

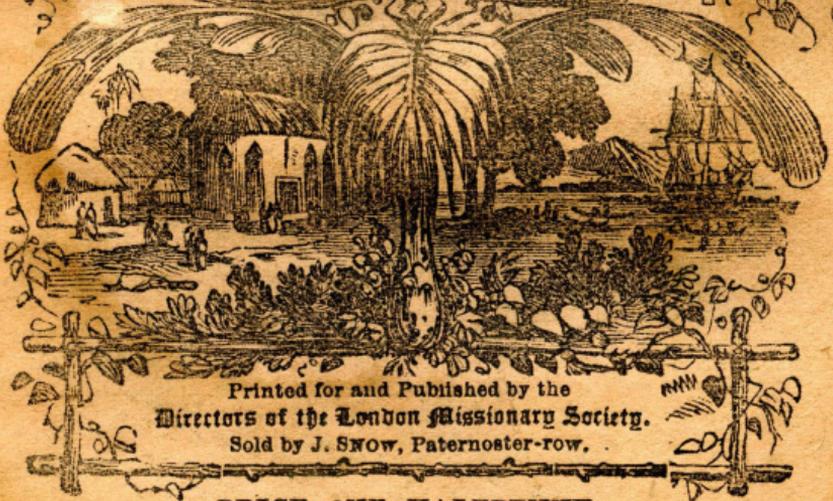
NOVEMBER, 1859.

No. 186.

VOL. XVI.

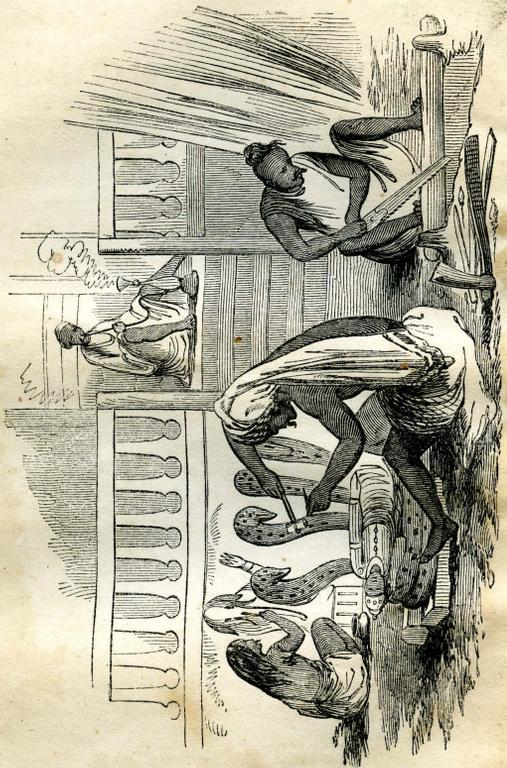


THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY
MAGAZINE



Printed for and Published by the
Directors of the London Missionary Society.
Sold by J. SNOW, Paternoster-row.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



The Idol Workshop.

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NOVEMBER 1, 1859.

THE IDOL WORKSHOP.

In the Frontispiece this month, you have a picture of the workshop of a maker of idols. In the background you will see the master sitting, very quietly smoking his pipe, looking at three workmen while they are engaged in their strange employment. That man in the middle is chiselling out the god called Ananba, which is a snake with four heads. But, upon the body of this snake, as it is rolled up, you will see another image. That is Vishnu, one of the principal gods worshipped by the millions of Hindoos. On the left hand, at the back of the shop, you will see a second workman: he is ornamenting with a celebrated red paint a figure of Ganesa, the god of wisdom. This god, you will remember, has an elephant's head, and the godmaker is just now painting the trunk. The third man, upon the right hand, has fixed two blocks in the ground, against which he is pressing a log of wood with his foot, so as to keep it firm while he saws it through.

How utterly ignorant and foolish the people must be to fancy that idols made in this way can be gods.

But in this you see the truth of the words spoken by the prophet Jeremiah (Jer. x. 3—5): "One cutteth a tree out of the forest, the work of the hands of the workmen, with the axe. They deck it with silver and with gold; they fasten it with nails and with hammers, that it move not. They are upright as the palm tree, but speak not: they must needs be borne, because they cannot go. Be not afraid of them; for they cannot do evil, neither also is it in them to do good." And yet the poor heathens tremble before the images that their own hands have made. We might well laugh at their folly, but we ought rather to weep over their ignorance and sin, and to pray and strive without ceasing that they may be turned from dumb idols to serve the living and true God.

