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The Baby Tomb in China.

THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

JULY 2, 1860.

INFANTICIDE IN CHINA.

WHO is there that does not love a baby? Who can see its sweet smile, or hear its happy cry, without pleasure? As it stretches out its little hands towards you, or leans its head upon its mother's bosom, or almost springs out of your arms, how strongly does it take hold upon your heart! Its early imitations, its first words, its tottering steps, all have a charm which most must feel. And when sick and dying in its cradle, do not its pale cheeks and wasted form, with other signs of disease and distress which it cannot describe, draw it towards you still closer than ever, in sympathy, sorrow, and love? But what it is for the bereaved mother to look upon an infant's grave, none but she can tell. Though at such a time she may find comfort in the thought that, while it was yet alive, she did all that love could prompt to lessen its sufferings and to save its life, and though, if she be a Christian mother, she will find still stronger comfort in the confidence that her loved one has gone to dwell with angels in heaven, and with that kind friend

who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," still her heart will be ready to burst with bitter grief.

But how different is the state of things in nearly all the lands of the Heathen! There, as you well know, multitudes are "without" the "natural affection" of the very beasts that perish, and even "mothers monsters prove." Look at the Frontispiece, and you will see a proof of this. It is a baby tomb in China. But it is not a tomb for the dead, but for the living. It is a place into which mothers thrust their infant daughters from their arms and their bosom, to die in darkness and corruption. Could you believe it possible that woman's kind heart should become so hardened against her own sweet smiling babe, as to do this? that she could carry that babe to such a spot, thrust it through a hole, and then turn away from its piteous cry, as the sound came back from the frightful place into which it had fallen? Yes! all this the Chinese mother can do. And we learn from those who know the fact, that, "in the neighbourhood of the large cities of China, towers or tombs of this kind are provided to receive the bodies of the poor little girls, whom their parents do not think it worth while to rear," and that there is reason to fear that thousands are destroyed in this way every year. And why, you may ask, are these dear little ones murdered thus? Just because their parents think that it will cost them more to feed and clothe than they are worth. Such is the horrid selfishness, and dreadful sin, which mark the conduct, even of the clever and civilized Chinese!

Some time since, a gentleman was sent to China by

the conductors of the "Times" newspaper, that he might give an account of some things which he saw and heard in that land. And in a book which he has published since he came back, he says that it had become a fashion with some people to deny that infanticide was common in China, but that he had found it otherwise. The following extract from his book contains painful proof of this.

"At Ningpo, I saw in the household of Mrs. McGowan, the lady of the American Medical Missionary, a young girl with large feet and a cheerful aspect, doing duty as a nursery-maid. This girl had been rescued from death by starvation. Seeking more information upon the subject, Mrs. McGowan told me, that although the authorities at Ningpo were ashamed of the fact, and had the grace to think it an imputation upon a literary city, it was by no means an uncommon circumstance to find, under the walls, bodies of infants half devoured by dogs.

"A very shocking incident of this kind had occurred a few weeks before. One night, the Chinese girl whom I have already mentioned came up to Mrs. McGowan, and told her that she heard the growling of dogs and the faint cry of a child just outside the garden-gate. The kind lady immediately arose; and, going forth with a lantern and some of the house coolies (servants), was quickly guided to the spot. It was a dreadful spectacle. An infant, wrapped in a coarse cloth, was surrounded by a pack of pariah dogs, who were tearing at the cloth, and already gnawing at the flesh. The baby was still alive. While the men beat off the dogs, Mrs. McGowan took the little

creature in her arms, and ran with it to the house. It was too late. The squalid tiny thing opened its eyes, and seemed to try to cling to her, and, as she imagined, smiled upon her, and died."

