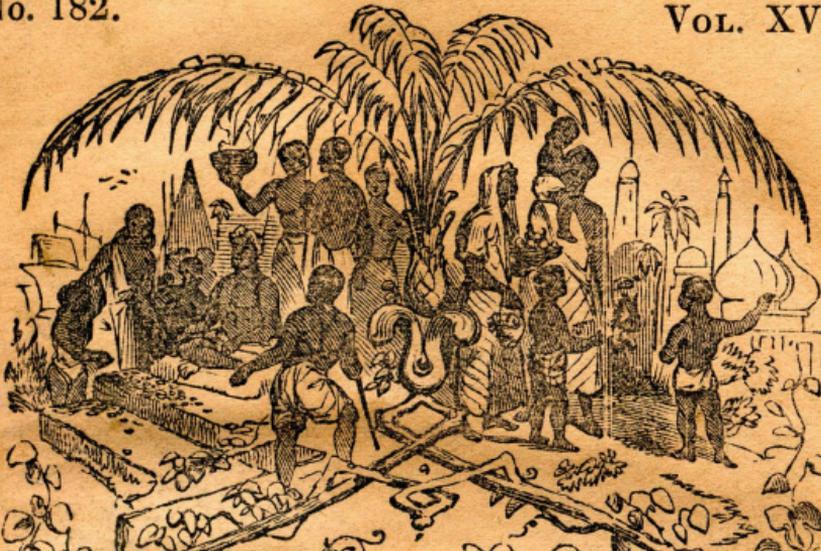


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Koonoor Pass, India.

THE
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KOONOR PASS, NEELGHERRIES.

THE picture in the frontispiece awakens in the minds of those who know the spot both pleasing and painful thoughts and remembrances.

Burning heat at the present moment scorches the plains which stretch out eastward of the mountains in which this pass is found. In the bungalows or houses of the Europeans in the low country, everything is done to cool the air and keep out the glare of the sun. In many cases these bungalows are covered, not with tiles like ours in England, but with thatch which is cooler, and this thatch is often made of the leaves of the beautiful cocoa nut tree plaited into mats. The rooms are large and high, with wide doorways and windows; and the windows are not glazed as in chilly England, but are made as venetian shutters. Thus every means is used to make the air pass freely through the house, and if the sea-breeze is blowing then it is very pleasant; but often the wind is hot and strong and carries with it clouds of hot sand, which finds its way into every corner of the house. To cool the

wind on its way, mats or blinds are let down around the verandahs, and these, being sprinkled with water, in some measure answer the purpose.

The hot days and sultry nights of those parts very often quickly take away the strength of Europeans, who have been used to the bracing and colder climate of England. The rosy colour soon leaves the cheek, and those who have not strength to bear up against the Indian climate often sink into a state of painful weakness. For a year or two no serious effects may follow, but after a time, it becomes quite necessary to seek a change to some cooler parts. For this purpose many in the South of India go, for a time, to the high ground on the Neelgherries or Blue Mountains.

One way to this hill country lies through the Koonoor Pass. This pass through the mountains is about 16 miles long, and it is more than 5000 feet above the plains.

Here the traveller is surrounded by very different scenes from those met with in the low country. All seems fresh and green, while grand old mountain crags, with their rough faces and peaks, look out from amidst the foliage, and by contrast and variety serve to increase the beauty. Here, too, lofty trees spread out their branches above, while their roots, washed bare by the heavy rain, bind together great masses of rock, or pushing their little spongy points into the crevices, grow on and thicken and split great blocks of stone. Here great creeping plants like giant snakes coil about the trees, and run on wildly twisted around each other for a long distance. Here mountain streams, increased as they flow by numerous little

rills, rapidly hurry on toward the plains, pouring over the rocks, splashing into hollows, and then bursting out with a clear, bright stream toward the thirsty land below. Through these enlivening and beautiful scenes, up the steep and rough path, many a sick and sad one is borne toward the higher station at Ootacamund, or to one of the pretty bungalows at Koonoor, which seem to nestle in the midst of beauty. The sudden change from the heat of the plains to the cold at the higher station at Ootacamund is sometimes too much for the invalid. He therefore often stays for a time at Koonoor where the cold is less sharp, until his strength has been sufficiently restored to bear the greater cold higher up the mountains.

