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SIVA.

THE Frontispiece is one of the many forms under which the millions of India worship the false god Siva—the destroyer. It is the figure of a being with twenty-five heads, and thirty-two hands. The five heads, which rise one above another in the midst of the rest, are said to represent the five principal powers or attributes of the idol—that of creating, preserving, destroying, judging, and rewarding. What the other twenty heads are intended to signify we do not know. Every one of the thirty-two hands holds some destructive instrument. Amongst these there is a bow, an arrow, a sword, a knife, a knotted rope, a spear, a club, a sling, a red-hot iron or some such deadly weapon.

But what was this strange figure intended to show? We suppose it was this: first, that the knowledge contained in all these heads, and the power of all these hands, were very great; and secondly, that the chief end of both the knowledge and the power was to punish and destroy. The heads are intended to guide the hands, and the hands to use the weapons of des-



MAHASADISIOA.

truction with which they are armed. And this is the idea which these poor blinded heathen form of one chief object of their worship. Such a being they may well fear. The sight of the idol, and the thought of the terrible power which it can use for their destruction, will account for much that they do and suffer to gain its favour. Whatever they may bear in the way of pains and fastings, and penances and pilgrimages, and sacrifices, and even tortures, are light compared with the torments which would follow from the anger of this dread destroyer. And the same view of this idol may show why so many of the religious services of the Hindoo consist of suffering. Their chief gods, instead of delighting in mercy, and rejoicing over men to do them good, are supposed to be only pleased when those who worship them are pained or punished. Hence these poor blinded idolaters afflict their bodies and their souls.

Now, dear readers, contrast all this with the character and conduct of the great, glorious, and gracious Being revealed to us in the Bible. Our "God is love." Though he is angry with the wicked every day, and cannot be otherwise, because he is holy, just, and good, he pities, he pardons, he blesses, and he loves those who have sinned against him. The Hindoos may tremble at the thought of Siva, but they cannot trust him—they may serve, but they cannot love a being so horrid and hateful. But how different is the case with you! The great God who made and preserves, who guides and guards you, has been manifest in the flesh—revealed in that kind Friend who was full of grace and truth. Surely the sight of the false and wretched

objects of heathen worship, should make us more ready to love Him who first loved us.

But this is not all. While we see the great difference between their state and ours, should not our hearts be filled with pity for the millions who have no higher thoughts of God than such as the Frontispiece gives, and nothing better to worship than a fierce destroyer? In Siva you have only a faint shadow of that wicked spirit—the god of this world—who goeth about seeking whom he may devour. Like the image here shown, he has great knowledge and great power, but these are only used to deceive and to destroy. Surely India may be truly described as a place where Satan's seat is. When shall that seat be thrown down? The time, we trust, is at hand. Let us pray for its coming, and do more than ever to send out the preachers of that gospel which is mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strongholds.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A YOUNG COLLECTOR.

MY FIRST ATTEMPT.

Two days after my unsuccessful visit to the old gentleman, described in my last paper, I went forth again to the work I had undertaken; for although I was discouraged by my first attempt, I had since then thought and prayed about it until I had begun to feel almost as sure as I felt before that I must succeed. For the more I considered the state of the heathen, the commands of the Saviour, and the good already done by Missionary labour, my conviction became the stronger that no real Christian who had the

means of helping the good cause could refuse to do so. This was the conclusion to which my young heart had come; and although since then many years have passed over me, time, and thought, and the knowledge of what God is doing in the world, have only confirmed this early conviction. It still seems to me very strange, and scarcely possible, that any one who loves the Lord Jesus Christ, and desires the happiness and salvation of others, should be without a true Missionary spirit.

Under this impression, I sallied forth a second time, and the first call I made gave me heart and hope for future efforts. It was at a small house. I had often passed it, and had admired its appearance. The little garden in front, inclosed with green palings, had particularly attracted my notice; it was so beautifully neat, the paths so clean, the box edging so even, and the flowers so nicely trained and so well arranged. Weeds were seldom seen there, and everything showed good taste and much attention. The geraniums in the window had also drawn my eye, for I often fancied that their leaves were brighter and their flowers richer than most others; but this appearance no doubt was owing to the muslin curtains, which were very white, and always appeared as if they had just come from the laundress's hands. But although I had noticed these things, I had never been within the house, and only knew the person who lived there by seeing her at chapel, or occasionally meeting her in the streets. I had heard, however, that she was a very great sufferer, and a very good woman. I was rather pleased, therefore, with the opportunity I now had of speaking to her. Having knocked at the door, it was at once opened by herself. She was then, as indeed was always the case, very neatly dressed, and everything in the room which I entered appeared to be in its place. But these things did