MISSIONARY ZEAL, AND LIBERALITY OF CONVERTED HEATHEN.

NO. II.

FEW Christians have been more liberal than the converted negroes of the West Indies. As soon as they ceased to be slaves, and were able to get payment for their labour, like the Macedonian believers in Paul's days, "they abounded in the riches of their liberality." The question with many of them seemed to be—not, *how little must I give* to the good cause, but, *how much can I?* Some of them appear as if they felt they could never do enough for that great and gracious Saviour to whom they owed their freedom, both from the slavery of man and the dominion of sin. And next to gratitude to Christ, was the love they felt to

His servants, and their thankfulness to them for their labours. Some time since the Rev. J. Roome, of Berbice, was laid aside by a dangerous attack of fever. As his people loved their teacher, and valued his teaching, they were filled with fears for his safety, and prayer was made unto God for him continually. That prayer was heard. And when he recovered, they resolved to present a thank offering to God; "and, to my astonishment," writes Mr. Roome, "the amount subscribed by them for this purpose was about £220! It was," he adds, "with thrilling interest I watched them of their own accord, from the child of a year old to the man of hoary hairs, pressing forward to place upon the altar of the sanctuary a 'thank offering' to God for His goodness to their minister. One dear man called out, and said, in the peculiar manner of the people, 'I value you, Sir, at *thirty guilders*' (nearly £2), and several followed his example. Others, according to their ability, seemed delighted to cast their gifts into the treasury of God on this deeply interesting occasion. I think it right to state that I distinctly told them that whatever they gave would go towards paying for the new chapel. When I informed them of my intention to do so, they said in reply, 'If minister were sick, we would give him the last *bit* (a small coin) we have with all our hearts.'"

When the chapel was finished, sermons were preached at the opening of it, and seldom, even in our own rich country, have such collections been made as that made by these poor negroes. It was no less a sum than £400; and besides this they gave, during the same year, to the cause of God, nearly £1400 more, making together £1800. How plain it is that these converted Africans had not only learned the command "Freely ye have received, freely give," but had also remembered the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

But this liberal spirit was not confined to a single congregation. Another, in the same colony, gave during that year £800; and a third the large sum of £2000; and a fourth, not so large nor so well able to give, raised £350 in five months; and one evening when the Missionary had been preaching to them, the deacons followed him into his house, and, after standing a few minutes, one of them, in the name of the church and congregation, begged him to accept a bag of money which he held in his hand as a small token of their love. That bag contained between £60 and £70. The good deacons had much to say, but the Missionary could not answer them. His heart was too full; and tears told how much he felt their kindness. With such facts, we shall not be surprised to hear the Missionary say, "Almost half the congregation are holy and consistent Church Members, and others are pressing into the kingdom. All glory be to God's most holy name, all honour to the Lamb that was slain!"

Another negro, both old and poor, who had been raised up from a sick bed, and whose heart overflowed with thankfulness to God for his recovery, came one week evening service to a chapel at an out-station in Berbice, and as soon as the sermon was ended, and just as the last hymn was about to be read, he stepped up towards the pulpit, and said to the Missionary that he wished to say a few words to his brothers and sisters. The Missionary said he might do so, and then inquired what he wished to say. "I want," said he, very earnestly, "to tell God 'Thank you' with this," taking something wrapped in paper out of his pocket, and laying it down upon the pulpit stairs. He then went on to say that before he was sick, he planted some yams and other provisions; but, as the season had been very dry, he was afraid that there would be no crop. As soon as he was able, he went

to the piece of ground, and was delighted to find out his mistake; and as Providence had been so kind to him, he wanted "to tell God 'Thank you!'" with ten dollars, the sum which he had got for his provisions above what he expected.

But these large-hearted Africans do not show their liberality merely now and then in gifts and donations. Most of them are regular subscribers to the cause of Christ, and, considering how poor they often are, and how hard they must work for their living, the sums they sometimes give are very wonderful. One field labourer, for instance, subscribed three shillings and sixpence a week, and as he had to support a wife and nine children, the Missionary to whom he brought his offering, told him that he thought he was giving more than he could afford. The good man seemed surprised that his minister should think so, and at once said, "No! I only give sixpence a week for myself, sixpence for my wife, sixpence for my eldest boy, and threepence a week for all the rest of them."