With that picture in their eye, and with those facts in their memory, surely we need not ask the children of Britain to help in sending Missionaries to China. Even if our only object was to save the thousands of sweet smiling babes from a living death, that would be reason enough why we should give our money and our men for the good work. For you know what God's Word says about people who "forbear to deliver those who are drawn unto death and ready to be slain." (Proverbs xxiv. 11.) But we want these infants not only to live, but as they grow up to learn what God has said to them, and what Christ has done for their salvation. Surely, if you stood near one of those horrid tombs, and were to see a mother about to push her little one into it, you would rush forward, and try to snatch the dear innocent out of her hands, and to deliver it from this dreadful death. And if prayers or money could do it, would you not cry earnestly to her to spare her child, and be ready, for such a purpose, to give all that you had? Now in this spirit we want our readers to help in the great and good work of Missions to the Heathen. The London Missionary Society is sending out many good men to that land. Surely we who cannot go, and especially the young, who owe their happiness, their homes, their mother's love, perhaps their very lives to the Gospel, should do their utmost to make that Gospel known to every creature.

THE WORLD AND MISSIONS.

NO. IV.—THE WEST INDIES.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I dare say you have sometimes been in a hot-house. What a change in winter do you find there from the garden outside! Outside, the ground is frozen and become hard as a stone; here and there is a lump of ice, or a patch of snow; there is no flower, and hardly a leaf. But in the hot-house there are gay flowers, bright blossoms, shining leaves, and, it may be, golden fruit! What sweet odours float around us! What a place of life, and beauty, and joy! You know how it is there is such a difference between the garden without and within. Pipes full of hot water are coiled underneath and around, and this hot water makes the air hot, and the house hot, and the soil hot, and thus the shrubs and trees "rejoice and blossom," and bring forth their flowers and their fruits.

England is a hot-house. You wonder as you think of blue fingers and shivering limbs, and say, "What can he mean?" Yes, it has been very cold this winter; but if England were not a hot-house you could not have lived in it. Look at a map of the world, and you will see that, according to its place on the earth—*i.e.*, its latitude—England ought to be as cold as Labrador, and Siberia, and Kamstchatka, and the waters around it frozen in winter like those of the Baltic Sea. Nay, some geographers think that because of the streams which run down from the North Pole, England ought to be colder than these countries—a land of everlasting frost and snow, not fit for man to live upon—having upon it only mosses, and perhaps some firs, and no animals but bears, and foxes, and dogs. But it is a hot-house, and therefore it is the land of beauty, and riches, and comfort, which it is. All round it there

runs a stream of warm water, and this stream is to it what the hot water pipes are to the hot-house.

Now this stream comes from the West Indies. Look at the map, and you will find the great Gulf of Mexico. You see that, with the West India Islands on one side, the gulf is very nearly a complete circle. That gulf is the great kettle, or boiler, which makes the water hot that comes to flow round our dear England. The water which is heated there enters the gulf through the Caribbean Sea (see Map), and when it gets inside the gulf it is shut in by the islands, and so it stays there while the sun, which is very hot in that latitude, warms it for our use. Then, in time, this warm water is forced out by the wind, and it can get out only in one way, and that is between Cuba and Florida, and between Florida and the Bahamas. The channel here is very narrow, and so the waters become very deep and run very fast—faster, along the Gulf of Florida, than the quickest coach of the old times—twelve miles an hour. They run along by the side of America till they meet some very long banks and the strong streams from the North Pole, which bring down the icebergs; and then, though not strong enough at this distance from the gulf to resist the cold streams, they are too strong to be turned quite back, and run, therefore, towards Europe and surround our little island. If you were to go out to sea, you could soon find this wonderful stream, for it is very blue—in many parts as blue as indigo—the sign that it is very salt, and it is warmer than the water at its side, and runs through the water just as a river runs between its banks on land. This water gets so hot in the Gulf of Mexico, that it is, in the hot season, four degrees hotter than the waters at the Equator, and when they come into the great Atlantic Ocean, they are from eight to twelve degrees warmer than the waters there. In the Gulf of Mexico the

sea is hotter than in any other part of the globe. It is this warm stream that melts the ice which comes from the North, and makes the South-west winds which blow over England so warm, and which, running round our island, makes the air warm, and the land warm, and the trees warm, and us warm. Bless God, dear young friends, for this wonderful "gulf-stream!"

