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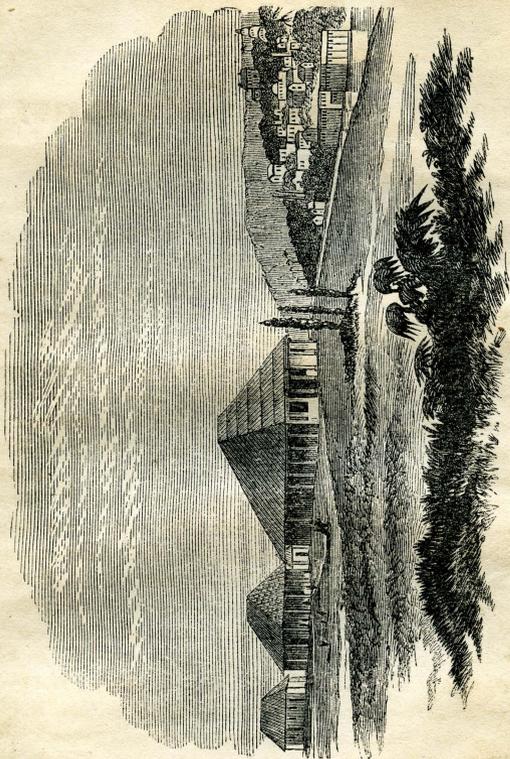
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KOLAPOOR.

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THE MISSION AT KOLAPOOR.

THE Frontispiece is a view of the ancient city of Kolapoor, in India, with the Mission premises in the foreground. It is beautiful for situation; and as the stranger draws near to it, the palace, the white dome and towering spire of the temple of Ambabee, with no less than 250 other temples with their minarets rising amidst fine old trees, will fix his eyes, and, if he is a Christian, should fill them with tears such as Jesus wept over Jerusalem. For here Satan's seat is. The people are wholly given to idolatry. It is therefore thought to be a very sacred city. There is a foolish story, which the ignorant inhabitants believe, to this effect: that once upon a time, the gods met together to decide which was the holiest place upon the earth—Kolapoor or Benares. But how was this to be known? Strange to say, by a pair of scales. The two cities were weighed, and then it appeared that Kolapoor was more holy than Benares, *by one grain!*

In 1852, an American Missionary, the Rev. R. G. Wilder, began to labour there. But it required no common faith and courage for a single Christian man

to undertake the great work of persuading the inhabitants of such a place to worship the living and true God. And he felt the difficulty; and if he had not believed in the presence and the power of that mighty Saviour who said to his disciples, "Lo, I am with you alway," he would never have made the attempt. Let us hear his own account of the state of this city. "Just under the window of my *home*," he writes, "is the city of Kolapoor, with a population of forty-four thousand idolaters. Within ten miles of my door is a population of one hundred and twenty thousand; and beyond, on every side, is a wide region of unbroken Hindooism, embracing three or four millions. Darkness reigns here. Human victims have been offered to their cruel gods within the memory of many still living."

But dark and discouraging as things appeared when the Missionary came to Kolapoor, he did not faint or feel discouraged. At first, indeed, the heathen raged. A number of them drew up a petition to the king, praying him to banish the Missionary from the kingdom. But this he refused to do. The people, therefore, resolved, as far as possible, to effect the same purpose by having nothing to do or to say with the Missionary. For a time, none of them would hear him or come near him. He tried to preach, but could not get a congregation. At last, Mr. Wilder began a school. But at first the people were afraid of the priests, and could with difficulty be persuaded to send their children; nor were they themselves quite sure that this was a good thing. It was not, therefore, without difficulty that a school was begun.