And to show how these Christian parents desire to lead their children to love and help the cause to which they themselves owe so much, another instance may be given. At the close of the service one Sabbath morning, after which a collection was to be made at the chapel door, a negress was seen going down the aisle with a little babe in her arms, and as she drew near the door, she took a piece of silver out of her pocket, and, opening the finger and thumb of her babe, she put it between them, and held the little hand in her own until she came to the door. She then moved the infant's hand over the plate, opened the finger and thumb to let the money drop, and with a smile of satisfaction she nodded to the deacon, and said, "Ah, massa, me love to bring him up to it!"

Surely with such sacrifices God is well pleased.

OUR FIRST NATIVE PREACHER IN BENGAL.

PART II.

AFTER some time, Narapot became acquainted with a pious English military officer, who employed him as an interpreter. With this gentleman he went to Guzerat, where he continued between three and four years, during which time he employed his leisure in visiting the bazaars, and preaching the Gospel to the natives in the Guzaratti language, which, by hard study, he learned to speak in a few months. His kind friend, the officer, being compelled to return to Europe, Narapot Sing once more made his way to Bengal, bringing with him letters of introduction to the Missionaries in Calcutta, and in the year 1826 he was employed by the London Missionary Society as a Native Catechist, and became the assistant and companion of Mr. Gogerly. In the service of this Society he remained till his death, and during the whole of this time his conduct was most consistent, and, both by his preaching and example, he recommended the Gospel to all around. As a preacher he was most earnest and affectionate, and his extensive knowledge of Hindooism enabled him to expose the false reasonings of the Brahmins, while to others he pointed out the folly and wickedness of idolatry, and told them of the love and power of the only true Saviour. He frequently accompanied the Missionary in his preaching journeys, and seemed never to be weary in this good work. At dawn of day he would visit the villages, and speak to the people as they left their home for their daily labour; or, standing by the banks of the Ganges, while surrounded by the multitudes who flocked to bathe in the sacred stream, he would point them to the Fountain which had been opened for sin and uncleanness. In the *melas*, or

public fairs held at the holy places, where hundreds of thousands of pilgrims meet together, he spoke boldly against idolatry, and preached Christ as the only Saviour of the world.

Mr. Kennedy, of Benares, writing to the Directors of the Missionary Society, after his death, says:—"Our departed friend never expressed regret for what he had lost and suffered. He knew that he had chosen a better portion than this world could give. We do not remember to have heard him once boast of the sacrifice he had made, and claim on that account the admiration of his brethren. When in the enjoyment of health and strength, he approved himself a zealous and energetic labourer. He had good talents for speaking, and was ever ready to exercise them in proclaiming the Gospel to his countrymen. He had a firm trust in Jesus, as the only Saviour. Two evenings before his death, he was asked if he now regretted the step which in his earlier life he had taken, of joining the people of God; and he replied, with all the energy he possessed, 'No, no; never, never.' We have the fullest confidence that he has entered into the joy of heaven."

One interesting event in his history is worthy of particular notice. About twenty years after he was converted and driven away from Benares; when most of his personal enemies were dead, and the facts before narrated were nearly forgotten, the Missionaries in that large city, thinking that his talents might be more useful there than where he was then labouring, wrote to the brethren in Calcutta on the subject, stating that, should there be any opposition on the part of the natives towards him, they would be able to protect him from their violence. The Missionaries with whom he had been so long, though unwilling to give up the useful services of their friend, saw that it would be good for him to return to his native

