

MARCH, 1859.

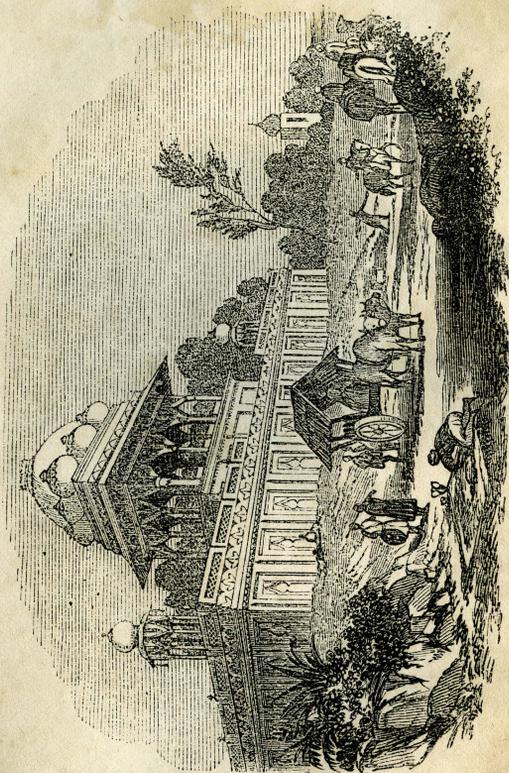
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Tomb of Abu, Meerut.

THE
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MARCH 1, 1859.

**DANGERS AND FIDELITY OF NATIVE CHRISTIANS
IN INDIA.**

THE Frontispiece is a view of a Mahomedan's tomb in Meerut, the city where the great Indian rebellion began. The history of that rebellion is indeed a dreadful one. More than fifteen hundred English, many of them women and children, were cruelly murdered by the Hindoo and the Mahomedan Sepoys. Upwards of a million and a half of money was stolen out of the government treasuries, and property was destroyed worth four times that sum. But worse still, tens of thousands of lives have been since sacrificed in the war, which is now, we hope, nearly at an end. But there has been some bright light in this dark cloud. Though the heathen have raged, and have done their worst to destroy the servants of God, and to drive the Gospel from India, they have failed. Many, indeed, have suffered, and some have fallen; but the way in which they have faced danger and met death, has only showed more clearly the

value and the power of the religion of Jesus. We shall now give our readers one or two proofs of this.

At Meerut there was a Native Teacher called Joseph. When the rebellion began in that city, seeing his danger, he tried to get away. But some of the heathen knew him, and cried out, "Oh, he is a Christian; kill him." "I *am* a Christian," he nobly replied; "but do not beat or kill me." To this, however, they would not hearken. First one and then others came upon him with clubs, until he appeared to be dead. But he patiently bore their heavy blows; and, like Stephen, he kneeled down and cried, "O Lord Jesus, receive my spirit; I commit it into thy hands!"

Though insensible, and left for dead, he at last recovered, and was able to rise from the ground. Then he tried to get away; but some people saw him, and soon he heard them coming after him, and crying out, "He is still living, kill him!" But he escaped out of their hands, and came to a village where he had preached a few weeks before, and where he hoped he might be treated kindly. But instead of this, the people there showed the same cruel spirit as the rest, just because he was a Christian. But happily he was able to get into the jungle, and to hide himself under the bushes. There he spent the night, and felt more secure in the midst of the wild beasts that roamed and roared around him, than amongst his heathen countrymen. When the morning broke, thinking that he might find a safe place in the house of some whom he had taught at Meerut, he ventured back into that city. On reaching it, he went first to his

own home, hoping to hear something about his wife and his father. But when he reached the spot, he saw nothing there but a blackened ruin. The building had been burned, and his little property destroyed. As he looked upon the sad scene, his heart ached, but his lips moved; and if you had stood near him, you would have heard him say what Job once said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. His name be blessed!" After being hid in the house of one of his pupils for a few days, he disguised himself, and made his escape. His wife also was saved, and they soon had reason to rejoice together and cry, "What hath God wrought!"

