

JUNE, 1859.

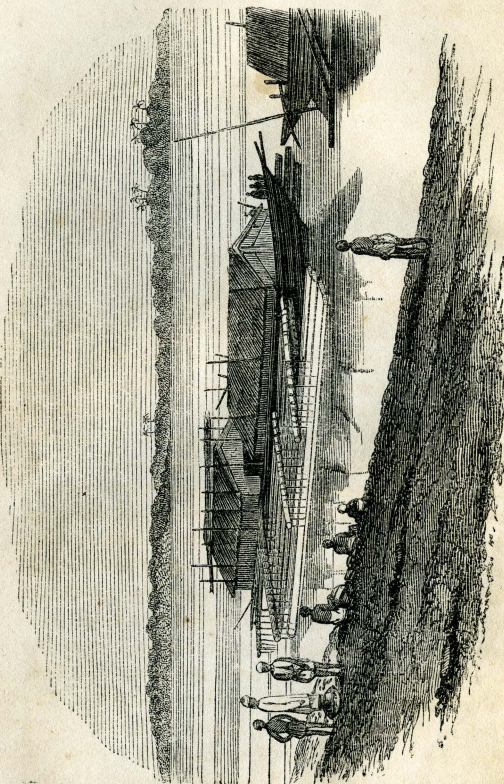
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Scene on the River Hooghly.

THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1, 1859.

A SCENE ON THE RIVER HOOGHLY.

THE river Hooghly is one of the many branches of the great Ganges. In its course to the sea, this river passes places of deep interest to the friends of Christian Missions. Chinsurah and Serampore, the former one of the oldest Stations of the London Missionary Society, the latter justly celebrated as the residence of Dr. Carey and his colleagues, stand on its banks. Calcutta, the capital of British India, and the centre of Christian influence to a large circle of country, makes the Hooghly familiar to many in different parts of the world. The Hooghly is a beautiful river. Its banks, for many miles near Calcutta, are studded with the palatial country houses of merchant princes and wealthy natives. Hindu temples and Mahomedan mosques raise their domes and minarets above the trees; and here and there stands a Christian temple, rising up amidst clustering foliage, while their spires above the graceful palm-tree awaken the hope that the time shall come when all the people of the land shall gather together for the service of the Lord.

Ghats crowded with deluded idolaters, funeral piles, and native markets with their busy buyers and sellers, meet the eye of the voyager as he glides on the surface of the silvery stream. Boats of every size and shape, with their large light sails, or rowed by lazy boatmen, give to the river, on a sunny morning or evening, an air of quiet beauty peculiar to Eastern lands.

The sketch in the present Number is a scene on the Hooghly. The principal object in the picture is a raft, on which people of the lowest class labour. The raft is made of bamboos, rudely but firmly fastened together. It is the floating home on which these poor creatures generally live.

It is sad to think, that on the banks of the Hooghly the words of Bishop Heber are realized in their fullest extent—

“There every feature pleases,
And man alone is vile.”

The trees, the flowers, and the fields, during the greater part of the year, are as if they were never weary of sending out new and beautiful life.

“There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers.”

Man, originally made in the image of God, alone is what he ought not to be. He forgets the living and true God amidst the beauties and bounties which He has bestowed on him with such rich profusion. The poor Hindu looks on the Hooghly as it flows past his house, as sacred, and worships it as one of his lords many and gods many. Not only does he worship

the muddy waters of the river, but forms for himself an idol of the mud of its banks. Fathers and mothers take their little sons and daughters to the river side, and teach them from earliest childhood to worship what they call the sacred stream, and the senseless and helpless idols, the workmanship of their own hands.

Young British children, do you not pity the idolatrous people of India? Will you not pray that God may make them wise unto salvation? and will you not help to send Missionaries, who shall tell them the sweet story of the Cross?

DR. LIVINGSTONE AND HIS MISSIONARY
TRAVELS.

NO. XVIII.