It consisted of one or two little boys; and the Missionary tells us that it was very amusing to see their parents peeping in at the schoolroom door, to see what he was doing to them; but when they saw the kind manner in which their children were treated, and that no harm came to them, they were pleased, and others followed their example. Thus opposition ceased, and prejudice began to give way, so that numbers of the very men who petitioned the king, would come to the Mission House, talk with the Missionary, and listen to his teaching. Thus his first congregations were collected, and, what was better, some of the elder people were enlightened, and a few converted; in the course of five years, not less than five hundred youths had been taught the great truths of the Gospel, while a knowledge of the sacred Scriptures was spread amongst the people. The king treated the Missionary and his wife most kindly, always gave them a hearty welcome to the palace, and when the dreadful mutiny broke out, he protected both them and their dwelling from destruction.

Mrs. Wilder, writing to young people in America, thus refers to the school. "Rejoice with me, dear children, that, in this dark heathen city, there is *one* bright spot, one *sacred* temple, appropriated to the service of the *true* God. Ascending up a few steps we enter a large and pleasant room. It is well filled. Among those present are some two hundred boys, and at one side, ranged along near the pulpit, are fifty or sixty little girls, and a small group of women. On the other side and in front are many older people. The children rise and sing a hymn, and remain stand-

ing while the Missionary asks them many questions from the Bible and Catechism. You cannot understand their language, but you will be pleased with their happy looks and tone, as they freely answer the questions. It is pleasant to see how attentively they listen, as the Missionary entreats them no longer to worship their idols, but to believe on Christ as the only one able to take away their sins. Their interested countenances show that they understand his words."

Illness compelled Mr. Wilder for a time to leave India, but we are happy to learn that he is returning there to labour again in Kolapoor. When will the time come that, in every city and town of India, some servants of God will be found to show unto men the way of salvation?



#### WHY THE RIVER HOOGLHY WAS CALLED "BHAGERATHEE."

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—In your last Magazine I told you who I am, and promised to let you know at some other time why the river along which I asked you to run your fingers was called Bhagerathee. Now, I am going to keep my promise.

I am sure that some of you who are very young will say, "What a funny story!" and those of you who are older may think it a foolish one. But whether you call it funny or foolish, or whatever else you may say about it, I feel very sad when I tell you that many, many thousands of poor Hindoos believe it to be quite true.

But I must begin the story, and instead of telling you

why I write it, I must leave that till the story itself has been told. There is one thing, however, I want you to do first, that is, to promise me you will try to learn a lesson or two from the reading of this story. But how am I to hear your promises? I cannot do that. But, as I hope the readers of this little Magazine are either good or trying to be good, I must suppose, or, as my little boy says, "pretend," that you have promised. And therefore, we will now have the story.

There was once upon a time a king. His name was Sogor. He was one who claimed relationship with the sun. Whether the sun was his grandfather, father, uncle, or cousin, they do not tell us. They only say he was "Shoorjyo Bongshyo," by which you are to understand that he was a descendant of the sun. Well, this man was always offering sacrifices and performing acts of devotion. And we are also told that he had a large family. How many sons do you think? Some of my dear young friends, I am afraid, don't yet know so much of arithmetic as to be able to count the large number I am going to mention. Ah, I fancy I see some of them holding up their little fingers and getting ready to reckon; but your tiny fingers are of no use; so you must get a slate and pencil, and put down six and four ciphers. Let us see, now, how much does that make? units, tens, hundreds, thousands, and the six stands in the place of tens of thousands. Well, ten times six makes sixty, and four ciphers will make only sixty thousand! Sixty thousand! Just fancy sixty thousand sons! What a papa, and what a family! Why, some of you will wonder where he got bread and butter from to feed them all. Others will be wondering how large the table must have been at which they sat down to breakfast. But those who wrote this foolish story did not eat bread and butter for their breakfast, and did not use a table

when they sat down to a meal. Currie and rice was their food. As some of you may not know what currie is, I will tell you. Currie is a kind of stew, with a number of spices in it, and they eat it with rice, which in India is used instead of bread. Well, they eat currie and rice, and their table is so large that many thousands can use it; for their table is the ground. There they sit on mats or pieces of board, with their plates put down before them.