Many Missionaries worn out with their labour of several years for the eternal good of the natives of the plains, but often with sorrow and after much delay, go to these cooler mountain scenes to recover their lost strength, and avoid the necessity for a visit to their dear father land, England. The Missionary's wife, worn to mere shadow, with many a sigh tearing herself from the new home she has found in a strange land, from the much loved circle of native converts gathered by God's blessing from the heathen, and from her husband who remains behind still to bear the burthen and heat of the day, sets out for the Hills and is carried up the steep Koonoor pass, sad in heart and longing to be again in the midst of her work, yet striving to submit to the hand of the Father in Heaven.

Thus there are both pleasing and painful thoughts suggested to some minds by the picture in the frontispiece.

Pray, my young friends, for those who are labouring for God in these distant lands and trying climates. Pray that God will preserve their health, but especially that he will make them very useful in turning the heathen from the foolish and wicked worship of idols to the pure and happy service of Jesus Christ, the rightful Lord of all.



DR. LIVINGSTONE AND HIS MISSIONARY
TRAVELS.

NO. XIX.

IN the long journey which he took, Dr. Livingstone saw and heard of many practices amongst the people that were new to him. Some of these were very cruel, and others very foolish. He found, for instance, few deformed people in the interior of Africa, because, as he believed, those who were thus afflicted had been killed when young. In several tribes, he says, it was common to put the dear little ones to death for what they called "tloa" or "transgression." But what *they* call transgression is something very different from what *we* understand by that name. It is not a sin, or even a fault, but something which the poor creature cannot help. If, for instance, a child amongst the Bakaa and Bakwains cut the upper front teeth before the under, this was a "transgression," and the child was killed for it. But even animals were treated much in the same way, for if an unfortunate ox, while lying in the cattle pen, flapped the ground with its tail, for this "transgression" he must die. And the reason given for killing the ox was, that by thus striking the ground, he was calling death to come to the people. Dr. Livingstone's companions from Loanda

carried many fowls with them, but when an unlucky cock happened (as cocks sometimes will do) to crow before midnight, he was at once doomed, poor fellow! to crow no more. And even if one of them raised his cheerful voice while they were travelling through a forest, his master gave him a good beating to teach him to hold his tongue until they got into the open country.

Fashions are often foolish enough in England, but they are strange indeed in Central Africa. Dr. Livingstone found that the women made a hole through their upper lip, which they stretched until it was so large as to hold a shell, which made the lip stand out from the face further than the nose. As you may suppose, this did not much improve their beauty. One of Dr. Livingstone's companions said to him, "These women want to make their mouths like those of ducks." We may smile at the follies of these poor creatures, but surely we should also pity and pray for them. It is pleasant to know that the people were very attentive to what the Missionary told them about God, and seemed to understand it. But as they had enemies, they were afraid of their visitors, and said one to another, "They have words of peace—all very fine: but lies only, as the Bazunga are great liars." The strangers told them they were not Bazunga, but Makoa (English); but whether they believed what they said is another thing.

Our travellers had now entered upon the year 1856, and had reached the point where the river Loangua falls into the Zambesi. Here they found the ruins of an old Portuguese town called Zumbo. The people, however, were not friendly like those they had left in the interior, but Dr. Livingstone remembered the words of Jesus, "Lo, I am with you always," and was much comforted. As they were crossing the river, a large number of armed men came

around them. He showed them his watch, and other things with which he thought they might be amused, until his people had got everything into the canoes. Then he thanked them for their kindness, and wished them peace—glad enough to step into the canoe and reach the opposite bank of the river in safety.

Soon after this, they got amongst more friendly people, who freely gave food to Dr. Livingstone and his companions. He says, most truly, that there are few countries in which his "114 sturdy vagabonds" would have been treated so kindly. And what made this kindness the more valuable was the polite way in which they offered their presents to the strangers. The Makololo, in their turn, though they had nothing to give, did all they could to please their friends, and especially the young women, by dancing for their amusement. "Dance for me," they would say, "and I will grind corn for you." And at every new proof of their generosity, Sekwebu, Dr. Livingstone's chief man, said to him, "Did not I tell you that these people had hearts?" while others remarked, "Look! although we have been so long away from home, not one of us has become lean." How can we think of such conduct upon the part of these poor Africans without admiring them, and earnestly wishing to do them good.