We cannot tell our readers everything which Dr. Livingstone saw during that part of his great journey which we are now describing. But the few things we notice as we go along with him, will give them some notion of the people and places through which he travelled. He tells us, for instance, that he spent a Sunday in December at the village of a chief called Monze. For thirty miles round this spot, the country was like beautiful grassy lawns, such as we see near the houses of the rich in this country, and here and there villages were scattered all over it. The people too, were kind, but as they had been conquered, they were rather afraid of strangers. But Monze was very friendly; and to show honour to Dr. Livingstone, he rolled himself in the dust, and screamed out “Kina

bomba." He also gave the strangers a goat and a fowl, and received, in return, some cotton handkerchiefs, with which he was wonderfully pleased. When one of these, which had bright colours, was put round his child, he said that he would send for all his people "to make a dance about it." Monze and others told Dr. Livingstone, that they would very much like to have a white man live among them and teach them. And there is no doubt but that they meant what they said, and would gladly receive a Missionary. How pleasant the thought, that servants of God are going to this rich country, and to people so ready to welcome them.

On Monday morning, the travellers left the village, and Monze gave them a part of a buffalo which had been killed the day before by lions. That night they stopped at the village of Monze's sister, who was just as kind to them as her brother had been, and when they left, she expressed joy at the prospect of living in peace, and added, poor creature, that it would be so pleasant "to sleep without dreaming of any one running after them with a spear."

After crossing some streams, and passing through a most beautiful valley, where the Makololo killed a noble elephant and her calf, they came to the village of another friendly chief, whose name was Semalembue. He said that he had heard of the Missionary, and was delighted to see him. And his actions agreed with his words, for he brought a large present of meal, maize, and ground nuts. Many companies of women also came from the villages around to see, for the first time, a white man. But they were all much afraid of him, and showed their fear by clapping their hands with all their might. This country was well known to Sekwebu—the leader of the Makololo—who praised it with much native eloquence, and pointed out several spots where he had formerly lived with the Mata-

bele. This was another part of Central Africa, which Dr. Livingstone thought would be suitable for a Missionary Station. And the chief and people rejoiced to hear the words of peace which he spoke to them.

Semalembue, like many other savages, was, in his way very polite. When, therefore, the strangers left his village, he went with them to the part of the Kafue which it was most easy for them to cross, and Dr. Livingstone was pleased to find gardens all along the banks of the river. The great enemies of the natives were the hippopotami, which were very plentiful, and so tame that they scarcely took notice of the travellers. Dr. Livingstone saw numbers of young ones no bigger than terrier dogs, "sitting upon the necks of their dams, the little saucy-looking heads cocking up between the old one's ears." But these were not the only animals which they found in this part of the country. From a high range of hills which they crossed, Dr. Livingstone says they had "a glorious view." "The plain below us had more large game on it than anywhere else I had seen in Africa. Hundreds of buffaloes and zebras grazed on the open spaces, and there stood lordly elephants, apparently moving nothing but the proboscis." Then elephants, Dr. Livingstone says, stood under the trees, fanning themselves with their long ears, as if they did not see or care for the visitors. There also were droves of red coloured pigs, which stood staring at the strangers with seeming wonder. Farther on too, in the same part of the country, "the numbers of large game was quite astonishing. I never," says Dr. Livingstone, "saw elephants so tame; they stood close to our path without being the least afraid." The reason of this was, that they had not seen guns. At this part, Dr. Livingstone spent a night in the hollow trunk of a great baobob tree, which was large enough to hold twenty men.

The travellers had now for some time been going in a north-east direction, far out of sight of the Zambesi; but at length they came once more near to that noble river. And they knew this before they saw it, from the numbers of water fowl which swarmed around them. Dr. Livingstone says he never saw a river with so much animal life about and within its waters. The part of the stream which they now reached was broad, and had many noble islands, upon one of which there was a large herd of buffaloes. North and south along the course of the Zambesi, there were ranges of hills, about fifteen miles apart, and the country on the banks of the river was so overgrown, that the party could only get along by following the tracks of the wild animals which swarm there. Still there were many villages, in all of which they found men, women, and children, busily weeding their gardens. All of them were kind to the strangers, and from each village two men were sent to show them the best way to the next.

Who can know these facts, and think of these unoffending and friendly negroes, without longing and praying for the time when their eyes shall see their teachers, and their ears shall hear the voice of mercy saying to them:—"This is the way, walk ye in it,"



A SAMOAN MISSIONARY VISITING HIS OUT-STATIONS.

No. II.

OUR young Friends who have been with us while we were preparing to set out upon our visit, will, we hope, be now ready to go with us upon

OUR VOYAGE.

