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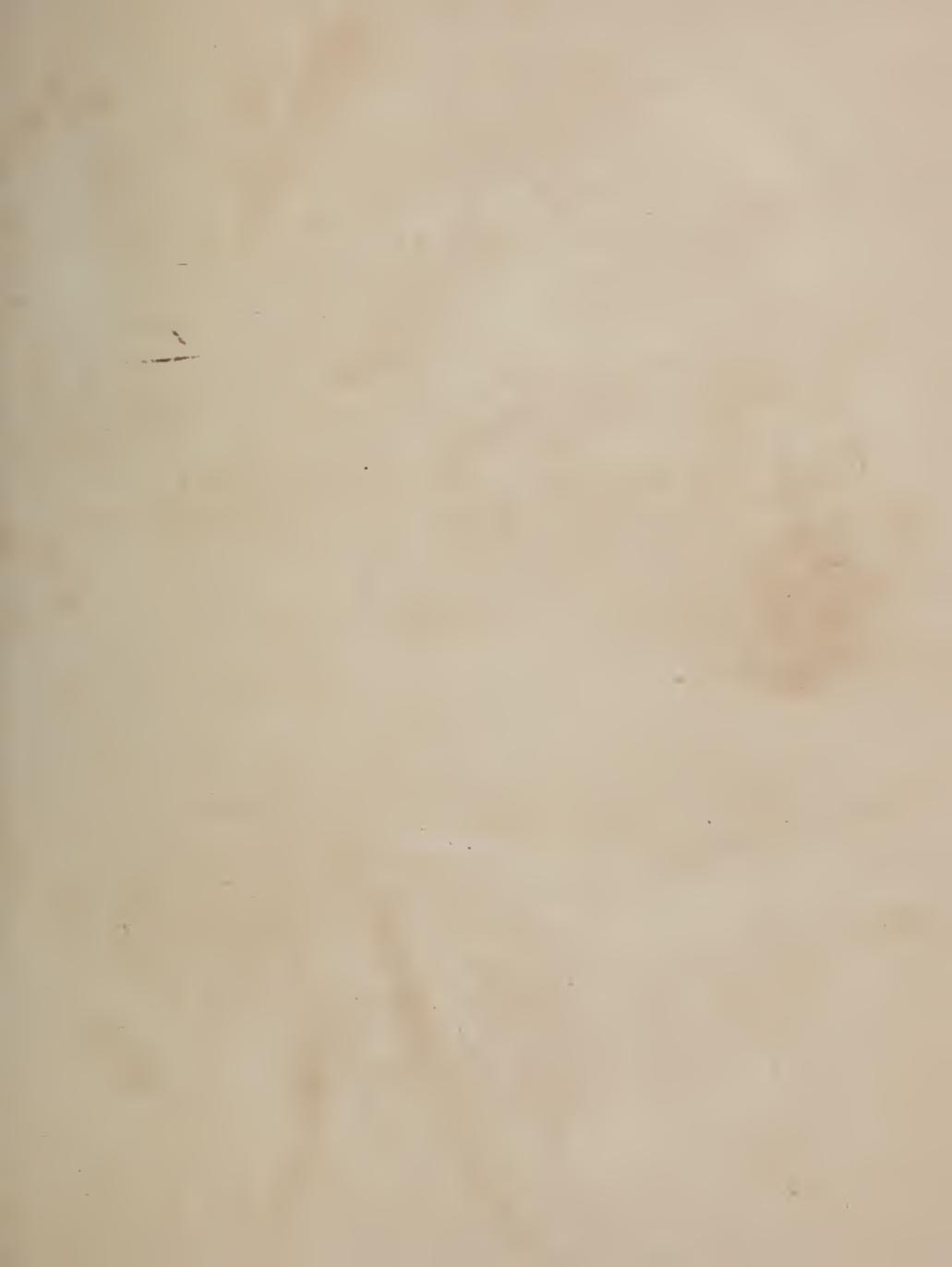
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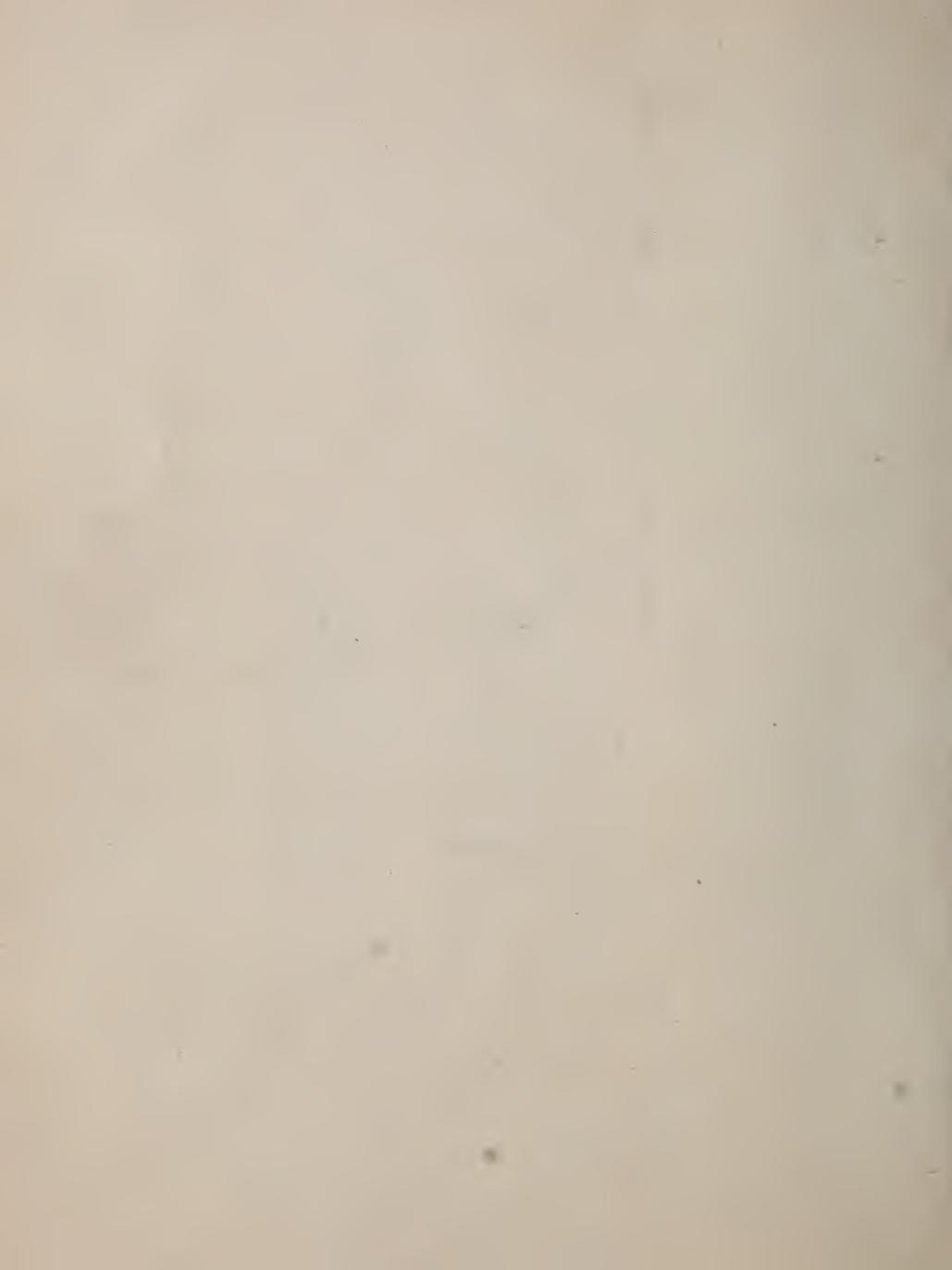
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A MISSIONARY SCENE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Frontispiece.

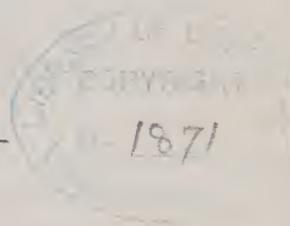
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PICTORIAL

SCENES AND INCIDENTS,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.



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A MISSIONARY SCENE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A MISSIONARY has reached a native kraal or village in his wagon, and has taken his stand on the fore part of it, instead of a pulpit, to preach to the people.

In that part of the world, the soil is of a sandy nature for the most part, with few trees, and a sparse population. There are hardly any roads, at least in the parts inhabited by native tribes, and there are no inns or public houses for the accommodation of travellers. When missionaries, or other persons, make a journey, it is common to take a long, low wagon, which is drawn by oxen; and these are often guided by a rope through the nose, the man riding as if on a horse. In the wagon must be carried everything that is necessary for eating and sleeping. It is the movable house of the traveller, in which he journeys by day and sleeps at night. It is very slow travelling in

this way. The oxen travel little more than two miles an hour, and they will continue about seven or eight hours a day. Often great hardships are suffered for want of water; and sometimes the travellers are exposed to great peril from lions and other wild beasts.

Many missionaries have travelled in this manner in South Africa to reach their stations among barbarous tribes, whose violence and bad passions were more to be feared than any beasts of prey. They have gone and taken up their abode in villages, composed of round huts, like those which are seen in the picture. There they have lived for years amongst ignorant, wicked, and wretched natives, although they had formerly enjoyed all the comfort, refinement and social happiness possessed by any others in their own country. What made them willing to do this? The love of Christ. What was their object in living at the heathen village? To preach Christ to the poor heathen, and thereby to save their souls. Were they happy in this? Yes, the grace of the Saviour can make men happy anywhere. Did they do any good in this way? Yes, many of the heathen have been converted from being miserable pagans to the worship of the true God. Churches have been formed. Some of the converts have died in peace, and are now in heaven. The mission-

aries are happy now in their good work, and in heaven they will rejoice with their converts in the Saviour's presence for ever.

But there are many of the poor Africans who have never heard of the way of salvation through Christ. We ought to feel a deep pity for them, and to do all we can to send the gospel to them.

Mr. Moffat, the missionary, tells of a Matabele woman, who gave very pleasing evidence of piety, and at length died in the enjoyment of a good hope. Once while she was sick, Mr. Moffat entered her cottage and found her weeping, with a portion of the word of God in her hands.

Addressing her, he said, "My child, what is the cause of your sorrow? Is the baby unwell?" "No," she replied, "my baby is well." "Your mother-in-law?" he inquired. "No, no," she said, "it is my own dear mother, who bore me." Here she again gave vent to her grief, and, holding out the gospel of Luke in a hand wet with tears, she said, "My mother will never see this word; she will never hear this good news." She wept again and again, and said, "Oh, my mother and my friends, they live in heathen darkness; and shall they die without seeing the light which has shone on me, and without tasting that love which I have tasted?" Raising her

eyes to heaven, she sighed a prayer, and exclaimed again, "My mother, my mother!"

Shortly after this evidence of divine love in her soul, he was called upon to watch her dying pillow, and descend with her to Jordan's bank. She feared no rolling billow. She looked on her babe, and commended it to the care of her God and Saviour. The last words he heard from her faltering lips were, "My mother."



A HINDOO DEVOTEE.

A HINDU DEVOTEE.



RELIGIOUS devotees abound among the Hindus. In some respects they are like the Roman Catholic monks, professing a life of celibacy, and commonly following austere and ascetic practices—at least in public. In private life their morals are far from being pure; indeed, they are often the most immoral of men. At best, they are a useless class of men.

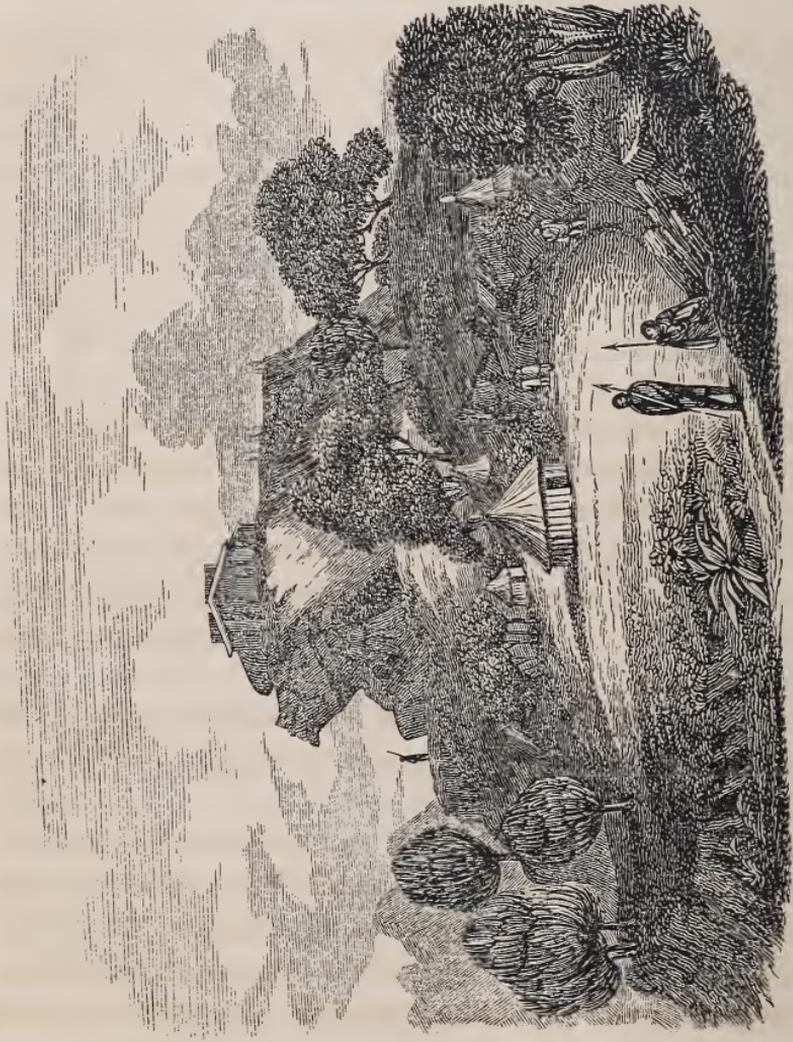
There are different orders or classes of these fakirs,* known by different names, Gosains, Bairagís, Jogís, Sunyasís, &c. Many of them travel about through the land, visiting what are considered holy places, such as Benares, Allahabad, &c.; some of them, like the Gosain in the engraving, are almost always to be found sitting in one place, perhaps under a tree, or on the top of a hill. The

* Pronounced Fäkeers.

Hindus think it very meritorious to give their alms to such persons, and they are commonly bold and impudent beggars.

The different classes of Fakírs differ in their views, but their leading tenet is, that sin has its seat in the body, and is to be destroyed by mortification, and by abstracting the mind from sensible objects. It is in this kind of meditation, counting his beads, and living apart from other men, in the open air, at the same time scorching himself by a fire, that the devotee in the picture is vainly seeking to prepare himself for being at length absorbed into the deity. Poor man! he has probably never heard about Jesus Christ, our blessed Saviour.

Some of these poor creatures have been hopefully converted to the worship of the true God. One of them, Isaidas by name, is an evangelist at Benares, in connection with the London Missionary Society, and he is a zealous and faithful minister of the gospel. One of the English missionaries said of him, "Often have I heard his voice at two or three o'clock in the morning, telling his perishing countrymen of the love of Christ." The grace of God is sufficient to save even the chief of sinners. Jesus is one mighty to save; and to him all the ends of the earth are invited to look, that they may be saved.



A VIEW IN ABYSSINIA.

A VIEW IN ABYSSINIA.

THIS picture gives a view of Genater, the capital of Agowma, a district of Abyssinia. It has been visited by European travellers, and is situated in 14 deg. north latitude and 40 deg. east longitude. Some of the conical huts occupied by the natives are seen in the engraving, and the citadel on the top of a high rock overlooks the village.

