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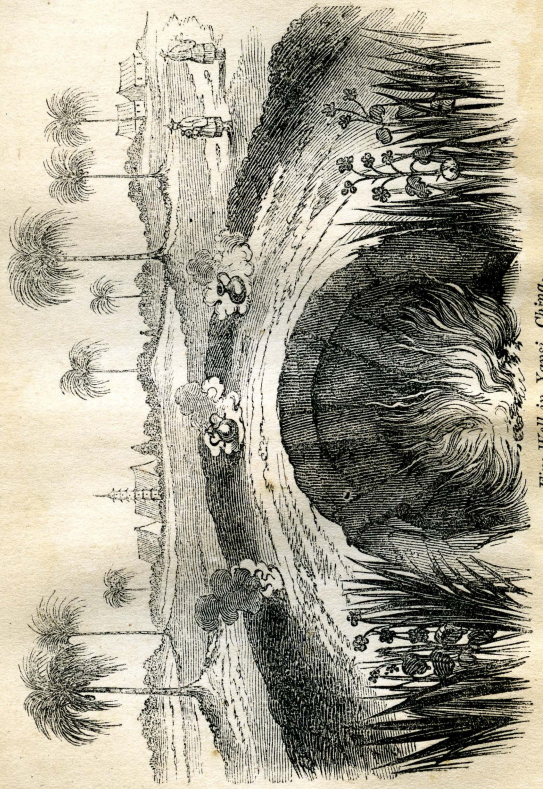

Fire Well in Xansi, China.

THE

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FIRE WELLS IN CHINA.

As the people, cities, and customs of China are peculiar, some persons seem to think that there must be something odd even in Chinese scenery. But this is a mistake, for the country is very much like other countries. There you will find lofty mountains, widespread fertile plains, broad and deep rivers flowing from the mountains to the cities upon their banks, where dwell the millions of people to whom Missionaries are sent, to endeavour to teach them the Gospel and to persuade them to give up their idols and superstitions, and become followers of the Lord.

There are several volcanoes in China, and great coalfields, and rich mines of iron, copper, lead, tin, gold, and silver; and in some parts of the country there are large salt-pits, from which they dig table salt. In the province of Sze-chueu, one of the Western provinces, there are very deep wells, the water of which is like brine, from flowing through beds of rock salt. This brine is boiled down in great pans. In some parts of the province there are hot salt

water wells, and what are called fire wells. The mouths of these wells are closed, and a bamboo pipe is passed into the well; through this a large quantity of gas passes, and if a light be applied, it takes fire and burns constantly, just like the gas pipes in our towns. Now, the Chinese are very clever, and therefore they make use of this natural gas manufactory for lighting the villages near it, conveying it to them in hollow bamboos instead of iron pipes.

The chief use, however, which they make of the gas is to lead it by the pipes under the salt pans; but, to keep the pipe from burning, they fix an earthenware nozzle in the end of the bamboo pipes, and thus the water is evaporated or boiled away. In this manner salt is produced very cheaply, because there is no expense for fuel, and in this district the quantity of gas is so great that as many salt pans can be worked as the people choose to make. The gas is something like our coal gas. It is produced by some volcanic action under ground, and probably comes from some burning layers of coal, which throw off gas in greater or smaller quantities. Perhaps there is no other instance where so much gas flows continually from the ground, as in this.

Another plan adopted for the production of salt, is to gather the mud on the sea-shore into heaps, to throw sea water upon these heaps every day for some weeks, and, as the heap dries, a large quantity of salt becomes mixed with the mud. This is then washed out with fresh water, which makes a brine from which they get an impure kind of salt. These circumstances are mentioned, to show the ingenuity and ability of

the Chinese. And, in the education of the Chinese by Missionaries, we should remember that we need not try so much to alter their customs, so far as they are not idolatrous, but simply to direct them to Christ as their hope and confidence, their Lord and Saviour. We may indeed give them much information about European arts and sciences, but the great work of Missionaries is to preach Christ and His salvation. And it is pleasant to know that they have not laboured in vain. Not merely the old, but many Chinese children, have been taught in the schools and have believed in Jesus as their Saviour. This the children of England should know, and they should feel too that, while enjoying the benefits of Christian instruction themselves, they ought to pity the little ones in China, who are without God and the knowledge of his name. In a former Number of the Magazine you had an account of Mrs. Williamson's school in Shanghae, and I will now tell you something about Asm, one of Miss Aldersey's scholars at Ningpo.

