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JAGANNADHAM, HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER.

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MARCH 1, 1861.

JAGANNADHAM.

MANY hundred years ago, India was conquered by a warlike race, whose language showed them to be related to the ancient Greeks and other nations of Europe. It is called *Sanscrit*, that is, perfect; because the people who used it, believed it to be the language of the gods. Having got possession of India, the conquerors forced the conquered to practise their own religion, and to look upon their religious guides, or Brahmans, as gods to all the rest of mankind.

This was a shocking falsehood, and much blood was shed, before the Hindoos would believe it. The Brahmans are not now generally a very learned class, and they are fast losing their influence in India, through the spread of knowledge. And they see this, and it makes them very eager to get a good English education for their children. One fact will show this. According to their own religion, they are polluted by the very shadow of a European passing over them;

and yet we have seen them crouching at our feet, and begging to be taken into an English school. We know that the education they desire will not save their souls; but yet it is useful, and when they are willing to come to our schools, we have a good opportunity of teaching them the Gospel. Once, a clever Brahman boy was sent to the Mission School at Vizagapatam, and after he had learned a good deal, his father took him away lest he should learn too much, and become a Christian. Soon after this, a silversmith having made some articles for the family, they suspected, though they could not prove it, that he had stolen a part of the silver, and made up the weight with baser metal. By the knowledge he had gained in the school, the boy was able to prove the roguery. He was therefore sent back to it immediately.

But the grace of God is stronger than any prejudice. So it appeared in the case of Pulipāka* Jagannādhām, who entered the Native English School at Vizagapatam, nearly twenty years ago. He belonged to a respectable Brahman family, but was quite ignorant of Christian truth, and seemed very much surprised when the teacher first told him that the worship of idols is sin. He was a diligent scholar, and always learned his lessons well. As every other scholar did so, he also read the Bible; and it was soon seen that the entrance of God's word was giving light to his soul. Yet he long strove against its influence with

* Pronounced as if written Poolepahka. This is the family, or original village name, corresponding to the surname among us. The village name is put before the individual name.

all the pride and prejudice of a Brahman, and would not write or speak a word against the religion of his fathers, until he had forsaken it for ever. It would be well if many others would follow the example of that young Hindoo; for it is very sad indeed to see people speaking and writing against what they still cling to, as if they believed it to be right and true. All who knew Jagannādhām loved him; and many prayers were offered to God for his conversion. Some time before that took place, he was employed as a teacher or monitor in the school, and even then, as he has often told us, it made him very angry to hear the claims of Christianity set forth, and the abominations of Hindooism exposed. Such was his strict attention to all the rules of his caste, that, when he went home from school, he would not eat a morsel of food till he had bathed, and changed his clothes, lest the pollution he had contracted at school should cleave to him!

At length he became thoroughly dissatisfied with his religion, and with himself; and, though he still practised the daily forms used by the Brahmans, he could find no peace, except in "prayer offered in the name of Jesus Christ." His misery was now very great, and his heathen friends, who had begun to suspect the real cause of that misery, wished him to get married, and to swear that he would never become a Christian; but this he would not do. When alone, he used to read the Psalms, and the "Pilgrim's Progress," and pray to God. Oh, dear children in this happy country, where your Christian parents and friends long to see you following the Good Shepherd, you little know the trials of these poor heathens,

whose families are all opposed to the Gospel, and would rather see them dead a hundred times, than seated at the Lord's table with the followers of Jesus.

At length, one Sunday morning in the Bible class, when we had read the story of the widow's son at Nain, the young Brahman asked very earnestly, how we could be sure that Jesus did raise him to life again? It was delightful to hear him ask that question; because, when people really wish to know the truth, it is no longer so difficult to satisfy them. After the class was dismissed, Jagannādhām followed the Missionary to his own room and said, "I cannot go home again." "Why not?" "Because I know that I am a sinner, and I now believe that Jesus alone can save me." It would take too long to tell you how his brother and sisters came and tried to get him away; how his broken-hearted mother beat her head against the wall, and begged him to return home with them; how calmly, yet firmly, he declared his determination to follow Christ; or how a crowd of angry heathen gathered round and at length dragged him away by force. But next morning, when the magistrate inquired into the cause of all the disturbance, he again openly avowed his resolution to be a Christian. The magistrate therefore told him, that he was at liberty to go where he pleased. At once he returned to the Missionary's house; but such was the anger of the people, and the excitement in the town, that it was thought necessary to place a guard over it for several days after. On the following Wednesday, he was baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus; while his own family, regarding him as dead, performed his

funeral rites; and the week after, he returned to his duties in the school, which, for several years, he continued to perform with renewed zeal and earnestness.

