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SARAH AND ESTHER, HINDOO GIRLS.

THE
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JUNE 1, 1861.

HISTORY OF SARAH, A HINDOO GIRL.

THERE are many kind children who take some trouble to collect the Missionary penny, and give their own halfpenny, who go to help at Missionary working parties, and perhaps do all they can to aid in supporting little girls and boys in distant lands, who would otherwise remain untaught.

I have been told that some of these dear children who thus exert themselves say, "We should like to know what kind of children they are for whom we feel so much interest—how they look, what they do, what clothes they wear, what food they eat," &c.

Now all this is very natural, and I think any one who has it in his power, would be pleased to give an answer to all these questions. It would take a long time to write, and would occupy far too much space in this Magazine, to tell you of all the Hindoo girls and boys who have been under our care since the year 1835, when we began our school at Vizagapatam, to the last little girl we received at Cuddapah;

but I will tell you about the two little girls whose likenesses you see in the picture.

They are sitting upon a mat, in the verandah of the school-room; they sit in this way to eat their food, learn their lessons, &c., and a very comfortable position it is. They wear a coloured print petticoat, and a white jacket, and when they go to chapel they throw a kind of white cotton scarf over it.

Sarah, the figure on the left, is a very nice little girl, and you will like to know something of her history.

One day the judge sent me a note, saying he had just committed a woman to prison for selling her little girl to a very wicked person for eleven rupees, or twenty-two shillings. But the little one was rescued, and the mother would be in gaol for two months. He said, therefore, that if the poor child was allowed to stay with her mother, she would be as badly off as if she had remained with the person from whom she had been recovered, and wished me to take her into the Mission School, which, after some consideration, I consented to do.

In the evening some of the court peons, or officers, were sent with poor little Chinama, but a great crowd collected, with the intention of taking her away; amongst these was the person who had bought her from her mother. I saw a crowd of people coming into the compound, and went to learn what was the matter, when I heard this little girl crying very loudly, "Oh, my caste, I shall lose my caste." I quietly took her hand, and told her not to cry; but she screamed out, "My caste, my caste."

I told the people to go away, and led the poor little child into the school; spoke as kindly as I could to her, and told the children to be very gentle and tender to her.

The next morning, to my surprise, she came with the other children to family worship, looking quite calm and happy. "Well, Chinama," I said, "do you wish to go away now?"

"No, Ma'am."

"Why did you cry so sadly last night?"

"My mother told me, Ma'am, and so did those people, to cry *loud*, and so I did."

She soon became accustomed to the rules and employments of the school; but at the end of the two months, her mother came out of prison, and then arose another trouble.

She came to me in great anger and said, "I want my child; give me my child."

"Your child is in the school, and you are quite at liberty to take her. She is not mine, and I have no wish to keep her against your will. You can go to the school and see her."

"But she has lost her caste. I *won't* have her."

"I can't help that; but you may leave her if you wish. She is a good little girl, and I am willing to keep her."

"But I want her."

"Very well, take her."

"She made a great disturbance, and the poor little girl came to me, and, putting her arms round my waist, she looked at me with an expression of agony that I shall not soon forget, and, big tears rolling

down her cheek, she said, "Oh, Ma'am, Ma'am, salaam, please do not let my mother have me; she is a very bad woman, she gets drunk, and then she beats me plenty. Oh, Ma'am, I *will* be a good girl, if you will let me stay; please Ma'am do."

After more than two hours' trouble the woman went away and left her little girl. She came several times to see her, but in a few months her visits ceased, and we suppose that she either left Cuddapah or died. We heard no more of her.

Some time after this, Chinama asked to be baptized, as she said she loved Jesus, and should never again worship idols. She was baptized by the name of Sarah, is still in the school, and a good, useful girl. She can read, work, and cook, and will, I hope, in time grow up to be a useful woman.

So you see, dear children, here is *one* little girl who will ever have reason to be thankful to English children for their kind support. And if you and dear little Sarah meet in heaven, you will unite in singing a song of praise to Him who loved you, and taught *you* in England, and *her* in India, to believe in Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." I must tell you about Esther another time. Sarah is supported by young friends at Union Chapel, Islington.