When the island of Chusan was taken by the English troops in 1840, Mr. J. R. Morrison, the son of Rev. Dr. Morrison, found a poor little female orphan neglected and hungry in the streets. He had pity upon her, and took her to a Chinese family, where he had her clothed and fed for some time, and when he left Chusan, he still provided funds for her support. In 1843, when Chusan was visited by Miss Aldersey, the little girl was placed under her care, and afterwards she was taken by me to Ningpo, where she was the first Chinese pupil which Miss Aldersey had. Here she was taught, and as she grew up she became an

earnest, devoted servant of Christ; and now she and her husband, a Chinese Christian, are zealously labouring for the conversion of her fellow countrywomen in that neighbourhood.

But this is only one instance out of many which encourage the Missionaries in China. And such conversions are the best and clearest proof that God is with them. Surely, then, if He takes a part in the great work, we ought to be labourers together with Him. Let us, then, labour on and labour heartily, because we know that our labour is not in vain in the Lord.

THE MISSIONARY MUSEUM.

NO. IV.

THE case in the Missionary Museum of which we this month give an engraving has no idols in it—no spears, nor clubs, nor curious things made by uncivilized people. But there are objects which catch the eye of every visitor, and which are sure to draw the young to the case almost as soon as they enter the Museum. One of these is a large serpent coiled round an alligator. These two creatures came from Demerara, where they were both killed, just as one of them was trying to kill the other. And although struggles like this are not often seen—for people do not often venture into the wild places where these fierce animals seek their prey—yet sometimes Missionaries have witnessed such things.

Many years ago, Messrs. Lacroix and Gogerly took a Missionary journey to an island called Saugor, where, in January every year, multitudes of Hindoos go to bathe in the Hooghly, the waters of which, at this particular place,

are thought to be very sacred. This spot is near one of the mouths of the great river, and forms a part of what are called the Sunderbunds, which consist of numbers of islands covered with jungle, and almost given up to be the habitation of wild beasts and dangerous reptiles.

One day the boat in which the Missionaries were sailing cast anchor in one of these channels. But they had not been there long before they observed an alligator rise from the water, and crawl up the bank of the river to enjoy his noon-day sleep. After lying there for about half an hour, the Missionaries discovered a very large tiger creep out from the jungle towards the alligator. As they were not more than about a hundred yards from the shore, they watched his movements with some fear, as they saw the fierce monster softly and slowly crawling towards the sleeping alligator, until he came within leaping distance, when, putting forth all his strength, he bounded from the ground, sprung upon the creature's back, and seized it by the throat. In a moment the alligator opened wide his monstrous jaws, lashed his tail, and tried his utmost to turn his mouth so as to fix his teeth in the tiger. But it was of no use, and, after a long struggle, the battle was ended; the tiger shook himself, and then, having dragged the alligator further from the shore, he sat over his prey much as the cat sits over the mouse. He then lifted the alligator in his mouth, and carried him into the jungle. About ten minutes after this, the tiger returned as if to look at the Missionaries, but, finding that they were out of his reach, he turned away and went off in a different direction from that in which he had carried the alligator. The Missionaries, therefore, saw him no more, but to their surprise, an hour afterwards, the alligator, weak and wounded as he was, crawled back to the bank, and sought a refuge again in his native stream.

The object in the case before us, which will chiefly fix the visitor's attention, is a great boa constrictor coiled round the trunk of a tree. Now, this is not put in the Museum as a natural curiosity merely. There is a story connected with it which you will like to hear.

It is now more than twenty-five years since the creature here shown was free and strong in his native forest in Bengal. But about that time fierce hurricanes had raised the sea some twenty feet above its usual level, and had driven it over large tracts of country. So wide-spread were these floods that they carried away cattle, crops, and houses, without number, and destroyed no less than twenty thousand human beings. All the wild animals were driven from their dens and forests, either up into trees or towards higher ground. This was so with the boa constrictor in the case before us, which, strange to say, sought *his* home in the Mission-house at Kristnapore, which stands just at the edge of the dreary jungle which covers the Sunderbunds. That house was next to the chapel, and was occupied by a Native Teacher. As, however, one evening the flood had nearly reached the door, the good man did not sleep there, but spread his mat in the chapel, which stood upon rather higher ground. Early the next morning he went into his house to get some rice for his breakfast, and as it was dark, he felt his way to the spot where the rice was kept, and stretched out his hand to take some; but, to his horror, he felt there some cold and slimy creature. In a moment he sprang out of the house, and called loudly for help, declaring that some "death-giving animal" was within. Lights were soon brought, when the great serpent was seen coiled up and fast asleep. The people then began to consider how they should kill this dangerous neighbour, and at length they came with bamboos, and gave him a severe wound in the under side

