to die, but had no hope, his soul was dark and dead. Thus ended the course of one of our first Kaffir converts. But it is quite possible, that, whilst God took his body, He had mercy upon his soul; as I think the preceding account will show that he was anxious to obtain spiritual aid in sickness and death.

What do I wish to impress upon your minds by the above affecting account? 1. That Kaffir youths are capable of receiving the Gospel at an early age, and being saved from the darkness and degradation of Heathenism. 2. That Christian Missionaries have many things to discourage them, and need the prayers and sympathy of all good people. 3. That young persons should be most anxious to be humble, teachable, and obedient, as it was the want of this which probably was the cause of Daniel Lapi's fall and death: vanity and self-importance are the dangers to which young people are most exposed. 4. That it is a very dangerous thing to grieve the Spirit of God, as we cannot tell what may be the sad consequences of one sinful disposition or action allowed. 5. To stimulate you to do all you can for the salvation of the Heathen; for, whilst the above is the sad story of Daniel Lapi, two others, who were baptized at the same time, are now Local Preachers, and are trying in every way to save their fellow-countrymen. Their names on the Plan are Matingau (Petros) and Noziwawa (Cornelius).

William C. Holden.

THE GIFT OF THE DYING CHILD.

"THE day before our dear child died, a neighbour, calling to see her, observed that she was suffering from thirst, and, on leaving, said, 'Here, dear, is a penny for you to buy an orange.'

When she left us, our little one called me to her bedside, and said, 'Mether, true I am very thirsty, and the orange would be nice; but I would rather you would fetch me my Missionary-box, that I might drop the penny in there.' I did," said the mother; "and it was the last thing she did before she died. With her trembling hand, and a faint smile on her pale cheek, she dropped the money in."

"NO; not the orange, mether dear,
Though nice indeed 't would be;
But now my little box bring hese,
While I the light can see.

"This raging thirst will soon be past,
For I am dying now;
But I think of those whose sufferings last,—
Those who to idols bow.

"So bring my little Mission-box,
I 'll drop my penny there;
O may it reach the Heathen flocks
Who hear no Christian prayer!"
With a faint smile the dying child
Upraised her trembling hand.
The penny dropp'd; and the eye so mild
Closed on a stricken band.

And it open'd—Where? But who can tell
Of the world of joy above,
And what loving smiles upon her fell,
And what words of peace and love?

And the last gift of this "little one,"
Far on in eternity,
When darken'd shall be the rolling sun,
Will fresh and beautiful be.

"Thou didst it for me," will the Saviour say,
And the universe all shall hear;

"Thou didst it for me in life's short day,
Now for ever in glory appear."

Who would a greeting like this forego?
Who would stand unwelcomed there,
And hear?—"As ye did it *not*' below,
My glory ye cannot share."

A HAPPY THOUGHT:

OR, HOW TO FILL MISSIONARY BOXES.

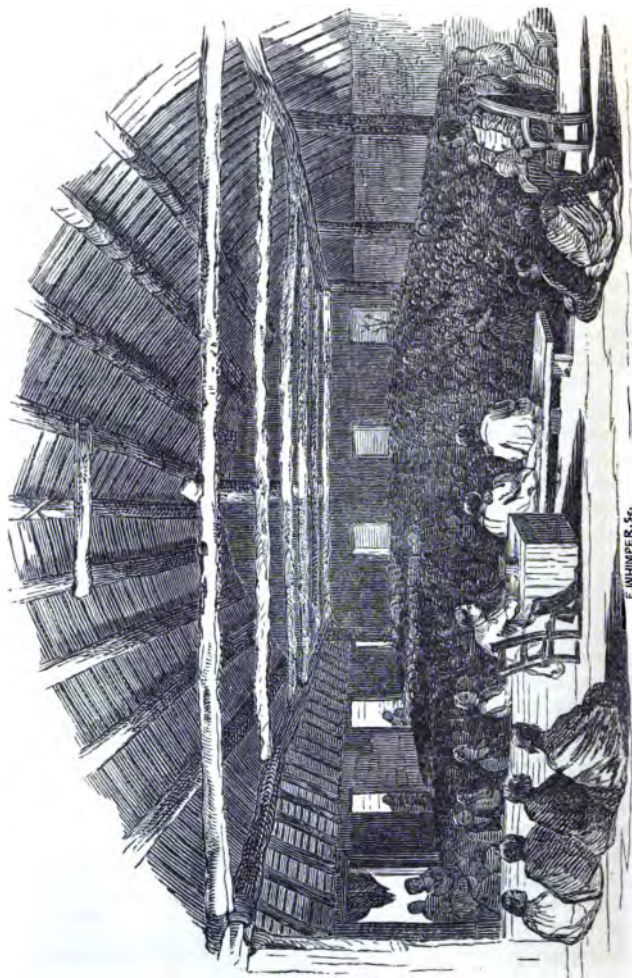
AT the Annual Meeting of the Vauxhall Branch Missionary Society, recently held, the Chairman, Mr. Richard Nash, threw out what I will call "a happy thought," which, if carried into effect, would greatly increase the funds of our noble Missions. He recommended that, "on the first day of the week," every Sabbath morning, before family worship, the Missionary box should be handed round, previous to singing, or reading the Holy Scriptures, and that every member of the family—father and mother, children, domestics, and visitors, if any—should then contribute, "as God had prospered them," in aid of the good and glorious cause; one of the members of the family to have charge of the Missionary box, and to hand it round weekly, as suggested. If this simple plan be put into operation, I do not hesitate to say that hundreds, if not thousands, of pounds would speedily be added to our Mission-funds. Our own box promises to increase *four or fivefold* this year; and I beg, through the channel of your excellent little magazine, to urge its *immediate* adoption upon all your readers, and that they would recommend the plan to others. Young and old, rich or poor, all may do something. Let those who have no box get one forthwith, and begin to work. Millions of Heathen are perishing without the knowledge of Christ; and we *must* do all we can to send them the Gospel, and to send it *now!* And all who will thus engage themselves in God's work may be assured that our blessed Lord Jesus, who still sits "over against the treasury," observing and loving the "cheerful giver," will reward their zeal with heavenly blessings, and sweetly whisper to every heart, "'Ye did it unto me.'"

Lambeth Circuit.

Benjamin Gough.

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E. WHIMPER, Sc.

TRAINING-SCHOOL AT TONGA.

THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.
JUNE, 1852.

TRAINING-SCHOOL AT TONGA.

I SUPPOSE all the children who read this little magazine go to school. Some of you go to day-schools, others to Sunday-schools, and the very little children to infant-schools. You would like to hear, I dare say, something about this very large school that you see in the picture.

Tonga is one of the Friendly Islands in the South Seas. There have been Missionaries there for many years, who preached the Gospel to the natives, numbers of whom embraced Christianity. But, while the fathers and mothers were instructed, there was no training-school for the children and young people till six years ago, when Mr. Amos went to them; and now the Tonguese children are taught geography, arithmetic, writing, reading, and all the exercises and singing which are usual in these schools. This is the school Mr. Lawry went to see when he was at Tonga. He saw there more than two hundred scholars, and twenty-four young men, who are learning to become Teachers. During this visit Mr. Lawry was present at a grand examination, in which several schools met together. He says,—

“At early dawn I stood on the top of a little hill, and saw every pathway crowded, and men in all directions, on the land and on the sea, moving in haste towards the school. They were advancing by thousands, each school apart, ten in number; all in full dress, ornamented with vines and flowers sweet-scented, with cocoa-nut oil-poured on the head, and standing clear as dew-drops on their ringlets. Hundreds of them were dressed in European clothes; and all were earnest to exhibit what they had learned.”

King George, Queen Charlotte, and their son, Prince George, were present at the examination. “It lasted from dawn of day till dark, and was very satisfactory, doing honour to the master who had the control. I had witnessed such things before; but

still the sight was too much for my feelings ; and I wept over and over again as I looked upon this scene, in which the King, the Judges, and the great Chiefs of the land were engaged, with the bulk of the population, reading the Scriptures, repeating our Catechism, hymns, geography, spelling, figures, and English ; and some of them showed a considerable knowledge of maps, pointing out the nations, seas, mountains, and rivers."

I think Mr. Lawry was very fond of going to visit this school. One day, when he was there when the school was breaking up, he told Mr. Amos that he thought a very good sum for the next day would be for them to multiply the number of their teeth by the number of their fingers. This astonished them very much ; and they said, "Who knows the number of his teeth ? And then some of us have had some of our fingers cut off, and offered in sacrifice to the devil ; must we count them ?" When these preliminaries were settled, Jone, a fine young man, the son of the King of Lakemba, rose and said, "I must have two slates ; one to write this new sum upon, and the other on which to write my sermon. But, first, I must get away to my own home to get my teeth counted."

Another time Mr. Lawry proposed that all the young people should write to him, that he might be able to show their handwriting. This was quite new to them ; and they went behind the pillars of the school-room, and peeped round to see if he was looking at them. In a few minutes one got up, and then another, and soon all were on their feet with the writing, which, to his great astonishment, was the same from them all. It was this : "O Mr. Lawry ! we thank you for coming to see us and to help us in the work of the Lord." That was not what Mr. Lawry wanted ; so he gave them different subjects to write upon. And very nice letters they wrote, which I should be glad to give you if I had room.

The picture was sketched by Mr. Brierley, a gentleman that was on board one of the Queen's ships that touched at Tonga. The Captain went to see the school, with which he was much pleased. During this visit Mr. Brierley drew the picture, and has kindly given it for the "Juvenile Offering," that English children may see what a Tonga school is like. And now, dear children, let us thank God that the Gospel is sent to Tonga, and that the young people in that distant isle know and love Jesus Christ. But, while you thank God on their behalf, examine

yourselves whether you are partakers of that salvation which they value so much, and give yourselves to the Lord Jesus, lest, while you are assisting to send the Gospel to the Heathen, you yourselves may come short of the kingdom of God.



KING GEORGE, OF THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

A SKETCH.

(Concluded from page 51.)

In the year 1838, the Missionary residing at Tonga had his house and property destroyed by fire. As he had many things at Vavau which had just arrived from England and the Colony, he wrote to the King to inform him of the painful circumstances in which he was placed, when he received a kind and prompt reply from His Majesty.

As my readers will like to see the King's letter, we give the following translation:—

“MR. TUCKER,

Vavau.

“I RECEIVED your writing and read it, and know the thing that has befallen your house and all that belonged to you; and I desire that my ear might be torn open,* that I might attend to your writing. Now all the things you have here, leave to me; I will bring them all if I am alive.

“I do not boast, for you know my mind. I have no wish to love you in word only: but I will bring all your things.

“When I heard your things were burnt, my mind was pained because of your poverty, and because of what had befallen you; but I am thankful that you both are alive. I expect we shall see each other soon, when I hope to visit Tonga.

“I am

“Your friend in Jesus,

“GEORGE.”

King George has now manifested for many years, that he is not a mere religious *professor*, but that he *possesses* the pearl of great price.

* A strong oriental expression, signifying he had no wish to close his ears against the cry of distress.

In the public band-meetings, before hundreds of his subjects, he has declared, that in his heart was shed abroad the love of God. "And they have taken knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus."

The following circumstance occurred in the year 1840.

It was about four o'clock in the morning when the Missionary was awoke by the beating of the *lali* (drum): as this is done upon occasions of distress, as war, fire, &c., it caused some alarm. But, upon inquiry, it was ascertained that King George thought it would do good to have a religious service, and he had beaten the *lali* to call the people together. They assembled, sang, and prayed. The Holy Spirit was graciously present in His awakening and quickening influences. Before they parted, some were enabled to rejoice in the pardoning mercy of God.

The last watch-night the writer was permitted to spend there will not be soon forgotten. King George was appointed to commence the meeting by preaching a sermon. Several from the Heathen villages had assembled to see they know not what, when the old year expired and the new commenced. The King, dressed in English costume, ascended the pulpit. His calm, dignified appearance; the benignity of his countenance; the stillness which is always observed when he speaks; the crowded chapel; the solemn hour;—all conspired to foster serious reflections. The King gave out the hymn; he began to pray. As he proceeded, a general whispering was heard throughout the congregation, with now and then a loud *Ameni* ("Amen"), *fakafetai Jesu* ("thanks to Jesus"), *vehe Eike* ("even so, Lord"). The royal Preacher continued pleading, until the suppressed feeling broke out into strong cries and tears, and his voice could not be heard. He then descended from the pulpit, and pointed penitents to "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world," many of whom, before the new year dawned upon them, were made new creatures in Christ Jesus.

It was in 1845 that Josiah Tubou died, when George, as his lawful heir, received the name of Tubou, with the addition of Tonga to his territories, and also the significant title of Tuikanokubolu. He was installed into office under the shade of an old cocoa-nut tree at Hihifo, Tonga. This was a noted place during the reign of Heathenism. It is now decorated with beautiful trees, of immense size, which have stood there for ages. It is the spot where, from time immemorial, the Tuikanokubolu has

received his title. The company present was very select: none were allowed to go near, in order to stare or walk about. To prevent this, a Feejean, blackened and dressed according to the custom of his country, was armed with a club and spear, and walked to and fro as a guard of the ceremony.

The King found the Roman Catholic Priests at Tonga when he became Sovereign of that group of islands; but he rules all in love. Mr. Lawry says, "What God has declared to be wrong, he causes to be refrained from, or punished when done; but religion, in all its operations, he leaves where his God leaves it,—between God and the conscience."*

Now, my dear readers, will you not still pray that we may have many such Kings raised up from among the Heathen, trophies of redeeming love, and proofs of the power of the Gospel to change the savage heart, and make these fallen sons of Adam "meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light?"

Gloucester.

Mrs. Charles Tucker.



EXTRACT OF A COMMUNICATION FROM THE
REV. THOMAS WILLIAMS,

DATED TELEVA, VANUALAVU, FEEJEE, NOVEMBER 26TH,
1850, AND ADDRESSED TO A LITTLE GIRL IN ENGLAND.

IN the name of my boys, who are in the Wesleyan College and Seminary, Auckland, New-Zealand, I thank your dear brothers for their kindness. The watch-guard from yourself I shall prize, for J. F.'s sake, and may, on finding my way again into civilized society, wear it. It is about ten years since I had a watch in my pocket. You will, perhaps, think I am growing into a Feejean. It may amuse you to know how I measure time when away from my clock. I place the little finger edge of my left hand in a line with the horizon, and the width of my hand counts *one* hour. Placing my right hand on this gives *two* hours. Then, by moving my left hand, and placing it above my right, I count *three* hours. And then, if there is the space of three-fourths of

* "Second Missionary Visit," &c., by the Rev. Walter Lawry, p. 24.

my hand between the under edge of the sun's disk and my left hand, I say it wants a quarter of an hour to ten o'clock, A. M., and so on. Bear in mind, that our days are nearly uniform in length. We are not so precise in Feejee as to talk about *minutes*; that when we get railways.

The economy of the above plan needs no comment. And now I will tell you how a Bau Chief treated a clock, which he purchased from an American barque. He was delighted with his "god," as he called it, because it could speak of its own accord; but he quickly complained that it said so little at a time. He got an idea of the striking-wire, and so set his clock to work, nor let it rest, until it had struck entirely round, and rattled off seventy-eight strokes at a run. Its ability to do this silenced his complaints for a time, and, winding up his clock, he stretched him on his mat to sleep, and was *there* in a few seconds. By and by, he was aroused from his sleep, and found the cause was his clock striking the hour. He did not like the clock to do this when he was sleeping; but, taking a turn over, he slept again, and again he was disturbed. Awaking this time, without patience, he determined to punish the disturber of his rest. For a wonder he did not club it, but broke away the wire on which the hammer struck, and then watched to see how it would act. On seeing the hammer strike its strokes as though the musical wire retained its place, he was convulsed with laughter, and pronounced it a most stupid thing not to perceive the change that had been made.

The *Heathen Feejeean* is *stupidly* unthankful. I could furnish instances in illustration of this. Indeed, I think, human nature cannot sink lower than it is found in Feejee. The *New-Zealander* was a cannibal; but then he ate men, as school-boys eat golden-queens, as a holiday treat; but Feejee has its monsters who would, if they could, eat only their fellow-creatures. I used to feel a little comforted by their uniform testimony that we whites were not good eating; but latterly, I am sorry to find, they pronounce us very sweet. I hope they will keep their teeth out of Thomas Williams. Christian friends in England, *all of you, pray much for us.*



A LITTLE TALK ABOUT MISSIONS.

BETWEEN MAMMA, EMMA, AND MARY.

(Continued from page 54.)

Mamma.—But we are forgetting Captain Cook all this time. He sailed round part of the island of New-Zealand, touched at several places, and then returned to England. He says the country in many parts was well cultivated, and the plantations fenced in; that the people were a handsome race.

Mary.—How long ago was it that Captain Cook made this voyage?

Mamma.—Eighty-four years. Three years afterwards Captain Cook made another voyage to New-Zealand, in a ship called the "Resolution." After being one hundred and seventeen days at sea, without seeing land, they reached New-Zealand, and anchored at Dusky-Bay. When the ship neared the shore, Captain Cook perceived a man standing on the point of a rock, with a club in his hand, attended by two women, each bearing a spear. Instead of going on shore with a body of armed men, as he had done on his first visit, Captain Cook landed alone, threw towards the natives some trifling presents, went up to the man and embraced him, and thus at once dissipated his alarm. Presently some of the sailors from the boat and the two women joined them, and a friendly but not very intelligible conversation followed: one of the women talked so much, that a seaman remarked, that women did not want for tongue in any part of the world. They continued very friendly all the time Captain Cook remained. Before he left he laid out gardens, and stocked them with various seeds, planted potatoes, turnips, carrots, &c. There were no animals in New-Zealand, so he gave them some sheep, pigs, and goats; but unfortunately the sheep died the morning after they were landed, from eating some poisonous herb. During this visit Captain Cook says of the people, "Their behaviour to us was manly and mild: they have some arts among them which they execute with patience, and they are very honest among themselves."

Mary.—Then I dare say, if all the Europeans had been kind to the New-Zealanders, they would have been friendly in return.

Mamma.—Most probably they would; but the white people were not kind to them. It was more than thirty years after this

visit of Captain Cook before any English people went to live there; and during this time many deeds of cruelty and injustice had been done by the English to the natives, who revenged themselves for the injuries, by murdering the English when they could; the massacre of the crew of the "Boyd" was a sad instance of their revenge.

Emma.—Will you tell us about it, mamma?

Mamma.—The "Boyd" left Sydney for England with seventy persons on board, besides five New-Zealanders, whom the Captain promised to convey to their own country, as he was going to touch there on his way home. Among the New-Zealanders was one whom the sailors called George: he was the son of a Chief. During the voyage George refused to work, saying, he was the son of a Chief, and, besides, he was ill: the Captain paid no attention to what he said, but twice had him tied up and severely flogged. The Captain told him he did not believe he was a Chief; to which George merely remarked, that he would see that he was when he arrived in his own country: and so well did he disguise his revengeful feeling, that he persuaded the Captain to land at the place where his own tribe lived. On arriving, the crafty savage landed alone; and, after a short visit to some of his tribe, returned to the ship, and invited the Captain to come ashore. Three boats were accordingly manned, and the Captain landed his party, and proceeded with them towards a wood, which they had no sooner entered than they were attacked by the savages, and every one of them put to death. George and his friends then put on the clothes of the murdered men, went on board, and killed all on board, excepting five sailors, who got in the rigging, and a woman, two children, and a cabin-boy, whom George preserved because they had been kind to him. The five sailors were afterwards taken and murdered; the ship took fire, and burned to the water's edge. A short time afterward a Captain of a ship, hearing of the dreadful occurrence, at the risk of his life tried to rescue those people that George had carried on shore; he found all but the woman; the last he recovered was the little girl about three years old, who, when they asked her about her mother, looked very sad, drew her hand across her throat, and said the people had cut her up, and eat her like victuals. Now, who do you think were the brave people who would go and live with such savages as I have been telling you of, to try to civilize them and do them good?

Mary.—O, I can guess, mamma : it was the Missionaries.

Mamma.—You are right. Mr. Marsden, a Clergyman living at Sydney, saw many New-Zealanders there : he was kind to them, and they loved him in return. He wished to go to New-Zealand, that he might teach the natives how to be happy, and try and do them good ; but the Governor of New South Wales would not let him go : he said, he would be sure to be murdered, and his life was too valuable to be sacrificed.

Three Missionaries, with their families, were sent from England to go to New-Zealand ; but when they arrived at Sydney, they could not get a ship to take them there, so much were the Captains afraid of the natives. After waiting a long time, Mr. Marsden was obliged to buy a vessel, and the Missionaries sailed on their dangerous expedition ; their wives and little children were left behind at Sydney. The natives received them kindly, from the love they bore to Mr. Marsden. Finding they were so kindly received, the Missionaries returned to Sydney for their wives and children, whom they took back to New-Zealand. On this voyage Mr. Marsden accompanied them, taking with him horses, cattle, sheep, goats, cats, dogs, pigs, and poultry ; in fact, the ship was like a Noah's ark. When they landed in New-Zealand, the natives crowded round Mr. Marsden, with many expressions of affection. They watched with great interest the arrival of the boats with the cattle. On seeing the cows and horses, they were much surprised, not having seen any animals so large before ; but their astonishment was very great when Mr. Marsden mounted a horse, and rode up and down the beach. They had heard of horses, but did not think it was possible to ride upon them, because they had tried to ride upon their own pigs, and found them quite unmanageable : so they thought it was impossible to ride on larger animals. The Missionaries soon managed, with some planks and an old canoe, to make a place to preach in, and divine service was held for the first time in New-Zealand.

After this happy beginning things went on smoothly for a time. And now I must stop : the dangers and trials which the New-Zealand Missionaries afterwards endured make too long a story for me to tell.



THE CONVERTED NEGRO GIRL,

A STORY FROM SIERRA-LEONE.

HARRIET GAICH was born July 5th, 1834, of parents who are ignorant and superstitious. As they were both of the same tribe, they still cling to their country customs and idolatrous practices. Harriet was brought up in the same way, until Methodism went to York. In the year 1841, when she was about seven years of age, her mother brought her to the Mission-school. I admit her, and took her to the alphabet-class. Harriet soon learned her letters, and not very long time she began to read the Scriptures. Her mother bought her a Testament, and she admired it very much. In the revival of 1848, she joined the Methodist Society, of which Society she continued a faithful and consistent member until her death.

