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Future Rewards and Punishments as taught by the Buddhists.

THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1, 1860.

BUDDHIST NOTIONS OF A FUTURE STATE.

It is a well-known fact that there are more Buddhists in the world than there are other idolaters put together. Nearly all the Chinese, Burmese, Japanese, with other Eastern nations, profess this superstition. Surely, then, Christians ought not only to know but to consider what they believe, and what they practise. But perhaps the most important feature of this wide-spread superstition is the description it gives of the state of departed spirits. The views of Buddhists upon this subject are not quite the same in the different countries where they dwell, but yet there is a general agreement amongst them respecting the rewards and punishments in the future state. The Frontispiece for the present month will give our readers some idea of the belief of the Japanese upon this subject. It is copied from a painting which may be seen upon the walls of many Buddhist temples in that country, and also in religious books and tracts. It was sent from Nagasaki to the "Carrier Dove," with a short explanation from Mr. Liggins.

The figure on the top is intended to show the highest state to which men may rise by their good works. You will remember that when Satan tempted our first parents to sin to take of the forbidden tree, he said to them, "Ye shall be as gods." Now, this same promise Buddhism holds out to its professors. It tells them that by doing certain things they will become Buddhas. And some say that an infinite number of spirits have already reached this state; but others think that not more than a hundred thousand have gained this highest honour. Now, the figure No. 1 is an image of a celebrated man, called Sakya Mani, who reached this condition. He seems, however, by his face and posture, to be very drowsy and dreamy; and the figure sadly shows what low views these poor creatures have of real happiness, and how different the highest state they desire is from that "heaven of joy and love" which is revealed to us in the Bible. The figures on either side of the upper one, and which are marked 2 and 3, are those of Pusas, or persons who have not become Buddhas, but who yet have reached a high state in consequence of what they have done or suffered. The chief difference between them is this, that the Pusas still care about the world they have left, and about the persons and things that are in it, while the Buddhas are raised far too high for this.

In No. 4 we see three figures. These represent persons who are supposed to have left this world, and to be first entering heaven; and the heaven into which they are going is thus described in one of their well-known books:—"In it are the seven precious foun-

tains, wonderful and beautiful birds, and rare and most sweet-scented flowers; where, indeed, all is beautiful, fragrant, and pure; where dwell the meritorious, and virtuous, constantly rejoicing, and where the glory and splendour of the Buddhas are manifested forth." This is the highest notion which Buddhism gives of the world above. But we trust the day is not far off when those who believe the system will desire that infinitely higher purity, and joy, and glory which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived."

No. 5 is the figure of a Buddhist priest who has been in heaven, but who, strange to say, as a great privilege, has been allowed to come back again to this world, that he may, by prayers, and fastings, and penances, and other meritorious actions, fit himself for a still higher state than that from which he had returned. He appears to be kneeling upon a handsome cushion or rug, and is either lost in thought or repeating his prayers.

But there are others who have a second probation on earth besides the Buddhist priests. Their figures appear in No. 6, and you will see that there are young as well as old amongst them. We are not told whether they come back from a place of rewards or of punishment; but we should suppose the latter, because they think it a privilege to toil and suffer again in this state of sin and sorrow.

In No. 7 you have the full-length portrait of the evil spirits, who are very strong and very mischievous, who tempt people to murder, and other crimes; who stir up wars amongst nations, and quarrels between

individuals, and make them do many other wicked things.

The Buddhists, you know, believe in the transmigration of souls; and if you had lived in China, or Japan, most likely you, too, would have believed that when any of your dear friends die, their spirit would pass into the body of a bird, or a beast, or a fish, or of some creeping thing. What a shocking thought, is it not, that either we, or any of those whom we love, should become a horse or a dog, a shark, a serpent, or a scorpion! And even the Buddhists themselves shrink from the idea, and they therefore set it forth, as is done in No. 8, to warn men against those actions which, at death, bring such a punishment.

But bad as this state may seem, there is something still worse represented in No. 9. The figures you see there are naked, starving ghosts, who are condemned to wander about in the world seeking food and rest, but finding none. These unhappy spirits are supposed to haunt houses by night, searching for scraps of food; and some people, either because they fear or feel for them, when they go to bed, scatter upon the floor a little rice. This is generally gone in the morning; but if hungry spirits have devoured it, those spirits must have come in the form of rats, numbers of which haunt every Chinese house. Once a year, however, the Buddhists give these spirits a better meal. This is called the "feast of all the hungry ghosts." This representation may cause a smile; but it faintly shadows forth a sad and terrible truth.

