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*Travelling in Caffraria.*

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THE CAFFRE—AS A CHRISTIAN.

LAST month we told our readers about the Caffres in their heathen state. And we also showed what misery and death they had brought upon themselves by following a deceiver, who called himself a great prophet. But we hope that God may yet turn this curse into a blessing, and that these wretched people may learn from what they suffer, that it is an evil thing and a bitter to sin against Him. Happily this has been the case with some who have forsaken the falsehoods and the wickedness which they once followed, and are now friends of the Missionary and the disciples of Jesus Christ. And we shall give two instances of this, which, we hope, will make our readers more earnest in prayer, and more diligent in labour, that all the Heathen may be brought to fear the name of the Lord.

But though some fruits have been gathered from among the Caffres, this has required long patience,  
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and hard work. Soon after Mr. Calderwood went to Africa, as a Missionary of the London Missionary Society, Makomo, who wanted very much to have him in his own country, sent many messages to him, and then came himself and said, "You must come at once; time is passing; people are perishing. Some will receive the word; some will refuse it; we are not all alike. You must have patience. You must not expect to do the work all in one day. The rock is hard. You may not be able to break it all in pieces, but you must hammer away, and you will get bits off." And thus it has been. "The rock," says Mr. Calderwood, "has not been broken in pieces; far from it! But we have got 'bits off it,' and these precious bits, incalculably precious, immortal souls, that shall be gems in the Redeemer's crown of glory, when He cometh to make up his jewels."

Naturally, the Caffres are very selfish and greedy. Once an English woman saved a poor starving Caffre from death. She fed and took care of her until she was able to work, and when one day she asked her to fetch a pail of water, how did she act? Instead of showing thankfulness to the kind friend to whom she owed her life, by doing what she asked, she coolly turned round and said, "What will you pay me?" But, when the Gospel enters the heart, the change which it makes in this respect is very striking.

In 1846, there was war between the English and the Caffres, and during this time, Mr. Calderwood, whose Station had been destroyed, wanted to go from Graham's Town to Fort Beaufort. But the country between the two places was overrun with fierce

savages, and the journey was very dangerous. There were, however, some Christian Caffres, who had left their country with the Missionary, and were living in Fort Beaufort. Hearing that he wished to get to them, and being themselves desirous to see him, twelve of these Caffres set out for Graham's Town. "Give us," they said to the English, "the means of defending ourselves, and we will go and fetch our teacher." These men were naked savages when the Missionary first saw them, but they were now "clothed and in their right minds." They therefore loved their teacher, and were ready to suffer much in order to get him again into their midst, that they might know more of the blessed Gospel, which had made them to differ so greatly from their savage countrymen. So they set off for Graham's Town, and early one morning, after travelling all night, they came to the house of the Missionary. When they saw him, and seized his hand, joy made their faces bright, and so strong was the proof of their love, that the Missionary shed tears of joy. "How dared you to come?" he said, "and so few of you?" They laughed, and in a playful tone answered, "When we were coming to our father, we were bold and strong. Love has strong arms and long legs; make you haste and come."

But though strongly inclined to go with these bold and faithful friends, the Missionary knew how dangerous the journey would be. He therefore said to his wife, "Shall we go?" "Yes," she replied, "let us go at once; we can be ready to-day."

That afternoon they set out, and for a time they kept up with other waggons, which were guarded by

soldiers. Soon, however, their bullocks became unmanageable, and their waggon was left behind. Night came on just as they entered one of the passes through the mountains, dangerous to travel at any time with a team of wild oxen, but now doubly so, when every rock and bush might hide an armed and cruel foe. We may fancy how the Missionary felt as he walked through this gloomy place by the side of the waggon where his wife and children were, and not knowing but that in another moment the shout of savage warriors would be heard amongst the rocks, and a shower of spears be hurled upon them. He could not speak, but he could pray. While, however, his faith was fixed upon Him who is ever present and all-powerful, he was at the same time comforted by the looks and manners of his Caffre companions, who pressed close round the waggon with their weapons in their hands, and seemed to say that if any came near to it they must do so over their bodies. But happily no enemy appeared. And when they reached Fort Beaufort, the Missionary told them how thankful he felt for their kindness, and offered them money. But no! There was no longer the selfishness which belongs to their Heathen countrymen. "Why," said they, "should we take money from our teacher? What have you not done? What have you not suffered for us and with us? You stood by us in danger. You have done for us far more than money can do. You have brought eternal life to us. We may not take money."

