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OCTOBER 1, 1859.

OPENING OF JAPAN.

PEOPLE often talk about the wonderful times we live in; and well they may. Never since the Son of God came into our world have there been such changes amongst the nations of the earth, as have taken place during the present age. And we want all our young friends to feel that they have come into the world at a time when they can do far more in promoting the happiness of mankind, than they could have done, had they been born many years ago. But of all the times that have passed over us, the last year may well be accounted the most important, chiefly on account of what has happened in the East—in India, in China, and in Japan. We shall now, however, speak only of the last of these three great countries. Let our readers turn to the map of Asia, and they will see to the east of China three large islands stretching from the south-west to the north-east, with many smaller islands near them. This group is the great empire of Japan. It is a noble country, with more people living in it than are found either in Great Britain and Ireland, or in the

United States of America. And these forty millions of Japanese are not savages, like the South Sea Islanders, and the natives of many other lands. On the contrary, they are highly civilized. Their country is rich, and much of it very fruitful. They are good farmers, excellent sailors, and exceedingly clever imitators. Their cities are well built; many of their houses handsomely furnished, and their manners to strangers easy and pleasant. But for a long time, you know, they have refused to have anything to do with England, America, or other Western nations, except the Dutch, and they could only live in one small island. And what is worse, the Japanese worship idols, and hate the very name of Jesus. Why they feel in this way towards Him whom all men ought to love and honour, and why they have so long shut out other nations from their own land, is well known. This was not the case between two and three hundred years ago. At that time, the Japanese were good friends with the English, the Portuguese, and other Western nations. But Popery—that wicked invention of the devil—made them the enemies of all who bear the Christian name. This change came to pass thus. In 1549, Jesuit Missionaries first went to Japan, and as they did little more than alter the names of the principal idols worshipped by the people, they easily made converts. In little more than sixty years, nearly two millions of Japanese professed themselves Papists. And if the Jesuits had merely tried to gain proselytes, no doubt Japan would soon have become a Popish country. But, not content with persuasion, they wished to employ force to bring over all the inhabitants

to their own belief. They treated the rulers with contempt, and wrote a letter to the King of Portugal, asking him to send out ships and soldiers to overthrow the Government. But the vessel that carried this letter was taken by the Dutch, and the letter was sent to the Emperor of Japan. At once the Portuguese were banished from the empire, and death was threatened to every one who either taught or professed Christianity. Thousands perished in consequence, and over the grave of the last of those who fell while fighting for their religion, the following words were engraved, "So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan." Sad is it to think that these interesting islanders knew nothing about Christianity but what they had seen in that system of falsehood and wickedness, which has so greatly dishonoured the sacred name. But though, for more than two hundred years, the Japanese have refused to allow Christians to live in their country, or even to trade with them, happily this separation from other nations is now at an end. The Americans, the English, and other nations, have made treaties with the Japanese, which will, we trust, open that empire to the Missionaries of Christ. This, indeed, has not yet been done, and perhaps there may be difficulties in the way of doing it; but it is the duty of Christians to trust and try, and we believe that, through the goodness of Him who has so far prepared their way, the attempt will not fail. Already the sounds of praise and salvation have been heard upon the shores of Japan. Our readers will, we think, like to read an account of the first Protestant service

held in that empire. It took place on Sunday the 1st of August, 1858, at a town called Simoda, situated about seventy miles from Yeddo, the capital, which stands far up the gulf of the same name, a view of which is given in our frontispiece. At Simoda, Mr. Harris, the American Consul, lives. His house was an idol's temple, but the ugly images formerly worshipped were turned without ceremony out of doors, to make room for the Christian stranger. After the treaty had been signed with the Americans, two of their ships of war cast anchor off Simoda, and, as Sunday was at hand, Mr. Harris proposed that worship should be held in this house. Preparations were made; as many of the officers and sailors as could be spared came on shore, and here, says one who was present, for the first time, in what had been an idol's temple, "the Bible was read, prayers were offered, a sermon was preached, and the sweet hymns of Zion were sung in tunes not less sweet or sacred; familiar to every one from childhood, but never so sweet and touching as when sung for the first time in Japan, and poured out in this old heathen temple. The sun shone out brilliantly; all was hushed around and quiet, and the Japanese, instead of rushing upon us with knives and swords, looked on the strange scene calmly, reverently, and with apparent interest." This was a good beginning, and it will, we trust, be followed by many services in which the natives themselves will join, heart and voice, in praising that Divine Redeemer whose Gospel has been sent to every creature under heaven.