I am, my dear young Friends,

Very affectionately yours,

M. PORTER.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

ANOTHER of the Anniversaries of the London Missionary Society has been held, and seldom have the services been more pleasant or profitable. As on former occasions, Exeter Hall was crowded, and although many came from a distance, and spent several hours in the meeting, all, we should think, felt well rewarded for their time and trouble. To a thoughtful looker-on, there are few things in this world more impressive or animating than the appearance of so great a multitude of happy, yet serious looking faces as may be witnessed on such an occasion. But that which gives most interest to such a scene, is the recollection of the grand object which brings so many together. They meet to learn something of what God is doing in saving and blessing the world. This being the chief end of these meetings, the reading of the Report was the first thing done, and it took up about an hour; but no one who heard it wished it to have been shorter.

THE FUNDS OF THE SOCIETY, AND THE MISSIONARY SHIP.

The first thing it mentioned was a very pleasant one. It was that the Ordinary Income of the Society, for the past year, had been more than it was for the year before; and what we know will please not a few of our readers, was the fact that the young had raised, for the repair and outfit of the 'John Williams,' no less than £5050. The Directors, therefore, express their warmest thanks to their young friends for this noble offering, and they tell them that this large sum had not only paid for all that the ship needed, but that £1000 remained towards the expenses of her voyage. They add also the interesting fact, that this

amount, added to what the young had raised for the same object in former years, made altogether £22,000.

In the ship a French Missionary and his wife, and another lady connected with the Paris Missionary Society, were passengers to the Cape of Good Hope, and the Report contains extracts from the letters which they sent to the Directors on reaching that place. One says, "The sixty-two days which we were allowed to spend on board the charming ship of your Society will ever remain engraved in our hearts." Another writes, "In this vessel we are *at home*. Every comfort has been provided for the passengers by the kind Christian forethought of the Directors."

NEW MISSIONARIES TO THE EAST.

The Report also tells us the cheering fact that there are thirty-six young men preparing for Missionary work, fifteen of whom are expected to sail for India and China during the coming summer.

PESTILENCE AND FAMINE IN INDIA.

But although these are very good tidings, the Report resembles those days whose bright and sunny morning is soon followed by clouds and storm. Like the roll which the prophet saw, much of it is filled with lamentation and mourning and woe. The Directors tell us that in Travancore, where God has wonderfully blessed the labours of His faithful servants, great sorrow has fallen upon them and their flocks. First cholera came, and in a very short time thousands were swept away by this deadly disease. And then just as others, weak and wasted, were slowly recovering, came famine; for from the want of rain, the rice-crops failed, the trees perished, and the wretched people were reduced to starve and die. The Missionaries say that it is quite impossible to describe the scenes of suffering which

surround them. "The schools," writes Mr. Cox, "are nearly all stopped, partly from the late prevalence of cholera, and partly from the children not having food to enable them to leave their houses." The same Missionary adds that, in order to buy a little food, the poor people sold the few things they had, and that they had eaten roots and leaves until they had failed. But the saddest sign of their want and misery was the fact that the poor starving parents were selling their own children into slavery to the Mahommedans and others on the coast, for a mere trifle of money, in some cases for less than sixpence each, rather than see them die with hunger. You may suppose that the Missionaries have done what they could to snatch the dear little ones from death and bondage. Mr. Cox has built a house for starving children, and though it was not finished when he last wrote, he had received then twenty-six of these little sufferers. But kind friends in India and England have been giving their money to save young and old from such sufferings, and the Report acknowledges nearly a thousand pounds which had been given in this country for this purpose. Dreadful, however, as these calamities are, we yet believe that, like the famine in Egypt, God permitted it, and will overrule it for great good to India.

THE MISSION TO THE MAKOLOLO.

From one dark scene the Report passes on to another. The readers of our Magazine are well acquainted with the name of the Makololo—that people in Central Africa, with whom Dr. Livingstone lived and travelled so long; and they will remember that, acting by his advice, the Directors sent out three Missionaries and their wives to begin a Mission amongst them. But, sad to say, this good design has, at least for the present, failed, and failed too in a way

which has made the hearts of many in England and Africa very, very sad. Long and terrible was the journey of Messrs. Helmore and Price across the desert. For more than a week they had to go thirty-five miles to get a little water for themselves, their families, and their oxen, while the heat was quite terrible—far greater than is felt in this country. “You may imagine dear Mrs. Helmore’s feelings,” writes Mr. Price, “when one afternoon, the thermometer standing at 107° in the shade, she was saving just *one spoonful* for each of the dear children for the next morning, not thinking of taking a drop herself. Mr. H. with our men, was then away searching for water, and when he returned the next morning with the precious fluid, we found that he had walked full *forty miles*. Little Henry remarked, ‘How happy shall we be, now that papa has brought us water.’”

