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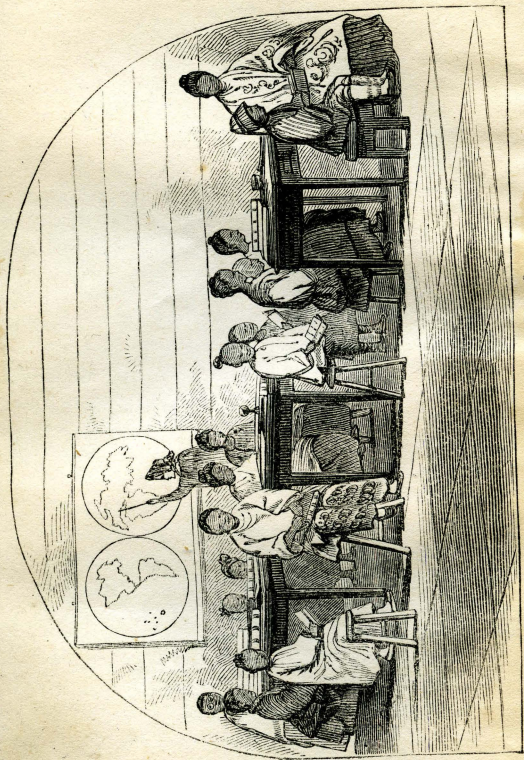


THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY
MAGAZINE



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Girls' Mission-School at Shanghai.

THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1, 1860.

GIRLS' SCHOOL AT SHANGHAE.

THIS month you have a picture of a Chinese girls' school. The teacher is seated to the right of the picture. She is a Christian—a pleasant, intelligent woman; and has studied the works of Confucius, which few women in China do. Perhaps you would like to know the names of some of those girls. One of them was called Pure Pearl; others, Snow White, Little Phœnix, Red Agate, &c. The Chinese receive a name from their parents which is a kind of pet-name. Sometimes it is a very strange one. A whole family of boys, for instance, will be called by the names of animals, as, Cat, Dog, Horse; while girls are termed, No. 1, No. 2, No. 3. When they go to school, they receive a name from the teacher, which is their book-name. This they use when writing, and they keep it through life. The names I have mentioned—Pure Pearl, &c.—are the book-names of the children. It is only the daughters of rich men who are taught to read, and they have a teacher at home. There are very few schools for Chinese girls except those opened by Missionaries, as

Chinese mothers are not at all anxious that their daughters should learn to read. The ladies who first opened schools in China found it necessary to pay the children a small sum per day in order to secure regular attendance. This has been continued, each scholar receiving ten cash—about three farthings. When a foreign lady wishes to open a school, she visits the mothers in the district; but she has often a great deal of trouble before she can persuade them to send their daughters. You will see this from a conversation which I will relate.

Missionary. "Would you like to have your little girl taught to read?"

Mother. "It is no use teaching girls to read; they have not got the same kind of souls as boys; they cannot learn."

Missionary. "Just send the little girl, I am sure she could learn to read."

Mother. "It wouldn't do her any good; she can wash rice and mind the baby just as well without knowing how to read."

Missionary. "But your little daughter will grow up to be a woman, and then how much better it will be, if she can read and write. Suppose your husband was away in the country, and sent you a letter; you would not even know if the postman gave you the right one; then you would have to get some of your neighbours to read it for you, and thus a number of strangers would know what your husband wrote about. A poor woman told me that her husband sent a letter, which she took to a neighbour to get read. The man read out a doleful story of her husband being in great trouble, and about to be imprisoned; and stated that a

man would call the same evening by whom she was to send a thousand cash. After selling some of her silver ornaments, she contrived to make up the sum. A man called to whom she gave the money. When her husband came back, he told her that the letter was not about money, and ended by giving his poor wife a beating for doing such a foolish thing."

Such conversations generally led them to send their children to school.

The little girls got fond of coming to school, and soon learned to read. Every morning they read a chapter in the Bible, which was explained to them. They were attentive, and in the afternoon, when we conversed about it, I was often astonished to find how well they remembered what had been read.