There was another Christian native, who, in like manner, was snatched out of the very jaws of death. His name is Ram Chandra. He was the teacher of mathematics in the Government College at Delhi. And one day while he was teaching his class, the news came to him that the mutineers from Meerut had reached the city. Soon after, the captain in charge of the magazine wrote this note to him and others at the college, "Come quickly." Ram Chandra was one of the last to leave; and, as he scarcely believed there was any danger, he went towards one of the gates of the city to learn what was the matter. But soon he saw and heard enough to satisfy him that he must flee for his life. Some had already been murdered, and his two brothers came to tell him that, if he did not hide himself from the enemy, he would be murdered too. He took their advice. In the afternoon of that dreadful day he saw the powder magazine blow up, and heard that some of the mutineers were seeking

after him. Nor was that the worst, for a heathen had actually pointed out to them the house in which he was hid; but, as others came round them and said it was a mistake, happily for him they went away. While in this place Ram Chandra knew all that was going on in the city; and, "Just consider," he writes, "what a state I was in then, expecting death every moment." Thus the first day passed. On the following morning, he was told that the mutineers were hunting after him. And what did he do? Just what every one ought to do in danger and distress. He opened his Bible, and the first words that met his eye were those of the forty-sixth Psalm, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore we will not fear," &c. "What a comfort I received from this," he writes, "I cannot tell." As the mutineers had given notice that every person who hid a Christian should die, this good man began to fear for those who concealed him. He therefore left his hiding-place, leaped over a wall, and went into another house until it was dark, when he dressed himself like a coolie, or porter, and together with a faithful servant, escaped from the city. Next day they reached Muttra, which was ten miles from Delhi. Here he was kindly treated by a relation of his servant; but as some of the villagers knew that he was a Christian, he was still in great danger. "But," he says, "I remembered the Psalm."

At Muttra he remained a month, when some mutineers came to that place, and soon heard that a Christian was there. But his servant having learned that they were likely to kill his master, awoke him

and told him of his danger. He therefore left the hut and fled into the jungle. "When," he writes, "we had gone about half a mile from the village, I heard the noise of the mutineers entering it; and, as it was moonlight, I feared lest I had been seen during my flight. They fired their muskets; they robbed the house where I had lived; and when I heard the galloping of horses, I then believed that they were following after me into the jungle. I found a small thorny bush into which I thrust myself, though many thorns went into my flesh." But God delivered him from this great danger, and soon after, though he was robbed and stripped on the road, he was thankful to find his way into the British Camp. When he came there he had nothing on, except a dirty rag around his waist; but the British General did all he could for this worthy Christian man, and he is now Professor of Mathematics at Roorkee.

We shall add another case, in which, by God's goodness, a native Christian was saved from death. His name was Nathaniel, and he was living at Agra when the mutiny broke out in that city. For a time he hid himself, but at length he and another left the place, and went to a village where there were two Christian families. But here they did not think themselves safe. They therefore left for Muttra. "On the road," he writes, "we began, with much lamentation and many tears, to think upon our dangerous condition, and to lift our thoughts to our Heavenly Father for help and direction, &c., &c. On coming near to Muttra we saw, for a distance of twelve miles, great crowds of people with naked swords and

guns in their hands, who were killing, wounding, and robbing whomsoever they wished. On entering the city, a most frightful state of things presented itself. There was, indeed, a city, but no inhabitants. On seeing this my companion, William, was much affected, and said, 'Brother Nathaniel, it is better to die than to remain in such dangers and troubles; let us return to Agra, where there are the tombs of the Christians, and die there.' But I reasoned with him, and reminded him of the words of our Lord, 'When thou art persecuted in one city, flee to another.'" But his companion would go no further.

"On reaching the other side of the river Jumna, I sat down to consider what I had better do. Presently four men, armed with swords, guns, and bows, came towards me. I prayed to God for a moment, to be delivered out of their hands. On coming near they asked me where I had come from, and whither I was going. I replied, 'I have come from Agra.' They then inquired, 'What is your caste?' I answered, 'I am a Christian.' They then took all my clothes and money. On my earnestly begging that they would give me something back, they abused me and threatened to kill me; but at length gave me two annas, and then left me. In the evening I went into a village named Raya, and related to a kind zemindar all my distress. He lamented the calamity that had befallen the Company's Government, and spoke in great praise of the British rule. He took care of me for two days. On leaving his village, I had not gone more than four miles when I saw two men lying dead on the ground, and on going on I saw four men and

three women coming along crying. They said that some men had set on them, and robbed them of everything." He therefore went to another village. But he had still a long way to go, and many dangers to dread, for all along the road he met bands of robbers, and travellers whom they had plundered. At Moorsing, however, they were kindly treated. Here, therefore, Nathaniel stayed for three days. He then left for Hattras, but was soon robbed again, and stripped naked. Some thought him a spy, and he expected now to be murdered. He learned also that Hattras, the place he was going to, had been destroyed. His path was now through a most dangerous part of the country. The enemy had burnt the villages and killed the people, and destroyed the fruits of the ground. But through dangers many, and in deaths oft, he at length reached Furruckabad.