of his body; but, raising its head and opening its jaws, it darted forward towards its enemies, and drove them from the house. The attacks were several times repeated, but the creature still kept his place. At length they got a rope, and threw a noose round his neck, then dragged him out, and fastened the rope to a tree. It so happened that Messrs. Lacroix and Gogerly went to the village on that day. When they came, they supposed that the boa had been killed by the blows he had received. They therefore loosened the rope and dragged him into the compound, which is an inclosed space around the Mission-house. The Missionaries then went into the chapel, but they had not been there long before they heard the cries of the natives, and found that the creature was making his escape. They therefore hastened out, seized the rope, and tightened the noose. But this only irritated the serpent the more, and made him dart at Mr. Lacroix in a most frightful manner, and follow him round and round the compound. But Mr. L. held fast the rope, and moved too quickly to be caught. Another noose was now thrown over his head, and he was then drawn up to the roof of the chapel and killed.

THE WORLD AND MISSIONS.

NO. IV.—SOUTH AFRICA.

(*Continued from p.* 88.)

ANOTHER thing I want you to observe about the geography of South Africa, is this:—There are two kinds of desert in it, and you will find a specimen of each marked in the Map. Our common idea of a desert is, that it is just an ocean of sand, without trees or shrubs, or grass or animals,

like some of the plains near Mount Sinai over which the children of Israel journeyed, and where they often cried for water. Look for the "Great Karroo" in the Map, and there you have such a desert. It was in this horrible region that John Campbell, the African traveller, after journeying several days with Mr. and Mrs. Moffat, suddenly stood still and said very solemnly: "Sirs, it would require a good pair of spectacles to see a blade of grass in this world." The other sort of desert is the "Kalahari," which, though almost entirely without water and seldom receiving a drop of rain, is covered with long grass, large melons and tall trees. This is wonderful; but you have already been told in the papers on Livingstone's travels why it is.

You can see, from all that I have said, where it is that the "rain-maker" is found. Kafirs care very little about him, but are, nevertheless, in bondage to other men who profess to be "prophets" among them. It is in the rainless country that the "rain-maker" flourishes. But not only is he supposed to be able to give the land this blessing, but for it the poor people pray to any power they can think of. Once a Missionary heard a woman praying to a small snake, and she said, "Give rain to my garden; let me have plenty, and let there be nobody in the world but you and me!" How foolish and how awful a prayer!

There are three races of people in South Africa. In the upper part are the Negroes. Then come the great family of the Kafirs, containing a very large number of tribes who call themselves by distinct names, and reject the word Kafir because it is a term of reproach, and means "unbeliever." The third race is the Hottentot, rising from the lowest class, the Bushman, to the highest, the Griqua. These three are quite distinct both in appearance and in language. You have read and heard so much lately of the

Negroes and the Kafirs through Dr. Livingstone's travels, that I shall now write only of the poor and much despised Hottentot.

The Hottentot not only stands by himself among the different kinds of people in South Africa, but almost alone amongst all the tribes of the earth. He is most like the Negro, perhaps; but then, while the Negro is black, and the Kafir brown, the Hottentot is sallow, and his language is full of a sound like "click." There is some redness about his skin, and it is even said that often a new born Hottentot child is nearly white. Mr. Moffat thinks he belongs to the same race as the Chinese. Let us look at one of the Hottentots in the lowest class of the race, the Bushman, and living in his natural state of wildness. There he is in the desert, with his small body and light limbs and yellowish hue, and curly hair in tufts and twisted tassels, crouching on the ground, keenly gazing with his narrow and slanting eyes at that deer; and now, slowly lifting himself up, he draws his bow and sends a poisoned arrow right to the victim's heart. If he sees you he will, perhaps, fly, and it is vain to hope to get near him. He is naked, filthy, as wild as the game he hunts, fierce if provoked, living by himself in a hole of the earth, without one idea of law, or property, or society, or religion! And yet, remember, dear young friends, this poor wretch is "a man and a brother."