In 1851, Mr. Jagannādhām married Ebra, an amiable and pious girl in the Mission Orphan School, who has been a great help to him in the work of the Lord. In 1858, he was ordained a Missionary of the London Missionary Society; and in 1859, he was set over the Chicacole Station, where he now labours, assisted by a small band of his converted countrymen, and highly respected by all who know him, whether they are Hindoos or Christians. His wife also has a very nice little day school for children. Pray for them; and pray the Lord to raise up many such labourers for the Mission field.

H.

MISSIONARY MUSEUM.

NO. XII.

THE case in the Museum, at the right-hand side of that described last month, is filled with idols and other objects connected with the history and religion of the Chinese.

In this month's Magazine, you will find an interesting account of the way in which dead relatives are honoured and worshipped by the millions of China. In almost every house, but certainly in the house of the eldest son, there is a part called the Hall of Ancestors. Sometimes this is merely a shelf; in other cases it is a shrine or a room. But rich families often erect a separate building for the purpose, which they consider more worthy of the name given to it. Now, in every such hall one object is sure to be

found, and to that all honour is given. This is the ancestral tablet. It is a piece of wood about twelve inches high and three broad, standing upright in a block. Upon these tablets the name, condition, and date, both of the birth and death of the departed relation are cut. There is one of them in the case we are now describing, and it is a very curious and interesting object. But why, it may be asked, should it be worshipped, any more than the tombstones in our own churchyards, which serve a similar purpose? The reason which the Chinese themselves give for this is, that the soul of the dead person, somehow lives in the tablet. They therefore call it *shin chu*, i.e. "the house of the spirit," and every day the family burn incense and papers, and bow down before it. This is the daily devotion of the Chinese; but we hope the time is near when it will give place to the worship of the Lord of Heaven and of Earth.

Near the ancestral tablet there stand incense-burners, and vessels for holding and offering the sacred wine to idols and departed spirits, the "essence" of which they are supposed to enjoy. There are also incense-sticks, commonly called jos-sticks. One of these the worshipper holds in his hand until it is burnt out, and as this takes about half an hour, they are sometimes used to measure time. The Buddhists, like the Papists, burn wax candles upon what they call the altar. Specimens of these, with some candlesticks, will also be found in this case.

In the centre of the case, there is a very beautiful shrine of a Buddhist idol. Before this, and upon the shelf above, there are many small idols. These are household gods, and most of them belonged to the people who live in boats, and who, though very wicked, are very superstitious.

But the most important objects in this case are the

large idols. There are several of these. Hanging against the wall, you will see the "Goddess of Mercy," and the "God of Hell." The latter of these is a very fierce looking fellow indeed. He is surrounded by flames of fire, and is hurling a thunderbolt at his enemies. On the left hand, there is a large idol of gilded marble. This is Kwan Yin, the mother of Buddha, who is honoured by the Buddhists much in the same way as the Papists worship the Virgin Mary. There is one thing about this idol which our young friends should notice. They will see that the head has been broken off and fastened on again. And as, perhaps, they may want to know how this happened, we will give them a short account of the great calamity. This idol once belonged to a Chinese family, who trusted to it for their happiness and salvation. But unfortunately, one dark night, a cat, or rat, or some other wicked creature, who had no reverence for the gods, contrived to knock Kwan Yin down, and thus to break her neck. Though the head of the family was shocked and grieved, he set to work, raised up the fallen idol, and stuck the head upon her trunk. After this, he was going to worship the goddess again, as he had been accustomed to do, when the late Dr. Medhurst saw him, and said what he could to show the folly and sin of his conduct. The poor man was so far convinced of the truth of what the good Missionary told him, that he took the goddess off the altar, and handed her to Dr. Medhurst. But the reason he gave for so doing was, that she must have greatly offended "the Supreme Emperor of Heaven," and that therefore it would not be right for him to worship her any longer. At the same time, he begged Dr. M. not to ill-use her ladyship publicly, lest it should bring scandal to his religion. There are in this case other images of Kwan Yin, two of them large and gilded, and others made of white and coloured porcelain.

Looi Kong, standing on a pedestal, is a very fierce looking idol, and as ugly as it could well be made. This is the thunderer—one of the chief gods of the Chinese.