The weather was now very hot, but the fine valley of the Zambesi through which they travelled was wonderfully fruitful and beautiful. Here, however, was the tsetse, and their oxen were sadly bit en by that deadly fly.

Moving along towards the East Coast of Africa, they came amongst a people who's chief's name was Mpende, and who were much afraid of the strangers. They came out close to the place where they had encamped, making strange noises, and waving some bright substance. Then they lighted a fire, and returned, screaming as they went. All

this was done to take away from the Makololo the power of doing them mischief, and after such ceremonies, the poor ignorant people fancied that they were safer than before. At length, they came together again in great numbers and were all armed. Dr. Livingstone was therefore afraid that his people would have to defend themselves; and to give them strength and courage, a bullock was killed for their food, and while the beef was roasting, some of the young men said to Dr. Livingstone, "You have seen us with elephants, but you don't know yet what we can do with men." But he had no wish for a battle, and did what he could to convince Mpende that they were his friends. For this purpose he sent over to him the leg of the ox, and after waiting some time, two old men came to inquire who he was. He told them that he was a Lekoa (Englishman), but they said they did not know that tribe, and thought he was a Mosunga (a Portuguese), the people with whom they were fighting. To convince them that he was not, he showed them his hair and white skin, and asked whether the Mozungas' hair and skin were like his. The old men said, "No; we never saw skin so white as that," and then added, "Ah! you must be one of that tribe that loves the black men." After this Mpende became their friend, said he was sorry he had not known Dr. Livingstone sooner, and did all he could to help them on their way to Tete. Here, by the help of the chief, they crossed the Zambesi, which was about three-quarters of a mile broad.

Still passing through a land of plenty, and amongst kind people, the travellers went on their way for many a weary mile, until, in the middle of February, they came to a part where the chief man was called Nyampungo. "He behaved," says Dr. Livingstone, "quite in a gentlemanly manner," gave him rice, and told the Makololo to go to his villages and beg some for themselves. The natives

were astonished to see these strangers hunt and kill an elephant—they were so clever and so bold. And all hands had a capital feast off the flesh of the great animal, while a wonderful number of hyænas gathered around them, keeping up a loud laugh for two nights. Dr. Livingstone's men said that they were laughing because, as they could not eat all the food, plenty would be left for themselves.

But living creatures of various kinds covered the ground, crowded upon trees and shrubs, leaves, grass and flowers, while birds were singing in a chorus. Their notes, however, were strange to an English ear; and though some were like the lark, the thrush, the robin and the chaffinch, they sounded as if they were singing in a foreign tongue. In hot dry weather, or when the sun is burning at mid-day, all is silent; but in the cool mornings, at "dewy eve," or after a shower, they burst into a song, and make the air ring with their wild music. The butterflies, too, were numerous, and very beautiful.

But we have now accompanied our friends nearly to their great journey's end, and one, or at most two other papers will bring us thither.

A SAMOAN MISSIONARY VISITING HIS OUT-STATIONS.

NO. III.

THE VISIT.

WE reached our Out-station on Friday evening, which is the day for one of the weekly services. About half-past four the hollowed piece of wood, which answers the purpose of a bell, was beaten; the people met, and the Missionary conducted the service. On returning to the house

he found that the Teacher had provided for them a cooked pig, some fish, a pigeon, and taro; and therefore he was now able to return the compliment paid him by his crew, by sending them a part of this abundance.

Much of the first evening, which may be taken as a sample of many others, was passed by the Missionary in making inquiries about the trials of the Teachers and people, and progress of the work of God in the district, and also in answering questions upon passages of Scripture, upon Scriptural and other terms—such as Nazarite, Levite, and frogs—upon the population of Sydney, the native tribes of Australia, and many other subjects. At the family prayer every evening, people of the village are often present, and the Missionary takes the opportunity of giving them a little Scripture exposition. This is much desired by many. Several Teachers have an evening school of boys and girls, or both, and the Missionary often spends some part of the evening with the scholars.

On Saturday the Missionary conversed individually with sixteen candidates for Church fellowship, who were, in the opinion of the Teachers, suitable persons for admission. Those Teachers were present to hear, and learn from the examinations which were carried on. In the evening at four o'clock there was an examination of the adult school in the village of Fusi.

On Sabbath morning the Missionary went in his boat about four miles westward, to the village of Saanapu, where he first preached, and then catechised the congregation upon the sermon. After this, he visited a few sick, and the Sabbath school; and in the afternoon preached at another village.

