

MAY, 1861.

No. 204.

VOL. XVIII.



Printed for and Published by the
Directors of the London Missionary Society.
Sold by J. SNOW, Paternoster-row.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



CENTRE OF THE BAND, SHANGHAI.

THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

MAY 1, 1861.

INCIDENTS IN CHINESE LIFE.

THE Frontispiece to this month's Magazine is a view in the city of Shanghai. It is copied from an interesting book written by Dr. Lockhart, entitled "The Medical Missionary in China." This book contains much information. Some of this, about the habits of the people, their education, and the clever way in which they make or mend the different articles they use and sell, is very curious. But, unhappily, their cleverness is often crafty and cunning. Falsehood is a vice of all heathen nations, but it is nowhere more common than in China. The love of the truth for the truth's sake, and hatred of all lying, are feelings but little known in that country. And the Chinese not only speak but act falsehood. Dr. Lockhart gives several illustrations of this. Passing one day through some tea-gardens in Shanghai, he saw a man showing to a company who had collected around him a very curious looking bird. The people stared and wondered at the strange sight, and as the man was a sailor belonging

to one of the junks of Shan-tung, they probably fancied that the creature was a rare bird from that province. It seemed to be something between a cock and a duck; and, at first, Dr. Lockhart himself could not make it out any more than the Chinese. When, however, he crossed the rope which the man had drawn round himself and his bird, and took a nearer view of this odd addition to the natural history of China, he found that it was really nothing more than a poor duck dressed up in the skin of a cock, which had been neatly drawn over the duck's legs and body, and then partly sewn and partly glued to it, so as to deceive all but close observers.

Fortune-tellers are rather common in China, and some of these cheats are very clever. In the same gardens where Dr. Lockhart saw the strange bird, and in other parts of Shanghai, there were men who professed to tell fortunes by means of a hen. The hen was kept in a bamboo cage, and by the fortune-teller's side were the different things which he wanted in his deceitful craft. In a box you would see many rolls of paper with sentences or Chinese characters written upon them. Then there was a long row of fifty or sixty pasteboard envelopes with something written in them, and to these were added a board painted white, for writing upon, with the pencil and "inkstone" close at hand. And now if you will stand by for a short time, you will see the doings of the wonderful hen. Here comes a foolish fellow who fancies that the silly bird can tell him what he will be, or do, or suffer in years to come, and down he squats, just outside a little inclosure, made of cloth, in which the fortune-teller

and his bird are to perform their wonders. But the first thing to be done, and by far the most important to the fortune-teller, is for the foolish man to part with his money. This, therefore, he pays down. It is not much—only half a farthing—but that is a great deal too much to be spent in such a way. Having made the payment, he tells his story, and states what he wants to know. The man, of course, professes to be able, by means of the wonderful hen, to give him the required information, and asks him to pick out one of the rolls from the box. This he then hands to the fortune-teller, who opens the paper, and copies what is written on it upon the board. And now, what next? You see the man open the door of the cage in which the wonderful fowl is kept, and immediately she marches out, and instead of pecking about for food, or any such thing, she struts right up to the row of envelopes, cocks her head from side to side, and looking at them very knowingly, picks out one, and drops it upon the ground. As soon as she has done this, a few grains of rice are thrown into the cage as her reward, and she forthwith returns. And now the writing in the envelope is also copied upon the board, and from the two sentences the man's fortune is told.

But Dr. Lockhart tells us that he has often seen something much more strange than this. A person takes up one of the envelopes and puts a piece of paper into it, and returns it to the row. The man then shuffles all the envelopes, and places them close together, with their edges uppermost. The hen is then told to find the envelope with the piece of paper in it, when she steps forward and picks it out

of the fifty or sixty without a moment's hesitation. How the creature has been trained to this, we cannot tell.

But although Dr. Lockhart gives us much general information about the Chinese and their customs, his book is chiefly filled with an interesting history of what he and other medical missionaries have been doing to heal the diseases of the people, and at the same time to point them to the great Physician of souls. While engaged in this good work, he saw much, not only of suffering, but of superstition and sin. One or two cases which came under his notice will interest our readers.