When a chapter containing the account of our Saviour's crucifixion was read for the first time by these Chinese girls, I saw tears start into the eyes of some of them; presently there was a low suppressed sob, and then one burst into loud weeping. This at once overpowered all the rest, and there was a general crying. I found I could not proceed with the lesson; and ever after the account of our Redeemer's death was read by them in a very serious and feeling manner.

As death by crucifixion is not uncommon in China, the girls could better understand the awful scene of Calvary than many others.

I wish you could have seen their little eyes brightening over the History of Joseph and his brethren; they delighted to hear of Joseph quite as much as any of the little ones in this country. One very hot day, a little girl said she thought the cruellest part was

putting Joseph into a well without water, as he would be sure to die. Immediately after she took a long draught from the spout of a large teapot, which stood on the table for their use, showing unmistakably that she thought death by thirst was a dreadful thing.

This little girl was sure to ask a great many questions about anything she did not understand. When she first came to school, I told her that the earth belonged to God. "All except China," said the child. "The whole earth," I replied. "Oh, that cannot be," she said; "China belongs to the emperor; all the rest may belong to God, but China is our emperor's." I said, "God is King of kings, and Lord of lords." "That's how it is then." And she kept repeating, "God is the Emperor's Emperor."

I shall tell you something about the eldest girl in school. Her name is Morning Glory; she sits near the middle of the picture with a Chinese Abacus in her hand. She was a very fine girl, thirteen years old, and quite a Chinese beauty. One day her mother came in great distress, wishing me to buy Morning Glory for twenty dollars; then for ten; then she said she would take three dollars, or about twenty-one shillings, for her. I explained to her that I could not purchase a child, and tried to show her how wicked it was to think of selling her daughter. The mother looked quite perplexed, and said she must either sell her girl or let her husband go to prison, as they owed money which must be paid. If I did not buy the little girl, there was a Canton man who was very desirous to do so. Morning Glory fixed her eyes upon me with such a pleading look, her pale face showing evidently that

she was afraid of being sold to this stranger. My husband spoke to the mother, and made her promise not to sell her daughter. He gave her some money to assist in paying the creditor, and the woman went away. In the evening, on going into the schoolroom, I was astonished to find Morning Glory and a younger sister, sitting alone in the dark. I inquired why they had not gone home. They said that their mother had desired them to stay until she came for them. Poor little things, I pitied them. After getting supper, they went to bed, quite delighted that their mother had not come. We could not hear anything about her. The neighbours said she had not been seen since the day the girls were left with us; but that a Chinaman had been demanding money, and threatening to take the eldest girl instead.

Three weeks after this, the mother returned, and I allowed her to take the children home. But ten days only passed when she brought them back, begging that I would keep them, as she had not food to give them. We took the girls to live with us. Nor had we any reason to be sorry for having done so: the mother seemed so grateful, and the girls were always industrious, seeking to benefit by the instructions they received.

I cannot now tell you more about our school and the dear little Chinese girls that are in it; but I am sure that many of my young readers would like to be there for a day, and though at first the foreign faces and strange dress of the children might take their attention more than anything else, they would soon find that the scholars had bright minds and warm hearts, and well

repay the trouble of teaching them. Now we want the children of Britain to do all they can for the children of China, and the best thing they can do is to pray for them, and to help in sending out those who will show unto them the way of salvation.



MISSIONARY ZEAL, AND LIBERALITY OF CONVERTED HEATHEN.

NO. VI.

IF "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver," we may be sure that many of those whose zeal and liberality we have described must be precious in His sight. For in their gifts, He who looketh at the heart has seen that what they did was done "heartily, as to the Lord." What these converted heathen desire above all things is that others shall be converted. Therefore, having freely received, they freely give. Indeed, giving was as much a part and a proof of their piety as praying; and perhaps no Christians have remembered the words of the Lord Jesus more constantly, or felt their truth more deeply, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Hence, they never keep away from chapel because there is to be a collection, or pass the plate without dropping something into it.

