
MOUNT-COKE MISSION-STATION, SOUTH AFRICA, 1854.
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING:
A MISCELLANY
OF
MISSIONARY INFORMATION
FOR YOUNG PERSONS.

VOL. XIII.
FOR THE YEAR MDCCCLVI.

A MISSIONARY PREACHING TO THE NATIVES
IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

LONDON:
SOLD AT THE WESLEYAN MISSION-HOUSE,
BISHOPS-GATE-STREET-WITHIN:
ALSO BY JOHN MASON, 65, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1856.
## CONTENTS OF THE THIRTEENTH VOLUME.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Account of Wong-ka-mama</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Africa</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>African Kindness</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Battle between the Natal Kaffirs, and the Army of the Kaffir Chief, Dingaan</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bazaar or Shop in one of the principal Streets of Bangalore</td>
<td>97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bible Learners in the Black Forest, Germany</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brainerd (David) preaching to the North-American Indians</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christian Schools in Canton</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christmas Juvenile Offering for 1855</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cocoa-Nut Breaking and Rolling Devotees</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Convenient Generosity</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cruelties of Heathenism</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cry of the Indian Children</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Desire of the Turks to read the Scriptures</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Disappointed Idolater</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Does Jesus love the Jews</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doings of the Papish Priests at Lakemba</td>
<td>119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Events in Feejee</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evil Eye</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fatal Rock</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forsaken Shrine</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Giving and receiving</td>
<td>133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hardships of Missionary Life</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hindoo Convert's Hymn</td>
<td>129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hindoo Devotees</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>History of little Jejana</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horne, the late Rev. James</td>
<td>130, 159</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard?&quot;</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;I am saved! I am saved!&quot;</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moun-Moun, the Burmese Boy</td>
<td>94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murdered Missionary</td>
<td>124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CONTENTS</td>
<td>Page.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>-------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Negro Sermon about fine Dressing</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Song</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>News from Hudson’s Bay</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Night-Travelling in the Jungles of Ceylon</td>
<td>15, 14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Rest</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Out-Door Preaching in India</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pagan Fashions</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Palmerston, a Mission-Station in South Africa</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parting</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pity for the Heathen</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>POETRY</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Hindoo Convert’s Hymn</td>
<td>199</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A new Song</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Does Jesus love the Jews?</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard?”</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Last Words of the Missionary</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Rest</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parting</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“Son, go work to-day in my Vineyard”</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Cry of the Indian Children</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The little Children’s Welcome.</td>
<td>101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Macedonian Cry</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Missionary at Sea</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Time</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Missionary leaving Fiji</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Popery in Fernando Po</td>
<td>128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Power of Association</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prayer and Effort rewarded</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prayer answered</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Praying in Thibet</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Preparation for Burning a Hindoo Widow</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pride of the Brahmins</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Providential Escapes from Serpents</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ryerson’s (Mr.) providential Escape from an Iceberg</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sacred Water-Carrier</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sawyers in India</td>
<td>127</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soldiers in the Crimes</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Something about Mrs. Little’s School in Bangalore</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“Son, go work to-day in my Vineyard”</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tale of Trial from Fejee</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Temple Dancing-Girl with her Musicians</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Time</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Missionary leaving Fiji</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Travelling in Hudson’s Bay</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trials of Missionary Life</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two little Crippies</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Voice from the Ocean</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wesleyan Mission-Premises, Samana, St. Domingo</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What a Heathen African thinks about Christianity</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What little Hands can do</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**LIST OF EMBELLISHMENTS**

- Battle between the Natal Kaffirs and the Zulus.. 6
- Bazaar or Shop in one of the principal Streets in Bangalore.. 97
- Brainerd preaching to the North American Indians.. 137
- Children’s Dresses.. 30
- Cocoa-Nut Breaking and Rolling Devotees.. 109
- Dog Carlole Travelling in Hudson’s Bay.. 49
- Hindoo Devotees.. 121
- Hindoo Temple in Ruins.. 85
- Indian Oil-Mill.. 114
- Indian Washerman.. 78
- Kama, William, a Kaffir Chief.. 13
- Kwan-Yin, the Goddess of Mercy.. 153
- Map of Africa.. 90
- Methodist Chapel at Balaklava.. 25
- Mount-Coke, British Kaffaria.. 1
- Palmerston, South Africa.. 102
- Preparation for Burning a Hindoo Widow.. 37
- Sacred Water-Carrier.. 55
- Samana, St. Domingo.. 73
- Sawyers in India.. 127
- Ship running against an Iceberg in Hudson’s Straits.. 61
- Temple Dancing-Girl with her Musicians.. 66
- Wesleyan Mission-Premises, Oxford-House, Hudson’s Bay.. 18
THE

WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

JANUARY, 1856.

MOUNT COKE, BRITISH KAFFRARIA.

Mrs. Gladwin is the Missionary's wife living at Mount Coke. She has sent a picture of the Mission-station, on purpose that the readers of the "Juvenile Offering" may see what a nice place it is. She says:—

We are comfortably settled, and like Mount Coke very much. Our house is pleasantly situated on an eminence, commanding an extensive prospect of the Amatola Mountains, &c. The field in front of our house has a large crop of matjies, or Indian corn, which is extensively cultivated, and much relished as a chief article of food by the natives. I shall enclose a sketch of our house, &c., and will mark the houses, to give you some idea of our habitations. I assure you, English customs are retained by us, although surrounded by uncivilized beings. We are too much attached to our good old customs to wish to give them up. A few yards from our house reside Mr. and Mrs. Appleyard. Mr. Appleyard is truly devoted to the work of translating; indeed he is admirably qualified for such a work. Mrs. Appleyard is so kind and friendly, that I think myself highly favoured in being so pleasantly situated. Mr. Webb and family, the trader, and the men belonging to the printing-office, form our English congregation for our service on a Sunday. The natives have a service every morning at six o'clock: they are so fond of singing, and many of them have very sweet voices. The Watson Institution is attached to our house. We instruct the boys in reading, writing, &c., &c. We have twenty-one boys, that will make our establishment a very large one, numbering thirty-three. About fifty attend for reading and writing four nights in the week, in the school-room. It is pleasing to see the people so wishful to be instructed; but their prejudices are so deep-rooted,
that we can only hope, by the blessing of God, the children will have religious principles so early implanted, that they will become useful members of the church of Christ.

F. S. Gladwin.

EVENTS IN FEEJEE.

Last month, dear children, you had some very nice stories of Feejee men who were anxious to read the New Testament, and of the little children who wanted to be taught that they might get wise. There are at present many, many hundreds of the people in Feejee who wish to become Christians, as soon as there is any one to instruct them in the right way.

But you must not think that all this good has been done in Feejee without great labour and suffering on the part of the Missionaries: they have not only to leave home and friends, and go to a strange land, among a savage people, but their lives are often in danger.

I will tell you what happened to Mr. Moore, a Missionary in Feejee, a few months ago. The Feejees had been fighting a great deal with one another. The King of Rewa was a Heathen, and a very wicked man; and he would fight against the King Tui Viti, (or Thakombau,) although Mr. Moore, the Missionary who was living at Rewa, tried to persuade him to make peace. Tui Viti sent to him, and asked him to fight no more, but to become a Christian, as he had done, for that the Christian religion was true and useful. The King of Rewa would not listen to this advice: he said he would go on with the fighting; that he would burn the city of Bau, where Tui Viti dined, in a short time, and that he would kill and eat the Chief (Tui Viti); that it was a very good opportunity for him to end 'the ten years' war with honour to himself; and that he was sure of getting the victory. He said it was of no use for him to think that the Lord Jehovah could save him; for he had no power to save him from the clubs and stomachs of his warriors.

Thus wickedly did he talk. He defied the living God, and would not listen to his servants. And what was his end? In the midst of all his talking and boasting, God afflicted him, and he died.

When the King was dead, many of the people wanted to have peace; but some were still for war. They said that Mr. Moore
had given medicine to their King, which had made him die; and it was feared these wicked ones would murder Mr. Moore. However, the danger and opposition seemed to pass over, and it was hoped that peace would be made, and that the Missionary would be safe. Offerings of peace were sent to Ban; the people at Ban were glad; the drums beat merrily, the flags were hoisted; it was a day of exultation. At family prayer the Mission family at Vewa heartily praised the Lord for his mercies. Alas, alas! their praises had only just been offered, their hearts were yet warm, when a messenger arrived with sad news: "Mr. Moore is at Ban! Mrs. Moore without a bonnet or shoes! the children in their night-clothes! The Mission-house and everything is burnt at Rewa!!"

DESTRUCTION OF THE MISSION-HOUSE AT REWA BY FIRE.

At midnight (on the 9th of February) Mr. Moore was awakened by the crackling of bamboos in the adjoining house, which had been set on fire. He got Mrs. Moore and the two children out in their night-clothes, and urged them on with rapidity to a small house outside; though Mrs. Moore was anxious to remain on the spot to try to save something. Consternation and fear prevailed. The source of the evil deed was not known, and people stood aloof. As soon as the people mustered, and when there was no small stir, Mr. Moore urged them to take what things they could get, and carry them home. This was as effective as Mr. Leigh's fish-hooks; it occupied their attention and efforts; and was, I believe, instrumentally, the salvation of Mr. and Mrs. Moore: for it is now reported that those who fired the premises have ever since wondered how their design of murdering all on the premises was frustrated.

Do you remember the story of Mr. Leigh's fish-hooks? It is this: When Mr. Leigh was in New-Zealand, he was in great danger of being killed by the savage natives. There was a great crowd of them around him, yelling furiously, and ready to kill him. He could not get away from them to the shore. He had some fish-hooks with him, and he threw a handful of them among the crowd. The New-Zealanders valued the fish-hooks very much, and immediately began to scramble for them; and while they were looking for the fish-hooks, Mr. Leigh got off. So it was with Mr. Moore; the Fijians busied themselves with taking the goods, and Mr. Moore and his family went away.
A club was up to kill Mrs. Moore, but a Rewa man prevented. The fire consumed most of the goods, whether belonging to the family or to the Mission.

Well, now, what do you imagine Mr. Moore did? We should think it very natural for him to stay with his wife and children at Bau, where he would be with his friends, and in safety. But, no, that is not the way Christianity has been established in Feejee: it is not by cowards, or men seeking their own ease and safety, that the Feejeeans have been taught the truth; the Missionaries and Missionaries’ wives in Feejee are among the bravest men and women that ever lived. Mr. Moore went back to Rewa at once; he was wanted there to prevent further mischief, and he went: it was his duty, and he did not shrink. When he had got a small hut built, Mrs. Moore and the children returned with him to the scene of their sufferings and losses, and to the field of their toil. Mr. Calvert says of Mr. Moore, “His spirit, sacrifice, and labours, excite our warmest admiration, and have been crowned with distinguished success. He has now got up a good-sized native house. We have supplied, from the various Stations, a few necessary articles of barter, and some household utensils; for each has been willing to contribute something in books and clothing; but their personal loss is very heavy. I trust that the friends of Missions and Missionaries in the colonies, and in England too, will be ready to help them. Mr. and Mrs. Moore have had much to endure in body and mind, by night and day, without having also to suffer the loss of almost every thing.”

Dear children, shall you not be thinking what you can send to these two children, who had all their things burnt in Feejee?

LAST WORDS OF THE MISSIONARY.

MR. POOR HAD BEEN A MISSIONARY IN CEYLON NEARLY FORTY YEARS. HIS LAST WORDS WERE,

“Joy! joy!” “How easy it is to die!”

“Joy! joy!” exclaim’d the veteran worn,  
As he laid him down to die.  
What music to his ear is borne?  
What vision meets his eye?
Ah, who shall say? Perhaps a band,
Redem'd from Ceylon's isle,
All beauteous from the better land,
Now greet him with their smile.

Perhaps "the city of our God"
Bursts on his raptured sight:
Its streets of gold, by martyrs trod;
Its pure and holy light.

Or, better still, upon his soul
May beam his Saviour's face,
While breaking is "the golden bowl,"
And death's rude work we trace.

"Joy! joy!" "How easy 'tis to die!"
The whisper sinks away,
And he has breathed his parting sigh,
And left his house of clay.

"Tis well. The warfare stern is past,
The field is clearly won;
The' approving word has come at last,
"Soldier of Christ, well done!"

Well done! Thou hast through many years
Thy trusty armour worn;
Hast struggled on through toil and tears,
Now from the strife been torn.

Joy! joy to thee! The conqueror's crown
Thou evermore shalt wear;
At Jesus' throne thou shalt bow down,
And in his honour share.

"Joy! joy!" May this our utterance be,
When our life-battle 's o'er;
The light of heaven may we then see,
And reach its blissful shore.

Youth's Dayspring.
BATTLE BETWEEN THE NATAL KAFFIRS, UNDER JOHN CANE, AND THE ARMY OF THE KAFFIR CHIEF DINGAAN.

Mr. John Cane was a servant of Lieutenant Farewell, who was killed when trading with the Kaffirs twenty-five years ago. After his master's death, Cane became a Chief among the Kaffirs, and was killed in battle. The tribes who were then fighting with each other are now learning, we hope, the religion of peace.

THE LOST FOUND.