Late one night, a man was seen standing at the door of a house in Shanghae, with a lantern in his hand, which every now and then he waved above his head, while, in a very mournful tone, he called upon some absent person. At the same time, some one within the house answered him in the same sorrowful voice. What did this mean? On inquiry it was found that a child of the family was suffering from fever, and that the disease had made him delirious. Now the Chinese fancy that, when any person is suffering in this way, "his soul has gone away, and is rambling abroad." This being their notion, they use what *they* think proper means to bring back the wandering spirit to the forsaken body. For this purpose the father hangs up on the side of the house a figure of Buddha, which he burns. Then lighting a candle, and putting it into a lantern, he stands at the door of his house, holding the lantern, and crying in a voice of kindness and entreaty, "A-sze, come home!" to

which the person inside, who is watching the sick child, replies, "As-ze has come back." This continues until the child recovers or dies. The people suppose that the wandering spirit sees the light, hears the voice, and is then drawn back to its home.

One day four men were seen crawling after one another upon their hands and knees, and calling upon the people who were passing by to give them money. All these men had lost their legs just under the knee. They said that their legs had been burned off at a fire. But there was reason to think that this was false, and that they were amongst the beggars who submit to the torture of losing their limbs by a slow and very painful process, that they may excite pity and get money.

One day a beggar came to the hospital with violent inflammation of the eyes. His story was, that while helping a plasterer, and lifting up a bucket of lime, some of it fell into his eyes. When the eyes were examined, it was clear that they had been stuffed full of lime, and on further inquiry it was found that the wretched man had himself done this, that he might destroy his sight, and thus call forth the charity of others. Dr. Lockhart states that they also sometimes blind their children with hot lime, or by running a coarse needle into their eyes.

It is pleasant to turn from such cases to others which show that many of the Chinese are as kind and tender as the people of other lands. But of this we can only give but two instances. A young man, the son of a common labourer, was brought to the hospital suffering from a very painful accident. His father and

elder brother came with him, and showed the greatest concern for his comfort and recovery. "They kept constant watch over him," says Dr. Lockhart, "by day and night; no care or trouble seemed too much on his account, and the tender, assiduous attention shown was very pleasing to witness; no mother watching over her child could have displayed more affectionate kindness than did these men, rough and ragged as they were, though mere common labourers." Happily the young man recovered.

On another occasion, the pilot of a ship, who had been wounded by pirates, was brought to the hospital in a very dangerous state. The captain, owner, and some of the sailors came with him, and day and night some of them watched by his bedside. It was very gratifying to Dr. Lockhart to see these rough and hardy men so kind to their sick comrade.

From such instances it may be easily supposed that many feel most thankful for the benefits they receive at the hospital, and that they are thus prepared to hear of the mercy of Him who came to heal all manner of sickness and disease, and to bring life and salvation to dying men.



RECOLLECTIONS OF A YOUNG COLLECTOR.

HOW I BECAME A COLLECTOR.

UP to the time when my mother told me about the poor woman who had collected the two pounds, I had done but very little for the same great object. But in looking back and remembering the thoughts and feelings which were

then often uppermost in my mind, I can see that I was prepared, and I hope by God, to put my hand to the plough, and thus to render some help, however small, to the Missionaries. Thus it was with me, when one day our minister called, and asked to speak with my mother. But they had not been long together when I was sent for. I wondered very much what I could be wanted for; but as I was always pleased to see our minister, who loved children, and showed it in his pleasant looks and words, I soon obeyed the summons.