I want you to observe that this precious blessing comes to us through the West India Islands. If the islands were not there, though the waters would roll into the gulf they would not stay there long enough to get as hot as they do. If the islands did not make the channels narrow and deep round Florida, there would not be such a mass of the hot waters there—hot, it is believed, to the bottom of the sea; and, again, they would not rush out with such speed and strength as to be able to meet the powerful currents from the North, and only half turn back when those currents stop their course to the North. England is therefore the happy land she is, because of the West India Islands.

Now, surely we ought to be most thankful to God for these islands, and surely the best way in which we can give Him thanks is by causing these islands to be full of good and happy men and women. But, alas! instead of this there is no part of the world in which the people of England and of other countries of Europe have done and caused so much wickedness and cruelty as in these islands. First went the Spaniards, and they soon destroyed nearly all the poor Indians they found there. Some descendants of them are still alive, and, I believe, may be seen at Trinidad, and are called Caribs. Afterwards, there being no natives there to toil, negroes were stolen from Africa and made to work and live as slaves on these islands. The Spaniards did this cruel thing, and the Dutch, and the

French, and the Danes, and the *English*. I am fond and proud of our great and "good Queen Bess," but I can never forget that she was the first English sovereign that allowed the accursed slave-trade. In 1562, Sir J. Hawkins took 300 negroes from Guinea across the ocean, and sold them at Hispaniola, or Hayti. He then came to England, and received the approval of the Queen, who not only sanctioned his conduct, but rewarded him by granting him a crest, which was "a demy-moor (short negro) in his proper colour, bound with a cord!" I need not tell you how this sad example was followed. Ship loads after ship loads of stolen negroes were landed, till at last the islands were filled with slaves. In 1771, 192 ships of England alone were engaged in this trade, and landed 40,000 slaves.

I want you to understand what really is the *saddest* thing in being a slave. It is not that the slave works very hard, and is often beaten; it is not that he is not well fed, and well clothed, and well housed—most slaves are taken great care of, have plenty to eat and drink, wear good clothes, and live in pleasant cottages. The terrible thing in his lot is this: his body is not his own, and, worse still, his mind, his heart, his soul, are claimed by his master. In the days of slavery, the masters would not let their slaves hear the preaching of the Gospel, or learn to read, or even have a book. This was not all. They not only would not let them become Christians, but they did all they could to keep them heathens, and even to make them more superstitious, and wicked, and degraded. Yes, and these masters said they had a *right* to do this—that, as they were their slaves, they might, if they please, keep them from heaven! Look at some tall in the days of slavery. There is a clump of trees—some tall bamboos with their long feathery leaves, and some plantains, with their broad,

dark leaves. The slaves have been dismissed from their work. Some are coming from the sugar-canes in the field, some from the rollers and vats in which the sugar is squeezed from the canes and boiled. One group goes to the brook to bathe; another to the house of the master; another to the little huts that stand in rows, where their wives and children, who have also had to work in the fields, have gone before them. But you see a group coming towards the clump of trees. They stop, lie down, and begin to talk. One of them comes to the trees, digs up some earth in the midst of them, takes from the ground a little box, opens it, and brings out a book. He sits down with the book open on his lap, and then you see two, three, or four, walking softly to the same spot; one (or more) remains behind to watch the buckra house, and give warning if the master or overseer is coming. And while he is keeping guard, the negroes sit round the leader, hid by the trees, and listen while he spells out a few verses from the book of God. He is reading the 3rd chapter of John, and he is now at the 16th verse. Hear him: "F,o,r, for G,o,d, God s,o, so l,o,v,-e,d, loved t,h,e, de w,o,r,l,d, world, t,h,a,t, dat h,e, he g,a,v,e, gave," and so on. While the poor dear fellows are listening, they are startled by a whistle; they rise and run, but they are too late. The overseer is among them. He seizes the book, he drags the leader. The book he throws into a fire, and the man he ties to a beam, and lashes with his heavy whip till his back is covered with blood! This was a scene often occurring in the days when the negroes were slaves.

