

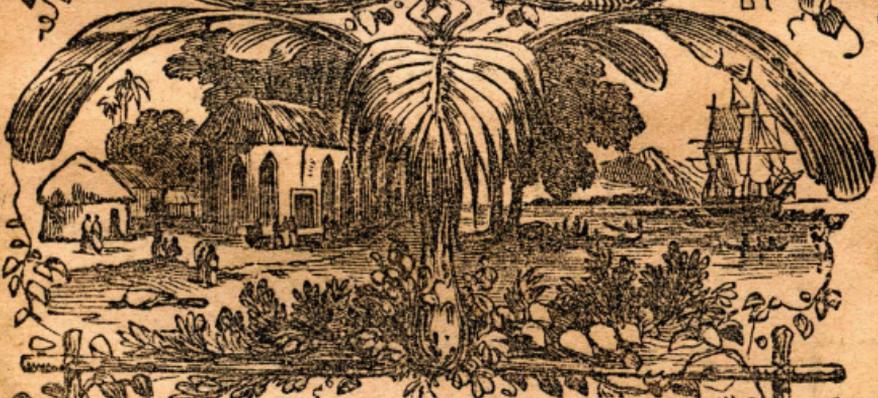
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*Caffres in Ambush.*

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THE CAFFRE—AS A HEATHEN.

You have often read about the Caffres of South Africa. They are a fine race, but very warlike, wicked, and superstitious. Again and again have they fought against the English; but, as you may suppose, they have always been beaten. Thousands of these poor heathens have thus been killed, while others have been driven away from their lands, and have suffered great loss. But a worse thing even than war has now come upon them. We will tell you about it. You will thus see what a terrible thing superstition is, and what misery it has brought upon these poor blinded Caffres.

About two years ago, a man, called Umhlakaga, made the people believe that he was a great prophet, and persuaded them that, if they did what he told them to do, they would conquer the English, get back their lands, and become very rich. He gave out that, near the sea, in a part of the country belonging to a

chief called Kreli, there was a great cave; that in this cave there were thousands upon thousands of fine fat oxen, and that they had been heard knocking their horns together while trying to get out, that the Caffres might have them. But, said the false prophet, they cannot get out of the cave so long as any of the Caffres have other oxen or any kind of food. He therefore commanded them to kill their cattle, and scatter their grain upon the ground, and promised, as soon as they had done this, that every man should have ten times as many bullocks as he had before; that all the Caffres who had died, should rise from the dead young and strong; that, on the day when all the food was destroyed, two suns should appear in the heavens, and a great wind spring up, which would sweep all the white men, and Caffres who did not believe the prophet, into the sea.

Now you could scarcely fancy that any people would have been so foolish as to believe such wicked fables. But thousands did believe them. They madly killed their cattle, and flung away their corn. Missionaries and other friends of the poor heathen tried to stop them, but it was of no use. What followed you may easily suppose—famine and death. The old and the helpless, who could not go far from their homes, perished with hunger. Some became cannibals. In one case, a father killed his own child, and was found eating it, by his wife, when she entered the hut. At first, the sight made her almost mad with grief and anger, but after awhile, she joined in the horrible feast. Still, in the midst of this misery, some still trusted

the promises of the prophet. And if you had been in that country, you might have seen them like living skeletons, sitting in their cattle pens, or around their empty corn pits, expecting food, until they fell down and died. In this way more than ten thousand of these unhappy people perished, while three times that number came into Cape Colony, in search of food. We hope that God will overrule this great evil for the good of the nation who have suffered it. Certainly it ought to make us feel more pity for them, and try all we can to deliver them from the power of darkness and the dominion of the devil. No one who considers the present condition of the Caffres, and the cause which has led to it, can fail to see how much they need the Gospel.