On entering the room, my mother told me that Mr. — had called to ask me a question, and that she left me quite at liberty to answer for myself. He then began to tell me, what indeed I knew very well before, that the state of the heathen had engaged much of his thoughts; that it was his strong desire, no less than his bounden duty, to do what he could to send to them the Gospel; and that, from the time of his becoming a minister, he had resolved to use his best endeavours to bring his people to care and pray and labour for those who were sitting in darkness. I think also that he added, what I often heard him say afterwards, that he could not be happy, or hope for much success amongst a people who did not possess a missionary spirit. He then said that he very much wished to form a Juvenile Missionary Society, and that he believed there were young people enough in his congregation, with warm hearts and active hands, for this purpose. I, of course, saw what was coming, and the next minute I had to say whether I would join them. I scarcely know what answer I gave to the inquiry. It was not a very clear or decided one. I think I said I was afraid I could not do what was required; but as, at the same time, I gave my mother a look, which was meant to throw the burden of the answer upon her,

she instantly said, "Well, my dear, I am sure you will be ready to help so good a cause if you can. I should be pleased to have you do so; but you had better think over it a little, and then decide." Thus it was left. As soon as our minister had gone, my mother spoke again of the object of his visit, pointed out the importance of the work to which he had invited me, and the motives by which I ought to be influenced in undertaking it. Other conversations followed with her and my father, and as both gave their consent, I wrote a short note to our minister to say that I feared I could not do much, but that I would do what I could.

One Sunday, soon after this interview, Mr. — gave out from the pulpit, that, as he much wished to interest the young people of his congregation in the Missionary cause, a meeting would be held in the school-room on the following Thursday, for the formation of a Juvenile Missionary Society, when he hoped that all his young friends who desired to become useful would attend.

I was a good deal excited about the meeting, for I scarcely knew what was to be said or done at it. But one thing I was pretty well sure of, and that was, that I should have to try, at least, to get some subscribers to the Missionary Society. The time appointed came, and I was among the first who entered the place. Soon, however, others followed, and amongst them I was pleased to see some of my particular friends. After singing and prayer, our minister gave us a short address. He began by saying how thankful he was to see so many ready to help in the great work of sending the Gospel to the heathens; that few things had encouraged him more since he came to our town than that meeting, and that he hoped and believed that God meant it for great good. He then explained what a Juvenile Missionary Association was, and

showed how much had been done in many places by the united efforts of a few young people. He told us of several congregations, the subscriptions from which had been doubled, and even more than doubled, by such agency; and he gave instances of young collectors who thought, before they tried, that they could scarcely get a shilling, but who, in the course of a year, had raised pounds. After setting before us such examples and encouragements, he went on to offer us some advice as to the spirit and manner in which our work should be done. The first thing he begged us to do was, to ask ourselves *why* we wished to help so great and good a cause. He told us how wrong and sinful it was to do such a thing merely to be seen, or to be praised by others, to have it said how active we were, or what capital collectors. Nor would it be sufficient, he added, to get money merely to deliver the heathen from ignorance and misery, though, so far as it went, this might be a right motive. But as they wanted something better and more lasting—that which would make them wise unto salvation, and happy for ever—that which the blessed Saviour won for our lost world by his sufferings and death—that was the thing which we should, above all other things, desire and seek for the heathen. Then he begged us, before we went forth to collect, to go upon our knees and pray that God would incline the hearts of those whom we should ask to help His cause, and that He would graciously accept our endeavours to please and honour Him. He also recommended us to read books about missions, that we might be able to show good reasons, from the commands of Jesus, from the state of the untaught heathen, and from the success of Missionary labour, why money should be subscribed to send the Gospel to every creature. I remember that he particularly warned us against being forward, and recommended us to take refusals in a quiet and modest spirit.

After our minister had given us this good advice, he went on to point out some of the plans we should act upon in order to get subscribers. He recommended that, if it was possible, the first name upon our collecting card should be our own, even though we gave but a farthing a week, or a halfpenny a month, as it would show that we were willing to give, as well as to get, for the good cause. Then he advised us to ask our fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and other relations, to promise a weekly or quarterly contribution. Having thus begun at home, he left us to work wherever we thought there was most hope of success. He particularly urged us to try to interest the young in the Missionary cause, and showed how ready many servants and labouring people were, when asked to give their weekly penny. But he told us that our success in keeping such subscribers would very much depend upon the regularity with which we called for their subscriptions. If we let two or three weeks pass, or if we went irregularly, we should often find difficulty, and sometimes disappointment. He thought that no time was better than a Monday afternoon, and I afterwards acted upon this advice and found it good. I remember that he showed what large sums the weekly penny or twopence would raise—that Dr. Chalmers called this “the power of littles,” and that often much, very much, more might be obtained in this way than by larger sums. To show this, he told us an anecdote, which I shall never forget. A collector called one day upon a worthy woman who had a small income, which she received weekly. The good woman inquired how much the subscriptions were, when the collector told her that some were large and others small, but that many gave a guinea a year. “Oh, Madam,” she said to the lady, “I cannot afford to subscribe a guinea a year, but I will gladly give a shilling a week!” And then

