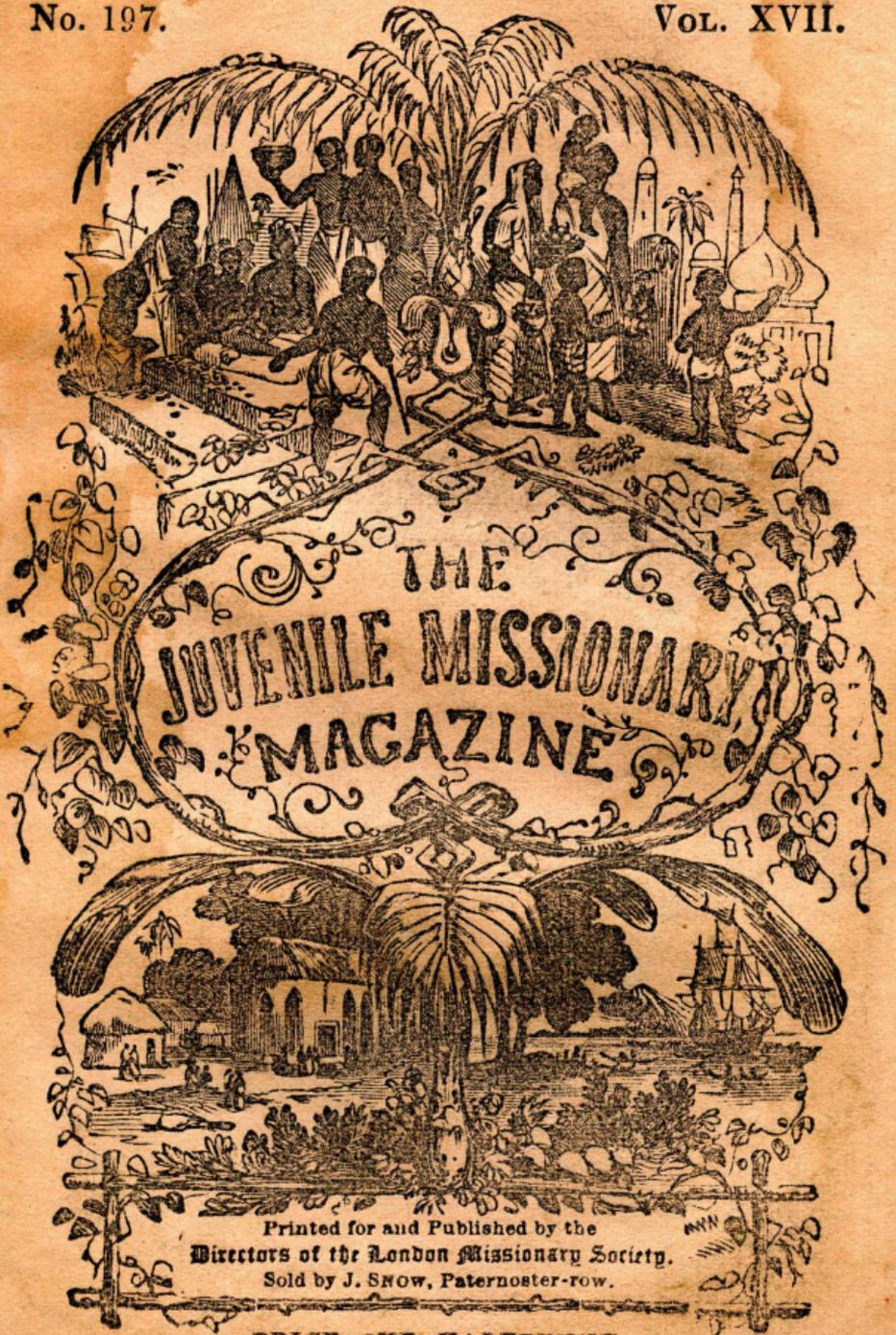


OCTOBER, 1860.