But we will give some other proofs of this. To them the words of the Bible may be truly applied: "Their feet are swift to shed blood." "Destruction and misery are in their paths." "They lie in wait for the innocent." Look at the Frontispiece, and you will see an instance of this. It happened to the Rev. Mr. Calderwood, while upon an important journey through a dangerous part of the country. He had nearly reached the place where he intended to rest for the night. It was about eight o'clock in the evening. The new moon was just setting. Thankful that he and his companion had been preserved, he was riding at a slow pace, and was just offering up his praises to God, when, "in a moment," he says, "as I was turning a bush close to the road, the horse sprang to the opposite side. I saw, in the feeble light of the moon, eight

him as a murderer, and beg him to flee from the wrath to come."

Without noticing the words of the Missionary, he turned, and with one of the darkest and most dreadful frowns, said that he had brought his wives that Mr. Calderwood might point out which of them had told him about the child. The chief was right in supposing that the Missionary had received the dreadful news from one of them. And as she stood there, and heard the tyrant, her heart trembled, lest she should be discovered. But whatever she might have feared, she did not show it. And as Mr. Calderwood firmly refused to tell the chief, she felt safe.

The tyrant was angry. He said he could govern his people as he liked, and that the child deserved to die. The Missionary, of course, spoke to him faithfully; but at length he went away in a rage, crying as he went, "You have spoken a bad word, when you say the child was not guilty."

Mr. Calderwood knew that he was in danger; but he had done his duty, and now he trusted in God.

Two days after this, Makomo sent three of his chief counsellors, that they might try to get from Mr. Calderwood what he had refused to tell him. For three days, these men tried very cleverly to find out the secret. But the Missionary was firm, and sent back a message to the tyrant, that nothing should prevent him from saying what he knew to be right about the dreadful sin of murder, but that, as soon as he saw that he was sorry for what he had done, he was ready to meet him as his true friend. After a while the counsellors

said, "Your words are too heavy for us; we shall trouble you no more."

Some time after this, Makomo sent three of his wives to say that he was sorry; but there was no reason to suppose that he was really so.

These facts prove what the Caffre is while a heathen; next month, we shall give our readers some facts to show how different a being he becomes when God's word enlightens his understanding, and God's Spirit changes his heart.



DR. LIVINGSTONE AND HIS MISSIONARY  
TRAVELS.

NO. XVI.

AFTER staying as long as was necessary in the Barotse valley, Dr. Livingstone went towards Linyanti, the place from which he had set out upon his long journey. It was now the spring. All things around him showed this. The trees were covered with bursting buds and rich blossoms. Birds unnumbered swarmed upon the waters, and along the banks of the noble river. Every creature seemed happy, and as the Makololo were now getting near their home, with the prospect of seeing their friends, and telling them of the wonders they had met with, you may suppose that they also were cheerful. One day, however, something happened which showed how near they were to danger, even in the midst of their delight. They were rowing along near the shore, when all at once a great

hippopotamus struck the canoe, lifted half of it out of the water, and nearly turned it over. One of the men was thrown out; the rest got on shore. They afterwards learned that this was the mother of a young one that had been speared the day before.

Soon after reaching Linyanti, there was a great meeting of the people, at which Dr. Livingstone gave Sekeletu the presents he had brought for him from Loanda. He then asked his companions to tell their countrymen what they had met with on the journey. Many were the wonderful stories which they told them; but the most wonderful of all was, that they had been to the end of the world. One thing, however, greatly puzzled the travellers, and very likely this made their countrymen doubt the truth of their strange accounts. "If," said an old man, "you have been to the end of the world, you have seen Ma Robert" (Mrs. Livingstone). But they were obliged to confess that she lived "a little beyond the world."

The presents gave Sekeletu great joy. Amongst them there was a suit of soldier's uniform. In this the chief was dressed when he came with the people to hear the Missionary preach on the following Sunday, and Dr. Livingstone says it drew their attention more than his sermon.

As Dr. Livingstone's companions praised him to their countrymen, as soon as it was known that he intended to travel to the East Coast, many offered to go with him. But while he remained there, crowds came to see him, and in the services he held, they listened more attentively and behaved better than formerly. He says, "They really form a very inviting field for a Missionary. Surely the often-told tale of the goodness and love of our Heavenly Father, in giving up his own Son to death for

us sinners, will, by the power of his Holy Spirit, beget love in some of their heathen hearts."