Well, this King Sogor determined to offer one of the grandest sacrifices that a man could make. That sacrifice is called the "Osshomedh," or the sacrifice of a horse. They used to go about this sacrifice in this way. A horse with some peculiar marks was chosen. On its forehead a "Joypotro" was tied. Joypotro is a word formed of two words, one of which, "joy," means victory, and the other, "potro," writing. We may take it to mean a proclamation. That is a long word, the meaning of which you must ask mamma to tell you. Well, after tying this writing upon the horse's forehead they let him go. When about a year had passed by, the horse came back. How it happened to come back after a year I cannot tell you. But when it came back they killed the horse, and with a great many ceremonies they offered it to their idols.

Well, King Sogor got a horse, tied a writing on its forehead, and let it loose. But there were some jealous eyes looking upon King Sogor and his horse. These were the eyes of Indra, who is called Deb Raj, or the king of the gods. He thought, I believe, that if King Sogor should be able to offer this sacrifice, he would become so holy as to be a rival of himself. So what do you think he did? Why, he stole the horse, and took it, and hid it close to a place where a very holy man called Kopeel Moonee was performing his devotions. I have seen this place, and will try and write you something about it another time.

Well, when King Sogor heard that his horse was stolen he was "drowned in the sea of grief." Now, that is a funny saying, but that is the way in which a Bengalee speaks when he wishes to tell you that he is very, very sorry. Well, the sixty thousand sons of King Sogor, seeing their father's sorrow, set out to hunt for the horse. After going through many countries they came to Kopeel Moonee's place, where they saw the stolen horse. They were very angry at finding the horse there, and, making sure that Kopeel Moonee was the thief, they began to beat him. Kopeel Moonee, of course, was not best pleased at being beaten for nothing; so he gave them an angry look, and lo and behold, in one moment the sixty thousand sons of King Sogor were turned into a heap of ashes. After this happened, it became known that unless the goddess Gunga (who is a river that lived in the "Komondooloo," that is, a kind of drinking vessel belonging to the creator, whose name is Bramha) could be brought down to the earth, the sons of King Sogor could not be saved. Well, a great many of the relations of King Sogor tried to bring Gunga down, but did not succeed. After some time, a man of the name of Bhagerath was born in the connection of King Sogor. Well, he went upon the Himalaya Mountains and performed such severe penances as he thought would please Gunga. She said that she was quite willing to do what Bhagerath wanted, only she was afraid lest the force of her current should wash the world away into Patal. The Hindoos believe in Tree Bhoobon, that is, three worlds, or Sogor, heaven; Merto, earth; and Patal, the lower regions. So now you will know where Gunga was afraid the force of her current would wash the world away to. She therefore advised Bhagerath to worship Mahadeb, or the god Shiva. And he, by his penances, was able to please Shiva, who then promised to

take the river into his hair, of which he is said to have a great deal upon his head. You will say he must have had a great deal indeed to hold a river in it; well, so say I. Only, my young friends must remember that if Gunga was like the fairies of which we used to hear in the foolish stories that were told to children, she would, if she liked, be able to squeeze herself into a very little place. But what did Shiva do when he took her into his hair? Why, he deceived Bhagerath, for he would not let her go, and he had to perform many acts of penance before Gunga could get away. At last, having managed to please Shiva he got her down as far as the Himalaya Mountains. But here she stuck fast, and Bhagerath had to perform penances again, when Indra, the king of the gods, sent down his elephant, called Oirabut. This elephant with his great tusks tore open the mountain and let Gunga loose. Well, Bhagerath went before blowing on a shell, which made a sound like that of a horn, and Gunga followed after. So they got on very well for a time; but soon there came another trouble to Bhagerath. All of a sudden, the copper vessel, in shape like a spoon, with which a devotee called Johonoo Moonee was performing his devotions, having been washed away by the waters of Gunga, he drank her up in one draught. Well, Bhagerath on looking behind him missed Gunga. Not being able to see her, he was "drowned in the sea of grief." But by some means Bhagerath managed to please Johonoo Moonee, who then let her go. So on they went until they came to the place where the sixty thousand sons of King Sogor had been turned into ashes. Immediately Gunga's waters had touched the ashes of the sixty thousand sons of King Sogor they all came to life again, and, mounting on a Poshpo Roth, which you may understand to mean a chariot of flowers, they went away to heaven.