Here he stayed for four months, and was most kindly treated by the Thakoor. He then heard that the British Government was restored at Cawnpore. He therefore went to that place, and from thence to Mirzapore, where he was welcomed by the Rev. Mr. Sherring, of the London Missionary Society, and wrote for him an account of his journey.

The instances now given are only samples of many in which God appeared for His servants, and delivered them. How thankful should we be that these once heathen men should be so firm in the midst of sufferings and danger, and in the presence even of death; but God was with them, and kept them faithful.

DR. LIVINGSTONE AND HIS MISSIONARY
TRAVELS.

NO. XV.

WE have now travelled with Dr. Livingstone and his companions back from Loanda, on the West Coast of Africa, so far as the Quango. On reaching the bank of that great river, the ferryman wanted thirty yards of calico to carry them across, though at last he took six. But the Makololo could do pretty well without canoes, and the people of the country wondered to see how much they were at home in the water, and how cleverly they got the animals across the rivers. It was most difficult to manage the donkeys, for they did not at all like to leave *terra firma*. But their obstinacy was overcome by five or six men, who bundled them into the water in spite of themselves, when the long-eared gentlemen thought it prudent to swim for their lives.

The party had now come to the country of the Bashinje, and, after travelling some way through it, Dr. Livingstone was laid up for three weeks, with fever, at a village. Whilst there, one of the Makololo offended the chief man of the place, and he was so very angry, that he would not be content with any thing that was offered to him. When, therefore, the travellers left, the villagers rushed after them into the forest, fired several shots at them, and tried to steal their property. Forgetting his weakness, Dr. Livingstone seized a revolver which he had with him, and staggering along the path till he met the chief, he went up to him, and held out the deadly weapon. The sight cooled the courage of the savage, who at once trembled and cried out, "Oh! I have only come to speak to you, and wish for peace." The people then collected round their chief, and repeated what he had said, when

Dr. Livingstone replied, "If you have come with peaceable intentions, go away home to your village!" "But I am afraid," answered the chief, "lest you should shoot me in the back." "If I wanted to shoot you," said Dr. Livingstone, "I could shoot you in the face as well." And to show that *he* was not afraid to turn his back, Dr. Livingstone jumped upon his ox and rode away. Thus ended the affair; after which the Makololo made the woods ring in telling each other what brave and wonderful things they would have done, if it had been necessary to fight the Bashinje.

The journey for some time after this was slow and tiresome. They had to find their way by a zigzag path through thick forests, and seldom went more than seven miles a day. Few animals, birds, or even insects were seen, and Dr. Livingstone says, "The want of life in the scenery made me long to tread again the banks of the Zambesi, and see the graceful antelopes feeding beside the dark buffaloes and sleek elands." But food was plentiful, and so cheap, that they could buy a fowl and twenty pounds of meat for a piece of common cloth worth three-pence.

During this part of the journey the travellers met with slave-traders, and learned how they spoke and acted towards their captives. The common names by which these poor creatures were called were "devil," and "brute," and the Makololo, when they saw how they were treated, would say of their masters, "They have no heart;" and, as if they thought the slaves had a right to kill their oppressors when they treated them cruelly, they would add, "Why do they let them?"

So long as the travellers followed the path used by slave-dealers, they found the people unkind and greedy. But at length they reached those natives who had not

been made selfish and cruel by that wicked trade. At one of the first villages of this sort to which they came, the chief woman made them a present, and sent her own son to show them the way to the next place. They had now also come to the part of the country where game is found, but the wild creatures were very shy. And the natives themselves were almost as shy as the animals, for the sight of a white man made them tremble, and they seemed quite relieved after Dr. Livingstone had passed by without hurting them. The women would hide themselves behind a wall until he came near, and then rush away into the house, while the little children would scream, as if going into fits, the moment they saw his face. Even the very dogs ran away, with their tails between their legs, as if he had been a lion.