MISSIONARY ZEAL, AND LIBERALITY OF
CONVERTED HEATHEN.

NO. I.

AMONGST the many proofs which the heathen converts have given of their love to Jesus Christ, and their desire for the salvation of their fellow creatures, is their liberality in the support and spread of the Gospel. Every report of the different Missionary Societies strikingly shows this. From these reports we learn that, year by year, tens of thousands of pounds are raised at the Mission Stations for carrying on the good work. These sums are large in themselves; but they are really greater than they often seem to be. For much of the money thus given is got by very hard labour indeed, and those who give it make sacrifices for the sake of the cause they love, far greater than we should make if we gave the same amount. Now, we think it will do good if we give our readers a few of the many instances of this which have been mentioned by Missionaries. And these cases, while they show what the Gospel has done for the heathen who were once "hateful, and hating one another," will, we hope, lead many to follow their bright example. A few of the facts we shall mention from time to time may be known to our readers, but most of them will be new. But, whether they have been read before or not, we think it will do good if we bring them together. This, then, we intend to do in several numbers of our Magazine.

It should here be stated that the Missionaries and many Native Christians, while teaching the people that they ought to give for the spread of the Gospel, have taken pains to show them that this should be done freely, as God loveth the cheerful giver. They have tried to make others feel and act according to the well known

resolutions passed at a Missionary Meeting in the West Indies: "1. We will all give something. 2. We will give as God has enabled us; and, 3. We will all give willingly." Those resolutions were acted upon at that very meeting, and the same thing has been done again and again elsewhere. When, for example, a Tahitian brought to his chief five bamboos of cocoa-nut oil, and, throwing them down with a look and a manner which plainly showed that he did not give with his heart, said, "Here are five bamboos of oil, take them for your Society," the chief answered "No! I will not mix your angry bamboos with the Missionary oil; take them away." A similar thing took place at Huahine. There a native brought a pig to the treasurer of the Missionary Auxiliary, and, throwing the screaming creature down upon the ground, said, in an angry tone, "Here is a pig for your Society!" "Take it back again," said the treasurer, mildly, "God does not accept angry pigs."

As an instance of a very different spirit, and such we believe to be far more common amongst converts than any other, the following fact may be mentioned. A Karen woman, who had heard of Jesus, and loved him with all her heart, lay upon the bed of death. Consumption had, for several months, kept her confined to her house. That house was a miserable place, a mere hut, and everything in it showed that the dying woman was very poor. But she was rich in faith and in good works. One day the Missionary called at her hut, and, after spending some time with her in conversation and prayer, rose up to go away, when the good creature begged him to stop a little longer. She then crept along to another part of the hut, and coming back to the Missionary, put a rupee, worth two shillings, into his hand. At first he did not know what she meant, and said to her, "What is to be done with

this?" "This is very little," she said, "but it is all I have, and it is to help the cause of Christ." "But you are old, and infirm, and poor," replied the Missionary. "Yes," she answered, "I am; but I love Christ, and this is very little." "For days," adds the Missionary, "I could not cease reflecting on the expression, 'This is to help the cause of Christ.' When I thought of the withered hand and wrinkled face of her who gave it, that rupee was magnified a thousand times beyond its real value."