our minister went on to show how many there were who lived upon weekly wages, who could never give a shilling without a sacrifice, but who, if it were taken a penny a week, could subscribe four times that sum without missing it. These, and other useful hints, I did not forget when I went about my work.

After this address our minister took down our names, and asked the eldest amongst us to be the secretary of the Association; his excellent wife offered to be our treasurer, though she could scarcely be called a juvenile, and he himself agreed to be our president. Collecting cards were then distributed, with some tracts on missions to be given away, and it was agreed that we should pay in our collections every quarter, when our minister promised to meet with us and give us an address.

I was much encouraged by this meeting, and felt that I had thus become more than before prepared for my work.

HASTE AND TELL THEM.

A DEAR little girl was once riding with her parents through the crowded streets of Madras, on their way to the Free Church service.

As they passed along, group after group of idolaters were observed, some with a goat or a fowl for sacrifice, others with a brass plate, containing some rice, sugar cane, and plantains, attended by the noisy tom-tom and the horn loud and shrill, telling that they were going to worship.

One very miserable little boy attracted the notice of little Annie, and she said, “Mamma, do look at that poor little boy; I wonder if he asked God to give him a new heart this morning?”

"No, dear, I think he did not; he does not know he needs one, and is going to worship an idol, not because he wishes to be holy, but most likely from fear of evil."

"Poor boy! What must he do? God cannot love him."

Then sitting very quietly for some time, still observing the multitudes of people passing on, she looked up to her mamma with an expression of pity and deep concern, never to be forgotten, and said, "Mamma, must all these people go to hell?"

Her mamma felt thrilled at the question, and scarcely knew how to reply, but said, "We know of no other way to heaven, dear, but through Jesus, and they do not know him."

"Oh, mamma, mamma, can't somebody *make haste* and tell them?"

"Yes, dear; that is why dear papa is come; and you and I, dear Annie, may tell some of them."

"But, mamma, can't some of their *own people* who *have* learned the way tell them *soon*?"

"Yes, dear, some *have* been taught by papa and other Missionaries; and good Mr. Anderson, who talked to you so kindly about Jesus the other day, has taught some, and you will hear one of them preach to-night."

Her beautiful little face brightened at this; and with a look of joy she said, "Oh, I am so glad! Then I will ask him to teach some more, that they may make haste and teach their own people."

Mr. Anderson was told her wish, and, putting his hand upon her head, he blessed the "little one."

It was the last time they met on earth, but ere long they met in heaven. A few days after this, dear Annie was taken ill, and after twelve days of severe suffering, which she bore with a sweet patient spirit, she passed away to the Saviour whom she loved, singing as she

crossed the swellings of Jordan, "Hallelujah, Hallelujah!"

She was not quite seven years old; but she had finished the work that had been given her to do. On the sea, and on the land, she was a little Missionary.

My dear young readers, many a time has dear little Annie's question passed through my heart. "*Must all these people go to hell?*" No, not all; many since then have learned the way to heaven, some *have* gone there. You have contributed to the support of many children in the Mission Schools, and numbers of them have become *teachers* of their own people, and have been delighted to tell the story of the Saviour's love.