Two of the Samoan islands are so large that, during the night, as we sail a mile or two off their shores, we shall not find the wind so strong as to be unpleasant. Indeed, it is sometimes quite calm, and often there is a gentle breeze off the land. This wind is contrary to that which blows through the day, and it is a wonderful and kind provision of the God of nature to enable travellers to advance in a direction in which they could not otherwise go. Our present course will be westward, and we may expect a fair wind, as four days out of seven throughout the year the trade wind blows, which is from the south-east. It does not begin to blow on to the land at the same hour every day, but often comes in with the flow of the tide. To-day the tide will not begin to flow till about noon; so probably we may not have the trade wind until then. The natives, when expecting a favourable wind, do not like to start before it blows, as it seems like wasting their strength to do that with their paddles which the wind will soon enough do for them. It is now nearly eleven o'clock, and the appearance of the sky shows that there will not be much wind from any quarter to-day; we cannot, therefore, wait longer. For three miles we shall proceed inside the coral reef; but, as the tide is low, it is necessary to move on with care, lest we get aground, or strike on a rock of coral. Our crew, however, know the track; they are careful sailors; and now in less than an hour we have reached the open and deep sea. The breeze to-day is from the south; and though it is light, it still helps us forward. As the sun is very hot we must put up our umbrella; but though the crew feel the burning rays, they are more used to them than we are. See, therefore, how briskly they pull away at their paddles, and how swiftly we move over the waters, while

they cheerily sing one of the songs with which they usually enliven their labours. It may be—

“Laolao le tuapapa,
E feausi ai teine.”

“The sea off the cliffs is so smooth,
That girls in its waters may sport,” &c.

But now we are passing three or four miles of black rocks, rising high out of the sea, and against which the angry ocean has dashed its mighty waves for thousands of years, forcing themselves into every cavern and cranny. In one place the sea has scooped out large caves in the solid rock; in another it has formed a natural bridge, and left a lofty pillar standing far out from the land.

As we reach the end of these rocks, the coast forms a kind of bay, around which the villages of Safata spread themselves. These now come into view. And here again the coral insect—those wondrous reef-builders—have found a depth of water in which they can work, and they have raised a beautiful and useful breakwater from one end of the district to the other. There are, however, many openings through this reef, wide and deep enough for boats, and there is one through which ships can enter. But although in many parts the water inside the reef is shallow, as the tide has risen since we left home, we safely move along.

THE RECEPTION.

It is now about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, and we have reached the village of Fusi, near the middle of the district, and intend to lodge in the house of the Teacher. We are kindly received, while the crew are making themselves at home in a large house near, of which two or three are found in most villages in Samoa,

and which are open to all travellers. Our luggage is scarcely arranged in these houses when singing is heard. Let us look out, and we shall see that it proceeds from a party of men who are coming to the Teacher's house. Each of them has a basket made of green cocoa-nut leaves in his hand, and these baskets are filled with baked taro, fish, a pig, and other articles of food. All this they have now placed upon the ground. We know well what this means. It is a present to us and our party. So we thank them; but our men make a great outcry to show their gratitude for the pains they have taken in preparing such a bountiful supply of food.

But as yet the party bringing it has not said a word. Now, however, the last man having put down his basket, they all move back a short distance, and seat themselves under the shade of a tree, or a rock. This shows that we are to have a speech. But before this there is a little talk among themselves as to which of them has the right and privilege. This matter is at last settled, and now the speaker stands forward with his staff or wand, which he holds in both hands, and on which he slightly leans. He speaks freely and in a loud voice, whilst those seated near him now and then, in low tones, hint to him some thoughts and forms of expression which he should use. The speech begins with the calling over of the names or titles of the Missionary, and any men of note in his crew, together with those of the chiefs of the villages or districts to which the Missionary and his companions belong. Something is said about the length of time which has passed since we last met; thanks are offered for preservation since then, for a safe passage over the sea, and for the opportunity of meeting again. We are complimented on the kindness and usefulness of our visit as contrasted with that of persons who came formerly to trade or to

fight. And then we are told that they have brought us a little plain taro, the mention of all the other good things being delicately omitted.