Dr. Livingstone mentions an amusing thing which he saw while at Linyanti, and which shows something of the customs of the Makololo. Five young men wished to get one of Sekeletu's servants for a wife. One of these came to the chief to ask his consent, when he ordered all the five to stand out in a row, that the young woman might make her own choice. Two of them refused. The other three, "dandified fellows," Dr. Livingstone calls them, came forth. The lady took the best looking of the three, while the others, with sheepish faces, skulked away, amidst the jeers and laughter of their countrymen.

The donkeys which the travellers had brought from Loanda were left at Naliele. They called forth the wonder and admiration of the people. What especially surprised them was the cleverness, as they thought, with which they chose for their food the best plants, though, as the natives remarked, "the animals had never seen them in their own country." But their bray seemed to them more terrible than the well-known roar of the lion.

No one could have been treated more kindly than Dr. Livingstone, while he remained at Linyanti. All his wants were freely supplied by Sekeletu. He himself was honoured, and his advice was well received. But at length preparations were made for his departure. A large number of the people had offered to go with him. The chief, knowing that he had no property, said to him, "A man, of course, wishes to appear among his friends, after a long absence, with something of his own to show; the whole of the ivory in the country is yours, so you must take as much as you can, and Sekeletu will furnish men to carry it." Then Maraire, who had married the chief's mother when he came to take his leave, said to Dr. Livingstone,

"You are now going among people who cannot be trusted, because we have used them badly; but you go with a different message from any they ever heard before, and Jesus will be with you, and help you, though among enemies; and if he carries you safely, and brings you and Ma Robert back again, I shall say he has bestowed a great favour upon me. May we obtain a path whereby we may visit, and be visited by, other tribes, and by white men?" Surely we ought to feel much interested in people who can speak and act in such a way as this, and be anxious to send them the blessed Gospel.



#### LETTERS TO THE CHILDREN OF ENGLAND ABOUT BRITISH GUIANA.

NO. IX.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I hope you have felt, while reading my letters to you from month to month, that the labours of Christ's servants in British Guiana have been crowned with great success. A good work has been done in that colony, and I want now to enable you to form some idea of it.

As this is my last letter to you, I will try to answer a question, and that question is this: "What has the Gospel done for the negroes?" I say the negroes, as my remarks will apply to Jamaica and the other West Indian islands as well as to Guiana. Let me start by saying, *that the Gospel has given them freedom.* There were many persons in England who thought slavery a very bad thing; but if Missionaries had not laboured in the midst of it, and told the people in this country what it really was, it might have been in existence until now. And the black people feel that they owe their freedom to Missionaries.

They have often said to me, "Oh, Massa, if Gospel no come, free no come." "It was God's Word that broke our chains." This is the proper influence of the Gospel. In that day when it shall cover the earth, slavery will be unknown.

*Then, the Gospel has made the negroes industrious.* Some persons are fond of saying that the black people are lazy. Perhaps, if they lived under a burning sun, as the negroes do, they would like a little rest in the middle of the day. No doubt there are lazy people in British Guiana, the same as there are some lazy people, ay, and some lazy boys and girls, in England; but all the *Christian* negroes are industrious. They work on the sugar estates from six o'clock in the morning until two or three o'clock in the afternoon, and then they finish the day by tilling their own ground. When there is not enough work for them in their own district, they go elsewhere in search of it. I have known all the able-bodied men and women of a village paddle their boats on the Monday morning, twenty miles, to get employment. When they have to go as far as this, they do not come home again until Saturday evening.

*Then, the Gospel has increased their wealth.* Nearly all the black men have land of their own, and they live in their own houses; indeed, it is very difficult for a young man to get married until he has got a house to take his wife to. They have now been free twenty years and six months, and during that time they have bought so much land, and built so many houses, that their property is valued at more than "one million pounds" of English money. Now, my dear children, just let your minds go back to the condition of the same people in a state of slavery. Then, they had no property, scarcely any clothing, and very little food. At the present moment many of them have money

in the savings bank, and all of them have good food and good clothes. What has made the difference? The influence of the Gospel.