not so much interest me as her face. It was pale, and told you at once a story of pain, and care, and suffering, which touched some of the tenderest feelings of my heart, and made me long to say how much I felt on her account. And there was, in her sad and sorrowful history, enough to account for the traces of heavy trials imprinted upon her countenance. She had, early in life, become a widow, had, by her husband's death, been greatly reduced in circumstances, and had lost her only son, upon whom her heart and hopes were fixed, who was accidentally drowned in our river. But though a woman of a sorrowful countenance, there was always something in her expression which showed that deep down in her heart there was a peace which passeth all understanding—the peace of God. Having, in the kindest manner, welcomed me into her house, and asked me to sit down, I told her my errand. Though many years have passed since then, I have not forgotten the sweet smile and the glistening eye with which she listened to me, while I described the meetings of our Juvenile Society, and the reasons why we were trying to do more than we had yet done for the Missionary cause. I cannot now repeat what she said in reply, but this I well remember, that she actually thanked me for calling upon her, encouraged me to go on in this good work, poured out the prayer that God would prosper His own cause, and bless me in promoting it, and at once promised to become one of my monthly subscribers. How the conduct of this truly Christian woman encouraged me I need not say; and often since then I have contrasted her loving smile and ready offering, with the cold, hard, dry, not to say harsh manner by which the young collector has been sometimes met and disheartened by those who ought to have been amongst the foremost to give the encouraging word and the helping hand. And in this case I was

well rewarded for the work I did. Every call I made at that sweet cottage was to me most pleasant and profitable. That good woman became one of my dearest and most valued Christian friends. To her loving counsels I owe, under God, more than I can tell. She is now in heaven, and the hope of meeting her there are amongst the many pleasant thoughts with which I look forward to that better world.

It was some time after this, but it was another good fruit which grew out of my Missionary labours, that I found a second friend, whose history was different, but whose character resembled that which I have just described. As this excellent woman lived nearly two miles from the town, I did not call upon her until some weeks after I had begun to canvass for subscribers. She had been for many years a quiet and much respected member of the Church, and though unmarried, and with a small income, she had performed a mother's part to two orphan children of a deceased friend. And a beautiful thing it was to see how wisely they were taught and trained to read God's word, and keep his ways. Their dress, their manner, and their behaviour in chapel, all proved this. Now, it may be easily supposed that this excellent person was not indifferent to the Missionary cause. And this I soon discovered. As soon as I named my errand, she began to tell me of what she had heard and read of the progress of God's work in heathen lands. Every month she had carefully read the "Missionary Chronicle," and some other books on Missionary subjects which she had borrowed from friends. Strange to say, though she had always given to collections, she had never before been asked to subscribe to the Society. I had no difficulty, therefore, in adding her name to the list of my subscribers. But this was not all. She said she wished her two orphans to be connected

with the good cause, in the hope that in after life they would thus be led to love and to help it, if God pleased, even by themselves becoming His messengers to the heathen. This most Christian woman is still living, and up to the time of my leaving my native town, she continued one of my regular subscribers, and one of my valued friends.

But I must return to the second morning of my canvass. After leaving the cottage of the cheerful giver, I ventured upon an act which was certainly a very bold one for a beginner. At the meeting described in a former number, our good minister said that there were a few members of the congregation who had subscribed for some time, who would, he thought, double their subscriptions if they were asked to do so, and if the necessity for an increase was properly pointed out to them. The names of these friends were mentioned, and given to the different collectors. Two of them fell to my share, and I must confess that I shrunk more from this than from any other part of the work I had undertaken. Though I saw the reason for such a request, I would gladly have handed over the duty to others. But having no choice, and being encouraged by the success of my first call, I resolved to make the trial. One friend whom I had engaged to ask was a tradesman in our town, and had for some time subscribed a guinea a-year. He was therefore one of the largest subscribers in the congregation. But he was a kind man, with pleasant manners, and as I had often been in his shop, I did not feel so shy or timid as I otherwise might have felt.