This, dear young friends, is the story I promised to tell you. I suppose you will now understand why the river came to be called Bhagerathee. It was because she was brought down by Bhagerath.

And now for the lesson or two I supposed at the beginning of this story you had promised me to learn. Well, one lesson is, that when men forsake the true God and take to the worship of idols, they will believe anything, however stupid and senseless. I don't think I could make any of you believe that a man could drink up a river in one draught. Why, it is more silly than the tale of Jack the Giant-killer, and yet I have seen hundreds of Hindoos who believed it to be quite true. They never even ask themselves how it came to pass that a man could swallow up a goddess, and that a goddess who had the power by her mere touch to bring to life sixty thousand men.

Then there is another lesson. Should you not be thankful that you have not a god to look to like Shiva? How different his character to that of our Heavenly Father! In this story you will see something of his deceit. He agreed to take Gunga into his hair and help Bhagerath. But when he got her, he would not let her go until Bhagerath had performed fresh penances. How different from our God, who cannot lie!

And there is yet another lesson. How revengeful does a false religion make those who believe in it! The Hindoos considered Kopeel Moonee a very holy man, yet, instead of loving his enemies, blessing those who persecuted him, returning good for evil, as the Lord Jesus taught us, he revenged himself by destroying sixty thousand men. Then another so-called holy man, Johonoo Moonee, merely because his things were by accident washed away, drinks up Gunga, who was going to save sixty thousand souls

Just think how revengeful these so-called holy Hindoos were. Well, dear young friends, will this story teach you to be sorry for these poor Hindoos, and make you want to do all you can to send preachers to teach these people not to believe in such foolish tales, but learn to love the "Gentle Jesus meek and mild?" I shall be so glad if it will teach you to do so.

And now, if you could see me you would find that I was making you my salaam. Do you know what that is? Why, I am putting up my hand to my forehead, which is the Indian way of saying, good-bye.

Yours affectionately,

S. JOHN HILL.

#### THE MISSIONARY WORK OF A NATIVE TEACHER DESCRIBED BY HIMSELF.

(Continued from page 257.)

##### EIGHTHLY — THE GODS OR EVIL SPIRITS OF THIS COUNTRY.

RUNECAATE is the god of the place where I now dwell, and Golodan was the god of the place where I formerly dwelt. The former, Runecaate, employed himself in planting food secretly in the deep recesses of the bush; he would cause it to grow in the thickest part of the forest, without clearing, turning up the soil, or even burning the larger trees, and there never was any road to point out where his plantations were. When any party on a distant road were overtaken with hunger, and there was no food to be obtained in the ordinary way, they would go into the bush and search about for Runecaate's plantation, and, if discovered by one of them, he must not call out for help until he has gathered as much as is necessary to supply

their wants. Though the bush may be full of bananas, yams, taro, sugar-cane, and all kinds of food, if he be in haste to call others to his assistance, all the food will instantly disappear. If, instead of being inland, they are at the seaside, and one of the party has discovered Runecaate's fish, he must make all possible haste to fill his canoe with them, without speaking a word until he has got all, or all the fish would vanish. After the food or fish is thus secured, he may call for his party to take it away; there is now no danger of losing it again.