Once there was a boy in Liverpool, who went into the water to bathe, and he was carried out by the tide. Though he struggled long and hard, he was not able to swim against the ebbing tide, and he was taken far out to sea. He was picked up by a boat belonging to a vessel bound for Dublin. The poor little boy was almost lost. The sailors were all very kind to him, when he was taken into the vessel. One gave him a cap, another a jacket, another a pair of shoes, and so on.

But that evening a gentleman, who was walking near the place where the little boy had gone into the water, found his clothes lying on the shore. He searched and made inquiries; but no tidings were to be heard of the poor little boy. He found a piece of paper in the pocket of the boy's coat, by which he discovered who it was to whom the clothes belonged. The kind man went with a sad and heavy heart to break the news to the parents. He said to the father, "I am very sorry to tell you that I found these clothes on the shore; and could not find the lad to whom they belonged; I almost fear he has been drowned." The father could hardly speak for grief; the mother was wild with sorrow. They caused every inquiry to be made, but no account was to be had of their dear boy. The house was sad; the little children missed their playfellow; mourning was ordered; the mother spent her time crying; and the father's heart was heavy. He said little, but he felt much.

The lad was taken back in a vessel bound for Liverpool, and arrived on the day the mourning was to be brought home. As soon as he reached Liverpool, he set off toward his father's house.
He did not like to be seen in the strange cap and jacket and shoes which he had on; so he went by the lanes, where he would not meet those who knew him. At last he came to the hall door. He knocked. When the servant opened it, and saw who it was, she screamed with joy, and said, "Here is Master Tom!" His father rushed out, and bursting into tears embraced him. His mother fainted; "there was no more spirit in her." What a happy evening they all, parents and children, spent! They did not want the mourning. The father could say with Jacob, "It is enough; my son is yet alive."

But what do you think will be the rejoicing in heaven, when those who were in danger of being lost for ever, arrive safely on that happy shore? How will the angels rejoice, and the family of heaven be glad! Perhaps when some of you will hereafter go to heaven, your fathers and mothers, or brothers and sisters, will welcome you and say, "I am delighted to see you safe. Welcome! welcome!" You will not go there like the boy with a cap and clothes of which he was ashamed, but in garments of salvation, white as snow, with crowns of glory that fade not away. And what must you do to be ready to enter heaven when you die? Think what it is; and then do it.

But remember the great multitude of Heathen children, who have never heard a word about heaven, and who do not know that there is any Saviour for lost men. Suppose you had seen that Liverpool boy carried out to sea by the tide. How would you have pitied him! Then suppose you had seen the water full of boys, all drifting out beyond the reach of human help. How would your spirit have died within you! When you should have turned away, and gone home, how sad you would have felt! No "pleasant bread" could you have eaten that night. But all the children in Heathen lands are drifting hopelessly onward. Can you tell whither?

POWER OF ASSOCIATION.

For the encouragement of our dear young friends who are interested in the Mission-work, permit me to report the results of a small Juvenile Association in connexion with a suburban school not numbering one hundred children. Last year, as a first effort, our young friends collected £6. 6s. for China. They were so much
pleased with the work as to resolve to try to do more in 1855. Accordingly, they proposed a weekly working-meeting, in addition to the regular collecting. One made an offer of pocket-money, and others made self-denying sacrifices, in order to procure funds. At these weekly meetings Miss Farmer's interesting work was read through; conversation, singing, and prayer rendered them pleasing and profitable; and, as a pecuniary result, the Association is enabled to remit £20. 0s. 3d. to the Mission-House.

This pleasing fact illustrates the power of combination for high and holy purposes. One or two would have proved unequal to the task of raising the amount just stated; but sixteen or seventeen have succeeded, with ease, pleasure, and profit to themselves. They are not tired in this good work, and hope for yet greater success. May all our juvenile collectors become earnest, holy Christians! so will the Divine blessing rest upon them and their labours.

December, 1855.

AFRICAN KINDNESS.

"The winds roared, and the rains fell,—

The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree.

He has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn.

Let us pity the white man—no mother has he," &c.*

A very touching instance of African sympathy and kindness was shown on the occasion of the severe illness of Mr. Hinderer, Missionary at Ibadan, Western Africa, by a young Heathen war-chief, whose heart appeared to have been a good deal attracted towards the Missionaries. Indeed, the interest and sympathy of many of the natives on that occasion were truly remarkable: they were continually coming to Mrs. Hinderer, treading with light step, and asking her in a whisper, "Is father better?" The young warrior, however, by name O-lom-lo-yo, came every day, and was well-nigh heart-broken. "He told me," says Mrs. Hinderer, that I "must pray much for my husband." The latter was suffering greatly from thirst and exhaustion, and felt a strong desire for some oranges, the season for which was, however, past. There was not one to be had. This was mentioned to O-lom-lo-yo, who

* Song of the African woman to Mungo Park.
immediately sent his servants out into the country to see if they could procure any; but in vain. The Chief was very sorry. He said, however, that he must have some; and he therefore set off himself on horseback, galloping to several farms in search; and at night he returned with no small delight, and brought back eleven. He took them immediately to the sick Missionary, and waited until he saw him devour one, almost greedily. The young Chief was so pleased that tears filled his eyes. Mr. Hiinderer tried to thank him for his kindness. O-lema-lo-ya, however, lifted up his hand, and said, "Don't speak! I am too glad."

---

NIGHT-TRAVELLING IN THE JUNGLES OF CEYLON.

LIGHTS.

In order to avoid the great heat of the sun, the Missionaries in North Ceylon frequently travel by night. When the moon shines brightly, this is not unpleasant. The scene is often extremely beautiful. Now and then we emerge into extensive plains, over which are thinly scattered pleasant trees, not unlike a gentleman's park in England. Immense herds of deer are quietly feeding in the distance, or come bounding across our path as we break in upon the solitude of their rich pastures. Again we plunge into the dense forest, where the moonbeams can hardly penetrate the lofty branches which interlace each other above our heads.

It is very different from all this when the nights are dark. How do we continue our journeys through the thick woods where there are no roads, and across dangerous rivers where there are neither bridges nor ferries, when neither moon nor stars give their light? You will say, we carry a lantern. No, that would be of very little use to us. It might be broken by a straggling branch, or extinguished in a moment if the man who carried it happened to fall, or a gust of wind might blow it out. Besides, our light must be one which can be projected before or behind, to the right or to the left, or raised high above the head at a moment's notice, on the sudden appearance of danger. We must have fire as well as light.

The natives provide for the case in the following manner:—A straight branch about twelve feet long, and of the thickness of a
little boy's arm, is cut from a tree whose wood is known to burn easily. Whilst it is green and full of sap, commencing at about a foot from one end, they split it through its entire length into ten or twelve pieces. It is then bound together again in its original form by tough twigs, about a foot apart, and suspended from the roofs of their huts to dry. They frequently keep them for several years, and the older and the drier they are the better they will burn.

This stick is now called a chool. On starting on a journey by night, one of these is held to the fire until the end is thoroughly lighted; a native of the village acquainted with the forest is appointed to carry it, and, grasping it by the middle so as to balance it in his hand, he moves on in advance, immediately followed by the Missionary and his bearers. Such is our forest light. As the chool is not kept in a constant flame, it will burn for several hours, if used with economy; but we always adopt the precaution of having one or two in reserve to provide for accidents.

On we move in perfect silence. Suddenly, on our right, there is the shrill trump of an elephant: the chool is waved to and fro, and bursts into a beautiful flame, illuminating the whole region, and there is a loud crash in the forest as the huge beast forces his way. We are in no danger, for the elephant is terrified by our torch, and will run as fast and as far as he can. On, on, for many a weary mile in perfect silence. Those faithful Coolies, who carry upon their heads my clothes and provisions, exchange not a single word during these night journeys, but press close upon the heels of my handy little horse. Perhaps the Missionary breaks the stillness by telling them the Gospel story, the history of Christ's great love and sacrificial death: or, perhaps,—how often is it thus!—he is silent, too; his thoughts revert to his English home, his early childhood, the songs of the Sabbath-school: his heart fills; he begins to sing, and those echoing woods repeat the rich lay of our beloved Methodism!

At last we come to a deep and rapid river, or, it may be, an inlet from the sea, which we cannot attempt to ford till daybreak. Again the chool is waved, and again it burns. Dried leaves and wood are collected, and a fire kindled; the horse is allowed to graze at will. Master and men lie down upon the grass, and are soon fast asleep.
THE DISAPPOINTED IDOLATER.

How useful was that chood to the Missionary traveller, and the
cost was but a penny! What little boy or girl collected or gave
that penny?

J. W.

THE DISAPPOINTED IDOLATER.

DISAPPOINTED! Of what? Of honour, or wealth, or
fame? No. The lover of idols may enjoy this; but one thing
he wants, which is far better than all jewels, or riches, or crowns,
and that he cannot have while a Heathen. He has no hope of
the pardon of his sins.

"He reads no promise that inspires belief;
He seeks no God that pities his complaints;
He find no balm that gives the heart relief;
He knows no fountains, when the spirit faints."

But let us listen to the confession of a Hindoo converted to-
God at one of our Wesleyan Mission- Stations. For many years
he had been a religious beggar. On his public baptism, he said,
"I have travelled day by day to gather flowers. I have talked
and put on temple garments. I have made offerings to idols; yet
no idol, either in dreams or awake, has said to me, "Thy sins
are forgiven. Receive salvation. Thy sins are washed away."
I have fasted and prayed; but it never said to me, 'Escape from
hell, and enjoy heaven.'"

"Never said it!" And do you think, my young readers, that
any idol can ever say it? Who can forgive sins but God only?
Yet the poor Pagan is taught from his childhood, that by visit-
ing his Priests, and by offering flowers, sweetmeats, and money
to his idol, he shall secure pardon for his guilt, and peace with
heaven.

---

CONTENTS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mount Coke, British Kaffaria</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Events in Poojee</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Last Words of Mr. Poor</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Battle between the Natal Kaffirs,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>under John Cane, and the Army</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>of the Zulus</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

LONDON: PRINTED BY JAMES NICHOLS, BOSTON-SQUARE.
PORTRAIT OF KAMA, A SOUTH-AFRICAN CHIEF,
PRESENTED BY THE REV. H. H. DUGMORE.
THE

WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

FEBRUARY, 1856.

WILLIAM KAMA, A KAFFIR CHIEF.

KAMA has been a Christian for more than twenty-five years. He was one of three brothers who received the Rev. William Shaw, when he crossed the boundary of the colony and went into Kaffirland, to carry the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ to the dark and wretched Heathen. Kama was then a Heathen. He is now an eminent Christian, and a Preacher of the Gospel. As Kama received the truth early in the history of the Mission, so he has remained faithful under circumstances of great trial. He has been persecuted by other Kaffir Chiefs because he was a Christian; but now Kama sees that even in this life there is a reward for the righteous. He now holds a high place among the Chiefs of Kaffirland. Two prosperous Mission-Stations bear his name: Kamsatone, where he lived six years ago; and Kama's Tribe, where he now lives and worships God in peace amongst his own people. Mr. Shaw visited this Station six months ago, and this is the account he gives. He says:—

On the 30th of June, we reached the residence of the Chief Kama. I was much pleased with the rapid progress of this place since my visit here in September of last year. Mr. Sargeant (the Missionary) has been very active, and so have the people. The Mission-house is completed, and is a substantial and commodious structure; one portion of it, however, through the entire length of the building, is at present used as a temporary chapel. The Chief Kama's house, a good brick building, stands at the head of the valley, and was erected for him at the cost of the Government, as a mark of its approval of his steady and loyal conduct. His son, William S. Kama, has also erected himself a nice cottage near the Mission-house; while, following his example, some of the Kaffirs have done the same, and others have erected the

VOL. XIII.

C
improved kind of native huts. The whole are neatly white-washed, and placed in rows along the side of a gently sloping hill, overlooking a beautiful valley where the cultivated lands are situated. This Station was established since the late war, at the urgent request of the late Sir George Cathcart. The congregations were large on Sunday, the 1st of July. Mr. Sargeant baptized about ten adult Kaffirs. We also this day celebrated the sacrament of the Lord’s supper, with a considerable number of Kaffir communicants belonging to this place.

On the 3d of July, Mr. Sargeant held a Missionary Meeting. The Meeting was numerously attended by the Kaffirs; the Missionaries, and several of the natives, spoke with great effect. The Chief Kama addressed his people in very appropriate terms, pointing out what a blessing the Gospel had been to himself and his tribe. He said, “When I was baptized, many of my Heathen friends said, ‘What a fool he is! He has now thrown away his chieftainship. He will never be regarded in Kaffirland as anything, now that he has become a Christian.’ Now,” says Kama, “is this true? Have I lost my chieftainship? On the contrary, you know I have a name in the country, and my followers have greatly increased. I know that this is not attributable to me, but it is the Lord’s doing.” By many more words to the same effect, he strove to impress the people, that they were under the greatest obligations to the Gospel and its Missionaries. The collection was a respectable amount. It had been in the heart of Kama and others to propose a general contribution of cattle through his tribe, towards paying the cost of a large and substantial chapel, which they want to build in this place; but so many of their cattle have died lately, that they are not able to give any at present for this purpose. There is every probability that this Station will become a most important one in its bearing on the spiritual welfare of this part of British Kaffraria.