Besides which, *the Gospel has increased their knowledge.* When slaves, they knew scarcely anything. They were not allowed to learn to read. They knew very little about other people or other countries, or even about themselves. Now, most of the middle-aged people can read, while the boys and girls have received a good education. It is likely that they know as much as you do. But they would not have got this knowledge if Missionaries had not been sent, and Mission schools had not been opened. Even when the negroes were ignorant they were very witty. Many laughable tales have been told about them. Let me give you two, related by Mr. Phillip, who was formerly a Missionary in Jamaica:—"Me don't tief noting," said a negro to an overseer, who had found him out in the very act of stealing sugar. "Me don't tief noting." "What do you mean?" was the reply; "haven't you got the stolen property in your possession?" "But me don't tief it; me only take it, Massa." "What do you mean by that?" "*As sugar belong to Massa, and myself belong to Massa, it all de same ting; dat make me tell Massa that me don't steal it, me only take it.*" "What do you call thieving, then?" "When me broke into me broder's house and ground, and take away him ting, den me tief, Massa." Another negro, having purchased a hat, was observed to take it from his head on the fall of a shower of rain, and to be very anxious to preserve it from the wet. Some one spoke to him about his stupidity, when he replied, "*Hat belong to me, head belong to Massa.*" I have told you these anecdotes, that you may know that the negro is quite as shrewd as his white brother, and is quite as capable of acquiring

knowledge. But the Gospel has done more than this. *It has raised thousands of negroes from earth to heaven.* When it was first preached to them in the dark days of slavery, they listened to it with joy; and from year to year since then, many have been turned from darkness to light, and found peace through believing in Jesus. During my labours in British Guiana, I visited many deathbeds, and frequently I was delighted by the faith and hope of the sufferer. "I am not afraid to die, Minister," said a black man to me, one day; "I am not afraid to die. *I am on the right side.*" Another, a young man of twenty, said, just before his soul departed, "*Sir, I am passing from death into life.*" A woman, who had suffered greatly from poverty, whispered to her sister, with her last breath, "*I have been very poor in this world, very poor, but I am going to be rich now.*" Ought we not, dear children, to value the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ? See what it can do. It enables the black man as well as the white, the bond as well as the free, to face death without fear, and to triumph in life's last hour, in Jesus.

What, then, is the future prospect of British Guiana? Under the Divine blessing, it may become one of the finest of our West Indian colonies. At the present time, more sugar is made and sent to this country than in the days of slavery. The people are advancing in knowledge and in civilization. The Gospel is influencing all classes. The Sabbath is kept holy. God's house is honoured. If the work of the Lord be carried on with energy—and there is no doubt it will be—by the Missionaries and Ministers in the colony, it will exhibit to all nations a striking example of the truth that, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life which now is, and of that which is to come."

And now let me remind you that *what the Gospel has done in British Guiana, it will do in every part of the world.* In outward appearance men differ. The Chinaman is not like the Hindoo, nor the African like the Saxon. Their habits may be different, *but their hearts are alike.* All are sinners before God, and all can be pardoned through the blood of his Son. The Gospel is the news they all want. It will be good tidings to the heathen nations, the same as it has been to us. The labours of Missionaries prove this. The Gospel has been preached in the frozen north and sunny south. It has been proclaimed in China, in India, in Africa, in the South Seas, in the West Indies, in North America, and Greenland; and in all these lands it has proved itself the great power of God. To Jesus have come the indolent Chinaman, the haughty Brahmin, the filthy Hottentot, the cruel South Sea Islander, the down-trodden Negro, the wary Indian, and the stunted Greenlander. At his blessed feet they have all bowed, and found there all they wanted and all they could desire.