After crossing a river, called the Loembwe, they came into a more open country. But the people were very superstitious. Every deserted village had idols in little sheds, with offerings of food and medicine. In one place they saw the head of an ox set up to be worshipped.

On reaching the river Kasai, an unreasonable chief, called Kawawa, refused to let them cross without a large payment, and ordered his people to hide the canoes. It was here that the Makololo tricked the natives by marking the place to which the canoes were taken, and, after dark, getting one of them. In the morning, therefore, Kawawa's people were astonished to see their visitors on the opposite bank of the river. "Ah, ye are bad," cried they. To which the Makololo answered, "Ah, ye are good, and we thank you for the loan of your canoe."

On the 14th of June, Dr. Livingstone reached the town of his old friend Katema, where he was kindly received. The next day he came home from hunting, having heard that the Missionary was there. He made the chief the

present which he had promised to bring from Loanda, which pleased him very much. The most valuable part of it was a red cloak ornamented with gold tinsel. In return, he gave Dr. Livingstone a cow, and ordered that all the wants of his companions should be supplied.

They were now getting near the river Leeba, and, after travelling some distance, they reached the town of Shinte. After stopping a few days with this friendly chief, they went on to the village of his sister Nyamoana. Here the party, weary enough with travelling so long and through such a country, were thankful to get canoes, and to glide down the fine flowing stream. As they went along, they saw many herds of wild animals, and two fine lions. At one village, the natives begged them to kill some buffaloes that got into their gardens, and destroyed their food. As the Makololo wanted meat, they set out to shoot them, but could not succeed.

On going down the Leeba, they passed a part of the river where the *tsetse* was, and poor Sinbad, Dr. Livingstone's queer-tempered ox, which had carried him so far, and was now getting towards his home, was sadly bitten by the deadly fly. The Makololo wanted to kill him for food, but Dr. Livingstone would not let them, and he was taken with them to end his days at Naliele.

Everywhere along the Leeba, and still more when they entered the Zambesi, they were welcomed with such marks of joy as Dr. Livingstone had never seen before. The women came out to meet them, dancing and making loud noises, to express their pleasure, and, in other ways, the rest showed the same feeling; indeed, they were looked upon as men who had risen from the dead, for the wise men amongst the people had declared that they had all perished long ago. At Libonta, Sitsane, one of Dr. Liv-

ingstone's companions, spoke for more than an hour, describing the journey, the wonderful things they had seen, and the goodness and kindness of the white men. He then praised Dr. Livingstone, saying that he had done more for them than they expected, and had opened a path to other white men. This speech was well answered by two old men. The next day was set apart for thanksgiving to God for his goodness in bringing them all back to their friends. The Makololo dressed themselves in the fine clothes they had got at Loanda. They had a white suit, with red caps, called themselves Dr. Livingstone's soldiers, and during the service they sat with their guns over their shoulders, and were much admired by the women. The Missionary addressed them, and there was another service of the same kind in the afternoon. Presents now came in from all quarters.

And this was the way in which they were treated all down the Barotse valley. Every village gave them an ox, and sometimes two oxen. The people were wonderfully kind. Dr. Livingstone says, "I felt, and still feel, most deeply grateful, and tried to benefit them in the only way I could, by giving them the knowledge of that Saviour who can comfort and supply them in the time of need; and my prayer is that He may send His good Spirit to teach them and lead them into His kingdom."

LETTERS TO THE CHILDREN OF ENGLAND ABOUT BRITISH GUIANA.

NO. VIII.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I am sure you would like to spend a Sunday at one of the Mission Stations in British Guiana; it is so very pleasant to see the black people, all neatly

dressed, and looking contented and happy, engaged in the worship of God.

The "chapel bell" is rung at half-past six o'clock in the morning, so that the people may know that it is time to get ready for the prayer meeting. This is held at seven o'clock, and by that hour a large number assemble in the chapel. I am very glad to tell you that the black people are fond of the prayer meeting. They like it better than preaching meetings, because (as one of them said to a Missionary), "the pray do such great things." Those that engage in prayer on these occasions do so in a very simple and earnest manner. Sometimes their grammar is not very good, but you know, dear children, that prayer, offered in the name of Jesus, is always heard, whether the words be well chosen or not. Some of the petitions of the negro Christians are very touching. They never forget to pray for the good people in England, who sent them the Gospel, for the parents and friends of their minister, and also for the English children that (to use their own words) "think about we poor black people." Perhaps many of my young readers owe a great deal to the earnest prayers of the people of Jesus in British Guiana.