---

**NIGHT-TRAVELLING IN THE JUNGLES OF CEYLON.**

**ALLIGATORs.**

These formidable animals are found in considerable numbers in all the principal rivers and lakes of North and East Ceylon.
They are often to be met with, basking in the sun of a tropical noon, on the banks of the streams or tanks they live in, lying flat on the ground, with their enormous jaws extended to the widest possible limit. When in this position, they so much resemble logs of timber, that even the experienced traveller is sometimes deceived. On the approach of any one, they raise themselves on their feet, and with a very clumsy movement hastily descend the banks of the tank, and glide away beneath its waters.

They are frequently to be seen floating on the surface with the upper part of their backs and the tips of their noses only visible, stealthily making their way to some poor man or woman who is bathing near the shore apparently unconscious of danger. The natives are frequently attacked by them.

There are sometimes amusing adventures, often fatal accidents. A short time ago, a man came to the Jaffna hospital with the flesh literally stripped from his right fore arm by the bite of an alligator. They are very powerful in the water, and sometimes attack even buffaloes with success. They are very fond of dogs, and have been known to keep close to the heels of a horse in crossing a sheet of water, in the hope that the attendant dog might lag behind. The writer, when travelling in North Ceylon some years ago, was kindly entertained for a night at the residence of a magistrate. That gentleman showed him the skin of an enormous alligator which he had stuffed with great skill. He gave him the following account. The animal was found lying in the verandah of his house one morning early, when the servant rose to open the doors. They are very tenacious of life, and this one was not killed until it had been pierced by seven musket-balls.

When the Rev. J. Gillings was stationed at Trincomalee, a few years ago, it was one day discovered that an alligator had strayed into the Mission compound during the night, and established itself in one of the outhouses.

These creatures never venture far from their tanks in the daytime; but they travel to considerable distances during the night, in quest of prey and on visits to neighbouring tanks.

The following incidents occurred to Messrs. Walton and Kilner in North Ceylon in March last. They were on their way to Jaffna, to attend the Annual District-Meeting. In the course of their journey, they rested for a few hours at a village called Semmalie, distant from Mullativi seven miles. The two Missionaries having obtained a guide and a chool, left the former place one
dark night about twelve o'clock. After about an hour's travelling, they came to the first of two large tanks, separated from each other by a strip of forest about half a mile in breadth. The pathway was of dry yielding sand, into which their ponies sank to the fetlocks at every step, whilst the trees formed an arch above their heads so low, that they were often obliged to bend forward upon their necks to avoid the straggling branches. One of these Missionaries gives the following account:—"When about half-way through this patch of jungle, the man who carried our chool suddenly cried out, Muthalia! (Alligator); and, stepping on one side, moved rapidly on. Having compelled him to stop and fan his chool into a flame, we beheld a spectacle not soon to be forgotten. There lay before us a huge alligator twelve or fourteen feet long, with his head partially concealed in the bush, whilst his body and tail were so far projected across our path, that there was scarcely room for us to pass. We directed the chool-bearer to touch the monster's tail with the fire-stick, which he immediately did. The animal shook his tail convulsively, made a deep hissing noise, and emitted a very offensive stench. We might have shot him, but as there were many reasons why we should not have chosen to leave a dead carcase in that particular spot, we pursued our journey. No doubt that alligator was on his way from the tank at the other end of the jungle-path to the one we had left behind us. When we surprised him, he attempted to hide himself in the jungle, and had turned partially round for that purpose.

"As we were returning to our stations, early one morning, when the first streaks of light marked the horizon, we discovered on an open plain, with a tank at the edge of it, one of the largest alligators I have seen. We instantly dismounted and loaded our guns to destroy him. He lay flat on the ground with his cold eye fixed upon our movements. Before we were ready to fire, the huge beast rose and ran very awkwardly, but rapidly, towards the tank. He was shot when about twelve yards from the water. In this case probably the alligator was returning to his tank after a night's excursion in quest of food."

Jaffna, October 19th, 1855.
JUVENILE COLLECTORS IN THE SHETLAND ISLANDS.

I forward you some account of the manner in which the Christmas Juvenile Offering is collected in Shetland.

At our principal Stations, wherever we have a Sabbath-school, the collecting cards are distributed amongst those children and young persons who are willing to take them. In Lerwick one card is given to two scholars, and these take it alternately to solicit subscriptions.

But, wherever we have no Sabbath-school, (as in nearly all the country places in each Circuit,) the cards are distributed amongst the children of our own members. Away from the town of Lerwick, the ground gone over by the children is truly astonishing. Not content with traversing their immediate locality, they extend their visits, as I have known in many instances, to distances varying from five to ten English miles: and in some cases, when they cannot go to those distant places themselves, the card has been given to the care of some friend, visiting from that locality, and thus an increased amount has been secured. It is noticeable, that, although the children themselves are extremely poor, particularly in the country districts, and a halfpenny of their own is a very rare acquisition, yet should they be the fortunate possessors of a coin, the little Collector's own mite is sacrificially appropriated for the heading or completing of the card. The people themselves being very poor, and the distance of the population from the residences of the children sometimes very great, a much longer time is required for collecting than in the towns of England. It is a rare matter to find on the cards a contributor of a shilling at once. Out of sixteen cards in my own Circuit, only three have subscribers of one shilling or upwards. The general contribution ranges from one halfpenny to threepence. The amount raised each year must be considered, in the circumstances of this country, as highly creditable to the generous sympathy of the poor Shetlanders, and the unremitting exertions of our poor little juvenile Collectors, many of whom are but ill prepared for their collecting tour, at the most inclement season of the year, on account of the scantiness of their clothing.

William Parsonson.
WESLEYAN MISSION-PREMISES, OXFORD HOUSE, HUDSON'S BAY.
HARDSHIPS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM HUDSON'S-BAY.

September, 1855.

We are entirely alone. Nothing could give you a better idea of the country, than to fancy one family living at the Land's End, another at the Orkney Islands, and another central between these two extremities. The past winter was a very long one. We had snow on the ground from the beginning of November until the end of May. For weeks together we had ice on the windows an inch thick, although our stoves would be red-hot. Mr. Brooking broke his thermometer in coming here, and, consequently, could not register the temperature last winter; but a gentleman told us the other day at Norway-House, that for months it was forty below zero. In bringing the hand in contact with iron, the sensation was exactly as if it had been red-hot. Indeed, I was quite frightened one morning in putting my hand to the latch of the front door to open it, to find it stick fast; and this is no uncommon occurrence, particularly if the hand is a little damp. As you may suppose, we require warm clothing in this intensely cold region.

Our Indians endured great suffering last winter, owing to the failure of the fish. Our own fishery was a failure, which threw us into great difficulties. Our dogs have to do all the work, such as hauling home fire-wood, and logs from the woods for building, &c.: therefore they took nearly all our fish. From being strangers in the country, we did not get a sufficient supply of trading-goods from York; and we had to part with many of our clothes to purchase rabbits, beavers, &c., from the Indians, to feed our men and ourselves. I could tell you of many remarkable deliverances we experienced. For instance, in the early part of June our stock of flour was nearly exhausted, and for the first time my spirits sunk; for we had no meat of any kind, everything being so scarce. We were daily expecting a supply of provisions from Norway-House; but rough weather detained the brigade. On the 11th of June we had cut our last loaf; and I began to despair. My little girl asked me for a piece of bread: when I gave it to her, she said, "Mamma, why do you give me such a small piece?" I burst into tears, for I could hold out no longer; but instantly the promise, "Thy bread shall be given thee, and
thy water shall be sure," was given me, and all my fears fled, I
knew deliverance was near. In less than two hours a canoe
brought us a bag of flour, and one of permican, that had been
landed at the Fort for us.

I am happy to tell you we have every reason to believe we are
gaining the confidence of the Indians. During the year eighty-
seven have been baptized, a goodly number of them being adults ;
and we have between twenty and thirty meeting in class.

I think I told you we did not find any meeting in class on
our arrival here: indeed, the Mission was in an infant state, and
at present it is the "day of small things" with us. But we are
not discouraged nor cast down: we have daily proofs of the
Gospel of Christ working a mighty reformation in these once-
degraded, wandering people. Many of them are walking in the
fear of God, and seem desirous of finding their way to heaven.
It is really delightful to see the use they make of their Sunday
Service, the Gospel of St. John, or their Hymn-book, all of which
are translated into their own language. I was told by a lady,
who travelled from York in the Oxford brigade, that she saw a
great difference between the Christian Indians and those that were
Pagan: the former were either reading or singing during their
leisure; while the latter would spend their time in sleep. Our
school is taught regularly; but there is a sad deficiency of school-
apparatus. I am hoping to have a good supply from England
and Canada. On the arrival of the cases, it is my intention to
give all the school-children a tea on one of the islands, and distri-
bute their presents. Mr. Brooking came in from the school a few
minutes since, and said the smell arising from the clothes of the
children was quite shocking. The poor children have no change,
and they cannot possibly keep themselves clean.

A short time since, an Indian, with his wife and child, came to
the Mission, to be further instructed in the truths of Christianity,
and also to be baptized. The day after their baptism the child
was taken ill. I told them to bring it into the kitchen, so that I
might take proper care of it, and see to its wants. But the Lord
saw fit to take it to himself. Mr. Brooking was from home, and
the parents seemed to look to me for comfort and medicine.
I was greatly pleased with their manner: they loved their
little girl fondly, and seemed to cling to her with parents’
natural affection; but when I told them their child was only a
lent blessing, and that the Lord had a right to take as well
as give them their child, they instantly bowed with submission, singing and praying all the time. I sent an Indian in a canoe to the Fort for a coffin; and the following morning it was brought, but nothing with it to make a shroud. I had to take a piece of calico, which I had partly cut for a night-gown for my little girl, and make a shroud myself. In the mean time Mr. Sinclair translated a suitable hymn, and taught it to the school-children, which was sung during the funeral service. I was both delighted and surprised to see how easily the children learn in their own language by means of the syllabic character invented by the late Mr. Evans. This was the first time the Indians at Oxford had seen a corpse dressed in grave-clothes; and they looked amazed, and were also much pleased, that I should do it myself. The usual plan with this people has been to bury their friends just off in the woods where they have been hunting, digging a hole in the ground, and wrapping them in a blanket. We have now, however, a suitable place selected for a burying-ground, and the Indians are going to fence it in, where all their dead will in future be buried.

I have sent you a view of our Mission, sketched by Mr. Ryerson; but it is not quite correct, for we have neither steeple nor bell. However, he supposed we should soon have one; but I see no prospect, unless some extra effort is made for that purpose. Indeed, the church is not boarded, either inside or out. My dear husband says he never worked so hard when he was a young man, as he has done on this Mission. Every article of furniture, besides making the house habitable, has been made by his own hands. Mr. Brooking likes the country very much; and when we get our books, and a few little comforts from England, we shall be much more comfortable.

Elizabeth Brooking.

THE LITTLE JEWISH GIRL.

Some years ago, a good man was sent to a large town in Holland, to see if he could persuade the Jews to listen to the glad tidings of salvation. He went first to call at the great houses, where the rich people lived, and tried to give them his message, and to tell them something about Jesus. But no, they would not let him come in. The heart of the Missionary was very sad
He thought, "Must I leave this great city, and do nothing for these poor Jews?" And then he thought again, that God had promised a blessing to all who work for him, and that if the rich would not listen, perhaps some of the poor might be glad to hear. So he turned into a narrow, dirty lane, and soon found himself near a miserable-looking house. The door was open; and a woman, who was standing there, told him that some Jews lived at the back of the house, and that if he would go through the passage, he would find them. At last he came to a small door, and lifted the latch, and went in. In one corner was a woman, looking very pale and hungry; and in another, lying on a sort of bed made of sea-grass and rags, was a little girl, looking also very pale and ill. The latter raised herself up, as the Missionary came towards her, and looked at him with surprise. She wondered to see anyone coming into that dismal place; and her eyes brightened when he began to talk kindly and gently. He told them the story of Jesus, that most little Christian children hear so often, but which this poor little one heard for the first time; and then he went on to ask them how they lived, and whether they had any one to work for them, and bring them something to eat. The woman said that her husband was dead, and that she had a son who tried to work hard, but could get very little to do. The last two or three days they had been almost without food; and excepting two cold potatoes, the little girl had had nothing for some hours. The Missionary gave the woman something, and knelt down with them, and thanked God for having sent him there.

Some days passed away, and again the Missionary found his way into that dark little room. He was too happy to tell the child what she wished to hear; and he not only gave her mother a Bible and some tracts, but he begged that the daughter might come to his Sunday-school. His offer was gladly accepted, and she used to attend very regularly. She took great pains to have her lessons perfectly learned, because she loved them. She loved Jesus, and she hoped some day to go and live with him; so that she took delight in hearing and learning his word.