Look at another. It is on the island of St. Vincent. The law forbids preaching to the slaves. The penalties are, for the first offence, imprisonment, for the second, banishment, and, if the offender return and preach again, death. But there is a Missionary there resolved to "obey



God rather than man." He is standing among a hundred negroes, and speaking of the Saviour who became a servant and suffered and died for them. He is seen by a magistrate. Constables seize him and lead him to prison. The negroes crowd around him—men, women, boys, girls, weeping and saying, "God bless Massa Minister." Afraid of riot, the soldiers are called out, and they surround the constables and keep off the crowd. He passes through the prison gates, but soon he is seen at the grating of his cell. Look—an old blind woman gets through the line of soldiers, gropes her way to the grating, and cries out, "Massa Minister, keep up heart; God will bring you out." Encouraged by her voice, the Missionary preaches to the crowd through his iron bars, and one, Nancy Richards, received the truth, became an eminent Christian, and many years after died blessing God that "Massa Minister" was sent to prison. You know, dear young friends, that now there is not a slave on any one of the islands which belong to Britain; that, throughout them all, not only is the Gospel preached, but there are thousands of negroes converted like Nancy Richards, and blessing God every day of their lives.

(To be continued).

THE MISSIONARY MUSEUM.

NO. V.

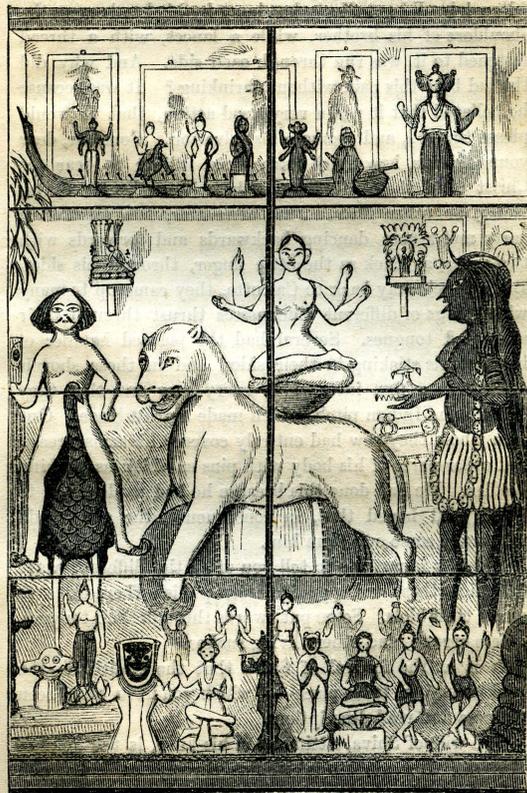
WE have drawn the attention of our young friends to some of the principal objects upon the north side of the Museum,—on the left hand as they enter. We shall now turn to the cases opposite or on the south side. These are filled with idols and other curious things which show the customs, but chiefly the superstitions, of the people of India,

Burmah, and China. The wood-cut in this Number represents a few of the chief gods of India. These are ugly, and some of them horrible looking figures; but it is sad to think what power they have over the bodies and souls of the millions of wretched heathen who fear and worship them. Not only do these poor deluded pagans believe a lie, but the lie they believe is so gross as to make them more false and wicked than they would be if they had not even the form of religion. The prophet Isaiah, speaking of the idols of the heathen, says, "They that make them are like unto them, so is every one that trusteth in them." Remember this as you look into the case, and you will easily understand why the Hindoos and others in the East should be so foolish, so corrupt, and so cruel as we know them to be.