In no island of the South Seas has the great change which the Gospel makes been more clearly shown than in Aitutaki. And like many other converted Polynesians, the Aitutakians have been most liberal. This was strikingly shown in 1854. That year was one of great suffering to the Missionary and his flock. Early in February a dreadful hurricane, accompanied by an earthquake, in a few hours covered that "garden island" with the ruins of

houses, and the trunks and branches of uprooted trees. The sea, too, rose to a great height, and the wild waves swept over many a rich plantation. Famine and disease followed. The poor islanders suffered greatly, and the Missionary and his family suffered with them. The storm had destroyed their flour, and other things which were to them the necessaries of life. After some months, an American whaler appeared off the island. Several natives hastened on board, and asked the captain to employ them in getting wood and water for the ship. "What is your price?" asked the Captain. "Oh, we do not want money," they said. "What then?" he inquired. "Let us work first, and we will tell you afterwards," was their answer. But the Captain was not content, and would make them fix their price. They then said, "We will leave it with you, but we wish you to pay us in *flour* and *sugar*." As the natives generally do not use flour for their food, the Captain wondered at this strange request, and at the earnest manner of the men; but, without asking any more questions, he set them to work. That work was well done; the Captain was satisfied; he readily paid for it in flour and sugar, as the people desired. But what did they do with it? They sent it all as a present to their Missionary, for whose wants and sorrows they felt and cared far more than for their own.

For many years, the Aitutakians had held their great Missionary meeting in May, and had given willingly to the Society. But in 1854 they had lost and suffered so much that the Missionary told them that he thought there should not be any meeting that year. But they would not hear of this. "No," they answered; "whether our contributions be little or much, we will have our meeting." That meeting was held, and though many had lost much, and some all they possessed, they gave in money and arrow-

root, to the London Missionary Society, the large sum of £80!

But this was not all they did. They had Missionaries of their own labouring in heathen islands—men whom they had sent, and whom they felt themselves bound to support. For these they contributed native cloth, and other articles which they needed. For one of them, named Apollo, they bought a boat which cost them £10; and to the half-taught heathen amongst whom he laboured, they sent 100 bonnets, which the Aitutakian women had plaited and made up, 60 hats, 100 yards of native cloth, and 300 yards of calico and print, which they had bought from ships which came to their shores. As these simple-hearted Christians wished to do good to the soul as well as the body, they had a few useful words written inside every hat. These were generally a passage of Scripture, or some sentence which was likely to strike the mind of half-enlightened savages. On looking into one of the hats, the Missionary was moved to read these words, "This hat is for the man who murdered Williams."