Now see what the Gospel can do for men like this wild Hottentot. I could picture to you many a beautiful scene which our glorious Missions have produced among this once enslaved and still despised people. But one there is which I am sure you cannot tire of. There it is, not far from the mouth of the River Gamtoos, which you will find in the south-east corner of Africa in your map. I do not say the Hottentot ever becomes a man remarkable for a strong mind. No, he will still, often when you speak to him, pull

one of "the peppercorns of wool" upon his head, and say with a sly look, "I can't understand it, my hair is too short." But see his industry, his socialness, his virtue, his affectionateness, his generosity, his piety! The place I mean is Hankey. You remember the grand story, how the wandering Hottentots were gathered round a fountain and taught to sow and read and pray; how the Missionary found that the fountain would cease to flow, how he climbed the hill, saw the river, resolved that the river should come through the hill, and how the Hottentots worked and worked, and made the tunnel in spite of all the fears and predictions of those who thought they never could. Now look at the land. The Missionary who is there ends one of his letters to me thus: "As to the place and its scenery, I live in Paradise. My house stands upon a rocky bluff on the edge of the alluvial plain, and looks out upon about fifty acres of orchard, at this moment, for it is now morning, resounding with the voices of a hundred merry children chattering, laughing, and singing, while they take their fill of fruit. Away to the right stretches an expanse of corn lands, brown and green, with ripe and growing maize; opposite is the church, a most comely feature in the landscape." In another place he says: "I may estimate the whole number under my pastoral care as at present from 1600 to 2000. I have a class of about forty enquirers, and have added twenty-eight members to the Church during the year." These Hottentots not only support their pastor, but have given him a horse, and pay for its keep.

I will finish my paper by a story of a Hottentot boy. Near one of the Stations lived a Hottentot, who, though himself careless, was persuaded to send two of his children, a boy of eight and a girl of six, to the Mission Day-school. They lived with a relative at the Station, that they might attend the school. After a few weeks the father came for

the boy and said that he must "come home and take care of the calves." The boy objecting, his father asked why. "Because," said he, "there is nothing good taught in the place where father lives." "But," asked the father, "what can such a thing as you learn here?" "Father, I have learned something," said the boy. "Repeat it then," demanded the father. The boy replied, "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The father was silent, and the boy continued: "Does father know who Jesus Christ is?" The father remaining silent, the child said: "Jesus Christ is the Son of God; does father know who are sinners? All are sinners." Thus spake the child with the utmost simplicity, just to convince his father that he had learned something at the Mission school. The father returned home without the boy. Soon after, one of the Church-members went to live at the same place, and found him in much distress on account of sin, and succeeded in directing him to the Saviour whose blood cleanseth us from all sin. A few weeks after he visited the Station again, that he might see the Missionary. He first called at the relatives, where food was set before him, and his little daughter was struck to see him asking a blessing on his meal. As he was doing this a dog sprang up and overturned the food, on which he calmly rose and put the dog out of the room. The little girl cried out in her amazement, "How is that? Father did not curse the dog. Father used always to swear at such a dog as that." He meekly replied: "I have met with the precious Word of God." Dear boys and girls, learn from this Hottentot boy to get good and do good.

I am, dear Young Friends,
Yours affectionately,
A Missionary's Son.

SCHEELKOBUS, THE BUSHMAN CHIEF.

You have heard of the Boers of South Africa. They are the Dutch farmers who live on the border-land between Cape Colony and the native tribes in the interior. They are very often at war with the natives, and seem sometimes determined, if possible, to destroy all whom they can reach. Not unnaturally, the natives, not content with defending themselves, try to be revenged by robbing and murdering the white settlers; and in this way a struggle is almost always going on, which causes great suffering and crime. The following narrative is a sad one, but it will show the truth of what has been just said, and it will also show, too, how much the Missionaries of "the Prince of Peace" are needed for the whites as well as blacks. Both parties are very wicked, and both need that Gospel which alone can turn the lion into a lamb.

Scheelkobus was a Bushman. The Bushmen are very, very poor, and Scheelkobus was no better off than his fellow countrymen. They know no God in heaven; they have no king on earth; no town in their neighbourhood; no field in their country; no house in their village; no horse in the stable; no cow in the pasture; no shirt on their backs; no hat on their heads; no shoes on their feet; no money in their purses; no bread in their cupboards, and no Bible in their hands. So you see that Scheelkobus was a very poor man.

But he had not always been so poor. All the Bushmen were once rich people. The whole land over which they now wander, once belonged to them. But first the Hottentots came and robbed them; others followed, until at last came white men, the Boers, of whom we have spoken, who plundered them too. You may easily suppose that after they had been thus robbed they had not much left. Indeed, so poor were they now, that they were obliged to live almost like wild beasts in the desert. Scheelkobus, like the rest, had

lost nearly everything that belonged to his fathers, except a little plot of ground, upon which nothing would grow. But he made this his home. Here he dug holes in the earth, which he covered with branches of trees, instead of a roof, and in these holes he and all his people lived, for he was a chief or captain of the Bushmen. There were also some Hottentots living near by.