I want you to feel that *the whole world must have the Gospel.* There is not a nation, not a tribe upon it, but has a right to it. We are bound to give it to them. It is Christ's will that we should do so. Every Christian man and woman, nay, every Christian boy and girl, should do what they can to send that Gospel to those that have it not. Nothing else will do the poor heathen good. If you were to send them ship-loads of food and clothes—if you were to send carpenters and bricklayers to build houses for them, and keep back the Gospel, you would be doing nothing for them. Send them Bibles, and men to explain God's truth, and then you place every blessing within their reach. Never forget this, as you grow up, "*The world must have the Gospel;*" and, as long as you

live, you are to do what you can to give it to every human creature.

Then, just now, *there are many opportunities of spreading the Gospel.* You have heard about China, about its millions of people. This vast land is now open to Christian Missionaries. You have heard something of India. Well, into every part of it the servant of Jesus may now go to make Him known. The same may be said of Africa. So that if we had ten times as much money, and ten times as many Missionaries as we have, the work would not be all done.

My dear children, try to do something for Jesus. I hope you love Him. Well, he wants you *to work for Him.* You do so when you get money for His cause. You may not have any yourself, but *you can beg some.* It is no disgrace to beg for Jesus. Perhaps, too, some of you, when you grow up, will become Missionaries. This would be better still. Let us resolve that we will do all in our power to tell the perishing heathen what He has done for them. If we do this, life will be blessed to us, death sweet, and eternity full of glory.

I am, my dear Children,

Yours truly,

H. B. I.

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#### THE HINDOO REFORMER.

If our readers were able to become travellers, their inclinations would no doubt lead them to go in different directions. Some would visit Italy and Greece, of which they have read in history; others would rather see the vast ruins and mighty pyramids of Egypt. Many would far rather walk around Jerusalem, and visit Olivet, Bethlehem, Nazareth, and other parts of Jordan, in which our blessed

Lord lived and laboured and suffered for us; while others, we hope, would hasten to some of the cities and villages of the heathen of which they have read in these pages, to teach them the way to heaven, or to see the work that God is carrying on there by His Missionary servants. But our young friends, though pleased with some things, would see many others that would give them pain. If they had any love to Christ and any pity for sinners, they would feel as the Apostle Paul felt when he stood in the midst of Athens. Their spirits would be stirred within them as they saw the people given to idolatry. Especially would they feel thus in India, for there they would find much civilization together with great wickedness; knowledge on many subjects, but entire ignorance about the one thing needful; they would see that the God of heaven was not worshipped there, but the spirit of Evil, whom the Saviour calls "the father of lies." Nor are the Hindoos ashamed of this; on the contrary, they glory in their shame.

This is chiefly seen in the places called sacred. Take, for example, the town of Nasik. It is situated on the banks of the river Godavery. On drawing near to it, its appearance at first is very pleasing to the eye of a stranger. The landscape around is lovely, and there are in the place many handsome buildings. But after a time, the traveller learns that these buildings are given up to the service of worthless idols, and that even the beautiful river is one of those which the Hindoos foolishly think can wash away their sins. In consequence of this, multitudes go to Nasik on pilgrimage, to worship Brahma, and the town has long had the character of being sacred; for, besides the numerous temples which are in it, there are in the neighbourhood an enormous quantity of ruins, which show that before these temples were built for Brahma, Nasik was given up to the worship of Buddha. Perhaps, still earlier, Satan himself was wor-

shipped here; for the worship of the devil seems to have been one of the earliest forms of superstition in this region. At present, numbers of the Brahmins live in Nasik, and at the great festival, pilgrims flock to it every year from a great distance, to bow before the idol and to bathe in the sacred river.

What power can draw the inhabitants of Nasik, and of all India, from their cruel and degrading superstitions? Dear readers, you know very well. Nothing but the Gospel of Jesus can do this; and we know that the day will come when this shall be done. God has promised it, and His word is sure. Already, indeed, has the work begun at Nasik. For some years past, active and devoted Missionaries have laboured there. Their efforts have been crowned with a blessing, and their schools, especially, are very flourishing.