The last state, shown in No. 10, is that of those who are lost for ever. It is a view of the hell of Buddhism.

Their books tell us that there are sixty-three small hells, and one large one; that at death the wicked are plunged for a time into the fire of one of these smaller hells, but that a sinner may be got out of this soon after death by the prayers of the priests, if his relations will only pay those kind gentlemen enough money for performing what they call "the service for the rescue of lost souls!" But if this should be neglected, the souls of the wicked pass into the large hell, and dwell there for ever. This is the common belief; but some suppose that, after a time, all will be saved by the "Goddess of Mercy." In the picture you will see a person who is being thrown by one demon into a burning cauldron, while a second demon is feeding the fire. Below another wretched being has been pitched upon a bed of spikes by a demon, who stands with a trident by his side.

Now, all this, dear readers, is the faith of millions, and hundreds of millions of your fellow-creatures. The highest condition which they desire is called Nigban. Their writers say that it is a state "in which it is as if you were living and as if you were dead, as if you existed and as if you had ceased to exist." "It is a state in which there is no thinking, and no acting, and no suffering, and no happiness."

"These are the fables," writes Mr. Liggins, "with which the 'Father of Lies' has deluded and is deluding nearly half the human family, concerning their eternal destiny. Oh! that Christians, both young and old, would remember that light and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel alone, and take seriously to heart the deplorable condition of those upon whom the true light has not yet shined."

THE WORLD AND MISSIONS.

NO. V.—THE WEST INDIES.

(Continued from p. 158.)

I NEED not tell you how these islands are divided into Antilles, the greater and the lesser, and again into Windward and Leeward. Nor shall I mention which belong to England, and which to France, &c. Nor shall I say anything about another part of the West Indies, on the continent of South America, called Guiana, for you have lately read a great deal about it in the "Juvenile Magazine." I will only say of the islands belonging to England, that Barbadoes is the most prosperous, Trinidad the grandest, and Jamaica the most beautiful. It is there that I should most like to live. It is the land of mountains and valleys, of streams and waterfalls. The highest peak of the "Blue Mountains" is 8000 feet high, and amongst them are some of the most glorious scenes in the world. The island is in shape like an almond, about the size of the West and North Ridings of Yorkshire put together, and is well called Jamaica (originally, in the Indian language, Xaymaca), which means the "country of streams," for in that small space there are no less than 200 rivers, great and small. You cannot wonder, therefore, that with all this water it is the country of flowers and fruits, and beautiful trees, and still more beautiful creepers. I must just tell you two stories about Jamaica, and then I have done.

You know the people in these islands are of three kinds, the white, the black, and the brown. The brown are the children of white fathers and black mothers. In some of them there are now also a great many people from India, called "Coolies." There are still to be found negroes that are not Creole Negroes, that is, that were not born in

these islands, but in the country of their fathers, Africa. Very few, however, of these remain. There was one whose story was very remarkable. He was born in Guinea. The people of Guinea and the people of Ashanti were always fighting: in one of the battles he was taken prisoner, and tied, with a number of other prisoners, who were led in triumph by the King of Ashanti to his capital, and there ordered to be beheaded. He quite expected this; for as you enter the gates of the city you see on each side a pile of human skulls. But it happened that, just as they were about to kill him, a slave-dealer appeared, and this man picked him out, with some others, from the unhappy band, and bought him from the king to sell again as a slave. He was dragged to the sea-beach, packed in the hold of a ship with other men and women, suffered all the horrors of a sail across the sea in such a ship, landed in Jamaica, and was sold as a slave for an estate among the mountains. There he long remained an ignorant and wicked heathen man. But Jesus Christ saw him, and pitied him, and sent him salvation. A Mission Chapel was built on the mountain on which he lived, and, led by the example of others, he soon began to be a regular hearer of the Word. In a little while he joined the inquirer's class, and shortly after, it would seem, that he was a new man, and was therefore received into the Church. But he was now old in years, and was soon called to die. What a happy death-bed was his! "Of all the sick-beds," says the Missionary, "I have attended, I can truly say I never met one like his. Christ filled his thoughts and affections; his talk was all about the goodness of God to him. Shortly before he died he laid his hand on his heart, and said: 'I have been a very wild and worthless sinner, but all my trust is in the blood of my Saviour Jesus. I must wait till he think me fit to die, and then I know

He'll not forsake my poor soul, but receive it up to heaven." Thus ended this life of suffering, in a happy death and a glorious eternity. How pleasant it is to think that so many thousands of these poor slaves have at last entered into the rest, and peace, and glory of heaven!