There are five large idols in this case, with many small ones. The first of the large idols, on the right hand, is one of the sixty-three forms in which the god Shiva is worshipped. The artist could not show it in the wood-cut, but our young friends who visit the Museum will easily find it. Shiva appears riding upon a bull, with his wife sitting upon his knee. He is named *the Destroyer*, and his history, in what are falsely called the *sacred books*, is a history of crime and cruelty; yet this wretched object has the second place amongst the Hindoo deities, and in one form or another is more worshipped than any other of them. It is to please Shiva that the devotees, of whom you have often heard, pierce their tongues, bore their sides, swing by hooks which are fastened in their backs, and jump upon sharp spikes. Many years since, and before those changes in the customs of the Hindoos which have since been brought about by the influence of education, of the Government, and of the Gospel, a Missionary, with two or three friends, went to see these practices. On

their way, they overtook large companies who were hastening to the same spot, with drums and other musical instruments, and also with spits, canes, and various weapons to pierce their tongues and their sides. When the Missionary party came to the place, they went into the midst of the crowd. Here were men who were going to have their tongues or sides bored, buying garlands to hang about their necks, or to fasten round their heads. All these had their bodies smeared with oil, and then marked with streaks and dots of mud. Some of the chief men were covered with ashes, or dressed very much like mountebanks. When the Missionary party went into the temple, they found the crowd there, in their mad desire to see the idol, almost treading upon one another. As they passed out into the temple yard, they saw two or three blacksmiths very busy boring the tongues and sides of the wretched disciples of Shiva. The first man they observed did not much like to put out his tongue, when the blacksmith laid hold of it firmly, dragged it out of his mouth, then made a cut through it, and let the poor creature go, to get all the satisfaction in his suffering which he could find in the belief that he had performed a very good and holy action. The next person that offered himself to the blacksmith had had his tongue pierced twice before, and he went through the painful task without showing many signs of suffering. Each of these poor creatures gave the blacksmith money, while the crowd looked on and laughed heartily, as if they enjoyed the sport.

The Missionary party had now seen enough of tongue piercing. They went, therefore, to another group. But here others were having their sides bored. The first person they saw who was undergoing this operation was a boy about twelve or thirteen years old. He had been



brought there for the purpose, by an elder brother. Poor fellow ! he did not flinch, but hung by his hands upon the shoulders of his brother, while a lancet, with a thread fastened to it, was run through each side. And why did the lad bear this pain without shrinking ? It was because he believed that it was a very good action, that it would please the god, and promote his salvation. Consider, dear young friends, how much less you are willing to bear for Christ than these Hindoo youths will suffer for Shiva, Kalee, or other idols. Just after this, the Missionary party met a man dancing backwards and forwards with two canes, as thick as the little finger, through his sides. But on their way back to Calcutta, they came up to many with things of different thicknesses thrust through their sides and tongues. Several had the pointed handles of iron shovels sticking in their sides, and in those shovels there was a fire, into which every now and then they threw some Indian pitch, which made a great blaze. One man whom they saw had entirely covered his arms, breast, and other parts of his body with pins as thick as packing needles. He had done this because he had made a vow to Shiva, and hoped that, in consequence, the god would take away some evil from him.

But it is impossible to tell you of all the different ways in which these unhappy idolaters punish themselves to please their idols. Some put swords through their tongues, others arrows, and others living snakes.

It is at the festival of Shiva that the Chūrūkū—the hook-swinging, takes place—of which you have often seen pictures and read descriptions.

The wife of Shiva, sitting upon his knee, is the goddess Doorga. Her worship is common throughout India, and is kept up for many days at a time, when sacrifices are offered and much wickedness practised under the name of

religion. This goddess has a thousand names, but she is chiefly known and worshipped by that of Doorga. And the way in which she was so called is thus told in the sacred books.