When I entered, I saw Mr. L. there, and, going up to him, I briefly told him why I had called. Upon this he asked me to follow him into a small room opening into the shop, and handed me a chair, when, as nearly as I can recollect, the following dialogue took place.

"You say, Miss B., that you are collecting for the Missionary Society; but do you not know that I am a subscriber already, and that I have been so for a long time?"

"Yes, sir," I said, "I do know this; but when the collectors met, it was thought that if you, and some other friends, were called upon, you might perhaps double your subscription."

"Upon my word, Miss B., you *are* a bold beggar," said the worthy man. But there was a pleasant smile on his face, and a curious twinkle of the eye, which I have seen many times since, when he was pleased, and about to do some good thing, which gave me hope of success.

"Perhaps I am," I answered; "but the cause is a good one, and it wants more help."

"Yes, yes, that is quite true; but I wish to hear why I am to double my subscription."

"Well, sir," I said, "when this subject was mentioned at our meeting, our good minister told us that since the time when many began to subscribe, the Directors of the Missionary Society have sent out many more Missionaries, and that these cannot be supported unless the Society has a larger income."

"That," he said, "is quite true. And though some people blame the Directors for what they have done, I am not one of them. I believe, too, that our good minister was quite right in asking you to call upon me and other subscribers, and I feel that the time is come when many should give much more than they have yet given."

Mr. L. talked on for some time in this way, and said much which I remembered afterwards. Amongst these things he remarked very warmly, that the small sums which stood against the names of many who could spend far more money upon their dress or their pleasures was a very sad proof that they did not feel how much they owed

to their Lord, and that many of the poor who gave a penny a week, made a real sacrifice, whilst others who gave, as he had given, a guinea a-year did not miss the money. But the end of this filled me with surprise. From what he said, I expected that he would double his subscription. But instead of this, he promised, if I would call regularly for it, he would in future subscribe five pounds a-year.

How I looked when I heard this I cannot tell; but if my face answered to my feelings, I am sure it must have seemed as if suddenly lighted up with a bright sunbeam from the skies.

After this kind man had encouraged me to go on in my work, I left the house, and was inclined to turn homewards at once, that I might tell my dear father and mother of my great and unexpected success; but, having resolved to call upon the other gentleman whose name had been given to me, I hastened towards the place where I expected to find him. It was in a low part of the town, by the river-side, where the ships unloaded their cargoes. Having found my way through a narrow dirty street, I entered a large yard where there were piles of barrels and empty cases, and having inquired for Mr. F. I was directed to a small counting house, where he was seated at a desk. He did not ask me to sit down, or leave his seat, or look upon me with a kindly smile, but, having heard my errand, he said that he could do no more for foreign objects, and added something about the wants and claims of home. I answered him meekly, I hope, and as well as I could, but all I could get from him was a promise to think about it. I was, of course, disappointed; but when our next Annual Meeting was held, I was delighted to hear his name read as a subscriber of two guineas, and I afterwards learned that shortly before that, he had sent to our minister to say that he wished to give this sum. Although, therefore, this did not come to my card, I was quite content to believe that it had come out of my call.

THE HINDU BOY AND HIS MOTHER.

A HINDU woman set out one day with her little boy, to go to a distant part of the country. She was a respectable sort of woman, belonging to the sect of people called Lingaites, or worshippers of the Linga. The little boy was about four or five years of age.

Arriving at a certain town in the course of their journey, the woman became ill. Her illness increased, and she suffered much pain. She had not learned to pray to the kind Saviour. If she had, she would have received strength and patience from Him, and so she would have been able to bear her sufferings. The little piece of black stone which she had been taught to pray to, could do nothing for her in this her time of trouble; and so, being unable to bear the pain any longer, she threw herself into a well and drowned herself, leaving that poor child in a distant town among strangers.

The little boy was sent by the people of the town to the magistrate of the district, who was a kind Christian gentleman. At first he tried to find out the relatives of the child, but as nobody could tell who they were, or where they lived, he sent him to a Missionary in the town, requesting that he might be received into the Orphan School. At once the little fellow was admitted, and called William Bloomfield, after a gentleman of that name who wished to support a Hindu orphan. He was baptized, and placed among the little ones of Christ's flock to be trained up for God. William was an amiable and obedient boy, beloved both by his teachers and his companions, and the Missionary hoped that he would grow up to be a good and useful man. God, however, intended other things for little William. After a time he was seized with a painful sickness. It grieved those who were about him to see

him suffer so much as he often did. But he bore it all very patiently. He had heard of Jesus, and of His love and care for little children; and when suffering very much he used to pray to that gracious Friend to help and save him. This illness continued a long time, but at last God took him to himself. Before he died, little William said he was not afraid, for he was going to heaven to be with Jesus, of whom he had first heard in the Mission School. Jesus the mighty Saviour can make even a little Hindu child patient in suffering and happy in death. Idolatry and superstition cannot do either. And what Jesus can do, and has done, for many Hindu children, He can and will do—and none but He—for dear children in happy England too, if they will only ask Him. J. W. C.