On Monday morning the Missionary conversed with fifteen persons, who wished to join the Church, and in the evening he wrote a sketch of a sermon for the Native

Teachers. These Teachers met here on Tuesday morning, when each of them copied the sermon, and received explanations of it from the Missionary. When the Missionary is at home one or two Teachers from Safata attend at his residence every Thursday to copy the outline of a sermon for the use of themselves and their fellow Teachers, who meet them afterwards to hear what they had learned from the Missionary. At these meetings they also advise with one another about any important matters connected with their work, and arrange to fill up the places of any Teachers who may be ill or away. They note down in a book, which the Missionary gives them, the subjects of their conversation, but the most important of them are left until the Missionary comes to the district. So, after the Teachers now met had copied out the sermon, this notebook was read from the date of the Missionary's former visit, and such things as required it were considered. The Missionary, on such occasions, encourages the Teachers to make their own remarks freely, as he wishes to train them to think for themselves, and to become more and more prepared for the great work in which they take a part.

It is common in Samoa to have the week-day sermon on Wednesday, in most villages in the evening, but the morning is more convenient to some. The people of Fusi—where we now are—have chosen the morning, at six o'clock. Having performed this service, and taken his breakfast, he proceeded in his boat to a village four or five miles to the eastward, called Siumu, but stopped on the way at another place to catechise the adult school.

As we came towards Siumu, we saw a man on the beach; he was not different in appearance from many other Samoans, yet one of our companions, who knew him, said that he was a sort of curiosity in Samoa, for he was one of

the very small class of men in the islands who still profess themselves heathen, and make offerings to their demon or spirit gods. Going a little further we saw two turtles. As Samoans are very fond of the flesh of those animals, the Missionary allowed his crew to chase them for a time. So they rowed away with all their might, and the steersman put forth all his strength and skill in turning the boat first this way and then that, as the creatures tried to get away. At last they gave a short turn, and were out of sight before our boat could be turned round; but these creatures must rise to the surface again for air, so their heads were soon seen above water. Again we followed them, but though our people did their best, the turtles did better, and got clear away.

A little after noon we reached Siumu. There we held a meeting with the adult school. After this a number of the principal men of one half of the village came to the Missionary at the Teacher's house. This visit he was expecting, for there has been a serious disagreement between them and the other half of the village, which has been carried so far that one party would not meet the other in the same chapel. The Missionary did what he could to make them friends, and hoped that they would be able soon to forget their differences. This conference being ended, the Missionary met the children's school, and reached his lodgings after dark.

At half-past nine o'clock on Thursday morning a congregation assembled from all parts of the district, to hear the tale of the last voyage in the "John Williams" to the Missions in the New Hebrides, Loyalty, Savage, and Tokelau Islands; a sort of meeting which always interests a large number of Samoans. The afternoon was spent in conversing with candidates. Some of these he could not recommend for admission to the Church from want of

knowledge or for following the ways of the Samoan world, but he recommended thirty-one for admission during the two coming months.

THE RETURN.

The work of the visit is now finished, and the Missionary and his crew are ready to proceed homewards; to avoid an unfavourable state of wind or tide, we entered our boat soon after four o'clock. It was dark, for the moon had set, and day had not broken; but the night was fine; there was no wind, and the sea was quite smooth. We moved on comfortably, and just as the sun was rising high in the heavens, and the trade wind was beginning to raise the waves of the ocean, we reached our home. Through the kind care of God, the Missionary thus completed his twenty-sixth visit to that part of his field of labour. His wife and little ones, with smiles and happy voices, welcomed his safe return.

October, 1858.

G. S.

WOMAN IN INDIA.

MRS. MULLENS, the wife of the Rev. J. Mullens of Calcutta, has seen more than most Christian ladies of the state of female society in India. In the "Female Missionary Intelligencer" for June, Mrs. Mullens has given some facts upon this subject, which we are sure will instruct and interest our readers.

"The degradation of the female sex in India," Mrs. Mullens says, "is most painful to witness, and it is singular in how many trifling circumstances this shows itself. For instance, a wife is not thought worthy even to take her husband's name into her lips, — She may call him 'lord,'

'master,' or 'the father of her son,' but his name she must never mention.