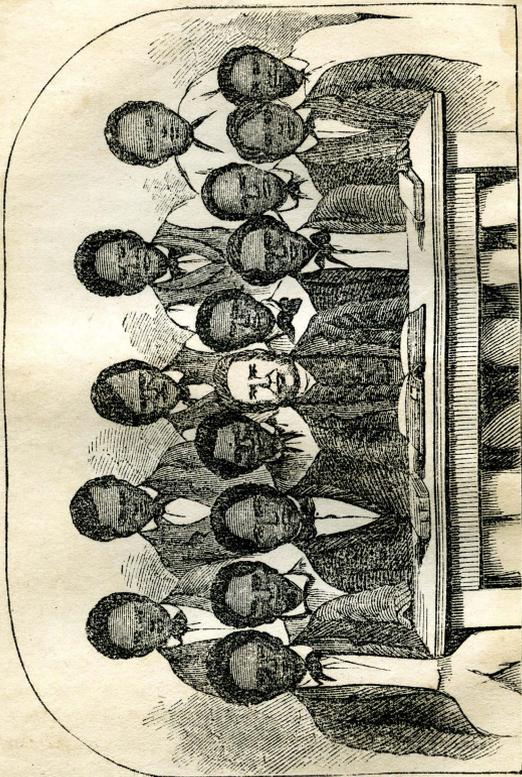
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VOL. XVII.



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Students at the Institution at Rarotonga.

THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER 1, 1860.

THE INSTITUTION AT RAROTONGA, AND THE
EFFECTS OF NATIVE TEACHERS.

NATIVE Agents for the spread of the Gospel cannot be too highly valued. To them, under God, we must trace the rapid success of the Polynesian Missions which they commenced. Those faithful and devoted men, having felt the power of religion in their own hearts, and seen the wonderful changes it has wrought, are anxious to carry the same blessing to their countrymen, and to the benighted inhabitants of other islands; and, that they may be the better fitted for this great work, Institutions have been formed at Tahiti, Tahaa, Samoa, and Rarotonga. Numbers have been received as students into these Institutions, and, having finished the usual course of instruction, have gone to suitable spheres of labour, where they have worked hard, worn well, and done much good, in the service of Christ.

The Institution at Rarotonga was begun in the year 1839, and since that time upwards of two
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hundred natives of the group have enjoyed its privileges, nearly all of whom have laboured with honour and success. Thirty-one of these have died, eight have been murdered by the heathen whom they endeavoured to bless, and ninety-four are now engaged in the good work.

The Frontispiece is copied from a photograph, which was taken by the Rev. E. W. R. Krause, who has succeeded the Rev. Geo. Gill in the important duties of watching over this Institution. The figures represent some of the students now living in the Institution; but we are sorry to say, the artist has not given their likenesses very well, and we beg our readers not to fancy our good friend Mr. Gill half so strange-looking as he is made to appear. But when the photograph was taken, he sat with a group of students around him, just as they appear in the Frontispiece. This, therefore, is an interesting picture. All those young men have been born since idolatry was abolished in Rarotonga; and now many of them have gained much knowledge, and are proving themselves worthy of the privileges they enjoy. And it is very encouraging to find that pious natives are anxious to get admission to these advantages. At present, thirty-eight are receiving instruction at Rarotonga, and if there was sufficient accommodation, that number could readily be doubled. From this, and similar Institutions in the South Seas, have gone forth many of those Native Teachers who have laboured and are still labouring in the islands visited by the Missionary ship.

In a small book, lately printed by the Directors, entitled "Missionary Voyages and Visits of the 'John

Williams' in the South Seas," there are some facts which show what sort of men these Native Teachers are, and what kind of work they are doing amongst the Heathen. Most likely some of our readers, who have been very active in raising the money now wanted for the repairs and outfit of the ship, will have received a copy of this work as an encouragement or reward. But as this will not be the case with the greater number of those who take in our Magazine, we shall give two or three facts from this history, which will, we hope, lead many to think more than they have ever done about these faithful Missionaries, and to pray that the great God whom they serve may continue to bless both them and their labours.

ANEITEUM.

"Aneiteum is the first island at which the ship will touch. This is a very beautiful spot—one of the emerald gems of the Pacific Ocean. But although its mountains and forests, its coral strand and living streams may charm the eye, up to 1841 its inhabitants were amongst the fiercest and most degraded savages in the South Seas. Had you gone there then, you would scarcely have given a thought or a look to its lovely scenery. Your eyes would have been fixed upon the beach. There you would have seen crowds of people, very short, their faces smeared with black-lead, their long hair hanging down their shoulders and their bodies daubed with paints of various colours. Then, too, their fierce-looking eye, the spear or club in their hand, and all their wild movements, would have showed that what they most desired was to seize and rob, to murder and eat the strangers. But yet Native Teachers ventured amongst them, and in 1848

Missionaries began their labours, and what has followed? Aneiteum is now a Christian land. Throughout the South Seas—indeed throughout the world—there are few spots in which the effects of the Gospel have been more strikingly shown. Every time the ‘John Williams’ has gone there, those on board have been filled with joy as they saw what God had wrought. Mr. Turner, the Missionary who went there last October, tells us that all the inhabitants of the island profess to be Christians; that there are 11 chapels in it, 56 school-houses, 60 Native Teachers and Assistants, 297 church-members, and 110 more who are seeking for admission. Would you want, could you have, a stronger proof of the value of that ship which first took the Gospel to those once dark shores?”