But although the grateful people would not *take* money, they were ready to *give* it, when they supposed

it would be useful to their teacher. Some time after this, when he was leaving for England, many came with sorrow to say farewell. One of these carried a handkerchief with something in it, and said, "We know you are tired, but don't be displeased. You are going a great journey. We hope God will protect you on the waters, and bring you to your friends, and give you peace;" and then, with a flood of tears, he added, "We hope God will bring you back." The handkerchief was then opened. There was in it silver worth four pounds: a large sum for people who have so little money. And when he offered it to the Missionary, the worthy man said, "Your journey is great. Your children are our children. We are poor, but we wish you to take this to help a little to get food that they may eat." The Missionary would not take their money, but the offer touched his heart, and he made these grateful people understand how much he valued their kindness.

These specimens will show how great the change is which God's Word and God's Spirit make in the hearts of the Heathen. How glad and grateful should each of us feel that we can do anything in carrying on so good a work!

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DR. LIVINGSTONE AND HIS MISSIONARY  
TRAVELS.  
NO. XVII.

On the 3rd of November, 1855, Dr. Livingstone left Linyanti on his last journey. Now he turned his face towards the East coast of Africa; but he went forth, like Abraham, not

knowing whither he went, yet believing that the same wise and powerful Friend who had guided and guarded him through his former journeys would be with him still. And, amongst other things which filled him with hope was the desire shown by Sekeletu and the Makololo, to do all they could to help him. That chief gave him twelve oxen, and some of the best of his property, and with two hundred of his men he accompanied his friend some way along the river. But the first part of the journey was far from pleasant. To escape the poisonous fly, they travelled by night, but it was such a night! Flashes of lightning spread over the sky, forming eight or ten branches at a time, in shape just like a tree. And between these dazzling flashes, it was so dark that neither the men nor the cattle could see anything. The thunder too roared and crashed around them, while the rain came rushing down in torrents. To go on was impossible. Dr. Livingstone therefore laid himself down upon the wet earth, with nothing to cover him; but during one of the flashes of lightning Sekeletu saw him, and came and covered him with his own blanket, being quite content to remain himself uncovered through that dreadful night. Dr. Livingstone felt this kindness of the chief very much, and no wonder. And it shows us what good and useful men these Makololo would be, if they became real Christians.

The travellers had not far to go before they came to the wonderful falls of the great river, which have been described in a former magazine, and the country where the fierce Batoka lived, until they were driven out by Sebituane. The human skulls stuck upon poles still showed what cruel savages they were. At one village, belonging to a chief called Moyara, Dr. Livingstone saw fifty-four of these skulls, and while looking at them, he said to Moyara that many of them must have belonged to mere boys. He

confessed that it was so. Dr. Livingstone then asked, "Why did your father kill boys?" "To show his fierceness!" he said. "Is it fierceness," added Dr. Livingstone, "to kill boys?" "Yes," he answered, "they had no business here."

Just before this, Sekeletu had returned home, but a hundred and fourteen men were left to do all that Dr. Livingstone wanted. The country through which they next travelled was filled with fruit trees, and the Batoka who were with him said that no one ever died there of hunger. Dr. Livingstone mentions several kinds of fruit which he saw there for the first time, and says that some of them were very sweet and nourishing. Numbers of beautiful flowers, too, were just beginning to shoot up from the ground, and open their bloom to the bright sun.

As the people of this part of the country were friendly with the Makololo, Dr. Livingstone was able to tell them, for the first time in their lives, that the great God loved them, and had sent his Son, Jesus Christ, from heaven to be their Saviour.

Three weeks after leaving Linyanti, the travellers came to the part of the country where Sebituane, the father of Sekeletu, formerly lived, and from which the Makololo had been driven away by the Matabele. This land, his companions had told him, was quite a paradise, and he found it most fruitful and pleasant. But its chief inhabitants now were herds of noble animals, such as buffaloes, gnus, elephants, and antelopes; nor was their great enemy the lion absent, for every night, many of these roamed and roared all around the place where they stopped to sleep. But, especially after a shower, there were thousands of other creatures,—tree-hoppers, crickets, and frogs,—which filled the air with their rough music, and seemed, says Dr. Livingstone, "to make the ground to thrill;" indeed, so great was

their noise that it could be heard a quarter of a mile off.