But I must finish my story. Some four or five years passed away, part of which time she spent in learning a trade, that she might be able to work for herself and her mother. During this time she still went to the school, and gave great pleasure to her teachers. One day they sent to tell the Missionary that she was
taken ill, and that the doctor thought she was not likely to get well again. The Missionary saw her several times during her illness; and, though often in great pain, she told him, again and again, that she was "quite happy." On one occasion he asked her what part of the Bible she would like him to read. She replied, "The fourteenth of John;" and on being asked why, she said, "Because it tells me about that home to which I am going." She soon became much worse, and on the morning of her death, she sent her mother for the Missionary, as she wished to see him once more. He went, and, finding her very ill, he said to her, "My child, you are not afraid to die?" "No," she said, with a smile, "Why should I? Christ has conquered death." A few hours after, her happy spirit went home, as she had said, to be with Jesus.

Children's Jewish Advocate.

THE FATAL ROCK.

Not long ago I visited a rock on Ascension Island, which is several hundred feet high, and memorable in the history of this people. Many years since a Queen lived near it, who wanted the head of a fish; and because her husband would not give it to her, she was so grieved that she bound her little child to her shoulders, and walked backwards over the awful precipice! She had every wish gratified in youth, as all children have here; and now she could not have her will crossed! This story teaches:—

1. The danger of indulgence. Children on this island are pets, and are never required to do what they "do not want to do." This poor Queen had been indulged all her life; and now her will broke, because it had not been bent in youth. 2. The coldness of Heathenism. There is nothing in it to warm the soul, and keep in exercise the gentler emotions of our nature. Every where it makes its victims proud, passionate, without natural affection. It made this woman self-willed; she valued the head of a fish more than the lives of herself and her child.

Youth's Dayspring. A. A. S.
"HOW SHALL THEY BELIEVE IN HIM OF WHOM THEY HAVE NOT HEARD?"

While a Missionary was reading to some Greenlanders the history of our Saviour's agony in the garden, one of them said, "How was that? Tell me that once more; for I would fain be saved too." He was astonished at what he heard, and tears rolled down his cheeks. After this, he frequently came to the station to learn more of the love of Jesus. He lived to preach the Gospel to his countrymen.

O TELL me that again,
It seems too much for me;
Speak of that heaven where Jesus dwells,
And where I too may be.
But did he die to save
My soul from endless woe?
How shall I love him as I ought,
Who loved poor sinners so?
But tell it me again,
I never heard of this;
I knew not of eternal pain,
Or everlasting bliss.
My heart has long been dark;
But this has made it bright:
O why did it not dawn before,
This glorious day of light?
Why came it not before,
That I to God might bow?
I might have served him all my life,
As I will serve him now.

CONTENTS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>William Kama, a Kaffir Chief</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Night-Travelling in the Jungles of Ceylon</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Juvenile Collectors in the Shetland Islands</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

"How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard?"
THE

WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

MARCH, 1856.

METHODOIST CHAPEL AT BALAKLAVA.

You have all heard about the dreadful war in the East. But you must not think that because war is so awful, and generally so wicked, all who are engaged in it are bad men. Many of them, like the soldier mentioned in the tenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, are devout men that fear God. Now, some of these good men wished to have a chapel in which they might worship God, and they have got a building where they meet together. Sergeant William B. has sent a little sketch taken of the chapel, and I am sure you will be pleased to see it. You wonder, perhaps, which of the buildings in the picture is the chapel: it is that on the left, hand side with the ragged roof: it does not look very handsome, but the great God regards not the building: he has made it glorious with his presence, for he is worshipped in spirit and in truth in this humble dwelling. Sergeant B. says: in a letter to a friend:—

"We have yet the old house on the side of the hill, the same as it was when you was here. I have made no alteration in it as yet, but I am going to do soon; I trust it will soon be too small for us. Thank God, it has not been opened in vain. Black as it looked some time ago, it often is made glorious within with the presence of a gracious and loving God. We have a few gathered in from the world, just as a token or a mark of the presence of God with us, to let us know what he will do by his Spirit with us. We have had some fresh hands out this last week, inquiring their way to Zion.

"I hope there will soon a mighty change take place in these careless people, and that they will be aroused to a knowledge of themselves. There is one thing that strikes me very much, that we have not lost a single member by the war that I can hear of;"
and I do believe it is on account of the earnest prayers of our people at home."

This is the only chapel the Methodist soldiers have at present. A month ago a Missionary left England to go to the East, that he may preach to the soldiers, and help and encourage them in the ways of holiness, and try and persuade others to join them; for though there are some good men among the soldiers, there are a great many that are very wicked. The pious soldiers are very anxious that the blessed news of salvation, which makes them so happy, should be sent to the Heathen nations who have never yet heard them. So they have collected some money, and have sent it to England. They first sent £20 for the Mission in China, since that they have sent £20 more for the Missions. When Sergeant B. sent the first £20, he said:

"This money has been given by Wesleyans and others who wish to help forward the work of the Lord in China, and collected by me; and I hope that the good people at home will be encouraged by it, and try and bring more of this army to know Jesus Christ as their Saviour."

SOLDIERS! SOLDIERS IN THE CRIMEA!

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

I DARE say you have heard very much about the present war; and perhaps some of you, like the writer, have met with some who have been plunged into grief by the loss of a brother, husband, or parent. In the bitter cold weather of the last winter, I was employed, with a friend, in finding out the needy and destitute; and we met with a respectable, good-looking female about twenty-five years of age, (Irish,) whose husband was in the Crimea, and on that account, particularly, she became an object of our attention; and more than once the tidings from the battle-field was favourable, and then there was a rumour of indisposition, and soon after, she was made sad indeed, by finding she was a widow with little ones. In our route, we heard this relation from an aged widow:—"My son (a fine young man) had been made a prisoner by the Russians, from whom he soon found means to escape: but he was pursued, and so pressed, that he took to the sea, and actually swam several miles, and so got clear of his foes."
A third case was that of another widow, whose son was with the army before Sebastopol. She and her daughter attend the Wesleyan chapel; and their anxiety was evident; but they hoped the Lord might spare him; yet they had many fears, which, alas! were soon to be realized; for he fell a prey to disease, which has been as cruel as the sword—the sword is never satisfied, saying, like the leech, "Give, give!" We fear that war is an unmixed evil, over which we should mourn. Even David, who was engaged in righteous war, of God's appointing, against the enemies of the Lord, because of their enormous sins, was not permitted to erect the temple of God's holy services, because he had shed blood. I am very sure we ought to pray to the Giver of all good, that he would end the scourge, and give us and the nations happy days of peace and amity. (See Isaiah ii. 4.) But we have some very pleasant news, both from the navy and the army. Many a sweet sound of praise and prayer have come over the waters from some of our soldiers and sailors. How delightful that must be in the ship and in the camp! It reminds me so much of former days in the West Indies, that I have said to myself, "Would I were with the dear fellows to join in their warm-hearted services! In Barbadoes, and also in Grenada, we had bands of fine men, who loved the peace-giving Saviour; and how they used to sing his praises! It was good to be there. Two of them ( Sergeants) left the army, and were employed as Masters of two of our day-schools.

In Grenada, the chief officer very kindly gave us the use of a room close by the barracks, where we had soldiers meeting; for all present, excepting myself and friend, wore the red coat. Some of them were noble men indeed, (Grenadiers,) more than six feet high! Bless the Lord! we have two hundred of them in church-fellowship at Balaklava, and they have had a Missionary Meeting, and are to have a Missionary forthwith. If former days could return, the writer would say to the Missionary Committee, "Here am I, send me." Anyhow, I should like to be with them, and tell them of the bleeding Lamb of God.

"Visit us, bright Morning Star,
And bring the perfect day!
Urged by faith's incessant prayer,
No longer, Lord, delay:"

D 2
LETTER FROM JANE WESTCOTE.

Now destroy the envious root;
The ground of nature's feuds remove;
Fill the earth with golden fruit,
With ripe millennial love."

O, think of the soldiers! Pray for the soldiers!
Yours truly,

A Soldier of the Cross.

A LETTER FROM JANE WESTCOTE, WHO WAS A SCHOLAR IN THE MISSION-SCHOOL, MADRAS.


To my godmother, the most honoured and respected Madam, I, Jane Westcote, your goddaughter and handmaiden, with great submission, write this petition to apprise you the following things. The manner in which the Lord had graciously brought us, who were, from the time of our infancy, drowned in sin and ignorance, to the marvellous light in Christ Jesus, is as follows:—

When I was reading in the Wesleyan Mission-school which was established by the late Rev. Roberts, my father had left us (including me and two sisters, brother, and mother) under the roof of my uncle, who, being a staunch Heathen by profession, compelled us to worship idols, as he himself did. But we, who knew what the ways of the Lord were, consented not to his request; and he, therefore, thinking that we would perhaps become Christians if we attended the school, prevented us from coming to the school. When we withheld him by attending the school regularly, and did quite reverse to his wish, he having said, vehemently, that “if you would insist upon going to the school, you shouldn’t be in my house,” took our things, and having thrown them out, drove us at last out of his shade. And when all our own relatives thus hated us and despised us entirely, my mother, having kept us for a short time in a neighbour’s house, requested the honoured Madam, Mrs. Hardey, who had then the charge of the school, to receive us; and so she readily did. When we were learning, we, having felt, by reading the Scriptures diligently, the need of Jesus Christ, who, having been nailed on the cross, shed forth his blood for us; and we, caring much of the things of our soul, often proposed within ourselves, “How shall we be saved, if we be still
in the darkness of Heathenism?" and we, finding at last the only good thing to be done, is, to become Christian as soon as possible, spoke earnestly to Mrs. Hardey, who, having fully examined us, took us into her class; and when she observed that our spiritual feelings increased day by day, she spoke to Mr. Hardey, who asked the consent of our mother, and baptized us, both sisters.

Mr. Hardey seeing the pursuit of my studies about three years in the school, appointed me as a Teacher, and committed to me a few Heathen and Christian girls to teach them sewing, &c. After we had attended to sewing, &c., which were, in fact, useful to the body in future life, we had grace enough from the Lord to read the Scriptures, and to speak to them of the spiritual things, as well as of the superstitious ceremonies of Heathenism. And they who heard us speaking, having made up their mind to come into the light of the Lord, spoke to their parents fervently, and many were baptized by the Rev. Jenkins, though their parents had strictly forbid them not to become Christians. But the baptism of my mother, with my sister and brother, was long postponed till the arrival of my father. When we wrote to him of our baptism, he was greatly offended, and was not willing to come to us for about three years, nor send us any assistance during that period.

Though we were thus forsaken by all, yet the Lord of Israel had not forsaken us. Moreover, when I was in the school, a Christian, named Ambrose, who lost his wife, happened to come and leave his child in the school, through Daniel, my Teacher. When he was in the habit of coming to the school frequently to see his child, he having inquired of me, with Daniel his brother-in-law, spoke to Mrs. Roberts and Mr. Jenkins, to marry me. They both having consented to his request, who, married me on the 13th of February, 1853. After I left the school, which was indeed a blessing to me by God, we suffered much about two years on account of having no employment, and the Rev. Rogers, of the Church Mission, ultimately employed us both. At that time my father, as soon as landed from Rangoon, was much displeased on hearing our baptisms and the marriage, which took place without his notice. And he is now much offended with us living separately in a stranger's house, hitherto. Now my mother with her two children is ready to take upon herself the great seal of baptism. We had, by the grace of
God, a female child, while we were serving the Rev. Rogers, who, with his mistress, stood as sponsors, and the babe was christened by the name of Kitt Louisa. The Clergyman whom we serve now is expecting shortly to go to Palamcottah, and we don't know really where shall we be again employed. We are all, by the mercy of God, doing well, and we are likewise anxious to hear of your health. My two sisters are still in the school, and prosecute their course of study. I have written to you once a letter, through Mrs. Hardey, and I don't know whether you had received it or not, and at last, I, Jane your goddaughter, Ambrose my husband, Mary Irving and Thungum, my two sisters, and my brother, and the babe which was lately given by the Lord, do hereby bend our knees, and present our best respects first to God, and then to you. And it was our earnest desire to let you know all these things.

Sometimes our young friends want to know what kind of dresses to make to send abroad to the little children in hot countries. The dress of the children in the engraving, taken from a large picture in the "Church Intelligencer," is a very suitable one
for the little Negroes, and the natives of South Africa, and of the
Friendly and Feejee Islands. In very hot countries, the children
need only one garment,—a white or striped shirt for the boys, and
a print dress for the girls.

LETTER FROM THE REV. WILLIAM MOISTER.

I have pleasure in dropping you a hasty line, to inform you
of my safe return from Namaqualand, after an interesting tour of
five weeks, and that Mrs. Moister had been graciously preserved
in tolerable health and comfort during my absence. In the
course of my visit to the respective Stations and Mission-schools
I saw much to excite my admiration and gratitude to God; and
on some circumstances of interest I may probably, if I can find
time, write you on some future occasion; but at present I must
confine my observations to the interesting school at Khamies-
Berg.