At half-past nine o'clock, the Sunday School begins. The children, both boys and girls, are as well dressed as Sunday School scholars here. If you were standing at the school-house door, you would see, however, something that would surprise you, and that would be the number of old people that attend the school. Here comes a group of laughing girls, and there, just behind them, is an old woman, who hobbles along with the help of her stick; then two or three middle-aged persons pass up the path; so that, when all are gathered together in front of the superintendent's desk to sing the opening hymn, there are almost as many grown up people as children. Now, if

you think a little, I am sure you will say this is a very good thing, for when these old persons were young there were no schools, and therefore they are very glad to get now all the knowledge they can. The teachers in the Sunday schools at the various stations are trained by their ministers, and they are very earnest in their work. You will be pleased to hear that there is a Juvenile Missionary Association in connection with each of the schools in British Guiana. Many of the children subscribe a penny a week, and the money is given towards the support of a Native Missionary amongst the Indians in the interior of the colony.

At eleven o'clock, the morning service is held. Could you see the congregation, you would be much pleased. There are the women, with nice dresses and bonnets, while the men wear cloth coats, &c.; but the favourite dress of the young men is a black cloth suit, with a white cravat, so that they look very much like ministers. The service is conducted in the same way as it is here in England. The people sing very nicely. They have good voices, and are very fond of singing. Most of the young persons have learnt "Curwen's" system. The whole of the service is in English, which nearly all the people understand. There are, however, a few who cannot follow the minister very well, and these are collected in classes after the service, and the deacons explain the sermon to them in their own simple language. They call this "breaking down" the sermon.

The language spoken by the people is called "Dutch Creole." It is very imperfect. I believe it came at the first from Africa, and then the slaves added many words to it that they picked up while waiting at their master's dinner-table. Even if the Missionaries were anxious to teach in this simple tongue, they could not do so, without

borrowing largely from the English. We have many words in the Bible, for which there are no corresponding words in the Creole. For example, in this slave language, we can find no words for "soul," "life," "eternity," "immortality," "home," or "mercy;" nor can we wonder at this, for the poor slaves knew not they had souls until the Missionaries were sent to tell them so. Eternity was an idea their neglected minds had never grasped. They knew nothing of the delights of home; *they had no home*; they lodged at night in wretched sheds, little better than a sty; and what did they know of *mercy*? It was never shown to them.

The Missionaries considered they would best serve the people by teaching them English, instead of learning themselves this simple and imperfect tongue. I think they were right, as now nineteen out of every twenty of the Creoles can speak English very fairly.

In the afternoon, the Sunday School again assembles, while a public service in the evening closes the engagements of the day. From these details, my young readers will see that the black people of British Guiana enjoy the same religious privileges on the Sabbath that the people of England do.

There is one little matter that I would here allude to. As the people enter the chapel before the morning service, they pause at the door and put something in a box. This is their *weekly offering* for the maintenance of the sanctuary. The Christians of Guiana are not very rich, but they are liberal. They give more in proportion than many of the Lord's people in this country. I have already told you that there are fourteen Mission Stations in that colony; well, at these fourteen stations the people contributed nearly six thousand pounds in the year 1857 towards the support of the Gospel.

I need hardly tell you, dear children, that their doing this proves that many of them love the Lord Jesus Christ very much. I remember one man who used to give very cheerfully to the cause of the Saviour. He had the care of an abandoned estate. His wages were eleven shillings a week—not a very large sum—but he used to give a great deal of it to Jesus. He took his money monthly, and as soon as he had done so, he would come to my house and say, “Massa, how do you do, and how does missee do? Me bring my offering,” and, taking a guilder (a piece of silver money worth one shilling and fourpence) out of his waistcoat pocket, he would say, “Massa, this guilder is for meself one; me four weeks’ offering at a bit (fourpence) a week.” Having taken up this and thanked him for it, he would produce a shilling (called by the people a three bit piece) and say, “This three bit piece is for me wife Sophy.” Then another shilling would follow with the words, “This second three bit piece is for me boy Joseph.” Then he would take out a silver piece worth eightpence (called a half guilder), saying, “This is for me big girl Margaret.” Then a fourpenny piece would be forthcoming. “This one bit is for me little girl Frances,” and last of all a little silver twopenny piece (called half a bit) would appear and he would say, “Massa must look at this half bit very good, because it is for me ‘carle-buddie,’” i.e., the little brother—the name generally given to the youngest son in the family. Thus this good man brought me four shillings and sixpence every month for the cause of God: nor was this all he gave, for he paid pew rent and other things beside. Now would it not be a good thing if all of us copied this man’s example? Why, if the Christians, aye, even if the Christian *children* of England, were to act in the same spirit the number of Missionaries in distant lands could be multiplied tenfold.