It is interesting to see how differently the people of other countries live from the way in which we live ourselves. And it is important to consider what chiefly makes that difference. People who do not possess the gospel, and those also who, though Christians in name, know little about Christianity, are commonly found in a poor condition. If we understand these things rightly, we shall feel grateful to God, who has given us the great

blessings of the Christian religion in its purity. This religion benefits the temporal condition of every man who cordially receives it, and it greatly benefits every country in which it generally prevails. If the Abyssinians were good, enlightened Christians, they would not live long in such poor houses.

This is one of the lessons suggested by this picture. Another is, that however poor may be the works of men, especially of ignorant, superstitious men, God's works are everywhere beautiful and good. How noble the rock and how beautiful the trees which we see in this engraving! The hand of our heavenly Father planted the one and hewed out the other. Oh, that the Abyssinians knew how to praise him! Let our young readers learn to see the wisdom, goodness and power of God in his works, which are all around them. And still more carefully should they study his works of grace and mercy as displayed in the gospel of his dear Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Many years ago some good men, who had learnt to praise God, and to love the Saviour, and who wished to honour him by making known the way of salvation to the poor Abyssinians, went as missionaries to that country. But they were not allowed to stay long there, being

driven away by wicked men. One of them went to the eastern side of Africa, where he has formed a very interesting mission among the heathen. Another went to Bombay, in India, as a missionary to the Hindus. Now it is quite remarkable, that five Abyssinian youths were afterwards taken to India, from the Mauritius, in a French vessel, which had put in at Bombay for repairs; and these young men came under the instruction of the missionary at that city, who had formerly been in their native country. One of them had even lived with him at a town not very far from Genater. Besides these five, two other Abyssinians had, by some means, been led to Bombay, where they spent several years in the Scotch Free Church School. Last year these two men returned to Abyssinia, with the intention of making known the gospel to their countrymen. Intelligence has reached the missionary of their having been kindly received by the governor of one part of the country, and of many persons being willing to be instructed by them.

The missionary who formed the station on the eastern coast of Africa, is now in Europe for his health. Of course he was greatly delighted to hear of the Abyssinian youths at Bombay, under the instructions of his former missionary associate, and he lately wrote to some friends :

“Perhaps the Lord will shortly stretch his hand of mercy upon the fallen Church of Abyssinia; for I cannot think that these young lads should have been led away from their country without some weighty purpose.” He also recommends that a European missionary should go with them when they return to their own country.

Mr. Gobat gives the following character of the Abyssinians:—

“It would be very difficult for me to tell you, on the whole, my opinion of the Abyssinians; for there is not, perhaps, a people in the world who unite so many virtues with so many vices. One day I am all joy, with the hope that in a short time the Abyssinian Mission will be crowned with glorious success: the following day I am cast down to the very dust, by the idea that all attempts will be useless: for the Abyssinians very quickly yield to the truth, but it is only for a while; they cannot make up their minds to quit so much as one of their customs. When they are told of their evil deeds, they confess that we are right, and appear to be humbled on account of it; and when they are told of the love of God in Christ, they appear sensible of it for the moment, but very soon forget it.”



HINDOO BOYS DESTROYING THEIR IDOLS.

HINDU BOYS DESTROYING THEIR IDOLS.

THIS pleasing picture gives a view of three Hindu boys, in their white tunics* and turbans,† each with his school book, one of them kneeling and the others standing near a little tank or reservoir of water, with the domes and towers of a heathen temple in the distance. In the temple they had seen idol gods, and had been taught to worship them by their parents. And they had been supplied with little images of the idols, to be worn as a part of their dress, so that they could easily worship them at any time wherever they went. In their ignorance, their parents thought they were doing good to their children when they

* A kind of dress not unlike the French *blouse*, or the Western *hunting shirt*.

† A covering for the head, consisting of muslin folded many times around the head.

gave these idols to them. They hoped in this way to protect their dear boys from sickness, accidents, evil spirits, and all kinds of evil. The poor people! they did not reflect that images of clay, stone, or silver, were more helpless than themselves. They did not consider how wrong and sinful it was thus to honour them that are no gods, instead of seeking to know and worship the true God. Many of our young readers could have taught them better.

After some time a school was opened by an English missionary, not far from the heathen temple. These little boys went to it as scholars. The missionary was very kind to them. He not only had them taught to read and to write, but he explained to them the Bible, and they soon learned the principal truths of the Christian religion. Their eyes were opened to see the sin and folly of worshipping idol-gods.

A festival in honour of one of these gods was about to be observed at a place called Shapore. These three boys were sent one day to bring home some clay to prepare the image for the festival. The Missionary then goes on to say :—

“They reasoned among themselves on the foolishness and sinfulness of the custom, observing how very

contrary it was to the word of God, which they had been taught. While reasoning thus, they came to the decision among themselves, that it was not only wrong in them to prepare the clay for idols, but also sinful to worship them at all, and they determined at once to destroy their idols. They accordingly proceeded to act upon the decision, and taking out their little images from the silver boxes suspended to their necks, they broke them to pieces, and then threw the fragments into the water.

“ This, when known, greatly disconcerted and annoyed their relations, and efforts were made to compel the youths to wear the idol again, but, for some time, to no purpose. Two of them at last yielded, but the third, an interesting lad about eleven years of age, positively refused. He was often punished, deprived of his food, and hooted at by the boys in the streets; but he continued firm, and not only refused wearing the idol and worshipping it, but ceased to worship his Gooroo (heathen teacher), and he declined taking the food or water consecrated by him.

“ We saw much of this interesting youth: he spoke with great abhorrence of the sin of idolatry, and the little fellow was deeply affected when relating his own feelings and experience. We should have been happy could we have taken charge of him, but his mother would not give

him up; and, as a last resource, to bring him back to idolatry, he was removed to a village about twenty miles distant. What his state of mind is we know not—all we have heard is, that he attends the government school. If the Lord has commenced a good work in him, he will carry it on to the great day.”

This little boy, and his two school mates, will yet, as we trust, be brought to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. Our readers should pray for them, and for many others who are like them.

The missionary schools are sometimes objected to by good people, as if they were not a proper means for making the heathen acquainted with the gospel. But they are not mere worldly schools, in which nothing is said about religion. Rather, they might be called churches for children; for a great deal of instruction is given to the scholars in them about the way of salvation.



BUDDHU.

BUDDHU, OR BOODH.

THIS is the god chiefly worshipped by the Burmese. He is also worshipped by many of the Hindus, and very extensively in Siam, Cochin China, China, and Japan. It is the opinion of some well-informed writers, that no other form of religion is so extensively prevalent in the world as Buddhism. It is an extremely ancient system, and is thought by some to have prevailed in ancient Egypt, Arabia and other countries.

The engraving gives a representation of one of the most common images of Buddhu, though he is often described as in a standing, and sometimes in a recumbent posture. The images of this god vary in size from half an inch to sixty or seventy feet, and are made of clay, wood, stone, brass, silver, &c. In the Museum at the Mission House of the Board of Foreign Missions, in New York, there

are several of these images, one almost precisely like this engraving, some of which have been actually worshipped; others were procured before they had been consecrated.

It would be difficult to convey a satisfactory impression of Buddhism in a short account. The word *Buddhu* is said to denote simply the idea of deity, and numerous *Buddhus* have made their appearance in different worlds, and several in this, of whom the most celebrated is probably *Gaudama*.

Gaudama has a long history, extending through millions of ages, and embracing several hundred conditions into which he was successively born. He has been at different times a worm, a fish, a bird, a man, &c. Two of the prominent doctrines of Buddhism, are transmigration and fate. These are found in the religious writings, in the Pali language, which contain the sayings of *Gaudama*, divided into different books, called the *Bedagat*—of which some specimens may be seen in the Missionary Museum. These writings are said to contain much that is true, and little that is impure or immoral; but yet Buddhism is “a system of religion without a God. It is literally atheism. Instead of a Heavenly Father, forgiving sin, and filial service from a pure heart, as the effect of love, it presents nothing to love, for its deity is dead; nothing as the ulti-

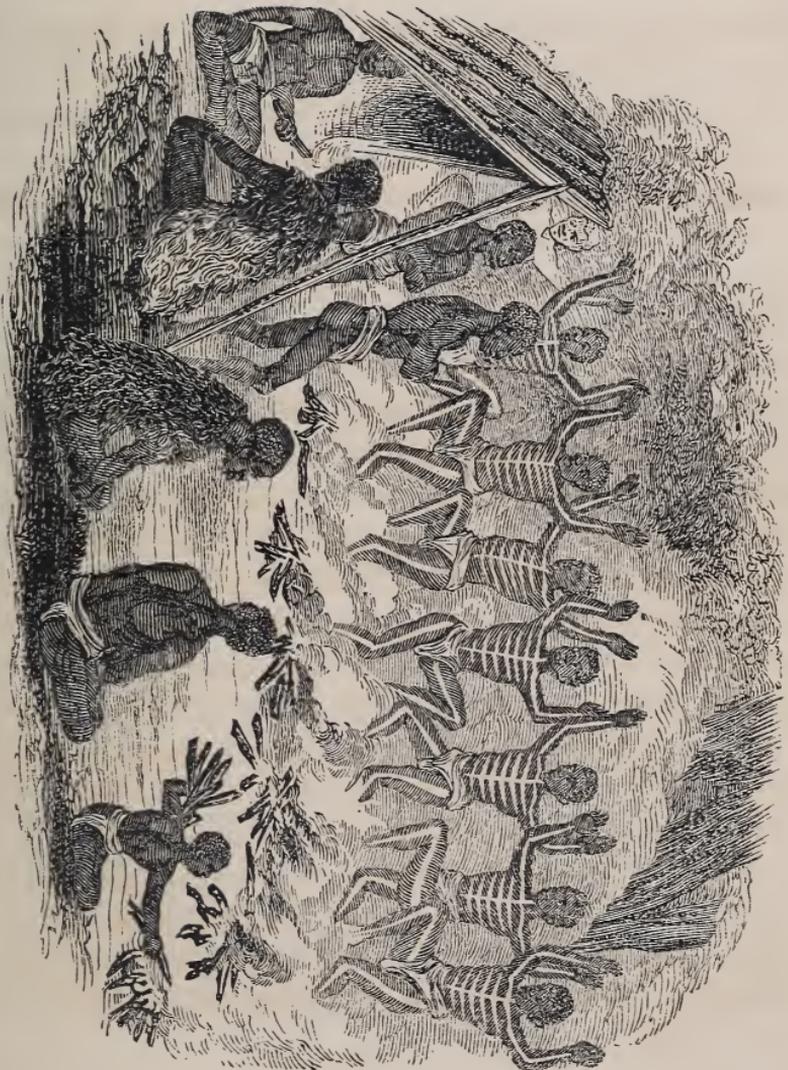
mate object of action but self; and nothing for man's highest and holiest ambition but annihilation." Thus is Buddhism characterized by a late writer, Malcom, from whom we have taken some of these details. Buddhu is worshipped in temples, and has a regular priesthood devoted to his service.

This religion, like all other false systems of religion, is entirely defective in its views of the character of man as a sinner, of the character of God, of the way of justification before God, and of the great end for which man was created. Indeed the defects of pagan systems of religion are almost as radical as their errors. Here for example is a religion, embraced by several hundred millions of the human race, *in which there is no Saviour!* Need anything further be said to show its utterly worthless character, as the religion of fallen and sinful men? We would remind our readers of the duty of offering fervent prayers to Almighty God for the overthrow of all idolatry, and for the spread of true religion in every land.

THE CORROBOREE, OR DANCE OF THE NEW HOLLANDERS.



THIS engraving represents the natives of New Holland engaged in the Corroboree, their national dance. A writer in the London Saturday Magazine of June, 1836, describes this singular performance. It was conducted in the deep recesses of the forest at night, where fires of dried bark were kept burning. The spectators were seated in a semi-circular form in front; and the reflection of the fire upon the trees, the figures of the men seen through the fires, and the deep darkness all around, gave a strong and strange effect to the whole scene. A number of women were placed on one side, and almost concealed from view, but so situated that their shrill voices and the horrid noises they made by the clashing of sticks, and whirling in the air pieces of wood fastened to a string, added



DANCE OF THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

greatly to the wild effect of the performance. The men who took part in the acting had besmeared themselves with a kind of white chalk or pigment, making their appearance as frightful as possible. After waiting for some time, during which the spectators were variously employed, at length, a dead silence on the part of the company caused all eyes to be directed towards the stage, when at the instant eight of the actors made their appearance, and so suddenly did they rush from darkness into the blaze of the fire, that one could almost fancy that they had risen out of the ground. As they stood before the fires, all placing themselves in similar attitudes, the effect was truly wonderful. The noises of the women commenced, and the spectre-looking actors, with their arms and legs extended, and making a sort of tremulous muscular motion of their bodies, especially at their knees and elbows, began to wheel in regular order round the fires, crying Whroo! whroo! whroo! and keeping time with the barbarous yells and clashing of the invisible orchestra.

We have met with no satisfactory account of the origin and meaning of this dance. It clearly indicates, however, a low and barbarous state of society, and we have given it a place in our pages to show the sad condition of that people. Our readers, who doubtless are convinced that

the gospel is the great means of civilization, will not fail to notice how such usages as these appeal to the compassion of Christians. With the light which *we* possess, such customs could not co-exist. They are unworthy of civilized people. And much more are they unworthy of immortal beings.

We learn from other sources that the natives of New Holland are a very degraded race. Murray informs us that the native population belongs to the class of Papuas, or Oriental Negroes, who occupy also New Guinea and the interior of the Indian Archipelago. They have the thick prominent lips, white teeth, and in Van Diemen's Land, the woolly hair, of the Negro race; but their nose is less flat, and their limbs much leaner. Here "human nature wears its rudest form." The theories of those philosophers who have represented man in the savage state as in the perfection of his being, and his evils as arising from the artificial arrangements of society, find here their most ample refutation. All idea respecting the fabled innocence of the state of nature must vanish on viewing the New Hollander. The state of nature is, indeed, complete. There is no society, no government, no laws; each man acts according to his own fancy and caprice. The arts of life are in their first and rudest

elements. Fishing is their main occupation, yet their canoes are rude beyond all comparison, consisting of a sheet of tree bark folded and tied up at each end.

Those in the interior subsist with still greater difficulty by collecting the roots and berries, which grow spontaneously, and even devouring worms and grubs which are found in the trunks of trees. Their huts are of the rudest possible description, resembling the dens of wild beasts. They roam about entirely naked, except a girdle round the middle, and occasionally a skin thrown over their shoulders.

Their moral condition is that of deplorable degradation and ignorance, and like our Indians they have learnt the vices of the Europeans who have taken up their abode in that part of the world, or have been transported thither for their crimes. Their number is unknown, but it is rapidly diminishing; while but little effort has been made by the Church of Christ for their salvation. We fear that Christians do not sufficiently consider the miseries that abound amongst heathen tribes; nor do they pray with that deep fervour for their deliverance, which the sight of their wretchedness, the hope of their redemption through Christ, and a ready zeal for the Saviour's glory ought certainly to inspire. Concerning the moral condition of the New Hollanders, we have room but for one extract:

“Their treatment of the female sex is most atrocious. Their courtship consists in the most brutal violence. The intended husband, having contrived to find alone the victim of his inclination, begins by beating her to the ground with a club, then accumulates blows upon blows, till she becomes altogether senseless, when he drags her to his hovel, regardless of her striking against shrubs or stones, till, under such promising auspices, she is fixed in his domestic establishment. All their subsequent life is of a piece with this outset.”

Now we would not have our young readers to understand that such barbarous customs prevail in all heathen countries. But the spirit of heathenism is everywhere the same; it is everywhere unfriendly to the temporal welfare of the people, and to the proper elevation of the female sex; and it is everywhere destructive of the spiritual and eternal interests of its followers. The gospel is the only remedy for its evils.



A CHINESE IDOL-SELLER. Page 27.

A CHINESE IDOL-SELLER IN HIS SHOP.