The only other large images in this case are those of Quantecong, supposed by the Chinese to have been the first emperor of China. There is also a human form, curiously carved out of the root of an old tree, which shows how clever the people are. Happy day for China and the world, when their talents shall be turned to better account, and when the service rendered to ancestors and idols shall be given to the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent.

THE MISSING POST-BAG.

DURING the early years of the Bechuan Mission, we had to be content with scraps of European news sent by a friend or relative in letters, which sometimes lay very long on the road, for there were some hundred miles between us and the nearest post-office. Once or twice a batch of newspapers came in a box. They were old enough at the time, and very far advanced in years when they reached our Station. But they contained what was news to us, and we read about events, long gone by, with as much interest as one would do now a sheet just from the press. Times have altered since then. Through the kindness of our Colonial Government, a post now reaches the Kuruman every month, which seems to have brought Europe and other parts of the globe within a hop, skip, and a jump of our very doors. Our Missionaries in the far interior are much in the same predicament as we formerly were, having to fast long for news, from their distance, and very uncertain mode of conveyance, of which the following cir-

cumstance affords an example. A few days ago, a bag of letters and papers was received here (Kuruman), which was forwarded to the Matebele* country about twelve months ago by Mrs. Moffat. The bag reached the Bamangwato† in safety, and through the application of the Hanoverian Missionary living with Sekhomi, that chief was persuaded to send it forward. Instead, however, of employing special messengers for the purpose, though he had promised to do so, he gave the bag to five men, who were going to collect a tax from some poor children of the desert, lying quite out of the proper road to the Matebele. Having met with a Bushman long before they got to any of the Matebele cattle outposts, they gave him the bag, with instructions to take it to the Bakurutse, a conquered people lying on the outskirts of the Matebele country. The Bushman took the bag, and the five messengers of Sekhomi returned. The man went to the people to whom he was directed, and laid the bag down before the chief of the town. He instantly asked the bearer what it was, but the poor ignorant Bushman could only tell him that it was a bag. "From whence has it come?" inquired the chief. "From Sekhomi," was the reply. "What are these marks (the address) on the bag?" said the chief, in a tone and with a manner which showed his alarm. The puzzled Bushman, half frightened, could not answer the question. The chief now got quite nervous, and said, "Away with you and it together. We shall all be bewitched. Sekhomi is the greatest of sorcerers, and has

* Our young friends will remember that these are the people of whom Moselekatse is the chief, and amongst whom Mr. Moffat, and Missionaries sent out from England, have been lately labouring.

† A tribe living between the Kuruman and the country of the Matebele.

sent the bag full of sorcery to kill us." The chief, staring at the bag as if afraid it would leap upon him, screamed at the top of his voice, "Take it away, take it away!" The trembling Bushman, now aware for the first time of the nature of the dangerous burden he had been carrying for some days, had no choice but to shoulder again the terrible bag. To have refused would have been his death. And now a storm of perplexity sprung up in his mind as to what he was to do with it. It was at first reported that he had burned the bag with all that was in it; but it afterwards appeared that he was afraid of doing this, lest some dreadful spirit should spring out of the flames and destroy him. At length, having travelled some distance, he thought that he would quietly hang up the bag in a tree, far from the dwellings of men. He did so; but as he was a wanderer of the wilderness, no one knew anything more about either him or the bag. Macheng having heard from me that such a bag was missing, sent men to the Bakurutse to inquire, but could get no satisfactory information. On my arrival at Macheng's village, on my homeward journey, he instantly sent off a party in search of it; but, after eight days, they returned without finding either Bushman or bag. Macheng then despatched a fresh party, with orders not to return without the bag or its ashes, if burnt. After a long search, the post-bag was at last discovered hanging from the branch of a tree, where it must have been at least six months exposed to wind and rain. It was immediately sent after me to the Kuruman. The leathern bag was become so hard that we were obliged to cut it open. The contents were chiefly for myself, and the rest will be forwarded by next conveyance, which will shortly leave this for Nyati.*

ROBERT MOFFAT.

* The name of the Mission Station amongst the Matebele.