On hearing this, I requested them to take me at once into the bush, that I might see for myself the truth of their statement. They then said it was not so now, but formerly, while this god was alive; but he was unfortunately killed some time ago by the people of the Isle of Pines, and from that time no food has been found in the bush, or fish of his gathering at the seaside. We then contended the matter a little, whether or not the devil had power to do such things. They said, their heathen god, or the devil—the name by which he is now known—had more power than Jehovah. I told them, "the devil had no power but what was given him by God; but God's power is his own, and unlimited; the devil's power is soon spent, but the power of Jehovah is eternal—Jehovah has power over the devil, but the devil has no power over Jehovah. If you were but acquainted with the blessings of the Gospel, and the written Word, you would then understand that to God all things belong, and to the devil, nothing." They then hung down their heads with shame, when I added—"The devil's work is to deceive the people; therefore, say no more that heathenism is better than Christianity, or that the Word of God is evil. Dear friends, what evil is in it? Does it not promise a good end to those who receive it and believe on Jesus, and

eternal life in another world—while those who receive it not, nor believe on Jesus, eternal death will be their portion?"

Goladan was the god of Padawa, where I formerly lived. He employed himself in stealing food and killing people, just like the old female divinity of Rarotonga, who lived in a cave not far from the Institution, and who used to decoy children to her den, *in order to catch them for food*. These are some of Goladan's doings:—He would go out to sea at night, to the place where the people had let down their fishing baskets, pull them up, and take away all the fish, and fill the baskets with rubbish. When the owners came in the morning they would find that their baskets had been robbed, and filled with all kinds of rubbish. They would then begin to repent that they had not taken an offering to Goladan before they set their baskets, because they considered they were indebted to him for all the fish they caught. After propitiating their god with an offering, the fish would be again brought into their baskets when let down into the sea.

Goladan also employed himself in catching the spirits of the people in his net. This also corresponds with what used to be said about Mutu and Akaanga, two gods of Rarotonga, who were accustomed to wait under the point of a rock at Tuoro, where the spirits of the living were in the habit of leaping into the sea, and whosoever spirit was caught would soon be numbered with the dead.

Another employment of Goladan's was, to take children away and hide them, when they followed crying after their parents, who went on without taking any notice of them. All at once the crying would cease, and the parents would look back, but they were not to be seen, and though they searched diligently they were not to be found, for Goladan had taken them away. The Rarotongans had

also this foolish notion: their god, Tangaroa, used to hide away such children as a punishment for the parents, because they did not take better care of them; and not until Goladan had been propitiated by an offering would the child be returned to the parents.

Another of Goladan's employments was to steal the clothes of those who were bathing in the sea. After they had done bathing and they came to look for their clothes where they had left them, they were gone, and never again to be recovered.

When I lived there, some one came to me one day and told me to beware of the tricks of this mischievous divinity, and keep a sharp look-out for him, lest he should get me in his net. I answered, "There is no danger of his doing me any harm—he is a vanity, and powerless. Jehovah alone is the Almighty God. If we put our trust and confidence in him, he will watch over us and we shall not want." They all then gave consent that Jehovah's power was very great.

This Goladan was formerly the god of Padawa, where I used to live, but they have long since abandoned their idolatry, and are now professedly worshippers of the true God, and some of them are true believers in the name of Jesus, and trust in him alone for salvation, and have been admitted to church-fellowship; and there are also a great many candidates.

It was by the wonder-working power of God that they were converted from heathenism and induced to receive the Word of God, and my earnest prayer is that the Master of the work may produce a change in the hearts of the people among whom I now dwell—that he would open those doors that have from of old been closed up, that the good of the Gospel may enter in, and by receiving the Word of God, they may be saved through Jesus now, and

enjoy everlasting life hereafter. This, I know, is your, as well as my, most ardent desire.