THIS picture is a little one, but it contains much to think about. It is a shop, or store,—not of dry goods, groceries, furniture, or such articles as are offered for sale in this country, but of gods! Here are gods for sale—gods of different sizes, some large and others small; gods of different qualities, some of silver, some of wood, some of porcelain, and some of stone or clay; gods of different prices, some costing a large sum of money, others but a few coppers; gods for different classes of people, some for the educated, some for the rich, some for the poor, some for the farmer, some for the mechanic, &c. You see a Chinese shop, open at one side to the street; the shop-keeper and his customer standing together; the gods on

shelves, pedestals, and one down on the floor ; a lantern hanging from the ceiling, to light the shop in the evening. Is not all this a strange sight ? You see the shop-keeper persuading his customer to buy a god, holding it on his hand, while he looks up into the face of his visitor, and seems to say, “ Is it not very beautiful ? Is it not very cheap ? You cannot suit yourself better in any other shop.”

Such scenes as this may be often witnessed in China. Is it not sad to think that the great multitudes of the Chinese people do not know the true God ? If they could repeat the answer to the question in the Shorter Catechism, “ What is God ? ” “ God is a spirit, infinite, eternal, unchangeable in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth,”—if they but knew and believed this, as do the little children in this country, surely they would cast away the dumb idols, which are no gods. If they were acquainted with the Holy Bible, they would learn how greatly the true God is displeased with idols, idol-worship, and all idolaters. And they would also learn how the true God can be acceptably worshipped through the Lord Jesus Christ.

It is to make these things known to the Chinese, that our missionary friends have left their pleasant homes in

this country, and their beloved relatives and friends, and have gone to live at Canton, and at Ningpo, and at Shanghai. About a dozen of families of our missionaries are now at these three Chinese cities. They preach the gospel to the people, and have schools for their children. They are all very industrious, but they cannot teach and preach to all the people, because there are many millions of Chinese; and they want more missionaries to help them in this good work. They need money also, to support their schools, to print the Bible, and to supply their own wants, while they are labouring for the good of the heathen. And they want especially, the influences of the Holy Spirit. It is only he who can bring the poor idolaters to the Lord Jesus for salvation.

Now our young friends will see that there are three things to be done,—first, some persons must go as missionaries; second, the people who stay at home must give their money to support the labours of those who do go as missionaries; and third, all must pray to God for his blessing on the missionary work. These things should be done to save the lost souls of the idolaters. They should be done because the Lord Jesus commands his people to preach the gospel to every creature. They should be

done from love and thankfulness to the Saviour. And they should be done soon, because we may not live long to do them, and because the heathen will not live long. If we wait till some future day, many of them will be dead. We hope our young readers, and our older ones too, will think of these things.



THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.

The Samoan or Navigators' Islands form a group in the South Pacific Ocean. Their inhabitants, until a recent period, were ignorant of the true God. Their religion was not marked with the barbarous and sanguinary rites observed in other groups, but yet they were idolaters. They worshipped "some bird, fish, or reptile, in which they believed that a spirit resided. It was by no means uncommon," continues Williams, "to see an influential chief muttering some prayer to a fly, an ant, or a lizard, which happened to alight or crawl in his presence. On one occasion, a vessel from New South Wales touched at the Samoas, the captain of which had on board a cockatoo that had been trained to talk. A chief was invited to the ship, and shortly after he entered the cabin, the captain began a colloquy with the bird. At this he was struck with amazement, trembled exceedingly, and immediately

sprang upon deck, leaped into the sea, and called aloud to the people to follow him, affirming that the captain had on board his *devolo*, which he had seen and heard. Every native at once dashed into the sea, and swam on shore with haste and consternation.

“ While walking on one occasion, across a small uninhabited island, I happened to tread on a nest of sea-snakes. Being harmless no injury was received, and one of them was killed as a specimen. Proceeding to another island, I desired my people to bring the reptile and dry it on the rocks ; but as soon as the islanders saw it, they raised a most terrific yell, and seizing their clubs rushed upon the Christian natives with me, shouting, ‘ You have killed our god, you have killed our god.’ I stepped in between them, and with some difficulty stayed their violence, on the condition that the reptile should be immediately carried back to the boat. .

“ This incident shows, that they regard them with the most superstitious veneration. What an unspeakable privilege, to know the only true God, in all his glorious perfections ; and when comparing him with the contemptible deities of the heathen, to be able, without presumption, to say, ‘ *And this God is our God, for ever and ever.* ’ ”

Incidents like these also show how deeply to be pitied

are the heathen. They are slaves to many vain fears, and walk in darkness.

As soon as the missionaries had learned the language, they prepared spelling-books, and catechisms, and other good books, and taught the people to read. In Britain, it is the custom for children only to go to school; but when the missionaries open schools in heathen countries, almost all the people, old and young, often attend them. It was so in Samoa, and is so still: the old people, and the strong, and the children, attended at first in the same schools. The young soonest learnt to read, and then very often assisted their fathers and mothers to learn. And then they committed the catechisms to memory, and the old people, by hearing them often repeated, learnt them too, and they often sing or chaunt the answers all together, both at school and in the family: and in this way, perhaps, twenty-five thousand or more have learned to read. Think how great is their happiness that they can now read the word of God, because Christians have sent to them the missionaries! Before that, the young were only taught to work and play, to dance, and to fight and kill one another in their wars. They were very cruel in their wars formerly; at the end of the last war, the party who conquered, collected many hundreds of poor little children

and old people together, whom they had taken in war, and threw them alive into large fires!

I have told you that, at first, the young and the old all attended the same schools, and they do still at some places; but there is now a great number of schools opened for children only, and some of them are learning to speak and read easy English words and sentences, and also the easier parts of geography, and history, and other useful things. They are taught the alphabet and other little easy lessons, in some of the schools, just as the infant schools are taught at home: they sing nice little hymns written for them in their own language, and count and clap their hands when they “exercise and have a little play.”

They have one little hymn to the tune of “Joyful.” This is the first verse of it:—

E lelei lava le aoao!
 Ua faa fetai i le aoao,
 Ua tatou o mai ai.
 Tatou fiafia
 Fiafia lava,
 Tatou fiafia
 Ja Jesu ma le aoao

This is the English of it:—

The teaching is very good,
 Thanks for the teaching
 To which we are come.

Let us take pleasure,
Great pleasure indeed ;
Let us take pleasure
In Jesus and the teaching.

This they sing, and many of them do really take pleasure in attending school. Think then how much good you may do to the little heathen children by sending to them missionaries.



A CHINESE TRYING TO WORSHIP JESUS.

THE Chinese are, in some respects, a civilized people, and very different in their manners from the wild heathen of America or Australia. They are a social people, and like to crowd together in towns and villages. They are very quiet and orderly in their behaviour, and industriously pursue their occupations, of whatever kind they be, often with very small reward. The painful feature in their state is, that they are so completely without God in the world. Not only is it true that God is not in *all* their thoughts, but that he is not in any of their thoughts. Of one true and living God they have no distinct idea; and there is no word in their language which expresses the same with our word "God." The missionaries have had great difficulty in fixing what word had best be used; and there is no word that is precisely what is wanted. The



A CHINESE TRYING TO WORSHIP JESUS.

apostle Paul tells us of God, that he is “not far from every one of us—for in him we live, and move, and have our being;” yet so blind have the Chinese become, that they have quite lost sight of him.

Instead of God they have many idols, to which they make prayers and offerings, in the hope of obtaining a larger share in this world’s goods—which is all they care for. The world is everything to them, and they have no desire beyond it; they “mind earthly things,” and are as wholly taken up with them, as if they believed that with the death of the body human consciousness terminated. Yet they do not think this, for they worship the spirits of their ancestors, believing them to be still alive. This is the kind of idolatry which has strongest hold on them. There appears to be something in this sin which remarkably suits the fallen nature of man; and, when Christianity was corrupted, this evil was introduced with many others. Thus we find large bodies of nominal Christians—such as Romanists, and others—as well as the heathen Chinese, worshipping the spirits of dead men and women.

It is not more sinful and absurd for a Chinese to make prayers to the spirit of his ancestor, than for a Romanist to pray to his patron saint; nor is the invoking of Confucius a grosser error than the invocation of the

Virgin Mary. Yet even in this, their strongest superstition, the Chinese are earthly-minded.

Of their spiritual deadness, their ignorance of their sinfulness and need of mercy, painful evidences are continually occurring. One instance we may mention, which took place in the opening of our new church at Shanghai, which can conveniently hold about three hundred persons. It was opened in January last, when Mr. M'Clatchie preached. The congregation was quiet and orderly. After the service was over, and the people were dispersing, a man, who had been listening very attentively to the sermon, came and asked the Chinese teacher what the missionary meant by pressing on them so strongly that they ought to seek forgiveness of their sins. "I," said he, "cannot understand this. I certainly have never committed any sin; why, then, should I apply for forgiveness?" Such statements are often made by them. "They that be whole need not a physician." So it is with these poor people; thinking themselves whole, the true Physician is neglected. The Chinese are dark indeed; yet He "who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, can shine into their hearts, to give them the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

Among other persons who attend the church is a poor

blind man, led by a boy ; his name is Dhay. One Tuesday evening in March last, when there were present at service about two hundred persons, the subject was Jesus and the resurrection. All the people were very attentive, and the greatest silence prevailed. Mr. M'Clatchie says, "After service Dhay followed me into the vestry, and, falling down on his knees in the centre of the room, bowed his head several times to the ground, exclaiming, 'Ah, Jesus! Jesus! thus I worship Jesus!' I raised him up, and placed him in a chair. He then asked me, with earnestness of manner, 'Can you assure me that Jesus forgives sins?' I spoke to him for some time on the certainty of forgiveness being extended to those who repent of their sins. He told me that he daily worshipped Jesus, and besought him to forgive his sins."

Let us pray that the Holy Spirit may open the eyes of his understanding, and enable him to perceive a better light than that which gladdens the world, beautiful as it is,—even that light for the soul, which He sheds who is "the Sun of Righteousness."

THE FIRST MISSIONARY VOYAGE.

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

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

this was a dream sent from God, and at once he obeyed the heavenly vision.

The ship now went on its first missionary voyage. At night they arrived at a little island, where they stopped until the morning, and then again set sail; and as God gave them a prosperous voyage, they landed in safety at a small sea-port town, called Neapolis: it is now a little village. Of its former size or history we know nothing. It is only known as the spot where the first Christian missionaries set foot on the continent of Europe. They made no stay there, but hastened on to a city called Philippi. This city is famous in history for its beautiful palaces, and for a great battle which was fought near its walls; but the Christian looks to it as the place where the gospel was first preached to the heathen in this part of the world. At that time the people worshipped false gods, named Jupiter, Mars, Saturn, and a great many other idols.

When the Sabbath arrived, the apostle went out of the city to the side of a river, to pray in secret; and soon he came to a spot where others had also met for prayer, and sitting down, he began to preach to the women who were present. We are not told what he said; but no doubt he told them of Jesus, who was crucified to take away the

sin of the world. Nor do we know in what language he spoke: as a Jew, among his own people he spoke the language then in use in Palestine; as he travelled through Asia he spoke Greek; and now in Europe, most likely he spoke in the Latin and other tongues. The first preachers of the gospel could "speak in other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance," Acts ii. 4. Now missionaries have to study, sometimes for years, to learn a language, so as to be able to address the people to whom they are sent.

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

It would have been sinful if the first Christians had kept the gospel to themselves; for their Lord had told them to preach it to all the world. It is also sinful for us to withhold it. The lands from which we received it are now in spiritual darkness, and they seem to return the cry, "Come over, and help us. Send us that gospel which you first received from our shores. Let us share

with you in its blessings.” Five hundred millions of heathen join in the same cry, “Send us the gospel!” Oh! how shall we withhold that which alone can make them happy in this world, and prepare them for the happiness of heaven! Such conduct would be cruel, ungrateful, and highly sinful. Let us send them Bibles, missionaries, and tracts; for, if we love Jesus, and believe in him as the only Saviour, we shall wish that all the world knew and loved him too.—*Missionary Tracts.*

“GOD’S WORK MUST BE DONE.”

A MISSIONARY in New Amsterdam in Berbice, who had collected a congregation of negroes, to whom the preaching of the gospel had become most acceptable, felt the necessity of erecting a new house of worship in which they could be better accommodated. How was the money to be obtained? The congregation was poor, but they had willing hearts. They laboured daily for their bread, and yet several hundreds of them resolved that they would devote one day’s wages every week, in order to promote this good work.

On one occasion when they were all assembled, the missionary was calling over their names to ascertain how much each one could give, when the following incident took place :—

I happened to call the name of “Fitzgerald Matthew.”



GOD'S WORK MUST BE DONE.

The first part of the book discusses the early history of the United States, from the time of the first European settlers to the American Revolution. It covers the exploration of the continent, the establishment of colonies, and the struggle for independence. The second part of the book deals with the early years of the new nation, including the drafting of the Constitution and the early years of the Republic. The third part of the book covers the period of the American Civil War, from 1861 to 1865, and the Reconstruction era that followed. The fourth part of the book discusses the late 19th and early 20th centuries, including the Gilded Age, the Progressive Era, and the rise of the United States as a world power. The fifth part of the book covers the period from World War II to the present, including the Cold War, the Vietnam War, and the current political and social challenges facing the United States.

“I am here, sir,” he instantly replied, and at the same time I saw him hobbling with his wooden leg out of the crowd, to come up to the table pew, where I was standing. I wondered what he meant, for the others answered to their names without moving from their places. I was struck with his earnestness. On coming up, he put his hand into one pocket, and took out a handful of silver wrapped in paper, and said :

“That’s for *me*, massa.”

“Oh !” I said, “keep your money at present, I don’t want it *now*. I only wanted to know how much you could afford to give. I will come for the money another time.”

“Ah! massa,” he replied, “*God’s work must be done, and I may be dead;*” and with that he plunged his hand into another pocket, and took out another handful of silver, and said, “That’s for my wife, massa.” Then he put his hand into a third, and took out a somewhat smaller parcel, and said, “That’s for my child, massa;” at the same time giving me a slip of paper which somebody had written for him, to say how much the whole was. It was altogether about fifteen dollars—a large sum for a poor field-negro with a wooden leg! But what he said was to me worth more than all the money in the

world. Hardly ever have I been so impressed with anything as with the simple expression of this poor negro. Let me never forget it; let it be engraved on my heart; let it be my motto in all that I take in hand for the cause of Christ—"God's work must be done, and I may be dead."

Reader, learn a lesson from the negro with the wooden leg. Do you love your Saviour? Then make haste to labour for him. Your day of labour may be soon ended. Your sun may set ere noon. Whilst you are thinking about what you will do by and by, suddenly the opportunity may have passed away for ever. You may die before you have done much for God. And should your life be spared, how sweet it will be, on a dying bed, to look back upon it, and remember that you have spent it all in doing his work! Then, when you pass away to glory, your example and your influence will remain behind, and to the end of time, the world will be the better for your having lived in it. Be resolute. Be devoted. And when slothfulness, or selfishness, or any sinful feeling, would hold you back from self-denial and toil for Jesus' sake, break from their hold, and say, like the negro, "God's work *must* be done."



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THE HINDU TEACHER AND HIS DISCIPLES.

From the missionary journal of the Rev. W. M. Wollaston, forwarded from Mirzapore, India, in May last, we take the following statement, illustrative of the puerile but pernicious errors of the Hindus, the unworthy character of their teachers, and the modes of instruction they adopt :

A CELEBRATED HINDU TEACHER.—I went into the city, and met a young native, who asked me if I would like to go and hear a famous pundit expound the Mohabharrat. I said I should, and we started for the place of the assembly. On reaching the spot we found there about two hundred persons seated on the platform of an open veranda. Several were polite enough to offer me a chair. One inquired,

“ Who is it ? ”

“ O, the Padre Sahib, ” said another.

I declined a seat, preferring to stand; when a large high-back chair was brought, they were at a loss where to place it. Some said,

“Don’t put it near us,” as though my touch would pollute them.