EDUCATION IN CHINA.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—God has now heard the prayers of His people, and has graciously opened up the whole of China to the preaching of the Gospel. How thankful you should be, and how earnest in your efforts to send more Missionaries to that wonderful country! I know you will do what you can; for it would be very wrong not to enter the door which God has thus thrown open. Although many of the Chinese have knowledge of a certain kind, they need to be taught the most necessary of all truths. You will see this if I tell you some things about the education given by them to the young. You have sometimes heard the buzz of a school as you passed through a village in this country. But if you were to travel in China, your ears would catch such sounds still more frequently, for there every hamlet has its school, and in every city there are very many of them. But these schools are all for boys. You seldom meet with a girls' school, nor will Chinese parents allow their daughters to attend them. Are the bright, prettily dressed girls, then, quite neglected? Very nearly so. It is a common saying in China that "women have no souls;" and therefore parents, except among the rich, seldom think of teaching their little daughters anything more than how to nurse the baby, or to embroider, or to pick tea leaves, or to clean cotton wool. I once heard of a little girl who put on boys' clothes and went to school, so anxious was she and her parents that she should learn to read. This sometimes happens, though it is seldom. But although the boys generally get some education, it hardly deserves the name. It consists in this:—They learn to read and write their own difficult but beautiful characters; then, they commit to memory a number of class books filled with very poor stories, common-place remarks, and a few good moral

sentiments. They are also taught arithmetic; but you would wonder if you saw them learning it, not on a slate or board, but on a little machine called an Abacus. Then they are taught their duties to their parents, brothers and sisters, masters, neighbours and rulers. But this is all. They have no Bible. They know nothing about Him who made them, nor about our Saviour Jesus Christ, nor about their souls, nor about heaven, nor about a judgment day. Neither are they taught geography, or history, or science. Their memory is exercised, but their mind is not trained. From this you may suppose, how bad their character and how sad their condition must be. Thus they become selfish, and cruel, and deceitful. They are without honour. They pay no regard to their promise, nor even to their vows, unless they think their worldly interests will be more advanced by truth than falsehood. The one thing to which they give themselves up is to make money. But you may ask, is not their deficient education made up at home? No. Their parents, alas! having been brought up in the same way, have nothing better to teach their children. On the contrary, sad to say, at home they receive little but evil. There they are taught to do things which are both wicked and hurtful. One of the first things they learn is, that it is their duty to worship their grandfather, great grandfather, great great grandfather, and their ancestors in general. What! worship the dead? Yes. They often keep their dead unburied until they get money enough to pay for a grand funeral, and all this time the young, as well as the old, worship the corpse. Hence Missionaries, when they go into a Chinese house, are often shocked to find there a coffin, with red candles burning in front of it. But this is not the strangest thing. When they bury the dead, they pretend to send houses and furniture, and clothes, and boats, and sailors, and servants,

and money, and many other things, which are made of paper, and then burnt, to the other world, for their use. One day while at a large city, we noticed a great bustle in our landlord's house, and heard a great many crackers set off. We were informed it was a day for worshipping their ancestors, and were allowed to witness the rite. And I will tell you what we saw.

Picture to yourselves, then, a large dining-room fitted up in the Chinese style, with curious windows in the shape of oyster-shells, with moral sentences painted in red letters upon the wall, with tablets to the dead fronting the door, and gaily coloured lanterns hanging from the roof. In such a room, a large table was set out with many dishes of rice, fish, fowl, potatoes, different kinds of fruit, tea, and a pipe of tobacco. There was also a good supply of sweetmeats. At the head of the table stood a large handsome chair, and in front of this chair six or eight red candles were burning. At the foot of the table lay a beautiful cushion, and around, pieces of paper cut into the shape of gold and silver money were hanging. After all this had been carefully arranged, they let off some loud crackers. These were intended to inform the spirits of their forefathers that the feast was now ready. From that time, for about half an hour, all was quite quiet. Then some other squibs were set off, and worship began. First the eldest son came and took his place at the foot of the table, opposite to the empty arm-chair. He then very seriously moved his arms, joined his hands, and bowed several times. Having done this, he knelt on the cushion and repeated this act of worship, and at last he prostrated himself on the floor, and knocked his head on the ground. Next came the second son, and then the third son. After these the grandchildren, and so on, one after another, till the same ceremony had been performed by all the male

members of the family. The last was a little baby boy, who could not walk. His parents could hardly get him to keep his little hands together, and he crowed and laughed in childish innocence while they were thus teaching him his first lessons in idolatry. He wished to get at the eatables. Poor child! After this the incense was burned. Clouds of sweet-scented smoke now rose, and at the same time the paper money was lighted and consumed. Thus ended the feast, and by such a vain and foolish ceremony these proud but ignorant Chinese thought they had provided their dead relations with food and money.