But yet there are *millions* who know *not* Jesus. Will you not do all you can to send Missionaries, and support native teachers? Some of you can collect money; others can aid working parties; *all, all* can PRAY that God may send forth more labourers into His harvest; and that He may give them His Holy Spirit, to enable them to preach to the heathen "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

If you love Jesus as Annie did, you will not be content that millions should live and *die* without ever hearing His name; but you will be ready to say to those who are willing to go—

"Now go, and tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour *you* have found;
Go point to his redeeming blood,
And say—Behold! the way to God."

That you, my dear young friends, may experience a growing interest in the spiritual welfare of the heathen, is the earnest prayer of

Your affectionate friend,

M. P.

NEWS FROM THE "JOHN WILLIAMS."

MANY of our readers will have been wishing to hear of the Missionary Ship, and now we are happy to be able to tell them something about her. The following letters are from two of the Missionaries who sailed in her, and they will be read with pleasure and thankfulness. We shall next, we hope, hear of her arrival in Australia, when, no doubt, another letter will come for her little owners, which will appear in our Magazine.

From the REV. J. L. GREEN to the REV. E. PROUT.

On Board the "John Williams,"

January 20th, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have now the pleasure of giving to you a brief outline of the voyage of the "John Williams," from England to the Cape of Good Hope, which, I trust, will prove interesting to our young friends, and will lead them to pray and labour more for Missions.

It is generally known that we left Gravesend on November 23rd last, but were compelled to cast anchor again on account of the fog. At four the next morning we were again speeding on our way, and as the wind was fair, we soon got out of the English Channel.

Unaccustomed as we were to the sea, you may suppose that such a tossing as we had from a very strong east wind was anything but agreeable; still, we dared not murmur, and felt that the "John Williams" deserved the name given to her in the South Seas—"The ship which is wafted on by the breath of prayer."

The weather continued rough and unpleasant for a fortnight after leaving England. On the 1st of December we spoke with a Dutch vessel, homeward bound, the captain of which promised to report us in England. This was a pleasant change in our circumstances. When ships meet, they usually ask, by signals first, some such questions

as these—"What is the name of your ship?" "What port are you from, and to what port are you bound?" "Will you report my ship at Lloyds, or at any other port at which you call?" &c.

On the 2nd and 3rd of December we experienced a very strong gale. Our vessel was tossed with great vengeance by the angry waves, which every now and then dashed over her sides, and threatened to sweep away everything in their course. The good providence of God, however, preserved us from harm. On the 14th the island of Madeira came in sight, and next day the Canary Islands. On the 18th, soon after noon, we entered the Tropics, where, as you may suppose, the weather was strangely different from the frost and snow of December in England, for we all wore light summer clothing. We passed Christmas day very happily, thinking many times of the dear friends at home, who were shivering in the cold, or seated close around a blazing fire. The ship's saloon was neatly ornamented with suitable mottoes and garlands, made to look as much as possible like the natural green shrubs of our native land. The following day the N.E. trade winds, which had been bearing us along at the rate of 200 miles a-day, forsook us, and we entered what sailors call "the Doldrums." These Doldrums are the shifting winds, common near the equator, where mariners expect to be drifted about for many days. While here we spoke to two more vessels, and our attention was drawn to a waterspout a few miles from us; it was to us a new and very interesting sight. We watched it for about half an hour as it gradually drew up, until it was lost in the clouds, but soon after it fell again into the sea with a loud noise, and would have endangered any vessel near it.

On the 29th of December we were borne by the south-east trade winds across the equator, and in a week from that time we sailed 1290 miles. This, the Captain

says, was a greater distance than the "John Williams" had ever sailed before in the same time, when running so close upon the wind. We crossed the equator about eight o'clock P.M. The day was one of excitement to us all. About seven in the morning a vessel hove in sight, homeward bound, and the question was anxiously asked, whether she would take the letters we had written in the hope of some such opportunity. At eight o'clock the Captain announced that all letters were to be got ready at once, and then signalized our friend; she proved to be the "Nonpariel," from San Francisco to Falmouth. Both vessels having come near to each other and hove to, our boat was lowered. The Captain of the American was very kind, and when he heard who we were, he offered to do anything he could for us in England. We, however, were satisfied, and thankful too, to be able to send letters home.