When she first joined class, I put these questions to her: "Harriet, why do you wish to join class?" "Because I am a sinner, Sir." "Are you a sinner?" "Yes, Sir." "Who died to save sinner?" "Jesus Christ." "And who is Jesus Christ?" "The Son of God." "Have you a wicked heart?" She made no reply. I must tell you that children and even grown-up persons here would never like to answer this question. It is a difficult job for them to own that their heart is wicked. I often heard many aged sinner, who has never been to the house of God, and who is quite a stranger to grace, would put their hands to their breast, and say, "Me no have bad heart; me no kill somebody; me no make *gres-gree* to poison anybody; me no witch any man," &c., &c.; "me heart clean:" until you reason with them, and make them to understand, that every man by nature has a wicked heart. I soon make Harriet to understand this by reading to her that passage, "The heart is deceitful and desperately wicked above all things." I told her that David prayed for a clean heart, and that she must not ashamed to own that her heart is wicked. She wept bitterly while I was speaking to her, and went home convinced of sin. Few weeks after, she obtain peace with God through Christ; and from that to the day of her death she was a steady and consistent member.

She learned many passages of Scripture by heart. One thing very remarkable in her moral deportment, she always ready to forgive injury, and she had a pleasing and smiling countenance, and so she is beloved by all who knew her, Teachers and school-mates. She was very regular in her attendance at the class-meetings, and other means of grace.

On Sunday, the 11th of May, Harriet attended class and Divine service for the last time. On Thursday, the 15th, she was taken with a dreadful fever, what is called here the "yellow fever," which soon terminate in death. No report of her sickness was brought to me until Monday, the 19th, when I was sent for to visit her. I found that they removed her to a neighbouring house. I went there, and saw poor Harriet in great pain; but was very happy. Her mother had gone to Sherbro five months before; her father, an old soldier, was quite infirm, not able to take care of her; so this good, pious woman removed her to her house, where she can be able to attend her better. The Lord has provided for her! As soon as I entered the room, she heard my voice, she said, "Master, you come?" I said, "Yes, Harriet; and how do you do?" "Am very sick, Sir." "Are you praying?" "Yes, I praying, Sir." "Do you believe the Lord loves you in sending this affliction to you?" "Yes, He loved me." "Do you love Him?" "Yes, I do." "Are you afraid to die?" "No, Sir." The pain increasing, I could say no more to her but, "Shall I pray for you?" "If you please, Sir." Her Leader, and some of her young friends who were present, engaged in prayer, and at every petition she answered, "Amen." I took my leave of her that evening, because I shall have to leave York the next morning early. I commend her to God by fervent prayer.

On Saturday, the 24th, I received a painful intelligence of Harriet's death, which took place on the day previous. The Lord took the beat to Himself. He removed her "from the suffering church below to the reigning church above."

When I returned home on Monday, I went to see the old man. I found him very low-spirited, and could not be comforted. What a pity when a man has no religion! He died on the following Thursday broken-hearted. I gathered a little information of Harriet's death from her Leader and nurse. On Thursday, when the sickness grew worse, her father and friends wished to take her to the bush, where they make country fashion, to make sacrifice to their Heathen god, and they wanted the country-fashion man to find out the cause of Harriet's sickness. There is a small village just over the other side of the whole river, called here by the natives, *Ma-my-ny* river. They said, if they should take her there, she will soon recover. Some of the natives worship this river; but Harriet, who knew better than they, refused to go. She said, she had rather died and go to Jesus than to a

country-fashion man. On Thursday, she took her Bible, and read portions of Scripture. She then closed her Bible, and said to her nurse, "I took no more medicine; to-morrow, please God, I shall get better." Early on Friday morning, she wished to be removed home to her father's house; but the nurse refused. She said, "To-morrow, about this time, my body shall be in the grave." About four P.M. she said, "My Lord come. Nurse, do you see Him?" Nurse said, "No." She said, "Let us pray." They knelt down, and prayed. After prayer, she repeated passages of Scripture, and then turn to the nurse and her husband, and said, "God shall reward you for your kindness, although my mother is not here, and I shall not see her face again; but I am now going to Christ, and to a better Father." The last word she uttered was, "Amen;" two minutes after, she fell asleep in Jesus.

On Saturday, May 24th, her remains was taking to the Brunswick chapel, and from thence to the burial-ground: about three hundred children followed, besides adults. The children made great lamentation and weeping over her coffin in the grave-yard. She was much beloved by all. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

George H. Decker.

CASTING INTO THE LORD'S TREASURY.

"JESUS sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury." (Mark xii. 41.)

JESUS unseen, but who all hearts can see,
Still sits and overlooks the treasury.
Cast in your offerings, where His cause invites,—
Ye rich, your talents, and, ye poor, your mites.
Render to God the things that are His due,
He gave *His Son*, who gave *Himself*, for *You*.

James Montgomery.

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PATO, A KAFFIR CHIEF.

THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

JULY, 1852.



THE KAFFIR TRIBES.

No. I.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE CHIEF PATO.

SOME of our readers have no doubt heard of the terrible war which has been raging in South Africa for upwards of a year, and perhaps they would like to hear of the tribes who have been engaged in it,— who and what they are. We will tell them; for though a great deal has been written about the Kaffirs in the “Juvenile Offering,” yet there are many other things that are interesting; and we hope that what we have now to state will awaken in the minds of our little readers sincere pity for these Heathen tribes, and will lead them to pray more earnestly that they may soon be truly converted and saved.

Now here is a portrait of one of the Kaffir Chiefs. His name is Pato. You see he is dressed in European clothing; for, though he is still a Heathen, he is fond of being dressed in this way sometimes, and is not a little proud of his appearance. This Chief is the brother of Kama, another Chief, whose portrait will be given to our readers in a future Number. But whilst Kama is a Christian, Pato is not. How is this? They have both had Missionaries; they have both attended the house of God; they have both listened to the glad tidings of the Gospel. But it is in Africa, as it is in England, that sometimes one member of a family will accept of Christ, and another will reject Him; one will receive the truth, another despise it. How sad that it should be so! How sad that members of the same family should thus be opposed to one another! But though Pato is not a Christian, he is, we believe, convinced that Christianity is true, and has often felt great distress of mind on account of his sins; so that there is still hope that he may one day become, like his brother Kama, a humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. Besides this, we are glad to say that Pato has not been engaged, during this war,

THE KAFFIR TRIBES.

in fighting against the Colonists, but has been a very faithful friend and ally of the Governor, Sir Harry Smith, and of the British troops. In the war of 1846, he was induced to take up arms against us; and many of his people stole large numbers of cattle from the colony, and were, in other ways, exceedingly mischievous and wicked; but when the present war broke out, Pato resolved to "sit still," as the Kaffirs say; and when some other Chiefs sent messengers to him, requesting him to join them in the war, he said, "No; the *Ama-Englise*" (the English) "are my friends, and I will not fight against them any more."

After the last war, Pato had assigned to him a tract of country on the coast of Kaffraria, to which the name of Bedfordshire was given. Here he and his people have since resided; and during this war they have been usefully employed in protecting the mouth of the Buffalo river, where many of the troops have landed which have been sent from England. Near to this spot is the Wesleyville Station,—the first Wesleyan Station ever established in Kaffraria, and the place where Pato first heard the Gospel from the lips of a Christian Missionary. Had all the Chiefs acted as Pato has done, this war would not have taken place. After the war of 1846, Sir Harry Smith met all the Chiefs of Kaffirland, and asked them whether they would have peace or war; and they all said, "Peace."

Sandilla said: "I thank you for my life; and I thank you, not for myself alone, but for your children also," (the Kaffirs,) "whose lives, in saving my life, you have also spared. I and my people are your soldiers." But Sandilla was treacherous, and soon after this began to meditate war.

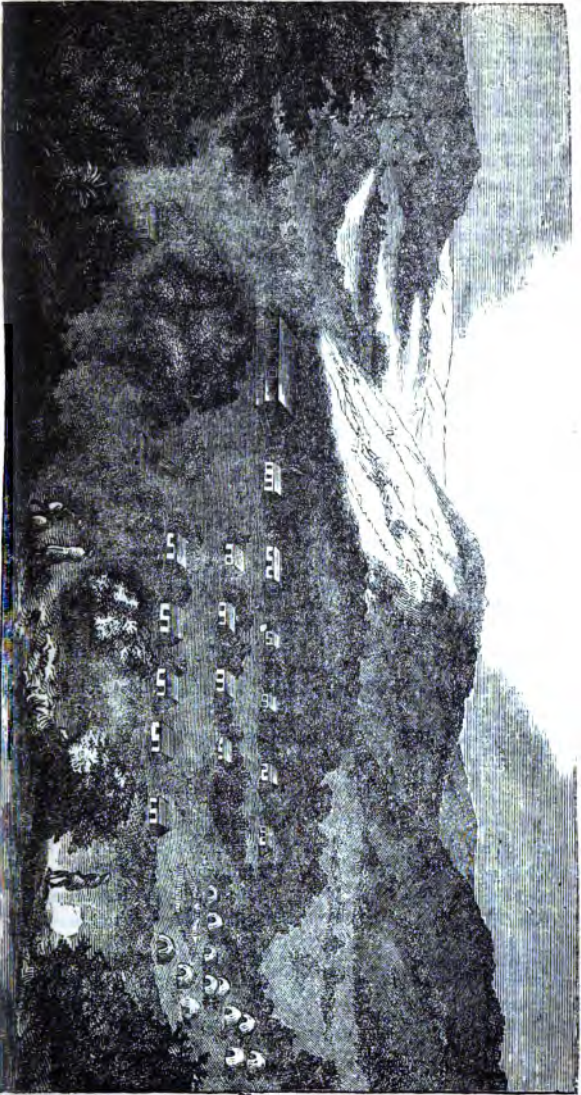
Umhala said: "We thank you for bringing us out of the rocks, bushes, and holes." But Umhala joined in the war.

Seyolo said: "I thank you much. I thank because you are here I never expected to be so blessed as I am to-day." But Seyolo, also, again took up arms against the Governor.

Pato said: "I thank you; I thank you, Chief. To-day you have taken me from among the monkeys. To-day we may come and sit in the sun. I thank you greatly. I could live before under you. There was nothing wrong under you. To-day I thank you because I can walk outside. When we churn, we can now save all our butter." Pato proved sincere, and did not join the other Chiefs in war.

These remarks are introduced to show you something of the mode of speaking adopted by the Kaffirs; but more particularly to illustrate the character of the Chief of whom we are now writing. What

MISSION PREMISES, WESLEYVILLE, KAFFRARIA.



a happy thing it would be for him if he were a Christian ! Will you not pray that he may soon become one ? He knows the truth, he has heard of Jesus Christ, and he believes that the Missionaries and the English are his friends. O that he may become a follower of Him who came to save the Kaffir tribes, as well as Europeans, and who would have all men, everywhere, made happy in the enjoyment of His love ! The writer has often seen Pato, and sometimes preached to him ; and he would be very glad indeed if all the readers of the " Offering " would pray for his conversion. And who can tell but that prayer may prevail ? Pato resides in a country six thousand miles distant from our shores ; but our God, the God of this country, is the God of that also ; and whilst we are praying here, He can answer there,—can subdue the proudest spirit, melt the hardest heart, and break the most rebellious will. The Kaffirs sometimes sing a very pretty hymn on the Sabbath, which, together with a translation, we shall here introduce ; and we hope the prayer that it contains will be answered on behalf of thousands of those tribes, the great majority of whom are still in Heathen darkness, misery, and guilt.

HYMN FOR THE SABBATH.

<i>Kaffir.</i>	<i>Translation.</i>
<i>Yicawa wamhla, Nkosi yam, Iyimmini yako, Bayavuy' abantu bako Ngalemmini yako.</i>	This is the day of rest, O Lord, This is Thy holy day ; Thy people shall in Thee rejoice, And sing, and praise, and pray.
<i>Wapuma wamhla, Nkosi yam, Encwabeni lako : Kufile ukufa wamhla Ngokuwuka kwako.</i>	This day Thou didst come forth, O Lord, Out of the silent grave ; Death is destroy'd by Him who died, And lives, our souls to save.
<i>Urukile wena, Yeru Nhloko yamakohoa Sakuvuka wati sonke Tiwa bakolwayo.</i>	Thou hast arisen, Lord, the Head Of all who trust in Thee ; And we shall all at last arise, Thy glorious face to see.
<i>Malivieve izwi lako, Ngabaninzi wamhla Mabavuruswe ekufeni, Bube wawe wamhla.</i>	O let Thy gracious word be taught To many, Lord, this day ; And let them from the grave of sin Arise, and learn Thy way.

*Sibulela wena wena,
Kulendhluwana yako!
Sinezniito sonke tina
Ngokuvuka tina.*

We thank Thee, in Thy house, O
Lord,
That, through Thy victory,
We all things have; the word of
grace
From sin and hell set free.

The translation is not quite literal, but conveys the general sentiments of the hymn.



TROPHIES FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

MOST of our dear little readers know what trophies mean. They have read about the Grecian and Roman heroes, about their battles and their victories, and the great honours conferred on them, when they returned from the scenes of destruction: how their triumph was celebrated, and the spoils they had taken from their enemies were exhibited, in public procession, as trophies of their conquests. God grant, dear children, that such battles and such victories may soon be for ever forgotten; when the Prince of Peace shall reign over every land, and men shall learn war no more. But there is an army to which we may safely wish good speed. The soldiers in that army have no guns, or bayonets, or cannons, or bomb-shells, or steel swords; their King sends them forth, "not to destroy men's lives, but to save them." Love is their watchword, Faith is their shield, the Bible their sword, and the strength of Jehovah their fortification. They have carried their mighty weapons into many lands, and, wherever they have gone, victory has attended them, and they too have brought or sent home trophies from the battle-field; not gold, or silver, or banners, or crowns, or sceptres, or "garments rolled in blood," but idols which have been "cast to the moles and to the bats;" spears and shields which have been laid at Immanuel's feet; and, above all, Kings and Chiefs, free and bond, rich and poor, who once were savage, ferocious, and vile, but who have been "washed, and made white, in the blood of the Lamb," and come, bound with chains of love, to present themselves as willing captives to King Jesus. One of these living trophies appeared in the first Number of our present year's "Juvenile Offering;" and surely no little heart could think of what King George Tabou was, and of what he is, without singing with all their might,

"O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!"

I doubt not, many of you love King George in your heart of hearts, and would gladly go, if you could, to the Friendly Islands, to tell him so. Dear children, give your hearts to Jesus, trust in that Saviour who made King George what he is, and then, when you die, you shall join with him, and thousands more who have been won from the enemies' camp in the Mission field, in singing "glory to God and the Lamb." One precious soul would be worth all the labour and life bestowed on the Missionary work; but, blessed be God, there have been thousands turned from darkness to light, many of whom will never be heard of till the day of judgment. I was thinking of one just now. She was a poor old sick slave in one of the West-Indian Islands: her owner had given her a poor hovel to live in, and there she lay on her mean bed, unable to help herself, subsisting on what her neighbours brought her, and dependent on them for attendance. Poor Maimie! One would have thought she was a pitiable object; but Maimie did not think so. She was so happy, that her Christian sisters said it was a treat to visit her. She loved Jesus, she had obeyed Him in health, she now trusted and praised Him in sickness; and His "Father loved her, and they came and made their abode with her:" yes; that poor hut was a temple of the King of kings. One Sabbath evening many had gone in to see her, as they passed from chapel, to tell her something good, and Maimie was more joyful than usual. She spoke of the love of Jesus to a poor "Nigger." She said, "Maimie soon see Him, soon be wid Him for eber an eber. O joy, joy! no more pain dare, no more long, long night, no more hunger. O what me do for praise Him? Glory, glory!" Early next morning she was seen outside her door. With a desperate effort she had crawled out, and, raising herself by the door-post, she waved her withered hand over her head, and shouted,

"I'se boun for de kingdom:
Will ye go to glory wid me?"

Before any one could get to her she was dead. She had praised her Maker while she had breath, and no doubt, ere her poor old clay had been again laid upon her comfortless bed, her spirit had resumed the blissful employment, and stood before the throne, a trophy of the Saviour's triumph over ignorance, degradation, and sin.

April 5th, 1852.

Margaret.



GIRLS' SCHOOL AT NEGAPATAM.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—As I know that many of you feel deeply interested in Missions, I have sometimes thought that you would like to see my little Tamul school in Negapatam. You live at too great a distance ever to favour us with a call, unless you should become Missionaries, or come out to this country in any other capacity ; so I will try to give you such a description of it as may, in some measure, supply the place of a visit.

For some time in the early part of this year, we had only a small number of children, and felt very much grieved and discouraged ; for the people of this country are not like your kind parents in England, who are anxious that their daughters should be taught every thing that is likely to be useful to them in future life. You may perhaps have heard that the Hindoos have always had a great objection to the education of females, and have thought that, if they were taught to read and write, they would become proud, and disobedient to their parents and husbands. This, you know, my dear children, is a very foolish idea ; for what can be more likely to promote real goodness, and amiability of character, than supplying them with the means of discovering what is their duty to God and to their fellow-creatures, and what are the motives which should lead to its performance ? Through the influence of Christians, many of the people are becoming wiser ; and we hope that they will, by and by, be not only willing, but anxious, that their daughters should be educated.

We have now between thirty and forty girls, about thirty of whom are generally present, whilst the remainder are sick, or absent from other causes ; and they form a very interesting little school, I assure you. I wish you could have been with me the other morning. We had thirty-one girls present. I spend a part of every day with them, and sometimes hear all the classes read myself ; at other times I sit by and attend, while they read to the Teacher. On the morning referred to, I adopted the latter plan. Having placed my chair so that I could see them all, I requested Mrs. Ambrose to proceed. Eight or nine of the girls then took their books, and the first read a verse of the New Testament in Tamul. Mrs. Ambrose then asked her the meaning of some words, and explained what she did not understand. The second girl then read the next verse, and so on in rotation, until the whole of the portion of Scripture, selected for the morning's lesson, had

been read. Mrs. Ambrose then questioned them on what they had read, explaining and enforcing it by familiar illustrations and remarks. During this part of the exercise, you would have been delighted had you seen their little bronze faces, lit up with intelligence, while, with their eyes fixed on the Teacher, their frequent response, *Aam*, "Yes," with a significant nod of the head, meaning, "I understand," showed the interest they felt in the lesson. Some of the other girls, who do not belong to the class, will sometimes steal into the circle, and pay the greatest attention to the instructions given. This I rather encourage than otherwise, because our great object in teaching is to impart scriptural knowledge. Every thing else is of little value compared with this. I seldom feel more happy than when surrounded by a number of these dear children, and feel that such a scene as I am now attempting to describe amply compensates me for leaving my beloved friends and country. I trust that some of you may become Missionaries to the Heathen, and mention this to encourage you.

The next exercise is spelling, in which the girls generally acquit themselves well. After this four or five of them, who are learning English, read to me, while some others read their lesson of simple words to Mrs. Ambrose.

The next class consists of about a dozen girls, who have not been long in the school, and are learning their alphabet, for there are many more letters in the Tamul alphabet than in the English. There are, I believe, in all two hundred and forty-seven. We have some tolerably big girls; but the greater part of them are small, from five to ten years of age. The females in this country are usually married when young; and those who are not so, are generally taken home to assist their parents as soon as they are capable of being useful. We are anxious to teach them all we can while they are with us; and hope that what they learn of the true God may, at some future time, lead them to forsake dumb idols, and seek an interest in the Saviour. After all their lessons are finished, they stand in order, and I call over their names, inquire after the absent ones, &c. By this time it is twelve o'clock: they then sing, usually a pretty piece of poetry, entitled, "Heaven is my home," translated into Tamul for their use by Mr. Pinkney; after which they repeat the Lord's Prayer, and sometimes a part of the Catechism, and then are dismissed. They re-assemble at two P.M., and spend the afternoon in needlework. Some of them are able to work very neatly, thou

they have not been in the school very long. We have not more than two girls who have attended two years. In the afternoon, at five o'clock, they are dismissed with singing and prayer. I ought to have told you, that the duties of the day are always entered upon by singing a hymn, reading the Scriptures, and prayer.

I must now draw my letter to a close, as I fear I shall exhaust your patience. Allow me first to tell you, that I have, by special effort, been enabled to purchase for the children each two suits of clothing; so every Sabbath morning they come to me for their clean clothes, and, after being dressed, their Teacher accompanies them to chapel, where they listen with considerable attention to a Tamul sermon; indeed, some of them would shame many of the Sabbath-school children whom I have had under my care in England. Our supplying them with clothes has cost me considerable labour and expense; but we have the comfort of seeing them at chapel and at school neat and clean, an object we cannot otherwise secure. Many of the children are poor, and those who are not are very careless of their personal appearance; so that they used often to present rather a disgusting spectacle. We are anxious not only to teach them, but to raise their moral character; and also to train them to habits of cleanliness and industry, as these are qualities in which the native females are exceedingly deficient. Very few of them in this neighbourhood, except those who have been taught in Mission-schools, are able either to read, write, or sew; consequently, much of their time must be left unoccupied, or ill-employed; for

“Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do.”

I must now beg of you, my dear young friends, not to forget us in this Heathen land. We have many difficulties and prejudices to contend with, and we need much both your contributions and your prayers. We know that without the blessing of God, your liberality, and our efforts, must be in vain. We earnestly entreat you, then, to join with us in praying that the Holy Spirit may so apply the truth to the hearts of these dear little Hindoo girls, that they may be brought to embrace “the salvation which is in Christ Jesus,” and be placed, with yourselves, amongst the Saviour’s chosen ones in the great day of accounts.

Negapatam, October 8th, 1851.

Rachel Pinkney.

YOUR MARCHING ORDERS.

“THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—The gallant Duke lately met a young Clergyman, who, being aware of His Grace’s former residence in the East, and his familiarity with the ignorance and obstinacy of the Hindoos in support of their false religion, gravely proposed the following question: ‘Does not your Grace think it almost useless and extravagant to preach the Gospel to the Hindoos?’ The Duke immediately rejoined, ‘Look, Sir, to your marching orders,—*Preach the Gospel to every creature.*’”

SOLDIERS of Christ, march forth,
The order is to all;
Go east, west, south, and north,
Obey your Prince’s call;
Go into all the world, and preach
The Gospel news to all, to each.

Thousands have gone before,
But vast is still the field;
New regions seek, explore,
Win, die, but never yield
Till every soul has own’d your King,
Till every tongue His praises sing.

Go hunt the rebels out,
Through forest, cave, and glen,
With footmen, horsemen, scout;
Leave no neglected den;
Carry your arms to every port,
Your standard plant on every fort.

Go not with fire and sword,
To scatter and destroy;
Arm’d only with God’s word,
Go publish peace and joy.
And, lo, I am, and still will be,
Your strength, shield, wisdom, victory.

April, 1852.

Margaret.



THE JEWISH TALMUD.

MY DEAR YOUNG CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—The insertion in your interesting periodical for August, 1850, of my first letter to the youthful friends of Israel, with the promise, in the margin, that I would tell you what the *Talmud* is, binds me to give you a brief account of the origin and character of that voluminous work.

The Jews believe that God gave unto Moses, during the forty days he was on Mount Sinai, a complete interpretation and explanation of the Pentateuch, not intended to be committed to writing, but to be orally transmitted from one generation to the other. As, however, the Rabbis, after the destruction of Jerusalem, saw that learning was on the decline among the remnant of Israel, they committed to writing all the traditions, or Oral Law, as they would call it, first in the *Mishna*, and after it in the *Gemaras*.

It was about the beginning of the third century of the Christian era, that Rabbi Jehuda Hanasi, also called Rabbenu Hakoah, "our Holy Master," who was President of the Supreme Court of Judicature, and Rector of the principal College the Jews of Judea had, at Tiberias, compiled a work in six series, consisting of sixty-one treatises, containing the traditions of the Fathers,—"the decisions and sayings of the wise men," as the Jews say, "from the days of Moses unto his own." This work is called the *Mishna*, and contains an explication of all the commandments of the Law—the Pentateuch—gathered from the opinions, as it is supposed, of some hundred and seventy Rabbis. The Jews regard the *Mishna* as of equal authority with the precious word of God.

At the beginning of the fourth century, Rabbi Jochanan, a disciple of Rabbi Jehuda, who also was Rector of the College at Tiberias, wrote a Commentary on the *Mishna*, aided by the opinions of above two hundred learned men. This work is called *Gemara*, and, together with its text, the *Mishna*, is known as the *Talmud Jerushalmy*, "of Jerusalem," inasmuch as it was composed in Palestine,—the Holy Land of Israel.

Rabins and Rab Ashe, at the beginning of the sixth century, compiled another *Gemara* from the opinions of nearly one thousand three hundred of the wise men of Israel, embodying into it the various works written by the Mishnaic Doctors. This huge work, which is published in twelve large folios, containing sixty-

one treatise, is known as the *Talmud Babby*, "of Babylon;" and when the Jews speak of *the Talmud*, they mean this, and not the one compiled in Palestine. There are, therefore, *two Talmuds*, each consisting of a *Gemara*, and their *common text*, the *Mishna*. Thus far about the *origin* of the *Talmud*.

As to its character, I may say that, while there are many good things in it, yet the amount of errors and human inventions is so great, that were we to clear it from all its rubbish and corrupt explanations of the sacred word, it would be reduced to less than a twentieth part of what it now is. It is the *Talmud* which makes the word of God of none effect, that prevents my Jewish brethren from seeing in the Lord Jesus the promised Messiah of God.

Let me, therefore, entreat you to pray to our God and Saviour, to remove the veil from upon their eyes, that they may see the errors of their way, and by faith behold the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

With Christian love toward you, and wishing you every blessing from God our Father,

I remain, dear young friends,

Your brother and servant in Jesus,

Gibraltar.

A. BEN OLIEL.

HINDOO PROVERBS.

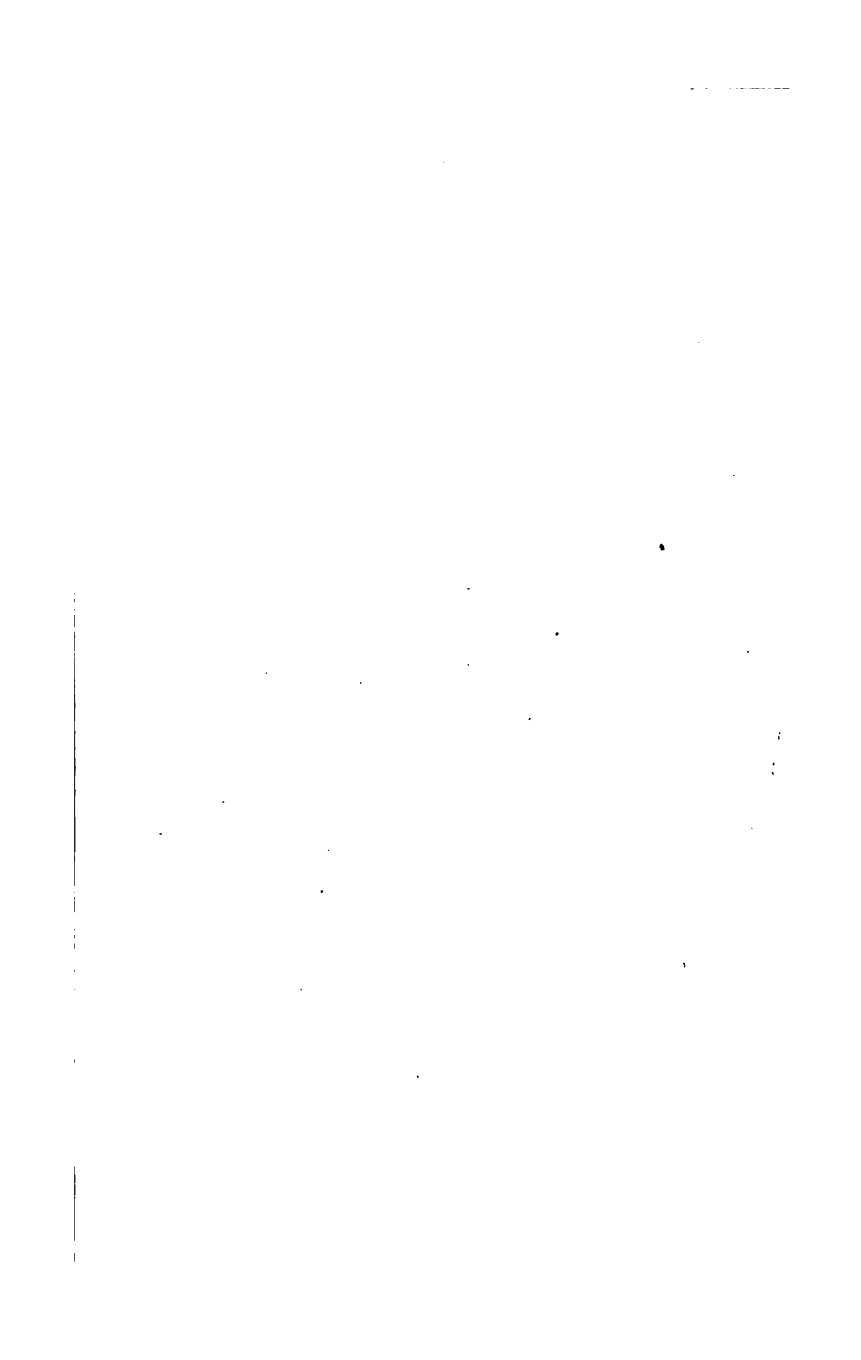
IN a time of adversity a man finds out what he could not learn in prosperity: namely, who are his friends, and who his enemies.

A herdsman, with the staff in his hand, guides and protects his cattle; and will not God, with the staff of correction, guide and protect mankind?

A bad man reaps infamy as the harvest of his life; but a virtuous man reaps honour and glory.

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WIDOW BURNING IN INDIA.

THE

WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

AUGUST, 1852.

WIDOW-BURNING IN INDIA.

IN the "Juvenile Offering" for March, I gave my young friends an account of the cruel way in which some Hindoo mothers treat their little daughters; I am now about to state how the poor Hindoo widows are sometimes treated. If you look at the accompanying picture, you will see two people in a fire: the one with his head on a little pillow of sticks is the dead corpse of a man, which the Hindoo people are about to burn: for it is their custom to burn the bodies of the dead, as it is ours in this country to bury them. This is all very well. But there is another figure by the side of the dead body, lifting up her hand. That woman is the widow of the dead man by her side, and they are going to burn her alive with the body of her dead husband. You see some men are lighting the pile, which is composed of wood, straw, dried cow-dung, and other combustible materials, mixed with liquid butter, resin, &c. The men with swords are cutting the ropes which tie the roof of sticks, straw, &c., to the four corner-posts. When this falls upon her, the whole will soon be in a flame, and both the bodies be burned to ashes. The wicked Hindoo Priests told the widow that if she would consent to be burned alive with the corpse of her husband, she would thereby procure a high degree of happiness in a future state, not only for herself, but for her husband, too, besides many advantages for all her relations. As she knew nothing of the way of salvation by Jesus Christ, she thought that what the Brahmins told her was true, and consented to be burned. When the poor widow had once given her consent, the Hindoo Priests gave her intoxicating things to keep up her spirits, and in every way did all they could to prevent her changing her mind. At the appointed time and place a very great crowd of people assembled; her mother, her sister, and her little child not twelve months old, were all present; but she remained firm to her purpose. By the help of the Brahmins she ascended the funeral pile, and lay down by the side of the corpse; the torches having been applied, the

flames arose on every side; and the ropes being cut which tied the roof to the upright posts, it fell upon her, and prevented all possibility of escape. Her sufferings must have been very great. The Missionary who was present thought he heard the dreadful screams of the dying woman above the rough music and the horrid shouting of those who took part in the sinful sacrifice; but he might be mistaken. The severe pain the sufferers feel, has driven many to try and escape out of the fire. I know of a case in which the widow did escape once, was put into the fire again by her relations, but escaped a second time, and ran into an adjoining river. Some persons belonging to her house here tried to drown her; but she was rescued by an English gentleman who happened to be present. He sent her to the hospital; but, after lingering in extreme pain for about twenty hours, she died. In some cases heavy pieces of wood are placed upon the poor widow, to prevent her escaping; and in others she is held down by large bamboos. All this is done under the name of religion. Formerly there were hundreds of widows thus burned every year in British India; but now this is not allowed in any part where the English have supreme authority. There are, however, still many other places where this custom prevails. An instance of a widow being murdered and then burned with her husband, happened lately at Lombok, one of the eastern islands near Java. An account of it appears on the cover of our "Missionary Notices" for March.

All these accounts go to prove the power of Satan's kingdom in places where the Gospel is not known. Equal cruelties, though not exactly of the same kind, were practised in England before the Gospel was introduced. What the truth has done for us, it can do for all other nations. Let us all try to give them the full benefit of it. Every little subscriber or collector who brings as much into the Mission-fund daily as will buy a Catechism for a little Hindoo boy or girl, will do what is pleasing in the sight of God, and what will help to destroy the dreadful evils above described.

A Missionary.



THE KAFFIR TRIBES.

No. II.

THE people called Kaffirs consist of a great number of tribes, distinguished by different names, which they have received, for the most part, from the earliest Chiefs of whom any thing is known. Their

history, however, does not extend very far back into the past; for, being unacquainted with the art of writing, they have no records of former times, and all that they know of their ancestors is merely from tradition. We can trace the history of the Kings of England back to a very early period of time; for though the art of printing was not known for several centuries, the art of writing was, and records were made, in one way or another, of the principal events connected with our country. But the Kaffirs are a wild and barbarous people, and knew nothing of writing, or of books, until Christian Missionaries went amongst them; so that they know very little of their origin beyond mere conjecture.

But one of the Wesleyan Missionaries, the Rev. Henry H. Dugmore, has collected a good deal of information about these tribes, and we will try to give you the benefit of his discoveries in as simple a way as we can. You will not be able to learn much about the Kaffirs from books on History or Geography, because, hitherto, very little has been known respecting them; but we will present you with a few lessons on the subject, so that when you are looking at a map of Africa, you may know something of the people that live on the South-Eastern coast, and of whom there is so much talk at present, in consequence of the Kaffir war.

Well, the name Kaffir is not the national name of this people. That name signifies infidel, and the people do not like it. Their national names are, the Amaxosa, the Amatambu, and the Amampondo. These are the names of the principal divisions of the tribes that inhabit the country from what is called the Keiskamma river to the Umzimvooboo, both which rivers you will find marked on the map.

The Amaxosa tribes are those with whom we are at war, and of these we shall therefore speak first. The great Chief from whom they took their name, is said to have been called Xosa, and to have lived about three hundred years ago. His successors were Tshawe, Ncwane, Sikomo, Togu, and Gconde. From these, and their successors, have sprung the following branches of the Amaxosa race.

1. The *Anaggunukwebi*. They are the descendants of a man called Kwane, who did not originally belong to the royal family, but who was constituted a Chief by Tshiwo, the successor of Gconde, because, instead of putting the people to death who had been charged with the crime of witchcraft, he spared their lives, and permitted them to escape into a mountainous region near the Orange River. He had carried on this practice for some time, and at length, an

opportunity presenting itself, he assembled all that he had spared, now a considerable band, and went to the Chief, told him what he had done, and asked him if this was not much better than putting so many people to death. The Chief acknowledged that it was, and from that time Kwane was appointed to the chieftaincy of the people he had saved. This is the tribe to which Pato and Kama belong, who, together with another Chief, called Kobus, now divide the government between them. It exceeds in numbers many other tribes which consider themselves as in other respects superior, and perhaps there is no one tribe among whom Christianity has effected greater triumphs. It has been long under the care of the Wesleyan-Missionary Society, and some of the most gratifying results have followed from the establishment of the Mission amongst this people. We cannot do better than insert the account of the Rev. William Shaw's first entrance among these people in the year 1823. Writing from Wesleyville, December, 1823, to the Missionary Committee, Mr. Shaw said :—

“ I avail myself of the present opportunity, to inform you of our removal from Albany, and safe arrival at the new Station in Kaffirland. We were received by Pato and his brothers, Conga and Kama, with a great number of their people, as though we had been making a triumphal entry. All was bustle ; and, as is usual where many wild, untutored people are assembled together, all was noise and clamour. Every thing about us was wonderful, and excited the greatest astonishment,—our waggons, our wives, our children,—all were examined with attention, and appeared to make the spectators wonderfully loquacious. Our waggons were drawn up under the shade of one of the beautiful yellow-wood trees, that grow along the side of the river. Here we unyoked the oxen, pitched our tent, and praised God for having brought us in safety to the place where we would be.

“ The next day Pato and his brothers, with a number of their Council and inferior Captains, assembled ; a variety of subjects were discussed, connected with my intentions and proposed mode of procedure, &c., and all appeared well pleased. They said some flattering things, in the true Indian style, which I should not repeat here, only that it may help to give you an idea of some parts of their character. Among other things, the Chiefs said, from henceforth I should be their father, and they would make of me, as the interpreter rendered it, a *bescherm bosch*, that is, ‘ a bush of defence from wind and rain,’ meaning, I should be their defence in an evil day. These

expressions, beyond doubt, resulted from sincere and honest feelings ; but they could not avoid tinging them with the flattery and adulation usually employed, when addressing a Chief or Headman."

Such were the circumstances connected with the commencement of the Mission. It was a bright day for Kaffraria ; nor has its influence been transient, but has gradually increased from that time to this. Many of these dark and wretched people have received the truth, been made partakers of God's favour, and are walking in the path to heaven. Let us thank God that He ever sent the Christian Missionary amongst them.



THE DEATH OF LITTLE RICHARD,

AN INDIAN BOY OF RICE-LAKE, CANADA.

" A CHILD hath gone to heaven,
Gone from a distant land ;
His fears all hush'd, his sins forgiven,
Before the throne to stand."

LITTLE Richard was not five years old when he died. His mother was a good woman, a Christian, and taught her children to fear and love God. From his earliest infancy Richard was remarkable for his good behaviour ; nor did he like to see his brothers behaving badly. He would tell his mother when they did any thing wrong, not because he wished to be a tale-bearer, or because he derived any pleasure from seeing them chastised ; for he would always intercede in their behalf, to prevent their being punished.

He was remarkably fond of attending the public worship of God, and would always take an interest in the services of the sanctuary. While in the chapel he would be grave and devotional, paying the greatest attention to the truths which were delivered, and he was greatly pained if he saw children playing in time of worship, or if the services would be interrupted by the crying of children, or any other cause, indicating a degree of thoughtfulness far above his years.

From an early age he was fond of prayer, and would frequently say to his mother, after breakfast, if from any cause family-prayer had been neglected, " Come, mother, let us have prayer ; we want to go to play ; but we must have prayer first.:" so that,

while Richard was in the way, there was no danger that this important duty would be forgotten.

On one occasion his mother had gone from home for a few days, and had left him in charge of his grandmother. During her absence he, by some means, got both his feet burnt, and, on her return, he seemed quite delighted, and said, "Now, mother, I am glad you are come home." When they got to their own house, he said to her, "Mother, I am afraid God will not bless me," by which he meant that he should not recover; and this was really the case, for, almost immediately after, he took the whooping-cough, which was the cause of his death.

During his illness he was remarkably patient and resigned. When the Doctor came to see him, he said to him, with a smile, "Perhaps I may get better, and perhaps I may not." This was just two days before his death. The same night, while his mother was sitting up with him, he said to her, "Well, mother, I suppose I must leave you." She asked him where he was going. "O," said he, "to a great pretty place. There are a great many Indian children going, and I must go with them." His mother was weeping, and asked him again where he was going; and he said, "O mother! you must not weep; I am going to see Jesus, to a great pretty place, and I shall see you again." On the following morning he asked to see his grandmother, and she was accordingly sent for, as it was now apparent that his end was approaching; she immediately came, with several other of his relatives. In the evening, when they were surrounding his bed, he shook hands with them all; they were weeping at the time. He asked them why they were weeping. They answered, "Because you are so sick." "O," said he, "I am not sick; but I am going to leave you." After some time, his aunt rose up to go. He took her by the hand, and held her for some time, saying, "Good bye, aunt Polly; good bye. You said you were going home; so am I." She asked him where he was going to. He answered, "I am going home to Jesus."

Until this time he had conversed with his friends in the Indian language; but the last words were spoken in very good English; in which language he continued to converse, with few exceptions, until his death, to the great surprise of his friends.

His aunt then asked him *when* he should go away. He said, "As soon as the first cock crows in the morning." After supper, he asked his mother if they were not going to pray, at the same

time saying, "But let pa pray." His father, however, requested one of the others to do so, and his grandmother engaged in prayer, with which he was greatly delighted. He then called his father, mother, brothers, and sisters, and all his relations, by name, and earnestly exhorted them to pray. He said, "Pray now; you will get a blessing: pray now, pa, pray now!" His father said, "Yes; by and by." "No," said he, "pray now; father, mother, Jacob, Charley, sister, Job, pray now! But Job, he is going with me." His mother said, "Job must not go now; I cannot part with him." "But," said he, "you will have Jacob and Charley."

It now became painfully apparent that the life of this interesting child was drawing to a close. His parents, especially his mother, could scarcely give up their darling to the ruthless hand of death. But death is no respecter of persons. The *young*, as well as the *old*, must submit to the grim monster. But it had no terrors for Richard. During the greater part of his illness, as we have seen, he only contemplated it as a pleasant journey to his *heavenly home*. Its sting was already taken away. And, during the few remaining hours of his earthly life, he was more than ordinarily cheered with the glorious prospects before him. He, about this time, told his parents that he heard pleasant and happy sounds; and then, looking and pointing upwards, said, "It will not be long now before I go; for I see a great, pretty person, and he is come to take me away. Mother," said he, "do not cry for me, you will see me again; only pray to God all the time." He then wished to drink, and his mother gave him some tea. "O," said he, "what good tea! but this is nothing to what I shall soon have; I shall get better drink where I am going." He then said, in Indian, *Yeao, yeao*; (which means, "always sick," or "in pain;") "but when I get there, I shall not be sick any more." He then asked his mother for some pie: she had none to give him, which troubled her. He said, "Never mind, mother; there is a plenty where I am going." He then ate a small piece of cake, and took some drink, and said, "That will do." He then said to his great-aunt, "Good bye; I am going now; farewell." He then called all the members of his family together the second time, and shook hands with them, and proceeded to take a last farewell of them; almost immediately after, while calling his mother by her name, he expired, without a sigh or groan, in the fifth year of his age, just as the first cock crew in the morning.

It is a *remarkable fact*, that not less than fourteen Indian children died within a very short time of Richard; and Job, his brother, was one of them.

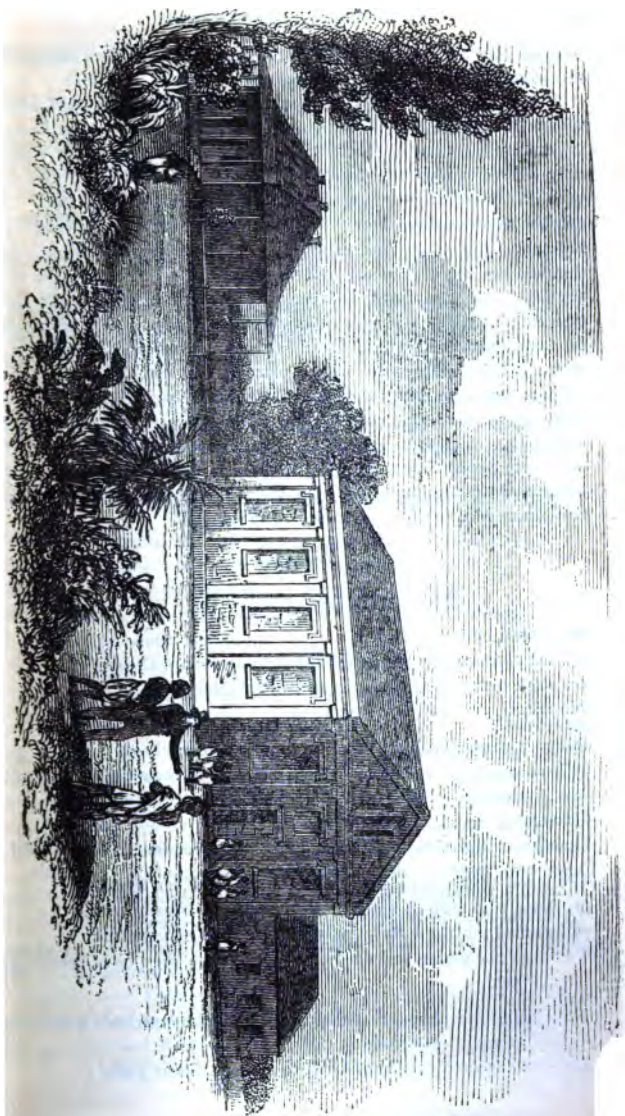
Rice-Lake, Canada.