Several years ago a German Missionary, named Zerwick, went to the country where Scheelkobus lived, built a house and a church on the banks of the river, which flowed past the chief's village, and began to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Now, if Scheelkobus had received God's message of mercy to him, he would have gained many benefits from it. Not only would he have had his sins forgiven, and a bright hope of a home in heaven, but even in this life he would have received great good. Then, instead of being wretchedly poor, he would have become civilized, and would have learned how to till his ground, and might thus have become a rich and a happy man. But he preferred to remain in misery and wickedness, and would never attend to what the Missionary said.

His poor village, with its dwelling-*holes* (we cannot call them dwelling-*houses*), lay on the bank of a river. On the other side of this river, a Boer, named Venter, had built his house. Whenever Scheelkobus looked out of his hole and saw the Boer's house and farm-yard, with its fine oxen, and horses, and sheep, he was filled with rage, for he said that the land upon which the Boer's house was standing and his flocks were feeding was his own land, and that the Boer had stolen it from him, and should either give it up or pay a large sum of money for it. But the former would do neither, and had several times driven the Bushman off his grounds when he came to claim his right. In consequence of this they were very bad neighbours. Scheelkobus and his people stole several fine

sheep and dragged them through the stream, and the Boer had sworn that he would shoot every thief whom he caught upon his farm. And Scheelkobus used often to say, "One of us two must fall—either I or Venter."

While things were in this state, some land belonging to the Boers, in another part of the country, had been seized by the natives. "Now," said Scheelkobus, "I can attack Venter, for now his brethren will not be able to help him." But the Boers who were settled along the river foresaw their danger; and Venter and his neighbours, who were very much scattered, and lived many miles from one another, left their houses, took their cattle and the rest of their property, and made a sort of fort or barricade with their large ox-waggons. Within this inclosed space in the desert they remained for some time; but, as the Bushmen did not stir, they thought the danger was over, so they broke up their encampment and went to their different houses.

It was late in the evening when Venter reached his house, with his wife and child and all his cattle. Three other Boers who were travelling with him stopped the night as his guests, and their four heavily laden waggons were left in the open air. On the next morning, when these four men got up and went to the cattle yard, suddenly some muskets were fired at them from behind a wall. Surely that must be Scheelkobus and his people. Yes, it was so. For a long time they had been in the habit of using firearms as well as bows and arrows. Three Boers fell on the spot. One was shot through the arm; another through the thigh; a third through the breast; the fourth was uninjured. But they all three rose from the ground and returned to the house, which was then barred and made secure, and bravely defended by the one Boer who was not wounded. The Bushmen kept firing bullets through the door and windows; but when they saw

that they could do no great harm they ceased, and went off in the afternoon with all the cattle of the Boers, which they drove through the river, and carried in safety to their village. As soon as it was dark, the unhappy farmers set out on their journey. The women and children, and the man who had been shot through the arm, went on foot. The farmer who was not shot took his friend upon his back, who had received a ball in his thigh; and thus they went through the terrible desert in the night to the next farmhouse. But the man who had been shot through the breast could not be moved, he had to be left behind in the house.

On the next morning Scheelkobus returned to the farm with his band of men. They now took the heavily laden waggons, with all their goods in them, and brought them into their village. They went also into the house where the wounded man was lying. But they did him no harm; they only plundered the house, and when he begged them to carry him into the sunshine they did so, put a vessel of water by his side, and went away.

Scheelkobus was now very well off. Such a grand style of living had never been seen in his village. The fine horses and oxen, and the fat sheep and goats of the Boers, and everything that had been stolen from the waggons, now belonged to him. And so he began to divide the spoil as though he were a king or an emperor. To one he sent a horse as a present, to another an ox, to a third three fat sheep: others received weapons or clothes or tobacco, or other such valuables out of the waggons. Now you might have seen what heathen life was like. Whatever was good for food was cooked and devoured greedily as long as they could bear to eat. The clothes, too, were tried on, and the poor savages, who generally were almost or altogether naked, strutted about in these clothes among their wretched dwelling-holes, as proudly as if they had been princes and princesses.

Then the men mounted the horses and rode up and down the village, and every one shouted and sang and smoked tobacco to his heart's content. When news of this was spread in the neighbourhood, other natives thought they would like to have a share in such a way of living, and so troops of them came from all quarters, until Scheelkobus found himself at the head of a host of people, and able to bring four hundred men to battle. So they agreed to make Scheelkobus king of the Bushmen, that he might lead them to battle against the Boers; thinking that in this way they would always be able to live in a merry and riotous manner.