The same forwardness to help the cause of Christ has often been shown. A Missionary labouring amongst the Caffres was anxious to raise money for an important object, but the church which he had formed was so small, and the members of it so very poor, that he resolved not to ask them to give even a penny. This was a grief to the good man; but as many of them were widows, as they earned the little money they had by carrying fire-wood to a town several miles off, and as he believed they were doing all they possibly could for the cause of Christ, he felt quite sure that he should not be right if he asked them to do more. One day he told a Native Teacher that he was going to plead for the object with the white people in Graham's Town. Immediately the teacher said, "Why don't you speak to us, and ask us to do something?" The Missionary told him his reason, and said, "I really think you are not able to do more in raising money than you now do. But I wish you would *feel* more, and *pray* more." He answered, "The Lord may put it into our hearts to *try* and do more." The Missionary was pleased and called the people together. Still he scarcely expected any money, for he could not see where it could come from. But, to his great surprise and delight, they came forward and subscribed about £14! Amongst those who gave there was a poor widow, who had the very spirit of her

whom the great Saviour commended when He saw her cast her two mites into the treasury. This good woman came up to him with fifteen shillings in her hand. The Missionary was almost afraid to take it, and told her that it was too much. "But," he writes, "her reply silenced me: 'The Lord,' she said, 'has done much for me.'" A short time afterwards she brought to him five shillings more, and told him that her heart would not be still until she had made up the pound.

In the same spirit an old Christian Negro in the West Indies came one day, when a collection was to be made, hobbling to the place of worship upon his crutch and stick, and put down a dollar before the Missionary, telling him the object for which it was given. Looking at the old man, who he knew was very poor, the Missionary said, "Where did you get that dollar?" This was his answer: "Me take care of some little children through the day, while their mothers are in the field at work, for which they give me some pence, and I keep them till they come to one dollar, and me give im with all me heart."



OUR FIRST NATIVE PREACHER IN BENGAL.

PART I.

THE first Native Preacher in Bengal, connected with the London Missionary Society, was a man named Narapat Singh, a high-caste Brahmin. He was a most zealous Hindoo, and being a priest, he performed service in one of the principal temples in the sacred city of Benares. He was thought so holy by the people, that multitudes waited by the wayside for his passing, casting themselves upon the ground that he might honour them by placing his foot upon their heads. They even went so far as to beg

the water in which he had bathed his feet, that they might drink it, supposing that in this way they would get some of his holiness. This man was very rich, and lived in luxury. He was also learned in all the learning of the Hindoos, and his opinion upon points in which they did not agree was generally received by the other Brahmins as the truth. In consequence of all this, he was puffed up with pride, and thought himself to be little less than a god. Once he had occasion to visit Calcutta, which was 500 miles from Benares. He hired a beautiful vessel called a budgerow, or pinnace, and sailed down the Ganges. With him there were two other Brahmins, his particular friends, and a great many servants. Several idol gods, also, were taken on board, and twice every day idolatrous rites were performed, and prayers offered to these senseless objects. At Calcutta he joined in all the amusements of the place, and every day he sought after some new sinful pleasure. On the evening before he began his voyage back to Benares, he was returning with his two Brahmin companions from a scene of sin and folly, when his attention was drawn to a building which was lighted up with about twenty oil lamps, and filled with a crowd of natives. Supposing it to be a place of amusement, he and his friends went in; but great was their surprise at finding, not, as they expected, dancing girls, or the jugglers performing their conjuring tricks, but a white man preaching to the people, in their own language, on the subject of religion. It was the Missionary of Christ, and he was begging the heathen to turn from dumb idols to the living God. This subject was quite new to the proud Brahmin. He had never attended to it before; for though he had heard the name of Christ, as the God of the English, he supposed him to be the same as Kristnu, one of the gods of the Hindoos, and never thought more of the matter.

But now strange things came to his ears; and with astonishment he listened to the wonderful story of redeeming love. He had naturally an inquiring mind, and was never satisfied until he fully understood any subject which interested him; so, when the Missionary described the pure and spotless character of Christ, and contrasted it with what the Shastres say about Kristnu, the most corrupt and filthy of all the heathen gods, he felt sure that they could not be the same being. Then again, when sins were described of which he felt himself guilty, and the preacher showed that all idolatrous ceremonies would not save from destruction, he became greatly distressed. His two friends saw this, and did all they could to drive what he had heard from his thoughts. But it was of no use, and therefore, when he went to the vessel, which was to sail the next morning, he was filled with anxious concern about the salvation of his soul. As soon as he came on board, one of the Brahmins began, as was the usual custom, to ring a small bell before the idols, and to commence the evening *poaja*, or worship; but Narapot immediately commanded him to stop, and, for the first time, the worship of the idols was omitted, never to be repeated whilst he remained in the vessel. Early the next morning he found out the Missionary's house, and had a long conversation with him on the subject of the last night's discourse. The Missionary then gave him a New Testament, and several religious tracts. With these treasures he began his voyage home. This lasted more than two months, and during that time the Word of God was his daily study. He was now so convinced of its truth, that he began earnestly to seek salvation through Jesus Christ; and by the time he reached his home, his views were entirely changed. He was now no longer a Hindoo in his heart, and although he still wore the *poita*,

