

SEPTEMBER, 1859.

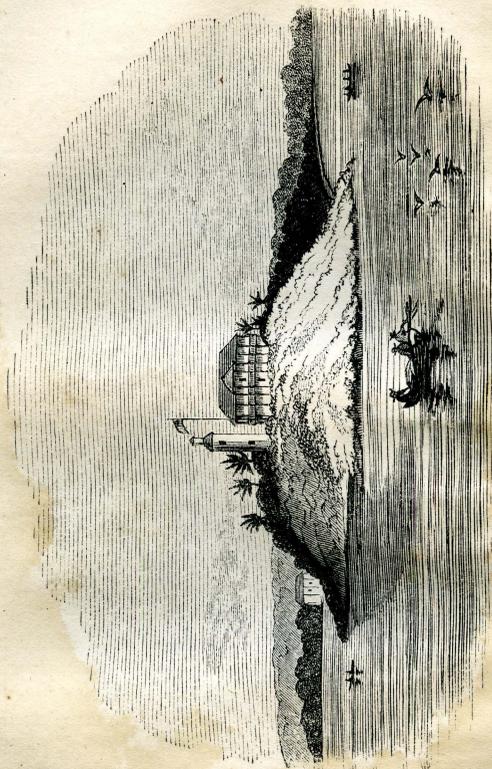
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Orphan Asylum, Cape Palmas.

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SEPTEMBER 1, 1859.

CHRISTIANITY AMONG THE GREBOES.

WE showed you last month, how foolish and wicked the Greboes were when Missionaries first went amongst them, and most of them, we fear, continue in the same sad state. But this is not the case with all. God's word has not been taught and preached to them in vain. As in other lands, so in Liberia a great change has begun. The people that sat in darkness have seen a great light.

The Mission to the Greboes commenced in 1834, but for some time, the Missionaries saw little fruit of their labours. At length, however, the promise was fulfilled, "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy." Amongst their early converts, there were many striking instances of the grace and power of God. One of these we shall mention. It was that of an old heathen named Hyano. For many years he had been a devil doctor. The poor ignorant people that he lived amongst thought him "the great power of God," and you may suppose that his influence over them was very bad. For some time, indeed, this man after he became convinced that he was a sinner, did not truly

receive the Gospel. But at length, he gave proof that the light had shined into his heart. By his prayers, his earnest desire to understand the Word of God, his fear of doing what was wrong, and his endeavours to bring others to love and serve the Saviour, he made it plain that he had become a new creature. In describing the great change to the Missionary, he said, "The Word of God first lived in my head, but now *it live in my heart.*" Soon after his conversion he tried to bring a friend, called Tiba, to Jesus, and there was reason to hope that God gave him the desire of his heart. Speaking one day to the Missionary, he said that he thought the Word was beginning to live in Tiba's heart. "He," said Hyano, "passes all other men in town for hear God's palaver. He come look my house all times for me teach him."

But the heathen were angry when they saw what a great change there was in Hyano, and they made him pay a heavy fine, because, as they said, his wife had gathered some palm nuts upon forbidden ground. But he paid the fine without a murmur, and when asked by some one where he would get money to buy food, as the fine had taken away his little all, he said he would pray to God who would give him what he wanted.

At first Hyano wished to remove from the heathen town where he lived to a Christian village which had been formed by the Missionaries, but when he was told that, by staying where he was, he might do more good, he willingly did so. And now, upon the very spot where he had formerly kept his idols, and performed his devil worship, he set up a family altar, and there, with Tiba, and his own wife, he called upon the name

of the Lord. Not long after this, another woman, who appeared to be one of the least hopeful in the town, joined herself to these disciples. And when the Missionary, on one occasion, asked Hyano if this woman came to evening worship as regularly as before, "Yes," he said "she come all times—s'pose she come home from work too late, she come look my house, and ask me to pray to God one more time Yuwa love God's Word more than her daily food." And this poor African in her turn became a Missionary, and brought another aged friend to hear the Gospel, who soon afterwards showed that she had not heard it in vain.