But this was only the beginning of their sorrows, and it was slight when compared with what followed. In February of last year they reached Linyanti. Here lives Sekeletu, the chief of the Makololo. And here they expected to meet Dr. Livingstone, or to learn that he had been there before them, and prepared their way. But nothing had been seen or heard of him. They knew not, therefore, what to do. At first they wanted to go to a healthy place and wait for him, but Sekeletu would not let them. So they made up their minds to stay at Linyanti, and try to do good to the people there. But in the course of a week they all became very ill. Mr. and Mrs. Price, though suffering much, could just crawl about a little, but Mr. and Mrs. Helmore could not move a limb. Mr. Price says that, as he was going round one evening to see what he could do for his fellow-sufferers, he found Mrs. Helmore and the four children lying outside their tent. They were all asleep. “I felt their foreheads,” he writes,

“and at last I came to dear little Henry: he was cold; he had just slept the sleep of death.” Mr. Price went into the tent where Mr. H. was lying, and told him the sad news. He then wrapped the dead little one in a piece of carpet, and the next morning buried him by the side of his waggon-driver, who had died a few days before. Two days after this, Mr. Price’s only babe followed Henry to the grave, and in four days more death took Selina Helmore and a Christian native from Mr. H.’s former station—Lekatlong. This was on the 11th of March, and on the 12th dear Mrs. Helmore herself died. Just before she breathed her last, she said to her sorrowing and suffering husband, that she had no desire to live—her work was done, and she wished to go home to Jesus. Mr. H. and the other two children got better, but six weeks after, he too was numbered with the dead. “All these,” says Mr. Price, “I wrapped up and consigned coffinless to the silent tomb with my own hands, with the exception of my own child, which died in the arms of its mother while she sat by my bedside as I lay helpless from fever. Never have I seen so much Christian courage, patience, and zeal for Christ’s cause as in Mr. and Mrs. H., amidst all that they suffered, both on the journey and at the Makololo.”

It was now clear to Mr. and Mrs. Price that they could only save their own lives and the lives of the two orphans left in their charge, by hastening away from this land of death. They therefore resolved to leave. With a heavy heart he began to pack up his things. But he was so weak that he had to be led or carried from one box to another, and after two hours’ labour was laid aside for two days. All this time the chief and people showed no concern for their sufferings, but happily they gave them little trouble. Perhaps they hoped to see them all die, that they might take their property without any one to forbid

them. But when the wretched Makololo found that Mr. Price was really going away, new troubles began. Now, by day or by night they robbed the helpless strangers of their goods, and even of their clothes, and when they were ready to go, Sekeletu came and took possession of Mr. Helmore's waggon, with much of his and Mr. Price's property. "One day," writes Mr. Price, "I was lying on the ground hardly able to move, when a messenger came from Sekeletu demanding some more goods before I could go away. I said if they did not let me go soon, they would have to bury me beside the others. I was simply told I might as well die there as anywhere else."

At length, on the 19th of June, Mr. Price began his journey towards the south. He had still some things left. But the wretched chief had set his heart upon them also, and the Missionary, to use his own words, was "like a lamb in the lion's mouth." With much difficulty he saved two shirts, an old coat, the old pair of shoes he wore, with a little more clothing, and enough covering for a single bed; but they took every grain of corn which he had for his food, and gave him nothing in return. "These," says Mr. Price, "were my prospects for a journey of upwards of a thousand miles to Kuruman!"

But here this tale of sorrow does not end. Having escaped out of the den of the savage Sekeletu, they at length reached the plain of the Mababe. But though surrounded by a dreary waste, with a long and dangerous journey before them, it seemed to them a paradise, when contrasted with the place and the people from which they had fled. In this state of mind, and feeling, as Mr. P. says, that they were beginning to breathe again the free air of the desert, they sat down to their evening meal, and exhorted one another to think more of present mercies than of past trials. At this time, Mrs. Price was quite

helpless, though her husband thought her better than she had been. But when he awoke in the morning, the hand of death was upon her, and a little after noon she followed her companions in labour to their rest and reward. Under a solitary tree, the only one in the wide-spread plain of the Mababe, her suffering husband prepared a grave and buried her.