The Missionary or some one of his crew must now return thanks. In the first place, some kind things must be said of the speaker who has just sat down, of the other persons in the party, and of the principal men of their districts. That speech ended, those who brought the food will, after a word or two of compliment, go away. But now two or three lads of our party have sprung to their feet, and arranged the baskets or their contents in tens. One of the lads announces, in a voice loud enough for the whole neighbourhood to hear, the number of taro, fish, pigs, and so forth, which have been furnished by the gentlemen of the district, the brethren of the church, and others, for our eating. After this there is silence, and we find out they are waiting for the Missionary to give his orders. He therefore says to them, "The distribution is with you;" or, perhaps, he names some one among them, who must divide the provisions. This work now begins. A lad is told to put on one side so many taro, so many fish, and so many pigs, or parts of a pig; and having received his orders in a low tone from the man who divides the food, he shouts aloud, "That is the portion of the Missionary." The same process is sometimes gone through in supplying the Teacher with a part. No visitors from other places are in the village to-day, otherwise they must have had a portion; for, by omitting this, we should give offence, not to them only, but to the district to which they belong. Others being supplied, the remainder belongs to the crew.

To avoid repetition, it may be said here, once for all, that this feeding process is kept up every day of the Missionary's stay, either by the villagers waiting on him

at his lodgings, or when he goes to them to conduct services, to look after the schools, and other matters; but he is so busy that he often leaves the ceremony to his crew. The proceedings are not always so long and formal as has been described, but sometimes they are more so.

ANNUAL MEETINGS OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE May Meetings have been again held, and happy meetings they were. Nearly every Missionary Society had a cheering report to give of the money subscribed, and the good done during the past year. It was so with that Society to which many of our readers belong. Never was the attendance larger, nor the speaking better, than on the 12th of May. The Lord Mayor of London was in the Chair; but before the meeting began every corner of the great Hall was crowded. How our readers would have liked to have been there! But, as only a few of them could be, we must, as usual, furnish a short account of what was done.

The Report was, of course, first read. That Report gave us the good news that more than ninety-two thousand pounds had been raised in the year. This is the largest income the Society ever had. But, besides the money given, there were many thousands of pounds promised for India and China. The Report also told us that thirteen new Missionaries had been sent out since the last meeting. This is indeed good news.

The Islands in the South Sea which the "John Williams" visits, are the oldest Missions of the Society. And the accounts from them are very cheering. The Christians there are of the right kind. They wish, above all things,

to help the Missionaries, and spread the Gospel in other lands. For this purpose—though poor—they give their money, and they give it with a glad heart, and a free hand. During the last year, they have raised more than eleven hundred pounds for the object, and besides this, they have supported all the native teachers who labour either amongst themselves or amongst the heathen in the dark islands of Western Polynesia. And God has wonderfully blessed the labours of those good men. This is the case at Maré. There they worked alone for a long time, and did much good, and now Mr. Jones tells us there are nearly two thousand professed Christians on that island. And they, too, have native teachers of their own. One of these was sent to Wea, and just before their last Missionary Meeting (for they also have their meetings, and most pleasant they are), this teacher came, with some of the natives whom he had taught, bringing with them the cast-away gods of the Weans. These were shown at the meeting, and speeches were also made by the visitors who had brought them. Would you not have been delighted if you had seen those rejected idols, and have heard the men who once worshipped them tell the people of Maré about the great change which had taken place in their land? The Report also speaks of Eramanga. Mr. Gordon has been to the darkest part of that island, where he found the natives most shocking cannibals. "Several," he says, "of late have been killed and eaten, and bodies have even been *dug up* for food." At Dillon's Bay they showed him the places where the martyred Williams fell, and where his body, with that of Mr. Harris, was afterwards carried. Here he found a piece of sealing-wax, which was in Mr. Williams' pocket. "I can hardly," he writes, "describe to you my feelings as I returned from these scenes, having had before me the men who did these horrid deeds."

The Missionary spirit of the negro Christians in the West Indies is shown by the wonderful fact that last year they subscribed more than seven thousand pounds for the support and spread of the Gospel. And this they did, because they love that Gospel, and know that it makes those who believe it wise, holy, and happy. Mr. Scott, of Berbice, mentions the case of an old negro, which shows this love. He had been a slave, but on the day when he became free, a large New Testament was given to him. This was one of his great treasures. And when the Missionary went to see him, as he was suffering from disease and drawing near to death, he found him alone, in a dark room, and upon a miserable bed. But, by his right shoulder he saw his large New Testament, and when he was asked about the state of his soul, he said, "My hope is in Jesus." Then taking his Testament, he read the third chapter of John until he came to the sixteenth verse, when he stopped, and said—"I can go no further than this. This is my hope. Here I drop my anchor. God is love. Jesus died for me. Here I find peace to my mind; I have this to think about in my loneliness. I shall see Jesus, and that is enough." Soon after this, the weary pilgrim reached his home.