Hyano now became a very faithful witness for Christ. Wherever he went, he boldly pointed out the sins and superstitions of the heathen; he told them how he and other devil doctors had cheated them, and he called upon them to seek the Lord. From village to village, and from tribe to tribe, he carried the glad tidings of mercy to those who were in darkness. He was tall and thin, but he had a noble countenance and a commanding appearance, and the Missionary writes that, as he leaned upon his tall staff or walked through the villages or sat in his long robes at eventide at his cottage door, he looked like one of the Patriarchs.

But though he remembered and could repeat much of the Bible, he could not read well. Yet he tried hard to learn. Once when he had stumbled over a few verses of the New Testament, he cried out "Me feel so happy!" and when asked "Why?" he said, "Why s'pose me can learn to read God's book, then me can go in my house, and read it all times myself."

On one of his Missionary journeys, he landed at a place on the river Cavalla, where he had once gone to practise his arts as a devil doctor. The people wondered to see him, his face and dress and manner were altogether so changed from what they were when he was at that place before. And well they might. Then he was the agent of Satan, but now the messenger of Jesus. And they not only wondered but feared. This was especially the case in one case, for when Hyano last went to the place, he left behind him some rice, and in order to keep it, he said that whoever ate it should die. But a man there dared to do this, and as he died soon afterwards, the people, of course, were convinced that Hyano had the power he pretended to have. And they, therefore, dreaded his return.

While there, a man who now did not know him, he was so altered, and who probably shared in the stolen rice, put his arm round the stranger to give him a welcome, and then asked his name. "I am Hyano," he replied. In an instant, as if stung by a serpent, the man sprung back and took to his heels, much to the amusement of Hyano. It was difficult to make this man and others believe that a devil doctor so powerful as he thought Hyano to be, could come to their place to tell them of mercy and pardon and peace, of the love of God to man and the grace of Him who laid down his life for our own.

In the beginning of 1855, Hyano went with a number of the people of the town to a great distance to grow rice. His health was feeble, and many of the heathen wished and said that he would soon die. But

he became better, and such was his conduct, that many said "Hyano's God is the true God."

This is but one of very many instances of the success which has cheered the hearts of the Christian Missionaries in Liberia. And they are labouring on with the confidence that their labour is not in vain in the Lord. Amongst other means of usefulness, they have built an Orphan Asylum at Cape Palmas, a view of which is given in the Frontispiece. This building was truly wonderful in the eyes of the Greboes. Numbers came to see it from the interior, and on one occasion, a party of "proper gentlemen." They were headed by a Cape Palmas man, and they entered the Asylum with polite bows, and the common salutation "How are you?" After their conductor had named them one by one to the Missionary, he said with a flourish, "These be my friends, they be proper gentlemen from Nyambo country; they hear news—countrymen tell them your house be fine pass all houses live this country—they come *look* you this time." After they had looked until they had seen enough, they left, their guide saying as they went, "My friends say you be fine plenty."

But our space will not allow us to say more than that this building is now proving a great blessing; that in it many an orphan is taught to call God Father, through His Son Jesus Christ, and that in this and other parts of Western Africa, from which so many have been dragged to slavery, many Christian churches have been formed of those whom Jesus Christ has set free.

MISSION TO THE KARENS.

No. III.

At the time of which I am now writing there were many hundreds of the Karens who had become true Christians, and in many of their villages they had built chapels, and had pastors of their own, just as we have in England. There were also Missionary schools, to which they might send their children; and they now had part of the Bible and other books translated into their own language.

But, though the Missionaries had much to encourage them in all this, they knew that there were still many tribes of Karens who had never heard the Gospel, and they could not rest until they had taken them the good news also. A great many of these tribes lived in a part of the country called Tonngahoo, and to this place Dr. Mason determined to go. He therefore set out in the year 1853, and sailed up the river for many days in a canoe, now and then stopping to rest under the shade of the large trees which grew upon the banks. Here he sometimes met with a few Burmans, some of whom would come and ask for books, while others, as they passed by, would stop and listen while he told them the "way of life."