My other story I tell you because there is a lesson in it for you. You have often heard how generous the negroes are; just think: there are 36 churches in the West Indies, small and large, connected with the London Missionary Society. These churches raised last year, for the support and spread of the Gospel, £7188, (which is £389 more than was raised for the London Missionary Society by the hundred and fifty Auxiliaries of Yorkshire, and no less than £707 more than was sent from the rich and populous county of Lancaster.) Now this money in the West Indies is obtained by every one giving something, and giving it regularly. But not only do they give, but they like to give that which really costs them something. A Missionary in Jamaica often noticed that a very respectable negro woman, dressed in beautiful clothes, came regularly to the market on a Saturday to sell cakes. One day he met her, and asked: "Why, your husband is not badly off; why do you come to the market to sell these?" She replied: "I want to earn a little money for myself, that I may not ask my husband for all that I want to give away." The Missionary said: "Your husband always gives very liberally." "Yes," she answered, "but *he* earns all that, and I want to feel that I am giving away what I have myself earned; I can then think that I am doing a little."

Now, boys and girls, I hope you love to collect for Missions; learn from this good negro woman yourself to give, and, if you can, to earn what you give.

I am, yours affectionately,

A MISSIONARY'S SON.

THE MISSIONARY MUSEUM.

NO. VI.

THERE is one of the idols in the case we are now describing which is sure to catch the eye of those who visit the Missionary Museum. It is *Kalee*, or, as she is commonly called, the Black Goddess. This is, perhaps, the most hateful of all the idols of the Hindoos, and yet it is one of the most powerful and popular. The common belief is, that Kalee is only another form of the goddess Doorga, described last month, and that it was she who gained the victory over the giant. In *proof* of this, they point to her tongue, which you will see hanging down out of her mouth. And I will tell you how the sacred books explain this odd appearance. They say, that after she had conquered the giant, she was so overjoyed, that she danced until the very foundations of the earth shook under her feet; and that all the other gods were so frightened, that they went to her husband Shiva, to beg him to try to stop her. But as he thought speaking to her would be of no use, he secretly went to the place where she was capering upon the bodies of those she had killed in battle, and when he got there, he threw himself upon the ground amongst those bodies. As soon as she saw him, she was dreadfully shocked to find that she had been trampling upon her own husband, and showed her surprise, by putting out her tongue to a great length, and then standing quite still.

Most of the images of Kalee are black, but that in the Museum is purple. She has four arms, holding a sword in one hand, and the head of the giant Doorga in the other. A third hand is spread open, as if she was giving her blessing to some one, and with the fourth, she is forbidding fear. The hands of giants form a girdle around her body, while she is adorned with a necklace of human

skulls. Her eyes and eyelids are red, as if she was drunk with blood, which flows in a stream down her breast. She has placed one foot upon her husband's body, and another upon his thigh. What a thought, dear readers, that this horrid monster is worshipped by millions of your fellow-creatures, and your fellow-subjects in India!

One of the pooranas (sacred books) say how pleased she is with bloody sacrifices. This book tells us that the blood of a tiger pleases her for a hundred years, but the blood of a lion, or of a man, for a thousand, while three *human* sacrifices will give her joy for a hundred thousand years.

But there are other ways of pleasing this horrid idol. Any one may do so by drawing his own blood and offering it to her; or by cutting off a piece of his flesh and burning it before her; or by holding a lamp to his body until the flesh is scorched.

Kalee is the friend and goddess of the thieves, who often make her an offering, that they may succeed in their robberies. And you will not wonder that the murderous Thugs should choose her as their patron and helper, when they are going out to lie in wait for the innocent.