The travellers had now reached high land, and after crossing a river called Mosuma, they saw the ruins of several native towns, and amongst them the Makololo pointed out to Dr. Livingstone the spot where Sebituane formerly lived. One of the party had been instructed by Sekeletu to tell Dr. Livingstone that this was the country to which he and his people would like to return; and here we hope a Mission will soon be begun by some of the good men who have gone out to Africa for that purpose.

The people living in this part of the country were not friendly to the Makololo. The travellers had therefore to be upon their guard. When they came near the first village, Dr. Livingstone sent two young men to tell the villagers who they were. And they did them no harm. But at another place, the natives tried to spear one of the men who had gone to get water; and a fellow came near to Dr. Livingstone, howling as loud as he could, his eyes standing out, his mouth foaming, his flesh quivering and a battle axe in his hand. The Makololo would have killed him, but Dr. Livingstone would not let them; and, though a little frightened by the mad savage, he stood firm, and did not show his fear. These people talked as if they would do the strangers harm, and tried to lead them towards another tribe, called Bashukulompo, who were very fierce. But God preserved them. This part of the country was more woody than that they had passed through before, and the broken trees showed that elephants were there. But the number and size of the ant-hills particularly struck Dr. Livingstone. These covered the country like haycocks in a field, and some of them were fifty feet across and twenty feet high.

The further they went, the more numerous were the in-

habitants. And these were all very friendly, and filled with wonder at seeing, for the first time, a white man. They had, however, an odd way of giving a welcome to strangers, for they did this by throwing themselves upon their backs, rolling themselves from one side to the other, slapping their thighs, and crying "Kina bomba." Dr. Livingstone felt much for these poor ignorant and degraded people. But he says, those at Kuruman, where Mr. Moffat labours, had been as bad as they, before the gospel was preached to them. And he mentions the case of Baba, who, while a heathen, never wept, but who, as he sat and heard what Jesus had said and done, would be melted into tears. "I have seen him and others," says Dr. Livingstone, "sink down to the ground weeping." But though the love of the Saviour would move his heart and fill his eyes, he did not shed a tear on account of his own sufferings. This was strikingly seen when he was dying. He had been torn and mangled by a black rhinoceros, but all he did then was quietly to look up and pray to God, as long as he had power to do so.

The people of this part of the country seemed pleased when the Missionary preached to them about Him who came to bring "peace on earth and good will to men;" and they said, "We are tired of flight, give us rest and sleep." Poor creatures! we hope they will soon receive this blessing through the gospel!



#### A SAMOAN MISSIONARY VISITING HIS OUT-STATION.

##### NO. I.—THE PLACE.

THE readers of the "Juvenile Missionary Magazine" may like to take a journey with a Samoan Missionary to one of

his out-stations. The name of the district which we shall visit is Safata. The end of it nearest to the Missionary's house is twelve miles distant, and it is nine or ten miles in length. It contains thirteen villages, and in eleven of them there is a native teacher, whose work it is to conduct the schools, both for young and old; to preach the Gospel, generally from notes furnished by the Missionary and copied by the teacher; to converse with those who desire to join the Church, and to watch over the members that live near them. Each village has from fifty to more than two hundred inhabitants, and four of the teachers have been appointed to administer Baptism and the Lord's Supper. Once a month there is a church meeting, which all the members in the district attend. The Lord's Supper is administered on the first Sabbath in each month; but, to avoid travelling on the Lord's Day, and to enable the weak and aged to attend, it is celebrated in three large villages which are within an easy distance of the rest.

The district can be reached by land, but the road is very rough, and in some places blocked up by fallen trees; while no less than eight streams or rivers must be crossed, most of which are without that Samoan substitute for a bridge, a cocoa-nut tree resting on stones or forked sticks. And as the distance by land, owing to the turnings in the road, is further than by water, and takes nearly double the time, we had better proceed by sea.