It was a long journey, and nearly three weeks had passed before he arrived at the city of Tonngahoo; but when settled there, he found the people all eager to hear what he had to say to them. Great was the astonishment of the Karens when they heard the Word of God read to them in their own language. One of them took the book in his hand and bowed down to it three times, saying, "It must be a Spirit, for it speaks Karen." When they heard that some of their countrymen had already learned to read the book, and could write letters, they were delighted; and on being told that one of them would come

and visit them, they all cried out, "Send him to us! Send him to us! We'll feed him; we'll clothe him; we'll build a house for him; we'll take care of him."

Not long after this, San Quala arrived in Tonngahoo, and Dr. Mason then went home to America for a time on account of his health. In three years, however, he returned, and great was his delight at the change that had taken place in that short period.

He travelled to Tonngahoo this time by land, with two elephants, but as the road was very rough, and the mountains very steep, he did not get on very fast. When the Karens heard that their Teacher was coming, a great many of them set out from the different villages to clear the way for him; and, as he drew nearer, crowds of men, women, and children came out to meet him, all eager to shake hands with him, even before he could get down from the elephant. But what a change had taken place since he last saw them! Three years before, he looked upon "troop after troop of wild mountaineers, with their short striped gowns and unwashed faces, wondering if they could be civilized;" now, he saw above "a hundred young men and lads all neatly dressed in clean new gowns and blue pantaloons, with their hair nicely braided under tasteful turbans." Three years before they had never heard a Saviour's name, nor was there a single book to be found amongst them; but now, at the first house the Missionary entered, a Bible and hymn-book were brought out for family worship, and he learnt that they had no less than ninety-five chapels and schools, each with its own pastor and teacher. They were all so anxious for him to visit their villages that he hardly knew which to go to first. Having spent two nights at the one in which Quala lived, a chief came to him and declared that he must at least sleep two nights in his village also; and when Dr. Mason

told him that he had sent away his elephant and could not walk so far, he said, "We do not want you to walk; we will carry you, and all your things, if you will say, Go." So they made a kind of palankeen of bamboos, and, placing him and his bed upon it, they lifted it to their shoulders, and soon carried him through the valleys and over the mountains till they reached the village. In this way Dr. Mason visited many of them, and was joyfully received by all. In one place he found a number of young men studying to become preachers; and while he was with them, they were so anxious to learn all they could from him, that they hardly gave him any rest. Even while he was taking his food they would come to him to ask him questions, and when he went to walk in the forest, they would follow him with their open Bibles in their hands. Sometimes he would sit down to rest upon a rock, and they would then all seat themselves round him, and listen while he explained to them what they could not understand.

But it was not these young men alone who were fond of learning. One evening, as Dr. Mason was taking a walk, he met four little girls, the eldest of whom was not seven years old and the youngest only five. One of them had two leaves out of an old hymn-book in her hand. At first they were very shy, but he spoke kindly to them, and found that though they were so young they could all read. After talking to them a little while, he asked them to sing to him, so they sung one of the hymns to a nice English tune, and he says they did it as well as any little girls of their age he ever heard.

Another evening the Missionary found a little boy about twelve years old diligently reading an old catechism, which he had fastened between two pieces of pasteboard in order to keep it safely. I think many children in this

country who lose and tear their books, may learn a lesson from this little boy.

We see from all this how greatly God has blessed the labours of His servants among these people; but you must not suppose that even now all the Karens are Christians, for Burmah is a very large country, and the number of Missionaries is very small compared with that of the people. There are still many wild tribes, who spend their time in robbing and killing one another, for they have never heard the Gospel of peace; but the good work is going on, and more and more are being brought into the fold of Christ. May the time soon come when not only they, but the heathen in all parts of the world, shall be gathered in, that there may be "one fold and one shepherd," and that "the earth may be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea!" Will you not, dear children, do all you can by your prayers and contributions, to hasten this glorious time? and, above all, take care that when "many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven," you, the children of the kingdom, are not cast out.

Chelmsford.

R. W.

THIRTEENTH MISSIONARY VOYAGE OF THE "JOHN WILLIAMS."