Now it would be enough to show the condition of the people of India, even if they merely called such a dreadful image their god. But this is not all. The proofs are many and strong, that they really believe this fearful lie. They give large property, and sometimes suffer much pain because they fancy it will please this wretched idol, and bring good to themselves. Mr. Ward mentions many instances of this. He names one of the temples of this goddess, in which, every year, the offerings presented were worth not less than £9000. He also mentions several individuals, who gave large sums to Kalee. One man spent £1000 upon a necklace for the black goddess, and £9000

beside, in other presents. Another sacrificed many animals, and besides this, gave to the idol £500. But such instances are only specimens of the way in which these poor wretched beings part with their money to purchase their salvation. Surely, when we see how readily the benighted worshippers of such an idol will suffer and sacrifice in its service, we should blush to think how little we have done for the great God, and the gracious Saviour.

Next to Kalee in this case, is the image of the goddess *Juguddhatree*. Her colour is yellow, and she is seated upon a lion. One of the great Hindoo festivals (as they are called) is held in honour of this idol. On this occasion, sacrifices are offered to her, and much money is spent in illuminations, songs, dances, and feasting the Brahmins. Not less than 150 persons are paid for singing and dancing. But what is called the worship, is not merely folly—it is wickedness, such as cannot be described. And by this wickedness the people expect to get four things—the reward of their good deeds, riches, the gratification of all their wishes, and happiness after death.

Next to this idol stands *Kartikeyu*, but we must leave the description of this god until next month.



A STORY FROM THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.

THERE are a great many blue mountains in the world, for almost all mountains appear blue if you look at them from a great distance; but I dare say few of you will guess which are the mountains we refer to now, so we will tell you. They are a fine range, called the Neilgherries, in the south-west of the peninsula of Hindoostan. Being so much higher than the hot tropical plains, their climate is much more healthy. On this account they are often visited

by Missionaries and other Europeans who have been ill, in the hope of recovery. The Basle Missionary Society has supported Missionaries there for several years among the tribe of the Badagas, but at present they have not enjoyed very much success. It is not long ago that the first convert was baptized. One of the Missionaries, in a letter to children in Germany, gives the following account of that event:—"When Abraham, the first fruits of the Badaga tribe, offered himself for baptism, his wife did all she possibly could to prevent him, but without success. And when he had been baptized, she not only refused to let him into the house, but would not let him even once see any of his seven children if he came to ask after them. I saw the father one day standing before the door of the house, and heard him calling the children, one after another, by name. But the mother shut the door in his face, and would not let any of the children go out to him. 'You have not got any father now,' she said to them; 'your father is dead; that man there who is calling you is not your father; don't go out to him; don't look at him.' Thus for three months and a half the father was separated from his children, and the children from their parent, because the wife would not let her husband, who had become a Christian, enter the house, for fear of the heathens around. The elder and the youngest children did not miss their father so much, but one little boy, eight years old, named Pada, pined and wasted away by degrees during the three months and a half, because he was not allowed to see his father. He would not eat, and wept much for his father, who, they told him, was lost. At last God turned the heart of the misled mother, so that she invited her husband to return to herself and the children. O, how great was the joy in that house then! but little Pada was more pleased than any one else to think that his

'lost' father had been sent back to him. He began to eat again, and before long became well and strong. In consequence of the baptism of this man, the school in the village had to be given up, because the foolish heathen were afraid that if they sent their children any longer to school they would all become Christians. Abraham now sent Pada and his younger brother, Handscha, to another school about two miles away. In order to reach it, both the boys were obliged to climb over a lofty hill, and wade through a stream which was often deep, but across which there was no bridge. When they first went to this school, which was attended by heathen children, every one looked strangely and coldly at them, and would have nothing to do with them because they were the children of a Christian. For two days they were obliged to sit by themselves, because the parents of the rest of the children would not allow them to sit together with their own children. But Pada did not trouble himself about this, but willingly sat alone with his little brother, saying he was not ashamed that his father was a Christian, but that he himself, and his brother, intended to belong to the children of God. His gentleness and firmness made such an impression upon the rest of the children, that they no longer shunned the two little Christians. Pada is diligent in learning, and as soon as he reaches home he reads to his mother about the Saviour, and tells her that she too must soon become a Christian."



THE NEGRO MONITOR.