The Report, as you may suppose, said much about China, and the wonderful way in which God had opened that great empire to the Gospel. Amongst other things, it gives an interesting account of a visit made by Mr. John, our Missionary at Shanghai, to some of the cities of the interior. A short time ago, the Mandarins would have seized and sent them back if they had done this, but it is otherwise now. At one place, while sailing along a canal, the officer of a custom-house cried out "Stop! What boat is that? whom have you inside?" When Mr. John answered, "We are preachers, our only object is to preach and distribute books," he let them pass. Mr. John also went to Sü-

chew. This great city has two millions of inhabitants! Two years ago, when he and Mr. Edkins tried to enter it, they were turned back, but now he walked freely through every part of the city, and found the people ready to hear the Gospel. It was the same at Hang-chew. This is a most beautiful place. The Chinese call it "The Earthly Paradise." Here they spent four days "preaching daily, and distributing books freely." "Not long since," says Mr. John, "the Missionary who ventured to defile the sacred soil with his polluted feet, was summoned before the Mandarin, and sent back to Shanghae. On this occasion, no one, *in authority*, asked us whence we were, whither we were going, or what was our object." Now it is pleasant to know that the Directors intended to double the number of their Missionaries in China, and that there are six who will soon sail for that great empire.

The Report next speaks of India, and of the great rebellion there. It gives some striking proofs of the firmness of native Christians in suffering, danger, and death. It also informs us that in the parts of India where the rebellion raged, the heathen now are more ready to hear the Gospel than before. Mr. Sherring, of Mirzapore, says that if a dozen Missionaries, and as many native teachers, sat all day long in as many places in that city, they would always have companies of people to hear them. "I have lately," he writes, "taken two short tours into the district, and have been refreshed in spirit thereby. The field is white to the harvest."

But we cannot give our readers any more extracts from the Report. Many of them, we hope, will soon read it for themselves.

The speeches at the meeting were most instructive and interesting. Few, we believe, were present who did not say, "It is good for us to be here!"

In the evening, there was another great Missionary Meeting at the Poultry Chapel. But this was only for the young. And it was a pleasant sight to see the place crowded, and to look upon so many cheerful faces. The Rev. Newman Hall was the Chairman, and the speakers were Mr. Harbutt and Mr. Drummond from the South Seas, Mr. Ellis, from Madagascar, and Mr. Fairbrother from China. But it is impossible to do more than give a very short account of what they said. Mr. Harbutt spoke about the great change which had taken place in all the islands of the South Seas where Missionaries had laboured, and Mr. Drummond told the young folk about Savage Island, and the great love which the people there, once so fierce and dangerous, now show for the Gospel, and for their teachers. He said that when he was there, in the Missionary ship, about eighteen months ago, the people brought the largest presents of pigs, and fowls, and fruits, that he had ever seen. They also prepared a feast for their visitors. And he made all laugh by telling them that, at the head of the table, there was a vampire bat, which was thought to be a great delicacy, and that some men brought upon their shoulders a pudding made of cocoa-nut and taro, which he measured, and found to be twenty-one inches round, and sixteen feet long! Mr. Fairbrother gave a very nice account of the cities of China, and of the way in which Missionaries were received by the Chinese. Mr. Ellis read a most interesting letter from a Christian youth, whom he knew in Madagascar, and who had twice escaped from slavery and chains, to which he was condemned, for no other crime than attending a prayer meeting. And he brought tears into many eyes by an account he gave of two young men who travelled a hundred and fifty miles to get from him a Christian book. Many of our young friends, we believe, will long remember this meeting, and be more inclined, than they ever were, to help the Missionaries.

FACTS ABOUT THE BASSUTOS.

SOMETIME ago, all the French Missionaries among the Bassutos had a meeting at one of their stations called Hermon, for the purpose of talking about the progress of the Gospel at their different stations, and considering plans for increasing their usefulness. Our readers, we are sure, will like to hear some of the facts mentioned at this meeting.