"It is difficult even to show our Christian women the absurdity of this. I do not believe any Native Christian has been known to call her husband by his name; and some even carry their objection further by avoiding the name under all circumstances and in all places. Thus, I have two sisters in my Bible class, whose husbands bear the names of Paul and Joseph. Whenever these names occur in our Bible reading, they try to get the woman next to them to read their verse, or if this fails, they read their verse, but leave out the objectionable word.

"As many men bear names like these, Sun, Moon, Star, Happiness, Wisdom, it is particularly distressing for their wives to read aloud at all, for whenever those words occur, they come to a stand-still. This is from the mere force of habit and national custom, not because they think it wrong; and even objections like these are fast vanishing before the light of the Gospel; they are feeling now that 'There is neither male nor female, for they are all one in Christ Jesus.'

"One day one of my mother's servants, an Ayah, was taken ill. She was a very pretty young woman, and as much loved by her husband as Bengalee wives usually are; yet he refused to get a doctor for her, saying to the poor dying girl, 'The money I should now waste on you will pay for my marriage-feast, when I marry your successor.' Three months after that his new wife was brought home.

"Another day our cook asked for a holiday; a friend had invited us to dinner, so I let him go. As soon as he had gone, one of the other servants said to me, 'Perhaps you do not know that the man has left his poor wife very ill in one of the out-houses.'

"'No, I certainly did not know that; let us go to her.'"

"I found the poor creature had cholera. She said her husband had sat up with her part of the night, but towards the morning he had got tired of the case, 'as was very natural,' she added, 'for was she not only a woman?' Two Christian women nursed her carefully, and she recovered. I got the man to apologise publicly to his wife (a thing unheard of among natives), before I would take him back into service. He was a good servant, and did so, and I never heard that his wife reproached him with the circumstance afterwards.

"On one occasion, whilst my husband was preaching in the village of *Moonshee Gunge*, I walked about on the river side with the children; and there I met a woman, who begged me to go home with her, saying it was but a little way. I went, and found the people were Mahometans; it was a little, isolated place, containing about forty houses. The women all gathered round me, and began examining my dress, bonnet, and shawl, with the utmost interest and curiosity. The shoes and stockings seemed to surprise them greatly; and one remarked, 'Oh, what strange people you are, to wear clothes on your feet!' 'What makes you white?' asked another; 'Have you painted yourself?'

"'Try and find out,' I said, taking off my glove. The woman rubbed my hand, brought a little water, and washed it, and then reported to the rest, 'No, it won't come off, it is *pucka rung*,' or fast-coloured.

"'Then you have never seen a white lady before?'

"'No, never; how should we?'

"'Would you like to go to Calcutta, and see, not one but many ladies and gentlemen, and their carriages and horses?'

"'Carriages! what are they? No, we should not like to go, it is not fit for women to travel.'

"'Why?'

"'Because everyone knows it is a woman's duty to stay at home, and serve her husband and her children.'

"'Have you ever seen a book?'

"'Yes, our husbands have books.'

"'And you? you cannot read?'

"They all laughed. 'No, indeed; who ever heard of a woman who could read? what should make her learn?' Then, with great interest, 'Can you read?'

"'Yes, of course.'

"'Well, well, you are wonderful people altogether; if you stayed with us three hours, we should never be tired of looking at you?' They were most outspoken. I went on. 'Do you think my children prettier than yours?'

"'No, they want black hair and black eyes, that brown colour is not sufficiently decided.'

"'Have you a religion?'

"'Oh, yes; we don't worship idols, like the ignorant Hindoos; we are Mahometans.'

"'Who was Mahomet?'

"'We don't know; our husbands could tell you.'

"'Who is God?'

"'God is God: what a question!'

"'Where will you go when you die?'

"'Where God pleases; we shall be happy when we die, we think.'

"'What makes you think so?'

"'Because there are no wicked women in this village, we are all good.'

"I talked to them of heart sins, lying, evil speaking, quarrelling, and showed them that they needed to be saved from *these* ere they could enter the holy heaven of a holy God; but the idea was so entirely new to them,

that the language failed to convey any meaning to their minds.

“ ‘We don’t understand such difficult subjects, we are women,’ that was all they could say. ‘Are you sorry that God did not make you men? would you wish to be men?’

“ ‘With the dull, heavy look of sullen despair, ‘What would be the use of wishing?’