LARGE-HEARTED LIBERALITY.

OF all givers, those who, like the Christians of Macedonia, "out of their deep poverty abound in the riches of their liberality," are the noblest. Amongst the pious poor there are many such. The following are a few out of many cases of this kind.

A young servant girl, quiet and modest, who had felt much interest in Missions and Missionary Meetings, became ill and died. When near her end, her mother asked her what money she had in the Savings Bank, or elsewhere, and received an account of all that she possessed. But a sovereign, which her mistress had been so kind as to give her as a Christmas present, was not mentioned, and she was asked where it was. She replied, "Dear mother, you know I brought it to you, and begged you to take it, but you would not." She did not wish to say more, but her mother still inquired where it was. She

then said, "Dear mother, when you said you did not want it, I thought I might do what I liked with it; so, when I went back, I went into the best bed-room, *downed on my knees*, and put it into the Missionary box, and I felt so happy." The little box was not opened for some months after her peaceful death; but when it was, there indeed was the golden offering, which this poor girl had so secretly and so prayerfully given to the Lord.

There was a poor widow in one of the midland counties, who also loved the Missionary cause, and desired to help it. Having attended a Missionary Meeting, she waited until most of the people had left, when, going quietly up to the minister, she put her hand into her pocket and drew out more than a sovereign, saying, "It is only a little that such a one as I can do, but I wish to do all I can." The minister said, "I can't take this. I am sure you can't spare it." With much feeling she answered, "I could do very well with it all, sir, but I dare not touch it: I promised it to God, and you must have it for the Missionaries." The minister asked what she meant by promising it to God, when she told him that some months before she had been to a Missionary Meeting, and that one of the speakers mentioned the case of a poor man, who, having no spare money, resolved to give the fruit of one of his pear-trees to the good cause, which that year had been sold for nearly two pounds. And then she continued: "I had no garden, nor pear-tree, and so I could not help in that way; but I thought I would find out some plan for raising a bit of money. At length I thought that, as I knew something about herbs, I could make horehound lozenges, which would do good to people who had colds and coughs. So I bought some brown sugar, and began my work." Her trade, she said, "had prospered wonderfully. The lozenges had done a power of

good to many people. I have boiled up a hundred pounds of sugar. There you have the money. I promised it to God, and I dare not touch it; and I mean to go on with my work."

In a retired village there was a very poor man, who got his small living by breaking stones upon the roads. But though he worked hard, and earned but little, to the surprise of all who knew his poverty, he gave, for him, large sums to Christian Societies. A Bible Meeting had been held at that village, and when it was over, this rich poor man hobbled up on two sticks to the table, and put down ten shillings. A stranger who saw this expressed his surprise, as he might well do, when the clergyman of the parish, who was present, told him that this was no uncommon thing. "The fact is," he added, "the old man is called a miser for Christ. He is alone in the world, and lives by himself in a wretched little cottage, and whatever he can scrape together is given to the cause of God."

This poor man suffered much from rheumatism, and fancied that "Old Parr's pills" did him good. So one day a kind lady took a box of these pills to his cottage, when he was suffering much from his complaint. But she was disappointed at the way in which he received them. Instead of expressing pleasure and thankfulness, he only shook his head, as if he thought she had done wrong. "Why, William," said the lady, "I thought they always used to do you good, and now you don't seem to care to have them." "Well, ma'am," was his answer, "it is not that. I am sure I am very thankful to you for your kindness; but then, I'd rather you had given the money that they cost to the Bible Society; for you see, ma'am, I can get to heaven without Parr's pills, but the poor heathen cannot get to heaven without the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

In another case a poor washerwoman, who worked very hard for her living, and who had to feed and clothe others out of her earnings, resolved that, however she might deny herself, she would be a subscriber to the Missionary Society of a guinea a year. And she kept her resolution. But she could not have done so if she had not brought a shilling or a sixpence at a time to her minister, until she had made up the noble contribution.