MARÉ.

“Having called at all the New Hebrides group, the Ship must now steer southward for Maré or Nengone, the nearest of the Loyalty Islands. When first visited, the people of Maré were naked, and strange to say, *white-washed* savages. They crowded the beach, yelling and screaming, and shaking their clubs and spears in such a way as would have frightened most of you. And many who then saw them might have asked, ‘Is it possible that such creatures can ever become Christians?’ ‘Can these dry bones live?’ But if, some twelve years afterwards, these doubters had revisited the same spot, what a different scene would have met their eye! So changed would the people have seemed, that if the hills, and the valleys, and the bays did not convince the visitor that he was again at Maré, he would scarcely believe that it was really the place where he had formerly seen none but wild and warlike savages. Here two Missionaries, Messrs. Jones and Creagh, with many Native Teachers, are hard

at work in the midst of between three and four thousand of those very people, all of whom have now ceased to be heathen, and many of whom have received the Spirit of Christ. Mr. Turner thus speaks of the contrast: ‘Instead of seeing them naked savages, as they were when I first saw them fourteen years ago, with their bodies white-washed from head to foot, and without a particle of clothing; they were, men, women, and children, clean and clothed, most of them with books in their hands, singing God’s praises, following the words read, bowing the head in prayer, and listening with deep interest to every word we said. The contrast, however, between this side of the island and the other is still great and affecting. *There* a cloud of the deepest darkness still hangs over the people. There they still worship the gods of their forefathers, fight with each other, eat the bodies of the slain, and delight in all manner of wickedness. * * Once a month select parties of Teachers and Church Members, headed occasionally by the Missionary, visit that heathen side of the island. God’s hammer will yet break the rock. Light will yet penetrate the darkness.’”

DANGER AND DELIVERANCE.

The following wonderful tale was told to Mr. Turner and Mr. Jones, when they last went to Lifu, another of the islands where God has done great things indeed by means of Native Teachers. How brave these men are, this tale will show.

“Two Samoan Teachers, with the wife and two children of a third, set out from Lifu to Maré. On their way, a large wave struck and sunk the canoe in which they were sailing. Happily there was a large tub in the canoe, which floated. Into this one of them, named Isaaka, put

the two children, and kept it upright with one hand, while he swam with the other. Three Lifu men who were with them soon became exhausted and sank. But the two Teachers and the poor woman continued to swim for hours in the midst of the boisterous sea, while the two children were crouching down in the tub. All this time, however, a strong current was carrying them towards a small island, but as the rocks were upright like walls, and they could see no way of climbing up their steep sides, they began to give up all hope, and felt sure that they must perish. At last, Isaaka said to his brother Teacher, 'Taniela, come here. You steady the tub, and let me throw myself upon the next great wave; if I perish, I perish; but perhaps God will lift me up to that shelving rock up there.' No sooner had he spoken, than he threw himself upon the top of a huge wave that came rolling in towards the shore, and to his great joy he was carried by it right up to the rock, and safely landed there. But just at this moment, and while he was rejoicing in the prospect of deliverance, he looked down and saw the tub upset, and the poor children struggling with the waves. In a moment he sprang from the high rock back into the sea, swam towards the children, seized one of them, and having clasped it to his breast with his left hand, he mounted another rolling wave, and was once more lifted to the ledge of rock. He then threw the child to a higher part of the cliff and climbed after it. But it seemed dead. He shook the little fellow by the heels, sucked his mouth and his nostrils, when life returned. Then he ran off in search of natives, and having got ropes, soon all were safely drawn on shore. What a sight it must have been, when they sat down together and wept, while they poured out their thanks to God for their wonderful deliverance!"

BRITANNIA ISLANDS.