Our young friends can hardly have an idea how much, after being so long shut up within our wooden walls, we were interested in the departure of our boat and its return to our vessel. The Captain sent us a large bundle of American newspapers, which we eagerly read for a few days. Having hoisted our flag and bid our friend good bye, we very soon lost sight of each other.

On January 5th, about eleven A.M., we sighted Martin Vas Rocks and the island of Trinidad, passing between the two shortly after noon. The former are three high barren rocks or islets, the centre one being the largest; they are very steep, and appear in the distance like five heads of land. The island is six miles round; it is generally barren and rocky, though in some parts there are trees. The shore is surrounded with rugged coral rocks. On the western side there is a rock 800 feet high, with trees growing upon it; it is called the Monument or Nine-pin. There is also an enormous arch in another rock, about the same height; it is 40 feet broad, 50 feet high,

and 420 feet long. The sea roars through it very grandly, for there are more than 18 feet of water under it. At the south-east end of the island there is a rock of a sugar-loaf form, about 1160 feet high. There are trees also growing upon this, and whenever it rains hard a fine waterfall, of more than 700 feet, rushes down its sides.

Having passed these islands, nothing more of interest occurred during our voyage, until we reached the Cape of Good Hope, except the fish and the sea birds which followed us. Amongst the birds was the booby; and the fish which we noticed with most attention were the albatross, the porpoise, and the flying-fish, which rose in shoals and made their way through the air. On one occasion a whale made its appearance near the stern of the ship, but he soon made off, and we saw no more of him.

As we drew near to the Cape of Good Hope, all were anxiously looking for the first glance of land, when suddenly in the distance Table Mountain was dimly seen. Gradually this noble object became more clear, and soon was full in view.

After such a voyage, we entered Table Bay with thankful and joyful hearts, and were ready to sing—

"With grateful hearts the past we own,
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
Content with what Thou deemest fit."

Believe me, &c.,

JAMES L. GREEN.

From the REV. J. W. SIMMONS to the Young People and Children of the Independent Sunday School, Olney, Bucks.

On Board the "John Williams,"

At Sea, Jan. 19th, 1861.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—When I left you, I promised to write to you occasionally, and you promised to

help the Missionary cause. Now I shall try to keep my word, and feel sure that you will try to keep yours; and as this is a very rough day, and I cannot go upon deck, the time shall be devoted to you, in the hope that I shall be able to post this letter at the Cape of Good Hope, which you know is in Africa. Be assured that I often think of you and your kind teachers, and pray God for your best welfare.

Now I know that you are very much interested in the Missionary Ship, and you would have much enjoyed the privilege which the children about London had of seeing her. But now she is far away, and as you cannot see her, it will please you to hear something about her. I fancy you are asking a number of questions, which I shall endeavour to answer.

There is one little boy asking me, "How do you live on board ship?" He has heard that the sea is very rough, and that vessels rock and tumble about very much, and he wonders how ever people at sea can manage to eat, drink, and sleep. Let me remind him that the sea is not always rough, and sometimes we get on almost as well at sea as on land. When it is rough, however, it is very hard work to live, I can assure you. In bed I am forced to hold to the side, to keep myself from rolling over or falling out. When getting up, sometimes we fall on one side of our cabin, sometimes on the other; and have the pleasure of seeing boxes and all sorts of things moving about. Then, as to eating, the table is arranged so as to keep things from falling off; but notwithstanding this, very often dishes, plates, and cups will fall over, and there is no help for it. Sometimes, when attending to my plate, my cup of tea goes over, wetting my trowsers and scalding my legs; at other times the pickles will walk or roll from one side of the table to the other, leaving the mustard and vinegar on the cloth; and it was only two days ago, that,

before we could get to table, the fish dish with its contents had tumbled on to the floor, making something more than "a pretty kettle of fish of it." However, we manage to live tolerably well, notwithstanding all our misfortunes.