DURING the past year a very interesting meeting was held at Paris. It was a gathering of all the children of the Protestant Sunday Schools in the city. A large build-

ing was chosen for the purpose, and more than two thousand children, and as many of their grown-up friends, were present on the interesting occasion. The meeting lasted between three and four hours, but no one seemed in the least fatigued. We cannot give a full report of the speeches, but there was one address delivered, and one resolution adopted, that will be so interesting to the young friends of Missions, that we are glad to find a place for it in the "Juvenile Missionary Magazine." The address to which we refer was that of M. Faucher, who is a member of the church at Marseilles, one of the large ports of the south of France. In the Sunday School at Marseilles, which M. Faucher superintends, and in which there are three hundred scholars, there is (he said) a little curiosity. It is a monitor, unlike any others that you could find in the whole country, for he is a negro. Yes, at Marseilles, a class of white children is directed by a young black boy, who was probably born in Darfour, a province of Central Africa. His name is Abdallah. "If any one asked him," said M. Faucher, "how it happened that he was at Marseilles, he would answer, 'Because I disobeyed my mother. I thought myself wiser than she. When I was a very little boy, she said to me, 'Abdallah, never go into yonder wood, for there are wicked men who would seize you. But one day that wood looked so beautiful to me, with its palm trees, its brilliant flowers, its birds, its monkeys, and its parroquets, that I forgot my mother's advice and entered it. I was then seized by the slave dealers and sold in Egypt. Since that day I have never seen my poor mother, nor had any news of her.'"

"In Egypt," continued M. Faucher, "the poor child excited the compassion of a Marseilles merchant, who bought him for forty or fifty francs (about £2), and carried him to France. Every slave who touches the soil of

France is free. Thus Abdallah obtained his liberty and his excellent master, whom he attends as a little domestic servant, sends him to school every afternoon. He is a good pupil, and three years ago the prize for good conduct was awarded to him by the vote of all his school-fellows. As regards the Sunday School, his teacher has only one fault to find with him, and that is, he learns too much. While the other children managed with great difficulty to repeat six or eight verses, Abdallah had learned twenty-five or thirty. He has persevered in his eagerness after instruction, and at present his desire is still more earnest to press onward in his studies, and for what end, think you? That he may return to Africa as a Missionary. When, about two years ago, M. Daumas, our dear Missionary from Mekuatling, in the south of Africa, passed through Marseilles, Abdallah was very much interested in all he could tell him of his country, and of the Missionary work which had been done there. After hearing this, Abdallah sent to him all his little savings, to go in aid of the Mission. They amounted to four shillings. M. Daumas at first was not willing to take all this from the poor boy, but he insisted so much upon giving that sum, that it was at last accepted."

Such was the account which M. Faucher gave of the past history and the present feelings of the young black monitor who managed one of the classes of the Sunday School at Marseilles. While making his speech he was interrupted several times by the applause of his young hearers; but the effect of his address did not end there. Another speaker, returning to the same subject, made a proposal, which was that all the Sunday Schools of France should agree to adopt Abdallah; and that the children in them should supply the funds for educating him and fitting him for the work of a Missionary, if God should permit to

him the honour of labouring among his countrymen in Africa.

This plan was adopted with applause by all the school children present at the meeting. The Committee of the Society of Sunday Schools took up the matter, and there is reason to hope that by the contributions of the thousands of children in the Protestant Schools throughout France, enough will be raised to train this youth for God's service in his native land.



RETURN OF THE MISSIONARY SHIP.

OUR readers will be glad and grateful to learn that the "John Williams" has again safely reached this country. It is now sixteen years since our young friends obtained the money to purchase this invaluable vessel, and it is four years since they raised a sum sufficient for her repairs and outfit. During that time she has been constantly engaged amongst the South Sea Islands in her noble Mission, and though her dangers have sometimes been great, He, to whose cause she is consecrated, has mercifully preserved the vessel, her captain, officers, and crew. She sailed from Raiatea upon her homeward voyage on the 12th of March, and reached Gravesend on the 30th of June. She brought three Missionaries, with their wives and families, together with the children of some other Missionaries. Many of our readers would have been pleased to have seen and welcomed the group of dear children who were now visiting, for the first time, the land of their fathers. It was amusing to mark their features, as they looked from the deck of the vessel upon the strange objects on shore; and you may suppose how they felt when they landed, and were whirled along in a train, of which they had never

THE NEXT VOYAGE OF THE "JOHN WILLIAMS." 187

seen one before. There were eighteen of them on board, a merry and happy party; but there would have been several more, if death had not lessened the number. Amongst those who embarked were Mrs. Stalworthy and her eight fatherless children; but before the ship left the islands, three of these were laid in the grave. The illness of Mr. John Barff, too, who died two days after she had left Raiatea, prevented Mr. Chisholm from bringing his family home, as he wished to do. No doubt God intended by these things to teach impressive lessons to those who still live.