Do you ask, did the spirits appear, or the food vanish? No. The last spark was scarcely out, when there was a perfect scramble among the boys and girls for the eatables; and each ran off with his favourite dish and enjoyed it greatly. They suppose the spirits only consume the essence of the food; but what this is, I cannot tell you.

Such is a specimen of home instruction in China, but it is a specimen only; for the children are also taught to howl at the tombs, to worship idols, and to do other sinful things. How melancholy! Pray for them.

But do they give any reason for worshipping their ancestors? They do. They say that their forefathers are the "root from whence they spring," and hence it is right to honour them. To neglect this, they think, is the greatest sin which a man can commit. They say of such a person that he has "denied his root," and henceforth he is hated and avoided far more than we do an atheist.

But perhaps some who read this paper are guilty of a greater sin. The Chinese children ignorantly worship their dead parents, while many in our beloved country, though they know that the living and true God is the great father of their spirits, never sincerely adore Him. The Chinese children, too, honour their fathers and

mothers, but many here disobey them. Dear young friends, take care. "To whom much is given, of them much is required." Except such repent, they shall all likewise perish.

A. W.

EFFECTS OF THE GOSPEL.

OUR venerable friend the Rev. C. Barff, of Huahine, has addressed the following letter to the juvenile members of the London Missionary Society, which we are sure they will read with pleasure, and we hope with profit.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—On the 19th of June, 1859, I was led to improve the happy death of a young man named Taataë, from 2 Tim i. 5. The mercy and grace of God, taught in the Bible, was intended to be a lasting blessing to the successive generations of men, and that blessing had been richly bestowed upon the family of Taataë.

In the latter end of 1818, when I was sufficiently acquainted with the Tahitian language to address the people on the great subject of salvation, it fell to my lot to take a Missionary journey round Huahineiti, or little Huahine. We had then three chapels on that island; but nearly all the people in their heathen state had been the worshippers of Hiro, the god of thieves. At Parea, one of our stations, we found the ancestor of Taataë, called Faro, with his wife, and their family. All of them put forth their energies in learning to read, and in treasuring up in their minds the excellent summary of Scripture doctrines contained in the First Tahitian Catechism. Their knowledge was small; but they were sincere believers in the Lord Jesus. Diligently attending all the means of grace, and maintaining a consistent profession, until the Lord

was pleased to call them to himself; their end was peace.

The sons and daughter of Faro were among the most useful and pious members of the Church of Christ in Huahine. Tana, the eldest son, spent thirty-seven years on Lahaina of the Sandwich Islands, as a Native Teacher, under the American Missionaries. He bore an excellent character as a Christian, and was said by Dr. Baldwin to be a very active and useful man, as an assistant to himself. He died in 1858: his end was peace.

The second son of Faro, called Roi, was one of our most active deacons, for about twenty years, and his sudden, though to him happy death by sun-stroke, was much lamented.

The daughter of Faro, called Tetufuia, was a truly pious woman, and endeavoured to train up her children in the fear of God; and her duty was the more difficult, as her husband was a careless man. This good woman had an excellent voice, more sweet and powerful than that of any native female Christian I have met with in the South Seas, and she led the female part of the choir for twenty-five years, until God was pleased to call her to sing his praises in heaven. Her end also was peace.

Tetufuia, or Taataë's mother, had a large family of ten children: six are still living. The two eldest sisters of Taataë are both Church-members, and, like their dear departed mother, are truly pious. The eldest is the wife of Pihatamanu, one of our most active deacons, and also an evangelist. Like their revered mother, they have excellent voices, and greatly aid the singing in our religious assemblies. Taataë was the third child. He had been hopefully pious from his youth. He was young when admitted into the Church of Christ, and had been a member ten years, when it pleased God to call him hence.

He had been much afflicted through life; but, notwithstanding this affliction, he was constant in his attendance on all the means of grace, and for some years was one of the most active teachers in the schools.

I called upon him frequently when he was near his end. He loved to talk of Him who is the way, the truth, and the life, and said he longed to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better. On the day of his death he calmly took an affectionate leave of his wife, children, and relations, and meekly gave up his spirit into the hands of his Saviour. He left a widow and three lovely children.

This short sketch, my dear young friends, carries us through the long period of forty-one years, and it shows, in the case of a single family, the blessed influence of the Gospel, and the vast benefits which have been conferred upon the poor heathen by the labours of the Society you support.

To see this, you have only to consider their previous state. They were properly called *Maru* not *Hiro*, that is, shadows, or likenesses of Hiro—their god a thief, and themselves who worshipped him adepts at thieving. Some of their forefathers exceedingly annoyed Captain Cook, by stealing everything they could get away with from his vessel.