#### NINTHLY.—HOW THEY SLEEP AT NIGHT.

The pity of my heart was great when I looked in upon a family as they lay upon the bare earth, at night; it appeared to me so much like a pig's-stye, as they lay huddled together around a fire which was burning in their midst. In turning about they sometimes get on the fire and get sadly burned. They have not a bit of matting underneath, nor a scrap of clothing over them—the fire is the only thing they depend upon for warmth in the cold season. They have some regard to decency in having separate houses for the males and females. Thus they live in dirt, and sleep in dirt, and eat in dirt. They are a filthy people. I entreat them to receive the Word of God as a good thing for their bodies as well as their souls, but they are not only content to remain as they are, but think their customs better than ours. On hearing them say so, I said—"Ye are fools, and not men, for human beings generally like to be cleanly and make themselves comely in appearance, and not ill-treat their body as ye do, but nourish it and cherish it with food and clothing, bathing it frequently in water, so as not to be offensive. Thus to take care of the body is one part of our work, but our principal work should be to secure the salvation of our souls. God hath made us of two parts—body and soul, neither of which should be neglected. They did not, however, consent to what I said, but went away offended. Nothing but the power of God will ever induce these poor dark-hearted people to receive the Gospel.

#### TENTHLY.—WAR.

They have had one fight since I came among them. It occurred in December, 1859. Five were killed, and their bodies cooked and eaten. Many were wounded, but recovered. They are constantly talking of war—they have no rest. Oh, how I pity this people for their blindness! Oh, Jesus, arise and make known thy power! Bruise the head of the devil, that they may enter into thy light!

They are now come to look kindly on us, and treat us very respectfully, so that sometimes we are inclined to think that the time has come that they will receive the Word of God, which again ends in disappointment; all the good is external, their hearts still remaining unchanged.

#### ELEVENTHLY.—ENCOURAGING PROSPECTS.

We have, however, some proof that our work has not been in vain, and we have only to wait and persevere, for God can and will send prosperity.

One good sign is their kindness to us in daily supplying us with food. They speak to us and call out our names; they frequently come to our house and sit down near to us, and bring food to exchange for what little things we may have to spare. But the best sign is, that they will unite in worship on the Sabbath, and come to be taught on the week-days—sometimes only two or three, and sometimes ten will be present—and will listen attentively to what is made known to them. They do not remain long with us, but return again to their homes. I pray earnestly to God for them, and oh, my friend, pray also for them.

I have reason to believe that the man with whom I live is a good man. He cannot read, but he has a hearing ear and an understanding heart, and holds fast that which he obtains. His children can all read, and he is the father of one

of the young men who were killed by the heathen on the 26th February 1857. We were exceedingly sorry when this occurred: they died for the name of Jesus. They ventured to take the message of salvation to their heathen brethren, and were slain and eaten by them. The father's faith has been severely tested by his heathen relatives. They wish him to give up the Word of God, and return again to heathenism; but though several years have since passed, he still remains steadfast. His brethren and his chief say to him, "Why do you receive the Word of the God of no power, that bad and merciless God? Why do you, alone in the midst of us, continue to pray? Your son is dead, and who have you now to unite with you? Throw it up; leave off praying. Have you no love for your child? Where is he? Our enemies have killed him. Wherefore did not your God deliver him? Probably you will be served the same to-morrow."

Though the heart of this man was much pained at what they had said, yet he answered them thus—"Listen, oh my chief, and all you, my brethren: 'As for me and my house we will serve Jehovah.' I rejoice greatly that my child was slain for the name of Jesus, and death now to me is better than life. Wherefore do ye try to perplex me? What I have seen and heard I will not give up. I certainly know that it is profitable to believe in God, and receive his Word; and 'blessed are those that die in the Lord,' for so saith the Word of God, 'for they rest from their labours and their works do follow them.' It was your fault that my child was slain, because ye would not receive the Word of God. My son exhorted you to receive the Word of God, and ye would not; and I now again entreat you to receive the Word of God that you may be saved through Jesus. Abandon your wars, and all the abominable works of the devil; but if ye still remain

obstinate in unbelief, I will not look at nor regard your temptations. Jehovah is my shepherd; I shall not want. I will hold fast his word, even unto death." He was, after this, severely tried by a fallen member, who was angry because he was suspended for some misconduct, and returned again to heathenism; but he manfully withstood this also, and gave the backslider a severe rebuke for his conduct.