We cannot, in this Magazine, give any particulars of the last voyage of the ship, but we hope to do so in a future Number. In the meanwhile we must ask our young friends once more to prepare to give their vessel the repairs she must have, with another outfit for four years.



THE NEXT VOYAGE OF THE "JOHN WILLIAMS."

APPEAL TO THE YOUNG TO PROVIDE FOR HER REPAIRS
AND OUTFIT.

AFTER the notice of the "John Williams's" return to this country was written, the Directors of the London Missionary Society had a meeting, at which they resolved that she should be forthwith repaired, and sent once more to the South Sea Islands, as soon as possible, to carry on the great and good work in which she has been so long and so usefully engaged. As it is expected that she will be ready to sail in October next, that time has been fixed upon for her departure. Now, we are sure that our young friends will be pleased to learn that this invaluable vessel is not to be kept a single day longer in this country

than necessary. And we are also sure that the Missionaries, the Native Teachers, and tens of thousands of christianised South Sea Islanders, will rejoice when they hear that she is to visit them again so soon. Nor will they rejoice without good reason for doing so. They know that if this noble ship did not visit them, it would be difficult to keep up many of our Missions in the South Seas, and quite impossible to carry the Gospel to lands still in darkness. For their own sakes, therefore, and for the sake of those who are perishing, they will be truly glad and grateful to God to see once more that beloved ship, which they fondly call "The Torch of Truth," the "Beacon Light," the "Messenger of Peace," and the "Ark of the New Covenant." And, could you stand upon her deck, and see the thousands of happy faces, and the glistening eyes with which her coming will be welcomed; could you watch the natives plunging into the surf as it curls over their reef, or foams along their coral strand, eager to guide, or even to carry the boat which brings the messengers of peace to their shore; could you hear the "blessings on you from Jehovah" which will come from their lips while the warm pressure of their eager hands would make you feel the truth of their words, how thankful would you be for having been called to take some part in sending her forth upon such an errand! We are sure that then it would be quite unnecessary to ask you to help in fitting her once more for the work of mercy in which she has now been so long employed. To do so would be your delight. But you have already proved that you do not require all this. You showed this sixteen years ago, when you raised six thousand pounds to buy her; you showed the same readiness again nine years since, when you gave and got three thousand pounds for her repairs and outfit; and when, in 1856, the Directors once more sought your aid, you

gave that aid again, and raised the further noble sum of three thousand seven hundred pounds for the same purpose. From the first, dear young friends, you have looked upon this ship as your own, and you had a right to do so. It was with the money you raised that she was bought, and it was with your money that she has been again and again fitted for her blessed work. Nor would you have it otherwise. Had the Directors resolved to seek your help no longer, would you not have felt grieved? But this they could not do. They know how many warm hearts and willing hands there are ready to do what they can to enable the good ship to go forth upon another Missionary voyage. And knowing this, they make one more appeal to you.

It is, you will remember, about four years since that you were last asked to raise the money which was then required for the repairs and outfit of the ship. With this money, in place of wood-work which had begun to decay, strong and sound timbers were put into her. She was also newly coppered; provided with masts, yards, sails, ropes and boats, and other things, in place of those that were worn out. These were all necessary, for without them she could not have sailed so far, or kept abroad so long.

But to fit her to return, she need again be repaired in a similar way. Timbers, coppers, masts, sails, and other things, must be once more provided for another four years' voyage. She must also have a large quantity of provisions for her crew and passengers—such as flour, meat, and many other things which cannot be got in the South Seas. And how much money, you may naturally ask, will be wanted to pay for all this? The Directors have well considered the question; and after getting the opinion of gentlemen who have ships of their own, they find that they will require **THREE THOUSAND POUNDS!**

This is a large sum, but it should be remembered that it is to fit the ship to keep constantly at sea, for four long years. And it is not worthy of a thought when compared with the great work to be done.