#### THE BOAT.

We shall have no difficulty in getting a boat, as the Missionary, like most of his brethren in Samoa, is obliged, in order to visit his stations and out-stations, to provide himself with one. A native canoe would be cheaper, but then, besides being very uncomfortable, it is not so safe, and he could not take his family with him, as he some-

times wishes to do, for their own benefit, and for the pleasure and advantage of the people. Besides, to ask the readers of this Magazine to sail with him in such a craft, would neither be pleasant to him nor kind to them; for if the canoe was neither upset nor filled, the fear of such an evil, or of falling overboard, would make their voyage very uncomfortable. It would also be difficult to find room for more than one or two of them in a canoe. Many of the natives now use boats. Some buy them from foreigners; some get foreigners to build them; but there are many natives who do this themselves, and fasten the planks together with sinnet or cord, made from the fibre of the cocoa-nut husk, while others use nails when they can get them. But we must say a word about

#### THE CREW.

To get a crew is not difficult; and you will be pleased to hear that it costs the Missionary nothing. The Samoan Church-members have learned that it is as much their duty to convey the Missionary to the different parts of his field of labour as it is his duty to visit those places; and though his journeys are frequent, and Samoans, like other people, find it inconvenient to leave their work and their families, yet the Missionary never wants a crew. He simply tells his teachers to inform the Church-members and others in the village or villages, whose turn it is to furnish a crew, at what time the Missionary wishes to proceed on his voyage, and he generally finds waiting at the appointed place one or two persons capable of steering a boat, and acquainted with the coral reefs (for these are the principal difficulties in Samoan navigation), with ten or twelve rowers. All these are prepared to take the Missionary wherever he may wish to go, whether it be for a day, or week, or a month. The reason why so large a crew

is necessary is, that few Samoans can pull oars; so they use short paddles, which have much less power than oars. If our readers ever saw a live turtle floundering in a great tub of water, he would see something like a Missionary boat; for if that singular creature was much larger, and had five or six pair of fins instead of one, the resemblance would be rather striking.

“But what,” you may ask, “shall we have to eat by the way?” We must, therefore, say a word about

#### THE PROVISIONS.

Now, you may be quite easy upon this subject. While we are from home, we shall have Samoan lodgings and fare, which are very far from being the worst in the world, without any charge. Still, there are a few articles we may take with us which will add to our comfort and health. Perhaps our bed will be spread upon the gravel or sand floor, or upon a bedstead with boards or reeds; but the bed itself consists of good and clean mats. We shall not need, then, feather-bed or mattress; and as siapo, or native cloth, is not agreeable, we had better take with us a rug and a sheet. As mosquitoes are troublesome in many places, a sort of large bag made of siapo, and stretched out upon two tough sticks, will be hung, bottom up, over our mats, so we need not burden ourselves with curtains. A little salt will give a relish to our food, and a little tea and sugar may be refreshing when we get tired; but the tea and sugar will be of no use without hot water, and, as most likely our hosts may have neither teakettle nor even saucepan—which has often served the Missionary for a teakettle—we will take that useful article with us. Civilization increases *the necessaries* of life; but Missionaries and others often find that many things called necessaries are not really such, so we may do without a tea pot, and put our

tea into the teakettle. As we shall not find milk, we may leave the cream jug at home. Banana leaves will be always at hand, and will make clean plates. Cocoa-nut shells, too, are also to be had; but, as they are often dirty, we had better take a tea-cup, but it must be a tin one, which, though not so nice as earthenware, is not so easily broken. A splinter from a bamboo cane, when stripped off at a proper angle, which natives are very clever in finding, makes a useful knife; but, as it is inconvenient, we may take a better one, with horn handle and steel blade. Fingers have been found so useful in Samoa, that hitherto the want of that instrument, a fork, has not been felt, except in a few cases, when some kinds of food—taro leaves, for instance—are eaten hot from the oven, and then a piece of bamboo, or the rib of a cocoa-nut leaf, will answer the purpose. Sometimes rich gravy or soup requires a spoon, and no ironmonger's or silversmith's shop can be found; but there are many trees all around, which invite you to pluck, free of charge, a leaf, which, gathered up in the fingers by the edges, will do just as well as Britannia metal, or even pure silver. However, as we are not clever Samoans, and like many of our own ways better than theirs, we will take with us a fork and a spoon. The natives often light their houses by burning the dried leaves of the cocoa-nut; but we shall find oil in most parts, and also popo, or full-grown cocoa-nuts, from each of which two lamps can be speedily made by cracking them into two equal parts—a performance easy to natives. The thick hollow kernel lining the inside of the shell answers two purposes: it prevents the shell from taking fire, and keeps in an upright position the piece of cocoa-nut leaf-rib which is planted in the bottom of it, and around which some cotton, just plucked from the tree, is loosely twisted, thus forming a wick. Lamps made in this way give a strong light, but it is unsteady,