THE DAUGHTER'S DEATH—HER FATHER'S LIFE.

SOME time since, a young Greenland woman, who had given proof of her love to the Saviour, was standing by the sea-shore, little dreaming of any danger, when a great rock, that had hung on the brow of the cliff, and on which, a short time before, some people had been sitting, was suddenly loosened and fell. She had no time to escape, and was dreadfully injured by its fall, though not killed upon the spot. She was carried immediately into a tent, while both her parents sat near her bed, distressed with bitter grief and pouring forth wild lamentations. The father was particularly affected. He could not weep, but sat in silence, with his eyes fixed on his dying daughter; who, with extreme difficulty, put forth her little remaining strength, and thus spoke to her afflicted parents: "Why are you so troubled? You need not be sorry on my account; I am going home with joy to my Saviour! May you both, when your end shall come, follow me where I go, then shall we dwell together in peace for ever!" These were her last words, and not long afterwards she gave up her spirit.

She had adorned the Gospel she professed, and therefore these words came from her with propriety and power.

Hence, they pierced like a sword into the heart of her afflicted father. Nor could he recover from the stroke. Another world, and the wish, which his daughter who had gone before had, with such love and earnestness, expressed, that he should follow her, filled his thoughts by day and night. Though he had been opposed to the Gospel, when the Missionary spoke to him after his daughter's death, those ears were open, which had before been deaf to the call of the Saviour. But now he began to weep for himself, and his sins, and his soul was filled with fear in looking back upon his mis-spent life, out of which the most horrible images constantly seemed to arise before his thoughts. These for a long time so haunted him, that his bodily strength began to fail, and nothing could give him peace. No friendly promise from the Divine word, no allusion to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, had any influence upon his bleeding heart. He always replied, "Your words are true and good, but I am too wicked; you know not how wickedly I have lived." It was a time of dreadful suffering for him. He desired with all his heart to follow his beloved daughter to the land of peace; and yet, he believed himself doomed to eternal misery. But after he had borne this sorrow more than a year, joy came, and a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. He now knew that his sins were forgiven him, and he felt the peace of God within his soul. How childlike was his joy!—a joy he could not express, but it showed itself in his face. And thus he continued during the last few years of his earthly pilgrimage, living in close communion with God, and declaring with his dying breath that Jesus was his hope, and his strength, and his Saviour.

CURIOUS METHOD OF MAKING MAHOMMEDAN
CONVERTS.

IN Chittagong, some few years since, a singular circumstance took place, which throws light upon the law of caste in India, and the notion the people have of conversion. A rich man of rather low caste, wished to get a wife for his son from a Brahmin family. At that place there was such a family, and as they were very poor, they promised for a good sum of money, and the future favour of the rich man, to provide the wife he wanted for his son. The bargain was made, the money paid, and everything arranged. The happy day came, which had been fixed on for the marriage, and the bridegroom with gongs, tom-toms, and drums and fifes, was led to the house of the bride. "Who is there?" was demanded from within. The friends of the bridegroom were surprised at this greeting, and seeing that no preparation was made to receive them, they began to consider what they should do, for they could not bear to face the shame and ridicule of going back without the promised wife. And as they were the stronger party, consisting of several hundred hungry guests, prepared for any service that might be required of them, they broke into the house, found the veiled weeping bride in an inner room, and took her away with them in triumph. The marriage ceremony was accomplished with much pomp and noise before the (so-called) Holy Fire, and the dinner that followed was without a fault. About a week after, there came a *Mahommedan* with a few friends to the house of the bridegroom, brought the customary marriage presents, and to the astonishment of all, announced himself as the father of the bride, whom he now wished to see. But he was only punished with blows for his supposed impudence, and with his friends was driven from the door.