Perhaps you may wish to know who this Hiro was supposed to have been, whom the Huahineans honoured and obeyed. In a long tale about him, called *Tane manu*, or the bird of Tane, Hiro is described as humpbacked Hiro, goggle-eyed Hiro, elephantias-legged Hiro. It also tells us that he was one of the fiercest pirates on the seas, and the most bloodthirsty thief on the land. And then, strange to say, it tells us that for these qualities he was made a god. In one of his piratical voyages, the favourite bird of Tane (the god of Huahine) came flying over the

sea, and, being tired, he pitched on the mast of Hiro's ship to rest. Hiro caught the bird and killed it, plucked its feathers, and cooked and ate its flesh. He afterward joined bone to bone again, covered the bones with feathers, and put some leaves and stones into the inside. He then threw the bird up into the air, when back it flew to its master, Tane, and told him how it had been treated by Hiro. Tane, you should know, was the god of the winds. He therefore raised a terrible storm around Master Hiro, which upset his ship, and sent it, with all on board, to the bottom of the ocean. Here they paid a visit to Ruahatu and family, the gods of the sea. A consultation was held in the bottom of the great deep, and Ruahatu and his divine companions gave to Hiro and his divine companions the advice to make peace with Tane by all means, because, as Tane had the control of the winds, he could not navigate the sea while at war with him.

After this, the two gods met, but not, it seems, to agree, but to fight. And fight they did most furiously; but Hiro beat Tane, and drove him up to the first heaven, then to the second, the third, the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, until they reached the tenth heaven, fighting all the way. Nor did they cease then, for in the vast space beyond the tenth heaven, they continued to fight until Tane was beat. Then they made peace upon these conditions, that Tane should honour Hiro as the god of thieves, and Hiro give the honour to Tane as the titular god of Huahine, and as the god of the winds. Well did a Native Christian exclaim, at one of our Church meetings, "Our idol gods were so much like the devil mentioned in the Bible, that to worship them was to make us devils too; but now we worship the true God, who says, 'Be ye holy, for I am holy,' to prepare us for a holy heaven."

My dear young friends, you and we too are doing a

great and good work, in drawing the poor heathen from darkness to light, and from the power of sin and Satan unto Christ, and from dumb and bad gods to the living and true God. Let us never forsake this good work, and God will reward us; for, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

Yours most affectionately,

CHARLES BARFF.

SITTING AT EASE.

"We do not well: this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace."—2 Kings vii. 9.

How can I sit at ease when sin abounds,
When faithful men are failing?
While through the realm of heathendom resounds
The voice of bitter wailing?

How can I sit at ease when fellow-souls
In agony are crying?
While dread perdition's ocean darkly rolls
Beneath the Christless dying?

At ease? when I might hold the lamp of life
To some poor darkened mortal,
And shed a ray of peace amid the strife
That gathers round death's portal?

At ease? nay, rather be each added day
Spent in such work of blessing,
My Master's footsteps tracking out the way,
His Spirit me possessing!

Grant me this honour, O my Lord, to bear
Thy stamp upon life's mission,
"Spend and be spent" on earth, in heaven to share,
Thy joy in its fruition!

ION.

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Fred. Lander.....0 2 9	
M. A. Prewett.....0 3 0	

Miss Baggs.....0 3 0	
Louisa Applegate.....0 4 3	
Miss C. Wootton.....0 4 6	
Air. Prewett.....0 4 7	
Miss Bullen.....0 5 0	
L. Munday.....0 5 5	
Miss Hicks.....0 5 6	
Per Miss Wall.....0 5 6	
R. Langford.....0 6 0	
S. Didden.....0 6 6	
Arthur Jones.....0 6 7	
Miss Baker.....0 7 0	
Miss Simpson.....0 7 0	
Per Miss Wall.....0 7 6	
Miss Colborn.....0 8 0	
Frank Butt.....0 8 4	
J. R. S.....0 10 0	
Air. Wyndow.....0 10 0	
Eliz. Bottle.....0 11 5	
Miss Bracher.....1 1 0	
Edwd. Jones.....1 4 5	
Miss Holley.....1 7 6	
Smaller Sums.....1 14 4	

Birmingham. Collected by Miss M. S. Taylor.....1 11 0	
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Chudleigh.