and cannot be easily cast down upon a book or paper; so, to spare our eyes, to do our writing, and make the best of our time, we may provide ourselves with a good lamp and some cotton. A few changes of apparel, a loaf of bread, our native and English Scriptures, and perhaps another Christian volume, and writing materials, will be all we shall want for ourselves. Some persons may think this a short list of necessaries. But we must add a little case, which forms the Missionary's constant companion to his out-stations, with medicines for the relief of sufferers, who generally seek his aid in no small numbers. Though he has not had a medical education, he does the best he can for the sick in this land where no doctors can be had.

#### SUCCESS OF THE GOSPEL AMONGST THE INDIANS IN BERBICE.

If our readers will turn to the "Juvenile Missionary Magazine" for November, 1857, they will find there an interesting account of the Mission to some of the Indians in Berbice. Since that paper was written, an excellent young Missionary, Mr. McArthur, has gone to labour amongst them. He has just sent home the following letter, which will show what has been done, and what, with God's blessing, may be expected amongst the poor natives of the South American continent, who, wandering about the vast forests far away from civilized men, would have lived and died like their forefathers, in ignorance and heathenism, had not God's servants followed these lost sheep into the wilderness, and tried to bring them into the fold of God. The letter is dated February 7th, 1859.

"Things in connection with our Mission up this river are highly pleasing.

"Shortly after my arrival here, those who were living at some distance from this station paid us a visit; and, after having attended the means of grace for a few Sabbaths, they applied for baptism. I instructed them as to the *reality* and *intention* of this Christian ordinance, and afterwards I baptized fifty (including twenty children), married sixteen couples, two of whom we recently received into the Church. The people have already shown a strong desire for self-improvement, and some are pretty good readers. Tuesdays and Thursdays I preach at two different settlements, and after the service at each place, I generally keep a short school. It is astonishing how quickly they learn to read.

"The last Sabbath in last year I preached about the coming Judgment, and spoke about the 'books.' I said, we are not to understand that the Lord keeps a number of books in which he registers the deeds of men, but his perfect knowledge of us and of all our actions, is equivalent to his keeping books. But by the books we may understand—1, *The Books of Law and Gospel*; 2, *The Books of God's Omniscience and Omnipresence*; 3, *The Book of Conscience*; 4, *The Book of God's Remembrance, or the Book of Life*. These I explained as simply as I could, and concluded by leading their minds to the cross of the Redeemer, through whom alone we may escape the punishment that awaits the sinner.

"This simple address it pleased the Lord to bless to the conversion of *ten* persons, eight of whom were Indians. These I still keep in the Candidate's Class, as I am desirous to have them *well instructed* ere they be received as members.

"When I first came here, I found a Church of sixteen members, and also a congregation of ninety, a small Sabbath school, and no day school. But I am glad to say the con-

gregation is *continually increasing*. At present it is 200. Church members, 37; Sabbath school, nearly the *whole congregation*; the day school, 47; and there are eighteen candidates now under instruction; 12 of these are Indians. I have every reason to believe our congregation will soon reach up to four or five hundreds.

"This station is in a state of infancy, and the Indians can do but little at present to sustain the Gospel here. But I trust they will do so in future. As this seems to be a very interesting field, let me earnestly request the Directors to do what they can for the poor Indians here, who, as a Missionary rightly observes, 'have benefited but little from the colonization of this land.' As some of the Indians are almost in a state of nakedness, I shall feel thankful if the kind ladies and young people in England would send a few articles of clothing.

"P.S.—The weekly offerings and monthly collection are twenty-six dollars."

We are sure that many of our kind readers will be glad to send clothing to these interesting Indians. Loose dresses of cotton-print for the women and girls, and pinafores for the children, will be most acceptable, and if sent to the Rev. E. Prout, Mission House, Blomfield Street, they will be thankfully received and safely forwarded.