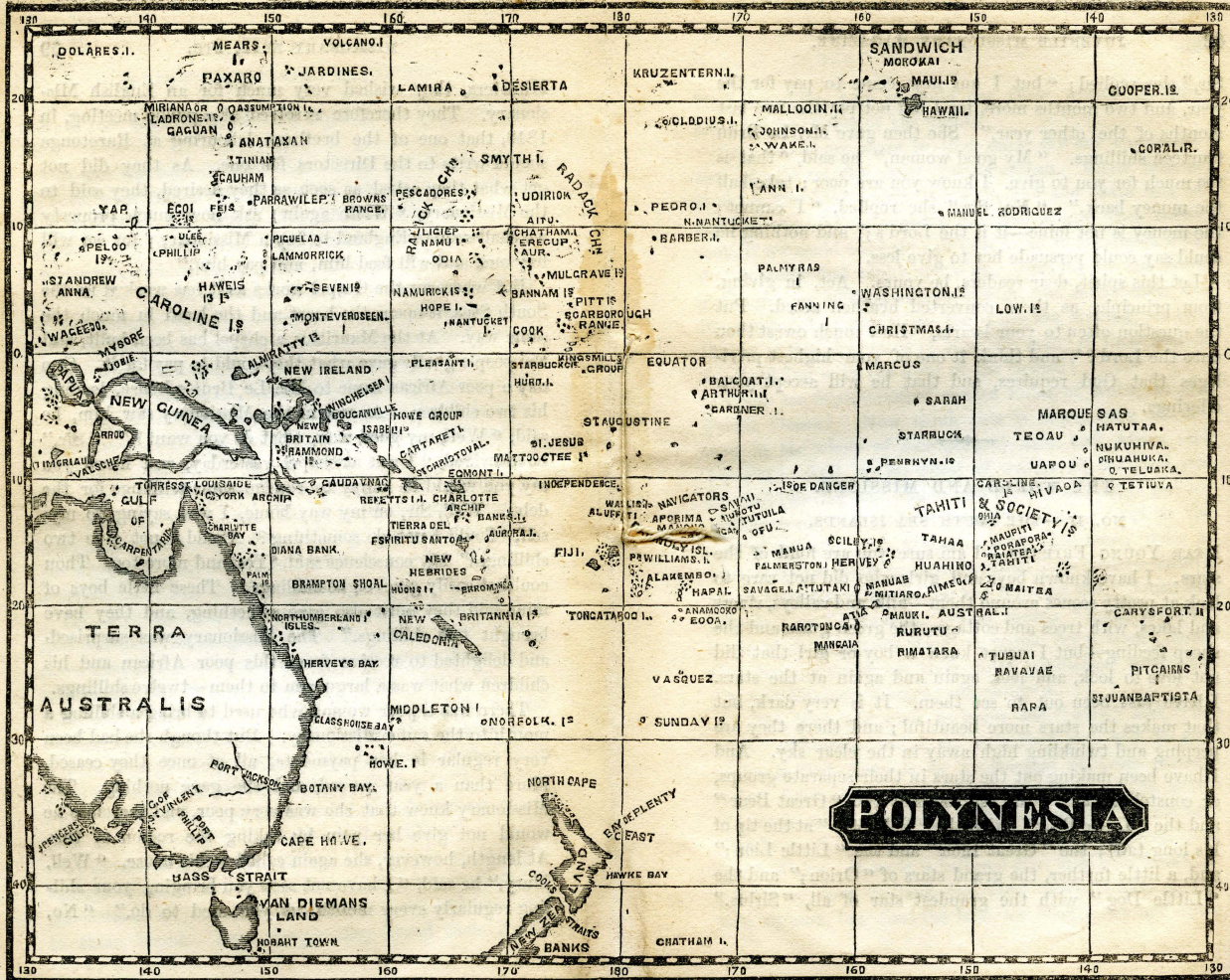
The same spirit showed itself at Mangaia. In 1846 that spot was also visited by a dreadful hurricane, which swept down chapel, school-house, and almost every dwelling in the island; but in the course of a year, and as soon as they could raise produce, they contributed £73 to the London Missionary Society, and in 1848 they sent to that and the Bible Society £170. Thus they proved that their spirit was the same as that of the Christians in Macedonia, whom the Apostle Paul commended for abounding, out of their deep poverty, in the riches of their liberality.

It should be added that, when the people of Mangaia suffered so much, and at the same time gave so freely to the cause of Christ, no English Missionary had been sent to their island. But, though they loved their Native

Ministers, they wished very much for an English Missionary. They therefore resolved at a public meeting, in 1848, that one of the brethren labouring at Rarotonga should write to the Directors for one. As they did not get what they asked so soon as they desired, they said to the Missionary, "Write again; ask how much property we shall send to England to buy a Missionary; for we will buy one, and will feed him, and pay him."

But wherever the Gospel works as it has worked in the South Seas, it opens the heart and the hand in much the same way. At the Mauritius, a chapel has been built, and the people gladly gave what they could to pay for it. One day a poor African came to Mr. Le Brun's house, leading his two children. As soon as the Missionary saw him, he said, "Well, my good man, what do you want?" "Sir," he answered, "I was at chapel yesterday, and heard you say you would be happy to receive some trifflings for the debt. Well, Sir, on my way home, I was saying to myself, 'Could I not do something? Could I not give two shillings?' My conscience said, 'Yes, and more too. Thou couldst easily give eight shillings.' These little boys of mine said they must also give something, and they have brought two shillings." The Missionary was surprised, and delighted to receive from this poor African and his children what was a large sum to them—twelve shillings.