or sacred thread, the sign of his Brahminical caste, he was a sincere, though a secret believer in Jesus. What he should do was now the one great subject which occupied his thoughts, and agitated his mind. If he publicly confessed his faith in Christ, he knew that he would lose his caste, forfeit his property, be driven from his home and his friends, and literally suffer the loss of all things. And he also knew that even his life would not be safe, for the heathen would think that they were doing good service to their gods by the murder of an apostate priest. His Brahminical friends begged him to act the hypocrite, and advised him, if he could not help believing in Christ, to hide his real views, and to appear as usual in the temple; and if he only offered a flower to the idol, that would be sufficient to satisfy the multitude. Thus, they said, he would be able both to keep his property and his high rank, and at the same time secretly worship God. But with this kind of reasoning Narapot could not agree, and believing the words of Jesus which he had read in the New Testament, "If any man love father or mother, houses or lands, more than me, he is not worthy of me," he resolved to risk all for Christ. He therefore publicly declared that he could no longer worship the gods of his fathers, as he now trusted for salvation to the merits of Jesus Christ alone. As he expected, the heathen were filled with rage against him. A mob surrounded his house, and declared that they would not be satisfied but with his blood. Even his brethren cursed and insulted him. They said that he was an outcast, worse than even a pariah, and altogether unfit to live; but, that if he wished to save his wretched life, he must quietly give up to them all his property, and under the darkness of night leave the city, never to return. This, therefore, he resolved to do, and having packed up a small bundle of clothes, and taken a few rupees, the only

things his cruel brethren would let him have, he left his house at midnight; and, for the love he bore to Christ, this great and rich man cheerfully gave up his honours, and property worth more than £30,000, and became an outcast and a wanderer upon the face of the earth. At that time even the meanest beggar would have thought himself disgraced to have joined his company. But, as we shall see hereafter, none of these things moved him.

MOHAMMEDAN CONVERT.

E. W. was a Mohammedan of influence in the city of T. Having had a good education, he had been employed by the Pasha of the province as scribe; but being an honest man, his conscience was troubled by the corruption and bribery which he saw, and he therefore gave up his office and opened a shop.

One day this man was at Constantinople on business, in the house of a Pasha. While sitting waiting to see the Pasha, he took up a book which lay upon the table, and began to read. It was a copy of the Psalms, in Turkish; for the Scriptures are frequently purchased by Turks of every rank. He had never seen the book before, and he read it with great curiosity; and so much interested did he become in it, that, hearing footsteps near, he thrust the book into his bosom, and when he left the house carried it with him.

While on his way back to his native city, he fell in with B., one of the Armenian Protestants. They got into conversation, and he began to talk about this curious book which he had found, and brought it forth and showed it to him. B. told him it was a part of the Christian Scriptures, and that there were many more books equally

good. E. W. was very anxious to secure the book thus described, for he thought that if it were all like this one, that would be a precious treasure. Great, therefore, was his joy at obtaining a copy.

He now began in earnest to read this new book, and about this time Missionaries came to the place where he was. He sought them out, and, according to his own account, he watched them closely, to see whether their lives agreed with the high morality of their sacred book. As its truths were opened to him, his heart was touched and his life showed their power. He ceased attending mosque and keeping Ramadan. He kept the Sabbath, and prayed to his God.