Scheelkobus did not need to be asked twice. More men kept constantly flocking to him, and the Boers had not yet assembled in sufficient numbers to attack him. So the new king wandered up and down the country with his band of warriors, robbing their foes. One day they fell in with a large travelling company of fifteen Boers; they shot them all and carried off their property. They were particularly anxious to get horses, and stole them wherever they could. All this time the Missionary, Mr. Zerwick, remained in constant danger. But God mercifully preserved him and his property. The Hottentot chief of the place where he lived, who knew Scheelkobus very well, went to his village and tried to persuade him to make peace with the Boers. But he would not hear of it. The new king said, "I have chosen my course, and I will not stop now. I am as good a chief as you, and will fight for my land. The Boers are determined to shoot me dead, and you now see me for the last time."

After five weeks, about three hundred Boers gathered together, determined, if possible, to destroy the Bushmen. "And how," you are ready to ask, "did it fare with them and their king now?" You shall hear in our next Number.

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Halshaw Moor Sunday School	15	0	0

Henley-on-Thames.

Sunday School	4	0	0
Ditto Teachers	3	17	6
	7*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*		

Hopton. Juvenile Collection	2	17	1

Kingswood (Glos.)

Sunday School	0	15	7
Mrs. Andrews's Bible Class	0	6	3
	1*l.* 1*s.* 10*d.*		

Leeds.

Queen Street Chapel.

Collected by—

Miss E. A. Holroyd	1	6	8
Miss Woodcock	1	4	8
Miss Asquith	1	1	0
Miss A. Dyson	0	16	9
Master Hawksworth	0	14	0
Miss A. Woodcock	0	12	9
Miss F. Scotson	0	12	1
Master Shackleton	0	11	6
Miss Telfer	0	10	0
Miss Wright	0	10	0
Miss Navey	0	9	4
Miss J. Telfer	0	9	0
Master Yates	0	8	10
Miss M. A. Walker	0	8	6
Miss R. Barratt	0	8	6
Smaller Sums by 17 Collectors	4	5	4
	14*l.* 8*s.* 11*d.*		

Belgrave Chapel Sunday School	3	13	3

East Parade Chapel.

Mr. J. G. Shaw's Missionary Box	0	2	6
Miss Lambert's First Class of Girls	0	8	0
	10*s.* 6*d.*		

Lincoln Sunday School, New Year's Offering	5	17	3

Little Dean Sunday School.	1	15	6
Pope's Hill ditto	0	15	3
	2*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.*		

Llangattock Sunday School Teachers	0	9	6
Lymington Sunday School Teachers and Friends, per Miss Hopkins	1	10	0

Maidstone.

Collected by—

Maria Hearnden	0	15	2
Miss L. Dadds	0	12	6
Louisa Dove	0	10	0
Fanny Barfoot	0	6	4
Walter Cox	0	6	2
Mary Ann Baldwin	0	5	9
A. Rankin and Hockham	0	5	7
Henry Holbrow	0	5	0
Rose Parks & A. Vaughan	0	4	11
Eliza Barham & C. Crisfield	0	4	9
Eliza Delo	0	2	6
Thomas Acres	0	2	4
M. J. Mead & Clara Jones	0	1	9
George Baldwin	0	1	6
Charles Baker	0	1	5
J. Bartholomew	0	1	0
E. Swinnock	0	0	6
Collection in Sunday School	1	6	10
	5*l.* 14*s.*		

Mattishall Sunday School	3	0	0

Minshull Vernon.

Collected by Miss Davies, Eardswick.

Mr. Wright, Minshull	0	10	0
Mr. Davies, Eardswick Hall	0	10	0
Mr. Jackson, Minshull Hill	0	5	0
Mrs. Cooke, Ivy Cottage	0	5	0
Mrs. Broster	0	2	6
Mr. Gresty	0	2	6
Mr. Peter Wright	0	2	6
Mrs. Platt	0	2	6
Mr. Yoxall	0	2	6
Mr. Rigby	0	2	6
Mrs. Sumner	0	2	0
Mrs. Gresty	0	2	0
The Misses Yoxall	0	2	0
Two Friends	0	2	0
Miss Wright	0	1	0
Master W. Wright	0	1	0
Mr. Cotton	0	1	0
Mrs. Askey	0	1	0
Mr. J. Wright	0	2	0
Mrs. Jackson	0	1	0
Mrs. Robinson	0	2	6
Mr. Moreton	0	2	6
Mr. J. Moreton, jun.	0	2	0
Mr. P. Yoxall	0	2	0
Mrs. Dodd	0	2	0
3l. 11s.			

Mitcheldean.

Collected by—

Miss M. Knowles	0	13	0
Miss J. Bennett	0	10	6
1l. 3s. 6d.			