Nor can anything short of the Gospel deliver the people from their superstitions. At different times, other means have been tried in India, but in vain. Several Hindoos who have had more light than their fellow countrymen, have endeavoured to teach them a somewhat purer form of religion, but they have failed. One of these reformers has visited Nasik. He was a doctor, named Tuka; at one time he made a good deal of noise in the country. He was in some respects a very wise man, and he clearly saw how foolish the worship of Brahma was. He therefore turned the superstitious doings of priests and people into ridicule, both in speeches and poems, in which there was much good sense.

This man became a great favourite with the people of Nasik. Multitudes crowded together to hear him, and thousands of persons learned his verses by heart, and amused themselves by repeating them to others. But in spite of this success, Tuka did not change the customs of his

countrymen. Pilgrims throng to the town just as they did before, and many who mocked at Brahminism, when repeating the verses of Tuka, still present their offerings and prayers to the gods of wood or of stone, which they had delighted to ridicule.

An amusing anecdote is told of Tuka, which will give an idea of his manner of teaching.

Some of his friends had resolved to make a long pilgrimage, that they might bathe in a celebrated pond sacred to Gunga. As they were starting, Tuka gave them a very bitter gourd, and begged that they would wash it carefully in every stream and pond they came to on their journey. This they did, and a long time afterwards, when they returned, the pilgrims placed the gourd at Tuka's feet, telling him that they had carefully done what he desired. Then he made them sit down, and, cutting off the outside of the gourd, he asked each one of them to eat a piece. "But it is bitter," cried the pilgrims; "that is the nature of the fruit; we cannot eat it." "Quite true," said Tuka; "and it is just the same with you. Do you think that with your thousands of baths you have changed your nature? No, the water has touched and purified only your body, and the bitterness, that is to say, the sin, has remained within. The outside of the fruit has been washed, but the inside has continued bitter. Believe me, then, and seek some better way of cleansing yourselves from the natural corruption of your hearts."

This was well said; but in order to make men truly wise and good, something was wanted which Tuka had not, and which no one ever found by himself. It is not enough to see error, nor even to oppose it: one must be able to put truth in its place. Little will be done by showing men that their practices are wrong, unless at the same time they are taught the true and only way of salvation. This

none can do but those who bring the glad tidings of great joy, which are for all people. They can point to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world," and there is no other name given under heaven whereby men can be saved.

#### LAKHIRAM'S HISTORY OF HIMSELF.

"WHEN the great Wellesley (the Duke of Wellington) conquered Holkar, I was fourteen years old; I lived at Ahmednuggur, of which my father was gate-keeper; it was about that time that a holy beggar came to our city, and to him my father said, 'Take my son and make him a holy man like yourself.' The next day I left Ahmednuggur with my teacher, and I began a life of travel with him from one shrine to another; we visited every sacred river, mountain, and temple, from one end of India to another, including Rameshwara at the south, all the holy places in the Carnatic, Jugenath, Gaya, Benares, and various places in the Himalaya mountains, beyond which mortal man cannot travel. We then travelled down to Dwarca, on the west coast, and after a tour of several years, in which we visited hundreds of holy places, I returned to my native city, and sat down in the gate in which I was accustomed to play as a boy. My father was dead, and many other changes had taken place in Ahmednuggur; the Peshwa's government had passed away, and the English had come in its stead. I saw in the gate a new gate-keeper, whom I presently found to be one of my boyish companions. While talking with him about the many changes which had come over my native city since I left it, another friend came up—the father of this lad, (one of the converts,)—and, addressing me, he said, 'Well, Mr. Pilgrim, you have spent many years visiting shrines, and