Robert Brooking.

—◆—

WESLEYAN MISSION, SWAN-RIVER, WESTERN
AUSTRALIA.

“THEY shall come from the east and the west, the north and the south, and sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God.” This the word of inspiration expressly declares; and no doubt many of the readers of the “*Juvenile Offering*,” whose hearts are touched with love to Christ, and the souls of the perishing Heathen, look forward with joyful anticipation to this glorious meeting, when the good Shepherd will have gathered His sheep from the remotest fold under heaven, to go out no more for ever. Many are the lambs He has already gathered from His African, His American, His Asiatic, and even His Australian fold; for it is a delightful fact, that even among these degraded outcasts, who have been considered almost beyond the pale of humanity, some have been brought to experience the truth of that saying, “If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature. Old things are done away, and all things are become new.” These remarks, at present, apply chiefly to the Swan-River settlement, on the western coast of that vast island-continent. About twelve years ago, Mr. Smithies, the Missionary who was stationed there, with his excellent and devoted wife, succeeded in bringing a number of the native children under religious instruction. The natives of that country are a filthy and degraded race. They have no temple, no idols, no Priest, no conceptions of a kind and beneficent Creator who governs the universe. Their only ideas of this nature are of an evil spirit, who has power to injure them, and of whom they express the greatest dread, fearing to go abroad after sun-set, lest they should encounter him. It was considered by many a hopeless task to attempt to convey instruction to these degraded savages: and so it would have been, had it depended on mere human instrumentality; but the Holy Spirit began to work on their minds, blessing the instructions daily given, so that their hearts began to glow with new and delightful feelings and affections. Their minds began to comprehend new and strange truths, and their poor vacant faces began to gleam with a more spiritual and intellectual light; so that to look at them, in their clean and decent clothing, and



singing so sweetly the songs of Zion, it seemed difficult to recognise the former *filthy wandering demizens of the forest.*

It was no uncommon thing, after the duties of the day, and when they were assembled in their rooms, to hear them pour out their hearts in earnest supplication for the pardon of their sins. They would pray most fervently for their Minister, for their Teachers, and for their benighted relatives in the bush. Nor did they pray in vain. A number of them were brought to experience a scriptural change of heart, and died in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection. So that you see, my dear young readers, there is no difference; for the Scythian, barbarian, bond, and free, are all one in Christ Jesus; and a glorious privilege it is which British children enjoy, of being made the instruments of sending the blessed Gospel to the perishing Heathen. Great changes are taking place in the world around us, and we have reason to hope the time is fast approaching, when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the face of the sea. Let them remember, then, that every prayer they offer, and every penny they contribute, if done in sincerity, is something towards recovering the world from the ruins of the fall, and raising the human race to that heaven they had forfeited.

C.



THE MISSIONARY'S GRAVE.

WE stood beside the silent stream, and gazed upon the mound
Which rose with gentle swell above the now uncultured ground;
No stone was there to tell the tale of lengthen'd toil and woe;
No friend, to breathe the name of him who soundly slept below.

Alone it rose, that little mound, amidst a desert bare,
Where scarce a trace was left to show that man had harbour'd
there:

One stately tree had o'er the spot in summer verdure smiled;
But fire, or lightning's flash, had scathed the monarch of the wild.

We stood beside the silent stream, and envied not the fame
Of those who reap in battle-field the victor's boasted name;
We envied not the lofty piles which blinded nations rear
To vaunt the praise and deeds of those whom they have ceased to
fear.

No! Had the choice that day been ours, the warrior's wreath to
gain,
Or, like the lovely child of God, to sink on desert plain:

We had preferr'd that meek one's lot, who braved an exile's
doom,
To bid on Afric's scorching sands the rose of Sharon bloom.

We stood beside the silent stream, and thought upon the day,
When first he saw the chalky cliffs of England fade away ;
And, as he dried his partner's tears, of Heathen millions spoke ;
And zeal for Christ, and love for souls, within her breast awoke.

We thought upon the savage tribes, who heard from him the
sound
Of joy and peace, till, seeking rest, that rest their spirits found.
We thought upon the tiger, changed in likeness to a lamb ;
And idols cast to moles and bats, to serve the great I AM.

We stood beside the silent stream, and felt a warmer glow
Of Christian love pervade our souls, and through our bosoms flow.
We knelt upon that lonely mound, and breathed the fervent
prayer,
That ours might be such course as his, who sank a martyr there.

The silent stream, the blasted tree, no more salute our eyes ;
Far distant from that desert scene our path of duty lies ;
Yet if we feel our spirits fail, or cold our ardour grow,
We 'll think upon that lonely mound, and him who sleeps below.



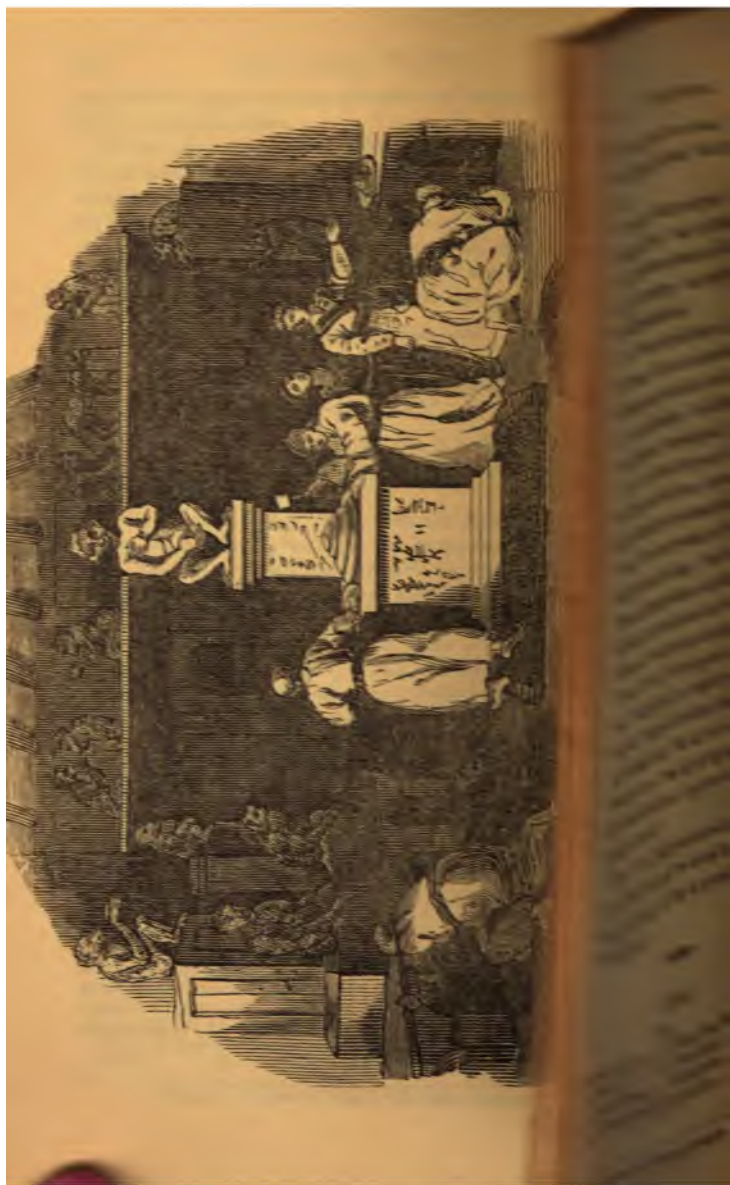
LOVE-FEAST IN FEEJEE.

How delightful and yet how strange this sounds ! We have heard so much of the cannibal-feasts and war-feasts, that we can hardly imagine Feejeeans at a love-feast ; but the Gospel has been preached in Feejee, and many of the people now love Christ and love one another.

I will tell you what some of the Feejeeans said at their love-feast.

ANANIAS.—“ I am very happy to-day to see so many met together to tell their love to Jesus. I am happy because we are going to heaven together. I wish only to be employed in the work of the Lord. I have often told my mind before. Let us be in earnest in this town, that we may meet in heaven.”

SAMSON.—“ I am happy to-day. We used not to meet together like this before the *lotu* (Christianity) came : we used to meet together for bad : we had feasts and wars, but we were not happy. This is



WESTERN JOURNAL
PART II
INTERIOR OF A MONASTERY

A MONASTERY—A MONASTERY—A MONASTERY—
worship monkeys in? But that which is
may seem, in its own way, to be a
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to worship monkeys, the most
the earth. The pictures of
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Under such forms of
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degraded Hindus:
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keys! The poor
poor Hindus, for
for Mahomet, for
hearts, for
the time when
the Lord was

much better, to meet and tell our love to Jesus. I am thinking about the time we shall meet in heaven. We shall be very happy then."

NEBUCHADNEZZAR.—"I stand up to tell my mind. I love Jesus, and am not ashamed of Him. I wish to love Him only, and to be useful. I am pained about my friends who are still Heathen. I love to pray, and am very happy. I am very happy, indeed, to-day, and am thinking much about heaven."

LYDIA.—"I wish to tell my mind before you all. I have been a very bad woman. God's love to me is great indeed. I love the Lord Jesus very much, and wish Him to do what He pleases with me: I wish to be His altogether. I love His Ministers, and wish to live and die with them. I am very happy to-day."

JANE.—"I am a widow, and very poor; but I love Jesus, and think of King Jesus who died for me: He became poor for me: I trust only to Him, and hope to go to heaven through Him."

KEZIA.—"I have been very wicked, but now love the Lord. I trust only in Jesus, and am happy. I know that those who lived before used to offer many sacrifices to God, and much blood was shed by the Jews; but that could not save them; the blood of Jesus is better than all. I trust only in him, and am happy."

THOMAS.—"I used to be very happy once, and used to pray much. I loved to pray then; but I neglected to pray, and lost my love to God. My heart used to be soft once, but now it is hard. I am very miserable to-day. What shall I do to be happy again? Friends, pray for me. I want only to be happy, and I cannot be happy without the love of Jesus. O, pray for me to-day! I wish to begin again to serve God."

SIMEON.—"I am a blind boy, and cannot see any thing about me; but Jesus loves me, and I love and know Him. I am very happy, and only wish to love Jesus, and get prepared for heaven. This is my mind."

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NAI THOMBOTHOMBO, FEEJEE.

THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.
SEPTEMBER, 1852.

◆◆◆◆◆
NAI THOMBO-THOMBO,
VANUA-LEVU, FEEJEE.

EARLY this morning a strange company of Feejeeans passed through this place. In their own estimation they were "full dressed:" their bodies and faces were covered over with a jet black powder, so that they were like the velvet chimney-sweeps sometimes seen in English homes; their white dresses fell from their loins like trains; the *sala*, a white gauze-like scarf, floated gracefully from the heads of most of them; they each carried a spear, a club, or a musket. They were in high glee; and on being asked where they were bound, they answered, "To Nai Thombo-thombo." I then recollected that some time ago, when coasting along that part of the island in the Mission canoe, I took a sketch of it, which, with a few particulars about it, I now send you, thinking they may interest some of your young readers.

Nai Thombo-thombo possesses little interest, beyond what it derives from the superstitions with which it is associated in the native mind. The feelings of the Heathen Feejeeans who visit this place are the same in kind with the feelings of the Mussulman who visits Mecca, or the Jew on sighting the holy city. They are taught that the souls of their ancestors, from the beginning of time, have repaired to this spot directly on leaving their bodies; and expect their own will do so, too, when they die. As they approach, they take off their head-dresses, and each man says, *O-ūa*,—a word of respect and veneration, used, with slight variations, to gods and Chiefs through all this group. The same is done by those who pass by it on the sea; and if the prow of their canoe is ornamented with the large white cowry, these are covered from sight, lest such a display should be offensive to the spiritual beings supposed to be there. As we were gliding along this coast, one of my crew said, with a smile, "Perhaps we shall run down the great spiritual canoe that is anchored here." The account given by this man of the invisible canoe, shows that a strong seasoning of fear is mixed with their respect. They believe that there is a canoe always ready here for the service of the gods

who may wish to punish offenders. When a canoe is overtaken by a storm in this part of the sea, it is supposed that some of the crew have neglected the rites claimed by the gods, who, in revenge, have come in the invisible canoe to fight them on the sea; and prayers and offerings are made to appease their anger.

The natives have many versions of what the soul does on leaving the body and coming to Nai Thombo-thombo, but most agree in the following particulars:—Arrived here, it calls for a canoe to take it to *bulu*, "the world of spirits." Canoes for this purpose are always present, with superior or inferior ends, to suit the rank of the caller. Having engaged one, the spirit, if of a married man, takes up stones agreeing in number with the wives he has left behind him; these he throws, one by one, at a *mbalawa* tree. For each stone that hits the *mbalawa* he will have a wife strangled. He then returns a distance inland, where he awaits the arrival of their spirits, upbraiding them if they have been tardy in following him. The spirits then go on board, apologize to the Feejee Charon for detaining him, and sail south by south-west for *bulu*.

All their ideas of the world of spirits are confused, many of them ludicrous, and some disgusting. The Feejeean takes a large share of the darkness and doubt in which the subject of a future state is involved, wherever the light of revelation has not shone. Their general idea is, that the next will be a better world than this, at least for Chiefs; but our Bible idea of the world to come is infinitely superior to all theirs.

The natives on Vanna-levu make pilgrimages to [Nai Thombo-thombo. A few months ago a number of women passed through this place to see the sacred land. Feejeean walks do not allow of two abreast, so that a pilgrim company is easily counted: the men just gone by number one hundred. Their errand shows them impatient. They are going to *shimba mbula*, or "die living." They wish to know, whilst alive, whether their wives will be strangled when they die, so have gone to shoot at the *mbalawa*. If they *hit*, they will be buried alone: those who *miss* will have their wives buried with them. So it appears the rule for the dead is reversed for the living.

But the truth as it is in Jesus is spreading apace on this land; so that I hope it will not be long before many of these very men, instead of seeking to know whether their wives will be strangled, will be seeking to know Him who died their souls to save.

Thomas Williams.



NEWS FROM FAR COUNTRIES.

“SMALL service is true service.”

THIS news is intended specially for the industrious children and kind friends who have sent clothing to far distant lands for the Missionaries' little children, and the poor destitute Heathen with whom they live. Perhaps you have not thought, dear young friends, as you have been making those dresses, that any good was to come of it besides clothing the children; you may have said, as you sat sewing, “What a nice little frock this is! How well the child will look in it, and how pleased she will be!” But it is not only the child who will be pleased, you cheer the heart of the Missionary by these supplies: for when in his loneliness he sighs for Christian sympathy, he remembers that the children in England take an interest in the cause to which he has devoted his life, and he is encouraged to toil on with patience.

I will tell you what Mr. Calvert, Missionary in Feejee, says. Some friends in England had sent some bonnets, frocks, and toys to Mr. Calvert's children; in a letter lately received, Mr. Calvert says:—

“Mrs. Calvert presents her best thanks for the box of valuable and most acceptable presents. What nice bonnets for our girls! and then the barking dog and other playthings are such a treat to David and the girls. We had never given the children a treat in playthings, so that what were sent are doubly valuable; but, for my part, I like the little frocks best, as they save Mrs. Calvert trouble,—and sure enough any help in this way is worth its treble value, for our wives have too much hard work. Accept, then, my best thanks also, not only for the value of the goods you sent, but for the timely relief you have rendered my dear hard-working wife.”

Mr. Moister writes from the Cape of Good Hope, and says:—

“I gladly embrace this opportunity of thanking you, most sincerely, for your kind and acceptable presents for our schools, which came to hand a few days ago. The remnants of print, cotton, needles, pins, and reward-books, which you and other kind friends have sent us by this vessel, are all appropriate, and will cheer the hearts of our dear little people, the parents of whom are very poor; and it is a *real* charity to give a piece of print to make a little garment, or any other necessary article.”

Mr. Williams, Feejee, says:—

“I held the Televa school-feast while Mr. Hazlewood was here. The male and female Testament-classes read each a chapter. A number of young men and two young women read each a chapter

with great correctness; some of the children also recited portions of Scripture and hymns. The children in a body chanted the Ten Commandments, the second Psalm, and some of their school-lessons, besides spelling, and answering a few questions in geography. They then received a dress each from those kindly supplied from friends in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire. The elder boys, to the number of twenty or more, presented hanks of sinnet of their own plaiting, and, excepting two or three, the first they had ever plaited. The Chiefs and several aged men sat as judges, and awarded six prizes to as many boys. Then ten little girls offered their maiden plat-mats, that the females appointed might examine them; four of the girls were rewarded; two of the mats might have passed for the work of adults. I afterwards heard that a leading man among the Heathen said: 'This school is good: the children in it are wiser than we aged men; they could answer questions put to them about the Christian religion. Then the boys are taught to braid sinnet, which some of us who are grown grey cannot do. We see it is good, very good.'

Mrs. Lyth, in Feejee, says, in a letter to a friend,—

"The last time the 'John Wesley' visited us, we received a box of presents, addressed to our children from yourself. They were delighted with the things, and the wax doll is an endless source of amusement. They often say they should like to see the kind friend who loves them so much. Could you have seen the pleasure they evinced while unpacking their own box, and heard their exclamations and endless questions as to the use of the different articles, you would have been convinced that they were most acceptable. We have had a most prosperous year in this part of Feejee. Heathenism is done away with: instead of Heathenish songs you now hear hymns of praise resound from house to house, and the word of God eagerly sought after. Our schools are well attended. Mrs. Malvern and I attend to a girls' day-school, where they learn to sew, read, and write; and we find them very attentive and affectionate."

I will finish by giving you a copy of a letter, written by Mr. Decker, the Native Missionary at Sierra-Leone.

"As the mail will be leaving for England within a few days, I hasten to write you a few lines. In my last I informed you how those articles were disposed of which you kindly sent me; and as there is some good resulted from it, I cannot pass over it unnoticed without giving you a hint of it.

"I make it my business to visit the sick and poor twice a week, and to relieve those who are in want, so far as I am able. I am thankful to say that the Lord has blessed this part of my labours.

“On the 1st of December I was going to visit a sick member of our Society, and on my way ~~thither~~ I met a poor woman, partly clad: she came up to me, and said, ‘Sir, I have three *picaneny* (children) all naked, no clothes for send dem school; me poor woman, husband sick, meself sick, me have nothing for eat.’ I asked her whether she and her family ever attend any place of worship. ‘No,’ was the reply. The next question was, ‘Do you know who Jesus Christ is?’ ‘Yes, me sabby, only me no have clothes for go to meeting-house; me sabby Jesus Christ died for sinner; me sabby me have soul for save. Long time me go to meeting, me pray to God, by and by me sick, me husband sick, me not able for to do any thing, me no go to meeting any more, me think God no like me, so me sit down, me no sabby God again, me no pray, me go for do devil’s work; but me no get better, me get worse.’ After a long talk on the subject of religion, I asked her whether she feel a desire to forsake the devil and all his works, and to turn to the Lord. ‘Yes,’ was the reply, ‘me want for pray, me want for go to meeting, my heart trouble me too much; dema word you tell me go my heart, devil work na good.’ I told her that the Lord is willing to receive her, and that He will in nowise cast her out, if she only forsake her devil’s work and turn to Him, which she promised to do. I told her to call on me the next day. I shall try to do something for her. She came the next morning with her two daughters. I told her that a lady in England has kindly sent me some clothes for to give to poor people, and she would be very glad to hear that she and her children are praying to God. I find a suit for each of them, they were neatly dressed, and went home as happy as Princess Victoria Adelaide; and on Thursday evening the mother profess to enjoy peace with God through Christ. The two daughters are now attending school, and one of them is earnestly seeking salvation. When I saw them last Sabbath morning in the chapel, the thought came to me, ‘If Mrs. H. had not sent you these things, what might become of this woman and her children? They might be in that state of wretchedness, and perhaps died in their sins, and lost their souls. To God be all the praise!’ But I believe there is joy in heaven over this one sinner that repenteth, more than hundred rich folks in England who need no repentance, and never seek for it; never care for the poor Negroes, whether they are saved or not, whether they have the Gospel or not. May the Lord bless you, Mam, and all friends of the Africans; all who share with us in our sufferings, bonds, and afflictions!”

THE KAFFIR TRIBES.

No. III.