At all the stations there are good day schools, conducted by Native Teachers. Some of these have been trained at Homerton College, London, and the others by the Missionaries. The parents pay school fees and buy all the books for the children. Some of the boys make very great progress, and obtain good situations when they leave school. The girls also learn needle-work and many other things that will be useful to them in after life. Perhaps some of you have been disposed to think that these poor black children cannot learn as well as you can. This is entirely a mistake. They are very clever indeed; in some things they excel English children. Their memory is often wonderful. It really seems as though they forget nothing they have once heard. The girls learn grammar, arithmetic, geography, history, sewing, and music. The boys study the whole of these subjects with the exception of “sewing,” and, in addition, latin, algebra, geometry, and mensuration.

Several young men, natives of British Guiana, have been sent to Gorham College, Nova Scotia, to study for the ministry. Some of these have returned home, and are now engaged in the glorious work of preaching Christ to their countrymen. The Missionaries hope the day will come when there will be a native pastor at most of the Mission Stations. This will be a good thing, as the climate is very unhealthy, and of course natives can bear it better than Europeans.

There are one or two other things I wanted to tell you, but I must reserve them for my next letter, which I think will close the series on British Guiana.

I am, dear Children,

Yours truly,

H. B. J.

THE INDIAN MOHURRUM.

Madras, August 26, 1857.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—During the last ten or twelve days the streets of this great city have been crowded with Heathen and Mohammedan processions. Scenes have just passed away (till another year comes round) which sadly show the state in which the people around us live—without God and without hope.

I will give you a short account of what I have seen.

The inhabitants of India, as you know, are called Hindoos. Long ago they were conquered by the people of Arabia and Persia, most of whom are Mohammedans. Now, when they can help it, Mohammedans will not let those whom they conquer profess any other religion but that of the false prophet. When, therefore, these fierce and cruel Mussulmans poured their armies into India, they forced many of the helpless Hindoos to become Mohammedans. But happily for the country, the power of these princes has passed away; but still their spirit remains. This is often shown in their public religious festivals. These festivals, indeed, are not so frequent, nor are they performed upon so large a scale as those of the Hindoos; yet we are reminded by them from time to time, that Mohammedanism is the same that it ever was. Perhaps the festival called the Mohurrum, attracts more of public notice than any other. This festival is kept on account of the murder of two of their leaders, shortly after the death of Mohammed himself.

The story, I believe, runs thus:—Fatima, the daughter of Mohammed, had two sons. Their father, Ali, who ruled over Shawn, was murdered, and Yazred, a very wicked

man, came to the throne. The sons of Ali fled to the city of Medina, but the people, becoming tired of their king, Yazard, invited one of them to take the crown, and become the leader of the Mohammedans. But before the son of Ali consented to do so, he sent a messenger to bring him a report of the true state of affairs. But the wicked king seized him and cast him from a precipice. Soon after this, Fatima's two sons were murdered. This, it is said, happened on the 10th day of the Arabian month Mohurrum (hence the name of the festival), which nearly answers to our August. Such is the story. "But how," you will ask, "is the festival observed?" If you saw it, dear young friends, it would be with feelings of pity and pain; but to the ignorant and superstitious Mohammedan, and the Hindoo as well, such follies are in the highest degree attractive. Upon the chief days the principal streets of Madras and other cities are thronged, and it would be useless to try to force one's way through the crowd. The Natives call these crowdings *tamashes* (of which they are exceedingly fond), and however pressing or important may be the business in hand at the time, they lay it aside, and while the festival lasts, all seem to have taken leave of what little sense they have. But what gives them the pleasure which they all seem to enjoy? Alas! one almost blushes to think that *men* have fallen so far. Fancy, then, a number of men smeared all over with cow-dung, so used as to make them look something like a tiger. Fastened to their legs and waist are heavy iron chains, and they wear tails of such extraordinary shape, and so large and unmanageable, that they require two or three persons to carry them. To make these frightful creatures more ugly, they give them spirits, that the *creature* may be the better able to disport itself to the

satisfaction of the wondering crowd! The procession moves forward to the *music* of what we called *tom-toms*—that is, to a most barbarous *noise*; and all this continues for some ten or twelve days; but what its meaning is no one can say.