But while this was taking place, another Missionary, Mr. Mackenzie, had set out with a cheerful heart and a bright hope from the Kuruman, to join Messrs. Helmore and Price at Linyanti. On his way, however, sad tidings reached his ear. But native reports are often false, and he therefore did not believe what they now told him. At length, when he came to the river Zouga, a chief brought to him an old Bushman "to tell him the news." That news was that Sekeletu had killed all the white people, and had taken their property. But Mr. M. only smiled, for he could not believe that Sekeletu was the man to do such things. As he went forward others brought him the same sad story, with this difference, that one man and two children had escaped. Then he was told that the white man was with Lechulatabe's people on the other side of the river, and wanted him to go across. This, however, he declined to do, and kept on his way. It was Saturday, the 8th of September; all day the oxen had been dragging the heavy waggons along the banks of the Zouga. Towards sunset they drew towards the place where they intended to rest for the sabbath. "It was a beautiful, well-wooded spot," writes Mr. M., "and the river gave a life and freshness to the prospect. I shall not attempt to describe my anxiety on nearing this place. Could it after all be true that my dear friends had thus been swept away? I went on with the first waggon, engrossed in anxious thought, when the driver said to me in a tone which made me

start, 'Ki ena,' (It is he). I sprang from the waggon, and went forward to meet some one, who, I could see through the trees, was a European. At length I saw it was my dear friend and brother Mr. Price. 'But can it be that all this that I hear is true?' I hurriedly asked, almost before I had grasped his hand. Alas! I saw what the answer would be before I heard it. 'It is all true.' * * We sat down and wept for those who were not. Our men showed their sympathy by the solemnity of their countenances; and the simple Makoba stood at some distance witnessing the scene."

MISSION AMONGST THE MATABELE.

After giving the sorrowful history of the Mission to the Makololo, the Report describes the progress of the good work amongst the Matabele. Our readers may recollect that this is a large tribe living to the south of the river Zambesi, and that their chief is the powerful but savage Moselekatse. Mr. Thomas, one of the Missionaries, writes to say that their prospects were getting brighter, and that he and his brethren had reason to think that many were beginning to feel interested in the gospel. Once or twice the tyrant chief had given them trouble, and led them to fear that he would drive them away. But God, in whose hands are the hearts of all men, has prevented him from stopping the good work; and though his name was enough to make thousands of strong men tremble, he has seemed sometimes more afraid of the Missionaries than the Missionaries are afraid of him. Of this the Report gives the following proof:—

THE FAITHFUL MISSIONARY AND THE CONVICTED CHIEF.

One Sunday morning, Mr. Thomas saw the king's chief minister and several of his officers near a trader's waggon,

trying to get the owner of the waggon to trade with them. Immediately Mr. T. called the chief minister and told him how wicked it was to do this on the Lord's day. But the man excused himself by saying that they were only acting according to the king's orders, which they were bound to obey. The Missionary knowing that this was a true reason, went at once to Moselekatse and asked him if he traded on the sacred day. "Oh, no," said the old hypocrite, "I could not think of such a thing, seeing it is the Lord's day." "What, then," inquired Mr. Thomas, "are your officers doing with the ivory at the trader's waggon?" "I do not know," said he, "I have not sent them, so if they are there they are there without my order. They must have forgotten that it is the Lord's day." "Did you not send them to trade," continued Mr. T., "telling them that it was the Teachers' Sabbath, and not yours?" "I never said such a thing, I never sent them," was the bold reply. Upon this, Mr. Thomas charged him with telling a falsehood, and faithfully reproved him for the sin. This no man but a Missionary would have dared to do: it would have cost any one else his life. But Moselekatse, instead of being angry, "blushed, went to hide himself in his waggon, sent to stop the trade, and to call the traders and all his own people to come and hear the word of the Lord." This is truly wonderful, and shows that Jesus Christ is with His servants, and that conscience, even in a heathen, is on their side.

The remainder of the Report contains very cheering accounts of the progress of the Gospel in India, China, and Jamaica; but we cannot give these to our readers. We must, however, add a few of the facts which were mentioned by the speakers.