There was a poor woman who used to bring a shilling a month to the same Missionary. But though she had been very regular in her payments, all at once they ceased. More than a year passed, and she gave nothing. The Missionary knew that she was very poor, and therefore he would not give her pain by asking the reason of this. At length, however, she again called at his house. "Well, Mary," he said, "I have not seen you bringing your shilling regularly every month, as you used to do." "No,



Sir," she replied; "but I am now come to pay for the year, and two months more, for I did not pay the two last months of the other year." She then gave Mr. Le Brun fourteen shillings. "My good woman," he said, "that is too much for you to give. I know you are poor; take half the money back." "No, Sir," she replied, "I cannot; the money is not mine—it is the Lord's;" and nothing he could say could persuade her to give less.

Let this spirit, dear readers, be yours. Act, in giving, from principle, as these converted heathen acted. Put the question often to your hearts, "How much owest thou unto the Lord?" and think it one of your highest privileges that God requires, and that he will accept your offerings.

THE WORLD AND MISSIONS.

NO. II.—THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I am sure you are fond of the stars. I have known boys and girls who did not care to look at pretty scenes around them—hills and valleys, rivers and lakes, with trees and cottages, the green grass and the sheep feeding—but I never knew a boy or girl that did not love to look, and look again and again at the stars. I have just been out to see them. It is very dark, but that makes the stars more beautiful; and there they are peeping and twinkling high away in the clear sky. And I have been making out the stars in their separate groups, or constellations. I can see to-night the "Great Bear" and the "Little Bear" (with the "Pole Star" at the tip of his long tail); the "Great Lion" and the "Little Lion;" and, a little further, the grand stars of "Orion;" and the "Little Dog" with the grandest star of all, "Sirius."

How beautiful, how splendid are these worlds of light amid the blackness of the night!

Very like those stars in that dark sky are the South Sea Islands on the great Pacific Ocean. Little bits of land on the blue waters below us, like the little bits of light in the black air above us; this is how they would look, if we could to-night sail over them in a balloon, with day beneath and night above us. Just too as the stars are in groups, so these islands cluster, and each cluster has its name. And again, as the stars are shining, so too, thanks to God, by means of Missions, many of these islands are sparkling with the light of the Gospel!

There are 50,000,000 of square miles of water in the Pacific Ocean! Now think this is more than all the land in the whole of Europe, and Asia, and Africa and America! And in this world of waters all the land you can find (leaving out Japan and New Zealand), if put together, would not make a country quite so large as the one island of Great Britain. And this small piece is broken up into seven or eight hundred little pieces—thrown about upon the wide waters, and forming the "South Sea Islands" or "Polynesia," which means "many islands." Some of these islands have no people upon them: those that have, number as their total population something like 800,000 men, women, and children.

I like boys and girls to know the "why" and "because" of things, and I am sure that you will be glad to know that there is an explanation of these strange facts. Look at the map. You see at the top the group of islands called Sandwich Islands, and at the bottom, New Zealand, and in the corner, near New Zealand, New South Wales. Now, it is believed that from the Sandwich Islands to New Zealand and New South Wales, it was once all land, but that the land has sunk down and down

below the waters, and that the bits of land left are the tops of the highest mountains of a continent as wide and as long as South America. I must not take up my space by telling you the reasons for this belief, but only how it is supposed the change was caused. The great Pacific Ocean is nearly surrounded by volcanoes or burning mountains. Out of the 312 upon the globe which are still burning, 231 surround this ocean. On the east side they are upon the main-land of America; on the north side they are partly on the main-land and partly on islands; on the west side they are all on islands—but everywhere they are close to the ocean. In the South Sea Islands, too, there are (including New Zealand) about twelve or more. A great many of these islands, moreover, have had burning mountains, and consist of the remains of such fires. Now where there are volcanoes there are earthquakes, and even when the earth is not trembling or opening, we know there must, in such places, be mighty movings to and fro, and up and down underneath the ground. All this shows how the land sank beneath these waters—the terrible volcanoes did the mighty work.