The Mahommedan then went and complained to the police, who went with him to the house; into this they then pressed, the father calling his daughter by name. At once she replied, and the bridegroom gave her up, and she went home with her father. The bridegroom was nearly mad with anger, and lodged complaints against the deceitful Brahmin, who had put a Mahommedan stranger in the place of his only daughter, whom he had promised as his wife. But the magistrates could not help him out of the difficulty. He had, they said, for his bride, the woman whom he had taken by force from the Brahmin's house. Upon that, the rich man saw that he and his family had lost their caste, and that, having married into a Mahommedan family, they must all become Mahommedans—the consequence of marriage with a woman of that faith. But this was not the only consequence. All the persons who had taken part in the marriage were declared polluted, and they too lost their caste, so that nothing remained for them, but to turn Mahommedans also. To this was to be added, that the rich man must beg his father-in-law's pardon, and then receive his bride from the hand of the Mahommedan priests. The trick was much praised by that sect, who rejoiced greatly in having added to their numbers so many from the richer people in the town and neighbourhood.

"WITHOUT NATURAL AFFECTION."

DEAR CHILDREN,—If you have ever read your Bible through, or the New Testament even, you will remember the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans; in which Paul gives that fearful description of the wickedness of the heathen world. Among other things, he says they are

“without natural affection.” That is, parents do not love their children, and children do not love their parents; brothers hate their sisters, and sisters hate their brothers; all are utterly selfish.

Perhaps you have sometimes wondered whether there were, indeed, any people so wicked as those there described. Paul did not mean to say that *all* the heathen were guilty of all the crimes there named, but that their general character was such as he described, and that all these wicked things do take place among them. Now I have been living several years with the Hindoos, who are among the most civilized of heathen nations. I will tell you some things that I have seen here, and you will say that Paul's description applies even to this people.

A DAUGHTER CASTS OFF HER MOTHER.

A few weeks ago I saw two women sitting before my door, the one a very aged, infirm person, and the other a strong, healthy woman. I asked them what they wanted. The younger one said: “Sir, this old woman wishes to be received into your almshouse. She has no children or relatives to take care of her, and she is too weak to work, or even to go about and beg.” “And who are you?” I asked. She replied: “I am only a neighbour who came to show her the way here.” So I allowed the old woman to stay in the almshouse a few days. But I afterwards learned that the woman who came with her was her own daughter, married, and living about six miles from here! As it was a rule of the almshouse not to receive those who had relatives with whom they could live, I told her she must go home and live with her daughter. The old woman fell down at my feet, and cried, and begged to be permitted to stay. She said her son-in-law and daughter had turned her out of doors, and would not give her any-

thing to eat, and that if sent away from here she should starve. Her allowance, while in the poor-house, was only about two pence per day, but she preferred even this pittance to trusting herself in the house of her unnatural child! Was not that daughter “without natural affection,” when she could thus cast off her mother in her old age and weakness, and leave her to starve, or be fed by strangers?

But some little girl, who has been watched over from infancy by a kind mother, will say: “Children may perhaps forget their parents, but I do not believe a mother can ever cease to love her child.” Well, then, I will mention an incident which will show that even mothers may be “without natural affection” for their children. One day, as I was sitting in my study, a man came up to the window and began to tell the following story. He said: “I was going to a village a few miles off, yesterday, when, passing by a hedge of prickly-pear, I heard a low moaning, as of a little child in pain. On looking about, I found an infant only a few days old, lying among the thorny bushes, struggling and crying. It had been thrown so far in among the thorns that I could not reach it, so I called some of the men of the place as quickly as I could, and we cut away the prickly-pear, till we could reach the little babe and take it out. It was very deeply scratched by the thorns, and covered with blood. We gave it some milk and it revived a little, but it was so badly hurt that it died in a few hours.” On inquiry it was found that the mother of the child had herself carried her babe there and thrown it among the thorns, hoping it would die before it should be found. But it lay there for hours, crying with all its little might, till the stranger came by and heard it. Could you think of anything more cruel

And was not that mother "without natural affection," when she could carry her living babe and throw it among the thorns to die? Truly, the heathen have changed very little for the better since the time of Paul. L. B.

Seroor, July 20th, 1859.

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"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

"ONE day," writes an Indian Missionary, "as I was sitting in my room, a visitor was announced, whom I invited to come in. He was a fine youth, and there was a humility in his behaviour that interested me, though, in other respects, he had all the manners of the heathen. Having entered into conversation with him, he told me that four years before he had heard me preach in a village. This I had quite forgotten. Indeed, I did not remember that I had ever visited the place. It was done, no doubt, in a hasty journey, and I had not even named it in my journal. But the youth told me that my words made an impression upon him like a stroke of the sun. 'What I heard,' said he, 'was quite new to me. I proved it, and found it was the truth. Since then, I have never been able to put the word out of my mind. I believe no more on our idol gods now, since a little knowledge has come into my mind. It does not appear to me to be so dark within me as it was: but there is something that seems to draw me downwards, and something else that draws me upwards. I know that the downward drawing is not good, but I cannot get clear from it. The only true God will in his own time enable me to follow that which draws me from above.'"