"This is one of the loveliest groups in the South Seas. It consists of two large, and about twenty small, coral islands, which form a circlelet and inclose one of those splendid sea-lakes, called lagoons, which are only to be found in the Pacific Ocean. But however beautiful to the eye, there is little in those wonderful works of the coral insect to tempt the trader or the traveller. Yet thousands of immortal beings were there, living and dying in darkness and sin. And as Jesus came to seek and to save the lost, so His servants went to Uea. They found there the people worshipping idols, at war with one another, and practising all kinds of wickedness. But they left Native Teachers amongst them, and what has followed? Now there are five preaching stations on these islands, at which about thirteen hundred people hear the Gospel every Sabbath day. And when the ship went there last November, they brought to Mr. Turner, 'gods of the sea,' 'gods of the land,' 'gods of the plantation,' 'war gods,' 'disease-making gods,' 'storm makers,' 'rain makers,' and others. These were once feared and served, but are now despised and abandoned. From this group, and from Maré, Lifu, and Aneiteum, Mr. Turner received no fewer than one hundred and twelve of these spoils of Satan—these true trophies of the triumphs of the Gospel."

But, perhaps, the most wonderful thing in this little book is the account of what Savage Island was, and of what it has become, entirely through Native Teachers. But it is too long to be inserted. Nor can we afford space for the history of the introduction of the Gospel into *Pukapuka*, and other islands which have lately been visited by the "John Williams,"

What has been said, however, will, we hope, be sufficient to show our readers how good a thing it is to help the Missionaries, by raising the money wanted for the ship, and in other ways even.

THE WORLD AND MISSIONS.

NO. VII.—CHINA.

(Continued from p. 202.)

THERE are some very grand things about the Chinese. Dr. Morrison, the first Protestant Missionary to them, used to say, "There is something for us (British Christians) to learn in China, as well as much to lament." It is because they are so civilized, *i.e.* so like ourselves, that we are struck with the things among them which are so unlike us, and therefore call them "odd." One good thing is, that they are the most *industrious* people in the world. Go to the cities, the fields, the rivers, the seas, the countries adjoining—wherever, in fact, you find the Chinaman, you find hard, persevering work. With their industry they combine *education*. The greater number of the people, even of the poorest kind, can read and write. Every village has one if not more schools. Another good thing is their general *good temper*. I might write, too, about the societies which have existed among them for hundreds of years, like our societies for healing the sick, feeding the poor, sheltering and educating the orphan. These show that some of them, perhaps I may say many of them, are *benevolent*. But the most remarkable and beautiful thing among them is their *reverence and love for their parents*. Hence the worship in every Chinese family of the ancestral tablet—just a piece of wood, on which are the names of the family forefathers. In this, of course,

they are very wrong. Sometimes, too, they teach their children this duty in a very amusing way. For instance, in one book on the subject, for which one of the emperors wrote a preface, the boys and girls of China are told that there was once a Chinese doctor, whose children were so dutiful to their father and mother that the very puppies in their house were struck with their conduct, and never would eat a morsel until the old dogs had taken their fill! But I want you to be loving and dutiful to your parents; and therefore, let me ask you to read again and again the following extract from "the sacred edict" of a Chinese emperor. Every year, at fixed times, the people of the cities and towns are called together by the magistrates to hear these words from a public orator, around whom they stand in solemn silence. "Well, then, what is filial piety? If a man do not practise it, how can he be a man? Let us take the ardent affections of parents, and enlarge upon them a little. When you hung on their tender embrace, were you hungry? You yourselves knew not then how to eat food. Were you cold? You knew not how to put on clothes; your aged father and mother observed your looks, and listened to the sound of your voice. Did you smile? They were delighted. Did you weep? They were unhappy. Did you begin to walk? They followed at your heels, step by step. If you were sick at all, their sorrow was inexpressible. Tea was not tea, rice was not rice to them then, till you recovered. You know not how many anxious toils they bore, nor how many painful fears they suffered in nourishing and educating you. Which of all these things did not require the heart of a father and mother? Can this kindness be ever rewarded? The ancients well said, 'Bring up a child, and then you will know the kindness of your father and mother.'"