I have told you that many of the South Sea Islands are the remains of volcanoes. "But can people live there?" you ask. The burning mountains vomit not simply gas, but solid matter, called "lava," and this runs down their sides and becomes heaped all round. Then the sun and the rain and the air and the dew work upon it, and in time the hard lava becomes soft and broken earth, and this earth is the richest soil on the globe. These volcanic islands are the most beautiful in the South Seas. There is one in particular in the group called the Georgian Islands (see Map), Eimeo. It is grand and almost awful in some parts, and in others charming and delicious as the sweetest little dell in dear old England. But they are all more or less alike, with

their leaping torrents, rugged precipices, and lofty peaks; their carpets of green velvet, and mantles of flowering shrubs; their groves of palm, bread fruit, and banana; their peaceful lagoons, reefs of foam-covered coral, girdles of green sea, encompassed beyond by thousands of miles of the blue rolling ocean. Besides these there are the coral islands, lands built by the smallest workpeople of this world, so small that you cannot see them without a microscope; and strange workpeople too, for they can only work in water, and die as soon as the land they build reaches the air, and thus they finish their undertaking by covering the surface with their bodies! The South Sea Islands are of many varieties, but these varieties arrange themselves under these two chief sorts—the volcanic and the coralline—made by burning mountains or by the tiniest insects. Tongatabu in the Friendly Isles (see the Map), is the noblest specimen of the second class, being 100 miles round, with a deep soil, and all the trees growing on it that are found on the volcanic islands.

Just as there are two sorts of islands there are two sorts of people, sometimes quite distinct, sometimes mixed. On the eastern side you will find the people are the Malays of the South Seas, of light copper-coloured skin and long black shining hair, and speaking a soft, sweet language. On the western side are the negroes of the South Seas; quite black they are, and the hair crisp and curly, and even woolly, with a very different language, using bows and arrows, and most ferocious in their spirit and habits. Where they originally came from it is very hard to say; but I think Mr. Mullens (whom you doubtless know) is likely to be right in tracing them, through the Andaman Islands, to the "hill people" of India. You can imagine, therefore, that if you were to journey from one group to another of these lovely islands you would see in one man

and women very different from those in another. Some would frighten you the moment you caught sight of them: others you would not be afraid of until you got among them; and others, again, you would at once like to know. On some faces you would read the words, "let us be friends," and on other faces, "don't trust me!" An awful revolting sight is a South Sea Island savage!

But there is one good thing about these islands. Unlike many beautiful islands I know, here there are no serpents in the grass, nor scorpions among the stones, nor tigers in the woods. But, as in every other place, there is something here to make us think of a better world. In the South Pacific Ocean there are, as in India, Monsoons. Monsoon means year, and is a name given to winds which divide the year between them—blowing six months one way, and six months the other. When the Monsoons change, there are almost always tempests, and sometimes hurricanes, when the wind is louder than the loudest thunder, when it tears up the trees by their roots, sweeps away houses and chapels, drives the roaring ocean over the reefs and up the valleys, sometimes bringing ships right upon the land, and thus, by destroying the trees and the gardens, causing famine among the people.

But you know, dear young friends, that many of these islands are, as I have already said, full of light, the most glorious light of all, the same light as that in heaven—the light of the Gospel. There are up in the north the Sandwich Islands; sailing down from them 2500 miles you reach the Society Islands; 400 miles from them, the Hervey group; 700 from them, the Samoas, or Navigators; 300 from them, the Friendly; and 500 from them, the Fijis; and then 1200 from them, New Zealand: all these are substantially Christian lands, and in some of them every sign of the superstitions and cruelties of the

old religions has completely passed away! Taking the Islands of Polynesia together, it is reckoned that there are, out of the 800,000 people, about 250,000 professed Christians, of whom 50,000 are members of Christian churches.