"After a long conversation," adds the Missionary, "I came to the conclusion that God's Spirit had begun a good

work in this young man, and that he was a sincere and upright believer in the Lord Jesus as the only Saviour. You may well suppose that I was thankful and joyful at this simple testimony to the power of the Gospel on the heart of an untutored countryman. It was literally bread cast upon the waters, which was found after many days. It encouraged me to preach the Gospel on every hand more than ever. Oh, when will the knowledge of the Lord spread like a flood over this land of ignorance and sin!"

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A NEW ZEALAND CHIEF.

A DYING chief lay on his death-bed. Calling his family around him, he said: "You well know that I have from time to time brought you much riches. I used to bring you muskets, hatchets and blankets; but I afterwards heard of the new riches called Faith. I sought it; I went a long and dangerous journey, for we were surrounded by enemies. I saw some natives who had heard of it, but they could not satisfy me. I sought further, but in vain. I then heard of a white man, at Kapiti, and that with him was the spring where I could fill my empty and dry calabash. I travelled to his place: but he was gone, gone away ill. I returned to you, my children, dark-minded. Many days passed by. The snows fell, they melted, they went away; the tree-buds came, and the paths of our forests were again passable to our feet. We heard of another white man, who was going about over mountains, and through forests and swamps, giving drink from his calabash to the poor natives, to the remnants of the tribes of the mighty and the renowned of former days, now dwelling by twos and threes among the roots of the trees of the ancient forests, and among the brooks in the villages. Yes, we heard of that white man; we heard of his going over the snowy mountains, and up the east coast,

and all over the rocks. I sent four of my children to meet him. They saw his face; yes, you talked with him. You brought me a drop of water from his calabash. You told me he would come to this far-off spot to see me. I rejoiced. I disbelieved his coming, but I said, 'He may.' I built the chapel; we waited expecting. You slept at night; I did not. He came; he came forth from the long forest; he stood upon our ground; I saw him; I shook hands with him. Yes, I saw a Missionary's face; I sat in his cloth house; I tasted his new food; I heard him talk in our tongue. My heart bounded within me; I listened, I ate his words. You slept at night; I did not. Yes, I listened; and he told me about God, and his Son Jesus Christ, and of peace and pardon, and of a Father's home beyond the stars. And now I, too, drank from his calabash, and was refreshed. He gave me a book, too, as well as words. I laid hold of the new riches for you and me; and we have it now."

THE CHILD'S WISH.

I wish I might go and tell some little child
About the dear Saviour, so gentle and mild;
I wish I might bring to His glorious throne
Another young heart's love as well as my own.

It makes me so glad to remember that love
Which brought Jesus down from the glory above;
I am sure He must long that the children should all
Hear the tale of compassion, and come at His call.
But oh! there are thousands who never have heard
That sweet invitation, that joy-giving word;
And many are perishing, day after day,
Who know not of heaven, and Jesus the "Way!"

Dear Saviour, look lovingly down upon me;
Prepare me in childhood Thy servant to be:
Wherever Thou wilt, let me joyfully go—
Whatever Thou biddest, unquestioning do!

O, Spirit of Love, teach me always to pray
For the heathen, in lands that are far, far away,
Till the time shall arrive when Thy child may proclaim
To the isles of the stranger the Saviour's dear name!

CONTENTS.

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Vol. XVIII.—No. 207. AUGUST, 1861.  
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	<i>Page</i>
FRONTISPIECE—MAHASADISIOA	194
SIVA	195
RECOLLECTIONS OF A YOUNG COLLECTOR—	
MY FIRST ATTEMPTS	197
THE HINDU BOY AND HIS MOTHER	204
LARGE-HEARTED LIBERALITY	205
THE DAUGHTER'S DEATH—HER FATHER'S	
LIFE	208
CURIOUS METHOD OF MAKING MAHOMMEDAN	
CONVERTS	210
“WITHOUT NATURAL AFFECTION”	211
“CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS”	214
A NEW ZEALAND CHIEF	215
POETRY—THE CHILD'S WISH	216