II. IN the ascending line of the Kaffir tribes, the second tribe is called the *Amantinde*. Tinde, who gave the tribe its name, is said to have been a son of Gconde, whom we mentioned in the last paper as one of the successors of Tshiwo. To this tribe Jan Tshatshu belongs, the Chief who was brought to England, some years ago, by one of the Missionaries of the London Society, and who greatly interested large audiences, whom, through an interpreter, he frequently addressed. It is believed that at that time he was a good man, and a Christian: but whether he has retained his piety we do not know. Some say that he has been engaged in the war against the colony; and perhaps we ought not to wonder at this, as he was no doubt placed in very painful circumstances. When he was in England, he was greatly pleased with what he saw,—the fields, the cities, the buildings, and the railways; and on his return to his own country, he used to gather together groups of people, and describe to them some of the wonderful things he had seen. The Kaffirs are fond of news, and they listened to him with great attention, but frequently with much surprise. On one occasion, however, as we have heard, Jan told them of the English railways, and said that he rode in a carriage drawn neither by oxen nor by horses. The people asked him how that could be. “Well,” said he, “they put water into a great kettle, and make it boil, and the steam from the water makes the wheels of the carriage go round, so that neither oxen nor horses are required.” “Now,” said some that heard him, “we are sure you are telling lies. We have often thought so before, but now we are satisfied, and we will hear you talk no more.” To these children of the wilderness, such things appeared too strange to be true, and hence they thought that the Chief was deceiving them. But what he said was nothing but the truth. “Knowledge is power.” The ignorant Kaffir knows not how to get from one place to another, except on ox-back, on horse-back, or on his feet. Before Europeans entered his country, he was even unacquainted with such a thing as a waggon. But the enlightened inhabitant of the British Isles has been able to press into his service the power of steam, and by its aid to travel in a day as many miles as we can travel, in Africa, in a week. Thank God, dear children, that you live in favoured Britain, and not in the wild and uncultivated desert.

III. The next tribe is called the *Imidange*. This tribe was founded by a Chief of the name of Umdange. The Chiefs belonging to it were formerly Mahodi, Iomosi, Sabeko, and Botman; the present Chiefs are Nciniswas, Kuse, and Tola. Botman died soon after the war of 1846, and we believe that since then Tola has been considered the principal Chief. This tribe has been under the care of the London and Glasgow Missionary Societies; but we have not heard whether many of them have embraced the Gospel. The heart of a Kaffir is very hard, and it is difficult to induce him to break off his sins, even when he is convinced that he is wrong, and in danger of the wrath of God. But are there not many in this country who are equally foolish and wicked? Yes: we must not suppose that the tribes of Africa are worse than we are, or worse than we should be, had we not the light of Christian truth.

IV. The fourth tribe we shall name is called the *Amandhlambe*. Of this tribe Dhlambe, or Slambie, as he was often called, was the head; and his successors are Umhala and Umkie. Slambie was the Chief with whom the Rev. Samuel Young commenced a Mission at Mount-Coke many years ago. This Chief was first visited by the Rev. William Shaw and Whitworth in the year 1825. He was then an old man, but was said to be very tyrannical over his people; and the interpreters of the Missionaries were almost afraid to talk to him. But Mr. Shaw sent one to ask the Chief for milk, and to say that they wished to preach to him the word of God. He consented to hear them; and, whilst a Kaffir hymn was sung, the old man was observed to sing most heartily. The word of life was spoken to him, and after the conclusion of the service the Missionaries told him on what errand they had come. His countenance was filled with joy. "The land," said he, "is all before you: choose for yourselves where you will live. I am old; but my children are young, and they shall learn of you." And then, with gladness beaming in his eye, he said, "Gaika has a school, Euno has a school, and now Slambie; and Dushane will have a school: this is very great."

This Chief was at one time engaged in war against the colony, and was pursued by a military force, who wished to take him prisoner. But he was greatly beloved by his people, and they carried him about from place to place, (for he was too infirm to evade the troops alone,) and hid him in the inaccessible parts of the country. After this he was afraid of the British; and when the Government sent Colonel Somerset to meet him, for the purpose of making up the quarrel, he refused to attend, unless the Missionary, whom he knew to be his

friend, would promise to be present. The Missionary went, and was thus the means of bringing about a peace between the old Chief and the British Government. Subsequently, Mr. Young went to reside amongst the Slambie people, and the Chief received him with great kindness, and called him his adopted son. Soon after this, however, Slambie died, leaving one of his sons, Dushane, his successor.

But Dushane died in the prime of life, and Umhala, another son of Slambie, then became the Chief, and, together with his brother Umkie, has governed the tribe from that time to this. But neither of these Chiefs have embraced the Gospel. They have often heard it; but they are too fond of Heathen practices to become the servants of Jesus Christ; and we regret to say, that they have been engaged in the war. Umhala is a very barbarous man. We remember seeing him at Graham's-Town on one occasion, when he came to our house, and asked for something to eat. We gave him a piece of bread; but he was not satisfied with that, and, seeing some butter on the kitchen table, he took a knife, and helped himself to it with the greatest impudence. This, you will say, was not much like the conduct of a Chief. No: but a Kaffir Chief has not any sense of politeness or propriety. He does as he likes among his own people, and he thinks himself at liberty to do the same every where.

The Mount-Coke Station, so called after the celebrated Dr. Coke, has been once or twice destroyed. During the present war, however, it has been preserved, and the Missionary has been able to remain in charge of it, and to continue in his work of preaching Christ. It stands on a beautiful spot on the banks of the Buffalo river, British Kaffraria. Recently large numbers of Fingoes, from the Butterworth Station, which has been burnt by the Kaffirs, have been added to the number of the inhabitants at Mount-Coke, so that the Missionary finds he has more employment than he can well attend to.

Some time ago the country in the neighbourhood of this Station was suffering greatly for want of rain; and, besides this, immense clouds of locusts visited the neighbourhood, and devoured the people's crops. What did the inhabitants do? They did not go, as their custom formerly was, to the rain-maker; but they agreed to call upon God, and a day was set apart for special prayer for the fruitful showers of heaven. "The same week," says Mr. Impey, "the rain descended, the floods came, and the country smiled again with verdure." Yes: there is a God that answers prayer, both in England and in Africa; and there are multitudes in that country, as well as in this, who know it, and who love to pray. Do our little

readers love to pray ? O let not Kaffir children rise up against you, in the day of judgment, for your neglect of prayer ! You have greater privileges than they, and you must learn to value and improve them. Mount-Coke is a delightful place ; and it is very pleasant indeed to see the children assembling together on the day of the Lord, to read His word, and to sing His praises ; but there is no little boy or girl, in any village in England, that would like to exchange his home for this part of Kaffrland, or for any other. No : England is a happy land, perhaps the happiest in the world ; and it is the Gospel that has made it so.



AN APPEAL FROM FEEJEE.

HITHERTO much love and much money have been spent on Feejee ; but in the name of precious souls, and for the sake of Him who laid down His life for you, I beseech you, slacken not your hands. Christian friends, you have already done nobly for the world, and for the islands of the sea, and God will see to it that you are rewarded according to your doings ; but let the love of Christ so constrain us, that we shall increase and double our efforts. Let us imitate the poor widow, of whom our Lord said, when He beheld her cast her two mites into the treasury, that she had cast more in than any other ; and why ? Because she had given more than any other in proportion to her means. And how was it she came to give so much, “ even all her living ? ” Because she gave with *all* her heart. Let us go and do likewise ; get our hearts as much in tune for giving as hers, and then rich and poor give in the *same proportion* ; that is, all we have ; and be honest to ourselves, to our families, and the world ; and great will be our reward in heaven.

Time is rolling rapidly on. Life is ebbing fast out. But a little while longer, and the trumpet will sound, and we must appear before the judgment-seat of Christ. How much will it then increase our happiness, if, while on earth, in addition to securing our own salvation, we *gave* all, and *did* all, we could for the salvation of others ! And methinks it will in no small degree enhance our bliss to be greeted by a blood-washed throng of Feejeeans, blessing us for sending them the message of mercy, through which they are saved, and chosen to inherit for ever unspeakable and everlasting felicity.

John Malvern, Feejee.



THE SABBATH BELL.

HARK ! 't is the lark at morn
 Soaring to greet the sun,
 Upborne on the thrilling ecstasy
 That lowly was begun.
 The flowers around are still
 Holy and hush'd and quiet,
 On mead and hill, they have drunk their fill
 And with dew are satisfied :—
 Hush ! hark ! the Sabbath Bell !

The streamlet from the hill
 Leaps on o'er rock and stone ;
 O'er its pebbly bed in the vale below,
 Gladly it murmurs on ;
 Through the sedgy banks, where bend
 The willow's silvery sprays,
 Plaintive and low, where the rushes grow,
 It murmurs a hymn of praise,
 While echoes the Sabbath Bell !

Afar on the restless main,
 Toss'd by the wind and wave,
 The seaman is rushing before the blast,
 Beneath him a watery grave.
 Fear not, thou lonely bark !
 His presence is on the deep,
 Who, though tempests frown, shall still them down,
 As a cradled child, asleep,
 Though thou heardest no Sabbath Bell.

The blue wave around thy bark
 Flings heavenward thy foam,
 While the petrel and the albatross
 Find on its breast a home.
 Is not that heaving main
 Free highway for the world ?
 O'er that stormy deep goes the Mission ship,
 With the Gospel flag unfurl'd,
 To wake new Sabbath Bell.

Nature rejoices all,
 And should not men the same ?
 Will not that God who clothes the grass
 More surely care for them ?
 Will He not hear thy prayer,
 Breathed forth in faltering words ?
 Will He despise that sacrifice
 A broken heart affords ?
 Answer, thou Sabbath Bell.

D. Wilson.



LETTER FROM THE RICE-LAKE MISSION-STATION.*

I WISH some of our young friends in England could have spent their Christmas-eve in our neat little chapel at Rice-Lake, listening to our school-examination: they would have been stimulated to yet further exertions in behalf of our Mission cause. The children were examined in the usual branches of a common education, and acquitted themselves admirably. The parcel of books you sent last spring came very opportunely, and were distributed among them at the close of the examination.

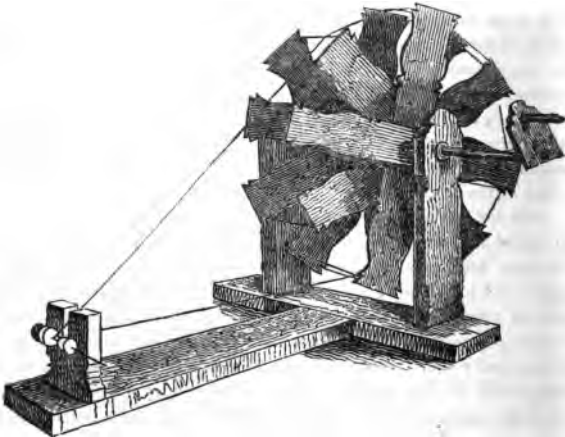
Our Indians had their annual festival on New-Year's day. It was a great day for them. Their dinner consisted of geese, turkeys, venison, and beavers; vegetables of various kinds; rice-pudding, apple and mince pies; with tea and coffee served afterwards. The dinner was all cooked by our women in good English style; and, I assure you, when I looked round on them, and saw them looking so happy and clean, I could not help exclaiming, "What has Christianity done for this people!" After dinner, they spent the evening in their usual way: speeches were delivered by the Indians themselves, in which they vividly contrasted their present with their former condition. Mr. Jacobs, in the course of his remarks, said he remembered having seen our old Chief, Podash, sacrifice a white dog, decorated with ribbons, to his imaginary god; "but now," said he, "what do my eyes see? I see you a Christian among your tribe, and Chairman of this Christian Meeting." The old man was evidently overcome; for when Mr. Brooking proposed closing the Meeting,

* Many of our young readers will remember a very nice picture of this Mission-Station which appeared in the "Juvenile Offering" for April, 1851.

he rose up, and said, "O, no! I cannot give this Meeting up. Me too much happy; me never happier: sing on, speak on."

Our love-feast was held the first Sunday in the new year. One of our women, in the course of her experience, said, "God has done great things for us since He send Missionary," and was very sorry; on her part, that the devil had kept them so long in ignorance; and then, with a great deal of determination depicted in her countenance, began to abuse him, as if he had actually been present in person; and declared, in the most emphatic manner, that if she should by chance see him, *she would fight him.*

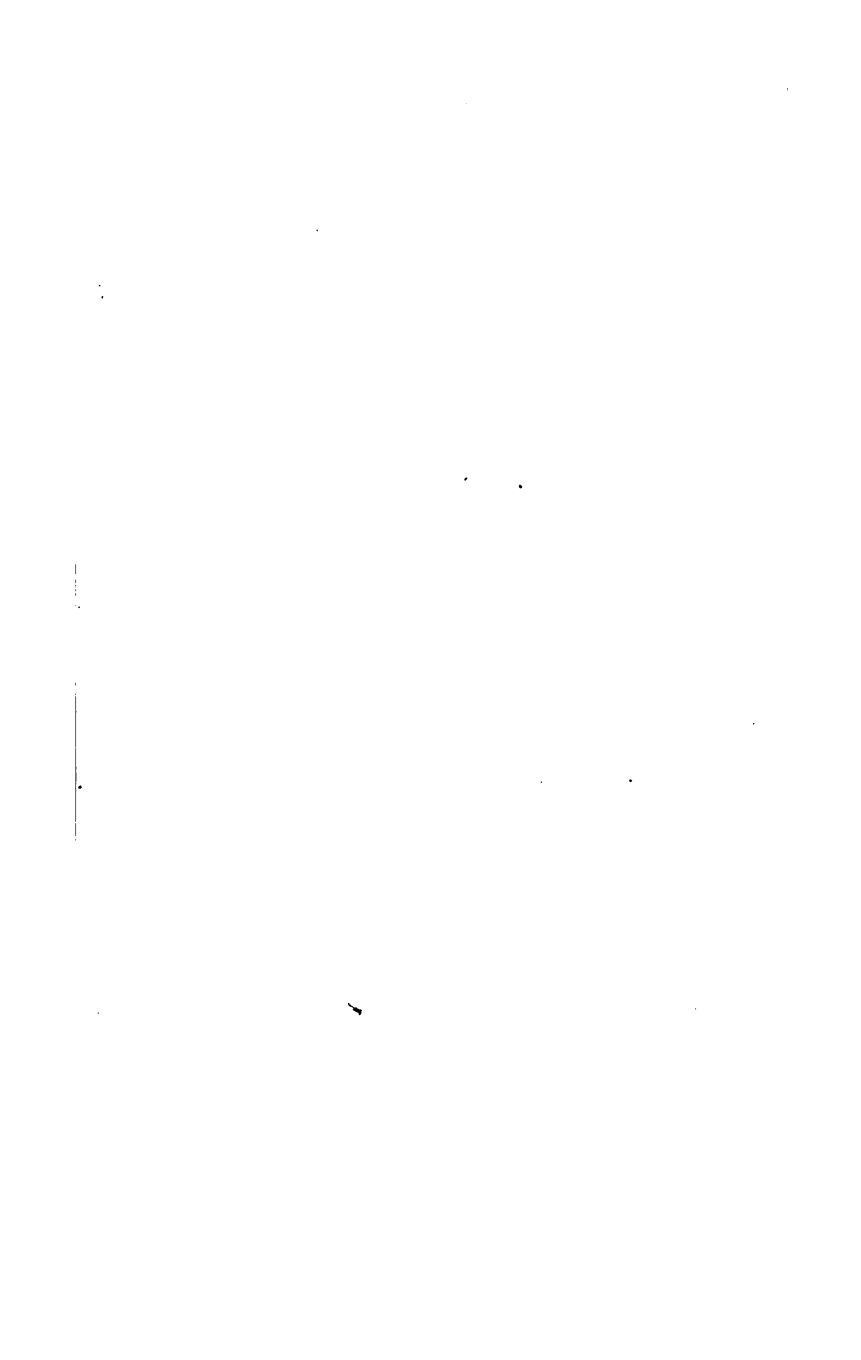
E. Brooking.

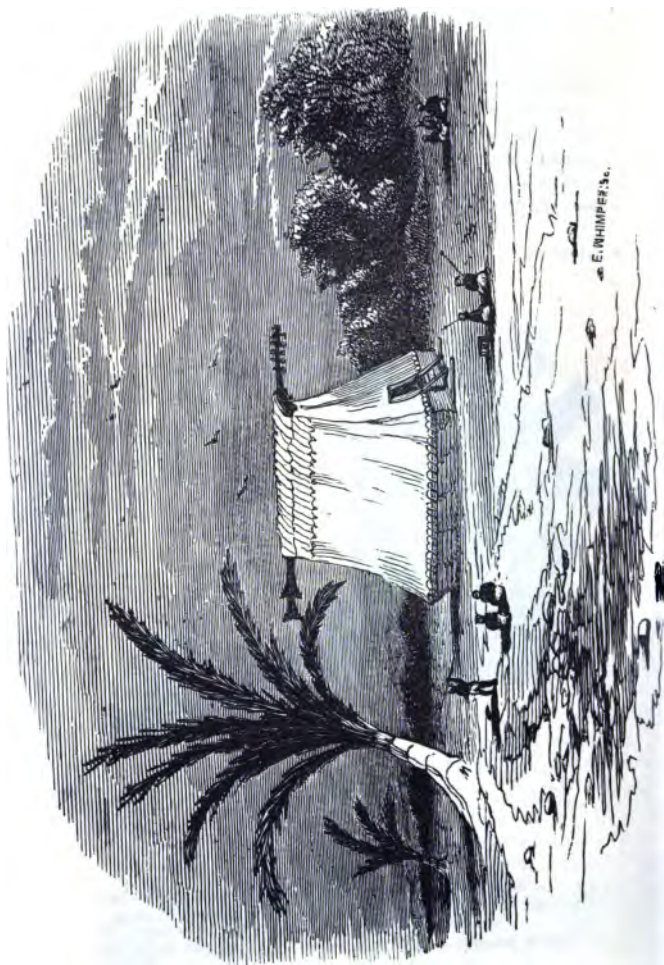


HINDOO SPINNING-WHEEL.

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A SLEEPING BURI, BUILT AT VEWA, FOR THE FAVOURITE LITTLE SON OF NAMOSEMALUA.

THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.
OCTOBER, 1852.

SLEEP BURI FOR THE FAVOURITE LITTLE SON OF
NAMOSEMALUA.

THE picture represents a place built by order of Namosemalua, to be a sleeping-place for a favourite little son. This may please the readers of the "Wesleyan Juvenile Offering," and give them an idea of one of the ways in which a Feejeean father humours a pet child.

Thomas Williams, Televa, Feejee.

A PERSECUTED HINDOO CONVERT.

THE Hindoos who renounce Heathenism, and become Christians, have often much to suffer, as the following story will show :—

In the year 1844, an aged man was one day in a village where a Catechist was explaining the Scriptures. He was a respectable man, of a high caste, and had ever been a conscientious and constant Heathen; and so much engaged was he in the religion of his fathers, that he built a temple, and became a kind of Priest, and had a considerable number of disciples.

One day, as he stood listening to the Catechist, he heard a passage which seemed to be sent home, by the Spirit, upon his heart. He immediately stopped the Catechist, and asked him to read that passage again, and then again; and then, thinking for a few moments, he said, "That is a wonderful passage, really." Although he had an earthen jar full of books, which he had at different times received from the Missionaries, and had probably read this passage before, it now assumed altogether a different appearance. He became very much interested in it, and remained with the Catechist nearly all that day, and the next, and so on, for three weeks, asking questions, and listening to the reading and explanation of the Scriptures, and prayer. So much engaged was he, that he gave up all other business, and seemed to have all his faculties absorbed in seeking the salvation of his

soul; and he found the "pearl of great price." He was full of joy and love to his Saviour, and to him who had been made the instrument of his conversion.

He soon went to his friends, and told them of the precious Saviour he had found, and urged them to come and taste of His goodness for themselves. But they were astonished at him. Some attributed the change to a possession of the devil, while others thought it a very great pity that such a respectable man should be crazy. But he was bold and earnest with them, and urged them to renounce their Heathenism, and all their sins, and to accept of Christ as their God and Saviour. He said, that many years since he had heard of the true God, that He was One, and that He was every where present. This he believed, and had ever since felt a strong desire to find and worship Him. For this purpose he had taken much pains to examine the different religious systems of this country; but none had satisfied his desire, or answered the expectation which he had entertained, till now; and now he was fully satisfied. He was very sure that he had found the true God, and hoped to be enabled to worship Him the remainder of his days. He renounced Heathenism and caste at once. This, of course, brought upon him a violent persecution. Not only his disciples and neighbours joined in it, but his own family turned against him, and he suffered much from their opposition and abuse; yet he held on his way with firmness and constancy.

Not being able to see well, he took with him a small grandson to read the Scriptures, while he explained them to the people, as he went from house to house; and thus he spent the most of his time, in making known the preciousness of the Saviour he had found, and in efforts to induce others to embrace Him.

After a trial of some months, he was baptized. About two years after he united with the church, a disease with which he had long been afflicted became so severe, as to confine him to the house nearly all the time; yet he continued to talk with persons who came to see him. His trials were now very much increased, as his children and neighbours took this opportunity to persecute and abuse him. They would not permit the Catechist or Teachers to come to the house, or see the old man at all; nor would they permit any one to read the Bible to him, or suffer him to pray aloud, when they could prevent it. As he was worn out with disease and old age, and was perfectly helpless, and could

not avoid them, he often suffered much from their neglect and violent and abusive language; as also from a want of the necessities of life, although he and his family possessed a competence. Yet he was enabled to hold out with patience and firmness. He often attempted to go where the Catechist was, and to see the Missionary; but his friends prevented him. Sometimes they would prevent him from setting out; and once, when he had proceeded three or four miles, they overtook him, and turned about the cart in which he was riding, and drove him home again. Once when, after great exertion and fatigue, he had reached the house of his daughter, three or four miles distant, because some cattle, which had been sick for some time, happened to die then, it was attributed to his Christianity, and he was hurried off, all worn out as he was, and sent back to his home again.

These annoyances were so severe and long continued, that they brought him near the grave; when the Missionary sent, and brought him to Madura, and took care of him for a number of months; and he was much rejoiced to be where he could enjoy Christian privileges. With joy glistening in his eyes, he would say, it appeared to him like heaven.

His disease continued to undermine his constitution; and he soon became so weakened and broken down by it, that he could not enjoy the meetings, or remain in them long at a time; yet he would have some one of the young men of the preparandi class read the Scriptures to him, and pray; and he would often say, that the thoughts of the Saviour were very sweet to him,—they were his joy and rejoicing. As he became still more feeble, and as it was evident that he could not continue long, his friends came and took him home, where, after lingering a week or so, he was taken, as we trust, from this world of sorrow, to his Father's house.