The change was noticed by his wife. She was shocked at the thought of her husband becoming an infidel, and did all she could to hinder him. Not being able to read his Bible, nor pray in his house in peace, he used to rise at midnight, while his family slept, to read and pray. His Bible was kept hid; for he well knew, what his wife has since confessed, that could she have laid hands on it, she would have burned it. He prayed meanwhile that her heart might be softened, and her eyes opened; and accordingly, he was one day surprised by a request from her that he would read to her some of that new book. He, of course, did so gladly, and frequently thereafter. It was not long before she expressed a desire to learn to read herself, which, in a Turkish woman, was presumption. She learned to read, and also learned to pray, and to sit with him at Jesus' feet. Then her sister, living in the family, also learned to read, and received the new faith.

According to Mohammedan law, apostasy from that faith is to be punished with death; and not long since a Christian was executed in Adrianople. E. W. knew this well, but was not afraid to confess his Saviour. Indeed,

he was so bold, that his friends were often obliged to warn him and keep him back.

One day he was called before the Pasha, who knew him, and who asked about the change of which he had heard. At once he confessed his belief in Jesus; and though he was dismissed, he saw his danger, and that he could not remain in safety much longer. He therefore made preparations for leaving. But this was no easy matter, for no one can travel in Turkey without a passport. But providentially he got away to a neighbouring city, and soon after, his family joined him. But here he found that news of his conversion had followed him, and that he was watched. Secret plots were laid to take his life. Being satisfied of this, he determined to escape from Turkey with his family. But this seemed hardly possible. He was a marked man, his neighbours knew him as such, and his every movement was watched. For a whole family in Turkey to leave their house with baggage and go on board of a vessel, would in any case be a strange proceeding, and much noticed. How then could he escape? Moreover, he could not, of course, obtain a passport from the authorities, and without it he could not hope to be received on board of any vessel. But here again the Lord was with him. An English steamer was in the harbour. The captain, on hearing his story, consented to take them on board without passports. But still, how could they get on board safely? Providentially, the day before the sailing of the steamer, E. W. received notice from government that, the next day, he must go with his family to a certain place in the interior, where, no doubt, it was intended to kill him. He said nothing in reply to this, but merely informed his neighbours that he had received such an order, which they understood as well as he. The next morning he left his house openly, with his family and

baggage, and went, not into exile, as they supposed, but on board the steamer.

They sailed without discovery, and began to breathe freely; but a new danger awaited them. They had to enter another Turkish port, and here, through some informality in the ship's papers, they were detained, and their passports were to be examined. He had none, and what should he do? The Lord was with him still. Among those who came off in boats to see the steamer, from curiosity or other reasons, was one who had formerly lived in E. W.'s native city, and while there had received favours from him. They knew each other. The friend inquired of E. W. where he was going. He, to avoid a direct answer, said, "A good journey." The friend understood him to mean that he was going to Mecca on pilgrimage. E. W., without stopping to correct the error, stated the difficulty he was in from having no passport. His friend offered to get one for him, and, being in some official position, succeeded in doing so. Thus they escaped, and landed safely on British soil. But though they saved their lives, they lost everything else. He was a man of some property, in good business, and of influence, but all was abandoned.

EARNEST DESIRE FOR INSTRUCTION.

"A NUMBER of strangers," writes a Missionary from South Africa, "presented themselves one Sabbath at the Griqua chapel. On concluding the service, I inquired who they were, and was told that they were a party of Amakosa Kaffirs, who had come to hear the Word of God. Next morning some of them called upon me, and told me that

they had determined to leave their own country, and come where the Word of God was taught. I inquired what made them so anxious about instruction? They replied, 'Some time ago, this man (pointing to a very insignificant-looking little old man) came among us, and since then we have been desirous of instruction.' This was an old Griqua, who had left Griquatown some years ago on a visit to his wife's friends, who were living in the colony. I asked him, 'Are you the teacher of these people?' 'No, Sir,' he replied; 'I know nothing, and how can I teach?' 'But they say that they heard something of the Word of God from you.' 'Yes, Sir, I will tell you how that was. While wandering about in the colony, I came to where these people were living; and, as usual, in the evening, before going to sleep, I and my family sang a hymn. The Kaffirs came round us to see and hear what we were doing. They then asked me some questions about what we had been singing; and I tried to answer them as well as I could, by telling them some few things I remembered having heard at Griquatown. Since that time they have wished me to remain with them till they could get a teacher. We now meet and sing a hymn. I try to say something to explain it, and then we try to pray to God; but,' he added, with great simplicity, 'Oh, Sir! it is poor and hard work to teach when you know nothing yourself. And so we agreed to come here together, to see if we cannot get some one to teach us.'