MANY of our readers take a special interest in the movements of their own ship, the "John Williams," and they have a right to know where she goes, and what she does for the spread of the Gospel in the South Seas. We shall, therefore, give them a short account of her last voyage to Western Polynesia. This was the thirteenth she has made to the same part of the Missionary field.

On the 28th of June she set sail from Samoa, and ten days afterwards she reached Aneiteum. This is a land which the Lord hath blessed. The population of it is between three and four thousand, and only forty heathen are now to be found throughout the island. Every village, and there are as many as sixty, has a chapel, a school-house, and a Native Teacher; and, except two, all these teachers, now earnest Christians, were a few years ago wretched and cruel savages. Other teachers from Aneiteum have gone to neighbouring islands, and while the "John Williams" was there, a Missionary meeting was held, at which large subscriptions were made for the Native teachers of such things as they needed. But this was not the only proof of the liberality of the people. Before the ship reached the island, her main yard, a valuable spar, was split, or "sprung," as the sailors call it; but the people gladly gave Capt. Williams another, which, as it lay upon the beach, was worth £16. Altogether, they had given in labour and property, during the year, to the value of £500.

At Fotuna and Tana, they found the Native Teachers labouring with some encouragement, but amidst many difficulties. Then they went to Nina, and left Teachers there. At Erromanga they were welcomed by Mr. Gordon, who not long before had travelled all round the island preaching the Gospel, and had been kindly received by the people. But most of them are still heathen, and they are often at war with one another; still, a beginning has been made, a small congregation gathered, and in the schools about a hundred natives are receiving daily instruction. From Erromanga they sailed to Fate, and landed at a place called Erakor. The chief received them into his house, and soon after their arrival, the people began to beat the hollow trunks of two old trees in the settlement. This

was instead of "the Church-going bell," to call the natives to worship. Soon a congregation was gathered, and one of the teachers entered the pulpit, and gave out a hymn, which all joined in singing. But both the language and the tune were strange to the visitors, except that Name "above every name," and which, always "sweet to the believer's ear," was specially so when heard in that dark and heathen land. The visitors addressed the people, but the teacher was obliged to interpret what they said. Of Lifu, the fine island to which they next sailed, you have often heard. There are about ten thousand people in it, and it is believed that not more than one thousand continue heathen. This great change has been brought about, through God's blessing, by the labours of Native Teachers only. But the people want English Missionaries, and they have been promised to them. When, therefore, the ship came without the men they were expecting, they were very sad, and almost angry. But since then two have been sent there, and we hope that by this time, they have been landed upon those shores. And when they get there, they will rejoice to find that nine chapels have been built in the island; that there are more than forty places in it where the Gospel is preached, and the people taught in schools, and that more than thirteen hundred were anxious to profess themselves Christians. The Teachers said much in praise of the people, who were most kind to themselves, and always ready to hearken to their instructions, and to meet their wishes. At Maré they found that Messrs. Creagh and Jones had still much to cheer them. There were 180 Church Members, and 400 more who wished to become so. There are, however, some heathen still in the island, but the Christians regularly visit them, and are well received. At Wea the good work was going on, and the people begged for an English Missionary. At Savage

Island, the visitors had the joy of forming a Christian Church of fifty-two members, and of sitting down with those once degraded but now converted natives, around the table of the Lord.

After returning to Apia, and remaining there a short time, the ship again sailed for an island called Fakaafo, which is one of three islands about 300 miles north of Samoa. No messenger of mercy had before visited this little group; but, as a native of Fakaafo, whose name is Lea, had been brought by Providence to Samoa, where he had become a true Christian, and had been at the Institution as a Teacher, it was thought wise to convey him back to his home, that he might tell his heathen countrymen what wonderful things God had done for him, and for the people amongst whom he had been. He himself wished much to return, and so did another native of the same Group. Both, therefore, were taken to Fakaafo. The strangers were received as if they had been gods, and the two natives were left to prepare the way for another visit, when it is hoped that these will be added to the other islands which have received the Gospel, by means of the ship which so many of our readers delight to call their own.

A CHINESE FUNERAL.