I have told you some of the good things about the Chinese; now I must tell you of things sad, shameful, terrible. They are, above all nations, a people "without God in the world." It is true that we sometimes hear about the three religions of China. A strange thing about them is, that a man may belong to all three without any inconsistency. If he is very prosperous and happy, he is a Confucianist, and takes the advice of his great teacher—"Respect the gods, but keep them at a distance." If he is in a fright he creeps to the Taoist priest, and asks for some charm against evil spirits, or for good luck. If he is melancholy or sorrowful, he goes to the Buddhist temple, and says to the great idol that is there, some hundreds of times, "O-me-to fu!" But the common state of the people is—to care *nothing* about the soul or sin, about God or eternity! Having no fear of God, you can imagine, dear young friends, how awful is their state of heart and life. I cannot tell you the whole truth, so shocking would it be to you. Let me only say, that as a nation they are specially marked by two great vices—deceit and cruelty; deceit that has become to them the law of their life, and cruelty of a kind which shows fixed hardness of heart. Oh, think, there are four hundred millions of this people—about one-third of all the men, women, and children in the world—in this godless state, and, on the average, nearly thirty thousand of them passing every day into the eternal world!

There are Missionaries among them; but oh, how few!—one man to every four millions! "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest."

Of all the places at which Missionaries are labouring in China, most good has been done at Amoy. Let me tell you, then, a story about a family at this place,

One day there came to a Missionary a poor woman, weeping bitterly. "What is the matter?" the Missionary asked. "They have seized and taken away my husband," she replied. "Why have you come to me?" said the Missionary. "You were good to him before," she said. "At the time of the riot my husband was caught by the soldiers, and they wounded him and threw him into the water; but he was picked up by some English sailors and brought to your hospital, and you cured him. Two weeks after, when he was looking for work, he was seized by a band of thieves, in the hope of getting a ransom for him. I had no money; but I had two children, and I sold my girl, and with the money I bought him back. A few weeks after, they caught him a second time, and I sold my boy, and bought him back again. Some pirates have now taken him for a third time, and I have no child to sell any more, and I come to beg the teacher to try his best for my husband." With some difficulty the Missionary discovered where he was. As soon as he got near the junk (ship) he jumped on board, and, hearing a groan in the forepart of the vessel, he there searched, and at last found the man. He went down through the first hatchway, and then through a second, and there the poor man was sitting in a stooping position, his head fastened downwards, his hands drawn backwards and upwards, and both thumbs tied to his tail. The Missionary gently cut the strings, as he was crying out "Sia, sia" (pain, pain), took him into a boat, and restored him to his wife. Only one man was on board the junk, and he was walking up and down unconcerned, smoking, repeatedly calling out to the Missionary, "Teacher, I have not done it!" You will not wonder, dear young friends, that afterwards the husband and wife became regular and earnest hearers of the gospel, and were at length received into the Church by baptism. You

will be glad to know, too, that the girl who was sold by her mother for her husband's ransom, was redeemed and placed in the Mission School.

I am, dear young Friends,
Yours affectionately,
A MISSIONARY'S SON.

THE MISSIONARY MUSEUM.

NO. VII.

IF our readers will turn to the wood-cut on page 161, they will see amongst the idols one riding upon a peacock. This is Kartikeyu. He is, in the opinion of the Hindoos, a very powerful god; and they may well think so if he is what they fancy him to be, "the commander of the celestial armies." There are different forms of this idol. That in the Museum has but one face, but sometimes the godmakers give him no less than six faces. As he is a god of war, he often holds a bow in one hand, and an arrow in the other. There are no temples in Bengal in which Kartikeyu is worshipped, but once a year the people make a clay image of him, and the next day throw it into the water. They also cut out the supposed figure of the god in trunks of trees so high, that they are obliged to fasten their offerings at the end of a very long pole, in order to raise them up to his mouth. At the festival of Doorga also, who was the mother of Kartikeyu, they set up his image by her side. In the Hindoo books there are many very foolish fables about this god; but, like other silly stories which we have already told our readers, their chief use is to show how dark and depraved the mind becomes when it is left to itself, and how much the Gospel is needed by those who believe such falsehoods and worship such idols.

Amongst the smaller idols in this case is Guneshu, or, as

he is commonly called, Ganesa. You will easily find him, for he differs from all the rest by having on an elephant's head. He has also four hands, and is sitting upon a rat. Some say that he is the god of wisdom, but nobody would believe this who looks in his face.