“ ‘You have nice, clean cottages, may I go in?’ At this their countenances brightened again. ‘Oh, yes,’ said the woman I had met on the river side, ‘do come in, you must come into my house, because I saw you first.’ It was very neat, and had evidently been fresh plastered that very day with mud and water from the river. I observed that some very savoury dish was being cooked out in the courtyard; indeed, the same operation was going forward in most of the gardens or compounds all round, ‘What is the meaning of this?’ I asked; ‘do you not cook in your own houses?’

“ ‘Yes, usually; but this is a saint’s day, and these fowls are being cooked to offer to our saint, *Manik Peer*.’

“ ‘But why cook them in your gardens?’

“ ‘Things offered to saints must always be cooked in the open air.’

“ ‘Why must they?’

“ ‘People say that is the right way.’

“ ‘Who was *Manik Peer*?’

“ ‘We don’t know.’

“ ‘They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.’

“On a Missionary itinerancy near Culna, we witnessed sights one day which made me feel quite sick and faint, though comparatively used to them; and they had just the same effect on the children, who loathed their food, say-

ing, ‘Oh, mamma, let us go away from this horrible place.’ These sights were the numerous human bodies floating down the Ganges in various stages of decomposition; but we saw worse than this.

“As our boat drifted down the stream, I observed a little group, consisting of two men, a woman, and a child who were sitting by the bank of the river, talking together very unconcernedly. When we came nearer, I perceived they had placed a poor young woman on the wet, muddy, shore, with her feet touching the water; her mouth was thickly besmeared with the sacred earth, and on her eyes they occasionally poured a little Ganges water. My hope was that the poor creature was already dead; and *Ram Chondro*, the catechist, who was with us, called out, ‘Of what disease did that woman die?’

“ ‘Oh,’ replied one of the men, ‘she has had cholera, but she is not yet dead; that is what we are waiting for. As soon as the breath leaves her body, we shall throw her corpse into the river, and return home.’

“*Ram Chondro* jumped on shore in a moment; he had studied native medicine, and understood cholera cases well. ‘Although you have placed that poor thing’s feet in the cold water,’ he exclaimed, ‘they are neither cramped nor blue; she would recover if you took her home, and tended her carefully; take her out of the water directly.’

“They shook their heads. ‘No, thank you; when we want your advice, we will ask it, till then, leave us alone.’

“I called to the catechist, and said, ‘Ask them if they will let us take the sick woman into our boat; we will care for her, and take her with us to Bhowanipore.’ The men heard me; ‘Oh, yes; all very fine!’ they exclaimed. ‘Take her to Bhowanipore, and make her a Christian!’

No, indeed, *that* won't do.' So we were obliged to leave her to her inhuman relatives. It was in great sadness we did so; Ram Chondro came on board again, and we pursued our way. A few hours afterwards, without doubt, the spirit of that heathen woman ascended to stand before its Maker, while her poor body became a prey to vultures and alligators.

"The Hindoos make it a point never to carry home again a sick person whom they have once brought to the Ganges to die, except in very rare instances; for 'The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty;' but 'THE ENTRANCE OF GOD'S WORD GIVETH LIGHT.'"

MISSION TO THE KARENS.

No. 1.

A LITTLE to the east of the great empire of India, of which we have lately heard so much, is another large country, called Burmah. The whole of this country was formerly governed by an emperor of its own, but much of it now belongs to Queen Victoria. It was about fifty years ago when the first Missionaries arrived in Burmah from America. Amongst them was Dr. Judson, of whom you may, perhaps, have heard.

The Burmese are mostly idolaters, but it is not so with the Karens, of whom I am now going to tell you. They are a people who live in the mountains and jungles of Burmah, and are so separated from the rest of the inhabitants, that the Missionaries had been some time in the country before they knew anything about them. Then, however, they found them not only *willing* to hear, but

longing to receive the Word of God. They had no books of their own, nor indeed even a *written* language, but they had learned from their forefathers that there was but one God; that long ago he created the world, and placed in it two persons; that Satan deceived these two persons, and tempted them to disobey God; and that, in consequence of this, poverty, sickness, and death, came into the world. Men, they said, had formerly all lived together, but because they did not love one another, they separated; their language changed, and they became different nations; that God had loved the Karen nation above every other, and had given them His word, but because of their sins He forsook them, and they were brought to their present condition. They were also taught that God would again save them, and that white messengers from over the sea would once more bring His word to their land. These traditions show that the Karens must, at one time or other, have heard portions of the truth. But the time was now come when the "way of God" should be made known to them more perfectly.