They then put it far away. I said,

“I came not to *see*, but to *hear*.”

Eventually the chair was placed on the platform. I sat down, and all eyes were upon me. At last a cry was made:

“He comes, he comes.”

“Ah,” said one behind me, “that is the pundit. Can’t you tell it by his walk? How he steps from side to side!”

He at last came and passed by me. I gave him a look of recognition; but he was a little taken aback on seeing me, stared hard, and passed on. A dozen or two persons accompanied him, one being in advance, making way for his approach. He was dressed in red silk, and his head and shoulders were covered with a shawl. He was rather stout, about thirty-five years of age, middle height, with a commanding, intelligent countenance. A throne was erected for him at the further end of the platform, and a curious and characteristic structure it was. A sort of bedstead, five feet long and four feet wide, was placed, sup-

ported on legs from two to three feet high ; against the back was an immense pillow ; two others, flat and horizontally placed, formed the seat, on which he sat with his legs drawn up, in the squatting position, which is natural and easy to them. But the most curious part was four pillars at each corner, of plantain trees, the depending leaves of which formed the canopy, while all around were hung garlands of various coloured flowers.

After a short time had elapsed, the great man took his station in a pompous and dignified manner, and deliberately placed a cushion before him for the manuscript copy of the Mohabharrat. Before he commenced, some of his attendants began bowing before him with closed hands, offering actual worship ; others held a lighted lamp ; while one behind, with a large fan, was driving away any flies or musquitoes that might settle on him. He had already some half dozen garlands of flowers around his neck, but two or three men were busy putting on more. When they became too numerous some were removed, and new ones put in their place. While this was being done he looked more like a statue than anything else.

At last a voice was heard, almost inaudible, but very musical : the great man had begun to chant some tune—it was a sort of hymn. This done, he reverently bowed his

head, joined by many in the assembly. He then commenced reading some lines from the Mohabharrat. The passage selected was the account of the wives of Krishna, sixteen thousand in number, which the people seemed to relish exceedingly. The subject of religion was not touched upon, nor were the wicked acts of Krishna concealed. Believing Krishna to be God, and therefore omnipotent, they assume that whatever he does cannot but be right, and that he is not bound to give any account to men of what he does. Then they represent his actions as sport or amusement—the gambols of an almighty being; but when pressed with the arguments that he was abused, condemned, and opposed by men, and actually acknowledged, and expiated, by bathing, the crime of having killed a bull, they throw a mantle over it all, and say it was all a delusion.

When I found that there was nothing more profitable to listen to than such a theme, and no opportunity for conversation, I went away.

THE ONE LEAF.



IN the East and in Africa, as you have no doubt often heard and read, people frequently travel in large companies across sandy deserts and dangerous parts of the country, that they may have the advantage of each other's help in case of difficulty, and each other's protection in case of an attack from robbers. Such great companies, consisting sometimes of thousands of persons, accompanied with many camels, and horses, and mules, pass across the deserts of Africa and the deserts of Arabia, and many districts towards Persia, and the north of India. These companies are called *caravans*, and consist frequently almost entirely of religious pilgrims going up to some noted place, as Mecca, where Mahomet is said to be buried, or of merchants and travellers who are journeying either for business, or health, or pleasure. Others, also,

often join them, and were you and I going in the line of one of these caravans, it would be our best way, if we wished to travel safely, to join ourselves to it, and travel in its company. Sometimes in this way, good and holy men may be found in these caravans, a true Christian, a Missionary, perhaps, or some humble but devoted saint.

As the countries through which these caravans pass are generally very hot, it often happens that persons connected with them become exhausted by the way and faint. If these persons are very old and very poor, and if the caravan would be involved in danger by staying at all to attend to them, they are often left behind upon the sandy waste there to perish alone and unbefriended, and become the prey of the vulture and the jackal. Indeed, some parts of the deserts are white with the parched bones of those that have thus been left to die.

There was once such a caravan crossing, I think, to the north of India, and numbering in its company a godly and devoted Missionary. As it passed along, a poor old man was overcome by the heat and labours of the journey, and, sinking down, was left to perish on the road. The Missionary saw him, and kneeling down at his side, when the rest had passed along, whispered into his ear, "Brother! what is your hope?" The dying pilgrim raised himself a

little to reply, and with great effort succeeded in answering—“*The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin!*” and immediately expired with the effort. The Missionary was greatly astonished at the answer, and, in the calm and peaceful appearance of the man, he felt assured he had died in Christ. “How, or where,” he thought, “could this man, seemingly a heathen, have got this hope?” and as he thought of it, he observed a piece of paper grasped tightly in the hand of the corpse, which he succeeded in getting out. What do you think was his surprise and delight, when he found it was a single leaf of the Bible, containing the first chapter of the first epistle of John, in which the above words occur. On that page the man had found the gospel. Perhaps he had heard some Missionary preach, and from him had learned who Jesus was, and what he had done to save him, but of that we do not know. All we know is, that he knew that which saved his soul, and that which gave him peace in death.

Dear children, has Jesus’ blood cleansed you from sin? Can you look to death, and feel that it has lost its terrors, because your soul is cleansed from sin, and Jesus’ blood is pleading with Jehovah? If not, how will this poor man, with his *one* leaf, rise up in judgment against you? You have not *one* leaf, but a Bible—full, complete, entire;

many, many leaves, every one of which is filled with truths about yourself, a sinner, or Jesus Christ, the Saviour. Let me then send you to that Bible, and from that Bible to that precious blood, that all your sins may be for ever washed away, and your soul for ever saved.

THE JOYFUL SURPRISE.

Look, children, where on yonder Indian plain
 A large and busy caravan is found;
 Merchants are there, intent on future gain,
 And many a traveller too, on pleasure bound.

But mark that poor Hindu they leave behind,
 O'ercome by heat, and age, and weariness!
 They linger not, to speak in accents kind,
 But onward, onward, selfishly they press;—

Excepting one;—a godly, Christ-like man,
 Who, with a gentle, tender, pitying heart,
 Just like unto the good Samaritan,
 Stops on his way to act a friendly part

With hope he kneels him at the sick man's side,
 But soon perceives the near approach of death;
 He finds no care bestowed, no effort tried,
 Can now delay the fast-departing breath.

With earnest wish a precious soul to win,
"Oh! brother, what's thy hope?" he softly cries.
"The blood of Jesus Christ doth cleanse from sin,"
Faintly the feeble dying man replies.

He says no more, but instantly he sleeps
In pious death's most tranquil, calm repose;
The man of God with thankful gladness weeps,
Amazed when in the desert blooms the rose.

While wondering how began this work of grace,
He sees the secret suddenly revealed;
For, grasped within the lifeless hand's embrace,
A little scrap of paper lies concealed.

He opens it, and finds a printed sheet,
One single sheet of God's most precious word;
John's first Epistle, where that truth we meet,
Which from the Hindu's dying lips was heard.

One Bible leaf was all *he* ever knew;
He read and loved it, trusted and was saved:
That Holy Book is given complete to *you*;
Oh! is it, children, on *your* hearts engraved?

HUMAN SACRIFICES AMONG THE KHUNDS.

HUMAN nature, unrestrained by divine grace, seems to be capable of any degree of wickedness and debasement. The many deeds of outrage and crime, the many degrading vices, which are found in Christian lands, are proofs of this. But it is reserved for human nature, as moulded by a corrupt or by a false system of religion, to furnish the darkest views of man's moral ruin. See for examples the atrocious deeds of the Roman Catholic Inquisition, and the scenes enacted in honour of the heathen deities.

One of the latter is presented in this picture. In India, there is a tribe of people called Khunds. Dwelling in the interior mountainous parts of the province of Orissa, they were in a great degree unknown to Europeans, until within a few years. Their country has now been well explored, and their character and condition accurately described.



HUMAN SACRIFICES AMONG THE KHUNDS.

They seem to be a primitive race, and differ from the Hindus of the plains by knowing nothing of the system of caste, and by a ruder social and domestic life. Their religious views are vague, but they are idolaters—worshipping chiefly the goddess of the earth. And in this worship, at particular times, they offer human sacrifices. It is a sacrifice of this kind which is shown by the engraving. A child, ornamented for the occasion, is to be bound to the upright post, and then, after the performance of the usual rites, it is to be literally hewn to pieces by men anxious to carry away slices of its quivering flesh. All this seems too dreadful to be believed. But no occurrence that has taken place within the last twelve years is better attested. An English writer thus speaks of some of the ceremonies connected with this sacrifice :

“When the appointed day arrives, the Khunds assemble from all parts of the country, dressed in their finery ; some with bears’ skins thrown over their shoulders, others with the tails of peacocks flowing behind them, and the long winding feather of the jungle cock waving on their heads. Thus decked out, they dance, leap, and revel ; beating drums, and playing on an instrument not unlike in sound to the Highland pipe. Soon after noon, the Jani, or presiding priest, with the aid of his assistants, fastens the

unfortunate victim to a post, firmly fixed into the ground ; and then, standing erect, the living sacrifice suffers the unutterable torture (humanity shudders at the recital) of having the flesh cut off from his bones in small pieces by the knives of the savage crowd, who rush on him, and contend with each other for a portion of the quivering substance. Great value is attached to the first morsel thus severed from the victim's body, for it is supposed to possess superior virtues, and a proportionate eagerness is evinced to acquire it."

The victims thus offered in sacrifice are commonly children that have been purchased, or taken in marauding excursions, and are then brought up for this purpose. The British army, on entering the Khund country a few years ago, rescued a large number of these poor children. They were afterwards placed in different mission schools, and some of them, having become hopefully converted, are now the followers of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This shocking sacrifice is no longer allowed to be offered, wherever British power can prevent it ; but it is said still to be practised sometimes in secret, and in places where the British have not penetrated.

What was the object of these sacrifices ? It was to secure better crops from the fields. The Khunds are

mostly farmers, and in their ignorance and their wickedness they supposed that a slice of human flesh, if taken warm and bleeding from the victim sacrificed and buried in the field, would be pleasing to the goddess, and obtain her blessing in the gift of a more abundant harvest.

A little boy, who lived in the Goomsoor country, in India, was saved by some British officers from such a miserable death. He, with many other children, was carried up into the mountains, and kept for the purpose of sacrifice. When the day of sacrifice came, these children were to be tied to stakes, and their flesh cut away, piece by piece, to be squeezed over the fields.

Some British officers heard of the cruel death awaiting these poor children, and they went, and delivered them, and placed them under the care of the missionaries. Little David seemed, at first, a very stupid boy. It appeared impossible to teach him anything. But God sent down his blessing on the dear children at this station. Many of them began to weep for sin, and to pray for mercy, little David amongst the rest. God heard his prayer, and gave him a new heart.

From this time, he paid attention to his lessons, and he became not only pious but very intelligent. The missionaries began to teach him to print, intending to employ him

in the printing-office. But, all at once, he was taken ill. A fearful disease attacked him. White spots came out all over his body. It was the leprosy.

Poor David! no one might come near him now, without danger of infection. A little tent was put up for him away from the school, but near enough for him to hear the voices of his old companions, and even to see them occasionally. Hour after hour, he used to lie there alone: but, when the school-room door was shut, and the happy inmates were engaged in reading the word of God, and in prayer and praise, the young leper would crawl from his bed, and get as near the door as he durst, and join with them in their worship. One day, the missionary came to see him in his tent. His Testament lay close beside him. He held in his hand an open hymn-book, and he seemed deeply meditating on what he had been reading. The missionary looked to see what it was. Here are the lines:

“Of all that decks the field or bower,
Thou art the fairest, sweetest flower;
Thou, blessed Jesus, let not me
In thy kind heart forgotten be.

“Day after day, youth’s joys decay,
Death waits to seize his trembling prey;
Then, blessed Jesus, let not me
In thy kind heart forgotten be.

These were sweet lines for David to be thinking about.

Very soon the missionary came back again, but David was in heaven! The door was open, just as he had left it. The New Testament was still by his side. The hymn-book had scarcely fallen from his grasp. The body lay on the mat, just as it had lain before. But the spirit had fled. The boy had not been forgotten in the kind heart of his Saviour. Jesus had come, and taken David to himself, that where he was, there David might be for ever.

We ought to feel exceedingly grateful to God, who has made us to differ from the heathen. We ought to feel sincere compassion for those who are ignorant of the true God, and of the way in which he is to be worshipped. We ought to use every proper means to send to them the blessings which we enjoy. Oh that our hearts were more deeply moved to call upon God without ceasing, that he would set up the righteous and peaceful kingdom of Christ in the dark places of the earth, which are now full of the habitations of cruelty!

THE BEGGARS OF CAWNPORE.



You have all of you, no doubt, heard of Henry Martyn, the celebrated missionary to the East, a holy and devoted servant of Christ. If you have not, your teachers or parents can tell you how he left his father's home and all he held dear in England, and went to India to preach the gospel; how he translated the Scriptures, and then after a life of great labour and self-denial, died in Turkey, as he was returning home, with none but strangers near to soothe him in his departing hours. All this, and more, they will, perhaps, be able to tell you of this holy man, and I leave his history to them, while I go on to give you an account of his labours amongst the beggars of Cawnpore.

Cawnpore is a large city, two and a half days' journey from Allahabad, and lying on the border of the sandy plains of the Ganges. Owing to its situation in that part

of India to which so many pilgrimages are made, it is the resort of many so called religionists. Among these are vast numbers of a class of beggars, who, under pretence of paying vows and performing cruel penances, extort money from the people. These persons are called *Fakeers*, and are to be found all over India. They are a regular body, and have a king or supreme in every district in which they live. Some of the ways they adopt for raising money, by exciting the pity or wonder of the people, are almost beyond belief.

It is said that some of them will stand in one position for days, weeks, months, and even years, till their beards and nails have grown to an enormous length, and the very birds begin to nestle on their heads. Others hold out their arm till it has become so fixed that they cannot draw it back, and others still, having formed for themselves a cart covered with spikes, will lie on their points for years, and be dragged on it from town to town, till they have made the journeys thought most meritorious. A few of these poor creatures may suppose such cruel usage of themselves will gain the favour of the gods; but many go through all these things only to get money from their foolish superstitious countrymen.

There are from five hundred to six hundred such Fa-

keepers generally in Cawnpore all the year round, and while Henry Martyn was there, he did much by which to save their souls and improve their condition. Great numbers of them used to come about his house begging alms, and accordingly, to save himself from so many interruptions, and also to get the opportunity of preaching to them, he ordered them to come together at a certain time, and he would help them. About five hundred assembled on the first Sabbath evening. They were a wretched looking congregation. Some of them were dressed in a most fantastic manner, and others almost naked, or covered with the dirtiest rags. Some were plastered from head to foot with mud and cow-dung; others had long matted uncombed hair hanging down to their heels or dragging on the ground, and others with their heads quite bald. Some had their faces painted, and their lips stained black or made bright red. One little man was there who had come in a little cart, drawn by a bullock; his body and limbs were so shrivelled, and his head so large, that with his black skin he had all the appearance of a gigantic frog. Another had his arm fixed above his head, the nail of the thumb piercing through the palm of his hand. One tall thin man had all his ribs and the bones of his face traced with white chalk, and which, from the blackness of his skin be-

tween, gave him the appearance of a walking skeleton. Such a collection of wretched beings was, perhaps, never gathered together by any other missionary as this of the beggars of Cawnpore.