He was so far from the Missionary, that he could not well see him; but to the Catechist, who saw him a few days before his death, he gave assurances of his firmness in the faith, and wished him and his family to call the Missionary when he died, that he might be buried in a Christian manner; saying, that he had been separated from the Heathen in a part of his life, and he wished to be so in his death. For this purpose he had procured a coffin some years before; but, through the opposition of his family, this privilege was denied him. They did not inform the Missionary of his death until after they had burned the body.

It would have been a privilege to have been with him in his last hours, and to have heard his dying testimony in favour of the religion which he professed ; but the evidence which he gave while in life and health, encourages us to believe that he was a true Christian, and that he is now at rest with his Redeemer.

—♦—

THE WAN REAPERS.

I CAME from a land where a beautiful light
Is slow creeping o'er hill-top and vale,
Where broad is the field, and the harvest is white,
But the reapers are haggard and pale.

All wasted and worn with their wearisome toil,
Still they pause not, that brave little band,
Though soon their low pillows must be the strange soil
Of that distant and grave-dotted strand.

For dangers uncounted are clustering there ;
The pestilence stalks uncontroll'd ;
Strange poisons are borne on the soft, languid air,
And lurk in each leaf's fragrant fold.

There the rose never blooms on fair woman's wan cheek,
But there 's beautiful light in her eye ;
And the smile that she wears is so loving and meek,
None can doubt it comes down from the sky.

There the strong man is bow'd in his youth's golden prime ;
But he cheerily sings at his toil ;
For he thinks of his sheaves, and the garnering-time
Of the glorious Lord of the soil.

And ever they turn, that brave, wan little band,
A long, wistful gaze on the west,—
“ Do they come, do they come, from that dear, distant land,
That land of the lovely and blest ?

“ Do they come ? do they come ? O, we 're feeble and wan,
And we 're passing like shadows away ;
But the harvest is white, and, lo ! yonder the dawn !
For labourers,—for labourers we pray ! ”

Mrs. E. C. Judson.

—♦—

THE KAFFIR TRIBES.

No. IV.

V. THE fifth of the tribes we shall name is called the *Amakha-khabe*. You will perhaps smile at some of these singular names ; but you must remember that some of ours are very curious, and that the Kaffirs would smile as much at them. The tribe now mentioned took its rise from a restless warrior-Chief named Khakhabe, who was killed in battle with another tribe called the Amatembu. Khakhabe was the great-grandfather of Sandilla, now the paramount Chief of the tribe, and the man who has been the principal cause of the present war, and has given so much trouble to the colony and the British Government. He is the son of the celebrated Chief Gaika (Ngqika), whence the tribe is known in the colony by the name of the Gaika tribe. Much has been done to evangelize this tribe, but hitherto with very little success. As early as the year 1799, a devoted Missionary of the London Society, Dr. Vanderkemp, visited Kaffraria, and appeared in the presence of Gaika, then a fine young man, but at that time hostile to the colony, to offer him the Gospel, and to urge him to become a Christian.

Gaika was dressed in a robe of panthers' skins, wore a diadem of copper, and another of beads ; had his cheeks and his lips painted red, and carried in his hand an iron sceptre. Dr. Vanderkemp, on approaching him, presented to him a box filled with buttons, which he was very ready to accept. He sat down upon an ant-hill, and, through an interpreter, the Missionary told him for what purpose he had come. At first the Chief objected to his errand ; but at length he gave his permission that Dr. Vanderkemp should reside with him, and instruct his people. He was soon obliged, however, to abandon his design, and left the country ; though not before he had sown some precious seed which could not perish, but was found after many days.

Some years afterwards the Mission was resumed by the Rev. J. Williams, who is said to have been the instrument of the conversion of a man named Sikanna, who wrote the first Christian Kaffir hymn. Williams died, and was succeeded by the Rev. J. Brownlee, who, we believe, still survives ; and in the year 1821, the Glasgow Missionary Society sent labourers into the Gaika territory, who have established Missions in Kaffraria : all which, however, have been swept away, by the desolating tide of war.

Sandilla, and his brother Macomo, have both been favoured with Christian Missionaries, and have both heard preached the Gospel of the grace of God. But it is not often that Chiefs and great men love the truth, and both these Captains have hitherto rejected it. Macomo has been for a long time addicted to intemperance. Poor man! we have seen him at Fort-Beaufort, going about in a most wretched state, and sometimes lying on the ground so intoxicated that he could not walk. At one time he was accustomed to lend horses on hire, or even to sell them, that he might go to the canteen to purchase spirits. But we are afraid that Europeans will have to answer for his crimes in part, for introducing and for selling spirits in Kaffraria. How sad it is that people should be anxious to make money even at the risk of the souls of their fellow-men! Macomo and his warriors are now occupying a fastness called the Water-Kloof, from which the British troops have several times attempted to expel them, but hitherto without success. Kaffriland is a very rugged country; and there are some places in it which it is almost impossible for English soldiers to enter, either on horseback or on foot. But the wild Kaffirs, who are as expert as monkeys, can enter them; and here they endeavour to hide themselves from their enemies, coming out of their lurking-holes, every now and then, to do what mischief they can.

Sandilla has long been an enemy to the colony. He was the cause of the war of 1846, and the present war began in consequence of his violation of the law. He would not submit to rule and order; and the Governor, Sir Harry Smith, therefore put him out of his office as Chief, and appointed another in his stead. But he had greater influence with the people than the Governor supposed; and when the British troops went into his territory, to try to take him prisoner, the Kaffirs poured upon them in thousands, and they were obliged to retreat. At this time a young man, of the name of Umlanjeni, arose, professing to be a Prophet, and declaring to the people that he could tell them how to conquer the English. He had found out, he said, how to render them invulnerable to the bullets of the soldiers; and, if they would listen to him, he would soon help them to drive all the white people into the sea. They believed him, and the war-party became, in consequence, very numerous. The whole of the Gaika tribes, and several others, joined in the attempt to destroy the British colony. On Christmas-day, 1850, bands of Kaffirs fell upon some military villages, and killed about seventy people as they were sitting down to their Christmas dinner. After

this hundreds of cattle were swept off, numerous houses and stacks set on fire, and many persons murdered. Nor is the conflict yet over. Several of the petty Chiefs have fallen in the war, and Sandilla and his warriors have been driven from the Amatola mountains; but the war still rages, and no one can tell when, or how, it will end.

The Wesleyan Missionary Society has had no Missionaries amongst the Amakhakabe Kaffirs, so that it has not been called to suffer so greatly as the London and the Glasgow Societies. We believe that most, if not all, of the Stations of these Societies have been destroyed, and that the Missionaries have been obliged to leave the country. But the providence of God has preserved them from danger; and we hope that when the country becomes quiet, and peace is re-established, they will be able to commence their work again.

VI. Another tribe is called the *Amavelelo*, the founder of the tribe being a Chief of the name of Velelo. It is but a small clan, occupying a tract of country on the coast, near a river called the Nabacha, eastward of the Kei. A few years ago a Wesleyan Mission was commenced amongst this tribe by the Rev. Horatio Pearse. The Missionary's wagon was the first that ever went into that part of Kaffraria; and, consequently, when he went, he found no road, but had to travel over hill and dale, through grass which was so long that the oxen could eat as they went on their way. A very delightful Mission-Station was soon commenced, to which the name of Beecham-Wood was given; and in a little time a number of people came to reside on the spot. A school was established, and much good was effected. The Chief, however, whose name was Gxaba, was a very quarrelsome man, and soon after was killed in a battle with a neighbouring tribe. Whilst Mr. Pearse was at Beecham-Wood he lost a dear little infant child, which was buried near the spot. We remember visiting its grave. It was in the midst of some large and beautiful trees, and a tombstone had been erected over it, and it was fenced around with rails, and it looked very pretty, though very solitary and sad. And there the dust of this dear infant will remain, until the morning of the resurrection, when all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and shall come forth.

We are sorry to say that there is no Missionary at Beecham-Wood now, and, indeed, we are afraid that the Station has been destroyed, and that now the Amavelelo tribe are without any teacher to tell them of the love of Christ. This is sad; for they are a very

wild people, and, like all the Kafir tribes, very wicked, and therefore greatly need to be instructed. Perhaps the time will come when this Mission will be re-commenced; but more Missionaries are wanted. O when will they be sent?



ANECDOTES FROM NATAL:

CRUELTY TO A KAFFIR GIRL.

I HAVE just returned from one of my country journeys, in which I met with another painful instance of the cruel nature of Heathenism: it was the case of a young girl who was required to marry an old man, who had three or four wives before: to this she objected; persuasion was used, but in vain; so that they at length proceeded to torture. She was beaten with a *lambock*, that is, a thong made out of the hide of a sea-cow, being about as thick as a man's finger at the top, and pared down towards the end to the thickness of the point of the little finger, being the instrument used often instead of a whip for driving horses and oxen. She was then tied to a post, and her feet made fast together. This done, her hands were tied behind her, by the middle finger on the right hand, and the fore-finger on the left, above the second joint. This was done so tightly as to cause the blood to collect until the fingers were quite black, and the pain became extreme. They then took a burning stick out of the fire, and, holding it near the tortured fingers, blew the heat of it upon them, until the pain became so excruciating as to compel the poor creature to consent to take the wicked old man for her husband. These facts were related to me by faithful and trustworthy Kafir members of Society; but they requested me not to take their word alone, but go and see for myself, as the kraal was not very far distant, and the matter could be so managed as to prevent the husband from putting the girl away in secret. I accordingly mounted my horse, and one of my people ran before me to the place.

On arriving at the kraal my Kafir entered the house, and sat down a short time to hear the news; after which he told the man that I was outside, and wanted to see him. He then came out very reluctantly, when I began to inquire about his young wife, and desired to see her. He was not willing to call her, but in a short time did so. When she came out of the hut, she had to stoop down, as, instead of a door, there was only a large hole to creep

through. In getting through, the rag fell from the finger on the right hand, when I saw from the second joint that it was black and bruised, with much matter about it, and the nail ready to fall off: shortly afterwards I drew the rags from the finger on the other hand, when, from the second joint to the end, the flesh had become one piece of putrid matter, which appeared to have eaten even to the bones, and the nail was almost falling, and, if it got better, it would require some time to form new flesh, &c. This has taken place during the last few weeks, within a short distance of the Bay, upon the land of an Englishman, who, in all probability, is ignorant of the whole transaction; but it is doubtless only one of a large number which are frequently occurring.

KAFFIRS BEGGING FOR A TEACHER.

September 29th.—This morning I set off to visit my sub-Kaffir Station, towards the Umlazi river. I had a pleasant ride, and about mid-day the people assembled; but before the preaching commenced, we had a long conversation about a native Teacher, the one who resided here before having left, and I had been unable to obtain another for them, only being able to send persons on the Sabbath-day to conduct the services. The people, both members and Heathen, expressed their grief at thus being left without a suitable Teacher, and begged that they might have one, as though they were begging for their bread: this was very painful to me, as they had always manifested a great desire to learn, and sent their children to the evening school, which is not usually done by Heathen parents, who do their utmost to prevent their children from learning the word of God. I promised to do my best, and pray that God may provide one. I then held the public service, and had a good attendance. In meeting the class afterwards, two elderly women had found the Saviour, and obtained the pardon of their sins, since my last visit. The account which one of them gave was as clear and scriptural as any European's that I have heard. I had the pleasure to arrange for four adults and one child to be baptized on my next visit.

BAPTISM OF AN OLD KAFFIR WOMAN.

30th.—Hearing yesterday, whilst out, that an old Kaffir woman was very sick, and at the point of death, I set off to visit her, and to meet the class at the kraal at the same time. This was the oldest Kaffir I have known, surely not less than eighty or ninety years of age, having seen her children's children grow up around her to the

third generation. She was the near relation of a Chief, and, when I was last here, would not answer me when I asked the Chief's name, it being customary among the tribe for a person in that relationship not to use the name; but when her children laughed at her, stating that she was not a Heathen now, she told me the name; but, had it not been for Christianity, would probably have lost her life rather than have done so. One of her sons died some time ago, and appeared to be an old man at the time; but one of his sons had heard the Gospel before, and had begun to seek the Lord; so that the old man seemed to have some sorrow for sin when he died. At his death he left his old mother four wives and four sons, one of whom was married. Immediately after the old man's death, his mother, three of his wives, and three of his sons, embraced Christianity, together with the wife of the son that was married, eight persons in all. This old woman should have been baptized before, but was unable to come in when some other members of the family were baptized. Having now ascertained her state of mind, I administered to her the ordinance of baptism in the name of the holy Trinity. Her feebleness was extreme; but she was able to hold up her head, with a little assistance, whilst the ceremony was performed. "A brand plucked from the burning."

FINDING A SERPENT, THE GOD OF THE KAFFIRS.

November 12th.—On the 10th I visited our sub-Kaffir Station on the Umgeni: after riding for about two hours through rough and varied country, along the course of the river, I arrived at the place. We have four full members and three on trial on this Station. After sitting a while in one of the members' houses, and whilst talking to several Heathen Kaffirs, a great stir was made outside, and most of those who were inside rushed out to see what had happened; when it was ascertained that a serpent had just rolled up, and taken its quarters in the thatch of the house where we were sitting; but it was quickly brought down by the men, and the young man to whom the house belonged was amongst the most determined to put a speedy end to its existence: they soon dispatched the beast, and brought it in with its head beaten to pieces. I was then informed that this kind of serpent was the chief Kaffir idol or god, and, if it had entered the house of a Heathen, a beast would have been slaughtered in sacrifice. I then seriously told them, that, if I had a God at all, I would have a better one than that, which could be so

quickly killed, and I would engage that they could not kill my God in the same manner. The head man of the company then told me, that, according to their belief, the spirit of the young man's father was in the serpent; and that if any injury was done to it, great calamities would befall the house; and, according to their custom, it must be carefully preserved, and, so long as it continued there, it would be the guardian spirit or god of the place. I then proceeded to show them, that the serpent could only injure, not bless; could only take away life, not give it; and that their belief and practice was the result of the gross darkness in which they had so long lived: but now the light was come, God had sent His word and servants and Son, and they were called upon to forsake dumb idols, and serve the living God. In my sermon afterwards, I told them a little more of what the serpent could do, and what it could not do; showing them that, when they died, the spirit returned to God who gave it, and not into a serpent; that they could quickly kill a serpent, and the spirit of the father with it; but that, instead of this, the spirit of the father was immortal, and therefore could not die, but must live for ever in endless joy or woe. I hope the whole was attended with profit.

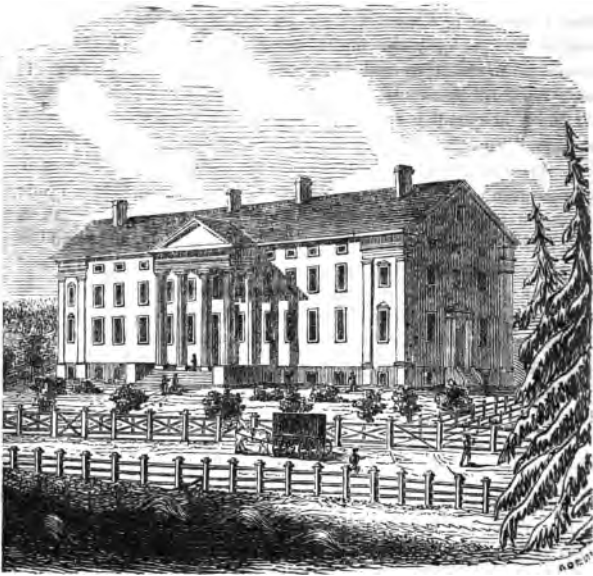
THE GOSPEL CIVILIZES.

I had also gratifying proof, that whilst the Gospel saves the soul, it also produces its softening, civilizing effects upon the body and life. I had married this young man and woman on the first day of this year, and they were now beginning to get a little settled; and instead of the Kaffir hut with a hole to enter by, there was a high, long one, like a little house, into which you entered through a door, and inside the sleeping apartment was partitioned off. There was also a table and stool to sit by it; the young woman had likewise cooked a nice fowl for me to eat; this was placed in lean tin dish, and another was placed by the side of it for me to eat out of: in addition there was a knife and fork and spoon, a bason to drink my water out of, and a cup with some salt in it; in addition, some bread made from Indian corn for me to eat with the meat. Had this been a Heathen establishment, the probability is, that I could not have got a drop of milk to drink without paying threepence for it, and then must have drunk it out of a calabash.

William C. Holden.

Port-Natal, November 12th, 1851.

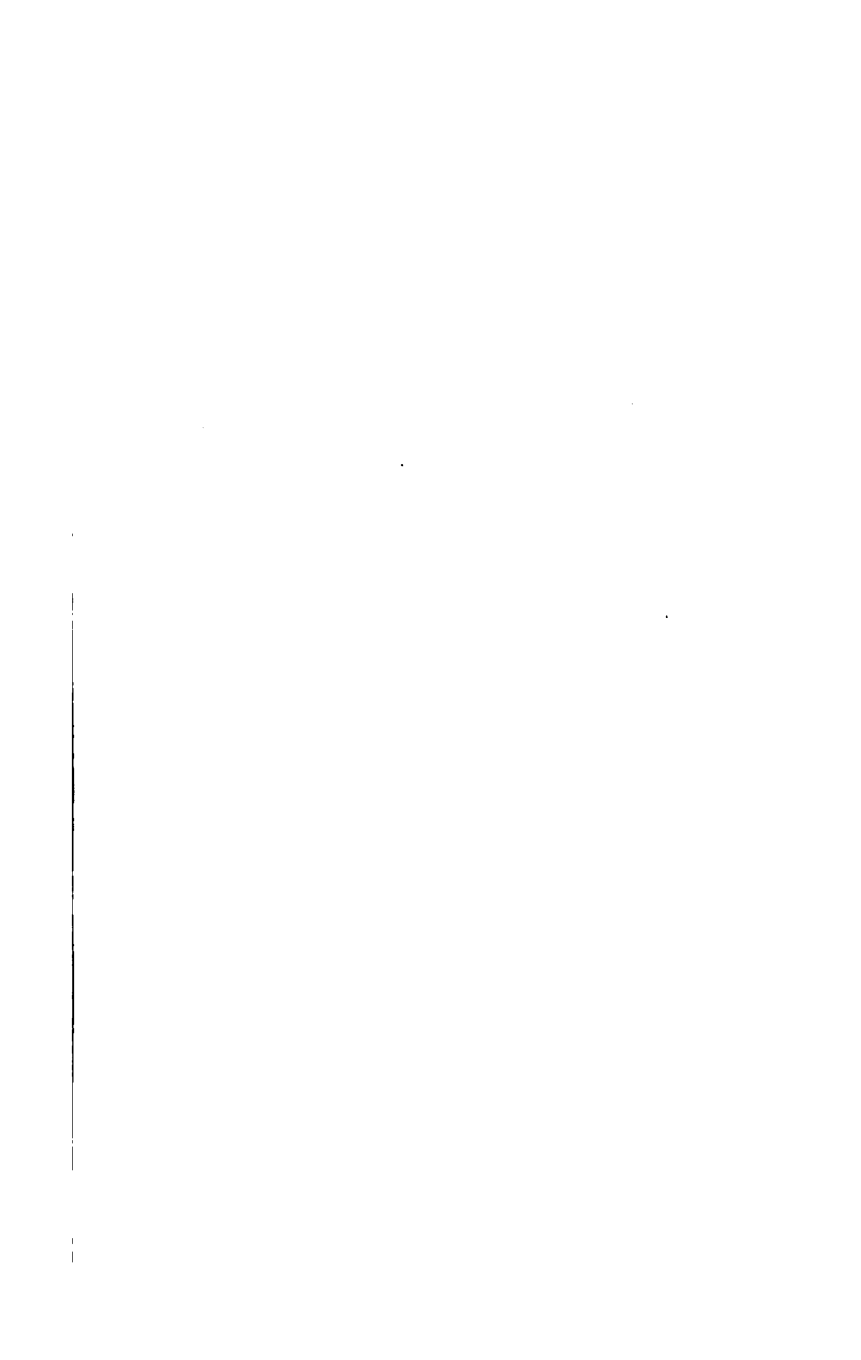




WESLEYAN ACADEMY, MOUNT-ALLISON, SACKVILLE, NEW-BRUNSWICK, NORTH AMERICA.

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NATIVE MAP OF SIAM AND BURMAH.

THE

WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

NOVEMBER, 1852.

NATIVE MAP OF SIAM AND BURMAH.

ABOUT ten years ago, an Englishman, travelling in the East, paid a visit to Bangkok, the capital of Siam. While there he was introduced to the King of Siam. The King was seated upon a throne (cross-legged, of course) formed of most exquisite workmanship in ivory and ebony; and the scene would have been very imposing, had it not been for the ludicrous appearance of His Majesty himself, who looked like an old fat Brahmin Priest. He told his English visitors that he had been at war for many years with the King of Burmah; and he insisted upon showing them a map of the two countries, drawn by his own Prime Minister. When the map was unrolled, the King explained it to them. The size was three feet by two. In the centre was a patch of red about eighteen inches long. Above it was a patch of green about ten inches long. The red was Siam, the green Burmah. On the whole space occupied by the red was pasted a singular-looking figure, cut out of silver paper, with a pitchfork in one hand and an orange in the other: there was a crown on the head, and spurs on the heels; and this queer-looking creature was meant to represent the King of Siam,—indicating that so vast were his strength and power, that it reached from one end of his dominion to the other. In the little patch of green a small Indian-ink figure, consisting of a little dot for the head, a large dot for the body, and four scratches of the pen to represent the legs and arms, was intended for the King of Burmah. A legion of little imps were dancing about his dominions; and these were to show in what a troubled state his kingdom was. The rest of the map was all blue; and on this blue, which was the ocean, all round the red or Siamese territory, vilely-painted ships were sailing to and fro, some with the masts towards the land; the others were bottom up,—at least, the masts pointed in the wrong direction.

The King expected that his English visitors would be much astonished with the splendour of the map, and the brilliancy of the

painting. They, however, could scarcely restrain their laughter; and the inclination to smile which was visible on their countenances was supposed by His Majesty to proceed from the admiration and delight they felt at the work of art set before them.

JUDDO TEWARRE.