place; they therefore advised him to accept the invitation. This he consented to do, and at once prepared for his journey. A small country boat was engaged, and, being supplied with several thousands tracts and portions of the Scripture, in the Bengalee and Oordoo languages, he was by prayer commended to the care of God, and with his wife, a pious Christian woman, and their two children, he set out upon his return voyage to Benares. Every morning and evening he went on shore, and preached daily in the villages, or on the banks of the river, and at the same time gave tracts to all who wished to have them. In this way he had gone about 300 miles up the river, when one day some villagers told him that a notorious *Dacoit*, or robber, who was the terror of that part of the country, and was at the head of a large gang of desperate men, was in the neighbourhood; that he was a most bigoted Hindoo; and, knowing that Narapot was a converted Brahmin, it was feared that, if he fell into this robber's hands, it would fare ill with him. Acting upon this information, Narapot did what he could to prevent being surprised, and in the evening, instead of fastening his boat to the shore, as was his custom, he dropped his anchor in the middle of the stream. About nine o'clock, however, he was alarmed by hearing the boatmen cry out, "The Dacoits!" and, looking to the shore, he saw a crowd of men, armed with clubs and spears, getting into boats with the evident intention of attacking him. He immediately cut the little cable, and his men rowed for their lives. But the robbers followed them, with horrid yells and oaths, and swore they would kill all on board if they did not stop. But the boatmen put forth all their strength, and soon got so far ahead of their enemies, that the chase was given over, and the robbers returned to the shore. It was near midnight when Narapot and his wearied crew

came back to the same village where, in the former part of the day, he had first heard of the robbers; and, to his surprise, he found several persons still on the beach, who, after expressing their pleasure at his escape, seized his little boat and drew it up high and dry on the shore. This strange conduct made Narapot fear that these people were friends of the robbers; and this proved to be the case, for in less than an hour the whole gang, headed by their dreaded chief, came rushing through the village down to the beach, crying out, "Aha! you thought you had escaped us, but the gods have delivered the apostate into our hands!" Instead of his trying to hide himself, or run away, as they expected, to their astonishment he came boldly forward, and, standing on the bow of his boat, he spoke in such a commanding manner, that the poor ignorant savages thought they had mistaken the man, and were about to raise their hands against a holy Brahmin; which is considered by the Hindoos a sin of so deadly a character that there is no pardon for it, either in this world or the world to come. Narapot, taking advantage of this feeling, began to speak to the robbers of the wickedness of their conduct; and, writing the next day to Mr. Gogerly, he said, "I preached to them of righteousness and a judgment to come." There must have been something so impressive and solemn in his address, aided as he must have been by the Holy Spirit, that he wrote, "After a time, they all began to be alarmed at the thought of the judgment to come, and they trembled." He then spoke to them of the love of God, the atonement of Christ, and the willingness of God to forgive all their sins, and finally to take them to the joys of Heaven." In this way they spent the night, he not knowing how the time was passing, when, looking towards the east, he saw the first streaks of day, and then ex-

claimed, "See, brethren, the night is past, the day is breaking; here is my boat, and within is my wife and children, and all that I possess in this world; now, will you kill us or rob us?" They all cried, "No, brother, we will not hurt a hair of your head, or take from you the least article;" and they then brought from their houses bunches of plantains and other fruits, and begged him to accept them as a peace-offering. He was greatly affected at what he saw and heard, and said, "Brethren, before we part, let us pray to the great God for mercy;" and, with uplifted eyes and hands to heaven, he supplicated the throne of the heavenly grace, whilst these rude and savage men, who had never heard the voice of prayer before, looked on with wonder, and listened with the greatest reverence. When the prayer was ended, with many a salaam they pushed his boat into the stream, and Narapot went on his voyage, and in due time arrived at the station to which he had been appointed. There he laboured for the spiritual good of his fellow-countrymen most faithfully, until God was pleased to take him to himself.

Such were some of the circumstances connected with the eventful life of this good man and devoted Native Missionary, and the youthful reader will be able to understand from this history the trials to which the Native Christians were formerly exposed. At the present time things have become more favourable, but every one in India who breaks caste and embraces Christianity, is exposed, even now, to trials and persecutions altogether unknown in this our own dear native land. How earnestly we should pray that God would be pleased to strengthen and encourage the Christian converts, and enable them, as he did Narapot Sing, cheerfully to bear suffering and loss, for the sake of Christ our Lord!

A WILD FLOWER GATHERED FROM THE CUDDA-PAH JUNGLE.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
ATCHAMMA, THE BUFFALO DRIVER.