Thus, we have some encouragement amidst our trials, and have cause to bless God for his goodness. And now, dear friend, may God bless you. That's all the word from

TEAVAE.

#### THE IDOL WORSHIP OF THE BRAHMINS.

YOU often hear of Brahmins. Who and what are they? The Brahmins are a class of people in India, who, according to their traditions, believe that they first came out of the mouth and head of their great idol, whilst the lower classes or castes, came from the arms, thighs, and feet—so say they themselves, and the rest of the Hindoos believe the same thing.

Whoever has been in India once, will tell you how the Brahmins rule over the other classes; for instance, a proud Brahmin, wishing to show his authority, may make a poor man bow before him that he may rest his feet on the man's neck. Even rich men now and then carry the sedan chair in which the Brahmin travels; and the Hindoos esteem themselves happy if allowed to drink a little of the water in which the Brahmin has washed his feet.

It would take me a long time, were I to write everything concerning the Brahmins, besides filling a large volume—and I have not much space in these pages.

The Brahmins divide themselves into a number of classes. Some have three perpendicular strokes on different parts of their bodies, and others different marks of distinction. In India the people do not wear so much clothing as in England; but around their necks hang a chain of dried fruits which they consider sacred. These chains are used by the Brahmins, much as the Roman Catholics use their paternosters, for on them they count the number of prayers they repeat to their idols.

These Brahmins have to repeat many prayers daily. These are their chief religious duties. When a priest rises from his bed, he first plucks a twig from a particular kind of fig tree. With this he cleans his teeth, at the same time repeating the following prayer: "Hear, thou Lord of the woods! Sona, king of the plants and herbs; do thou and he fill my mouth with thy glory, that I may enjoy the promise of rich nourishment. Lord of the woods! grant me life, strength, holiness, happiness, posterity, cattle, virtue, knowledge, and wisdom!"

After he has prostrated himself, and put on his robe of distinction, he goes with his rich clothes on into the room where his idols are, to pray. He never allows his wife and children to pray with him, but thinks they may be made holy by his good works. His children, if boys, when young men, will set up idols for themselves.

How very different is this to our Christian families; there, father, mother, and children, assemble together morning and evening, to read the Bible, and pray to the true and living God.

The idols of the Brahmins are afterwards placed on the lowest bench, that the priest may offer flowers, which are placed before him, whilst he repeats a number of prayers. These prayers are written in the Sanscrit language, which is no longer spoken, and it frequently happens that the

man does not understand one word of what he is saying. This is called prayer, but it is no prayer. And to whom does he pray? to some one who hears him? No, these gods have ears, but hear not. They are naked images of wood, stone, or any metal which the carpenter, or smith, may carve or paint. The Hindoos are said to have 330 million idols; and formerly men and women were sacrificed, and for this reason were considered a bloodthirsty race. Even now, it is said that a thousand goats and other cattle are offered as sacrifices every month in the temple at Calcutta.

Let us pray and work, that these and all other idols may be utterly abolished.

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#### A PICTURE FROM PERU.

PERU is a country on the west coast of South America; its chief town is called Lima. It is very rich and fruitful, but it presents, however, a dark picture sometimes, for it is subject to earthquakes, and the spiritual ignorance of the inhabitants is very sad. Concerning the earthquake, an Englishman thus writes:—

"Last night, Lima was visited by an extraordinary violent earthquake. As I was lying in bed, I was awakened by a noise, as though some one was getting in at the window—then it sounded as if the street was filled with carts and carriages, the horses of which were dashing along at a furious gallop; this was followed by a thundering noise. At the same moment, I learned from the cries of the people that it was an earthquake. I sprang out of bed, but had scarcely put my feet on the ground, when I felt

the side of my mouth drawn down, as if with severe cramp. The noise was just as if some one was crushing dried leaves together in their hands, only a million times louder. Doors, windows, walls, balconies, the earth itself appeared as if seized with an ague fit. Everything swayed to and fro, like a ship at sea, or like a tipsy man. Fortunately, there was but one shock, and it did no damage. The morning dawned, looking as calm as though there had been less noise than usual in Lima, for the inhabitants appeared more than commonly serious."