As showing both what these islanders were, and what they have become through the Gospel, I will quote the speech of one of the deacons of the Rarotonga church. There are two chief Stations on that island, Arorangi and Avarua. Once every year the people of the two places gather at one of them, and hold their Sunday School Festival. Early on the morning of the day the children of both Stations meet in the chapel, and a sermon is preached to them. After this they have *their* buns, and tea, and cake. And then they form into ranks, and march in procession from one end of the settlement to the other. A gay sight indeed, in their best clothes, with their banners painted all colours and decorated with green leaves and gaudy feathers! On their return they enter the chapel again, and then it was that the deacon, a grey-headed man, rose, and suddenly recited one of the old cries to the God Tangarao, in the vehement manner of bygone days. After which, he thus spoke:—

"Children and youths, listen to me! These were our words, and this was our manner in the days of your fathers who are dead; yes, they are dead. Oh if they had lived! if they had lived! how happy would they be to see what I see! I greatly compassionate you, my dear children, and greatly desire that you should know the great deliverance you enjoy. Often you have heard me tell of the dark deeds formerly practised before the great love of God reached our land. I will not say much to-day; but listen to me a little while, and I will just tell you of one little child whose fate I knew when I was young.

"We were often at war one chief with another. At a certain season, some time before the great Word of God shined on us, we were at war—the people of Avarua with us at Arorangi. No one was safe at that time; if a man, woman, or child, went out in the morning, perhaps they would be killed before night. During this war, of which I speak, a father and mother left their house in yonder mountain, and went somewhere by the seaside towards Avarua. They took their little child with them, and being weary they sat down under a tree to rest; when all of a sudden they saw two men of your station not far from them. Ye children of Avarua listen to me! What to do they did not know: in a moment, however, they resolved to put the child up in the tree, and run themselves to the bush, and thus escape their enemies, and in the evening return for their child; but, alas! the little child was seen in the tree by the men. Was it compassionate? Was it saved? No, the two Avaruans took it, and with wild shouting brought it, and dashed it down on a heap of stones, when in an instant its bowels gushed out. But this did not satisfy their rage. They took up stones and crushed it to powder. Alas! alas! that child; that child! If the good Word of God had come just before his time, he would have lived, and would, perhaps, now have been in our midst. My heart weeps. You, little children, and you, older youths, weep for that child, and for the dark deeds of your fathers! Blessed are your eyes, for you see this season—here you are, the children of Avarua, and the children of Arorangi, united in love! Be diligent, be attentive, be followers of God as dear children."

This old man's speech has much in it for you, dear young friends, to think about and to do. Be you "diligent," be you "attentive," be you "followers of God as dear children!" and thankful that the deeds of blood of which

the old man speaks are unknown to you and your fathers. Oh, show your thankfulness by obeying the word of the gracious Saviour, and doing your utmost to send the Gospel throughout the world.

We are full of joy and triumph when we think of the "South Seas and Missions," but let us remember that even there there are 250 heathen islands which have not as yet received one visit from the Christian Missionary!

I am, Dear Young Friends,
Yours affectionately,
A MISSIONARY'S SON.

CHRISTMAS SCHOOL MEETING IN SOUTHERN INDIA.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Being obliged, after having been more than twenty years in India, to retire for a season from my Missionary engagements, I desire to form some acquaintance with my young friends in England, by addressing them during my stay in this country. The season of the year reminds me of the pleasant engagements of past times, when at the Station where I lived; for we were accustomed to observe Christmas-day, and the day following, in a pleasant, and I hope a profitable manner.