The first Karen the Missionaries met with was one who had been a robber and a murderer. He was then in the family of a Burman convert, who endeavoured to teach him the Christian religion, but though he paid some attention to it, he was so rude and passionate, that they were obliged to send him away. The Missionaries, however, did not like to lose sight of him, and therefore Dr. Judson offered to take him and give him further instruction. This he did, and by degrees Ko-thah-byu, for that was his name, was led to receive "the truth as it is in Jesus," and he afterwards became so useful in carrying the Gospel to his countrymen, that he was called the "Karen Apostle." His love for the cause of Christ was such, that, though he

was naturally very idle, he would often preach from morning till evening, and sometimes would even continue to do so throughout the night till break of day, and he was never so happy as when thus employed. But his temper was still a great trial to him, and it was only by spending many hours in prayer that it was at length subdued.

Soon after the conversion of Ko-thah-byu, the Missionaries determined to visit the Karens, and one of them accordingly set out, accompanied by a few Burman converts, one of whom could speak the Karen language. On reaching one of the villages, the people were so frightened that they ran away, and hid themselves in the jungle, for they thought that the strangers had come to do them harm, but after a little while a few of them returned to know what they wanted. On being told that the Missionary had come to teach them about the true God, they said they were very glad, and promised to listen, asking also if he had brought the Book of God. They were told that he had, but that it was not written in their language; and as they could not read Burman, they begged that it might be translated for them. After further conversation the travellers were taken to the house of the chief, who treated them very kindly; and here they stayed for a fortnight, giving instruction to all who came to them. Before they left they had the happiness of seeing the chief's wife become a believer in Jesus Christ, though the chief himself was not so easily convinced.

This was the beginning of Missionary labour amongst this remarkable people, and the work after this went on most wonderfully. One or two small books, such as a catechism and spelling-book, were soon printed in the Karen language, and a Karen school was opened at Maulmain, one of the large towns of Burmah. Many of the

people were also baptized, and some of the most suitable were appointed to become Teachers to carry the Gospel to the many thousands of their countrymen still in darkness.

These Teachers were very earnest in their endeavours to do good to others, but the same may be said of nearly all the Karen converts. One of them, a woman named Nanghapo, which signifies "Daughter of Goodness," was noted for her kindness to the poor and the distressed, and her house was often the home of those who came from a distance to attend a Missionary school in the neighbourhood. It stood on a hill in one of those beautiful spots with which Burmah abounds, and was surrounded by a fine garden, while a clear mountain stream danced merrily by, over its pebbly bed.

In this peaceful home Nanghapo lived with her husband, doing good to all around her, but desiring nothing for herself beyond the mere necessities of life, as we see from the following instance. A pedlar one day came to her door with wares to sell, but though she was but poorly clothed, Nanghapo would not spend more than *one* rupee (about two shillings) on his tempting finery, while the very next morning she sent *thirteen* rupees to the Mission treasury. Surely we may learn a lesson from this poor woman, and ask ourselves, Are *we* as self-denying and as earnest in *our* endeavours to do good?

But we have told you only of the beginning of the great work which has been done amongst the Karens. You shall hear more about it in our next number.

SPREAD THE GOSPEL.

Let us spread the glorious Gospel,
 Through those dark and dreary lands,
 Where the blinded millions worship
 Idols formed by human hands;
 Ye who dwell in happy England,
 List'ning to the joyful sound,
 Publish it to every creature,
 Let it through the earth resound.

Tell the Heathen of that Saviour,
 Who for their redemption died,
 Tell them how each guilty creature
 May be blessed and sanctified:
 Can you let those Heathen perish,
 Would you enter Heaven alone;
 Leave them sunk in sin and sorrow,
 Heedless of their dying groan?

Moved by deep, Divine compassion,
 Jesus messengers sends forth,
 Bearing news of peace and pardon,
 East and west, and south and north;
 He the Lord of life and glory,
 Bending from His lofty throne
 Upon every loving service
 Will approvingly look down.

Then when He from earth shall call you
 To the blissful realms above,
 Where each work of faith will follow,
 And the labours wrought from you,
 Oh! what gladness will inspire you,
 As on entering into rest,
 You are met by happy spirits,
 Who, through you, were saved and bless'd.

MARX.

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