Many of our readers have, no doubt, heard the story of the wonderful way in which Ganesa got his present head. He was, it is said, the son of Doorga, and when he was born he was a very beautiful boy. Soon after his birth, the rest of the gods went to see him. Amongst these was Shunee. But while the others were admiring and praising the wonderful baby, Shunee held down his head, and would not turn his eyes towards him. Doorga was angry at such a seeming disrespect, and abused Shunee, until at length he was so provoked as to look up at the child. But no sooner did he look at him, than away went Ganesa's head nobody knew where. The goddess, seeing her beautiful babe without his head, was very much grieved, and dreadfully angry; and she would have destroyed Shunee at once, if Brama had not prevented her, and sent him to bring the head of the first animal he could find. This happened to be an elephant, the head of which was at once cut off from the beast, and clapped on to the trunk of the baby. But the mother could not be reconciled to the change until Brama promised that Ganesa should have the first place whenever the gods were worshipped. And now at the beginning of every public service amongst the Hindoos, ceremonies are performed in honour of this idol. Before a person sets out on a journey he asks Ganesa to grant him success. At the head of every letter there is a salutation to Ganesa. When any one begins a book, the first thing he does is to pay this god his respects. And shopkeepers try to get his favour by having his name or image painted over their door.

There is one odd thing about Ganesa's elephant's head besides its form. It has only one tusk. How is this? You shall hear. Once upon a time, visitors came to the house of Shiva to make a call upon that god. Just then Ganesa happened to be Shiva's doorkeeper, and for some reason or other, he did not wish Vishnoo to see his master. He therefore refused to let him in. Whereupon these celestial gentry first abused each other, and then they began to fight. Poor Ganesa got the worst of it, and when the battle was finished, he found that Shiva had torn out one of his tusks. In consequence, one of his names is Eku-duntu, the one-toothed.

Gunga will be the idol we shall next describe, but the account must be left for another paper. Enough, however, has been told our readers to make every one of them long and pray and labour for the time when these, and all other idols, shall be utterly abolished.



JUVENILE COLLECTIONS FOR THE "JOHN WILLIAMS."

OUR readers will be pleased to learn that thousands of young hearts and hands have answered the appeal made to them for their help to fit out their Missionary ship once more for the great and good work in which she has so long been engaged. Applications for cards have been received at the Mission House from families, congregations, and Sunday Schools, in such numbers as clearly to show that there is no decline of the spirit which led the same interesting class first to buy, and twice before to repair their favourite vessel. One thing ought to be mentioned. Amongst the hundreds of letters which have been received on the subject at the Mission House, not one contains an

objection or complaint. On the contrary, these letters clearly show that the dear children are not only willing, but most delighted to engage once more in so good a work. And they have entered upon it in a way which warrants the hope of success. It is also right to say that a large number of Ministers and Superintendents of Sunday Schools are most kindly and earnestly meeting the wishes of the Directors, by rendering valuable help in this movement. We sincerely trust that there may not be a congregation, nor a school in connection with the London Missionary Society in which similar assistance will not be given.

By the time this Magazine is published, the ship will, we expect, have left the ship-builder's yard. But she will then have to be rigged, and ballasted, and painted, and stored. This will take at least another month. Soon after that time, she will be ready to sail, but proper notice will be given to our young friends when and where they may pay her a parting visit.

In answer to questions which have reached us, we are happy to inform our friends that they need not return the collecting cards to the Missionary House, but merely send, with the money, the amount collected, and a list of the collections, should they wish it to appear in a supplement to the "Juvenile Missionary Magazine." The cost, however, of printing will prevent us from inserting any sums under 2s. 6d.

As to the time for payment, while the Directors do not wish the work to be unfinished, they hope that their friends will do it so thoroughly during this month and October, that the collections may be completed and sent to the Missionary House in November.



THE YOUNG BASSUTO CONVERT.

THE Bassutos in South Africa, as our readers well know, are active and clever people. Still, the Missionaries who labour amongst them find it difficult to teach the children to read. If they are boys, they would much rather run after their fathers' lambs, and kids, and calves, than learn their lessons. These creatures they watch on the hills, and at the same time amuse themselves in all manner of ways. If you could watch them, you would see them there playing with one another, or hunting for birds' nests, or plaiting rushes together to make a little hut, or digging up roots and sucking the juice from them, or roasting and eating locusts, or lying down and pressing goats' milk into their mouths. And their parents have no objection to all this, for by this kind of life they become excellent shepherds—just such as are wanted in that country.