On Monday, November 5th, I found about one hundred and
sixty scholars assembled, who went through their exercises in
Dutch and English in a very pleasing manner. But when a large
basket was brought into the school-room, containing the presents
for distribution, every eye sparkled with joy. These presents
consisted chiefly of little ready-made garments for boys and girls,
and pieces of print kindly furnished by friends in the Isle of
Wight, Yorkshire, London, and Cape-Town; and I thought I
had sufficient to furnish at least one article for each child present,
most of whom appeared in needy circumstances. The distribution
proceeded with great interest for about an hour, as particular care
was taken to give to each scholar the article most likely to be
suitable. When the entire stock was exhausted, and not an
article left, I was sorry to find that two classes had received
nothing. I called them up, and I shall never forget my feelings
on seeing twenty-three little Namaqua boys and girls present
themselves, some of them almost destitute of clothing, and others
with nothing but a piece of sheep-skin for a covering, with looks
of sore disappointment, as I had nothing left for them. I could
only attempt to console them by an assurance that they should
not be forgotten when I received a fresh supply of presents for
Mission-schools, from dear friends in England. Now what can
be done for those twenty-three little Namaquas, and many others
connected with our schools, who are poor and destitute? Will some of the youthful readers of the "Juvenile Offering," surrounded with all the blessings and comforts of happy English homes, give a practical answer to the question, "What can be done to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of the poor Namaquas of South Africa?"

I remain,

Yours affectionately,

William Moister.

Cape-Town, Cape of Good Hope, December 8th, 1855.

---

TRIALS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

Amongst the trials of Missionary life, a very sore one is the separation of parents and children, and husbands and wives. A Missionary's wife in a foreign land was very ill, so ill it was feared she would die: it was hoped a voyage to England would save her life. When her passage was going to be taken, the question was, Should her husband go with her, or should she go alone? Now, this Missionary's wife loved the Heathen, her husband was usefully employed amongst them; so she said, "Dreadful as it will be to part with my husband, I dare not take upon me the responsibility of taking him from his work." "And dreadful the parting was," says a dear relative, who was present; "I hope I may never witness another such a scene; but she was right, and I believe the Lord will bless her for the example she has thus given to others." The Lord did bless her. In her feebleness and weakness she was carried on board with her two young children; her fellow-passengers received her kindly; she was favoured with a speedy voyage; and was received by her expecting friends in England in improved health; and it is hoped she will soon be sufficiently recovered to return to her husband, and the work she loves so well. "I felt it to be my duty to come alone," she remarked to a friend on her arrival in England; and nobly has that duty been performed, not without the cost of much feeling and distress. The starting tears, when absent friends are mentioned, tell too plainly how great the trial is; but God will reward her a hundred fold for all the sacrifices she has made for him.
PARTING.

What mean ye by this wailing,
To break my bleeding heart?
As if the love that binds us
Could alter or depart!
Our sweet and holy union
Knows neither time nor place;
The love that God has planted
Is lasting as his grace.

Ye clasp these hands at parting,
As if no hope could be;
While still we stand for ever
In blessed unity.
Ye gaze as on a vision
Ye never could recall;
While still each thought is with you,
And Jesus with us all.

Ye say, "We here, thou yonder,
Thou goest, and we stay;"
And yet Christ's mystic body
Is one eternally.
Ye speak of different journeys,
A long and sad adieu;
While still one way I travel,
And have one end with you.

Why should ye now be weeping
These agonizing tears?
Behold our gracious Leader,
And cast away your fears.
We tread one path to glory,
Are guided by one hand;
And led in faith and patience
Unto one fatherland.

Then let this hour of parting
No bitter grief record;
But be an hour of union
More blessed with our Lord.
A MISSIONARY CHRISTMAS-TREE.

With him to guide and save us,
   No changes that await,
No earthly separation,
   Can leave us desolate!

Spitta.           Hymns from the Land of Luther.

A MISSIONARY CHRISTMAS-TREE.

Some of our young readers will perhaps remember our telling them, in our Number for June last, of a little Hindoo girl, who has been adopted by a kind lady in England, and placed under the care of the wife of a Missionary in India. We have now a little further account to give them, showing that the story has not been altogether useless.

The pupils of a school, in the town in which the benevolent lady referred to resides, have just afforded a pleasing proof of the interest they took in the history of little Grace Providence. And they did so in this way:—

Several months before their holidays, they agreed, at the suggestion of their governess, to exhibit a Christmas-tree on the day of their breaking-up; and, instead of presenting the articles suspended on it to each other or to their friends, to give them for the benefit of Mrs. Hardey's girls' school in the city of Mysore. They worked very hard, and kept their purpose secret till all was complete, a nice fir-tree procured, set up in the school-room, and covered with Missionary offerings,—all sorts of useful and fancy articles, which our readers will better imagine than we can describe to them. When all was ready, they sent a polite message to the lady, who had not the slightest idea of what these young people had been so long and so earnestly doing, inviting her to come and see their holiday Christmas-tree. How greatly was she surprised and pleased to find that it was a Missionary Christmas-tree, and that her own efforts to do good had already, in this delightful way, silently borne fruit for India! She, of course, cheerfully took charge of the gift so gracefully offered, and, with some additions, it will in due time find its way to Mysore in aid of the school which Mrs. Hardey has established there.

Now could not some of our young friends elsewhere also do something of this kind next year for Heathen children; who, as Christmas comes round so pleasantly to us with each revolving
year, never hear of Christ, know nothing of him who would so
gladly receive them, if only they knew him, and would come unto
him? But how shall they come, unless they be brought? And
how shall they be brought, unless we send them Missionaries and
the Bible? And how shall we send Missionaries and Bibles in
sufficient numbers, unless we exert ourselves more than we have
yet done, and, like the offerers of this well-laden Missionary-tree,
with its beautiful banner, "Fruit for India," deny ourselves of
some present gratifications, that we may do the more good to
others, and receive a greater reward for ourselves hereafter?

"Work for some good—be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower—be it ever so lowly;
Labour!—all labour is noble and holy—
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God."
Manningtree, January 5th, 1856.

A LETTER FROM ERZROOM ABOUT GENERAL WILLIAMS.

Erzroom is a place not far from Kars, where part of the
Turkish army was that was besieged by the Russians. If you
have not heard about the taking of Kars, your parents have; and
they will tell you how General Williams and his brave troops
held out against the Russians till they were nearly starved. I
read, in an American paper, the other day, a letter from a Mis-
sionary at Erzroom to his young friends in America, that I think
you would like to hear.

The letter is about General Williams, and his physician, Dr.
Sandwith. It is as follows:

General Williams, a British officer who now commands the
Turkish army at the city of Kars, has been very kind to the
Missionaries, as also to the poor and despised Protestants in
Turkey and Persia. Last winter he stayed at Erzroom, with his
interpreter and physician. Every few days they used to come
and see us. They always rode upon beautiful Arabian horses;
and several soldiers followed them. Our little girls became very
much attached to the General; and they would sit upon his knee,
and play with his sword and silk tassels, while he told them pretty
stories. We were all very sad when these officers had to go away
to the war; for we were afraid they would never come back again. Two of these little girls received each a letter from the General's physician, a few days ago. He told them that he was riding out with a few men, not long before, when they were seen by a large party of Cossacks, who rode furiously towards them, and shot at them. The doctor and his men hurried back to their camp with all their might, to save their lives. But, although they had good horses, they did not all escape; for two or three of their number were shot, and fell dead on the plain!

Erzroom, where we live, is not far from Georgia, which is a part of Russia; and the people have been afraid, ever since the war began, that the Russians would come to take the town. And when news actually came that ten thousand Russians were only about ten miles off, all the people were very much frightened. The men shut their stores and their shops, and remained at home with their families, keeping their doors fastened. Scarcely anybody can be seen in the streets, except Turkish soldiers; and as most of these are wild men from the mountains, many are almost as much afraid of them as of the Russians. From the window of the room where I am writing, I can see a multitude of white tents on the hills east of the town, where the soldiers stay. We are expecting every hour that the cannon will begin to roar, and the thirsty plains around us will be wet with the blood of dying men!

In the mean time, the little children of the Missionaries know and see very little of what is going on. They are quite secure in our stone houses. They can run and play in the halls, or in our little gardens, which have walls so high that nobody can look in. There are three of them. We hope they will all become the Saviour's dear children.

---

CONTENTS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Methodist Chapel at Balaklava</td>
<td>Letter from the Rev. William Molesworth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soldiers! Soldiers in the Crimea!</td>
<td>Trials of Missionary Life</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Letter from Jane Westcott, Mission-School, Madras</td>
<td>Parting</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clothing for Children in Hot Countries</td>
<td>A Missionary Christmas-Tree</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>A Letter from Erzroom about General Williams</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

LONDON: PRINTED BY JAMES NICHOLS, HOXTON-SQUARE.
PREPARATION FOR BURNING A HINDOO WIDOW.
THE

WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

APRIL, 1856.

PREPARATION FOR BURNING A HINDOÓ WIDOW.

Many a poor widow would be glad to be buried with her husband; but that is no reason why people should murder them, as they used to do in India, and as they do in some countries to this day. The wicked and foolish Heathen kill the widows, and the fatherless children; but Christianity teaches us to be kind to them. "To visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world," are important parts of pure and undefiled religion in the sight of God.

We have saved the lives of tens of thousands of widows in India; but we have not sent Missionaries enough, or opened schools enough, to teach them and their children the way to heaven. Let us give more and pray more, that the poor widows and fatherless children in India may have the Gospel preached to them.

Mr. Campbell, once a Missionary in India, speaking on the state of females there, said:—"Poor thing! when she comes into the world, the first thing that she meets is her parent's frown. If she is permitted to live, every step she takes, from the cradle to the grave, is to sink her deeper in degradation and misery. In childhood, every member of the family despises and ill-treats her. When she grows up, she is the detested drudge of all. If she is betrothed to a husband, she is removed to the house of her mother-in-law, there to be subjected to further insult and degradation. She is married to one who never loves her, and to be treated as a beast of burden. If she is hungry, she must wait till her lord has eaten, and then take his scraps. If she does wrong, there is no expostulation but the lash. If she goes on a journey, she must not walk by the side of her husband, but keep at some distance behind him, and carry the burden.
Should death deprive her of her husband, she, too, must be murdered, that she may, as it is supposed, go with him to the world of spirits.” He continues, “I have stood by one of those horrid murders. I saw an Indian female walk round the pile, and then sit down beside the dead body of her husband. I saw her take the jewels from her ears, and the bracelets from her hands, and give them to her relatives. I then saw her own son take a torch and set fire to the pile, and in a few moments the flaming canopy over her head was pulled down, and the fiendish yells of the multitude drowned her shrieks of agony. O, I wondered that the earth did not open her mouth, and swallow up the murderers!”

Bless God, this shameful practice is no more allowed: it is put a stop to in the British dominions. Little readers, pray for the females of India; think of them when you are happy in your homes, happy in your schools, happy in the house of God.

---

**DOES JESUS LOVE THE JEWS?**

“**I have loved thee with an everlasting love.”** (Jer. xxxi. 3.)

**Does Jesus love the Jews?** We love
The land which gave us birth;
And Canaan was the sacred spot
Where Jesus dwelt on earth.
O'er Judah's circling hills he trod
In childhood's sunny hours;
He drank of Jordan's shining wave,
And gather'd Sharon's flowers.

Does Jesus love the Jews? We love
Our own dear native tongue;
The accents of our first-learnt prayer,
The hymns which first we sung.
And every word which Jesus spoke,
Holy, and pure, and true,
Was in the language Eden heard,
The language of the Jew.

Does Jesus love the Jews? We love,
More than each other friend,
The sick one o'er whose couch we watch,
The little child we tend.
'T was Israel's dead whom Jesus raised,
'T was Israel's babes he blest,
'T was Israel's weary burden'd sons
Who came to him for rest.

Does Jesus love the Jews? He wept,
O'er Salem's coming woe,
Such tears as sorrows of his own
Had never caused to flow.
He died; love hath no greater proof
Which even God could give,
Than that the Lord of all should die
That dying men might live.

He rose, and Jewish eyes beheld
His triumph over death,
And first on Jewish hearts he breathed
His spirit-giving breath.
And yet another proof of love
To Israel's sons was given,
'T was in the act of blessing Jews
That Jesus went to heaven.

Does Jesus love the Jews? O, then,
In every Christian's heart,
And prayers, and thoughts, and glorious hopes,
Israel hath surely part;
Eternal life to owe to Him
Who once was born a Jew,
Can they who love the Saviour fail
To love his brethren too?

J. T.

MARIA WILSON.

"Depart, my child! lent for a little while
Our drooping hearts to cheer;
Dear was thy loving voice, thy gentle smile,
Ah! who can tell how dear?
The sands are run,—too quickly falling,
The Giver comes,—his own recalling,—
Depart, my child!"
“Depart, my child! angels are bending down
To set thy spirit free;
The Saviour holds in heaven the golden crown
He won on earth for thee.
Yes! now in him thou art victorious,
Go, share his rest and triumph glorious,—
Depart, my child!”

This little girl was born in the Friendly Islands, in the South Seas: there she lived all her life, and there she died. Her parents went away from England, many years ago, to teach and try to save the poor Heathen from perishing. Her father was a Missionary, and lived among a strange people, and talked and preached in a strange language. Upon those very far-off islands of this round world, where Maria was born, the feet of the inhabitants are almost directly opposite to our feet: there she spent her life's short day. She never saw our happy land; but she could talk English, and also Tonguese. While still very young, she was fond of reading; and when she had finished reading anything very interesting or affecting, especially the lives and happy deaths of good little children, she would go to her papa in the evening, and say, “Papa, I have been reading about a good little girl, or a good little boy, who died and went to heaven: please may I tell you all about it?” Often would she sob and weep, while talking about those dear little ones whom Jesus had taken to himself. The Holy Spirit was then working upon her heart, preparing it, by his gracious influence, to receive his grace, and preparing her soon to join the happy spirits of those who had died in the Lord, and safely reached that better land, where they see Jesus as he is.