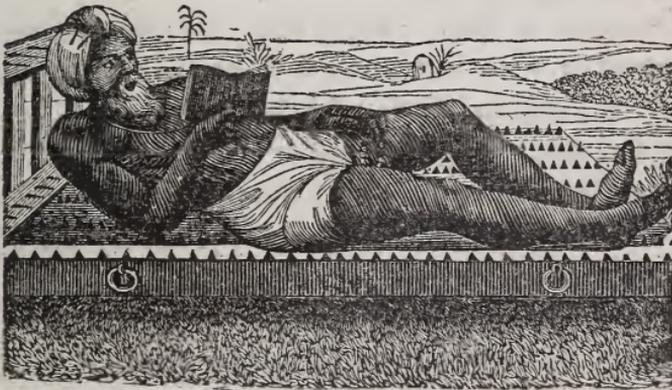
When Henry Martyn came out to speak to them he was much affected, and secretly lifted up his heart to God that he might be enabled to say something that might do them good, and that the Holy Ghost would bless it to their souls. Before preaching to them he went round, gave to each a small piece of money, and said a few words of kindness to gain their good-will; for kind words, you know, will find their way even to a heathen's heart. The people covered a large grass plot near his house, and he stood upon a little raised platform, built up of stones, and covered with cement, which he had had erected for the purpose. His sermon was very simple, and here it is in his own words, as he has given it:—

“I told them,” he says, “that I gave with pleasure the alms I could afford, but I wished to give them something better, viz. : eternal riches, or the knowledge of God, which was to be had from God's word; and then producing an Hindostanee translation of Genesis, read the first verse, and explained it word by word. ‘In the beginning,’ when there was nothing, no heaven, no earth, but only God, ‘God

created all things,' without help, for his own pleasure. But who is God? One so great, so good, so wise, so mighty, that none can know him as he ought to be known: and yet we must know that he knows us. When we rise up, or sit down, or go out, he is always with us. He created everything in heaven and earth—sun, moon, and stars. Therefore, how should the sun be God, or the moon be God? He created everything on earth, therefore, Ganges, also; therefore, how should Ganges be God? Neither are they like God. If a shoemaker make a pair of shoes, are the shoes like him? If a man make an image, the image is not like the man its maker. If God made the heaven and earth for you, will he not also feed you? Know also, that he who made heaven and earth can destroy them; and will do it; therefore, fear God, who is so great, and love God who is so good."

The people paid great attention, and shouted to show their approbation at the end of every sentence. The next Sunday evening he met them again, and preached to them about God's love to them in giving Christ; but his sermon is too long to be printed here. His labours, we hope, were blessed, but he never saw the fruit; and beyond the increase in the numbers that came, and the interest shown by them when there, he could speak of no success. And

yet who can tell what good was done? Perhaps some poor Fakeer was thus led to Jesus, about whom Martyn never heard, but may meet before the throne in heaven. There are many texts in the Bible which make us believe his labours were not lost. Here are two of them. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall return unto thee after many days," Eccle. xi. 1. "My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." Isa. lv. 11.



THE BATTLE WHICH CHANGED THE STATE OF TAHITI.



THE year 1815 was the most remarkable that had ever been known in Tahiti. I am now going to relate the great events that occurred in it.

The heathen in Tahiti hated the Christian natives. At length some of them determined to destroy them entirely. Many of the heathen chiefs, who had before been at enmity with each other, joined together in this scheme. They fixed upon the night of July 7th, when they heard the Christians would be assembled together, probably for prayer, near the sea-shore.

The Christians came together as was expected ; but they were secretly informed of the plan their enemies had made, and immediately jumped into their canoes and sailed for Eimeo, where they arrived next morning. The heathen

chiefs assembled at the place appointed soon after the Christians had escaped, and were enraged at not finding them. As these chiefs had been enemies formerly, they soon began to quarrel among themselves. The greater part turned against those who had first proposed the slaughter of the Christians, and destroyed many of them. Thus God showed his anger against wickedness, by causing the wicked to fall into the pit which they had digged.

The missionaries in Eimeo of course received with affection the poor Christians who fled to them for protection. When they heard what had happened, they felt much alarm lest the heathen should at length arise up in both islands, and destroy all the worshippers of Jehovah. They set apart the 14th of July as a day of fasting and prayer, to beseech the Lord to turn the hearts of their enemies. They had often set apart days in former times to pray for the conversion of the heathen, and then they had prayed alone, but now hundreds of native Christians joined in their prayers. Their God soon showed them his ear was not heavy that he could not hear, nor his arm short that he could not save. Soon afterwards two chiefs from Tahiti arrived in Eimeo. They came to invite the Christian chiefs who had fled to return to their lands.

It was necessary the king should return with the Chris-

tians, that he might make good their right to their lands, according to the ancient customs. The king, therefore, set out with them and their servants, accompanied also by many Christians from other islands. They knew that they had numerous enemies in Tahiti, and therefore they were prepared for war.

When they arrived in their canoes at the shores of Tahiti, they saw on the beach a great number of people with spears and guns, who forbade them to land, and fired on them several times. The king did not fire on them in return, but sent a flag on shore with an offer of peace. At length the people allowed them to land, and appeared inclined to be peaceable; so that many of the chiefs returned quietly to their own lands. But though the heathen *appeared* friendly, they were forming plans for destroying the king and his friends. The king suspected their wicked intentions, and kept a constant watch over their proceedings.

One of the king's chief enemies was a man called U-pu-fa-ra. He had often heard of the true God, but would not believe in him. One night he had a dream, in which he saw an immense oven, with a very great fire, and in the midst of it a large fish twisting itself in agony, and trying to get out; and though in the fire, not con-

sumed, but still living. He awoke much alarmed, and could not sleep again that night; nor could he forget what he had seen, but thought that perhaps the dream had been sent to show him what he should suffer for his sins in hell.

Seeing his friends resolved to fight against Pomare, he said to one of them, "Perhaps we are wrong: let us send a message to the king, and propose to make peace, and ask for books, that we may know what this new word is." The priests, however, persuaded him to fight, assuring him that Oro would deliver the praying people into his hands. O why did Upufara listen to their deceitful counsels, and resist the good desires that had sprung up in his heart? Who ever hardened himself against God and prospered?

Two days afterwards he led the people to battle against Pomare. The day of the battle was the Sabbath, Nov. 12, 1815. Pomare and his friends did not know that they should be attacked by their enemies on that day, but they knew it was very probable that they should be assailed on some Sabbath, when they were engaged in God's worship; and therefore, they had appointed men to watch outside the chapel while they were assembled in it, and had desired these men to fire if they saw the enemy approaching.

Early on the Sabbath morning, Pomare and eight hundred persons, some of whom were armed with spears

and guns, were collected in the chapel in Bu-na-a-u-ia. They were just going to begin service, when they heard the sound of their watchmen's guns. They looked out and perceived an army at a distance, carrying before them the flags in honour of the idols.

"It is war, it is war," the Christians exclaimed. Some of them were hastening to their tents for arms, when Pomare arose and requested them to remain quietly in their places, assuring them that God would protect them during his own worship, which ought on no account to be forsaken. A hymn was then read by one of the company, and sung by the congregation: a portion of Scripture was next read, and a prayer was offered. The service being thus finished, those who were unarmed went to their tents to procure weapons.

The battle was fought on the sand of the sea-shore, and among the trees that grew close to it. Many of Pomare's army had not yet become Christians; these were not placed in the front, as they could not be so well trusted as the Christians, who even requested to occupy that situation. Among the warriors was the queen's sister, Pomare Vahine, a tall, strong woman, who wore a sort of net of cords for armour, and held a gun and a spear. On one

side of her fought Farefau, her bold Christian servant. Pomare himself sat in a canoe, and shot at the enemy.

The heathen rushed upon Pomare's army with furious courage, having been assured by their priests, that their gods would give them the victory. But the Christians looked up to their God for help, and often knelt, during the battle, upon the grass, either alone, or two or three together, and offered up a short prayer.

Several were killed on both sides. At length Upufara, the chief captain of the heathen, was shot, and fell. As he sat gasping on the sand, his friends gathered around him, and endeavoured to stop the bleeding of the wound. "Leave me," said the dying warrior. "Mark yonder young man; he inflicted the wound; on him revenge my death." Thus, breathing vengeance, Upufara expired. Two or three strong men ran towards the man who had shot their captain; one of them overtook him, and sprang upon him before he was aware; but, as he was endeavouring to strangle him, he was himself slain by the same gun that had destroyed Upufara, and which the man still held in his hand.

The news of Upufara's death greatly discouraged the heathen army, who were at last obliged to flee to the rocks and mountains for shelter. The king's soldiers were going

to pursue them as in former times, but Pomare approached and cried out, "A-ti-ra," or "It is enough. Pursue none that have fled from the battle, neither burn their houses, nor murder their children." You know what cruelties were practised by the heathen on their conquered enemies. How great a change had God wrought in Pomare's once cruel heart! Even the bodies of the enemy, instead of being left upon the shore for dogs and swine to devour, were properly buried, and the body of Upufara was carried to the place where his fathers lay in their tombs.

Instead of ending the day in slaughter, Pomare assembled his little army to thank God for their great deliverance. How much had depended upon the battle fought this day! Had Pomare been conquered, all the Christians would have been cruelly killed or made slaves, and the idol gods would have been honoured as in former days. But now God was praised by his servants, and even by many who had never before worshipped him, and who joined in the praises of that evening.

Instead of killing his enemies, Pomare determined to destroy their idols. He sent a band of men to the temple of Oro to overthrow it. Before they set out, he said to them, "Go not to the little islands, where the women and children of the enemy have been sent for safety; turn not

aside to burn houses, nor to destroy groves, but go straight along the highway." The men obeyed. When they arrived at Oro's temple in Tairabu, they were afraid lest the people should be enraged at an attempt to insult their god, and should attack them; however, they were not prevented by these fears from acting in a very courageous manner. They began by firing into the small house where the idols were kept saying, "Now, ye gods, if ye be gods, and have any power, come forth, and avenge the insults which we offer you." The multitude stood around, astonished both at the boldness of the men, and at the helplessness of the idols. The house was soon afterwards pulled down, and the gods shot through and through, and cast into the fire. Oro himself was not destroyed; only his covering and ornaments were thrown into the flames. He was merely a piece of wood rather longer than a man, and about the thickness of a man's leg. This senseless god was carried to Pomare and laid at his feet.

And what use do you think the king made of Oro? He set it up as a post in his kitchen, fixing pegs upon it, on which baskets for food were hung, and after a time he used it as fuel. This was the end of Oro, about whom the Tahitians had fought so fiercely for many years. Thus may all God's enemies perish.

The people who had fled to the mountains, sent persons secretly in the night, to see whether their wives and children had been hurt. They were astonished to hear that they were safe, and that the king and his friends promised to pardon all their enemies. At first they could not believe the news. After a few days they ventured to leave the mountains; and when they found that neither their houses nor families had been injured, they readily went to entreat the king's pardon, and to promise obedience for the future. They now saw how good the God was that Pomare worshipped, a God who taught him to be merciful to his enemies. "We had done everything to offend the king," said they; "and yet, when he was able to destroy us, he freely forgave us." They had often heard before that God so loved his enemies, as to give his Son to die for them, but now they believed it.

As soon as possible after the battle, Pomare sent to inform the missionaries in Eimeo of his success. A man who had been a chief priest and an areoi, was the bearer of the message. The missionaries and their scholars saw the canoe approaching, and hastened to the beach; but before they could ask a single question, the messenger exclaimed, "Conquered, conquered—by prayer alone;"

and then with his spear in his hand, sprang upon the shore.

The missionaries at first could scarcely believe the news for joy, but soon they assembled to render thanks to God, both for delivering them from the heathen, and for overthrowing the idol gods.



AFFECTING BAPTISMAL SERVICE.

THE following is part of a letter from Mr. Hamlin, of the Armenian mission, giving an account of the baptism of his youngest child. The scene described, took place in the island of Rhodes, whither he had gone with his family, in the last hope that a change of climate would prove beneficial to Mrs. Hamlin in her declining health:—

“On Sabbath afternoon, the 27th of October, I baptized our little Mary, under circumstances the most tender and touching that can ever invest a family circle. The dear mother was faint and weak, and panting for breath. I had obtained a little china bowl for the baptismal font. We had no table, but spread a white napkin upon a rude stand. This simple preparation, the dying mother, her five little daughters and myself, constituted all that was external in the scene. But it seemed to me that invisible

witnesses were present, and especially that the good Shepherd of Israel was with us in love and faithfulness.

“I laid the child in its mother’s arms, smiling and happy—knelt by her side, and baptized it in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. It was the last time it was to rest in its mother’s arms. We knelt again to pray. My feelings overpowered me, and we all, except the mother and the unconscious child, lifted up our voices and wept before God. After a time, I could only say, “Jesus wept.” We did not rise till we had most earnestly besought him, by the tears he had himself wept in this world of tears, that he would look with an eye of loving mercy upon this lamb, and take it in to his own fold. The soul of the mother was far above the human sympathies which pierced and crushed our hearts and no tear dimmed the serenity of her countenance. She was pleading for the blessings of the everlasting covenant upon her child. The napkin and vase which had been used for the baptism, she placed together, and wished them to be kept as mementoes of that covenant and that scene.”

LAY the mother’s tender blossom
Gently on her loving bosom;
Slowly comes that mother’s breath,
Gathers fast the cloud of death.

Soon her precious one she leaveth,
Yet her heart unto it cleaveth,
Who its infant years will bless ?
Must she leave it motherless ?

But 'tis God her faith is testing,
And on God her soul is resting ;
He has calmed her anguish wild—
Now to Him she brings her child.

Silent is her earnest pleading,
For her darling interceding ;
On her placid brow the while
Beaming a celestial smile.

Speechless grief his spirit rending,
O'er that babe the father's bending ;
Holy drops he sprinkles now
On its smiling, happy brow.

When the Triune names are blended,
And the sacred rite is ended,
Low he bends in fervent prayer
For the gentle Shepherd's care.

Yet that prayer is all unspoken ;
Tears and sobs his words have broken ;
Father, now his soul sustain,
Let him seek thee not in vain !

Little ones are by him kneeling ;
Mournful is the gush of feeling,
Bursting thus from childhood's heart,
From a mother's love to part.

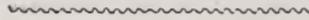
“Jesus wept,” the father pleadeth—
“Weeping love now intercedeth ;
Man of griefs, our tears behold,
In thine arms this lamb enfold!”

Angel forms are hither tending ;
The Redeemer o'er them bending,
With an eye of pitying love,
Bears their pleading cries above.

Child of tears! baptized in sorrow,
Shrouded by a dark to-morrow,
Never more wast thou to rest
On the mother's loving breast.

But her God beheld that weeping ;
Sweet one, He is covenant-keeping ;
He, the pure, the undefiled,
He will bless thee, darling child.

THE RIVER GANGES.



THE river Ganges, or Ganga, rises in the Himalaya mountains, a lofty range, fifteen hundred miles long, lying on the north-east of Hindoostan. From these great mountains, the mighty Ganges, aided on its way by many other large streams, bears its tribute of waters for one thousand six hundred and fifty miles, till it finally empties itself, by various mouths, into the Bay of Bengal. It is indeed a gigantic river. The earthy matter contained in the waters of the Ganges, and brought down by it to the sea every year, is so great, that if a fleet of eighty East Indiamen, each laden with fifteen hundred tons weight of mud, were to sail down the river every hour of every day and night for four months together, they would transport a mass of solid matter only equal to that borne down by

the Ganges in the one hundred and twenty-two days of the rainy season!

The banks of the Ganges, are very rich and fertile. The lower Sunderbunds, indeed,—(that is, the country surrounding the *mouths* of the Ganges), are nothing but swamps, covered with impenetrable thickets, “the habitation,” as Bishop Heber says, “of everything monstrous, disgusting, and dangerous, from the tiger and cobra de capello, down to the scorpion and musquito.” Here the air is damp and pestilential, and cannot support the life of man.

But as you go further up the country, the scene becomes lively and beautiful. Scattered villages are seen half hidden in plantations of guavas, mangoes, and tamarinds. Cocoa-palms, plantains, palmyras, banyans, and flowering shrubs of every colour, delight the eye, and send forth a delicious fragrance.

It is not my object, however, to tell you of the beauties of the Ganges, but of the sad and melancholy sights which it presents. For, remember, it flows through a heathen country, and it bears upon it many marks of heathenism.