THE following history is longer than we generally give our readers, but it is so beautiful, and so interesting, that no one of them, we are sure, will wish it had been shorter. In sending it to the Editor, the Rev. E. Porter says most truly, "This and other instances of the benefit of Christian instruction are sufficient to show that our labours amongst this degraded people have not been in vain." Mr. Porter also expresses the hope that the narrative may encourage others to persevere in the great work of spreading the Gospel amongst the heathen.

The lover of Nature, when in search of her most rare or beautiful productions, varies his path. Sometimes he strolls through a garden which at once shows the care and labour of the owner; and from thence he selects a flower delicate and beautiful, upon which much attention has been bestowed. It has been sheltered from the burning rays of the sun and the rude blasts of the storm; watered, and nurtured, until, in full or partial bloom, it has become an object of admiration to many, and of intense interest to the owner. It is deemed worthy of a place in the amateur's hand, *and he gathers it*. He leaves the garden, and wanders by the mountain side, or into the unfrequented desert path, and there too he finds a flower, at first sight not so beautiful or attractive as the garden one, but his practised eye sees its worth, and he removes it to a more genial spot, where it may be trimmed and cared for, until that too shall be worthy of a place in his own garden.

So our heavenly Father sometimes sees fit to take a most loved and cherished one, young, fair, and accomplished; disappointing a father's fondest hopes, and almost breaking a mother's heart. But it is in love, and in love too he takes away a poor girl from an orphan school, and both sing one song in the family circle above, as they did in the family circle below. The pen of the Biographer is called to sketch the life of the titled lady, and the "Young Cottager;" and they both tell the same tale—that "God is love;" nor will that truth appear less manifest perhaps in the simple annals of "Atchamma, the buffalo driver."

About eight years ago, a wild, strange looking girl was brought to the Mission House at Cuddapah, by an almost equally wild looking man, who had but lately abandoned idolatry. Speaking to the Missionary's wife, he said, "Ma'am, will you take this girl into your school?"

"Why, Andrew?"

"Ma'am, she is my half sister; she is very stupid; she knows nothing of the true God; she knows little of anything, but how to drive buffaloes."

"But why, Andrew, do you care for this?"

"Ah! why? Now I know a little of this wonderful religion, I wish my relative to know it too; so I have brought my step-mother and her daughter here, that they too may become Christians."

After a little more conversation on the subject, the girl was received into the school. To her it was a new life altogether, and it was feared it would not prove an agreeable one. The quiet routine of a school was a great change to one accustomed to the wanderings of a village life, taking out the buffaloes and cows to graze, wherever a little grass could be found for them to eat; and one can easily imagine that to one so long accustomed to it, the lowing of the cattle and the tinkle of the bullock's bell

were a more agreeable sound than the hum of voices in the school, or even the singing of an Evening Hymn. But Atchamma settled down, and soon it was evident that she took much pleasure in getting knowledge. Stupid as she seemed, she learned more quickly than many who appeared much more capable.

Day by day she went on learning to read, to work, and sing, but her health, affected in some measure by the change of diet and circumstances, began to fail; and the doctor gave little hopes of her recovery. She was most patient in suffering, and, under proper medical treatment, gradually but partially recovered.

When she had been with us about twelve months, she said to one of the elder girls one morning, "I want to speak to Ma'am."

"Why, Atchamma?"

"Oh, I want to be baptized."

"But, Atchamma, you are not well enough to move to-day; you have fever." "Never mind; I must have words with Ma'am this morning. It is true I have a fever, and who knows but I may die; I must go now, and speak to Ma'am."

And going to Mrs. Porter's room, she said; "Ma'am, I wish to say some words to you."

"Well, Atchamma, what is it you wish to say? Tell me."

"Ma'am, I want to be baptized in the name of Jesus."

"Why do you wish this, dear child?"

"Ma'am, I do not worship idols now, and *never* shall again; I am a child of Jesus. I love him, and why must I not have Christian name?"

"Yes, Atchamma, that is true, but if you take upon you the name of Jesus, you take upon you a great thing; you must then live a holy life, not like a heathen girl;

you must not lie, nor steal, but by God's grace, you must live like God's child."

"Yes, Ma'am, all *that* I know; all *that* I wish to be; and I wish to be baptized to-morrow"—that was Sunday.

"Had you not better wait a little while?"

"No, Ma'am, I may die; and I wish before I die to say to others, 'I am a Christian?'"