Collected by—	
Miss Collings.....0 8 7	
Master H. Shilson.....0 3 0	
Master A. Tanner.....0 2 9	
Smaller Sums.....8 8 8	
17. 3s.	

Completion.....2 0 6	
Denholt, per Rev. J. Mc- Robert.....1 10 0	
Edgcott. Sunday School.....0 7 6	

Erith.

Congregational Sunday School. Collected by—	
Maria Eggleton.....0 3 0	
Jane Chittenden.....0 2 6	
Clara Hind.....0 8 10	
Rosa Reeve.....18 16	
Clara Stone.....0 5 2	
Sarah Jarvis.....0 3 4	
Jemima Stevenson.....0 2 0	
Ellen Miles.....0 3 8	
Faulline Easthope.....0 4 0	
Emma Green.....0 3 8	
George Miles.....0 5 3	

Henry Stone.....0 11 6	
William Easthope.....0 4 8	
Arthur Cole.....0 11 9	
Richard Brewer.....0 8 0	
George Brewer.....0 10 9	
John Paris.....0 7 8	
Frederick Parish.....0 8 6	
George Heath.....0 8 9	
William Woodgate.....0 4 3	
James Dudney.....0 3 5	
George R. Stone.....0 4 0	
Frederick Heath.....0 8 8	
Thomas Miles.....0 3 8	
Smaller Sums.....0 13 8	
5l. 8s. 3d.	

Elland.

Collected by—	
Misses Hillyard and Bear- mont.....0 13 4	
Anne Radcliffe.....0 2 10	
16s. 2d.	

Forton. Collected by J. F. Gawthorn.....0 9 0	
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Frampton on Severn.

Collected by—	
Catherine French.....0 13 0	
Morton Rowles.....0 13 4	
Caroline Ward.....0 12 3	
Lydia Frap.....0 11 0	
Maria Knight.....0 6 6	
Catherine Knight.....0 5 3	
Smaller Sums.....0 1 6	
3l. 5s. 10d.	

Gravesend. Collected by Miss M. A. Winnett.....0 13 6	
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Guiltford. Sunday School Children, additional.....0 13 4	
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Hawes and Bainbridge Sunday Schools.....1 12 6	
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Horsley-on-Tyne.

Collected by—	
Miss Hughes.....0 9 1	
Miss Bell.....0 4 0	
15s. 1d.	

Leicester. Collected by Miss and Master Livelys.....0 16 0	
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Llanelly.

Capel AIs Sunday School. Rev. David Rees.....0 10 0	
Mr. John Bevan.....0 5 0	
Mr. Richard Jones.....0 5 0	
Mr. David Jones.....0 5 0	
Sums under 5s.....1 15 0	
3l.	

Luddenden Foot, per Rev. A. Hall.....7 18 0	
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Mizenen.

Collected by—	
Miss Foster.....0 3 0	
Miss Jane Rothera.....0 4 10	
7s. 10d.	

Nailsworth. Additional.....0 14 2	
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Newcastle-on-Tyne.

St. Paul's Congregational Sunday School.	
Miss Heslop.....0 4 6	
Miss Paxton.....0 2 6	
Miss Kirkley.....0 4 11	
Miss Pearson.....0 2 9	
Miss Lanson.....0 2 6	
Miss Reay.....0 6 0	
Miss Hanson.....0 7 2	
Miss Robson.....0 6 6	
Miss Barlow.....0 3 0	
Miss Graham.....0 4 0	
Miss Miller.....0 4 2	
Smaller Sums.....0 1 10	
Master W. Patterson.....0 11 10	
Master J. Ed.....0 7 0	
Master C. Miller.....0 10 0	
Master T. Ivison.....0 8 0	
Master J. R. & W. Furness.....0 3 2	
Master J. E. Willis.....0 5 0	
Master T. Taylor.....0 3 0	
Master G. Harle.....0 2 9	
Master T. Charlton.....0 8 6	
Master R. Ross.....0 5 8	
Smaller Sums.....0 10 0	
5l. 14s.	

St. James's Chapel Sunday School.....0 11 0	
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Portsea.

King Street Chapel. Boys.	
T. Shepherd.....0 6 0	
O. Barnes.....0 14 1	
T. Moody.....0 4 8	
W. Stride.....0 2 6	
W. H. Carron.....0 2 6	
E. Jones.....0 2 6	
T. A. Aylen.....1 0 0	
W. B. Howell.....0 4 1	
D. B. Barnes.....0 3 2	
E. Stride.....0 3 2	
G. Shawyer.....0 3 3	
B. and F. Simmons.....0 4 4	

Girls.