Morley.

Zion Chapel.

Sunday School Teachers and Scholars	5	2	8

Nottingham. Castle Street Sunday School 0 12 9

Norwich.

Old Meeting Juvenile Society.

Profits of Tea and Collection	2	1	7
Collection after Half-yearly Meeting	0	6	6
Mrs. Hallett's Sewing Class	3	10	0
Mr. Grout, for Native Teachers	0	3	0
Mrs. Selby for ditto	0	4	0
Miss Bull for ditto	0	2	6
School Box	0	2	4

Collectors.

Misses Anthony	0	12	7
Mrs. B. Allen	0	12	8
Miss B. Allen	2	4	0
Mr. J. Burgess	0	3	2
Mr. J. W. Bateman	0	6	2
Mr. W. Brown	0	2	0
Miss Balls	0	7	6
Mr. J. Betts	0	7	10
Miss M. A. Brooks	0	1	6
Miss E. Cork	0	9	7
Miss Cook	1	0	10
Miss A. Dawson	2	8	5
Miss Darley	0	7	9
Miss S. Elgar	0	4	2
Miss E. Farmer	0	5	4
Miss Field	0	3	7
Miss V. Gaze	0	12	1
Miss S. Gaze	0	2	9
Mr. A. W. Gaze	0	2	9
Mr. Hill	1	0	2
Miss M. J. Hurn	0	5	2
Miss C. Hogg	0	1	1
Mr. W. Hogg	0	1	8
Miss Jarrold	0	3	1
Miss Mallett	0	6	0
Mr. W. Malden	0	2	9
Miss Moll	0	1	5
Mr. J. Nash	0	3	5
Miss Pye	0	14	10
Miss L. Patrick	0	1	5
Mr. D. Shields	0	13	3
Miss Stocks	0	8	2
Mr. B. Smith	0	4	0
Miss Sexton	0	11	10
Mr. S. Starling	0	3	0
Mr. J. Sayer	0	4	2
Miss A. Smith	0	0	8
Miss E. Turner	0	0	3
Mr. A. Tuxford	0	0	11
Miss M. A. Thompson	0	2	3
Miss Watts	0	4	8
Miss M. Woodrow	0	12	4
Miss Woodgate	0	7	9
Mrs. Youngman	0	14	0

Classes in Schools of—

Miss Allen	0	2	6
Miss Bateman	0	4	0
Mr. J. Burgess	0	2	8
Mr. H. Burgess	0	2	0
Mr. Baker	0	2	8
Mr. Grimwood	0	1	0
Mr. Hancock	0	11	6
Mr. Hogg	0	3	8
Miss Harrison	0	3	5
Miss Mundy	0	2	9
Mr. Rose	0	1	4
Mrs. Waller	0	1	9
Fractions	0	0	9
Exs. 16s. 3d.; 28l. 15s. 10d.			

Thus Appropriated:—

Native Teachers	15	0	0
Native Chapel	5	0	0
China	5	15	10

Norwich.

Princes Street.

For China.

New Year's Juvenile Offering.

Sunday Schools.

Princes Street	7	12	7
King Street	4	0	0
Trowse	1	17	0
Thorpe	1	1	8

Collected by Cards.

Miss Somerville	1	19	0
Miss L. Miller	1	3	0
Miss E. Turner	0	14	6
Master E. Boardman	0	13	4
Miss Brown	0	12	6
Miss Bessie Pigg	0	10	0
Master W. King	0	8	2
Miss M. Reynoldson	0	7	0
The Misses Bunting	0	4	8
Mr. J. Bird	0	3	6
Master and Miss Berry	0	1	5
21l. 8s. 4d.			

Oulton. Collected by Miss M. J. Savage, and Miss George 0 13 0

Pembroke Dock. Tabernacle Sunday School 3 0 0

Pendleton. Mr. S. Gill's Bible Class 0 5 0

Perth, Sunday School 0 11 0

Plymouth.

Norley Chapel.

Sunday School Teachers, 1s. Subscriptions	2	4	0
Miss Davis's Class	0	11	4

Batter Street.

Mr. Walker's Class 0 16 0
3l. 11s. 4d.

Point in View, Collected by

Jessie H. Guenett	0	11	8
Thomas H. Guenett	0	11	7
1l. 3s. 0d.			

Portsea.

King Street, Bazaar of the Juvenile Missionary Working Party 10 0 0

Buckland Chapel.

Sunday School.

Collected by—

Master W. Ollis	0	7	0
Miss Beazley	0	5	7
Miss Burt	0	3	6
Master Cole	0	3	0
Miss Gill	0	1	8
1l. 0s. 3d.			