The river itself is worshipped as a god. The sacred books of the Hindus are full of its praises. Here is a specimen; it is an address to the river:—“O goddess, the

owl that lodges in the hollow of a tree on thy banks, is exalted beyond measure ; while the emperor whose palace is far from thee, though he may possess a million of stately elephants, and may have the wives of millions of conquered enemies, is nothing." The distant sight of the Ganges is said to be very beneficial ; the application of a few drops of its water purifies from sin ; daily bathing in it has a wondrous virtue, which extends through this life to the next life : washing in it, with the appointed prayers, on particular days of festival, may win a residence in one of the heavens of the gods.

When a Hindu is dying, what do you suppose he is taught to think about ? About Jesus ? No : about the Ganges. To think about the Ganges, if the dying man be far from it, will, they say, procure a reward ; if he die in the full view of it, he will have a greater reward ; if he die on the margin, a still greater ; but if he die, partly immersed in the stream, and besmeared with its mud, the reward will be greatest of all. It is said in the Hindu sacred books, " If a worm, or an insect, or a grasshopper, or any tree growing by its side, die in it, it will attain the highest felicity in a future state."

When a poor suffering man is thought near death, he is hurried off by his friends, willing or unwilling, to the

Ganges. There, stretched on the muddy bank,—often without a mat to lie on,—exposed to the piercing rays of the sun by day, and to the chilling damps and dews of night,—the unhappy sufferer breathes his last. If you see the poor creature writhing in agony, and offer to do something for him, the bystanders will scornfully answer, “He was brought here to die; he cannot live now.” Here, by the side of the stream, is a dying boy. His father and mother are busy sprinkling him with the muddy water. This is all they are doing for him, except singing to him in a plaintive tone, “’Tis blessed to die by Ganga, my son;—to die by Ganga is blessed, my son.” Look a little further. There is a dying man, seated up to the middle, in the waters of the river. The leaves of a sacred plant are thrust into his mouth. The mud is spread over his breast and forehead: then it is poured down his throat. He implores his friends to leave him alone: he begs them not to kill him; he does not wish to die. But they drown his cries with their shouts of “Hurri bol! hurri bol!” and persevere in filling his mouth with mud and water, till the wretched man,—stifled, suffocated, murdered,—breathes his last.

The fact is, that, when any person has been taken to the side of the Ganges, under the belief that he is going to

die, he is, according to Hindu law, actually dead; and his property passes to the next heir. If it happens that he revives, and escapes from his friends, then he is an outcast. Even his own children will not eat with him. About fifty miles to the north of Calcutta, there are two villages entirely inhabited by those who have become thus degraded, simply by escaping from death by the Ganges.

Then again, the Hindu shastras teach that it is a very meritorious thing for a man of a low caste, to drown himself in the Ganges. The person who thus devotes himself, puts on red apparel, adorns himself with flowers, and is accompanied to the river by a band of music. He then proceeds, attended by Brahmins, in a boat into the middle of the stream, furnished with a supply of cord and water-pans. The pans are fastened to his neck and shoulders, and he is dropped into the stream. As long as the pans are empty, he floats, but as soon as they are filled, he sinks at once. His friends in the boat often fill them for him. Then he disappears in the river: a few gurgling bubbles rise over his head: he is in eternity. *There* is a precious human life thrown away: *there* is a precious human soul, ignorant of God, and unprepared to meet him, hurried to his judgment seat! Meanwhile, the Brahmins

in the boat are rejoicing, and the multitudes on the shore are raising shouts of applause.

My children, with such scenes as these before your eyes, would it not make your heart ache to spend a day on the banks of the Ganges?



WIDOW MURDER AMONGST THE BALINESE.

A *GUSTI*, who died at Ampanan, left three wives. One of them resolved to be *krised** in honour of him. She was still young and beautiful, and had no children. The day after the death of the *gusti*, his wife took many baths. Clothed in the richest manner, she passed the day with relatives and friends, drinking, chewing *sirih*, and praying. Before the house they had erected two scaffoldings or platforms of bamboo, of the length of a man, and three feet above the ground. Under these they had dug a small pit to receive the water and the blood. In the afternoon men brought out the body of the *gusti* wrapped in fine linen, and placed it on the left of the two central platforms. A priest of Mataram removed the cloth from the body, while young persons threw water over the corpse, washed it, combed

* A *kris* is a peculiar kind of knife.

the hair, and covered the whole body with flowers. They then brought a white net. The priest took a silver cup filled with holy water, on which he strewed flowers. He sprinkled the deceased with this water, and then poured it through the net on the body, which he blest, praying, singing, and making various mystical and symbolical motions. He afterwards powdered the body with flour of coloured rice and chopped flowers, and placed it on dry mats. Women brought out the wife on their crossed arms. She was clothed with a piece of white linen only. Her hair was crowned with flowers. She betrayed neither fear nor regret. She placed herself standing before the body of her husband, raised her arms, and made a prayer in silence. Women approached her, and presented to her small bouquets of flowers. She took them one by one, and placed them between the fingers of her hands raised above her head. On this the women took them away and dried them. On receiving and giving back each bouquet, she turned a little to the right, so that when she had received the whole she had turned quite round. She prayed now in silence, went to the corpse of her husband, kissed it, and returned to her place. They took off her rings. She crossed her arms on her breast. Two women took her by the arms. Her brother (by adoption) placed himself be-

fore her, and asked her with a soft voice, if she was determined to die; and when she gave a sign of assent with her head, he asked her forgiveness for being obliged to kill her. He seized his *kris*, and stabbed her on the left side of the breast, but not very deeply, so that she remained standing. He then threw his *kris* down, and ran off. A man of consideration approached her, and buried his *kris* to the hilt in the breast of the unfortunate woman, who sunk down without a cry. The women placed her on a mat, and sought by rolling and pressure to cause the blood to flow quickly. The victim being not yet dead, she was stabbed again between the shoulders. They then laid her on the second platform, near the husband. The same ceremonies that had taken place for him now began for the wife. When all was ended, both bodies were covered with resin and cosmetic stuffs, enveloped in white linen, and placed in the small side house on the platforms. There they remain until the time arrives for their being burned together.

Truly the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty. May the kingdom of light and love soon come.

THE REFORMED CHINESE SHOPKEEPER.



TING-SHEN is a Chinese rice merchant, living at Hong Kong. Once he used to be always trying to cheat his customers, to get more money from them than his rice was worth, as he was very anxious to be rich. It is quite different with him now. I will tell you how the change was brought about.

One day, Ting-Shen was leaning against the door of his shop, thinking how he could get more money, and planning to cheat his customers, when his eye was attracted by several people, who were going into a chapel just across the road. By and by, he saw them coming out again. On asking what it meant, he was told that the chapel opposite was a place of worship, which the barbarians had built. The Chinese call all foreigners, barbarians. Ting-Shen thought he should like to go and

see what sort of an idol it was that was worshipped there, and what kind of offerings were laid upon the altar; so he peeped in. But what was his surprise, on looking round, to find no idol of any sort, and no altar? But he saw a high place, which was the pulpit, with a barbarian in it, who was speaking to the people. He was teaching the people about Jesus, who had died for them, and without whom they could not be saved, because the great God hated sin, and kept an account of every sin which they had ever committed. Ting-Shen thought of his lying and cheating, and felt frightened at what the preacher said. "This is like thunder piercing my ears," he cried; "what shall I do, if this be true?"

From this time, Ting-Shen came to the chapel regularly. Asun, the door-keeper, noticed his distress, and often talked with him very kindly. Every evening, Ting-Shen and Asun had some talk together about the way to be saved. One day, Asun invited him to go with him to the Mission College. The Chinese have a great contempt for all foreigners, and think them very ignorant and barbarous, compared with themselves; but, when Ting-Shen went to the Mission College, and saw the book-shelves filled with large handsome volumes, he altered his opinion. "Be-

hold!" he cried, "these are no barbarians; their bookshelves are full of learned books."

After a little time, Ting-Shen wrote a letter to the missionaries, asking to be baptized. They received him kindly, and rejoiced over him. They taught him the will of God as it is declared in the Scriptures, and when they were quite satisfied that he understood that will, and was ready to do it, they baptized him.

Ting-Shen sells rice still, but he does not cheat his customers now. He sells it for just what it is worth, and no more. He does not tell lies now. Love to the Holy Saviour has changed his heart. "Old things are passed away, and all things are become new."

THE FUNERAL AT SEA.

ON a beautiful moonlight night, the officers and crew of a fine ship then under easy sail near the Andaman islands, in the Bay of Bengal, assembled on deck to pay the last sad rites to the mortal remains of a pious missionary, who on the morning of that day had received his Master's call, "Come up hither," and had cheerfully obeyed. During the day a solemn silence had reigned in the ship. The hardy seamen were anxious to show their respect for the deceased man of God, and their sympathy for his sorrowing widow. While the coffin, loaded with iron and a heavy stone to make it sink, was held over the side of the vessel by two of the officers, the captain read the solemn and affecting burial service; and when he came to the words "We therefore commit his body to the deep," the precious remains—precious because purchased by a Redeemer's blood—were lowered into the ocean, there to remain until the sea shall give up its dead. But

who can tell the anguish which wrung the bosom of her, the lonely widow, who, far from her home and tender friends, was thus painfully called to part with the husband of her youth, her counsellor and her comforter? Yet hers was not a cup of unmingled sorrow. For herself and for the poor heathen she wept, but for him she could only rejoice, that he was at rest on the bosom of that Saviour whom he loved, and to whom he had consecrated his life. And she felt that he who had enabled her to give up friends, and relatives, and country for the sake of carrying his gospel to the heathen, was with her in this hour of trial, and would never leave nor forsake her.

The Rev. Wm. Reed, and the Rev. John C. Lowrie, with their wives, sailed from Philadelphia in May, 1833, with a view to establish a mission among the Sikhs, in Northern India, under the direction of the Western Foreign Missionary Society, and on the 16th of October arrived in Calcutta. Mrs. Lowrie who was in delicate health at the time of sailing, grew worse on the passage, and five weeks after their arrival she died in the triumph of faith, loved and esteemed by all who knew her. The surviving members of the mission commenced the study of the Hindustani language, before they should leave Calcutta for the scene of their labours, which was one thousand miles

further north. Soon the health of Mr. Reed began to fail, and at length the doctors advised him to return to his native country. This was a great trial to one whose heart was set upon preaching the gospel to the perishing heathen. But it was the will of God, and he submitted. On the 23d of July, 1834, Mr. and Mrs. Reed sailed for Philadelphia, in the ship *Edward*, Captain Land. Soon after sailing they had a severe gale, and Mr. Reed became worse; and on the nineteenth day of their voyage he calmly breathed out his soul into the bosom of his blessed Redeemer, in the assured hope of a glorious immortality, and as stated above, was buried in the ocean. Mrs. Reed, with her infant son only two weeks old, arrived safely in this country.

Thus God is calling away one after another of his faithful servants; and where are those to be found who shall supply their places, and carry the light of the gospel to the poor heathen? Youthful reader, are you ready to say, "Lord, here am I, send me? May he who has put it into your heart to be willing to live and die for him, give you a fitness for his service, and open a door of usefulness for you in due time. In the meanwhile pray for the heathen, pray for yourself, and do what your hand finds to do for the glory of the blessed Redeemer.



THE SAVAGE ISLANDERS.

THE SAVAGE ISLANDERS.



ON a certain island there once lived a race of savages, of whom I will endeavour to give to my little readers some account. I hope it will be pleasing to them, and at the same time teach them to value more highly the blessings of Christianity. The soil of this island was very rich and fertile; and if it had been properly tilled, it would have produced a great abundance of fruits and grain. But the people were so wild and rude, that they suffered the ground to be overgrown with woods and bushes, while they lived chiefly on the flesh and milk of their cattle. People of other countries were afraid to visit the island, because the inhabitants were as ferocious as the wolves which roamed through their forests. Only a few traders sometimes ventured among them, and gave them trinkets, and other articles of very little value, in exchange for the

beautiful baskets, which the people were very skilful in making. These islanders went almost entirely naked, or had only scanty coverings of skins. Like all other savages, they were very fond of ornaments, and they used to mark their skin with the figures of animals, trees, &c., by pricking it with an instrument full of sharp teeth, and then rubbing in the juice of a plant, which made the figures of a bright blue colour. Their houses during the summer were formed of the branches of trees roughly woven together, and daubed over with clay. In winter they removed to natural caves or huts, hollowed out of the ground with much labour. Their boats were made of basket-work covered with skins.

But the worst thing about these poor savages was their religion, which, instead of softening their hearts and manners, and teaching them to love one another, only made them more fierce and cruel. Their gods were the sun, moon, and stars, and spirits of the dead. Their temples were large masses of unhewn stone, without any roof or covering but the branches or the leaves of the trees which surrounded them. The most pleasing sacrifices which they thought they could offer to their gods were human victims, mostly captives taken in war, or persons who had committed some crime. But if there was not a sufficient

number of such, they seized and sacrificed the innocent. Sometimes they made a gigantic image of basket-work, in which, as a cage, they enclosed their victims to be slowly burned to death. But you may be anxious to know who these savages were, in what part of the world they lived, and how long ago. Were they the natives of New Zealand, or Madagascar, or Sumatra? My little readers, if you could trace back a few centuries from son to father, you would find that these rude, ignorant, superstitious savages were *your own* ancestors, whose blood runs in your veins! I have given you a description of what the ancient Britons were, about eighteen hundred years ago. And the inhabitants of France, Spain, Germany, &c., were equally ignorant and cruel. Now from some of these idolatrous nations most of the people of the United States are descended. Of this, we have evidence even in the names of the days of the week. *Sunday* was the day on which our ancestors worshipped the sun; *Monday*, the Moon; *Tuesday*, one of their gods called Tusico; *Wednesday* was the day of Woden; *Thursday*, Thor's day; *Friday*, sacred to Friga, an impure goddess; *Saturday* was Seater's day. These deities were the same, though called by different names, as the Mercury, Mars, Jupiter, Venus, and Saturn of the Greeks and Romans.

What then has made the difference between us and our ancestors? Pious missionaries pitied them in their perishing condition, and carried to them the gospel. Through grace they believed, repented, and turned from dumb idols to worship the living and true God. *The gospel*, nothing but the gospel, has made us what we are, a refined Christian people. Now, as we owe so much to the gospel, what is our duty to those who are still in the condition in which our ancestors were? Let the Bible answer the question, "Freely ye have received, freely give." Let us then pray, "Thy kingdom come," and prove the sincerity of our prayers by doing what our hand findeth to do to hasten its coming.

CHILDREN TAUGHT IDOLATRY.

THE Rev. J. Colder gives the following affecting account:—

A few days since, in passing through a street near the city of Fuh-Chau, I witnessed a spectacle which excited within me the most painful feelings. Through the open front of a shop I saw a mother teaching her little child to offer the sacrifices of idolatry, and to bow down in adoration to a miserable clay idol. Upon the counter of the the shop, which, according to the Chinese custom, separates the room from the street, was placed an idol, having before it burning incense-sticks and an offering of small cakes. Behind the counter sat the mother, commending the child, as it clasped its hands and bowed reverently before the image.

Of course I long had been aware of the fact, that the

people worship the idols which in this land we see “on every high hill and under every green tree,” but never before was it my misfortune to be present when a human being was bowing down to a stock or stone, the work of men’s hands. And doubly painful was this scene, because I here saw a child, whose heart as yet was but little corrupted by actual transgression, diligently instructed to enter upon that way in which have perished the “nations who have forgotten God.”

How plainly does such an incident teach those of us who are upon heathen ground, the great importance of instructing *children* in the truths of the gospel; and how loudly does it call upon the church, whose representatives we are, to open schools, and send forth teachers, that the rising generation of this people may be saved from the sins of their fathers. Many children already are learning the true and right way, through the instruction received in the day-schools opened by various missionaries. But how great is the disadvantage of Christianity in its contest with error in their minds, when, after a few hours’ instruction in the truth, they are sent home to spend the greater part of every day in the midst of such scenes, and in the reception of such lessons as I have above described!