If they are girls, they are soon set to watch the younger children. These they throw across their shoulders, wrapped up in a small kaross, made of several skins of animals, such as the lynx and jackal. They fondle them, dance them, and rock them to sleep. Sometimes, for amusement, they make little forts of clay, and sometimes take their calabashes (drinking vessels), and run to the stream to fetch water. When food is wanted, they place a large stone on the ground, and take a smaller one in their hand, and grind between the two a little red corn, a kind of millet, till it is ground into flour. Then they pour this, just as it is, into a pot of boiling water on the hearth, and stir it up with a stick till it becomes thick dough, and with this they make round cakes. When the family cannot get meat, these cakes, and a little milk if they can get it, serve for their suppers. These girls are not a little proud of being of some use, both to their elders and

juniors. This is very good; but the sad part of the story is, that if the Missionaries want to get them to school, they have always plenty of excuses for not going. After a time, however, these are often overcome, and then they get the benefit of Christian knowledge. This you will see from the following account of a young man named Fekou. He had been, like the rest, an ignorant boy and a thoughtless youth; but he became a Christian, and gave the Missionary his own history, in some such words as these:—

“I was living at Koloane, when your arrival in our country first became known. I was then only a boy. The people said to me, ‘What do you think? Three white men have just arrived. They pull people’s skins off, and change an old man into a young man.’ I was coming home from gathering wood, and when they saw my bundle, they said, ‘Look, Fekou, they can show you how to cook this wood into food without burning it.’ ‘But who knows,’ I asked, ‘whether they will not cook us also? Don’t you think that they are cannibals?’ ‘O dear, no; just as if one of us should break an earthen vessel all to pieces, and push it into the oven, and find it come out again quite new, so they do to men.’

“Full of curiosity, I ran up to the white men; but no sooner did I see them than I jumped back, I was so frightened. Their white skins, their long smooth hair, their pleasant voices—which, however, I could not understand at all; all these things made me wonder very much. At the left side of their hut there was standing a large heap of wood, which they told me was their waggon. Its feet (the wheels) were on the ground; they were round, and full of bars of wood (the spokes); it was a thing like a cavern turned upside down, and covered with something white. This, I was told, was the hut of their waggon. I seemed to be in a dream.

"The Korannas used often to attack us in former days; but since the white men came, they have not been seen. Wars used to make our country a wilderness, but they have come to an end now. And since then, too, the cannibals have ceased eating men. 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!'

"One day my chief said to me, 'Fekou, the Missionary says the children ought to come to him, and learn to read.' I went, and for the first time in my life saw a printed book. Lekoa, Ezekiel, Richard, and Molasso were with me. What struck us very much was the colour of the paper, and the strange shapes of the letters, which we called 'grains.' We began to learn to read. Molasso was the first who learned, then Ezekiel, then Richard, and lastly myself. But this was not all. We became interested in what we read; the book excited our thoughts very much, and made our bosoms swell with new and strange feelings. It was one Christmas especially that I felt deeply, when I saw how Kouyane lifted up his hand to heaven, and solemnly promised to give up the service and the sins of the world, and to cling to God alone. This went to my heart.

"How difficult it is for a man to be converted! One of my friends said to me once, 'I have found such a beautiful thing.' 'Where?' 'In my book' (the Bible). 'It is a lie,' I said. 'No, only read it.' I read; it was the parable of the grain of mustard seed. I secretly murmured, 'It is all a fable,' although I was thus speaking wickedly of God's most holy Word. I am ashamed when I think of it. When Molasso left us to go with our Missionary to Cape Town, an arrow from the Lord pierced my heart. My friend Timotheus was struck in the same way. In secret I wept bitterly. The hymn—

'There is a city in the skies,'

struck me very much. But my wicked heart said, nevertheless, 'It is all a dream,' and I turned back to my wicked ways.

"At last I followed my Missionary when he settled down in Bethesda. On the way he said to me, 'Fekou, you are unhappy, but you are so very quiet—why do you not tell me what troubles you?' And at another time he said, 'Fekou, you are not struggling against sin!' These words pierced me like an arrow. The hymn,

'Physician of the soul, I come to thee,'

as well as the one named above, came into my mind, and I could not sleep at night.

"On my return from this journey, I seemed as if I had fallen into a deep and dreadful pit. Elias sought me out, and I told him all. He answered, 'There is, indeed, a terrible pit called hell; but there is also a Saviour, who knows about it better than we do, and who is willing to save us from it; trust to Him!' I did so. May the Saviour protect me! May He subdue my stubborn neck, and bow it beneath His yoke! I pray that He may give me permission to enter His heavenly city when I die, that I may dwell for ever with him. The hyenas have devoured the companions of my childhood; why are we still here? Who has upheld and guarded us but the Lord? And why? Thou art our Moses! Thou hast brought us out of Egypt." He then lifted up his copy of the Gospels, and cried out, in a loud voice, "Here it is, here it is, the horn of our salvation! May the Lord protect me! May He give me grace to remain faithful even to the end!"