"These individuals had come 250 miles to seek religious instruction, being induced to do so by the feeble efforts of a poor ignorant man. 'So, then, neither is he that planteth anything, nor he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase.'"

MARY ANNE'S PRAYER.

SOME years ago a poor heathen woman stopped at the door of a large school in the south of India, and asked to see *the Princess*, as she called the lady who had charge of it. She had with her two little girls, whom she said the lady might keep if she liked, as they were of no use to her. "But I should not like to take your children from you, it would not be right," said the lady. "Well, then, I must walk on to the next town and sell them, as I meant to do at first," the woman answered; "only as I passed the school, I thought the English mother might take care of the little ones." She was turning away, when the lady stopped her. "Do not sell these poor children," she said: "if you will not keep them and love them, as their mother should, leave them here with me, and they shall be taught and kindly treated; but do not forget them. Come whenever you like to see them." The woman left the children; and, saying that was all she wanted, walked quickly down the hill, and was soon out of sight. The little girls were taken into the house, and soon made comfortable in the neat dress of the school.

There were sixty girls in the school when these poor children were left there by their mother: they were not all heathen, though they knew very little about all that our Saviour has done for us: they are called Syrian Christians, and pray to images almost as ignorantly as the heathen do.

After Mary Anne and her little sister had been in the school some time, and had learned much from their kind teacher of the love of Jesus in dying to save their souls, there was a grand Missionary holiday. The girls made wreaths of flowers for the room, and every one seemed to try and make it a happy day. One of the pleasures their

kind teacher gave them that morning was, that instead of learning the verse in the text book, each little girl should choose one for herself. How bright all their faces were when the lady came into the room to hear their verses! One after another had said her text. At last it was Mary Anne's turn. The lady waited, and, when she heard no sound, she looked up and said, "Mary Anne, have not you learned a verse?" The little girl raised her eyes from the ground, and, in a trembling voice, said: "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." Then she covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears. The lady took no notice of her till all the verses were said, and then she called the child into her own room, and said, "Mary Anne, what were you thinking of when you said that verse? what made you so sad?" "Oh, kind teacher," said the little girl, "I was thinking of my poor mother. She is a heathen woman, and never hears of the Good Shepherd you have taught us about." "I wish I could tell her about Jesus," said the lady. "You must pray for her every day, dear child, and ask God to send her to some one who will tell her of the Saviour." "Yes, I do," said Mary Anne, "but she stands out all day selling her little things to people, and never goes near the kind Missionaries." The lady tried to comfort the little girl, by telling her how ready God is to hear and answer prayer, and how easily He could guide her to some village, where she could hear the good news of salvation; for there are more Missionaries in that part of India than in the North.

Nearly eight years have passed since that day; but can we doubt that God will answer dear little Mary Anne's prayer? He gave her the desire to pray, and will surely grant her request.

THE EAGER LEARNER.

WE are always pleased to find in the history of Missions examples of persons who love instruction, and most of all the instruction given by the Word of God. A French Missionary, in South Africa, M. Maitin, of Berea, informs us that, among the people of his Station, the desire of being able to read is growing more and more; and he gives the following story to show this:—

"A young married man," he writes, "had received a spelling-book. As he could not find any one in the village where he lived who could teach him to read, and as he was too far off to pay many visits to our Station, he resolved to come over to us every Saturday, and to stay until the following Wednesday. In this way his desire to learn to read led him to attend our services on Sunday. For some months he thus spent three days of every week near us. He had a great deal of difficulty in learning; but what cannot perseverance do? Even in his sleep, he was heard repeating the letters and spelling the words. At last he told me that he could not live any longer at such a distance from the good things he was hearing here, and that whenever he returned to his village he felt unhappy as he saw the dances and the amusements in which the pagans indulged; he lamented, too, that his wife could not hear God's Word. So he told his chief that he intended to dwell at our Station. The chief opposed his plan, and declared that he would not allow him to remove his property from the village; and the parents of his wife took their daughter back to their own house, not being willing that she should go and live amongst Christians. Mokilanyane (this was the young man's name) was grieved, but not discouraged, by these difficulties. But, however, he came and settled near our house of prayer;

and it was not many months before he was allowed to take first his furniture and other moveables, then his wife, and lastly the few cattle he possessed."