rivers, and all sacred places, and you know the Holy Book Kubeer almost by heart; tell me after all, what are you? are you a *saint*, or are you a *sinner*? The strangeness of this question offended me not a little; however, as I had learned that anger was disgraceful to a holy man, I kept down my temper, and thought over his question—'Am I a saint or am I a sinner?' I have visited every shrine and washed in every holy river; I have observed every fast and every religious observance enjoined in Kubeer; *I ought to be a saint*; but then Kubeer says, 'Anger, pride, lust, avarice, envy,' &c., 'are sins, and till these are all driven out of the heart, man is a *sinner*.' So after a little reflection I replied, '*I am a sinner*.' 'Indeed, he rejoined, 'a *sinner still*, after so many religious deeds! When, then, do you expect to be a *saint*? and if you are not a saint, how do you expect to see God?' I answered out of the Kubeer, of which I was very fluent, showing the various penances that a man must perform to subdue sin and to fit him for heaven. But he rejoined, 'Well, but all these you *have performed*, and that for many years; what hope have you of getting holiness in future years, having so wholly failed in those that are past?' This question rather provoked me, and the more so because it was asked by an ignorant Pariah, who had spent all his life in the lowest menial occupations, while I had read, studied, and travelled, and expected to be regarded by my countrymen as a person of no small sanctity. The unlooked-for questions and objections, therefore, of Bhagooba set my mind at work with new thoughts and ideas. To his last question (above stated) I offered sundry replies suggested by the book Kubeer, which I revered much, and on my acquaintance with which, as well as an attendance upon the duties therein prescribed, I fully depended for elevation to the highest station in the world of spirits. My replies, how-

ever, not appearing to satisfy Bhagooba, I, in turn, asked, 'How do you expect to see God and to get to heaven? Have you reached sinless perfection?' 'Not I,' he replied; 'I am an unworthy sinner, but I believe that the Almighty became man, under the name of Jesus, the Christ, and that he died to bear the punishment of our sins, and that whoever believeth in him shall obtain eternal life through his merits.' I now perceived that Bhagooba had forsaken the faith of his fathers, and adopted the religion of the English: looking upon him, therefore, as an apostate, I gave free vent to my anger, and out of this mouth many evil words went forth against him and against Jesus Christ! At length Bhagooba, finding that he made no impression on me, said, 'There's no use in *our* talking; come to the *Padre Sahib*, (the Missionary,) and hear what he has to say.' I went, and had a long conversation with the Missionary. I often went to him after this, and had many arguments with him. For two whole years I fought with him, and at the end of that time the Missionary (or rather God's Holy Spirit) conquered; and I have now for *six years* been the servant of Jesus Christ."

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 LONGINGS FOR PEACE.

"As I directed their attention to Jesus, their Saviour, whose word is 'Peace on earth, good will to men,' they called out, 'We are tired of fight! Give us rest and sleep.' It was no wonder that they eagerly seized the idea of peace. Their country has been visited by a series of scourges, during the last half century, and they are indeed a nation scattered and peeled."—*Dr. Livingstone's "Missionary Travels,"* p. 592.

THE sun was hiding in the west,  
 When to a village, ere the daylight's close,  
 Worn by long travel, came a pale-browed guest,  
 For shelter and repose.

With rude yet kindly care,  
 These sons of Afric bring their choicest food,  
 Then list with wonder, when he bids them hear  
 A message from his God.

Old veteran warriors came,  
 And women, long subdued by toil and fear,  
 And children, early used to spear and flame,  
 The gracious news to hear.

Then first a Saviour's name  
 The echoes of their gloomy hills awoke,  
 Then first the glimmer of a heavenly flame  
 On those dim forests broke.

He told how Jesus gave  
 To sinful men, good-will and peace from heaven,  
 And how to all whom Jesus died to save,  
 This precious boon is given.

"Oh, speak those words once more!  
 Is there a time when strife and blood shall cease?  
 Our souls are weary of the noise of war;  
 We long for rest and peace.

"When nature fain would rest,  
 Our very dreams are all of fire and blood;  
 And still, from morn to eve, our children haste,  
 Pursuing and pursued.

"To many a hapless head  
 The walls of home no shelter can afford;  
 For them, full oft, that ordeal dark and dread,  
 The poison-draught is poured.

"We dare not court the grave;  
 Alas! we hope not for a rest beyond;  
 Yet still, with failing hearts, the gift we crave,  
 With longings sad and fond.

"Then tell thy message o'er!  
 Is there a time when strife and blood shall cease,  
 And hostile tribes shall study war no more?  
 O come, thou Prince of Peace!"

ANNA.

—Carrier Dove.

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