Preston.

Knowl Green Sunday School 1 11 10

Purleigh Sunday School ... 0 15 10

Rochdale. Providence Chapel S.S. Teachers 1 16 9

St. Andrews. Bell Street Sabbath School 0 10 0

South Molton.

Teachers' Offerings.

Bysh Mill Teachers	0	2	0
Louisa Arnold	0	1	0
Miss G. S. Trawin	0	1	0
Miss H. Tapp	0	1	0
Miss J. Tapp	0	1	0
Miss Paige	0	1	0
James Widgery	0	1	0
Mr. Brewer	0	1	0
Mr. A. Jatsum	0	1	0
William Bawden	0	1	0
Mr. Dinsey	0	1	0
Mr. Tapp	0	1	0
Mr. Trawin	0	1	0
Mr. Harris	0	1	0
James Cole	0	1	0
Benjamin Morgan	0	1	0
Jane Cole	0	1	0
Miss Seage	0	1	0
Four Old Teachers	0	4	0

Cards.

Miss Cole	0	7	0
Elizabeth Cruwys	0	4	6
Ann Parminter	0	3	6
William Bawden	0	3	0
Elizabeth Widgery	0	2	6
2l. 3s. 0d.			

Sowerby Bridge Sunday School 4 7 0

Spilsby.

By Cards of—

M. C. Atkin	0	7	8
Ditto, Sale of penwipers	0	10	8

W. Searley	0	11	0
J. M. Hawkins	0	10	0
Eliza Marshall	0	5	9
H. C. King	0	5	0
Lucy Hill	0	4	1
W. Stephenson	0	2	6
Exs. 7*d.*; 2*l.* 16*s.* 1*d.*			

Stratford-on-Avon. Sunday School	1	16	0
Stroud. Old Chapel, Little Sarah Aldridge	0	3	1
Surbiton, Girls' Sunday School. Part proceeds of a Missionary Tree, per Miss Butterworth, Cleveland Villa	5	0	0
Throop. Sunday School Subscriptions, first quarter	0	18	0
Uxbridge, Young Ladies at Miss Watson's	2	0	0

Westbromwich.

Mayer's Green Chapel.

A Friend	5	0	0
Miss Rebekah J. Cooksey	3	13	0
Miss Hudson	3	10	0
Miss Mallin	3	0	0
A Friend	1	0	0
Miss Lewis	0	17	0
Miss Mantell	0	14	0
Miss Mary Reeves	0	10	0
Miss E. Hood	0	8	0
Miss Mary Horton	0	8	0
Miss Jane Hood	0	7	6
Master William Green	0	7	0
Master Henry Holland	0	7	0
Miss Newbury	0	6	6
Miss E. Franks	0	5	0
Master D. Upton	0	5	0
Mr. Alfred Bond	0	4	9
Master James Reeves	0	4	6
Miss Ann Reeves	0	4	0
Miss E. Evans	0	3	10
Master Henry Stamps	0	3	6
Master A. Timmins	0	3	6
Miss Bates	0	3	3
Miss Sarah Allen	0	3	3
Miss E. Fairbrother	0	3	0
Master F. Newman	0	2	9
Master Alfred Hollyoak	0	2	2
Master S. Leighton	0	2	0
Mrs. Joseph Hale	0	2	0
Miss Hannah Sutton	0	1	10
Master George Bird	0	1	6
Masters Keay and Lloyd	0	1	3
Miss Ann Bradbury	0	1	2
Miss E. Hinton	0	1	1
23*l.* 7*s.* 4*d.*			

Westerham. Collected by Miss Clayton	0	12	1
Whitchurch (*Salop*). Sunday School	3	12	6

Wincanton.

Sunday School	1	13	3
M. H. Drover	0	11	
E. Collins	0		8
3*l.* 0*s.* 11*d.*			

Witheridge Sunday School	0	7	0

Woodford.

Rev. E. T. Egg.

For Special Chinese Fund.

Collected by—

Rhoda Bunton	0	10	0
Elizabeth Limmerman	3	8	9
Mary Cutts	0	10	0
Mrs. Neville	0		6
Mr. Howarth (D.)	0	10	0
Louisa Mylne (D.)	0	5	0
Minister's Sabbath Afternoon Bible Class	2	4	0
Sunday School Children's Pence	2	6	9
10*l.*		12	4
	0	7	9

Wymondham (*Norfolk*)			
Sunday School		10	8

Total, including sums previously acknowledged in the "Missionary Chronicle"	776	3	10

CONTENTS.

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