We have reason to hope that this young man was taught God's Word not only by his kind teachers but by the Holy Spirit, and truly to trust in our Lord Jesus Christ as his only Saviour.

THE TWO GIVERS.

THERE was once a collection for Foreign Missions, and the people as they passed by dropped their money into the plate. A rich man in the congregation put in five pounds, and a poor little girl, who came out just after him, put in a penny. As the rich man's money was laid on the plate, people admired the liberality of the gift, but they took no notice of the poor little girl's penny. But Jesus and the holy angels were looking on too; and they were not like the people that stood by, for they noticed the little girl and her penny, but took less notice of the rich man and his five pounds. And why?

That same morning the rich man had said to himself, "What shall I give to this collection for Foreign Missions? I must give five pounds, for that is what will be expected of me."

But that same morning the little girl had been reading in her Bible the story of the love of Jesus, and she loved Him in return. She thought within herself, "If Jesus did so much for me, what can I do to show my love to Him? There is to be a collection for the Foreign Missions this day, and I have only a penny; but I will give my penny for Jesus' sake, and it may be He will accept it from me, for I love Him very much."

The little girl took her penny and laid it on the chair before which she was kneeling, and she prayed thus for a blessing:—"Oh, my God! here is a penny which I wish to give to Thee. Oh, take it, Lord, although I am not worthy to give it, and bless it so as to make it do good to the poor heathen."

The little girl, when she put in her penny, never thought about the men that stood by. She saw gold and silver on the plate; and as she felt how little was her offering, she felt also how good it was in God to permit her to give it, although it was so small.

There was a prayer-meeting of the Sunday School that same evening, and the heathen were not forgotten in their prayers; but the little girl especially was very earnest that God would send his Gospel to the poor heathen. She followed her penny with her prayers. Her heart was enlarged; her love became stronger; her zeal for Jesus increased. Was this all? No! Her offering of faith and love is remembered on high, and a day is coming when her "Father, who seeth in secret, Himself shall reward her openly."—*Carrier Dove.*

A TRICK OF BOODHIST PRIESTS.

IN some parts of China very large oysters are found, from which pearls are taken; and hence they are called pearl oysters. Some of these are taken up by the Boodhist priests, and very carefully opened. Eight or nine little leaden images of the god Boodh are then placed inside the shell, without injuring the oyster, and the shell is again closed and placed in the water; there it is allowed to remain for about a year, when, upon being taken out and re-opened, the little leaden images are found to be covered

with the same substance, and to have the same shining appearance, as the inside of the shell. They look as if they formed part of it, and grew, as it were, out of it.

“See, here is a wonder! Behold a miracle!” cry the priests. “Who would have thought of images of Boodh being found within oyster shells? How great and how wonderful must our god Boodh be! What cannot he do, if he can work such a miracle as this?” Pretending that the shell is then for the first time taken out of the water, they lead the people to conclude that it is a wonder of creation to find it so stamped, and an undoubted proof of the power of their wonderful god.



HYMN.

COME, let us thank and praise our God,
 Though poor our service be;
 He bids us thank Him, claims our praise,
 For good and kind is He.

Jesus, we bless Thee for Thy love,
 Thy life so freely given,
 Thy precious blood, Thy saving grace,
 Thy promised rest in heaven.

Thou art the King of Glory! Lord,
 We praise Thy glorious name;
 Oh, let our lives, from day to day,
 Thy grace and truth proclaim.

Lord, teach and quicken all our minds
 Thy wondrous love to see,
 And so constrain us, more and more,
 To love and follow Thee.

So may our hearts within us burn
 To tell of Jesus' blood,
 'Till all men, everywhere, shall learn
 To praise their Saviour God.

T. SHANN,

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