#### GRANDPAPA'S MISSIONARY STORIES TO THE YOUNG.

OUR friend Mr. Snow, of 35, Paternoster Row, London, whose name you will always find upon the cover of your Magazine, has just published a nice little Missionary story book. The title of it is, "Grandpapa's Missionary Stories to the Young," and we should like as many of our readers as are

able, to get it for themselves. But the best way in which we can recommend this work, is to give a specimen or two of the stories which are in it, and we are mistaken if this will not make many wish to read them all.

The following is called

#### "THE MISSIONARY BOX."

"I was once travelling in Staffordshire with a beloved friend, and he was accustomed to tell a very interesting story about a little girl in his Sunday school, which I hope he will forgive me for retelling in such a simple and defective manner to you.

"I am a great advocate," he was accustomed to say, "for Missionary boxes. We are not at all a rich congregation, but by means of these boxes we contrive to send up a considerable sum to the Missionary Society. I never refuse a Missionary box to the poorest child, provided that he or she will promise to make a good use of it. I am accustomed to give out the boxes after the Missionary meeting, either to the original proprietors, or to those who will take them for the first time.

"I have a lady who is *my right hand* in the Missionary cause, and she is generally on the platform on such occasions. After one of our meetings, I was thus distributing the boxes, when there came up a little girl of the name of Sarah Clarke, and put in her claim for a Missionary box. My good friend, the lady to whom I have referred, protested against the request being granted.

"'No,' said she; 'I do not think, sir, it would be right to give a box to Sarah Clarke. I know her, and I know her mother very well. They are the poorest people in the town. She will never be able to get anything in her box, and it will only be a waste of the Society's property to give her one.'

"'Well!' I replied, 'I have more confidence in Sarah than you, and I will give her a box;' and Sarah put it under her arm, and carried it to her home in comparative triumph.

"Two or three months had passed away, when Sarah came one morning to my residence, and I thought she looked very sad and melancholy, and it immediately struck me that something was wrong about the box. I went out, and said to her—

"'Well, Sarah! has somebody stolen the box?'

"'No, sir,' replied the child.

"'Then, not got anything in it?'

"'O yes,' said Sarah; 'got too much in it, sir!'

"'Oh, that's right, Sarah! That's just the thing for me.'

"'Yes, sir,' continued the child, 'yesterday I had a penny to put into it, and I was obliged to take the hammer, and *hammer it in*. I could not get it in otherwise. To-day I have another penny: I cannot get that in at all, and don't know what to do with it.'

"'Well done, Sarah!' I replied; 'I shall manage that for you. You bring the box to me, and I shall empty it, and take an account of what is in it; or, I'll give you another Missionary box, that you may go on with your undertaking.'

"That was done, and Sarah went on with her collecting. The Missionary meeting came round, and my friend the secretary read a long list of Missionary boxes as long as my arm; and when he came to Sarah Clarke's, how much do you think was found in it? Just nineteen shillings and sevenpence halfpenny. As the announcement was made, I looked to my friend on the platform who had not quite approved of my confidence in Sarah, and said, 'What do you think of that?' 'Ah,' said she, 'give Missionary boxes to whom you please, I shall not refuse again.'

"But that," said the eloquent speaker, "was only half the story. After Sarah obtained her Missionary box, and began her labours for the heathen, her exertions had a reactionary influence upon herself. She became more serious; she was more diligent at her lessons, and more attentive at the Sunday school. Her pious and devoted teacher could not but observe the great change that had come over the child, and took great pains in giving her instruction in the knowledge of salvation. About two years after Sarah began her Missionary labours, she was stretched upon the bed of languishing. It soon appeared evident to all that death was in the cup. Her sympathizing teacher was often at her bed-side to tell her of Jesus, and to comfort her mind in this hour of trial. Her school-fellows were permitted to go and hear the testimony of this dear child to the value of the Gospel. I was often in attendance to pray with her and to sustain her mind, and on the last day of her existence upon earth I stood by her bedside to cheer her in the dark valley. I saw her features were sunk and her limbs wasted away, and her spirit just prepared to take its flight to the heavenly world, and, looking at her, I said, 'Sarah! do you think that you love the Lord Jesus Christ?' 'O yes, sir,' said the child, faintly and feebly, yet with such a look as went irresistibly to my heart; 'O yes, sir, I know that I love Jesus, and I am going to be with Jesus for ever.' Sarah died that day in the faith and in the hope of the Gospel, and was gathered as a lamb into the heavenly fold."