It is our custom to have service in our chapels on that day, which are generally well attended. A collection is made in each place for our Benevolent Society, and it is very cheering to see that the contributions increase every year. Last year, on December 26th, we had a service entirely for the benefit of children—poor black children. We have no large cities here, only villages scattered in jungles, with something like a small town on the high road, or near a market. In consequence of this, although

we have many children in our schools, they are taught in different parts of the district. Of these children, more than eleven hundred attended this Christmas meeting, all of whom, except about a hundred who live at Pareychaley, where we live, had to walk from their own homes, a distance of from two to ten miles. You may easily suppose how tired these little travellers would be; but their weariness was soon forgotten when they reached the Station. And as the service began at ten o'clock in the morning, many of them must have been up very early. Yet it was delightful to see the cheerfulness which beamed in every countenance. Amongst them were children of various castes; but, as we make no difference, we soon found that they also readily united. The service commenced with the hymn, "Oh, that will be joyful," boys and girls singing a verse by turns. After this a prayer was offered, and Mr. Abbs delivered an address, partly catechetical, from Genesis xlviii. 16; for Indian children like yourselves, are fond of Scripture history. The subject was therefore treated, first, in reference to the *lads* (who are they?), their forefathers, their history, and their descendants; and secondly, in reference to Christ, the Angel of the Covenant, which called forth a long dialogue about angels generally: the Great Angel or Messenger, Jesus Christ; the redemption he came to effect; the evils from which he had delivered Jacob, with an application for all to pray that Christ might bless them, with all other children connected with their families. After this, another hymn was sung, "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah;" and our excellent Native Teacher, John Alexander, gave an account of what he had seen of a heathen procession at Pootheecuddy (the New Bazaar) on his way, and contrasting it with the scene before him, drew the attention of the children to the superior pleasures enjoyed by the

lovers of true religion. He was followed by two Schoolmasters, who were equally earnest, and were heard by the children without any signs of weariness or inattention. Throughout the service, the interest was well kept up, and Mr. Abbs said that he never addressed a more quiet or attentive congregation. In conclusion, "Glory, honour, praise and power," was sung, and an affectionate prayer offered by an aged Teacher. The two Schoolmasters spoke without preparation, for we had made arrangements for only two addresses. We had, however, underrated the interest which the children felt in subjects suited to their capacities; and, finding them pleased, and wishing to hear more, the meeting was kept up longer than was intended. Some of the boys, and a few girls, having answered very correctly, they were spoken to after the service, when it appeared that many of them had heathen parents, and had known nothing of Christianity before they had entered the school at their village. The girls, taught by the wife of the Native Teacher, David Simpson, in the preparatory school at Pareychaley, made interesting remarks upon the subjects of examination. Several of the children, on leaving the chapel, came up to the Missionary's house, where they received a book or a cake. But this was quite unexpected, as, so far from asking this, some had inquired whether there was to be a collection for the "Charity Fund."

How thankful should you be, dear young friends, for the superior advantages you enjoy in a Christian land. The meeting I have described is a new thing in this jungle; but such meetings are common with you. Do you show, like these black children, that you value your privileges? Do you, like them, seek to understand what you hear, and to profit by it? Do you, like some of them, feel an interest in the truths of the Gospel, and seek the blessing of Jesus, the great Messenger of peace and salvation?

See what the teaching of Christianity does, even among the children of heathen, and seek to send it to all who are yet unblessed by its light and influence. If God has favoured you with parents who can afford to allow you a trifle for pocket money, let a portion, with their consent, be devoted to the poor heathen. Children, pray for Missionaries: pray for the conversion of the world, and pray that you, according to the will of God, may be of some service in aiding to carry on this great work of the Almighty. Yours affectionately,

LOUISA S. ABBS.

APPEAL FOR THE HEATHEN.

O *pity* the Heathen,
 Who never have known
 Our God, though His glories
 Before them are shown.
 While His bountiful hand
 Has scattered around
 Rich blessings wherever
 His creatures are found.

O *pray* for the Heathen,
 In far distant lands,
 Who worship dumb idols,
 The work of men's hands.
 Who bow down before them
 As though they could save
 From dangers and sorrows,
 From death and the grave.

O *send* to the Heathen,
 The life-giving Word
 That speaks of salvation
 Through Jesus our Lord.
 O tell to the Heathen
 How He came from above,
 With tidings of mercy,
 Of peace, and of love.

O *give, pray, and labour*,
 For those millions afar,
 That they soon may be brought
 Him to love and adore.
 And, whilst praying for them,
 Breathe also the prayer,
 Lord, teach us to know Thee,
 To love and to fear.

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