"Well, Atchamma, you shall come, and speak to Mr. Porter about it."

Mr. Porter asked her many questions, and was surprised to find how clear were her views, and correct her knowledge of the great truths of Christianity. But he said, "Atchamma, the week after this, I expect to baptize a man after the morning service, and can baptize you at the same time." With an earnestness of manner never to be forgotten, she said "Sir, please baptize me to-morrow; I may die, and shall not have acknowledged Jesus as *my* Saviour; please Sir, baptize me to-morrow." Early the next morning she was at the door of Mrs. Porter's room, begging that Mr. P. would not refuse her request. Nor could he; and she was that day baptized as Jane Taylor, after a very dear girl, who has finished her course in England. For sometime after this, she went on very quietly in school, making more progress than it was ever expected she would do. Whoever was in fault, it was a rare thing to hear a complaint of Jane Taylor, as she was now called. About a year or more after her baptism she came to Mrs. Porter one morning, saying, "Ma'am, I wish to speak to you." "Well, Jane, what is it?" "Ma'am, I have many words to say. I am a Christian. I know Jesus and love him. My people are heathens; they worship idols; they know nothing of Jesus or the true religion. My grandmother is a very old woman; she will not live long, and I want to tell her before she dies, that 'it is a faithful saying, that Jesus

Christ came into the world to save sinners.'" "But, Jane your people are far away; how can you tell them all this?" "Yes, Ma'am, this is it I wish to say. The Mission peon is going to-morrow to my village; I can walk with him; I am strong enough now, and I have a *great desire* to go, Ma'am; will you let me go?" "Jane, I am a little afraid. You are but a young girl, you have been baptized, and your people are all idolaters; they may try to keep you, or persuade you again to bow down to an image; and that would be a sad disgrace to you, and a grief to us." *Calm and firm*, she said, "No, Ma'am, you must not fear *that*, I will *never* worship an idol again." "You think so now, dear Jane, but they may be very angry and beat you." "I will ask Jesus to keep me and help me bear the beating; and I know he will do so; please, Ma'am, let me go; give me one rupee for road expenses; I will take my books and some clothes, and my work, and in fourteen days I will come back again; so please, Ma'am, let me go." These assurances were not to be withstood, and Jane was allowed to go; the old peon, a Christian man, having charge to take care of her on the road, and at the right time to bring her back again.

Jane was over and again reminded, that it was only by "looking to Jesus" she could hope to stand firm. On the fourteenth day after, there was Jane again. With a gladsome face and quick step she went to Mrs. Porter. "Salam, Ma'am, just in time," was the first salutation. "Just in time for what, Jane?" "Oh, to tell my Ava (grandmother) about Jesus. She was very sick when I reached her home, and I sat down and told her all about it. She did not seem to know at first what I meant, but she lived three days after I got there, and I prayed for and talked to her when she could bear it; and oh! Ma'am, I hope she *is saved*. A little before she died, she said, 'I do

believe in Jesus.' Would not he save her, Ma'am?"—And late in the day, and weak as was that poor old woman's faith, who shall say it was not equal to his, who said, "Lord, remember me!" and if so, may we not hope that she has entered the kingdom of heaven?

"Well, Jane, what did your other relatives say?" "Ma'am, when I looked round the house, I saw a new house idol, and all were expected to bow to it; but I said, 'No—what good has it done? You see it could not save our mother, it cannot save you or me; no good has come into the house with it; only evil has come; please let me take it away,' and so I did. When the funeral ceremony was made for my grandmother, all were expected to eat the food which had been offered to the idol; but I said, 'No, I cannot eat that.' My uncle said, 'Will you starve, then?' I said, 'Yes, rather than eat what has been offered to an idol.' He laughed at me, and said I was a foolish girl; but I went and sat in another part of the house while the rest took food; afterward my aunt cooked a little fresh food for me to eat alone."

"Did you read, and talk to your aunt?"