M. Moody.....0 6 11	
M. Candy.....0 3 6	
J. Sheppard.....0 2 7	
A. Peitt.....0 2 6	
A. Budd.....0 3 0	
A. Jones.....0 3 2	
M. Mitchell.....0 3 3	
C. Panabv.....0 2 10	
R. Buscomb.....0 2 7	

E. Spelt	0	3	0
R. Hutson	0	2	7
M. Humphry	0	2	6
E. Blake	0	5	9
L. Young	0	5	0
Smaller Sums	5	1	10

11*l.* 1*s.* 1*d.*

<i>Rawmarsh.</i> Mrs. Hawley...	1	0	0
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Reading.

By Fanny Cooper	0	7	4
By Sarah Player	0	5	4
<i>Caversham Hill.</i> Ann Dadswell.....	0	4	9

17*s.* 5*d.*

<i>Reigate.</i> Collected by Master J. J. Richardson.....	1	0	0
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<i>Ryton</i> Sunday School	0	11	3
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St. Andrews.

Collected by—

Miss C. Fletcher.....	0	4	0
Miss E. Fletcher	0	7	1
Master D. Blyth.....	0	8	1

19*s.* 2*d.*

<i>St. Helen's</i> Independent Sunday School.....	18	0	0
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St. Neot's.

Miss Annie Frances W	0	4	6
Miss Eleanor Mary Paine...	0	2	6

From the Misses Geard's Young Ladies.

Misses Blott, Hunt & Yates	0	10	0
Miss A. Harris	0	4	0
Miss Clara Geard	0	5	6
Miss P. Shrosbery.....	0	10	0
Miss E. Hawkins	0	12	0
Miss C. Belcham	0	6	6
Miss R. Bletsoe	0	5	6
Master H. Bond	0	3	6
Master Petherbridge	0	5	0

Old Meeting School.

Susanna Day	0	7	6
Kate Warner	0	6	0
Sarah Green	0	5	6
Ellen Oram	0	5	3
Ann Emma Day	0	5	0
George Sibley	0	5	0
Elizabeth Strange	0	4	0
Charles & Alfred Chapman.	0	3	9
Samuel Simpson	0	3	9
Samuel Sabey	0	2	10
Elizabeth Sabey	0	2	6
Fanny Wilcox	0	2	6
Smaller Sums	1	3	2

7*l.* 5*s.* 9*d.*

SCOTLAND.

Subscribed and Collected by the Children and Youth of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, under the direction of the Committee on Foreign Missions, and remitted by Rev. J. Inglis 300 0 0

<i>Sand (Shetland),</i> per Rev. L. Fraser	2	0	0
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Southampton.

Above Bar Chapel Sunday Schools.....	9	15	6
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<i>Throop.</i> Collected by Miss Read	0	3	6
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Tipton.

Ebenezer Chapel.

Sunday School.

Corrected List.

Miss Binns.....	0	4	0
Miss Round	0	4	0
Miss S. Round	0	4	0
Elizabeth Jones	0	10	0
Sarah Ann Jones	0	10	0
Charles Millward	0	10	0
Charles Weeks.....	0	10	0
Mr. Binns (Class)	0	10	0
Joseph Mansell	1	0	0
Smaller Sums	1	17	0

57*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

<i>Upway</i> Sunday School	0	5	0
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Wells (Norfolk).

Collected by—

Miss Maria Allen	0	2	0
Miss London	0	4	0
Miss Ann Mary Baker	0	5	0
Master Hendry	0	6	0
Miss Howe.....	0	7	0
Master Jarvis	0	10	0
Miss Plowman.....	0	11	0
Miss Gardner	0	17	0
Miss Lockyer	0	19	6

4*l.* 3*s.* 8*d.**Windsor.*

William Street Sunday Schools, additional	0	11	9
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AUSTRALIA.

Brighton near Melbourne.

Congregational Sunday School	2	10	0
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CONTENTS.

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Vol. XVIII.—No. 202. MARCH, 1861.  
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	<i>Page</i>
FRONTISPIECE — JAGANNADHAM, HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER	74
JAGANNADHAM	75
MISSIONARY MUSEUM.—NO. XII.	79
THE MISSING POST-BAG	82
EDUCATION IN CHINA	85
EFFECTS OF THE GOSPEL	89
POETRY—SITTING AT EASE	93
CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE REPAIRS AND OUT- FIT OF THE “JOHN WILLIAMS”	94