The Rev. S. COLBY, to show that Christians thought and felt alike on the great subjects which belong to their peace,

said, "There is a beautiful story told about one of our Mission-houses. On one occasion two Missionaries of different denominations called at that house. Each of them was accompanied by a native convert. But one had been labouring in the west, the other in the east. Neither of the natives, therefore, could understand the language of the other. Business called one of the Missionaries away, and while his brother Missionary was talking to the convert who came with him, the other native stood by listening to strange sounds which he did not understand. At length one word caught his ear, and moved his heart. It was the name of Jesus. As this was uttered by one native, the eye of the other glistened, and his bosom swelled. Again and again the same sweet sound was heard, and the same expression of the face showed that the stranger understood and loved it. At length his heart seemed so full that he went up to his native brother, took hold of his hand, and grasping it, uttered another well-known and world-wide word; 'Hallelujah' he cried, when, the next moment, his friend, who had but one word more which both could understand, answered, 'Amen!' They then fell upon each other's neck and embraced one another as brethren in Christ Jesus."

The Rev. J. S. WARDLAW, Missionary from India, mentioned many striking proofs of the progress of the Gospel in that country, and of the difficulties which the natives have to overcome when they profess themselves Christians. But we can only give one short extract from his speech.

"It is not long since," he said, "we were visited by a young Brahmin, who wished to be a Christian. We spoke to him earnestly. We said: 'You know the consequence. If you become a Christian and do not stand the test, it will be worse for you and worse for us.' 'I know it,' he

said; 'but I trust in God.' 'Well,' we said, 'here is a place for you, if you are willing to become a Christian. We sent for his friends. There came his aged father and mother. The old woman would not enter the house; she cast herself on the ground in an agony of grief, saying: 'You have taken away my son, you have taken away my son!' He was an only son. The aged father sat in my room shedding bitter and burning tears. Calmly did that youth speak with him. Oh! there was deep feeling in his heart. Still, in the strength of God, he acted calmly. He wiped the burning tears from the eyes of his aged father, and said to him: 'I will not leave as you suppose; now that I have found Christ, I will love you more than ever, and I will more than ever seek to help you.' A sister pleaded with all the earnestness of a sister's affection. Oh! it was a hard struggle. He stood the test, and they left him; left him in deep bitterness of soul. Oh, my Christian friends, these are scenes which can never fade from my memory. When a native becomes a Christian, his relatives make an effigy of him, and that effigy is burned, and he is not to be known, or thought of, or recognised again for ever. That is the law of the Shaster. And there are not a few in India who have passed through the struggle. It is a blessed thing that we have been enabled to train eight hundred Native Teachers in India; and I can bear testimony that they are devoted and earnest men in their work. Some have passed to their rest, and my mind recalls some who, I rejoice to think, finished their course with joy. One only I must allude to; one who, on his dying couch, amidst deep suffering, manifested the greatest peace. There were heathen looking on and wondering at the calmness of his spirit as he passed through the dark valley. Amongst his last words were, 'Oh, how many prayers have I made at the feet of Jesus,

when will these prayers be heard and answered?' That man could count his converts by scores. Many a European, too, had received benefit from him, for he could speak English well. On one occasion two English officers came up to him and said, 'Well, old fellow, how is Jesus Christ to-day?' He looked upon them with that happy smile which was ever on his countenance, and said, 'How is it that you, who come from a Christian land, ask me such a question as that? But,' he added, 'I think I can answer it. Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and today, and for ever.' I believe the issue of that conversation was, that one of those officers was brought to the faith and love of Christ. We rejoice over those Native Christians who have passed into glory; many, many, have gone up thither. The Missionary, when he looks at the graveyard and says, 'There sleeps one, and there sleeps another, till the morning of the resurrection'—that thought fills his heart with joy. Yes, while he looks upon the thousands who are living, he can also think of the thousands who are lying under the soil of India, to rise up at the last day, when the corruptible shall put on incorruption, and the mortal shall put on immortality."

The Juvenile Meeting was held in the evening of the same day at the Poultry Chapel. Mr. Alderman ABBISS, the Sheriff of London, was in the chair, and all the speeches were delivered by Missionaries. First came the Rev. Dr. TURNER, from Samoa, who described the dangers he had escaped at Tanna, and the good that had been done at Samoa.

After Dr. Turner, the Rev. JOHN HAY, from Vizagapatam, spoke, and amongst other things he gave the following description of what he had seen and heard amongst the heathen. "A temple was erected under the shade of some tree. A crowd would assemble, and a sacrifice be

placed in the midst. It was slain. As the blood flowed the priest began to cut himself and dance, and then to drink his own blood, and put his mouth to the bleeding carcase of the victim and drink its blood. He raved, and screamed, and yelled till he fell down in a swoon. He was then thought to be inspired, and his biddings were done by the maddened multitude. The gospel, however, had already made some progress even in India. The first Brahmin he baptized was obliged to be sent home under a guard of soldiers, to prevent a tumult. The last was baptized before a crowd of natives, not one of whom tried to hinder it. A conviction was spreading that Christianity was to prevail."