“THERE was tumult, and there was din;
 There was Satan, and there was sin;
 There were groanings, and there were fears,
 Orphans' sighs, and widows' tears;
 And there were cursing and piercing cry,
 And despair's last rending agony;
 And there were vultures, and worse than they,
 Hovering to gorge their human prey.
 Where were such sights? I pray thee, tell:
 Where was on earth so fierce a hell?”

THE bright sun was shining, and the river looked like flowing silver, as it rippled to the sea. Men and women, boys and girls, were all pressing forward to the city; the sick and the lame, scarcely able to move, still struggled on, or lay beneath the hedge-sides, unable to proceed; and there were hurried meetings, and hasty greetings; and the crowds sometimes fell back, as a dervise, with wild and frantic gestures, whirled round and round in his acts of worship. Travel-worn men, weary with their long journeys, tried to obtain charity—a little money or a little food; but on, on—tramp, tramp—no help, no charity!—*it was the feast of the idol JUGGERNAUT.*

Amongst the groups assembled, there was one man whose fine and well-made figure attracted attention. His dark skin contrasted with the white robe which was cast tastefully about him, and his loud shouts and boisterous conduct rendered him remarkable. He sung, leapt, threw himself into strange contortions, though he had travelled many a weary mile to be present at the festival.

Juddo Tewarre had left a wife and six little ones, far, far away. They had hung upon his neck, they had kissed his lips, they had begged him not to go,—the sorrowful glance of his wife pleaded for his stay; but the man had determined;—Juddo Tewarre must be present at the festival—*his religion demanded the sacrifice.*

The crowd increased, the music of the dancers was heard; the dancers were amongst the people, and still the crowds increased, and

still the tall form was seen amongst them, firm, erect, amidst the wavering crowd, like a rock in the sea.

Presently the music and the shout of the people grew louder, and far away a huge tower was seen, the throne of the idol Juggernaut. It drew nearer, placed on a car or tower more than sixty feet high, resting on wheels, which indented the ground deeply, as they turned slowly under the ponderous machine. Attached to the car were strong ropes, by which the people drew it along. Thousands of men, women, and children pulled the ropes. Even infants were made to exert their strength; for it was accounted a religious act to pull the god along. Upon the tower were the Priests of the idol, surrounding his throne: and more than one hundred and twenty persons in the car. The idol was made of black wood, having a frightful visage, a huge mouth, painted blood-colour, the arms of gold, and the idol itself dressed in a beautiful robe. Five elephants came first, dressed with crimson hangings and silver bells; Juddo Tewarre now pressed forward; the High Priest, in his rich robes, was standing at the front of the car. A sudden motion from Juddo produced instant silence. The music ceased, the terrible dash of the gongs died away, the Priests stopped their songs, the people their shouts, as Juddo stepped into the open space, and laid himself down in the road, his arms stretched forward, his face in the sand. Was there no thought of his little ones, no thought of his wife, no longing desire to look again upon the date-groves and the still water near his far-off house? No; he must die—*he had come to do it!*

The shouts broke out once more as, with a creaking sound, the heavy wheels of the car began to turn; the music, the gongs, are at their loudest; the tower is near, the shouts louder, still louder—the terrible shriek cannot be heard, the jolting of the car is noticed—it passes on, and Juddo Tewarre lies upon the road, crushed to death in honour of the false god! The god is said to smile when the offering of blood is made. The people threw money on the body in approbation of the deed. He was left to view for some time, and then carried to a place called by the English “the Golgotha,” where the dead bodies are cast, and where dogs and vultures are ever seen.

“The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.” Heathenism is a system of misery and bloodshed. There is no idol god whose name is love. Juddo Tewarra died for Juggernaut; Christ died for us. Children, is not the news worth telling, to send some good man to these people with God’s own book, to say, “These are not gods, these are but blocks of painted wood?”

God is love. He seeks not to destroy men's lives, but to save them; for Christ came into the world to save sinners." Help! children, help! How can they hear without a Preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?

E.



THE KAFFIR TRIBES.

No. V.

VII. THERE is yet another tribe of the Kaffir race respecting which we shall give you an account; and as the history of it is very interesting, we hope you will read this paper with attention. This tribe is called the *Amgacaleka*, having received its designation from a Chief of the name of Gcaleka, who was the grandfather of the celebrated Chief Hintza. The territory belonging to this tribe is a beautiful tract of country on the coast of Kaffraria, lying between the Great Kei River and the Bashu; but a part of this territory is, or was, occupied by the Amavelelo, of whom we told you something in our last paper. This part of Kaffraria is very rich and fertile. It possesses numerous streams of water; is covered, except in times of drought, with very luxuriant grass, and can boast of considerable tracts of bush. It is by no means thickly inhabited; but large numbers of fine cattle, many of which have at different times been stolen from the Dutch and British colonists, are pastured here under the keen and watchful eye of Kaffir herdsmen.

Among this tribe a Mission was commenced nearly thirty years ago, when, with the permission of the Chief Hintza, the Station called Butterworth was established, by the Rev. J. Shrewsbury. When the Revs. W. Shaw and Whitworth first visited Hintza, and proposed to him that a Mission should be commenced in his country, he said, "The word is a great and a good word, and I love it, and I am sure it will be a good thing for my people; and as Gaika, Pato, and Slambie have received Missionaries, I will consult with them, and then send you an answer." The ambassador of the cross accordingly entered this territory; and where previously little had been heard but the dancing-song and the battle-cry of barbarous men, there was heard the song of praise to God. The effort made was, to a great extent, successful; and for several years Butterworth was the scene of peaceful Sabbaths,

Christian instruction, and occasional, if not frequent, conversions to God.

But in the year 1835 war broke out, and, Hintza having threatened to attack the Station, the Rev. J. Ayliff, who at that time resided there, was compelled to leave it under cover of the night, and very soon after it was consumed to ashes. The British troops, having crossed the Kei for the purpose of bringing Hintza to submission, found Butterworth in ruins. The Kaffirs had knocked in all the doors and windows of the chapel and the Mission-house, and pulled down the bell and broken it on a stone. Numbers of Fingoes who had resided on the spot, and whom Hintza had called his slaves or dogs, threw themselves on the protection of the British. During the war which ensued Hintza was killed.

After this war the Station at Butterworth was recommenced, the chapel and the Mission-house were re-erected. A considerable number of persons soon began to attend the house of God, and many signs were manifest that Christianity was beginning to exert a very beneficial influence on the people. The Missionary in charge of the Station in the year 1837 stated, that the Chief Khreli, the son of Hintza, with Nomsa, his mother, came to the Station on one occasion to pray for rain. On the following day, which was the Sabbath, they came again; and the Missionary having first addressed them on the national sins of the people, and pressed on them the necessity of attending to the word of God, he then called on them to kneel down, and pray to God to have mercy upon them, and, as the country was suffering from excessive drought, to send them rain, if it were His will. They did so, and their prayers were heard. The rain, that day, came down in torrents; and as they had applied to their rain-maker before for rain without success, they now acknowledged that only the God of the Missionary could send rain, and their countenances were filled with joy.

We visited Butterworth a few years ago. It was then a lovely spot. There stood, upon a rising ground, the Mission-house and the chapel, and on one side of them a row of white-washed cottages, inhabited by natives; and around, at a little distance, were numerous Kaffir huts, occupied by persons who were either members of the church or hearers of the word of God; and O, how pleasant was it, on the Sabbath morning, to hear the chapel bell, and then to witness groups of children and of adults hastening to the

school, and to the public service of God's house ! We shall never forget that Sabbath. It was a very happy day, and we did indeed rejoice that God had sent the Christian Missionary into that barbarous land, and that such were the results of his self-denying toil. There were at that time about fifty members of Society at Butterworth, three hundred scholars, ten unpaid Teachers, and a congregation of from two to three hundred persons. But for war, accursed war, there can be little doubt that the Gospel would have made considerable progress in that part of Kaffraria ere now ; but since that period Butterworth has been twice in ruins, and is, at this moment, a scene of desolation, the result of the conflict now being carried on. We must reserve, however, the rest of the history for our next and concluding article.



LETTER FROM THE REV. WILLIAM MOISTER.

MISSIONARY JOURNEY AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I have great pleasure in once more addressing to you a few lines from this far-distant land ; for I still entertain a pleasing recollection of what I witnessed, while in England, of the noble efforts of little children and young people to aid in sending the Gospel to the poor Heathen ; and happy shall I be if I can contribute any thing which may tend to increase that flame of holy zeal in the cause of Christ which, I trust, still continues to glow in your youthful hearts.

In a former communication I told you how we travel in this country ; but having since then taken a journey to Boschjesveld, to visit a distant Station, it has occurred to me, that a brief account of this tour may be interesting to the readers of the " Juvenile Offering."

I left Cape-Town by a public conveyance. The day was lovely, and, when we had fairly escaped from the heat and dust of the city, I enjoyed the pure fresh air, as well as the bracing effects of a temporary relaxation from duties which are almost incessant when at home. Soon after sunset I arrived at Somerset, West, where I met with a most cordial reception, as usual, from the Rev. R. Ridgill and his amiable partner. I was glad to find every thing in a state of preparation for our journey. The waggon was standing in front of the Mission-house, with twelve oxen tied to the "treck-tow," patiently awaiting the hour of departure. Mrs. Ridgill was

bustly engaged in packing up such provisions and cooking-utensils as were considered to be necessary for the occasion; and when the arrangements were completed, we engaged in family worship, and retired to rest for the night.

At half-past two o'clock on the following morning we arose, took a hasty cup of coffee, unspanned the oxen, mounted the waggon, and drove off in good earnest. I was accompanied by Mr. Ridgill, Mr. Jackson, his son Joseph, and three natives named Jehn, Abram, and September, as driver, leader, and cook. After travelling about four miles, we came to Terrington-Grove, and could just distinguish the chapel by the pale light of the moon. On ascending Sir Lowrey's Pass, we walked for a considerable distance to relieve the poor oxen, the road being very steep. The sun began to rise above the eastern horizon just as we reached the top of the mountain; and as his rays dispelled the mist and the darkness by which we had been surrounded, a prospect was revealed to our view such as I had never beheld before. The sides of the mountain, the summit of which we had reached, were awfully steep and precipitous: a vast sheet of water, or arm of the sea, called False Bay, was spread out before us, beyond which we could just see in the dim distance Simon's-Town, with its white-washed houses and adjacent mountains. Cape-Town, Rondebosch, and Wynberg were lost to our view; but, although forty miles distant, Table-Mountain appeared a prominent object in the landscape. On moving forward this also soon disappeared, and we felt as if we were parting with an old friend, having been accustomed to see it every day for so long.

About eight o'clock A.M. we outspanned at Steen Brass River; and while the oxen were grazing, we lighted a fire, boiled the kettle, and cooked our breakfast, which we enjoyed very much, for the pure mountain air had given us an excellent appetite. After resting about two hours we unspanned, and proceeded on our journey through a wild and dreary country. In the course of the forenoon we saw a few scattered farm-houses, at a considerable distance. A small river called the Palmiet flows through the valley across which we were now passing; and having travelled without halting for four hours, we outspanned at two o'clock to refresh the cattle and cook our dinner. On proceeding forward we saw seven fine re-bucks. The men went after them with their guns; but the beautiful animals bounded over the plains almost as swift as the wind, and thus escaped from their enemies. We found the ascent of New-berg very rugged and distressing for the oxen. On reaching the valley beyond this mountain

we were overtaken with night, and the rain descended in torrents. We nevertheless pushed on to the river Zonderend, where we outspanned about eight o'clock P.M., after a hard day's travel for the poor oxen. When the rain had abated a little, we endeavoured to light a fire to warm ourselves and cook our supper. This we found a matter of some difficulty, in consequence of the wood being so wet; at length we succeeded, and, after refreshing ourselves, we retired to rest with thankful hearts, some sleeping in the waggon, and others on the ground among the bushes.

We rose early on the following morning, which was beautifully fine; but we were prevented from pursuing our journey by the straying of our cattle. We therefore collected a few sticks, lighted a fire, and prepared breakfast, whilst the people were seeking the oxen. We moved forward soon after eight o'clock, and travelled over a thinly-inhabited country, with here and there a farm-house. About noon we outspanned by permission at a farm called the Waterfall: we called upon the Dutch Boer, and he gave us a very hearty reception. Seeing a number of little children running about in a wild, neglected state, I inquired if they had no school in the country, and was sorry to hear that no kind of religious instruction is within the reach of these poor creatures, with the exception of a monthly visit paid by a Dutch Minister to a place several miles off. O' how thankful ought the people of happy England to be for the religious privileges which they enjoy! I was never more deeply impressed with this feeling than since I came to South Africa. We moved forward again in the afternoon, and passed through a small village called Viljiesdorp. Here we saw a small Dutch church in a very dilapidated state. This was the first place of worship which we had seen since we left Terrington-Grove. About an hour farther on we called at a farm-house occupied by an Englishman. Mr. B. generously sent his servant into the vineyard to gather a large basket of delicious grapes, of which he begged our acceptance.

Soon after leaving this delightful place, we ascended a considerable elevation, from the summit of which we had a fine view of the valley called Boschjesveld, and we could just distinguish, at a great distance, the town of Worcester. In the centre of the valley, we could also see the establishment of J. Lindsay, Esq., to which we were going; and, thankful that we were so near the end of our journey, we hastened to descend the hill. After this we outspanned no more, but pushed on the jaded oxen; and about six o'clock in the evening we arrived at the place of our destination, where we met with a most

cardial reception from Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay, who had been anxiously expecting us.

This place is indeed an oasis in the moral desert; but I must reserve for my next communication an account of the religious services which we held during our stay. In the mean time I hope you will cherish a spirit of gratitude for the religious privileges which you enjoy in England, as well as a spirit of zeal for the welfare of poor Africa.

Cape-Town, South Africa, April 1st, 1852.



TROPHIES FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

A MISSIONARY and his wife were sitting at breakfast one morning in the parlour, or hall, as they would call it, of a country Mission-House, in one of the West-India islands, with windows and doors all open, when a little coloured girl, about five years old, ran in, crying and sobbing dreadfully; she tried to tell her story, but only stammered out, "O massa, O missa, come; mammy sick, mammy take physic, mammy dead." The little girl's residence was only two minutes' walk from the Mission-House; so no time was lost in inquiring into the cause of the poor child's distress. Her mother had got up that morning with a slight head-ache, and, after preparing her husband's breakfast, had, by mistake, taken a dose of oxalic acid instead of salts, and was, in less than half an hour, a lifeless corpse. Both the Missionary and his wife were soon by her side, with antidotes recommended by Dr. Graham; but, alas, it was all in vain, she was gone; and O what a heart-rending scene they saw in that little hut! There lay the mother of seven children, cut off in the midst of her domestic duties; the eldest daughter she had at home (who was about sixteen) sat at her head, stupified with grief, and all the little ones clinging round her, screaming and terrified. "And where," I think I hear some of the more thoughtful of my little readers ask, "where was the mother's soul? She had no time to seek God when He called her; was she prepared to die?" Yes, dear children, blessed be God, Maria was one of those whose lamps are always trimmed; and, though one of the Lord's hidden ones, quiet and little known on earth, she will, I doubt not, wear a bright crown in heaven. Just the evening before she died, she was at the prayer-meeting in the Mission-House, with some of her little flock with her. The Missionary's wife said, "Maria, how do you manage to get to the prayer-meeting so regularly, with so many

little ones to mind?" Some of our Methodist mothers at home might perhaps profit by thinking over her reply. "My Missis," she said, with great energy, "me could'nt do 'tall 'tall, if me did'nt come to de prayer-meetings. I's not strong, Missis, an sometime mi work feel heavy; but when me 'press,' me tink, 'Never mind, work away, morrow prayer-meeting night;' den me come here, me get so freshed, morrow morning I work, work, don't feel it half so hard. O, prayer-meeting too good, Missis." Little did she then think that to-morrow morning she would be in glory. Beloved children, some of you may be called as suddenly to appear before God. O, are you ready? If conscience says No, lose no time. The same Saviour that pardoned Maria, and filled her heart with peace, will do the same for you, and *wants* to do it *now*. But Maria shall tell you herself how He loved her; and while her tale ought to make us love the Mission cause more than ever, let it also exalt the Redeemer more and more in our esteem, who is "rich unto *all* that call upon Him," whether they are found on "Greenland's icy mountains," or on "India's coral strand."

It was only a few weeks before her death that Maria rose in the love-feast, and spoke nearly as follows: "Me bless my God dis day at ever I comed to dis place. I neber hear notin good in St. Cruix; but God bring me to Antigua, for teach me de right way. After me come here, me hear de Gospel, an soon me know me great sinner. O mi broders and sisters, me can't tell how bad me feel; me tink ebery day, 'I's goin to hell;' I like as me hab a big load on mi back, I go *so*" (here she stooped as if she was unable to bear up). "Dey tell me, 'Jesus lub sinners just same like me;' dey say He say, 'Come to me, all de weary, heavy laden.' O, me tink, 'Me heavy laden, but I too bad, Jesus can't save me.' Me go so long time, me want so much for learn de way, but me can't see it. One day a broder say, 'Maria, I goin to hold de prayer-meetin to-night on ——'s estate; won't you go?' I tink, 'What use me go? I too bad;' all long de roed mi heart so heaby, me *c-r-e-e-p* long, me neber feel so bad, me ready for turn back; but me go, an I praise mi God for dat blessed night. O how me praise Him 'nough? Dat night mi load all gone, Jesus pardon mi sin; me *know*, me *feel* He die for me. O, me come home dat night *so* light, me not know how for walk, me couldn't walk. Mi broders and sisters, me dance, an run, all de way home, me clap my hands, me jump, I praise de Lord! I poor sinner can do nothin without Jesus; but He too good; He help me in all mi trouble an difficults; bless de Lord, I's here to dis day."

Maria acted all she said in the love-feast that day, and many wept, and some shouted with her, for she was one of whose sincerity there was no reason to doubt.

She held on the even tenor of her way, meekly serving the Lord ; and now she waves a palm before the throne, and, by and by, when Jesus comes to judge every man's work, she will be brought forth as another trophy from the Mission field.

September, 1852.

Margaret.

DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.

AMONG the most interesting incidents of the last month has been the departure of several Missionaries for foreign lands,—Mr. and Mrs. Biggs, Mr. and Mrs. Garry, and Mr. Albrighton, for the West Indies ; Mr. Reay, for Sierra-Leone ; Mr. and Mrs. Alton and three children, for Gibraltar ; Mr. and Mrs. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Harding, Mr. and Mrs. Kirk and five children, and Mr. Young, for Australia. Some of these Missionaries have left England never intending to return ; and many sad partings have taken place. Parents have looked upon their children for the last time, and children have bid a last adieu to their parents. Many tears have been shed by them ; but they have not been tears of regret ; they have willingly resigned home and friends, and all that men hold dear in this life, to labour for the souls of men ; and Jesus will keep them amid the dangers of the sea and land ; amid wild men and wild beasts, Jesus will keep them.

“ Ye who, forsaking all,
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign,
Soon will your work be done,
Soon will the prize be won ;
Brighter than yonder sun
Ye soon shall shine.

“ When on the mighty deep,
He will your spirits keep,
Stay'd on His word :
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by you stand,
Jesus, your Lord.”

SCHOOL CHILDREN AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

A LADY, who kept a school at the Cape of Good Hope for the little coloured children, was obliged to send about thirty of the children to another school. She was very sorry to part with them, and they were very sorry to go. When they were leaving, she told them that they were going away, and that she should teach them no more; and said, "There are some things I hope you will never forget: what do you think they are?" One said, "We must never forget that our souls will go either to heaven or hell when we die." Another said, "We must never forget Jesus." "Why must we never forget Jesus?" "Because He loved us so much as to give His own blood to buy us from sin and Satan." This was said by a bright, coloured boy, with his eyes full of tears. These dear children are all well acquainted with the life of the Lord Jesus: when the Teacher told them what a death He died, and described the scene on Calvary, they wept; but, when they came to the resurrection, they seemed as delighted as if He were some one they had long known and loved.

HINDOO PROVERBS.

ALL the wood in the world can never satisfy fire; all the rivers can never satisfy the sea; nor all living creatures the cravings of death.

Before you become sick or old; before you lose your strength, and die; seek the salvation of your soul. If you wait longer, it is like digging a well when your house is on fire.

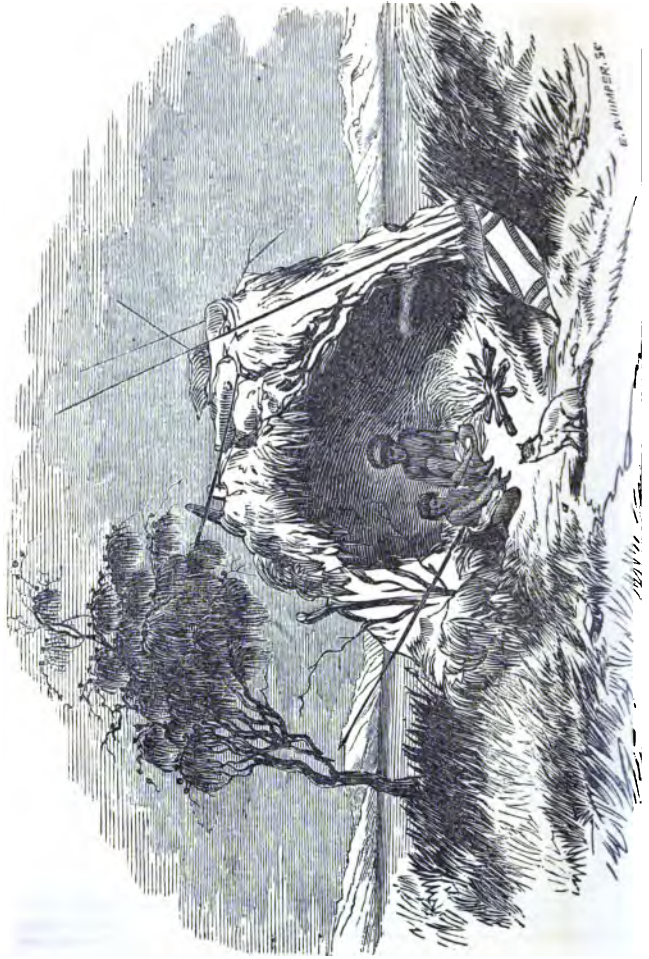
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Twenty Shillings' worth of Postage Stamps from Kent, and Forty Shillings' worth of Postage Stamps from Kent, August 4th, 1852.