Maria had not so many advantages as the children who live in happy England; yet such was her diligence in learning, and her love of good books, that she made rapid progress for her years. Missionaries, and other friends, who sometimes visited her parents, were greatly pleased and surprised at the extent of her knowledge. While very young, she could read her Bible correctly, and would often repeat from memory several hymns, one after another, which she had learnt. She knew the First and Second Conference Catechisms, with the Scripture proofs; also a short Catechism of Scripture History. She felt great pleasure in reading different volumes of the Child's Magazine and the Juvenile Offering, and
MARIA WILSON.

would put in a mark where she left off, that she might not miss any part.

Though little Maria had enjoyed good health, and seemed likely to live long, yet the Lord and Giver of life determined otherwise: her days were numbered; his holy will was, to remove her early to the paradise above, where, in that "world of spirits bright," she will live and bloom in immortal youth. She was ill only a very short time: like a flower of the field, which, when the blighting wind passes over it, soon withers and dies; so little Maria only survived twelve days after she was first seized with spasms in her side, before she was cut down, and passed "through the valley of the shadow of death" home to glory.

During the first four days she suffered much pain; but, after that, she was easier, and appeared to be getting better. Her anxious parents began to rejoice in the hope that she would yet recover: she seemed to be improving so nicely, that they thought the worst was passed, and that their much-loved Maria would yet be spared to them. But their fears were again soon excited by seeing her drooping and sinking under her affliction; yet they did not think that her end was so near. They often used to talk to her about Jesus and salvation. On the Friday before she died, her mamma said to her, "My dear, we do not know whether you will get better or not; you may die in this affliction. Do you pray much?" She answered, "Yes, often." "Do you know that you are a sinner, and have sometimes done things you ought not to have done? Are you sorry for it? and have you begged of Jesus to forgive you?" She replied, "Yes." When asked, if she felt the Saviour blessing and supporting her in her increasing weakness, she said she did. On Sunday, the last day of her life, when asked, "Do you love Jesus, and think that Jesus loves you?" she replied, "Yes;" and the question, "Do you feel that he blesses you?" was also answered in the affirmative. In the evening she appeared worse, but felt little or no pain, only great weakness. The Doctor was called in; and when he saw her, he informed her mamma that she must prepare her mind, for the child was dying. Her papa said to her, "My dear Maria, are you going to Jesus?" She made a great effort to speak, and said aloud, "Yes." Then, leaning her head, and closing her eyes for about ten minutes, as if going to sleep, she quietly passed away to the mansions of glory. Thus died little Maria Wilson, aged seven years, three months, and eighteen days.
When she was put into her coffin, all the native children belonging to the school came to see her, because they had loved her while she was living; and when she was buried, all the Local Preachers and Class-Leaders, male and female, living at Hihito, attended her funeral. She had lost a little brother called William about twelve months before; and her body was laid in the same grave, by the side of his. The weeping parents of those dear children, when obliged by affliction to leave the island of Tonga, did not sorrow as those without hope because of their little ones whom they had buried there; no; they expect to meet them again in the kingdom of heaven,

"Where death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more,"

there to dwell with Jesus for ever and ever.

OUT-DOOR PREACHING IN INDIA.

In Heathen countries the Missionaries find it a good plan to go into the streets and villages to preach to the people: sometimes they get rather rude and rough treatment, as Mr. Sanderson did when he preached out of doors to the Hindoos in Bangalore.

He says,—Our chief work is Canarese preaching. We go in two parties to four villages and six places every week. A brief account of some of our morning labours will give you the best idea of the work.

One day I went alone to the front of a native printing-office that has been given up. I soon had a shower of lime and sand from the top of the house, of which I took not the slightest notice, and the congregation immediately put a stop to it. Just as I had finished my sermon, a short Brahmin came up to where I was standing, a little elevated, and confronted me with no very polite language. I called the people to attend to him; when, to my surprise, he drew out a quarto manuscript, and read a sermon that he had prepared with "firstly," "secondly," "thirdly,"—a weak attack upon Missionaries for coming to destroy religion. I replied to him; but, not relishing such home-thrusts, and their being assented to by the rest of the people, they raised a noisy disturbance, hailing, hooting, yelling like furies, and hastened off. A goodly number remained, to whom I gave a short address. As I passed down the street, a peon came out of the public office to meet me; inquired why I had not preached there for some time;
and begged that I would not cease to come regularly now, as by continual preaching the people would learn wisdom.

When near home, I spoke with great liberty, and apparently with the Lord's blessing, preaching a sermon indeed, to a man whom I found trying to obtain merit with God by feeding nests of ants by the road-side; showing him the way of salvation by the atonement of Christ.

I went to the native printing-office corner again. A Brahmin, who is my never-failing foe, drove away every one who attempted to stop and listen.

I preached near the mosque. A Mussulman, behind whose house I stood, angrily ordered me and the crowd away, on account of women being in the nearest apartment. I tried in vain to soothe him into civility; and, after preaching for a while, went to the opposite side of the street, and stood upon a heap of sand about twenty feet distant. After some profitable discussion and preaching, I was about to leave, and evidently only in time to avoid insult. Two young Mussulmen showed signs of mischief, and politely begged me to converse with them a little longer. It was clear that some trick was ripening; and as I stood alone, in a notoriously bad neighbourhood, and a deep sewer two feet behind me, I very humbly, according to native custom, asked "permission" to go. Their habits of politeness prevented their refusing me, though they pressed me to "honour" them a little longer. The hooting, yelling, and pieces of earth that followed me showed that the plot had been discovered only just in time.

I went again to the printing-office corner. I had not preached long before a stream of water came from the top of the house upon my back and shoulder. The crowd laughed for a moment, but instantly resumed their attention when they saw that I neither stopped speaking nor noticed it, but coolly put up my umbrella. Upwards of a hundred people assembled from all parts, most of whom were anxious to hear, and eager to stop the mouths of opposers.

THE BIBLE LEARNERS IN THE BLACK FOREST, GERMANY.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A BIBLE COLPORTEUR.

In my journey through the Black Forest, (he writes,) I came to a district where great ignorance prevailed, where there were few Bibles, and those few were little read or understood. C
evening, I held a meeting in a village, to which all the inhabitants were invited. An hour before the appointed time, a number of young people came thronging about me while I was writing my journal, and gazed at me as if I had been a wild beast; for a meeting relating to the Bible was something very extraordinary in these parts. At length I laid aside my journal, in order to talk to them; and asked how they employed their leisure time, particularly on Sundays. They told me they had nothing to do. This grieved me, and set me trying to think of some employment for their minds. I then remembered that a Christian lady had once told me, that if ever I came to a place where the word of God was scarce, but where there would be a willingness to receive it, she would afford the supply. I asked the young people if they had any Testaments at home, and finding they had not, I told them, that to any one who would learn the Epistle to the Ephesians, in the course of a few months, I would give a New Testament; at the same time showing them a small copy. This excited great admiration, for they had never before seen a pocket Testament. They were then told, that whoever was disposed to earn such an one, might give in his name after the meeting. I heard them whispering to each other, “I shall learn it;” “So will I;” &c.; and, in the course of a few minutes, every one (there were fifty-seven present) undertook the task.

A similar compact was formed at several other places I visited on the same journey, and the number of learners became so large, that I feared I should want more Testaments than my friend was prepared to give. It was, therefore, with some hesitation, that I informed her, when we next met, of the engagement I had made; but she was delighted with the scheme, and gave me a commission to purchase as many books as I needed, promising to supply me with more, if I should require them, for the same object. This filled my heart with joy, for the plan could now be continued. I had long wished to do something to benefit the young, but had not hitherto discovered the way.

In the course of a few months I revisited my learning societies, to see if those good resolutions had been kept, and found, with no little gratification, that not only had the Epistle to the Ephesians been learnt, but, in some instances, another besides. After hearing it repeated, I asked if they would not now learn something else, though without any further reward, and they immediately agreed to do so. Encouraged by this success, I tried to form similar societies in other places. At one village I regretted to
see only grown-up people at the meeting, and asked the parents where were their children. They replied that they did not care to hear about the word of God. “Well, then,” said I, “give them a kind message from me, and ask them if they would not like to earn a New Testament, by learning the Epistle to the Ephesians by heart. They must be between the ages of fourteen and forty; I exclude school-children, because they have enough to learn at school. Let all who like to undertake the task come to me to-morrow morning.” They promised to tell their children, but did not think they would care anything about it. The next morning, however, a hundred and forty-four young people of both sexes gave in their names. Afterwards a woman came to me with a child of seven years old, and, on my asking what she wanted, told me that her little boy had been teasing her all the morning about a Testament; and when she had told him that he was not old enough to learn a whole Epistle by heart, he said, “Then, mother, learn it for me;” so she wanted to know if that would do. “Certainly,” I replied, “so that the task is learned by some one;” and the mother and child went home delighted.

I will now speak of some of the blessings which have attended my labours.

When I returned, after a few months, to the villages referred to above, we held a meeting, which was attended by all the learners. After it was over, I had classes of ten or fifteen to repeat the Epistle in chorus, which was done correctly by the greater number. It required two evenings to hear them all. On each occasion we commenced by prayer, and by reading and endeavouring to explain a portion of the Scriptures, which induced the young people to ask me to hold a similar meeting especially for them; this I accordingly did on the following day. They were very attentive, and so much moved that sometimes a general sob was audible, and I had to raise my voice in order to be heard. At the conclusion, they agreed to learn another Epistle, and sixty others joined the hundred and forty-four; so that nearly all the unmarried young people were now learning from the New Testament. Those who did not learn, were rather looked down upon as people who did not care for good things. The parents told me that the children were often repeating the Epistle to each other when they woke in the morning, and before going to sleep at night; and that they met together to teach each other on Sundays; that in the spinning-rooms, where formerly all sorts of evil were practised, the spare time of the young is
occupied in committing a portion of the New Testament to memory. They thanked me heartily for the great improvement in their families, and said, they now perceived how much they had before neglected them, and promised to learn what they could, if I would set them a task for themselves. Many have, through these means, come to the knowledge of their Saviour; and have renounced the world, perceiving that the love of God and love of the world cannot exist together. Many asked me the meaning of particular passages, thus showing that they thought upon what they learned.

But now I was in a difficulty; my claims on my friend's purse had already been so large that I could not expect a continued supply from her; but I could not bear to refuse the people. Sometimes, when at a great loss, I made known my wants to other good friends, who would give me a few kreuzers or florins; but still I hardly obtained enough to pay the expenses of carriage; so nothing remained but to apply again to the same source, from which I always obtained the needful aid. I carried on the work with this lady till the number of learners in eighty-five places amounted to two thousand one hundred and sixty-one. But at length my friend told me that I must try to find help from some other source, for she could not possibly continue to defray the whole expenses. This pierced me to the heart; for her liberality had enabled me to give the word of God to so many people, and, among others, to those of two Roman Catholic villages. Now, who will help me out of my difficulty? Many have suggested, that the expenses might be lessened by allowing the children to pay half the cost of the Testament; but I have not found this to answer, having seldom obtained more than a small number of learners when it has been proposed. Besides, it is a greater achievement to get many people, especially those who are not very poor, to learn a long Epistle, than to give a few kreuzers. I therefore think it best to adhere to the old plan; but to do this I must have help—and may the Lord of the work send it to me speedily!

PRAYING IN THIBET.

People in Heathen countries feel that they ought to pray; and as they do not know the true God, they pray to false gods. Have you ever heard how the natives of Thibet pray? Poor
people! they have never had the Bible; so they do not know what real prayer is, or how to worship God with the heart. I will tell you what a traveller says about their prayers. After describing the way in which they make paper, and then print it, he says:—

But what do you think had been printed? Each sheet contained one hundred and thirty repetitions of the one mystical sentence, that goes up, morning, noon, and night, from men, women, and children, aided by all the lamas and prayer-wheels in Thibet, *Om mani-pani om*; which means, "O may I be absorbed into Buddh." (Buddh is their God.)

In the printing-room was a cylinder, six feet in diameter, which turned by a handle: four sheets of the papers were pasted together, and ten thousand of them, so pasted, were put into the cylinder, to make a large *mani-pani*; and this being turned round twice in a minute, the people supposed that in one hour are offered six hundred and twenty-four millions of prayers; in a day, fourteen thousand nine hundred and seventy-six millions; in a year, nearly five and a half billions: and they also believe that, according to the number of prayers thus offered, is the degree of holiness attained by the devotees who place them in the wheel, even while they are eating, drinking, and sleeping.