The Rev. GEORGE GILL, from Rarotonga, then addressed the meeting, and, amongst other things, gave the following interesting facts:—

"I can remember," he said, "when our ship was anchored in Resolution Bay, in the island of Tanna. A few Native Teachers came on board. They pointed us to a village amongst the bushes. 'There,' they said, 'only six weeks ago, there were three men and four children killed and eaten by their friends, from the pressure of hunger.' At this time there were about 200 natives on board the ship 'John Williams.' After our Missionary party had entertained the Teachers, and given them instructions for the future, we moved about among the crew. Every man carried his spear in his left hand, and in his right a sharp stone about a foot and a half long. My three Missionary Brethren who were with me were rather spare, thin gentlemen, and, as it happened, I was about the best of the lot. We walked about among this party, and as we were going along the deck, I felt a greasy hand coming to take hold of my cheek, while another seized me by the left arm. All this time they were talking together, and

looking pleasantly at each other. I said, 'What are they doing? What are they talking about?' 'Oh,' replied my friend, 'I am afraid to tell you. If Mrs. Gill should hear it, she would be shocked indeed.' I said, 'I suppose we are all safe here. What is it?' 'Why, they are saying that you are so fat and so plump that you would make a very good roast.' As soon as I understood what they said, I addressed them in the broken English which they understood, for I had not yet learned their own language, and said, 'Suppose you like eat me—very good—take and eat me.' They replied, 'No, no, we not eat Missionary man.' Christian friends! these things were done in sight of Erromanga, and I felt then it was a good thing to be a Missionary. The Missionary's name is a shield and a tower, and under the hand of God I was safe there. But I really believe had it not been a Missionary ship, there would have been more than one roast that day.

"If you had been on one of these islands, one lovely evening, you might have seen a father walking on the beach. He was a brave old warrior, whose name was a protection for his own clan, and a dread to those whom he might oppose. Walking by his side, you might have seen a little boy, about six years of age. When that little boy was born, the father vowed, 'This boy shall be a warrior. I devote him to the god, that he may be strong of heart to take the life of the enemy who may assault him.' On the evening I have referred to, that little boy was walking by his father's side. The father, moved with the strong feeling of a cannibal, said to the little fellow, 'Your head looks very white, my son—your head looks very delicate; I should like it.' The little fellow understood what his father meant, and fearing that he might fall by his club, he turned his pleading eye towards him, and said, 'But what about the vow that I should be a warrior?' This

only stirred his anger the more. He therefore took his spear, and with one stroke severed the head of his own child. He then took the body, and with his own hand prepared the oven, and cooked and eat it! Ah! when you hear such facts as this, do you not want to groan over the sin and misery of fallen men! I did not know what heathenism was until I went to the islands of the South Seas; I did not know how degraded man could be. But oh! to see men and women as I saw them then and there, moved my very soul, that stirred within me more than I can describe to you. They are deep and low, and dark indeed, in that horrible pit. But now, thanks be to God, we can show you specimens in Eastern Polynesia of men and women who have been raised from this degradation, brought out of this sin and misery, and made to stand high and firm upon the Rock of Salvation. Let me show how the Gospel was introduced upon one of these islands. In the year 1857, our friend Mr. Buzacott was on his way to Sydney, and it was arranged that he should call and visit a new island—Danger Island—and land two Native Teachers there. It was a lovely day, just suited for the work. When they reached the island, and as soon as the ship got near enough to be seen by the natives, they came off in their long canoes by hundreds, shouting and yelling so furiously that Captain Williams and all on board were very much alarmed. Mr. Buzacott thought from their yellings that the language was something like that of Yarotonga, and he therefore called out in that tongue, 'Oh, ye sirs, what's that noise?' They were so surprised to hear an address from the vessel in their own tongue that they at once became silent. Having gained their attention, he let the canoes come nearer, and held conversation with them. At length a few came on board, and after that there was a scramble to get the same privilege.