Once upon a time, but where and when no one can tell, there was a great giant of this name. He was very strong, and a cruel tyrant. He had conquered three worlds, and sent all the gods from their heavens to live in forests. And so much were they afraid of him, that, at his command, they came and even worshipped Doorga. All religious ceremonies were set aside, the Brammins no longer read their sacred books, the rivers changed their courses, fire could no longer burn, and even the stars hid themselves from his face. At length the other gods asked Shiva to help them, and he, in pity, desired his wife, who was then called Parvutēē, to destroy the giant. This she promised to do. First, she got the inhabitants of the three worlds to oppose him. Then she collected an army of thirty thousand other giants, but where they came from we are not told ; yet, they were such monsters that they covered the whole earth. But the terrible giant was prepared for the war. He had a hundred millions of chariots, a hundred and twenty billions of elephants, ten millions of horses, and soldiers innumerable, and with these forces he went out to fight Parvutēē, on a mountain called Vindhu. As soon as the giant drew near, the goddess supplied herself with a thousand arms, and called to her help a great many different kinds of creatures, whose names are given in the sacred story, but of which nothing more is known. Parvutēē sat upon the mountain, when the troops of the giant poured their arrows thick as hail around her, hurled trees at her, and even tore up the mountains and flung them at her head ; but it was of no use. In return she threw a weapon which cut off many

of the giant's arms. At last she seized him, and set her foot upon his breast; but he got away from her and continued the fight. After she had destroyed all his army, the giant changed himself into an elephant as big as a mountain, and tried to trample upon the goddess. But she tied his legs, and with her nails tore him to pieces. Then he appeared as a buffalo, but the goddess having run him through with her trident, he all at once started up again as a giant, with a thousand arms, and a weapon in every one of them. But the goddess seized him by these very arms, carried him into the air, and threw him down with all her might. Then she pierced him with an arrow, and he died. Now the gods were filled with joy, their heavens rang with the praises of Parvutē, and as a reward for her great services, the gods changed her name to Doorga.

Such are the foolish fables which millions of immortal men believe. Surely, as you look at the two idols we have described, and remember what we have told you about them, and consider that these wretched objects receive Divine worship, you will not, you cannot be cold or careless about Christian Missions.

Next month we must describe some other images in this interesting part of the Museum.



JOHN PAUL, THE BLIND BEGGAR'S SON.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Some years since, when in England, I visited Yorkshire, where I was received very kindly by many Christian friends, particularly at Bradford, where several Sunday School children, encouraged by their teachers, determined to assist in educating girls and boys—children of heathen parents—and to keep up a correspondence with them. At Wibsey some lads joined together to support a boy at Pareychaley, and as Mr. Abbs

had been greatly encouraged by the success which had attended his effort to bring two poor blind beggars under the sound of the Gospel, the son of one of them, being a very little boy, was chosen to bear the name of "John Paul," and to be the scholar of the youths of Wibsey. You may suppose that it was not easy to train up a lad who had been only accustomed to wander about and beg his daily bread. Yet, by the blessing of God the liberality of our young friends has been rewarded not only in his instruction, but also, we believe, in his true conversion to God, and in the prospect of his becoming hereafter a preacher of the Gospel to his countrymen. As he is still young, he remains in school, although he is able to speak with propriety, and is sometimes appointed to preach to a destitute congregation. I now give you the translation of a letter which he wrote to his youthful supporters, the original of which will be sent to them. I trust you will pray for "John Paul" when you pray for yourselves, which I hope you do daily, and, encouraged by the success of the Wibsey scholars, arise and follow their good example.

TRANSLATION.

"The writing of John Paul, a member of the Preparandi Class established at Pareychaley. Gratitude and praise to Him who is infinitely benevolent, pardoneth the sins of fallen men, and governs the world by His power. Glory to the one God—the blessed Trinity—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost!