Mr. Rolland, from Beersheba, mentioned that among the new converts at his station there was a man named Pesa, whose father had been a chief. Pesa, by his own confession, had been a great sinner. Naturally a very bold man, he had often had the courage to seize a lion by the tail and pierce him with his spear. But he was also a man of war, and had killed Caffres, Bassutos, and Bushmen. But he was led to give up a wandering life, and to settle among the white people. There he had heard the Gospel, and though he resisted it long, it at last overcame him. "One day, when I was in church," he himself said, "I was struck by the following words of the preacher, 'Even kings themselves, if they die in their sins, are lost for ever.' This remark was like a spear that pierced my heart, and I went away wounded. From that moment the Holy Spirit showed me my misery, and for a long time I thought myself lost without hope. But this same Spirit who had shown me my great wickedness, opened my heart to the voice of my Saviour, who said, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' I still held back, saying to myself, 'How will you go to Jesus, you who have put him to death?' But soon afterwards I was able to apply to myself those sweet words, 'My son, thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace.' To-day I have faith; I am a new man; Jesus is

my strength and my life. Oh! from what a burden has the gracious Saviour set me free."

The Missionary from Berea, Mr. Martin, had also good news to tell. The number of Christians had increased, but their trials had been great. The heathens in the neighbourhood had opposed the Gospel. One day, while a female was at the prayer meeting, her husband ran up to her, armed with a knotted stick, and broke it upon her back; then, more enraged still, he went to search for a spear to stab his wife. It was with difficulty that the Missionary succeeded in saving the poor creature from the hands of this furious man.

The history of one young woman at Berea is interesting. The parents of Senyese (that is her name) had been converted by English Missionaries in the neighbourhood, and she herself had received some religious instruction. But while quite young, she had been left an orphan, and taken care of by an uncle, who was still a heathen, and who was living a long way from any Missionary station. There the poor young girl had forgotten what she once knew. But one thing served to awaken her conscience. One day her uncle, according to the custom of the country, pointed out a man to her, and said, "There is your husband." This man had several wives already. Senyese refused. "It is not in this way that the Christians marry," she said. "If I agreed to this marriage I should not go to heaven." This answer had very little effect on her uncle, who had sold the young girl, and did not wish to lose the price. Senyese was accordingly obliged to follow her buyer; but three times she managed to escape, and at last, fairly tired out, he let her go free. And she made good use of her liberty. One day the Missionary at Berea found her seated at the door of his

house. She had come to ask him to teach her, and she said, with great feeling, "In my childhood I was taught at the school of Lishurne; my father and my mother were Christians; they were killed by lightning, but they have gone to God, for they served him. I wish also to learn how to serve him, so that I may escape eternal fire, and one day go and join my parents. If you refuse to receive me, I shall go and seek from others the knowledge my heart desires." As you may well suppose, the poor young woman was not driven away; and since that time she has always walked with a firm step in the paths of piety.

Thaba-Bossiou is the station at which Moshesh, king of the Bassutos, lives. But Moshesh, notwithstanding all the love he shows to our Missionaries, and all the help he gives them in their work, is not a real Christian. He appears to respect the Gospel, and to value it, and sometimes encourages those who profess it and preach it; but his heart is not yet gained for Christ. Let us pray that the Lord will perform this work of grace in this chief, who in every other respect is a most remarkable man.

Among the latest converts at Thaba-Bossiou was one of the oldest women among the Bassutos. She is more than eighty years old. Her name is Takane; she is the aunt of Moshesh. After the departure of Mr. Casalis, who had given her religious instruction, she removed from the station, and although she had ceased to take part in the worst heathen customs, Mr. Jousse, the successor of Mr. Casalis, feared lest all good impressions should be lost, and lest she should die without having given proofs of conversion. But one day the poor old woman believed she heard a voice, which said to her, "Takane, you are going to die; here is the place chosen for your burial; here is the stone which will cover your tomb." This voice was that

of her conscience. Takane was disturbed by this; and therefore leaving the place where she was living, quite out of the way of Christian instruction, she came to live at the house of one of her nephews, who was a member of the church of Thaba-Bossiou. With deep regret at having so long refused the invitations of the Saviour, she used often to say to a female Christian, "Do you think that the Lord would be willing to pardon the sins of so wicked a woman as I have been during the whole course of my life?" "She rises in the night to pray," said the nephew with whom she was living to the Missionary, "and her prayers are those of a child of God." Takane received at her baptism the name of "Tema," which means "a wonder." Truly "a wonder" is the way in which God has converted this woman, so near the moment when she must appear before him. Let us not forget to mention that the Church includes among its faithful professors some members of the family of Moshesh, and among them some of his sons. One of the sons, quite young, died in peace, after having been united to the Church six months.