When they were in the ship, they seemed to be filled with wonder. Our good friend Mrs. Howe was on board. She is a good, kind, elderly lady, and I am sure she would not object to my mentioning her name. The natives were so struck that the chief ran up and wanted to kiss her. And, when I tell you that they kiss by rubbing noses, you may imagine that Mrs. Howe was not much inclined to receive such attention from a wild heathen.

“Soon some of them tried to run off with an infant, which they rather rudely seized from the arm of its mother, and then they attempted to steal everything they could lay their hands upon, and were disappointed to find that the ironwork was firmly fixed in the decks. At length Mr. Buzacott persuaded the chief to allow them to send the teachers on shore, and it was arranged that they should go. But the wife of one of them was unwilling to accompany her husband. She said ‘They will kill you, and I shall be left alone; don’t go.’ Her entreaties prevailed; so that it was settled that the men should go alone, and that the vessel should keep near the island during the night. But as the teacher was getting over the side of the vessel, he was seized so firmly that he cried out. This again excited the fears of his good wife, who said to him, ‘Come back; they will kill you before you can get into the canoe.’ But there was no danger; the chief only wished to receive him kindly. They therefore went on shore. Next morning the canoes returned, but without the teachers. Mr. Buzacott was afraid that some treachery had taken place. He called out, ‘Ay! what have you done with my children? You have deceived me; what have you done?’ The natives were alarmed that he should show so much anxiety, and then they remembered what they ought to have remembered before, and one of them stooped down and took up a palm-leaf. That was a letter written by the teacher

upon the beach of that island. It was addressed to Mr. Buzacott, and ran thus: ‘My friend Mr. Buzacott, here we are. We think this a very good land, and we mean to live here, and teach these people the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour. Send our boxes and our property on shore directly. Tell my wife to come and not to be afraid. We mean to live here and teach these people the Word of God. Fare ye well, blessings be with you.’ This letter the teacher had written with a mussel-shell on a palm-leaf, because the natives would not allow him to go on board again. The boxes were soon sent on shore and the wife followed. About nine months afterwards I went to see how they fared. When the teachers came on board, I said to them, ‘Dear me! I am surprised to see you in such rags. As teachers you ought not to be so—you should be an example to the natives.’ ‘Oh, don’t look at our rags,’ said one of them; ‘*we have done the work, we have done the work!*’ They then told me that they had built a chapel forty feet long by about fifteen feet wide; that they had gathered the adults and children for instruction; that they had established prayer-meetings and sabbath instruction; that the people had burned all their idols except one, which they had preserved that it might be given to me and taken home as a proof of the mighty power of the Gospel. I said I was very glad to find they had done the work, but still I could not get it out of my eye that they looked so ragged. They said, ‘Well, we will give you an explanation.’ They then told me that the night they went on shore they were led by the native priests into the *marai*, or temple, and told that they must be consecrated to the gods before they could be allowed to live on the island or to do anything there. They were then taken without a light, and told to lie down upon the ground—to lie all straight and go to sleep. There was no sleep, of course; but about midnight

they felt the stout strong arms of several men passing under their bodies, and then they were lifted up and tossed up and down in the air, while some one called out, 'Up they go, down they come. There is a gift for thee. We praise thee, O God, we give thee this as an adoration gift;' and, having had such consecration, they were told they might now live in that village.

"When the morning dawned they found that everything had been stolen from them. No wonder that the natives wished them to go to sleep.

"That was the explanation they gave when they said, 'Do not look at our rags; we have done the work.' They had no other clothing to wear. The idol they had kept from the flames was something like a corpse, bound up in a similar way to an Egyptian mummy; it was about twelve feet long. I said to the chief, 'Is this your god?' 'Oh yes,' said he, 'it is the chief god of our island, and our teachers have told us to keep it and give it to you.' I said, 'You had better be careful what you are doing. Do you give it up in full confidence that there will no evil arise to you or your country?' He went up and put his foot upon it; and oh! the sublimity of his position, as he lifted his hands towards heaven, and said, 'We worship now the only living God, and as for this thing, take it away! take it away! take it away!' I took that idol to Rarotonga, and it created a great sensation there; for you must know that idolatry has so long been unknown in that island, that our people, and especially the young, were anxious to see what this new thing might be, for hundreds there had never seen an idol. [Mr. Gill then exhibited a bundle of sticks, rudely carved, to represent the principal bones of the human body.]

Rev. E. PORTER, from Cuddapah, who gave several interesting proofs of the progress of the good work in the part of India where he had laboured, closed this delightful meeting.

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