LAST month, when speaking about the Greboes, we told you that they fancied that the soul after death does not go far away from the body, and we said that this false and foolish notion was common amongst the heathen. It is so with the Chinese, and Mr. Edkins describes a funeral which he once saw, and which will show their opinions upon this point.

He was in the city of Kwan-shan, which the traveller passes on his way from Shanghae to Soochou, and in the streets he met with a funeral procession. The Missionary joined the crowd who were following the corpse, and went into the house where the chief ceremonies were to be performed. The thing which first struck him, and which also seemed to draw the attention of the people, was a paper house which stood in an open court in the midst of the family dwelling place. This house was about ten feet high and twelve feet deep. It had several apartments, such as an entrance hall, a reception room, a bed chamber, a library, and a treasury. These rooms were furnished with paper chairs and tables. In the house there was also a sedan chair, with the figures of men to carry it. Then there was a boat and boatmen. In the front of this house stood a paper table covered with food, and while Mr. Edkins was looking on, he saw boxes of paper money carried into it. All these things were intended to be used by the spirit of the dead man in the unseen world, and a paper image of his corpse was placed within the house, in the midst of the different things which had been provided for him.

As soon as these preparations were made, a party of Buddhist priests came forward and walked in procession, ringing bells and chanting. And as they passed round the house, they threw rice and wheat upon it. Then the family appeared, dressed in white cotton cloth and sack-cloth, with white shoes, and white braid at the tip of their pig-tails—for the mourning worn in China is always white. They then offered their worship to their dead mother, for whose comfort the house had been built. After this some shots were fired, a light was put to the paper house, and in a moment all was in a blaze. Some of our young readers would have been sorry to have seen it on fire.

They would have far rather had it kept for their amusement. And certainly it would have been of more use to them than to the poor spirit that had gone far away from earthly things, and needed them no more. But the Chinese fancy that, when such things are burnt, they are carried in a spiritual form to the place where the soul is, and that in this way they may be used again. How should we thank God, if we have "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens !

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF MISSIONARY LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE Missionary life is full of difficulties and dangers. Many Missionaries can apply the words of the Apostle Paul to themselves, "In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren ; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." Our readers have often had accounts in this Magazine of some of the trials which Christ's faithful servants among the heathen have suffered ; and the following is another example of the same kind :—

You have heard of M. Arbousset, one of the most useful of the French Missionaries among the Basutos of South Africa. In the course of last year, he made a journey from Cape Town to his station in the interior of the country. He had been obliged to visit the Cape for the health of his eldest daughter, and had brought all his family with him. On his return home, the first part of the journey he performed by sea. He then plunged into

the deserts, which he had to pass through, and safely crossed the Orange River. But as he was approaching the end of his journey, travelling, as he was obliged to do, in a large heavy wagon, he found himself in the midst of many difficulties. We will describe them in his own words :—

"What frightful roads !" he writes. "Violent torrents, deep ravines, mountains to be either climbed up or descended ! As we went up the whole length of one hill, we were obliged to have not less than thirty-two oxen yoked together, and three drivers, who kept on cracking their whips and shouting, and were frequently changing the oxen, and every now and then running for water to quench their thirst, or to receive a cup of coffee from my wife, who was sitting with her daughters near by, around a fire of brush-wood. At last we got to the end of this terrible pass. I pitched my tent, and we passed the night on the top of the mountain.

"The evening before this, God, who is always full of goodness towards his children, had saved us from a great danger. Our wagon was passing quietly through a very long valley, full of grass and bushes. My daughters were in the inside of it, amusing themselves together very merrily ; their mother and myself were chatting about different matters on the seat in front, and the driver was whistling, as he was walking on the right side of the team. Suddenly I noticed on the left hand, only about two steps distant from the wheel, a deep ravine, the edge of which was hidden by thick grass. I leaped off on the dangerous side, at the same time throwing up my arms towards the oxen, so as to frighten them and make them turn to the right hand. But I fell heavily, and found myself under the feet of the cattle. I drew my body together as much as possible ; the wagon

went on; two of the wheels passed within three inches of my head, and the other two within three or four inches of my feet. The wagon grazed the ravine, that is to say, it passed close to the edge of it; but it was not overturned. My wife, who leaped out at the same time that I did, but on the right side, ran up, embraced me with tears, as I rose up from the ground; the children came also, terribly frightened, and they too kissed me, while they wept for joy. We scarcely believed our eyes, when we saw that I was alive, and that everything was saved. I have only received a sprain and some wounds in the back. . . . Truly God is love."