Mr. Huc tells us, that smaller prayer-wheels than this, called *tohu-kors*, may be found in every brook in Thibet and Tartary, left to be turned by the waters; in every tent, hung where the draughts of wind will keep them going; within the temples, and in niches outside the temples, where each passenger may give them a turn as he passes by. Sometimes, whole rows of these praying-machines are kept revolving by the breeze, like windmills; and, as if this were not enough, at the entrance of every town and village is found, in another form, a *mani*; a kind of causeway, generally from four to six feet high, roughly built up of the stones that lie around; its flat, or slightly-sloping, roof covered with pieces of slate, on every one of which a lama has been asked to write, *Om mani-pani om*. Sometimes this *mani* is half a mile long. If a childless man wishes for a son, the traveller for a safe return, or a shepherd for the safety of his flocks, he deposits his praying-slate on the *mani*, and is sure that his prayer will be heard.

*The Book and its Missions.*
A NEW SONG.

The Bible tells us of a "new song." And when good people die, we sometimes say, "They have begun to sing the 'new song.'" It is pleasant to think that our friends who have gone from us, because God took them, have joined that blessed choir. They even who never praised God with their voices in his earthly sanctuary, have a place among those who say, "Thou hast redeemed us to God, by thy blood, out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation!"

But people sometimes begin a new song in this world. In Heathen lands it is so; and very pleasant it is to see such things. Missionaries are greatly cheered, when they find persons casting aside their old songs, and learning something better. A good man in India once had this pleasure. A poor woman, who had sung Heathen songs all her life, was heard singing a hymn of her own composing. And what do you think it was? You will not suppose that she had found out such sweet words as you have learned: but for an ignorant Hindoo you will think it very good. Here it is:—

To my poor house a stranger has come,
Even King Jesus, the Beloved of Heaven.
I run to bid him welcome!

With gods of stone what more have I to do?
I clasp my Saviour's feet;
My soul clings to Jesus.

The Lord of all is my Father now;
Jesus is my brother now;
I shall not want.

Since I clasped thy feet to my bosom,
Rich, rich am I, O Jesus;
O, leave me never!

---

CONTENTS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Preparation for burning a Hindoo</th>
<th>The Bible Learners in the Black</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Widow .................................</td>
<td>Forest, Germany ..................</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Does Jesus love the Jews? ........</td>
<td>Praying in Thibet ...............</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Maria Wilson ..........................</td>
<td>A new Song ........................</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Out-Door Preaching in India........</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

LONDON: PRINTED BY JAMES NICHOLS, MOXTON-SQUARE.
THE WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.
MAY, 1856.

TRAVELLING IN HUDSON'S BAY.

The mode of travelling in the Hudson's Bay Territory is novel, and for the most part dangerous. In the summer it is in boats or canoes; in the winter season it is in sledges drawn by dogs, or on foot, with snow-shoes. But the summers are short, and the time for voyaging is short also; and, during the greater part of the year, all travelling is either on foot, with snow-shoes, or in sledges drawn by dogs.

How should you like to travel as the man in the sleigh does, lying down, and well wrapped in furs? The dogs seem to be going on very nicely, and well pleased to trot along over the snow. Good dogs! they are very useful to the people who live at Hudson's Bay. Mrs. Brooking says, "Our dogs do our work;" and so they are very careful to feed them; and sometimes go without food themselves that they may give food to their dogs: they feed them mostly on fish. The Indian who goes behind has got on his snow-shoes: these are made of two pieces of light wood, fastened together at both ends, and spread out near the middle; thus making a long oval, the interior of which is filled up by a sort of net-work, made of deer-skin threads: they are from three to five feet long, and from fourteen to eighteen inches wide.

The Hudson's Bay sleigh, or cariole, is made of a very thin board, usually not more than half an inch thick, and twenty or twenty-four inches wide, and ten feet long, turned up at the front two and a-half feet. On this thin and smooth platform is built a box of very light wooden frame-work, covered with the skin of animals, leaving a sufficient space behind for the traveller's trunk. These sledges are drawn by four, six, or eight dogs, and attended or driven by two Indians—one of them going before the dogs to guide them, the other following the sledge to steady it,

VOL. XIII.
and keep it from upsetting. With such a team, travellers journey thirty, forty, and fifty miles a day; and they have been known to make over sixty miles in a day.

**PITY FOR THE HEATHEN.**

**THE DYING GIFT OF A SUNDAY-SCHOLAR.**

Elizabeth Duncan was for some time a scholar in the first class in the Newark Wesleyan Sunday-school. Her regular attendance, serious deportment, and desire for spiritual instruction were very gratifying to her Teachers.

This dear girl was much attached to the Sabbath-school. When declining health prevented her being there, she always expressed great sorrow. Her kind Teachers have reason to believe that their efforts and prayers on her behalf were not in vain; but, by God's blessing, were the means of salvation to her immortal soul. She often expressed a wish to become a Teacher in the school; but an unerring Providence ordered otherwise; for at the age of fifteen she was called out of time into eternity. Her father, who was colour-sergeant in the Royal Nottinghamshire militia, was removed with his regiment to Ireland, on the 27th of last December. They had only been two days at Athlone when Elizabeth was taken so much worse as to be confined to her bed. She sank very rapidly, and died on the 1st of January; her dying words were, “Dear Jesus, receive my soul.” A few hours before her death, she requested her love might be sent to her companions in the Sabbath-school, and hoped they would follow her to Jesus. She also desired her love to her Teachers, with many thanks for the valuable instructions she received whilst under their care.

Whilst she felt the blessedness of the Gospel herself, she was anxious that others should experience its saving power; and manifested her love to the perishing Heathen by frequently dropping her pence into the Missionary box; it being a custom in the Sunday-school to call the attention of the children on the Sabbath afternoon to the subject of Missions, when the box is handed to those children who are wishful to present their free-will offerings: also, by her dying request, that the whole of her money, her own savings, amounting to £1, might be sent to Newark and put into the Wesleyan Sunday-school Missionary box on the first Sunday in the new year.
DESIRE OF THE TURKS TO READ THE SCRIPTURES.

"Where Stamboul's towers are gleaming,
With crescent lifted high,
The cross of Christ is beaming
Amid the eastern sky."

The Lord can bring good out of evil. We all know what an evil thing war is. I will tell you of some good that is doing in Constantinople, since so many Englishmen have been there, in consequence of the war: The people of Constantinople, who are mostly Moslems, or Mohammedans, are beginning to read the Bible; and the Bible is sold there openly. A few years ago, professing Christians used to tremble before the Moslem, and with fear spoke of their religion; now they may talk about Christianity as much as they like. The Turks, since they have mixed more with the English, have begun to think more favourably of the Christian religion, and to doubt if their own religion is the best. A Turk, the other day, asked another what he thought of the Koran (the Koran, you know, is their Bible). He frankly answered, "It is false!" This was said to a noble-looking, tall, white-turbaned, grey-bearded Turk. This Turk had gone to a Missionary and inquired for the Testament that the English Priests were selling all over Constantinople. The Missionary gave him one. "Ah," he said, "that is it." He put it under the folds of his garments, saying, he should read it carefully. A man has been employed to sell the Scriptures in Turkish on the bridge between Galata and the city, where there is a ceaseless throng of people passing to and fro. He has sold a great many. He keeps no other books in sight; and he cries out to the
Moselems passing by, "Holy book! take it; take it!" They often turn round and look at the books, always with respect. Another man, a Moselem, asked the Missionary for leave to open a stall for the sale of the Turkish Scriptures in the great bazaar in the city.

CHRISTMAS JUVENILE OFFERING FOR 1855.

You will be pleased to hear that the Christmas Juvenile Offerings this year amount to more than they ever did before—six thousand three hundred pounds have been collected by the children for the Missions.

It is an offering well pleasing in the sight of God; and the many instances of good done in foreign lands, of which you are constantly reading in this Magazine, show that your efforts and prayers are not in vain. I have just received a letter from Feejee, and you will see that some of the little Feejee children are following the good example of the children of England.

I was very pleased, says Mrs. Collis, to find in one of the Numbers of the "Juvenile Offering," a short time since, that the little children of South Africa had been helping forward the cause of Missions, by way of their "Christmas and New-Year's" contributions; and I thought your readers would like to know the little Feejeeans in Lakemba have begun to do something. On the first Wednesday after New Year's-day, one hundred and eighty-one of the children connected with the schools in Lakemba brought or sent to us their "offerings," consisting of native cloth, reeds, which we require for fencing in our houses, a little oil, and a mat, altogether amounting to £1. 2s. 6d. We had told them what the children in England were accustomed to do, and explained to them the purposes to which these moneys were applied, and they soon made up their minds to help also. I am sorry to say, however, that the children of Tubou, the chief city, on whom so much labour has been bestowed by the Missionaries, did not participate in this desire to do good, and contributed nothing. We hope by the time New-Year comes again, they will endeavour to do better.

Nandy, Feejee Islands, October 29th, 1855.
METHODOISM IN FEEJEE.
FROM A LETTER FROM DR. HARVEY.

If you wish to know, says Dr. Harvey, what the Wesleyans are doing at Feejee, get Mr. Robert Young's "Southern World." It gives a true picture of the state of society two years ago; but the last year has been a very eventful one. Heathenism is fast breaking up, and thousands more than can be supplied with Teachers are anxious to be. They now count the attendants on public worship at thirty thousand—being more than treble what they were last year. Yet, with all this, the Heathen cruelties exist close up to the Nandy Mission, though that has been open for seven years. A few days before we arrived two instances of cannibalism occurred close to the village. In one case the Missionary was successful in getting the people to give up a part of the cooked body for burial; but in the other they refused insultingly, beginning to eat the flesh off the limbs in the very presence of the Missionary.

AN ACCOUNT OF WONG-KA-MAMA; OR, MRS. WONG,
A CONVERTED CHINESE WOMAN; AS RELATED BY MR. BRIDGOMAN, AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY.

We baptized yesterday Wong-ka-mama, which, in plain English, is "Mrs. Yellow." Wong is the name of her husband's family; and we may write, therefore, instead of Wong-ka-mama, the more simple name of Mrs. Wong. Her husband is a sea-faring man, aged fifty-four. They have but one child, a son, thirty-one years of age, who follows the business of his father. They have one grandson, a lad about thirteen years old. When the rebellion broke out here two years ago, this whole family, with one of the grandparents, resided in this city, Shanghai, not very far from the house of one of the Missionaries. One day Mrs. Wong was passing the door of his house, when he was preaching, and heard him speak of Jesus, and of his dying to save men from sin and misery. That sermon seems to have led to the change in her mode of life.

The family, like many others, was driven from the city by the civil war. In order to carry on his business, Mr. Wong hired a house in a neighboring town, on the river below this city; but
his son and his aged father were both confined within the walls of Shanghai. As women were allowed for a season to go in and out of the town, Mrs. Wong often, in passing from the house in the city to the one in the neighbouring town, came to our house; sometimes she would tarry two or three days and nights. In this way she came to learn more of the plan of salvation. There were others, during the troubles, going and coming; but she was found to be exceedingly attentive, and always deeply interested at the hour of worship. About this time the Rev. Mr. Wight, then living with us, at her solicitation, succeeded in rescuing her son from the city; but not long afterwards, by some accident, the house was set on fire, and the infirm old man, the grandfather, more than eighty years of age, perished in the flames.

No longer having any one in the city to care for, and her husband and son being much abroad, Mrs. Wong became a more constant attendant on the means of grace. At my first conversation with her, more than a year ago, I found her apparently a decided Christian. Her purpose to follow Christ and serve the true God has continued unshaken. As is often the case with Chinese women, she has a great deal of character; but she is exceedingly illiterate. Her ignorance is surpassed only by her determination to live and die a disciple of the Lord Jesus.

Since the recovery of the city by the imperialists, the family has commenced rebuilding their house, and this has brought Wong-ka-mama back again to Shanghai. She superintends the building. Her husband allows her to act as she pleases in religious matters; but her son opposes and ridicules her, as do some of her other relatives. This opposition brings out more fully her Christian character.

The son, who provides the money for rebuilding, insists on having all idolatrous rites and usages preserved in his part of the house; she, however, succeeds in having her part cleared of all these vanities. I have repeatedly been at her new home. Mrs. Bridgman has also been there twice, and arranged for a weekly visit. These visits have been made, partly in order to bring her neighbours and friends to some knowledge of the Gospel, but chiefly for the purpose of instructing and encouraging this resolute believer.

Her deportment yesterday, when she was baptized, and her answers to all the questions put to her, were perfectly satisfactory. She seems readily to comprehend the nature and force of the Christian doctrines; but it is almost impossible for her to commit
to memory even the whole of the Lord's Prayer. In her way, however, she seems constant at her devotions; and for that purpose she had prepared a "closet" in her new house. Her little grandson, who is now sick of a fever, has learned by her example to say, in his own tongue, *Tien long ko ya*, or, "Father in heaven."

---

**THE SACRED WATER-CARRIER.**

The man with a bamboo across his shoulders has a chatie or earthen vessel suspended at each end of the bamboo with coir rope, one of which contains water from the Ganges, and the other some of the mud of the same river. He may have journeyed thousands of miles to procure the water and the mud, and intends them either for sale, or carefully preserves them for the benefit of himself and relatives. The water is holy, and is thought to possess infinite virtue. The mud is also sacred and very precious; by a timely use of it the Hindoos believe an immortal being may make propitiation for his soul, and secure eternal happiness. Happy is the individual who possesses both these relics from the Ganges; and happier he who has some friend to fill his mouth with them while he is dying. These ceremonies performed, he anticipates nought but bliss. The sorrowing relatives are also comforted with having secured so much for their deceased friend. Often the mud is put into a mould, representing an eastern funeral, and is sold in thin dry cakes to the anxious purchasers. Dear children, have you no cause for gratitude that you have not been taught to attach such merit to the mud of the river Thames?