"Oh yes, and to my uncle too, but he is a very wicked man. He is a doctor, and uses all sorts of muntrums, when he goes to sick people; he knows a good deal about Christianity, but he laughs at it; it is not much use to speak to him. My people wished me to stay with them, but I said, 'No, no, I will go back to my own home, to my father and mother at Cuddapah.'" I asked the peon whether Jane's statement was correct. "Oh! yes, Ma'am, only she has not told you half. Those people said to me, 'What is this, what has been done to this girl? When she left this, she was one stupid (meaning she was considered almost an idiot). We did not know which had most sense, she, or the buffaloes she drove; now, we who have

white hair on our heads, do not know half so much as she does; she has *great* wisdom; what has that lady done to this girl?—she reads, and prays, and sings, and works; no woman *here* can do like *this*; she is a *great wonder*." Truly," said the old man, "she is a fine girl, she has *great* sense."

(To be continued.)

THE BECHUANAS AND THE HARMONIUM.

TO THE EDITOR.

Kidbrooke Lodge, Blackheath,
Sept. 27th, 1859.

DEAR SIR,—Two years ago the young ladies connected with my Bible class heard that Mr. Moffat much wished to have a harmonium at the Kuruman, and thinking that by holding a German Tree sale during the Christmas week they could obtain sufficient money to purchase one, they at once set to work, and a short time since I received a letter from Mr. Moffat, from which the following is an extract. Having explained the reason for the instrument being so long upon the road, and expressed his desire to be present when it was first played, that he might hear what the wondering Bechuanas would say about the music "which could whistle so many strange tunes at once," Mr. M. adds:—"Before unceasing it we had our fears, as there are no macadamized roads between the Port and Kuruman, and even on the made roads of the colony the shaking on springless waggons is terrible. Goods have also to undergo the process of loading and re-loading half a dozen times at the intermediate villages on the route. The idea of anything being radically and permanently injured in an instrument so complicated made us all very

nervous. Every eye was fixed upon it, and every ear was open to hear the first harmonium note ever sounded in this region. It was tested, and our fears vanished. The dryness of the country through which it had passed had affected the glued joints in the mahogany. This is of little consequence; while some cracks which appeared in the wood of the bellows were rendered quite impervious by means of tape and glue. Two or three slight matters connected with the stops were easily rectified, as well as trifling defects in some of the keys. The music is perfectly charming to saint and savage, and has already immensely contributed to the improvement of the singing; nor have we the smallest doubt but that some are attracted by it who would otherwise be careless of the means of grace. We can scarcely conceive of anything which could have produced such general satisfaction. Thanks is a word too lame to express the grateful emotions the gift has called forth to you and the Young Ladies' Missionary Association at Blackheath. Our only desire and prayer is, that the exercise of your kindness on behalf of the Bechuana Mission may be reciprocated on our part with hearts stimulated and encouraged to pursue our heavenly labours with greater ardour, and that our Lord and Saviour, the Great Head of the Church, may have all the glory.

"I shall add a few lines more respecting our circumstances and prospects. For months past our minds have been hovering between hope and fear. An expected attack from the Trans-Vaal Boers of the Republic threatened to put an entire stop to our fond expectations of proceeding direct to the Makololo and Matebele Missions. It was a season of great anxiety, and many fervent prayers were offered to Him who rules among the nations, and whom we have so often found to be a present help. The dark cloud has, for the present, been dispersed, and though it

has necessarily deferred the time of our departure, it will, we are persuaded, all be for the best. He who has made our way plain, will, we feel assured, order all things concerning us.

"Under untoward events, and especially the threatened invasion of the Boers, we have been cheered with tokens of the Divine favour. Within the last three months we have seen much to encourage. The attendance on the Sabbaths, especially, greatly increased. That of the school, conducted by my two daughters, is larger than I ever remember seeing it. A larger number of candidates than we have had for many years, and, I may add, an unusual demand for elementary books. Animating signs. But we dare not despair, however dark our prospects may be, when we remember the right hand of the Most High, and that He who wept over the woes of man is 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.'"

Mr. Moffat seems so much gratified with the harmonium, that some young friends at Blackheath have resolved to make a similar effort this Christmas to furnish the means to send out a first-rate magic lantern and strong magnifying glass, believing that many would be attracted to listen to his message, if only at first through curiosity gathered around him. We have written to tell Mr. M. what we propose doing, and shall wait his reply before buying the instruments, though we are already at work on behalf of his Mission. We meet every other Saturday afternoon for two hours, to work and to report success. We have agreed each to have a pence box, in which, at least, one penny every week is to be dropped, and are asking also the help of our friends in supplying us with saleable things, and such as will prove useful in Africa if remaining unsold. The wife of a Missionary from India, hearing of the efforts we are making, said, "Why do you not make

the thing more generally known? So very many respect Mr. Moffat in this country, and would be glad to assist you, I am sure it would be worth while to ask for a little corner in the *Juvenile Magazine*."