Is not the church yet ready to try the experiment of

opening boarding-schools, and separating the children for a term of years from the evil influences which surround them at home? Certainly the plan is full of promise; and still more certainly, every year's delay places beyond its reach, scores of immortal souls whom we must meet in the day of Christ.

JOB, THE SANDWICH ISLANDER.

JOB is a native of Molokai, one of the Sandwich Islands. He is now an old man. Grey hairs cover his head, his face is deeply furrowed, and his form stoops with age. When he was a child, the missionaries had not come to these islands. No one told him about God, and he grew up in ignorance and vice. At this time he was a worshipper of idols. Great abominations used to be committed in this worship, such as it is a shame even to speak of. In these abominations he took an active part. The chiefs also used to employ him to do their sinful work, and he shrank from nothing, however loathsome and cruel. You are shocked when you hear of a murder, and wonder that any one can be so hardened as to commit it. It was a part of his business to commit murder. He would do it with as little reluctance as a man here kills a wild animal.

He killed those who had never harmed him, and who had done nothing worthy of death. Whenever the chiefs wanted any one to be put out of the way, they knew where to find an instrument bold and pitiless enough to do the base and murderous deed. One who would perform such acts for others, would not be slow to perform them for himself. He had shed a great deal of innocent blood. There was not, perhaps, a more wicked man on the island.

The gospel at length made its way to Molokai, and multitudes have become the joyful disciples of the Saviour. Amongst the earliest of these was Job. When he first listened to it, he trembled; for it brought to view his sins. But it told him also of the pardon of sin through the blood of Christ, and assured him that Jesus would not turn away the very chief of sinners. He found this to be true, and became an humble, meek, and zealous follower of the Lamb. Blessed gospel that works such changes!

It was with great zeal that Job entered on the new life. He had served Satan till his strong form was beginning to bend under the burden of years. He had done him effectual service. He now wanted to serve his new Master as faithfully. He felt that he had a work to do, and he at once commenced it. His path became the path of the just, and has been shining more and more, as it has been

drawing towards the perfect day. Yet it was not great powers, either of mind or body, that he had now to bring to the service of the Saviour. He had not much learning. He was not eloquent. He did not possess great talents. But the love of God was shed abroad in his heart, and this love constrained him to act. He seems also to be growing more diligent and active, as he approaches the end of his course.

Two or three miles from his house, is a village, where, at the time I now speak of, a few people used to meet occasionally, in an old dilapidated grass house, to pray. They had almost ceased to exist, and their house was fast going to decay. Job went there and met with them; and as he exhorted and prayed, the Spirit came upon the place. The meetings grew larger and more frequent, the impenitent and children came in, and sinners began to be converted. A better house was needed. Job shouldered his axe, and led the way to the mountains. All followed him. They cut down timber and brought it to the shore, and soon had a large, commodious and attractive house, instead of the old one.

A little further off is another village, which was in an equally bad plight. No sooner had success crowned the efforts of Job in the first, than he went to this; and

almost immediately sinners began to be converted, for the Holy Spirit evidently worked with him. Here, too, a new house was speedily erected, and stands as a monument of the old man's zeal. But he was not weary in well-doing, and went straight to another place, where his labours were attended with like results. A short time ago, the third house, built through his instrumentality, was dedicated to God as a house of prayer. He has now gone over the mountains, a greater distance from his home, to another place where his labours are needed. Thus he continues to bring forth fruit in his old age. It is not in his own strength that he engages in these labours, nor does he rely on his own wisdom. He is working for God, and he asks him to strengthen and direct him. His course will ere long be finished, and then he will enter into the joy of his Lord.

How desirable it is that every land should have the gospel, which can thus change the tiger into the lamb; the man full of treachery and murder into one who so delightfully walks in the steps of Him who went about doing good.

THE INDIAN SISTERS.



Two little Indian girls lived in South America, and in that portion of it called Guiana. The country is very hot, and very beautiful. The trees, and fruits, and flowers, are of the finest kinds, and if it were not for *sin*, the people would all be very happy. Some years ago kind missionaries went to preach amongst them, and formed a settlement, and built a church and school-house. The people gathered round them, and the children flocked to be instructed in the school. Amongst those that thus came to learn, were two little girls, whom the missionaries named Amelia and Leonora. Their bright eyes, and open countenances, and happy dispositions, made all that knew them love them, and they soon became great favourites.

Amelia learned very easily, and it was not long before she was able to read her Testament; and often was she seen sitting under the shade of some fine tree, away from all her playmates, with its pages open on her lap, and evidently taking great delight in learning its useful lessons.

When she was only seven years of age her father died, and left her and her sister, and a little brother, to the care of the missionaries. It was a sad time for these poor little orphans as they saw their parent laid in the silent grave, and turned away and felt themselves as left alone in this wide and wicked world. But God, who, you know, has said he would be a father to the fatherless, took care of them.

Not long after this little Amelia was seized with a painful illness, which ended in consumption, and it was evident to all that she was fast hastening to the grave. One day while very ill, the missionary came to see her in her little hut. It was a lowly hut, built of logs of wood, and thatched with long reeds and grass. The floor was just the earth beaten hard, and the furniture it contained was very simple. The fire blazed upon the ground; around it were placed logs for seats, and hanging from the ceiling were the beds or hammocks in which the children slept. As the good missionary entered the room, a bright smile

lighted up Amelia's countenance, for her heart was glad to see the man of God. He read to her out of the Testament, and when he had done, she sat up in her hammock and talked to him about the heaven of glory to which her spirit now was going.

"I shall soon be there," she said, and spoke of the pleasure she should feel.

"And what," said her visitor, "makes you think that a poor Indian girl can go to that holy world?"

"Did not Jesus die for *me* also?" she said.

"Yes, but you are a child; do you think that you are as great a sinner as many others?"

"Yes, I am a child; but you have often told me that even children should pray for pardon. I have felt my heart to be very sinful, but I know that Jesus has forgiven me, and has made me his."

"But you are young; would you not wish to live a little longer?"

"I might wish it," she replied, "but I am afraid I should not then be thankful to my Saviour. You have told us that in heaven there is no more sin, nor grief, nor death; there I wish to go; and"—pausing a little—"soon I shall be there."

In a few days after this her end seemed to be near, and she sent for her teacher again. When he came to her, and had received her directions about her brother and sister, he asked, if there was anything she wished him to do for her, when she replied,

“No, I want nothing at all: to-night I shall be in heaven.”

And then addressing her brother, and calling him to the side of her hammock, she said:

“Please watch over me this night; also, my sister Leonora; and mind you love Jesus; see I am very happy—I die!”

And in a few hours after this her ransomed spirit took its flight.

Her little grave was made in the wood beside her father's, and John and Leonora followed her remains as they were carried there, and then left the spot in the hope of meeting her by and by in heaven. Leonora, however, little thought she should join her again so soon, and that within a few short months she also would get to glory. But so it was. The same complaint seized Leonora too, and three months after Amelia's death, brought her quickly to her end. Her state of mind was very delight-

ful, and here are some things she said. When asked one day, if she could trust her soul to Jesus, she replied :

“ Yes ; of this I have never had a doubt. I believe my sins have been forgiven me.”

“ What makes you believe this ?”

“ Because I have often read the verse, ‘ The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin,’ and then I have thought, how can that be ? till one day, some time ago, you made me understand it. From that very day I have felt something working in me, which I think is the Holy Spirit. I am ready. O Jesus ! receive me, for thou hast died for me !”

She said, too, that the word of God was sweet to her soul, and asked for a large-print Bible, as her eyes were dim. When near death she asked to see her brother John, and as he stood beside her hammock, she thus addressed him :

“ John, my brother, you only are left of our family. Do come to Jesus, for he is good. I am going.”

Her voice failed, and John began to weep, when she summoned strength to say :

“ No, brother, weep not ; I shall be very happy soon.”

All then stood round for prayer, and the missionary commended her departing spirit into the Saviour’s hands,

when her bright spirit soon passed to join the glorious company before the throne.

Dear children, does not this simple little story make you say :

“ Oh ! that I might so favoured be
With them above to join ;
Oh ! that like them I Christ might see,
And he be only mine !”

THE AYAH'S BIBLE.

A MEDICAL officer, in the Madras army, gives the following interesting account :

“ During a homeward passage from Madras in 1848, in the ship *Sutlej*, my attention was attracted by a poor *ayah*, or native nurse, from India.

“ She had two objects of special regard—‘ Master George,’ whom she tenderly loved, and the ‘ Bible Book,’ which she greatly valued.

“ After George had been put to bed, she regularly retired to a recess behind the companion-ladder, where she slowly spelled through a few verses of Scripture ; and having muttered a short prayer, she then wrapped up the sacred volume in a bundle of cloth, and secured it as a pillow when she lay down to rest. The book was written

in her own language (Devanagari), and had been given to her by Mr. Montgomery, a former master at Simlah.

“When drawing near the Cape, a hurricane arose, with thunder and lightning, which increased to fury, tearing the sails and carrying away the masts, boats, bulwarks, and live-stock. Much water came into the ship, which every one thought was going to the bottom of the sea.

“During the tossing and tumbling about, many of the goods were greatly damaged. The salt water had penetrated into the inmost parts of the ship, as I found, to my grief, it had to my papers and books.

“My loss was small; but the poor ayah's ‘Bible Book’ was soaked. She had been calm during the storm; she was agitated now—she tore her hair, and wept continually. I asked, ‘What has happened?’ She pointed to a dripping mass, taken from the cloth in which it had been wrapped. The glue had been loosened, the boards had fallen off. Some leaves were torn, the rest were matted together. The book appeared quite destroyed.

“The sea being now calm, our clothes and bedding were brought upon deck to dry, which took up several days. George's father next came with the ayah and her book. When the poop was clear, we showed her how to dry every leaf separately and carefully. When all were at

last dry, they were tied up in a towel, and were, at the close of our voyage, bound in London, to the ayah's great delight, before she returned to Calcutta.

“The above circumstance often recurs to my mind, and rebukes me for neglect of the Bible. Some men embrace gold as their hope and stay: this poor Hindu woman clung to the *word of truth* as her *dearest treasure*. The study of God's word was her daily occupation. May it be so with us! God give us grace to read the Bible, and to have some little understanding of what we read.”

WARNED AND CUT OFF.



ONE Sabbath afternoon, a missionary in one of the large mercantile cities of England was on his way to a Sabbath class. He passed a place where some twenty or thirty lads of seventeen to twenty years of age were amusing themselves, and cursing and swearing, in an open space of ground. He went up to them, warned them of their sin, and asked if any among them could repeat the fourth commandment. Not one of them knew it.

He then asked them to go with him to a school-room under the church, as he had a message for them. They abused him; but he at last persuaded the ringleader to go with him, and the rest followed.

The missionary's heart sank within him, when, after shutting himself into the room with them, they burst into a wild outcry, mocking and deriding him. But he lifted

up his heart to God, and the Hearer of prayer heard that cry, and strengthened him.

He began to speak to them of Sodom, and the children playing in its streets, while the vengeance of an angry God was hanging over them. Three times he was interrupted by yells and curses; but the last two times they were checked by the lad who at first had been the most ferocious in wickedness. The missionary at length gained the attention of the whole, and a most solemn hour was passed, while he showed them that the doom of Sodom would be theirs, unless they fled for refuge to Jesus, the covert from the storm.

The lad referred to now listened with earnest attention. He was deeply affected when the missionary said to them,—“God works in many ways. He may not overwhelm you all at once, as he did the children of Sodom; yet he can summon any one of you before him at any time. Perhaps before this time to-morrow one of you may be standing in his presence.”

When all was over, one stayed behind, to say that he was sorry for what he had done, and that he would come back to hear more.

Next morning the missionary saw a crowd round a house in a low, dirty court. He was told that a boy had

been killed in a moment, by a cart having gone over him. The woman who told him said he was a very wicked boy; but she heard he had been at a Sabbath-school the night before. On returning to the place in the afternoon, the mother, who was in deep distress, asked the missionary to look at the dead body; and he felt awe-struck indeed, when, on beholding it, he recognized the mangled remains of the poor lad who had listened to him with such fixed earnestness the night before! His tongue, with which in his lifetime he used to swear so fearfully, had protruded from his mouth in his last agony; and his teeth had gone so completely through, that they had to cut out the tongue before they could close the mouth of the corpse.

The mother afterwards told him that neither she nor her husband had been in a place of worship for thirty years, and she believed the lad himself had never been in a church at all; that his father drank all the Sabbath, and that she and the children spent the day in amusement. She said that the evening before, her son came in and sat down in a corner without speaking. She offered him supper, but he refused; and on her asking him if he was ill, he started up and said, "No, mother, but I have heard such things to-night!" He then repeated, almost word for word, the address about Sodom, and ended by saying,

“I will go back, mother ; I *must* go back ; I will go next Sunday, and every Sunday.”

Reader, that poor boy appears only *once* to have heard the gospel ; the *first* time seems to have been the last, and yet is there not some hope that he did not hear it in vain ? How often have *you* heard it ? And are you *trifling* with it ? How shall you escape if you neglect so great salvation !

UNEXPECTED SUCCESS.

JESUS was once walking by the Sea of Galilee. Crowds of people had been following him everywhere. From the city they followed him into the desert, and now, by the sea-side, they followed him still. Jesus was not weary of teaching them. He was always ready to teach. But see, he steps into a boat. Is he going to leave them then? No, it is only that he may speak to them the better. When they are crowding round him so closely, he cannot make them all hear.

Simon Peter and Andrew, who were the owners of the boat, pushed it a little way off from the land, and Jesus sat down in it; and with a voice, so mild and gentle that the very waves seemed to listen, and broke stilly and lovingly on the smooth sands of the beach, he taught the multitudes on the shore the precious truths of his gospel. But Jesus knew that he had not long to

remain on earth, and he wished to raise up others to carry on the good work of spreading his kingdom after he was gone away. What did he do? When he had finished speaking to the people, he turned away, and said to Simon Peter :

“Pull off into the deep water, and cast your net for fishes.”

“Master,” said Peter, “we have been toiling all the night and have taken nothing. It seems vain to expect that we shall succeed; nevertheless, as thou hast commanded it, I will let down the net.”

The two fishermen made haste to cast their net again into the sea. Very soon it became wonderfully heavy; heavier—heavier, still. It was full of fishes. As they were hastening to pull it up, it broke. Another ship was close by,—the ship of James and John, who were partners with Simon and Andrew,—and the exhausted fishermen beckoned to them to come and help them. They came, and all four tried together to gather up the ends of the broken net, and the boats soon became so heavily laden with fish that they began to sink.

How astonished and awe-struck were the disciples, and Simon Peter more than all! He did not think they would have found one fish in the net. All the long weary hours

of that night he had been toiling in vain. Why the difference? Why this success? It was because Jesus was with them—the Son of the Father—he, by whose power the world was made, and whose will all in heaven and earth must obey. Then Peter thought of his own unworthiness. Who was he that he should have the honour put upon him to receive Jesus into his ship? How could he, with his sinful and polluted soul, stand beside the holy Saviour? Without waiting for a second thought, he flung himself down at Jesus' feet, and cried,

“Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!”

Did Jesus take him at his word? Oh, no! He did not go away. He said:

“Fear not, Peter; I have wrought this miracle to show thee my power: I, who have gathered the fishes round your boat, can draw the souls of men into the gospel net. Go, and preach my gospel. You will not toil in vain: for I am with you, even to the end of the world!”

Peter never forgot that day. For many long years he preached the gospel, and he knew that Christ was with him. Many times did he find the miracle wrought over again, but in a higher and better sense, especially on the day of Pentecost, when *three thousand* souls were added to the number of the disciples.

And it is so still. Jesus is still with us. We must go on making known the truth. Perhaps we have toiled long, and not much good seems to have come of it. We must let down the net again.