"When I was three years of age, my father was afflicted with ophthalmia, and entirely lost his sight. In consequence of this, giving him my hand, I led him from place to place, and, being ignorant of God, and our Lord Jesus Christ, we visited many heathen shrines and temples, where we obtained rice, curry, fruit, and other food which

had been previously presented to breathless, lifeless idols. When I was very young, my mother died. From the fourth year of my age I was accustomed, as opportunity occurred, to play with boys of my own age, who, being destitute of love, and evil in disposition, taught me to *speak blasphemy*, and walk in the ways of wickedness. While in this state, when my father and I were sitting in the market-place, the Missionary came to us, and kindly invited us to attend a place of worship. My father said, 'Because I am blind, and have only this boy to attend upon me, it is not always that I can obtain food sufficient for my body.' The Missionary said, 'If you come to the bungalow (Mission House) you will hear of good things for your soul; and the body shall not be neglected.' We went, therefore, the next morning to the bungalow. Some time after this I was admitted into the boarding-school at Pareychaley. At that time I did not know a single letter. Now, by the blessing of God, I am able to read the Old and New Testament. I pray morning and evening to God, that He may impart unto me an increase of wisdom and knowledge. While thus engaged, I often think of my former state, the kindness of my dear mistress, and the Word of God. One day, taking the Bible, I read the 13th chapter of the book of the prophet Zechariah, and on seeing the 9th verse was filled with wonder and joy. I am now learning in the Preparandi class, and receive good instruction from my beloved teacher. Sometimes by his direction I go to a village-station, and, according to my ability, endeavour to preach the Gospel. When in class I read the Psalter with Mr. Cœmmerer's exposition, and study Scripture History, the Gospels with notes, the third book of general instruction, and a treatise on Geography. Also having, by the favour of God, learned a little English, I read in that language the second book of

useful knowledge, a small manual of Grammar, and the Dictionary. Also, privately, I read the Gospels in English, and write *a little little*. That all these exercises may be rendered profitable to me, I daily look up to God, and pray for His Spirit. To me now there is neither father nor mother: I have no brother or sister. My father died in the month of March, 1858; I now remain dwelling alone. The Lord sustains me, and under Him, my dear minister and the beloved lady watch over me and assist me. My trust is in Him who is able both to save and destroy. Also my schoolmaster, Joseph, instructs me and my companions in the spirit of love and kindness. Also I have been induced by the exhortations of my minister and the pious assistants to think upon the Word of God and to desire to live a life of faith and holiness. I often reflect upon that Word written by King Solomon, and pray that it may never be my experience: 'How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof; and have not obeyed the voice of my teachers, nor inclined my ear to them that instructed me.' Often do I pray that God would give me His Holy Spirit, that the Word of the Lord may be profitable to my immortal soul. The passages of Scripture on which I am meditating at the present time are the following: 'Blessed is the man whose trust is in the Lord.' 'Repent and be converted.' 'As new-born babes desire the unadulterated milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby.' 'Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.' 'Depart from evil, and do good: seek peace and pursue it.' 'There is no other name given under heaven among men, whereby they can be saved.' 'Sirs, what must I do to be saved? And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' I gain much pleasure in meditating on these words, and,

looking to God, rely upon Him for eternal salvation. I pray that God may give me His grace to hate sin and to follow after holiness. May the love of God the Father, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with us evermore. Amen.

“JOHN PAUL.”

I hope in an early Number of this Magazine to meet you again, and give you an account of one of our school-girls.

Yours very affectionately,

LOUISA S. ABBS.

TO CHILDREN.

JESUS loves the little children,
Calls them to Him day by day,
Lays His hands on them in blessings,
Bids them always near Him stay.

Jesus gives you holy Sabbaths,
Peaceful hours, and loving friends;
Shows to you the path to heaven,
Ever watchful o'er you bends.

But does Jesus love the children
Who now dwell in heathen lands?
Would He give to them like blessings—
Lay on them His gentle hands?

Yes, oh yes! the Saviour's pity
Limitless and ceaseless flows;
And He died that He might rescue
Them, with you, from endless woes.

And He bids you send the knowledge
Of His love to them afar;
To the children who, in darkness,
See not our bright Morning Star.

Oh, be earnest, that the tidings
Which to you such mercies bring,
May go forth to scatter gladness,
Making all the desert sing;

That from thence a host of children,
Of a number none can tell,
May ascend to shine in heaven,
There, with Christ, in joy to dwell.

Who shall say how glad the meeting
That will be when life is past,
When, with them, you see the Saviour,
And your crowns before Him cast?

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