Yet, my dear young friends, this is part of the Mussulman's religion. In this and other equally unmeaning and superstitious follies does he trust for salvation. Will you not pray for them, that they may know and believe in the true prophet, Jesus Christ? and will you not give those help who labour to spread Gospel light through the dark places of the earth? I am sure you will.

J. D.

THE LITTLE INDIAN BOY.

Being an Introductory Address to be read to Sunday School Children, on presenting the Prayer, "O God! wash me from all my sins in my Saviour's blood, and I shall be whiter than snow. Fill me with thy Holy Spirit for Jesus Christ's sake."

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I am going to tell you a true story, and I hope you will pay attention to it, and try to remember it. There was once a Missionary, Mr. West, who went to North West America to teach the poor heathen people about Jesus Christ. He thought that the surest way of spreading the Gospel amongst them, was by teaching the little children. He therefore tried to establish a school, but the children were so wild that they would not come to be taught. He had, however, two little Indian boys given him to take care of, who were always with him, and he spent much time in trying to

teach them about God. Amongst other things he taught them this little prayer: "Great Father! bless me, through Jesus Christ our Lord!" which he made them kneel down and say to God very often. Mr. West could do very little good among these heathen people, and he left North West America, after having been there two years, without being able to see any fruit produced by his labours. But these little boys remembered the prayer he had taught them. One of them died soon after, but the other lived and went on saying it every day, and the great God in heaven listened to the poor little heathen child, and blessed him, and made him a true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. He has now grown up to be a man, is a Missionary himself, and doing all he can to teach other people the way to heaven, which Jesus Christ has made by dying on the cross for sinners; and I am sure he will go to be with Jesus himself when he dies.

Now I want each child to be a true Christian, and to do all he can to lead others to Jesus Christ; so I am going to ask you every one, to take this prayer, which is a little longer than the one I have been telling you about, but as you have been taught so much more than the Indian boy, you will be quite able to learn it. Then I want you to stick it in your Bible, or in some safe place, and to learn it by heart and say it to God, very thoughtfully and very earnestly, every night and every morning, and never to forget, and I am sure that God will hear you and answer your prayer, for there is nothing He loves to do more than to listen and to bless little children who pray to him.

Maryate.

J. F. R.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

Tune—Vesper Hymn.

Hark! the joyful sound is swelling
 Clear and loud throughout our land,
 Of the great salvation telling,
 Wrought for men by God's right hand.
 Christ the Lord hath come from heaven,
 For the sins of men to die;
 Christ the bands of death hath riven,
 And ascended up on high.
 Endless life to all is given,
 Who on him by faith rely.

Hark! the tidings of salvation
 Wafted from our favour'd shore,
 Speak to many a distant nation
 Of a hope unknown before.
 Christ the Lord, &c.

Indian eyes with joy have glistened
 Austral hearts that joy have shared
 Afric's swarthy sons have listen'd,
 While this message was declared.
 Christ the Lord, &c.

Wider yet and louder pealing,
 Let the silver trump proclaim
 Glad release and perfect healing,
 Light and life through Jesus' name.
 Christ the Lord, &c.

Time is short—the years are fleeting—
 Let us work while yet 'tis day;
 Hearing, prizing, and repeating
 These glad tidings while we may—
 Christ the Lord, &c.

. The above Hymn is extracted from a nice little volume entitled "Hymns for youthful Voices, by the Rev. James G. Small; which we recommend to our Readers.

CONTENTS.

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Vol. XVI.—No. 178. MARCH, 1859.  
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	<i>Page</i>
FRONTISPIECE—TOMB OF ABU, MEERUT	50
DANGERS AND FIDELITY OF NATIVE CHRIS- TIAN IN INDIA	51
DR. LIVINGSTONE AND HIS MISSIONARY TRAVELS—NO. XV	58
LETTERS ABOUT BRITISH GUIANA—NO. VIII.	62
THE INDIAN MOHURRUM	68
THE LITTLE INDIAN BOY	70
POETRY—MISSIONARY HYMN	72

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