Some people say :

“What is the use of giving so much money to the missionary society. After all that has been given, but little has been done. India is not enlightened yet, and China is not enlightened yet, and Africa is not enlightened yet.”

What should we say to such an objection? We should say :

“That only shows how many souls there are yet to be drawn.”

Oh! for another effort—another casting down of the net—(aye, and another, and yet another, for we will never stop till all be gathered ;)—and with this, let an earnest agonizing prayer burst from every heart :

“Lord Jesus, who wast with thy disciples on the lake of Galilee, be with *us*, and let *our* surprise be as great—*our* net as full.”

THE STRANGLED WIDOW.



AT Anatom, one of the New Hebrides islands, a neat little chapel is built, and several missionaries are stationed. The mass of the people are buried in thick darkness; but there is a little gleam of light. Three or four have professed to leave off their evil ways, and to worship the true God. Mr. Powell, the missionary, says that the old heathen customs are still kept up. One custom is, that as soon as a man dies, his wife should be strangled. Mr. Powell gives a sad account. He tells us, that a little time ago, he was requested to visit a native who was very ill. He found the poor creature worn to a skeleton, lying outside his hut. His young wife was sitting by his side. Mr. Powell saw that he could not live long, and request Jata, the chief of the village, to be ready, when the man died, to forbid the

strangling of his wife. Jata promised that he would forbid it.

A day or two after, the missionary heard a loud noise, which he immediately knew to be the *death-wail*. He, at once, concluded that the man was dead, and he hastened to the spot to save the widow. The dead body was lying in the open air, surrounded by a number of women, who were rubbing it with leaves, whilst they were weeping, pulling their hair, and uttering the most piercing cries. Mr. Powell looked anxiously round for the poor widow, but she was not there. He went to the house to find her. His search was in vain. He came back again to the dead body. There she sat. He said :

“ This woman must not be strangled.”

Several women joined him and said :

“ Oh ! no, don't let her be strangled.”

He took her by the hand, and was leading her away ; but, in a moment, several young men, her relatives, seized her. A terrible struggle now followed. In the confusion, they all fell together against a small hut, and knocked it down. A relative of the poor woman pushed the missionary aside, and held up his club, as if to threaten him that he would beat out his brains if he dared to resist ; and another relation, a powerful young man, named Mau-

kavi, seized hold of her throat, and began to strangle her with her necklace. Meanwhile, several gathered round, holding their clubs high over the missionary's head, to prevent his interfering. He could do nothing; but he called aloud for the chief to come and forbid the murder, as he had promised. The chief did not come. The hard-hearted women who, at first, had pretended to wish her to be spared, held down the arms and legs of the poor widow, and the horrid deed was done. Oh! if you had stood where Mr. Powell stood, and seen what he saw, would you ever have forgotten it? Would you have ceased to pray that God would have mercy on the heathen?

THE DYAKS.

BORNEO is a large island to the south-east of China. It is the third largest island in the world, and contains about three million five hundred thousand inhabitants. The original inhabitants are called Dyaks. About two million of these still possess the interior of the island, while on the coast are several other tribes. Some of these are Malays, others Bugis, both partially civilized, and engaged in trade with other countries, though the Malays are fonder of being pirates than regular traders. The climate of the island is very fine and warm, and the soil, in the lower parts, unusually rich. The centre of the island is mountainous and barren; but down in the valleys, and along the coasts, magnificent woods, and beautiful flowers, and

excellent fruits, abound. It is surrounded by clusters of islands, which so shut in the little seas and bays around it, as to make their waters as calm and smooth as those of inland lakes. It is a lovely sight to stand on some of the shores about these seas, and watch the movements of the many native vessels and canoes engaged so busily upon them, as they are either coming in, laden with the produce of other islands, or going out, bearing forth the productions of their own. Beautiful, however, as the island and its scenery may be, it is after all one of "the dark places of the earth, and full of the habitations of cruelty."

The Dyaks, mentioned above as the original inhabitants, and still inhabiting the interior, are a most cruel and barbarous set of savages. They are divided into different tribes, and vary much, according to these tribes, as to their character and conduct. Some are quite wild, and others more civilized. The wild Dyaks are little better in their habits than beasts. They rove about the woods and mountains like wild animals, living on the roots of plants, and whatever they can get to support their lives; sleeping under trees by night, and often annoying the more peaceful and civilized tribes in the valleys around. The other Dyaks look on them just as they would on wild beasts, and go out to hunt them for their amusement, as

sportsmen hunt the fox. Any of the men that are taken in these excursions are directly killed, but the women are generally kept alive. The little children are said to be quite untamable, and, if taken, have generally one foot chopped off by their captors, to prevent their running away to their native forests. The women, and such of the children as are thus taken, are kept in a sort of slavery, and employed to paddle the canoes, and carry heavy burdens, but are never treated better than we treat dogs and horses.

Other tribes of Dyaks are engaged in cultivating the land, and collecting the produce of the country, such as camphor, bees-wax, gold-dust, &c. which they either sell to strangers who come to their shores, or send off in their native vessels to other neighbouring lands.

All the Dyaks, however, are more or less cruel and savage, and some of their customs will prove it. One of their most common practices is that of head-hunting. Every man must have procured at least one human head before he can marry; and no woman amongst them would condescend to take a man for her partner in life, who could not show her one or more such heads which he had himself procured; the more, the better she would think of him. The poor victim that they kill for the sake of

getting his head is not necessarily their enemy. He may be their friend. They do not kill him because they hate him, or because he has offended them, but only to get his head. Hence nobody is safe. All the men are ever seeking heads. They lie in wait on the road side, and attack any one that passes to chop off his head; and the Dyak who can produce his twenty, thirty, or fifty heads, is thought a great and honourable man. Indeed, they measure a man's consequence and honour by the number of heads he possesses. The American Board of Missions sent missionaries to these people some years ago, and they have given us sad accounts of this practice. The people in the village where they lived boasted of the number of heads they had taken, and brought in several fresh ones every year. In the verandah of the house where they lodged, there were fifteen or twenty suspended from the roof; some directly over the places where they slept. On one occasion they tried to procure one of these heads to send home, but the natives refused to give it up. They think they act like charms to ward off evil. The missionaries tried to show them the wickedness and cruelty of the practice; but they laughed at them, and defended it as an honourable thing.

With all this cruelty there are also some good things

about their character. They are very industrious, and honest, and hospitable. Strangers are kindly treated by them, and, it is said, are quite safe in residing amongst them. Accordingly, missionaries are now labouring to do them good, but as yet have had only small success.

The Dyaks are of course heathen, and are idolaters, but seem to have very little religious belief. They can scarcely be said to have any idea of God; but they worship their ancestors and great men, who have distinguished themselves by daring exploits, cutting off heads, &c. Whenever such persons die they make a wooden image of him, varying from twenty inches to three feet in height. When finished, they call the people together, and hold a feast of consecration, and then set him amongst the others. These images are looked on as patron gods, whose business it is to watch over and prosper the cultivation of rice, &c. They are generally kept in a shelter erected for them, but are brought out at the time of planting the rice, and are set with their faces towards the field until the harvest is gathered in. The only act of worship apparently paid them, is offering them food once a month.

How different, dear children, is your lot to that of these poor Dyaks! No one is seeking your head, but all are trying to make you happy. No cruel master

is making you his slave; but Jesus is waiting to make you his child—an heir of glory—a little prince to God. Oh! how thankful you ought to be that God has been so kind to you, and how anxious to send the gospel to those who know it not, to save them from their wretched state!

JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.

A LITTLE native girl was left by a New Zealand chief at a missionary station. When first brought to the house she was a sickly looking slave girl; but, as she was treated with care and kindness, she soon thrived, and became useful as a young servant in the missionary family, by whom she was named Betty. After she had been with them for some time, she began to be very thoughtful and steady, and was fond of speaking with her teacher on the great love of Christ in dying for sinners. She was often much affected when she was spoken to about the agony of Christ, before he was placed on the cross.

Disease soon attacked Betty's youthful frame. A short time before she was confined to her bed she wished some of her country people to visit her, when she urged them to seek the mercy of God while they were in health, because

they knew not the time when they would be called hence. She entreated them all to turn to God, to pray that he would take the deceit out of their hearts, and wash them clean from their sins, through the blood of Christ.

When laid on a sick bed, she enjoyed much peace in her soul. Hearing some girls talking on trifling subjects, she said, "Why do you continually talk of these vain things? They will afford you no comfort when Christ comes to judge the world. You talk about your bodies, but you forget your souls."

Betty was visited almost every day by a daughter of one of the missionaries; she was always glad when this friend came. "I am," she would say, "very hungry; come and read to me David's prayer," meaning the fifty-first Psalm. "Tell me what Paul said about death. I am not afraid to die." She was asked why she was not afraid of death. "Because," she replied, "Christ died for me. He passed the lonely road before me, and he will be with me. It is only now that I have seen the great love of Christ in giving himself to die for my sins." Being asked if she would not like to get well, and live longer, she said, "No; because I should sin again, and make God angry. When I think of my former sins, it makes my heart very dark and sorrowful; but then, if I pray, God

hides my sins from me, and puts his Spirit into my heart, and that makes it light again."

One day Betty was found in tears: she was asked why she wept. Her answer was, "My path is almost trodden, and my love for my companions is great. Will they repent, and be sorry for their sins? Will they think on Him who died for them? Will they pray to Him for help?" Indeed, during the whole of her illness she was much concerned for all her young companions.

Her teacher saw she was sinking, and went to her bedside, saying, "Betty, your pain is great." "Yes," she replied, "my pain is great; but it is nothing to what my Saviour suffered. I feel happy." She then said she was not afraid to die, for Christ was waiting to receive her soul. As she was dying, her teacher was standing by, when she opened her eyes, and seeing her kind friend, held out her hand, and in a faint whisper said, "Farewell." "Farewell, Betty, you are now going to Jesus." "Yes," she added, "I am light—light." After this she spoke no more. The missionary and his daughter knelt down in prayer; and shortly after her happy spirit took its flight to glory.

THE MISSIONARY'S JOY.

FROM A SPEECH BY THE REV. GEORGE CHAPMAN,
MISSIONARY ON THE GOLD COAST, AFRICA.

CONVERSING one day with several of the natives, under the branches of a wide-spreading palm-tree, I noticed especially an old man who was sitting at my feet, and, with streaming eyes, was looking up in my face. I turned and spoke to him, personally, about his soul. He replied, "Ah white man, you speak to me of things that make me glad—things that I have long wished to hear. When I look around me, something tells me that a great Being made all things; and when I look within" (laying his hands on his breast,) "and think of another world, something tells me, that all is not right." The Spirit of God had shone into his soul, and here I found as everywhere

else it has been found, that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is exactly what is wanted to make the soul happy. After further conversation, I invited him to attend the class meetings, and he did so for some time. At length I missed him for about a fortnight. On inquiring the reason of his absence, I was told that he was ill, and confined to his bed. I hastened to visit him, and asked if he knew anything of that peace, which Jesus only can give. How glad I was to have his answer! Pointing to his heart, he said, "Something here tells me that I may die; you told me one day, that when I go to heaven I shall see Jesus, and then you told me one day, that we shall see and know each other there." I recollected having once said something about its being likely that Christian friends on earth will be friends in heaven. "When I get to heaven," said the old man, "I will go straight to Jesus, and tell him how I love to thank him for sending you white man, teach me the way to heaven! and then I will go back again, and sit at door until you come; and when you come, I will take you by hand, lead you to all the captains and chiefs there, and I will say, See! here is white man, who first told me about Jesus and this beautiful place; *this* white man brought me to heaven: and then I will take you to Jesus, and I will say, Here is white man whom you sent

to teach me the way to heaven ; and we will both fall at his feet, and *He* shall have all the praise, and all the glory for ever." Oh ! my friends, this was the happiest moment of my life. I felt that this moment amply repaid me for all the labour and suffering which had attended my mission in that heathen land ; and I would willingly live every day of it over again to experience such a joy !

GREAT RESULTS FROM LITTLE CAUSES.

BY THE REV. W. S. ROGER.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: Most of you, I suppose, have seen a *bee-hive*. It consists of a *box*, you know, in which a great many of the little insects live, which we call *bees*. The bee is remarkable chiefly for her industry. As soon as it is light in the morning, away she flies to her daily task—the collection of honey to fill her winter store. This she obtains from the pretty flowers. Many of you have seen them on a bright summer day, buzzing about among the clover and other blossoms. They were in search of honey. Perhaps you remember how very *busy* they appeared. They would light a moment to sip a little from one blossom, and then fly to another, and another, till they had obtained as much as they could carry, and then away they would fly to the *hive*, to de-

posit it in a nice little cell, which had been prepared beforehand to receive it.

Now, what an insignificant little creature a *bee* is! And yet, what delicious stores they can collect by united industry and perseverance. The amount of honey that each bee brings home daily, viewed by itself would appear very small, scarcely worth a thought; but it is these *little drops* that fill the luscious comb, and thus thousands and thousands and millions of pounds are made every year. How wonderful that so much precious treasure should be accumulated by such diminutive agents! Did you ever reflect, children, who it was that taught the little bees how to make their nice comb, and to fill it with such delicious food? Yes, you all know that God alone could teach them to do this. Now let us see if *we* also cannot learn something useful from the little bee. If she labours hard all summer to furnish us with honey, surely we ought not to be less diligent in our duties to God and our fellow-men. And if the little bee, by industry and perseverance, can accomplish so much, little children also, by the same means, may do much more than they think. Suppose all the children in your Sabbath School should save a penny a-piece every week to put in the *missionary box*, what a nice sum it would make in a

year! One hundred children could give, at this rate, *one dollar* every week, and that, added together, would be fifty-two dollars in a year. *Fifty-two dollars in one year!* How much good that might accomplish! It would support two or three little orphan boys or girls in some missionary school; and, if continued only five or six years, they would all be qualified to teach others. Some of them might become *preachers*, and by the blessing of God upon their efforts, many poor deluded idolaters might be saved; or, it would purchase more than a hundred Testaments to distribute among those who have never yet heard about the Lord Jesus, the only Saviour of sinners. But if *all* the children who attend Sabbath School should adopt this plan, and every one try to give something, or save, or earn something every week, what a large sum it would make! Two schools of one hundred scholars each could give one hundred dollars a year, and twenty such schools one thousand dollars. And would you not, dear children, feel very happy to hear your minister, or your superintendent, say, at the close of each year, that *twenty*, or *thirty*, or *fifty* dollars had been given by your school? And why may you not hear them say so? If you will only do as the little bees do, every one do his part, the work could easily be done. But some children are not

half so prudent as the little bees are. If they get a penny, they think, oh, it is but a *penny!*—it would not help much. What's the use of putting a penny into the box? If it were a *shilling*, or a *sixpence*, it would count something; but a mere *penny*, a little *cent*, what is that worth? It will get me an apple, or a stick of candy, but so small a sum is not worth sending away to the heathen. How foolish for any one to think thus! Suppose the little bees should reason in this way? What if one and all of them should say, the *little* honey that I can collect would make no show in the hive, therefore I shall do nothing. You see how sad would be the result. *We* should not only be deprived of our share in their nice store, but when winter came and destroyed the flowers, the bees themselves would all perish. But the little bees are too prudent to act in this way. So little children should be careful and prudent, and never waste even a penny; for if they are selfish and extravagant, and waste all their pennies in the purchase of useless things for themselves, a great many poor heathen children must remain in ignorance and perish, who otherwise might be taught to love and trust in Christ. Always remember the diligent little bee—how busily she toils every day for a single drop, and how carefully she stores away that little drop in her hive,

till at the end of the season she not only has an ample store to live on herself, during the long cold winter when there are no flowers to resort to, but also some to share with those who furnish her a box to live in, and cultivate the flowers for her to feed upon. And while you admire the goodness of God, who has taught the little bees thus to act, remember that he has thereby taught *you* also how little children may do much to aid in sending the gospel to the perishing heathen.

THE END.



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