THE MAGIC LANTERN.

THE following letter has been sent by Mrs. Taylor, to the children of Rev. W. G. Lewis' Chapel, Westbourne Grove, Bayswater; of Pembury Grove Chapel, Lower Clapton; Peckham; and of other places in which Mr. Geo. Rabbeth exhibited the magic lantern, previous to its being sent out to Cradock.

“South Africa, Cradock, 2nd April, 1860.

“MY DEAR CHILDREN,—Although I am personally unknown to you, I cannot refrain from sending a few lines to you, to express our sincere gratitude for the valuable present sent to us, by the aid of your contributions. The large magic lantern with its beautiful slides, has already excited much surprise and delight among the coloured men, women, and children, who have never seen anything of the kind before. The school-room in which it is exhibited is named ‘Hanover School,’ after Hanover Chapel Sabbath School, in Peckham, because the teachers and children of that school send us out so many boxes of useful and ornamental articles, by the sale of which, we were not only assisted in the erection of our room, but are enabled to supply the children with school materials, &c. Now, you must fancy you see seated in this room, an assemblage of men, women, and children of varied shades of colour, from jet black to copper colour, while some are almost white—the little woolly-headed children sitting close to each other on the ground. Both old and young seem deeply interested and attentive, while their minister, Mr. Taylor, shows and explains the beautiful pictures upon the slides, and speaks, as he does, of the portions of Scripture to which they refer; and while reading and explaining these, many of the people say they can under-

stand the Scriptures better, now they have seen the pictures. I hope, my dear young friends, this will encourage you to continue to aid those who are engaged in Missionary work. Children, in highly favoured England, enjoy abundant advantages of religious and social character, quite unknown in foreign lands. We have been twenty years in this country, but have never seen anything like a magic lantern exhibited for the amusement and instruction of the young before this. You, my dear children, have responded to the suggestion of Mr. G. Rabbeth, and have provided us with this new means of instruction, for which we have so often wished. To you, and to the Christian friends who have assisted, we return our sincere thanks, and trust that the Lord may abundantly bless you. Our prayer is, that all the kind contributors may meet our little African children ‘around the throne of God in heaven.’ We fervently hope that many of these pictures, with the faithful remarks made by their minister, may be blessed to all, enabling them to remember many things which they might otherwise forget. They were much pleased with the representation of the Ark. The dress of Aaron, with all its particulars, greatly interested them, and several remarked, ‘Now we can understand what we read about the dress of the high priest, and when we read it, we shall remember what we now see.’ One old man inquired what chapter Mr. Taylor had read, and said, ‘I must read that at home.’ They were also much delighted with pictures of the golden candlestick, the altar of burnt offering; also of Hagar. One man said ‘he did not remember that in his Bible, he must look for it when he got home.’ In closing this note, I would urge you, my dear young friends, to cherish a feeling of love for the Missionary cause, and never to feel satisfied until the love of Jesus constrains you to give yourself up to Him, and then

you will, I know, feel that you can never do too much to show your love to Him.

“ Believe me to remain,

“ Your sincere friend,

“ M. TAYLOR.

“ WHAT CAN I RENDER UNTO THE LORD ? ”

Oh, bring to Jehovah your tribute of praise,
The guard of your life and the guide of your ways ;
The Lord of creation, He sits on His throne ;
The gold and the silver He claims as His own.

Whate'er you possess, 'tis a proof of His love,
The gifts from beneath, and the gifts from above :
He gave you your treasures, the corn, oil, and wine,
The pearl of the ocean, the gem of the mine,

But high above all, He gave you His Son,
To die in your stead, for the sins you have done.
No mine's golden treasure, no pearl of the sea,
From thralldom redeemed you ; His blood set you free.

The source of all grace, He needs not your aid ;
The world and its wealth at His footstool are laid ;
The beasts of the forest acknowledge His claim ;
The fowls of the mountain, He knows them by name.

Then what can you give, who have naught to bestow
But a heart full of sin, and a life full of woe ?
The cross of His sorrows He calls you to bear ;
In the wants of His people He bids you to share.

Then yield to the Lord the gifts of His hand ;
'Tis His to dispense, 'tis His to command ;
To the poor and the needy your treasures impart,
And give to your Saviour the love of your heart.

Carrier Dove.

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