A few days after this remarkable escape, M. Arbousset had occasion to remember again that "God is love," and that, in the midst of the greatest dangers, those who trust in Him can depend upon His help. In fact, scarcely had he returned to his station at Morija, when it was destroyed by the Boers. These wicked men are Dutch farmers, descendants of some of the earliest European colonists in South Africa. Perhaps you may remember reading in the account of Dr. Livingstone's travels how they destroyed his house and all his property during his absence from home. They are now independent of the English government, and seem determined, if possible, to kill or enslave all the natives they can reach. At this time they were at war with the Bassutos; and on the 28th April, about fourteen hundred of them made an attack on Morija. The natives, warned in time of the threatened danger, had fled to the mountains, and the Missionary and his family followed their example. The eldest of M. Arbousset's daughters was ill, and was obliged to be carried in the arms of two men. His wife, also, who was very weak, was unable to walk alone. Besides these troubles, it was very cold, and the fugitive family had not even time to provide

themselves against the severity of the weather; they had only two blankets to cover them. You can fancy what sort of march this must have been in such circumstances, amidst the noise of fire-arms and with the fear of falling into the hands of a cruel enemy.

On reaching a cave that was sheltered by a great rock, our poor friends found in it fifty-five women and children, benumbed with cold and full of fear. They spent two days there, without being able to leave the place, for snow was falling, and they feared lest they should meet the Boers. Happily, however, some natives, hidden in the neighbourhood, had courage and kindness enough to bring them food.

Many were the hardships this devoted family had to bear. For a long time they continued in the mountains. At one time M. Arbousset was separated from his wife and children for many days, and they were in constant fear that he had fallen into the hands of the Boers. Through God's goodness, however, this fear was not realised. At last they all safely reached Bethesda, another French Missionary station. From this place he wrote a simple and touching account of his dangers and sufferings, and finished by saying that he was quite ready, as soon as God allowed him, to begin again the work that the wickedness of the Boers had destroyed.

As to the station of Morija, it was reduced to a heap of ruins. Only one house remained uninjured; this belonged to M. Maeder, the assistant Missionary. The doors and windows of the chapel were broken, the pulpit was knocked to pieces, and the books were destroyed. The Missionaries lost all their property except some furniture.

All this happened in a few hours to a station, the establishment of which cost so much trouble and sacrifice, and news from which has so often rejoiced the friends of

Missions. We feel deeply grieved when we think that the authors of this work of violence and destruction are white men, who call themselves Christians, and who, no doubt, call the Africans savages and barbarians. Alas! how often is the Gospel dishonoured by those who profess to acknowledge it as the word of God.

After having destroyed Morija, and another station called Beersheba, the Boers wished to advance still further. But the king Moshesh, who had not been able to stop them hitherto, was waiting for them in the mountains with all his warriors. There the farmers were beaten in several battles, and became very much alarmed. They dispersed to their homes, and fearing lest, in their turn, they should see their houses attacked and destroyed, they asked for peace, and that peace has since been made.

But, before the war ceased, M. Arbousset took the first opportunity of returning to his ruined station. After three months' absence, at the end of July, he settled there again. A party of the natives also returned, and on Sunday, the 1st of August, the Missionary was able to observe divine worship before a congregation of about three hundred Bassutos. On the following Sunday, the Lord's Supper was celebrated by three hundred and fifty communicants. Before long the huts were rebuilt, and the fields began to be cultivated again. But nearly all the poor people have lost all they possessed—their food, their clothes, the little money they had, their herds, and a large part of their books; half starved, and miserably clothed, they were obliged to seek supplies of food from their friends. "However," writes M. Arbousset, "they do not complain much, and they have not lost courage. Two or three years of peace, they say, will be sufficient to set everything right again."