We will conclude with one more account, of a young man in the Church at Hermon. During several years he had lived at Berea, in the service of the Missionary. At the time of his baptism at Hermon, he uttered the following touching words: "I am astonished," he said, "to find myself here; for I have so long resisted the appeals of grace, and I even ran away from Berea that I might not have the invitations of the Gospel continually sounding in my ears. But the voice of God has followed me even to this place; I have heard it afresh, and I believe. Now I come to give myself up to Christ, to renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil. You, my friends, with whom I have walked in the way of sin, I leave you. Do not seek

for me any more; your joys are no longer my joys. Farewell, then—but what am I saying? Do not you wish rather to come with me? Why should we not march together in the path that leads to life? Come, let us be once more united, no longer to give ourselves up to folly and sin, but to be instructed in the school of Christ! Come, come, let us seek Heaven together.” “And this appeal,” adds Mr. Dyke, the Missionary, “has not been made in vain. Several of his old companions are giving themselves up now with sincerity to seek for salvation.”

A RECOMPENSE OF REWARD.

SAMUEL B. WYLLIE, the best Native Preacher at Saharanpur, is very low of consumption. “The other day,” says the Rev. J. R. Campbell, “on being asked if he was afraid to die, he said, ‘No, sir, I am not now afraid. When I was ill before, I was afraid of death, because then my heart was hard, and I did not delight in prayer as I now do. Then I prayed in my family and in secret, but my heart did not enjoy it, and I found it difficult to do it at the usual times; but now I can pray at all times. I am now fully reconciled to the will of God; I do not wish to live longer in this sinful world. Since I was appointed to be a catechist, I have felt a responsibility I never did before. I felt how dreadful it would be if I did not diligently and faithfully make known the way of salvation to my benighted and idolatrous countrymen.’ On asking him where his hopes for salvation were placed, he replied emphatically, ‘On Christ alone; he is the *only* Saviour, and I know he will not disappoint my hopes;’ and then,

bursting into tears, he said, ‘O, sir, how much I owe to you. You are the means of leading me to Christ, and of instructing me and saving my soul.’ This was so much more than I had expected, it was too much for me, and we both wept together. At that moment I thought that this was more than enough to compensate for all the little trials I have ever been called to endure as a Missionary. I could have changed positions with dear Samuel, to enjoy his happiness and his assurance. But I trust, when separated on earth, we shall meet again in a world of perfect happiness, never to separate. I now see what the blessed Gospel can do on the mind and heart of a heathen; and this case alone is a reward for all that has been expended on this Mission.”

JOY IN SORROW.

A BRITISH officer from India mentioned, at a Missionary meeting, the following case, as one among many illustrations of the results of Missionary labour. “A converted Brahmin, named Dondaba, had on his baptism lost his houses, his fields, his wells, his wife, and his children. Although a Mahratta, he spoke sufficient Hindustani to understand me when I asked him how he bore his sorrows, and if he were supported under them. ‘Ay,’ he said, ‘I am often asked that; but I am never asked how I bear my joys, for I have joys within with which a stranger intermeddles not. The Lord Jesus,’ he added, ‘sought me out, and found me, a poor strayed sheep, in the jungles; and he brought me to his fold, and he will

never leave me. To whom else should I go, if I were to leave him?"—*Day Spring.*

“**THY KINGDOM COME.**”

“Thy kingdom come,” thus day by day

We lift our hands to God and pray;

But who has ever duly weighed

The meaning of the words he said?

“Thy kingdom come”—Oh, joy of joy,

When praise shall every tongue employ;

When hatred, strife, and battles cease,

And man with man shall be at peace.

Then bears and wolves, no longer wild,

Obey the leading of a child!

The lions with the oxen eat,

And dust shall be the serpents' meat.

Then all shall know and serve the Lord,

And walk according to his word;

His glory spread around shall be

As waters cover o'er the sea.

God's holy will shall then be done,

By all who live beneath the sun;

And every evil will remove,

For God will reign, and *God is love.*

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