Parents! encourage your children to become collectors for the Missionary cause; you don't know, but that when their thoughts are turned upon the heathen, they may begin to feel the vast importance of their own salvation.

Teachers! lead your classes to think of the heathen, and encourage within them the Missionary spirit; you don't know but you may be preparing some Sarah Clarke for an early grave, and an early exit to glory.

Friends! Remember your obligations to Jesus, and when these little ones bring their boxes to you, entreating your sympathy and liberality, instead of frowning upon them, drop the penny, or the fourpenny piece, or the sixpence into the box, to encourage them in their early appeal and in their youthful labours.

Dear children! Begin now, like Sarah Clarke, your Missionary career; love her Saviour and her God, and serve Him with all your heart, and all your activity, as you know not how soon you may be called to follow her to an early tomb.

#### THE CAFFRE CHIEF AND THE MISSIONARY.

THE Gospel was first preached to the Caffres in 1799, by Dr. Vanderkemp. You have often seen his name. He was a great man, and, what is far better, he was a good man; for he left the comforts of home, the company of the wise, and the mansions of the rich—a post of honour and a life of ease,—to dwell with the filthy Hottentot and the fierce Caffre; to place himself in danger, and to suffer the loss of all those things which men most desire, that he might teach these poor heathen the Word of God, and train them up for heaven.

Mr. Calderwood, in his very interesting book, called "Caffres and Caffre Missions," tells an anecdote which shows the danger in which this noble Missionary was placed soon after he entered the country. There was a wicked white farmer in that part of Africa, who did not

wish the heathen to be converted. He therefore thought he would get the great Caffre chief, Gaika, either to kill Dr. Vanderkemp or to drive him away. Now, how do you think he went to work? He advised Gaika to take care of the Missionary, as he was going to poison him. And as this wicked farmer was himself a brandy-drinker, and carried the spirit about with him, he fancied that Dr. Vanderkemp did the same. So he told the chief that the poison would be given to him in a glass of brandy. Gaika, for a time, believed this falsehood, and was very angry. So, taking some spears in his hand, he went, with his armed men, to the waggon of the Missionary, determined to stab him the moment he offered him the brandy. But no brandy was offered. The chief waited a long while expecting it, but at last he went away, not knowing whether the farmer's story was true or false. "What is this?" he said to one of his counsellors. "Is the farmer an enemy? Has he deceived me? Is this a good man that has come among us?" Still in doubt, he thought he would go a second time to the Missionary. He went, but this time he did not wait for the brandy to be offered, but he asked Dr. Vanderkemp to give him some—resolved that, if he did so, he would instantly strike him dead. Next day, therefore, he returned to the waggon, and having waited long without any brandy being offered to him, he asked the Missionary to give him a little. Dr. Vanderkemp said, "I have none, and never carry any." The chief sprang upon his feet, and said, "I have been cheated; this is a good man; trust the English!" From that time Gaika was the friend of the Missionary; and, at his death, he charged Makomo, his son, and the people, to trust in the English, and never to go to war with them.

## THE COLLECTOR DISCOURAGED.

A BOY in a Sunday School at Jersey, who was a collector for the London Missionary Society, and wanted very much to interest his school-fellows in Missions, came to his teacher one Sabbath, and with a sorrowful face said,

“Please, Mr. M., I find that only ten boys intend to continue to support the London Missionary Society by giving a shilling a-year to it.”

The teacher expressed his grief at hearing that the children cared so little for so good a cause, but desired the collector to *try* again, and to press others to do what they could to send the Gospel to the heathen.

One Sabbath, soon after this, the lad again came to the teacher. But this time his face had a different expression. Instead of looking gloomy, he was evidently glad. He *had* tried again, and now he said, “Well, I have done as you desired me to do, and I find that the greater number of the scholars will *double* their contributions.” We hope that others will follow this example, and that, if any young collectors are discouraged, they will not give up the good work, but try again.

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“YIELD YOURSELVES UNTO GOD.”

ROM. vi. 13.

PRAISE the Saviour, all ye nations;  
Praise Him, all ye hosts above;  
Shout, with joyful acclamations,  
His divine, victorious love.

Be His kingdom now promoted;  
Let the earth her Monarch know;  
Be our all to Him devoted—  
To the Lord our all we owe.

While the heralds of salvation  
His abounding grace proclaim,  
Let the friends of every nation  
Gladly join to spread His fame.

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