The misfortunes from which these stations of Morija

and Beersheba suffered have awakened deep sympathy among the Christians of Cape Town. At their request, M. Bisseux, Missionary at Wellington, went to the Cape to receive subscriptions for the distressed natives, and in a few days more than four hundred pounds was raised, out of which sum about twenty-six pounds was given by one small congregation of converted negroes.

THE BASSUTO'S CHILD.

A FRENCH MISSIONARY, in a letter to some children in France, gives the following account of the death of an infant, and the Christian spirit shown by its parents. He writes thus:—

"If you had joined in our religious worship at Thaba-Bossion eight days ago, you would have noticed on one of the front forms, on the right hand of the pulpit, a fine and beautiful babe, about eight months old, whose grandmother had a great deal of trouble in keeping him quiet. On seeing him you might, perhaps, have said, 'What a fine child! how strong he is!' Eight days afterwards, this beautiful little one was only a lifeless corpse. Death has cut down this young plant; and it is only a few hours since we have placed its body in its narrow home, whence it will come forth at the resurrection of the dead. The name of this child was 'Sabbath.' You will, perhaps, be surprised that the name of a day should be given to any living creature; but here, as among people in ancient times, children take their names from some circumstance that has marked their entrance into life. Thus it was that when, on the 30th November last, some one came to tell me that one of the women who was attending the

religious instruction given to those who wished to be baptized, had just given birth to a little boy, I said, 'His name shall be "Sabbath."' It was on a Sabbath-day that this dear child was born; it was also on a Sabbath-day that he was consecrated to God by baptism; and again, it was on a Sabbath-day that he entered the eternal rest of heaven. The Christians at our Station have not failed to notice these circumstances. This babe was the first-born son of his parents. You can hardly fancy how precious he was to them. Perhaps, alas! he was too precious, and that is why the Lord, who does not wish us to have any idols in our hearts, took to himself little 'Sabbath.' The conduct of his parents has been most excellent. When the father saw the frightful progress that disease was making in his child, the enemy of souls tried to trouble him with doubts, and to make him do wrong in murmuring; but our friend triumphed over him by faith, and immediately made to the Lord the sacrifice to which he felt himself called. When he had done this, he was set free from all anxious fears, and remained quite calm. One day when I had gone to see the little invalid, his father said to me, as he held him in his arms, 'I have given him to the Lord; may His will be done. I often think of what I promised on the day of this dear babe's baptism. I promised then to bring him up for God, and it is a duty very difficult to discharge. If the Lord takes back to himself what he has lent me, I shall be freed from a heavy charge. All is well; I feel sure that my child will be happy in the presence of Christ.' And yesterday, when death had already made the body of his child stiff and cold, he said to me, with tears streaming down his face, 'When "Sabbath" was still living, I used to call him my son; to-day, now that he is with the Lord, I say to him, "Thou art my brother."' I confess I have rarely seen in the day

of trial a faith so strong as that of this man. It was the most perfect surrender of the will of a child to the will of a father.

"To-day we have buried the mortal remains of the departed child. On reaching the edge of the grave we sang a hymn about the sufferings of this life and the glories of heaven. It would be difficult for me to describe the impression the singing of this solemn hymn produced on us. We felt that for those whom Christ had redeemed, death has lost its sting and the grave its victory. After a short address on the words of our Saviour, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' we bade our last farewell to little 'Sabbath.'

"Dear children, as you read this account, you will not, I hope, forget to thank God for causing his Gospel to be preached among the poor pagans, who, during so many ages, have lived in terrible barbarism. You will, too, I hope, thank Him that this poor father was able to show such faith and hope in the presence of the lifeless body of his child; but do not forget that if you are still in this world, it is by God's undeserved favour, and that you ought to give all your life to him. To-day the grave has closed over little 'Sabbath;' soon, perhaps, it will close over one of you. Watch, then, and constantly pray to God so to prepare you to leave this world, that, at your last hour, you may be able to say with the Apostle John, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.'

"Believe, dear Children,

"In the love of your devoted friend,

"T. JOUSSE."

A MISSIONARY HYMN.

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

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

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

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

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

REV. J. G. SMALL.

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