The same writer had brought, on the day before, 2000 New Testaments from the Custom House, and on the following day he inquired at the booksellers' shops, if there were Bibles to be sold. He found, however, very few. They demanded a very high price for what might be had; and so it happened that the Englishman, an agent of the Bible Society, sold 800 of these precious books in fourteen days. God grant that these books may be the means of causing greater movements in the hearts of the inhabitants of Lima, than even the shaking of the earthquake.

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#### LITTLE SOWERS.

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## I.

I GAZED upon a busy field,  
Where nought as yet of verdure grew;  
But sowers hastened up and down  
The precious seed to strew:  
And in a distant corner there  
I saw that children, young and fair,  
Were busy sowing too.

## II.

They sang and smiled upon their work,  
And yet I said, "Why labour now?"  
The curse of toil was never sent  
To stain so young a brow.  
And so I bade them sport and play,  
And learn at some far future day  
To reap, and sow, and plough.

## III.

And in the sunny harvest time  
I sought that busy field again;  
And saw it rich with bending ears  
Of Autumn's golden grain.  
But, 'mid the plenty all around,  
There was one little patch of ground  
That barren did remain.

## IV.

I wondered wherefore this should be—  
It was because I suffered not  
The willing hands of little ones  
To plant that barren spot;  
And other workers took no heed,  
Or had no time to strew the seed  
Over the children's plot.

## V.

The world is all one busy field,  
And life the busy time to sow  
In human hearts the precious seed,  
That, scattered to and fro,  
Shall soon put forth its tender leaves,  
And to the glorious harvest sheaves  
Of life eternal grow.

## VI.

There is a work for all to do;  
The strong may help it if they will;  
And for the trembling hand of Age  
There is an office still.  
Nor only so,—the young are there,  
And childhood hath its little share  
Of labour to fulfil.

## VII.

Oh! say not that it is too soon  
For those young, happy hearts to sigh  
Over the barren, heathen wastes,  
That all uncultured lie;  
Nor send them with a careless smile,  
To play and trifle yet awhile,  
And labour by and by.

## VIII.

Oh! stay them not, for though the work  
 Appears too vast for human might ;  
 Yet is it still an easy yoke,  
 A burden small and light.  
 For e'en the youngest heart that feels  
 The gladness bright that Christ reveals  
 Upon the soul's dark night.

## IX.

Oh, stay them not ! nor check the zeal  
 Of any in that youthful band,  
 Who long to spread a Saviour's name  
 To earth's remotest land,  
 Lest death should seize that little one,  
 And snatch him from a work undone,  
 With swift, relentless hand.

## X.

Oh, stay them not ! lest far away  
 Some poor benighted heathen slave  
 Should find, from all life's toil and woe,  
 A sad and hopeless grave ;  
 And souls should perish in despair,  
 Whom now the effort and the prayer  
 Of little ones might save.

## XI.

Oh, stay them not ! lest in the day  
 When angels, in their Master's name,  
 Shall come to reap the golden corn,  
 The harvest sheaves to claim ;  
 Some distant corner of the field,  
 Untilled, unsown, should only yield  
 Tares for the quenchless flame.

## XII.

Oh, stay them not ! but help them on,  
 And with a thankful heart rejoice,  
 That such a holy, happy work  
 Should be their early choice.  
 And then, as childhood wears away,  
 Teach them to love it more each day ;  
 And gladly help it while they may,  
 Nor heed the scorner's voice.

## XIII.

Brave, earnest ones ! God bless them all,  
 And make them blessings far and near,  
 And speed them in their work of love,  
 While still they sojourn here ;  
 And take them, when the work is o'er,  
 In heaven, to rest for evermore  
 From every toil and tear.

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