There is a little girl, and she is asking me, perhaps, "What do you do on board? How do you spend your time?" Well, we do so in various ways. At present, most of us have spent it in being very sick. When the weather is fine, we pass the day on deck, reading, writing, talking, and seeing sights. But before I speak of some things we have seen, let me tell you how we begin and end the day. Immediately after breakfast, the ship bell rings like a church bell, and as many of the sailors as can be spared, come to worship. We sing, and you would be delighted to hear the sailors sing: they do it so lustily. Oh, that I could think that all of them had the love of God in their hearts; but I fear they have not. A portion of scripture is then read, and after that we call upon God in prayer, asking Him to take care of us, and thanking Him for mercies past. The same is repeated every evening; and I trust that you also thus look up to God for His blessing. But what of the sights? Well, we saw a great number of flying-fish. Now, you have seen plenty of fish, but did you ever see a fish with wings? These are little creatures; they rise out of the water, sometimes alone but frequently in companies, and fly a considerable distance. When the late Henry Martyn, the Indian Missionary, saw them, he remarked, that he saw a resemblance to his own soul in these little creatures, who rose to a little height, and then in a minute or two, when their fins were dry, drop into the waves. And surely you and I may say the same. We passed Madeira about three weeks after we left England, and had a distant view of the Canary Islands. But our clearest view of shore was on the 5th of this month, of what are called the Martin Vas Rocks.

They are three large masses of uninhabited rock, looking, however, in the distance, like six little rocks. We saw the sea fowl flying about here, who, no doubt, make the rocks their refuge; and we could not help thinking of Alexander Selkirk and his solitary dwelling place, and quoting his language—

“ But the sea fowl is gone to her rest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There’s mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.”

You would be astonished how anxious we all are to see land. Oh that we were half as anxious to see heaven, and then surely we should do better, and live more usefully. Well, dear children, I trust you are anxious to enter our Father’s house, and to live to His glory upon the earth. We have most beautiful skies here, and while it is winter with you it is summer with us; but I must tell you more of these things in a future letter.

Another young friend is asking me, “ How do you spend the Sabbath? He is thinking of the Sunday School and the Sanctuary, and wondering how we get on, destitute of these privileges. Well, Sabbath morning and evening the saloon of the ship is turned into a little chapel; one of the Missionaries preaches, and we have service the same as in England; and on Sabbath afternoons there is a Bible Class for the sailors, also conducted by the Missionaries. But even with these comforts, a Sabbath at sea is not like an English Sabbath; we have not our relatives to worship with us, neither are we surrounded by dear young friends, nor found in the great congregation. Ah, you know not what pleasures those lose who leave their loved home to preach Christ to the heathen. Pray for us, that our faith fail not; and oh pray for yourselves, that the love of

Christ may be shed abroad in your hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto you.

I have many things to tell you, but cannot write them now. We are longing for the time when we shall land and preach Christ among the multitude; and above all, we need more of the love and life of Christ within us. But I must conclude. Love your School. Love your Teachers. Love your Minister. Love your Bible. Love your God. Be assured of my love to you and prayer for your welfare.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

WHAT can I give to Jesus,
Who “ gave Himself for me?”
How can I show my love to Him
Who died on Calvary?

I’ll give my *heart* to Jesus
In childhood’s tender spring;
I know that He will not despise
So mean an offering.

I’ll give my *soul* to Jesus,
And calmly, gladly rest
His youthful hopes and fond desires
Upon His loving breast.

I’ll give my *mind* to Jesus,
And seek in thoughtful hours,
His Spirit’s grace to consecrate
Its early opening powers.

I’ll give my *strength* to Jesus,
Of foot, and head, and will;
Run where He sends, and ever strive
His pleasure to fulfil.

I’ll give my *time* to Jesus;
Oh, that each hour might be
Filled up with holy work for Him
Who spent His life for me!

I’ll give my *wealth* to Jesus;
’Tis little I possess;

But all I am and all I have
Dear Lord, accept and bless.
And if, oh dearest Jesus!
Long life to me be given,

Thy missionary let me be,
To win some precious souls for Thee;
And with them, through eternity,
To praise Thy love in heaven.”

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