Now this three thousand pounds, the Directors ask their young friends to raise. They know well that they *can* do it, and believe that they *will*. Under this impression they are going to request ministers, parents, and the superintendents and teachers of Sunday Schools to assist them in giving you collecting cards for this purpose, with good advice about using them. We hope, therefore, that every young reader of this address will, without delay, ask their minister, or their parents, or their teachers to have their names put down as collectors, for the repairs and outfit of the "John Williams." We repeat that we hope *every* one of you will do this, for it is only by numbers that the work can be done. But if any would rather get a card from the Mission House, and will write for it to the Rev. E. PROUT, 8, Blomfield-street, E.C., London, it will be sent to them by post.

Children of Christian families, who owe so much to the Gospel, will not *you* thus help to bring the thousands of heathen children, now wild and dark as the beasts that perish, to enjoy the same privileges as you enjoy? Sunday scholars, will not *you* do your best to give them teachers and Bibles such as you possess? We trust that not a Christian family, nor a Sunday school throughout England, Wales, and Scotland, will stand back from a work so suited to benefit the young themselves, by increasing their interest in Missions, and at the same time so calculated to cheer the hearts and strengthen the hands of Missionaries, to promote the salvation of the heathen, and to please and glorify the God of Heaven.

THE PLEDGE FULFILLED.

ON the 12th of May, 1814, at the Public Meeting of the London Missionary Society held in Surrey Chapel, Benjamin Neale, Esq., solemnly pledged himself and his young friends to the Society. He said that they were determined, by the grace of God, never to desert the good cause, but to do their utmost for its support, when the fathers of the Institution should sleep in the grave. Old and young were deeply affected by what he said, and when the Rev. W. Bogue rose and begged that if the young people then present agreed in the good resolution of Mr. Neale they would hold up their hands, at once a forest of little hands was raised; while tears of joy filled the eyes of the elder friends of the Institution, who hoped that when they were removed from the field of labour many others would carry on the work.

“Last evening,” writes a minister, “I called upon one of our valued members, who pointed out to me the above interesting fact, which was reported in the ‘Missionary Chronicle’ for June, 1814, and who was one of the young friends then present who held up both hands to God for the London Missionary Society, and ever since that day she has remembered the vow then made, and from year to year has sent various sums to the Society. She is now in her declining days, but her love and zeal have not declined. While much cheered by seeing the Missionary fire reviving in the old village where she dwells, she herself has just paid in upwards of £11, the proceeds of her collections for 1859. The amount thus raised has been increasing for the past two or three years, and I feel confident, should the Lord spare the life of our well tried friend, that next April she will bear a larger number of golden sheafs to the *Blomfield Street Garner*, for she is about to engage a number of juvenile labourers in the same field.”

CHILDREN'S PRAISES.

ONCE upon the Saviour's ear,
 Glad Hosannas sweetly fell;
 Children's voices, soft and clear,
 Mingled in that music's swell.

But the Saviour sojourned then,
 In this world of sin and woe;
 Now a bright and glorious train
 Round His heavenly footstool bow.

Listen to their lofty song,
 As in melody it floats;
 Listen! 'mid that ransomed throng,
 Childhood blends its feeble notes.

If then, when He sojourned here,
 And when now He reigns above,
 "Little ones" are welcomed near,
 By a Saviour's tender love:

Then may children, young as we,
 Still their lowly praises bring:
 Saviour! we would come to thee;
 Teach us *in our hearts* to sing.

And to many a distant strand,
 Let the tuneful notes resound;
 Cheering every heathen land
 With the Gospel's joyful sound.

Then, though death our voice may still,
 And we sing on earth no more,
 We shall swell the notes which peal
 Soft and full o'er Canaan's shore.

Carrier Dove,

CONTENTS.

Vol. XVII.—No. 195. AUGUST, 1860.

	<i>Page</i>
FRONTISPIECE — FUTURE REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS, AS TAUGHT BY THE BUDDHISTS	170
BUDDHIST NOTIONS OF A FUTURE STATE .	171
THE WORLD AND MISSIONS.—NO. V. . . .	176
THE MISSIONARY MUSEUM.—NO. VI. . . .	179
A STORY FROM THE BLUE MOUNTAINS .	181
THE NEGRO MONITOR	183
RETURN OF THE MISSIONARY SHIP	186
THE NEXT VOYAGE OF THE “JOHN WIL- LIAMS”	187
THE PLEDGE FULFILLED	191
POETRY—CHILDREN’S PRAISES	192