Acting on this suggestion, I write you, and need hardly add, should any of your readers be inclined to help us, we should be very glad to hear from them. A committee is formed amongst us, and any letters addressed to me will be handed in at our Saturday meetings.

Yours respectfully,

ELIZABETH PEEK.

Should any be inclined to contribute money, it will encourage the committee. Already some gifts of this kind have been received from those who have read Mr. Moffat's letter.

NEWS FROM DR. LIVINGSTONE.

AFTER waiting for it a long time, news has been received from Dr. Livingstone; and we are sure our readers will like to know where he is, and what he has done since he went back to Africa. Soon after reaching Tete, where the Makololo were rejoiced to welcome him, he set out for that part of the Zambesi which he did not see when on his great journey. He knew that the river west of Tete was so swift, and had so many waterfalls and rapids, that the natives could not sail up it in their canoes; but he hoped that his little steamer, the "Ma Robert," might be able to do so, and thus reach the broad, deep stream, along the banks of which he had formerly travelled. He therefore set out at the end of last December. But he found the river so low, that, after going some distance, he was forced to return, and wait until the season when the stream

rises so as to cover the rocks, and become deep enough for a vessel to sail upon. Dr. L. found that this part of the Zambesi passes through a range of mountains, and in one place, between very high walls of rocks, only fifty and sixty yards apart. The scenery, as you may suppose, was very grand. Whether it will be possible for vessels to steam up these rapids seems doubtful, but Dr. L. thinks it may be done at certain seasons of the year.

Having returned to Tete, Dr. L., in the beginning of January, set out up another great river, called the Shire, which comes from the north, and falls into the Zambesi. Here he met with no difficulty. He passed a noble mountain, called Merembala, the top of which was well cultivated, and in the woods, beautiful lemon and orange trees, palmyras, and pine-apples grew wild. As the elephants are fond of the palmyra fruit, they abound in the valley of the Shire. Here Dr. L. saw more than five hundred elephants together. As the natives had never seen white men before, they seemed afraid of them, and had armed themselves with bows and poisoned arrows. But they were very civil, and sold the strangers abundance of provision. Having gone a hundred miles up this fine river, Dr. L. returned to Tete. But, in about three or four months, he set out a second time up the Shire. After steaming a hundred miles up the stream, he left the "Ma Robert," and, taking with him fifteen Makololo, he went in search of a large lake, called Shirwa, which he had heard of from the natives. Travelling on foot about fifty miles, he was delighted to discover the object of his search. It was a large inland sea, surrounded by green mountains, one of which, called Dzombo, 6000 feet high, was inhabited even on the top. This lake was 20 or 30 miles wide, and 50 or 60 long. Dr. L. describes it as "very grand," and says, "it abounds in fishes, leeches, alligators, and hippo-

potami." In the country along the river and near the lake, the people grew quantities of cotton and sugar. They spin and weave, and, when the Gospel is spread amongst them, this lovely and fruitful region will yield a large increase of good to man and glory to God. The natives told Dr. L. that the Shirwa is separated only by a narrow strip of land from another large lake, called Nyinyesi, and although he did not see it, he intended to do so at his next visit, and probably has been there before this. From these lakes he expected to reach the Makololo country, "either afoot or afloat." We hope that he will succeed, and soon meet the Missionaries who have gone from the Kuruman to the same part.

OUR HAPPY LAND.

WHILE many a child in heathen lands
Of Jesus never heard,
We in this Christian country learn
To read God's holy Word.

While there the children vainly bow
To gods of stone and wood,
The Bible here to us reveals
The true and only God.

How glad and grateful should we be
That we are taught so plain;
And oh, how deeply we should fear
Lest we be taught in vain!

The glorious knowledge we possess,
To us so freely given
Will but increase our sin and shame,
Unless it leads to heaven.

Lord, may we love the truth we learn,
The Saviour's laws obey,
And, as we're taught in wisdom's school,
Delight in wisdom's way.

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