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THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

DECEMBER, 1852.



THE AUSTRALIAN CHILD TO HIS MOTHER.

MOTHER, the night-dews fall damp and chill,
Clouds gather fast on that distant hill ;
And methinks the evil spirit I see,
Through the rustling leaves of the Banksia tree.

Now tell me, O mother, if that dread one
Made the moon, the stars, and glorious sun.
I view them twinkle, and glitter so bright,
Through the long cold hours of the silent night ;
They seem to gleam with a radiance mild,
With kindly beams on the wandering child ;
They move on in silence, so wondrous fair,
Sure nothing of evil could place them there.

The white man's child sank softly to rest,
As I've seen the young bird in its downy nest ;
No pelting rain and no blast could harm him,
No fearful sounds in the air alarm him.
He folded his hands, and, with looks of love,
Prayed low to his Spirit, the Spirit above ;
His mother hung o'er him, and spoke of bliss,
To be known in a brighter world than this,
Till her tones were hush'd, and with joy she wept,
While her darling boy in his beauty slept.

If that good Spirit, O mother, I knew,
I would fold my hands and pray to Him, too :
For, O my heart tells me, 't was that High One,
Made the moon, the stars, and the glorious sun.
It was He who deck'd the green earth we tread,
And with fairest flowers the turf outspread.
I've noted their colours, I've watched their glow ;
No creature of evil could paint them so !

No spirit of darkness could hang on high
 Those beautiful lamps in the deep blue sky,
 To shed such a lustre, so soft and mild,
 On the homeless, houseless, wandering child.

O would they tell me of that joy and bliss,
 To be known in a brighter world than this ;
 Would they teach me their own good Spirit to know,
 I would fold my hands, and pray to Him, too.

C.



LETTER FROM THE REV. WILLIAM MOISTER.

MISSIONARY JOURNEY, CONTINUED.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—According to promise, I now proceed to give you an account of the religious services which we held at Newmanville, the residence of J. D. Lindsay, Esq., in the Boschjesveld, on the occasion of my recent visit to that interesting out-Station.

A few years ago there was no place of worship nor Christian school in this locality ; and, like many other places in South Africa, it was totally destitute of the means of religious instruction for the scattered population. On the arrival of Mr. Lindsay, a brighter day dawned upon the people. This good man, having been a Wesleyan Local Preacher in Ireland, was deeply impressed by the moral destitution around him ; and his warm, generous soul began to devise liberal things. He fitted up a large room in his extensive establishment, furnishing it with pulpit and seats, as a place of worship ; and from the fulness of his heart he began to declare to the people, in their own language, the good news of the Gospel. His humble labours were blessed by the great Head of the church, especially among the poor coloured people ; and, feeling the need of some assistance, he invited the nearest Wesleyan Minister, the Rev. Richard Ridgill, of Somerset West, to pay him a visit. His request was cordially responded to ; and this zealous Missionary has ever since attended to this Station, at stated intervals, although it is nearly sixty miles from his usual place of residence. An interesting congregation has been collected, a small Christian church of seventeen members has been formed, and a promising Sabbath-school has been organized.

On the morning of Sunday, March 29th, 1852, Mr. Ridgill preached in Dutch to a large and attentive congregation, after which

I baptized the infant son of Mr. Lindsay. In the afternoon I preached in English, and in the evening Mr. Ridgill preached again in Dutch, and baptized three little coloured children. I had also the pleasure of being present when Mr. Lindsay met the class; and I was much impressed with the earnestness and simplicity with which the members related their Christian experience in their own language. I believe several of them truly love the Saviour; and I sincerely trust that many more will be added to the Lord in this long-neglected district.

At three o'clock on Monday morning we rose to prepare for our return to Cape-Town. Mr. Lindsay kindly furnished us with a fresh team of oxen for the first stage of our journey, that our own might be the better prepared for work afterwards; and his excellent wife loaded us with the good things of this life, as mutton, potatoes, and butter, &c., which we found very useful in the wilderness. Every thing being ready, Mr. Jackson and I took leave of our kind friends, mounted the waggon, and once more moved along, leaving Mr. Ridgill to follow on horseback, as he had two or three couples to marry at eight o'clock in the morning. On calling at the residence of Mr. Brett, soon after daylight, we were treated with a cup of coffee and a basket of figs. We then pushed forward to Breede River, where we outspanned, lighted a fire, and cooked our breakfast. At ten o'clock we inspanned, and proceeded on our journey, having been joined by Mr. Ridgill, who had ridden hard to overtake us. Our next resting-place was near the toll-gate at the foot of French Hoek Pass. We began to ascend the mountain about four o'clock P.M., and two hours had elapsed before we reached the summit, during the whole of which we were surrounded by the most romantic and splendid scenery I ever beheld. On the one hand, the rugged road over which we travelled was overhung by stupendous rocks, and on the other were almost perpendicular precipices, at the foot of which a beautiful stream glittered in the departing rays of the setting sun. When we halted for a few moments to allow the oxen time to breathe, all was as silent as death; and nothing could be heard but now and then the chattering of the baboons as they gambolled on the rocks above us. We were surrounded by the gloom of night before we had descended far on the other side of the mountain. Our oxen were very tired; but we were obliged to push forward till we arrived at a place where we could obtain wood and water. About eight o'clock we outspanned, by permission, on an open plain; and, after lighting a fire, cooking our supper, and partaking of it with grateful hearts, we sang a hymn in Dutch, commended ourselves to God in prayer, and

136 MISSIONARY'S WIFE PARTING FROM HER CHILDREN.

retired to rest, Mr. Ridgill kindly sleeping in the open air on the sand, to allow Mr. Jackson and myself to occupy the waggon.

By daylight on the following morning we arose, collected the cattle, inspanned, and moved forward. At eight o'clock we halted on the banks of the Berg River, in which I had a refreshing bath. Having partaken of breakfast, and being anxious to proceed to Cape-Town, we sang a Dutch hymn, and I commended my dear brethren and the people to God in prayer. I then mounted a horse, and, after a fatiguing ride of four hours, I reached Stellenbosch in good time for the afternoon omnibus, by which I proceeded to Cape-Town, and arrived at the Mission-house about seven o'clock in the evening, having travelled upwards of fifty miles during the day. The rest of the party came on, with the waggon, the following day.

Cape-Town, South Africa, April 28th, 1852.



THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE PARTING FROM HER CHILDREN.

A MISSIONARY'S wife in Burmah was obliged to send her children away because they could not be educated in that foreign land.

When the vessel was about to sail, she took her two children, and led them forth toward the ocean, which would soon part her from them, and, kissing the cheek of each, committed them to the care of Him who holds the storms in His hand, and controls the tempests as He will. It cost a struggle such only as a mother's heart can feel and realize; and as she kissed them for the last time, and gave them to her husband, she turned her streaming eyes to heaven, and exclaimed, "O Jesus, I do this for Thee!"

"One burning kiss, one wild good-bye,
Put off, put off from shore!
In mercy to the mother, fly;
And swiftly waft them from her eye,
For she can bear no more!

"She knelt, and cried, as o'er the sea
Faded their forms like sunset ray,
'O Saviour, I do this for Thee!'
And, sobbing, turn'd away."



MISSIONARY DANGERS AMONG THE CHIPPEWA INDIANS.



IT was on the afternoon of a day in February, 1848, that a Missionary and his Indian interpreter pursued their lonely path through the forest, in order to visit a new settlement of Ottawas and Chippewa Indians. The place was called Meshimnekonig, which means, "the place where the apples grow." Arrived at the "planting grounds,"

the Missionary learned that the entire band were about two miles and a half distant, engaged in making sugar; so, leaving their horses, they proceeded thither on foot. The interpreter being lame, and having to walk with crutches, it was dusk before they came in sight of the red men's fire. At this moment a silent prayer was offered up, and they went forward putting their trust in the living God. The youthful Minister felt that his enterprise was not without peril, yet he faltered not, for a voice within him whispered, "The cross shall conquer."

They soon came up to a tent, and pulled aside the blanket door: on entering they found the old Pagan Priest lying wrapped in his Indian blanket. Quickly rising up, he said, "What you want? What you come here for?" The Missionary replied, "My friend, we have come to see you,—to visit your Indians here." "O, O! then come, go with me over to Muh-nut-quott's. (the Chief), and then we will have a talk," rejoined the Priest. Accordingly he led the way to the Chief's dark palace.

But whom do they meet?—Two white men; pedlars of that liquid fire that has destroyed so many thousands of the noble Indian race. They had been selling this cursed poison to them until they were quite drunk. The Missionary inquired of these men whether they had seen Muh-nut-quott? They said sneeringly, "He is in his wigwam." They entered the tent. To the left of the door, wrapped in a large red blanket, lay the Chief. The Missionary's heart almost sank within him; for he perceived, alas! that the *spirit* of evil was there to resist the Spirit of good. Nevertheless, he approached, and gave the friendly hand: but the

Chief would neither take the hand nor speak to him ; on the contrary, his face grew black with anger, and his eye spoke fight. One of the whiskey traders now came in, and sat down by his side. This seemed to add fuel to the fire already kindled in his breast ; for they talked freely together, and in a very excited manner.

As all the Indians had been drinking the "fire-water," and some of them were quite intoxicated, the Preacher and his companion felt that their situation was any thing but safe or comfortable. It was dark. They were in the dense forest, far from a white man's dwelling, with nothing but blind roads to follow, if it should become necessary for them to fly. Not that they were afraid of death, but the thought of being at the mercy of drunken Indians—there was something in it revolting to human nature, from which the mind shrank in terror and appalled.

At length the Chief rose, and, fixing his keen black eye on the Missionary, said, "What do you want?" "We have come to tell you the words of the Great Spirit," was the answer. "But," said the Chief, "I know as much as you ; I know about the Great Spirit myself." Seeing that Muh-nut-quott had lost the power of self-control, the Minister asked to be excused from talking to him about "this new religion" till the next morning ; but, "No," was his decided answer, "you must stay and talk to-night. You talk a little while, and then I will talk, and we will see which is the wisest man, you or I." Again he was advised to wait till morning, but "No, no," was his reply. In vain the Missionary and the interpreter tried to reason with him, or to tell him of their intention to pass the night with a white friend. "You must stay and talk *now* : by-and-by, at midnight, the moon will be up, and then you can go to the white man's house."

Muh-nut-quott now became so much excited that he sprang from the ground, at the same time clapping his hands, and giving the Indian's wild and frantic whoop ! This sound, so sudden and full of terror, startled our young men, till, as one of them says, "The earth beneath us seemed to shake, the blood chilled in our veins, and the very hair on our head stood up in mass !" Turning himself round, Muh-nut-quott addressed the old Pagan Priest, and spoke vehemently. At this moment were heard the voices of other Indians approaching from an adjoining camp. The noise of those outside, and the gestures of those within, plainly told that they were ready for any kind of violence.

The Indian interpreter now said to the Missionary, "Leave quickly; go, go, and I will come when I can." The young Minister left immediately, and felt his way along through the dark, one mile from the wigwams. Here, stopping on the bank of a creek, he leaned himself against a tree, and awaited with prayer and some anxiety the arrival of his interpreter. An hour elapsed, and he came up with this word from the Chief, "Where is that Preacher? where is that Preacher?"

Next morning the interpreter went down to see if they were sober; but they were stupidly drunk. After waiting two days, both went again to the sugar camp. Apprised of their coming, the Indians had all things in readiness for the anticipated "talk." On entering the wigwam, at the right of the fire were seated the young men. On the left lay the Chief, partly reclining on his elbow, with a large knife in his hand; but as all were now sober, the servants of Jesus feared not to approach them. Again the friendly hand was offered; for a moment the Chief looked into the Missionary's eyes, as if he would read his very soul, then, rising up, he threw his knife three or four feet from him, and gave the Minister a hearty welcome. They conversed together for an hour, and, as is usual on such occasions, the pipe sent up its curling incense as a token of peace and mutual good-will.

Preliminaries over, the Missionary offered up a prayer, in which he felt that fire came down from heaven to consume the sacrifice. He then preached to them. During the sermon the Chief listened attentively, and it was easy to see that the truth affected him, for the big tear often gathered in his eye, while ever and anon a deep sigh would break from his troubled heart. At the close he was invited to speak. He rose and said, "All you say is very true; I like it much; but I am weak in my heart, and cannot do good. We cannot meet these whiskey traders: they are too much for us."

Several times during the ensuing summer the Missionary visited this band, and preached to them the words of eternal life. In the autumn of the same year Muh-nut-quott and several of his Indians were converted, baptized, and received into the church. For more than three years this Chief has been a faithful Class-Leader in his band, during which time he has seen many of his Indian brothers, including the head Chief, made happy in a Saviour's love. Thus was organized an infant church in the bosom of the wilderness; and thus, also, was verified, in the experience of our youthful Missionary, the truth of those inspiring words, "The cross sha'

conquer:" words which have often since led him on to similar victories.

Report of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

THE KAFFIR TRIBES.

No. VI.

WE shall now give you a further account of the Amgacaleka tribe, and follow the history of the Mission at Butterworth down to the present time.

The war of 1846 was a very fearful one. Several Mission-Station were destroyed, and Butterworth among them. Just prior to this, it was in a very flourishing condition, and the light of Christian truth was spreading itself around among the neighbouring tribes. The congregations at the Station were large and attentive, the Holy Spirit was operating on the hearts of sinners, and several were, from time to time, received into the church of Christ by baptism. But again the demon war was suddenly let loose, and soon the prospects of the Missionary were blighted. The Missionary resident at Butterworth, having heard that the Kaffirs intended to attack the Station, was obliged, as in 1835, to fly during the night, accompanied by five hundred Fingoes, and to take refuge in the Tambookie country, and afterwards at Buntingville. It was on this memorable but trying occasion that some of the Fingoe children ran to the chapel, and snatched up their New Testaments, resolved not to leave behind them the precious word of God. Be thankful, dear children, when you read this account, that you live in a land of peace, and that you are not called to fly from your homes for fear of barbarous and savage men. It is God who has given you the blessings you enjoy: do not forget to praise Him for His gifts.

But Butterworth was again resumed. The Chief Khreli regretted that it had been destroyed, and, after the war, wanted the Missionary to return; "and," said he, "if you will come back, I will give £600 in cattle towards the re-erection of the buildings;" and he did so. He selected a number of cattle from his stock, and they were sent to Graham's-Town, and sold in the market; and then the Missionary went back to Butterworth, and it soon began to rise once more. This conduct on the part of the Chief showed that he had some respect for the Missionaries, and knew that they were his real friends. For a Kaffir is naturally very covetous. He will get all he can; but he will seldom part with any thing; and certainly it was a

great thing for a Kaffir Chief to give up so many cattle for such a purpose. But you will perhaps say, "Why did the Missionary go back? How did he know that he would be safe? What induced him to return to such a place, and to expose himself again to the cruelty of such wicked people?" Ah! the true Missionary is actuated by the love of Jesus Christ; and, when duty calls him to the post of danger, he resolves to go. It was nothing but a desire to do good, to preach the Gospel, and to save immortal souls, that led the Missionary to venture back to Butterworth. He went, and his wife and family went with him, because they loved the people, and wished to return them good for evil.

Well, the Station rose again from its ruins, and very soon began to assume something of its former loveliness and beauty. On the day that the Missionary returned, Khrell himself, with a large number of his people, came to hear the word of God; and one of his counsellors was so much affected with what he heard that he retired to pray for the first time in his life, and afterwards went to live on the Station, that he might enjoy the benefit of the means of grace. Never were the prospects of the Mission more encouraging than in 1849, some time after it had been recommenced.

But how mysterious are the dispensations of the providence of God! and how often are the brightest hopes of Christian Missionaries blasted in a moment! By the war which is now raging, Butterworth has a third time been destroyed. Read Mr. Gladwin's account of the circumstances which occurred at Butterworth a few months ago, given in the October "Missionary Notices." The British troops being in the country, and hearing that the Mission-Station was in danger, went and rescued the Missionary and his family, and brought them away into British Kaffraria. The following morning the Station was in flames.

What a picture presents itself before the eye as we read Mr. Gladwin's narrative! The Missionary and his family packing up their goods into waggons; the house and the chapel forsaken and left desolate; numbers of Fingoes with their children and their flocks; and troops of soldiers going before to clear the way for the individuals thus rescued;—all this exhibits a painful, but deeply interesting, scene; and, to those who were concerned in it, it must have been distressing in the extreme. But the Missionary and his family were preserved; and, if ever it should be found practicable to begin the work at Butterworth again, we dare say that they will not hesitate to return.

Such, then, is a brief account of the Amgacaleka tribe in relation

to Christian Missions. Many individuals of this tribe have embraced the truth; but the great majority, together with the Chief and the great men, are still Heathens,—dark, ignorant, and barbarous; and what the result of the war will be (for this tribe is now involved in it) we cannot tell. Perhaps many more will yet be killed; and some of the Missionaries may again be placed in circumstances of great danger. Children and young people, do you pray for Africa? for Missionaries? for the coming of Christ's kingdom? Pray more earnestly than ever, and be willing to make some sacrifices, that you may be able to give more liberally to the cause of Christ.

There are several other tribes of Kaffirs which we have not mentioned in these papers. Perhaps we may tell you something about them hereafter; but, as this is the last month of the year, we shall, for the present, close, hoping that our readers will all exert themselves to raise the Christmas Contributions this year to six thousand pounds. It *can* be done if you all try.

The account of the Christian Chief, Kama, we shall give you in an early number for the New Year.

A REST ON THE MILESTONE.

1852.

IN the days of yore, when walking was more fashionable than in these railway times, the milestone was a notable point in the traveller's eye; he would linger by it, read it over and over, reckon the time it had taken him to come so far, and the time it would take him to reach his journey's end. Our New-Year's Days, beloved little readers, are like our milestones on the journey of life; and on one point they tell to all the same tale,—they tell us we are twelve months nearer the grave, nearer eternity, nearer the judgment seat. Let us "stop, and think" together a little, before we come to this milestone, and ask ourselves a few questions. How is it with us? How is it with the Mission cause? How can we get more deeply interested in the Mission work?

How is it with us? We have had another year's mercies: are our hearts more thankful? We have had another year's discipline: it may be sickness, or loss of dear friends, or poverty. Do we know any more of our own hearts? or of God's long-suffering kindness? We have had fifty-two more Sabbaths, and twice as many invitations, in our Sabbath-schools and places of worship, to come to Jesus, and be pardoned and saved. Have we accepted these invitations? or are we still loitering, thinking it

will be time enough by and by? Let us take care, dear children. May be this is the last milestone we shall ever pass; and what an awful thing it would be if little Jane, and Selina, and Cecilia, and Richard, and other little children from Heathen lands should appear in heaven, and we, born and trained in a land of light, be banished from Jesus for ever! O, lay this deeply to heart, dear, dear little readers, do; for we shall never feel a right interest in the Mission cause, till we have the spirit of Jesus in our hearts, and feel as He felt for poor sinners.

But how is it with the Mission cause? Let us ask our own little "Juvenile Offering." One of our friends says, that "the very little children like to look at the pictures;" but there are many very big, or, at least, very old, children who like to look at them too. They give such a living interest to the book, that we should have a good halfpenny-worth with pictures, and nothing else. Now when we see George Tubou, whom we love so much, smiling on us with his benign countenance, and those lovely Mission-Stations in Africa, and that noble Training-School in Tonga, and read of King George's doings, and of that love-feast in Feejee, and about the old Chief at the Rice Lake, &c., we are almost ready to shout, "Hallelujah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." But when we see Pato's cold, stern face, and that frightful Mantatee Chief, and the Chinese Monkey-temple, and the poor Hindoo women, and the Female Devil, and we read of many cruel deeds and dark places, we see there is much to be done; and though other bodies, as well as our own, are putting forth fresh efforts, and there have been new doors opened and entered, alas! alas! there is nothing done to what might be done, were every man, woman, and child doing their duty. A ray of light shines here and there, but, uniting all the space occupied by every Missionary Society in the world, so small would it appear, compared to the rest of the globe, that we might still say, "The whole world lieth in wickedness." Some most important steps have been made forward since we passed the last milestone, especially the opening of a new Mission in China, by that noble-minded youth, Piercy. Let us remember him and his fellow-labourers, whether Wesleyan or others, and pray that the Monkey-Temple may soon be thrown down, and a chapel built in its stead.

But how are we to get more interested in the Mission work? Let us think more about Jesus. This is the beginning and end of every good work. Let us think how much He loves us, how

much we owe Him, how much His heart was set on the salvation of sinners.

Then let us think more about the Mission work. When we look at a map of the world, and see continents the size of a farthing cake, and groups of islands that we could cover with a kidney bean, and large cities like a pin-head, we have but a faint idea of the thousands of thousands who are dying for lack of knowledge. When we hear that there are 800,000,000 without the Gospel, we have scarcely an idea beyond an 8th figure and eight ciphers; but let us think. Let some of you who are ready reckoners, try how long 800,000,000 of men would be in passing you at the rate of sixty in a minute, were you to sit twelve hours each day. Let us travel, in imagination, from city to city, from continent to continent, from island to island, till our minds get hold of the mighty subject, and we feel that "the whole world lieth in wickedness." Let us do this often, so that the Mission work may be interwoven with our every thought. Then let us pray more for the success of Missions. There was a Minister in Scotland, who, when he wanted any poor sick member of his Church to be more frequently visited by the other members, would say, "Beloved, let us pray for brother or sister —: they are very sick." He said, he was sure, if they began to pray for them, they would soon visit them too. And one of our Missionary Secretaries used to say, "We shall never see the world evangelized till Missionaries are more prayed for." The work is done "not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord." Need we add, Let us work more for Missions? No; let us get richly baptized with Christ's Spirit, and pray without ceasing, "Thy kingdom come," and we must work, and give too; we shall delight in it. Farewell, dear little readers, wishing you a happy, holy, useful New Year.

1852.

Margaret.

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