Tell me, then, who hath made you to differ? Great are your privileges: great also will be the account to be given of them.
PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPES FROM SERPENTS.

One Sabbath afternoon Mr. Griffith was in his study in Jaffna, preparing for his evening service, and, requiring a little additional light in his room, he turned one of the Venetians, when a snake thrust his head between a Venetian, and was within five inches of Mr. Griffith's forehead, when he suddenly started back and summoned assistance. The snake was killed, and found to be of a very venomous kind.

Shortly before we left Jaffna, one evening Mr. Griffith received a note, and, the light being rather dim, he went close against the table to read it. While doing so, a native man, standing in the verandah, exclaimed, Pambu, ayah, pambu, "Snake, Sir, snake!" Mr. Griffith was so close up to the table, he could not look around without moving his feet. Not knowing where the snake was, he calmly inquired, "Where, where?" One who was present saw the creature between his feet, and exclaimed, "Leap backwards, he is between your feet." This request was quickly obeyed. The servants heard the cry of Pambu, and were soon present with sticks, and succeeded in killing him also.

Thirteen months ago I was sitting in the Point Pedro Mission-house, near a window, and seeing something twisted in and out of the Venetians, I thought an idle person had, for lack of better employment, amused himself with twisting a piece of cord in and out. Without a moment's reflection, I resolved to remove the cord; and, approaching very near, you may imagine, if you please, my horror in finding the fancied rope was a podiyan pambu, the bite of which would have caused my death in a very short time. My screams soon brought assistance. The creature was frightened, rushed down the Venetians, and then about the room I was in, trying to escape. His efforts were vain; as we conscientiously kill all snakes whenever we have the opportunity of doing so.

A few days either before or after the above escape, I was washing my hands, and I was induced to look under the table. I know not what made me do so, as I was not then thinking of snakes. However, I was again shocked by seeing one about the distance of a foot from the place where I had stood the moment before.

I knew one individual who suffered painfully from the constant
dread he had of coming in contact with these venomous reptiles. He was a slave to fear; and felt it necessary to pray earnestly that he might be delivered from such distressing fear. His prayer was heard; and his prayer was also remarkably answered by the prayer-hearing God, who never turns a deaf ear to entreaty for help from Him. This individual is now labouring in the Mission field, mercifully freed from the perpetual fear he previously endured. Learn from this fact, dear children, that any trouble, however small, may be safely taken to the throne of grace; for nothing is beneath the care of Him who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

THE MACEDONIAN CRY.

"Come over and help us."—Acts xvi. 9.

DEAR Saviour, when with pitying ear
This weeping, helpless cry I hear,
My trembling spirit turns to Thee
And whispers, "Here am I—send me!"

O, echo of a world's strong cry—
"Come over—help us, or we die"—
I hear my Saviour's voice in thee,
And murmur, "Here am I—send me."

These humble feet may never roam
Beyond my sweet, my mountain home;
Yet still my willing prayer may be,
"My Saviour, here am I—send me."

"Send me"—by patient, noiseless deeds,—
By treading where Thy guidance leads;
I need not cross the swelling sea
To prove my earnest cry, "Send me."

"Send me"—by love, by zeal, by prayer!
"Send me"—or how, or when, or where!
For still my earnest cry shall be,
"My Saviour, here am I—send me."

Caroline A. Briggs.
NEWS FROM HUDSON'S BAY.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

As we are daily expecting the winter "Express" to pass up, I write a line, knowing well you will be pleased to hear how we are getting along in this far-off land.

I am just returned from my usual winter walk, a distance of two miles on the frozen river. In consequence of the immense quantity of snow that has already fallen, we have only a narrow track, barely wide enough for one person to walk, made by the dog-sleds in hauling home fire-wood. The first fall of snow commences in October, and it will not be off the ground again until the end of May; so that we have eight months of winter. I am sure the mere thought of this will chill you; but we have to endure the reality: indeed, I do not think I could stand the rigour of the climate, but for the use of the cold bath and outdoor exercise. Our dear little girl is growing away nicely, and enjoys herself amid all her privations. I feel very much sometimes for her, when she asks me for some little things, such as I was accustomed to give her in Canada, and I have not got them to give. I can assure you the sacrifices we have made are great; yet I do not repent, but would do just the same over again. It is an honour to be engaged in such a noble enterprise, and encouraging to witness daily the great changes which our holy religion is effecting in the lives of these once degraded people. In the space of eighteen months, fifty Indians have professed to have found peace with God, and are formed into a Christian church, besides some forty others who were off hunting when the classes were formed, but who have renounced Heathenism, and have been baptized. I hope our people will not suffer much from hunger this winter, as the fishing turned out better this fall than last. Our school is still progressing, though slowly. Mr. Sinclair cannot get along as he could wish for want of books, and all he has to teach them is the old stock we found here. Owing to the late arrival of the ship, we could not get our cases brought up: it will be June before we shall receive them. We are badly off ourselves for want of clothing, not having received anything since we left Canada, and not being able to purchase anything suitable here.

We have some very interesting young people on our Mission, who are attaching themselves to us, and are daily growing in my esteem; twelve of our school children are meeting in class, and
delight much in the worship of God. I have known some walk miles with their snow-shoes on a Saturday night when they have been off hunting, to attend the services on the Sabbath-day. I may mention two cases which will interest our juvenile Collectors.

THE TWO LITTLE CRIPPLES.

The lame boy I mentioned before as being friendless and helpless, is now much worse, too weak even to use his crutches. We have taken him into our kitchen altogether, so that I might see that he does not want for anything. He is very grateful, and when I go into the kitchen, he always looks so pleased, and tries to raise himself to look into my face; he is very happy, and willing to die; frequently, when he has been in pain, I have seen the tears roll down his face; but never heard a murmur or complaint. During his intervals of pain he is either singing his favourite hymn,—

"When I can read my title clear,"
or reading some of his books. The other is a little girl named Sarah Case, who is a cripple also, and is about ten years of age. She is very clean and neat in her person, and very industrious. I have seen quite twenty patches on her old frock. Her parents are old, and dependent on their children for everything, so that Sarah has very little clothes to screen her from the piercing cold. If some of our young people at home could be fully brought acquainted with our want of clothing for our poor shivering children, they would send us a good supply of frocks, petticoats, and little warm hoods and shawls. Such is Sarah’s love for school and the worship of God’s house, that she has crept on her hands and knees when she could not use her crutches; and her deportment in the sanctuary would be a pattern for many older people in my own native land.

A DAY’S WORK FOR A MISSIONARY’S WIFE.

The 14th of September was one of the busiest days of my life. Early in the morning I was called by one of our Assistant Class-Leaders, to see his infant son dying. Never did I witness stronger natural feeling than little Samuel’s parents manifested; but they were Christians, and were resigned to the will of God. After breakfast, one of the child’s relatives
brought me the corpse, asking me to dress it, which I did, and laid him in a nice little coffin Mr. Brooking had made. I then had to hasten to bake upwards of fifty cakes, as our school was to be examined in the evening. At two p.m seven couples were married, who had been living together in an unmarried state; but I was disappointed in not having rings for the women. This was a very interesting sight, and made me very happy, as I had been labouring hard for a long time to gain their consent. Immediately after this ceremony, the school was examined; and the children did well, many of them reading fluently in the New Testament. Then followed the burial of the child, after which the Indians returned to see their children get their tea. A happier group was never seen, I believe. Thus ended one of the happiest days of my life.

I need not say how glad I should be for anything you can beg for our Mission. I should be glad of some crockery, and a few common table-lamps. Last winter I used to have a night-school: as you are aware, the nights are very long; not having more than six hours of daylight, we can do a great deal by candle-light; but this year, owing to the failure of the buffaloes, we have very little tallow, so that we are obliged to put ourselves on an allowance of candles. Of course, we make all our own candles. We can get plenty of oil from the different kinds of fish; therefore a useful table-lamp would be very acceptable.

If we do not get more books and school-materials, we shall be obliged to close the school for want of books; our own stock of writing-materials are done.

_E. Brooking._

_Oxford-House, December 6th, 1855._

---

**CONTENTS.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Travelling in Hudson's Bay</th>
<th>Page 49</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Pity for the Heathen</td>
<td>Page 50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Desire of the Turks to read the Scriptures</td>
<td>Page 51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christmas Juvenile Offering for 1855</td>
<td>Page 52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Methodism in Fejee</td>
<td>Page 53</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

An Account of Wong-ka-mama; or, Mrs. Wong | Page 53 |

The Sacred Water-Carrier | Page 55 |

Providential Escapes from Serpents | Page 56 |

The Macedonian Cry | Page 57 |

News from Hudson's Bay | Page 58 |

---

_LONDON: PRINTED BY JAMES NICHOLS, HOXTON-SQUARE._
SHIP RUNNING AGAINST AN ICEBERG IN HUDSON'S-STRAITS.
THE

WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

JUNE, 1856.

MR. RYERSON'S PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE FROM AN ICEBERG.*

An iceberg is a mountain of ice, as the name signifies: *berg means "mountain." These mountains of ice are often seen in the Atlantic Ocean, and about the coast of Greenland. Ships are often in great danger from these icebergs, as you will see when you read Mr. Ryerson's account of his escape. These icebergs are supposed to be formed on the shores of the islands and continents in the Arctic Regions; the summer sun melts the snow in these parts, which runs in little streams to the shore, and collects in the deep bays inclosed by high rocks. This clear water soon freezes, every year brings a fresh supply, till, after a very long time, perhaps many hundred years, the icy mass gets as big as a mountain. In the mean time the agitations of the sea gradually undermine the icy mountain, till at length, when it has reached the height of one thousand or even two thousand feet, it is torn from its frozen chains, and falls with a mighty crash into the sea. This mighty launch now floats like a lofty island on the ocean, and is driven by winds and currents to the wide Atlantic. It was such an iceberg as this that Mr. Ryerson found they were near when on his passage to England from Hudson's-Bay. Sometimes masses of such enormous size are met with, that the Dutch seamen compare them to cities. It is only a small part of the iceberg that appears above the water: it is calculated that about one-tenth rises out of the water, the rest is sunk in the sea.

Now read Mr. Ryerson's own story:—

* Mr. Ryerson was on his way to England after visiting the Missions in Hudson's-Bay.

VOL. XIII.  G
Sabbath, the 1st of September.—Last night at twelve o'clock we came within a hair's-breadth of being destroyed by coming in contact with an iceberg. There was a thick white fog on the water at the time, and the first the watch saw of the iceberg was the dashing of the waves against its side. We were then within a few rods of it, and going at the rate of between six and seven knots an hour. The watch sprang from the bow on the deck, and at the top of his voice cried, "Breakers ahead—down with the helm—hard up!" The ship instantly obeyed the helm, and this saved us; had we been one rod nearer to the iceberg when it was discovered; or had there been one half-minute's more delay in giving the command; or the ship have been one atom more tardy in obeying the helm—we should have gone with our bow directly against the iceberg, in which case all agree that nothing could have prevented the instant destruction of the vessel; and, as the Captain afterwards said, in five minutes not one would have been left to tell the tale of the sad disaster. As it was, when the ship came in contact with the iceberg, she was turned perhaps one quarter round, and therefore struck with the cheek of her bow, and keeling over a little, raked along the side of it, the collision breaking to atoms and carrying away the "cat-head," the spritsail-yard, the b unins, the Captain's boat, called the gig, the bulwarks, or the frame or cap of them—a piece of timber of strong oak, between eight and nine inches square. The cat-head is a piece of timber of strong oak, twelve or fourteen inches square, projecting two-and-a-half or three feet out of the quarter-bow; this was broken off as smooth as though it had been sawed off. Indeed, the collision made clean work of it, not leaving a thing, from stem to stern, projecting beyond the hull of the vessel. Pieces of ice broken from the iceberg fell on the deck of the ship. I felt anxious to preserve some of them; but this I had no means of doing. The iceberg was as high as the masts of the vessel, and supposed to be near two acres in surface. The side which the vessel struck was smooth or even, or comparatively so: this was most fortunate; for had it been otherwise, we should still have been broken to pieces, or, at least, our masts would have been broken away. The crash, as it was, was tremendous. When the bulwarks gave way, the sound was as though the ship was breaking in two; and then the noises, terror, and excitement attendant on the occurrences of those fearful fifteen minutes, I will not attempt to describe. All the days of my life will I render praise-
and thanks to the Supreme Being, for the peace and composedness of mind he gave me during the trying crisis. Through this day the Captain and all hands have been hard at work, endeavouring in some degree to repair the injury sustained by the ship, through the sad occurrences of last night. The wind is high, and directly against us; we are making, perhaps, no progress, but are beating about to avoid the icebergs with which we are surrounded; for two or three hours we have been near the monster iceberg we struck last night; it almost makes one's blood freeze in the veins to look at its bold front of breastwork, seventy-five or a hundred feet above the water; it appears to be nearly four-square. There are now in sight thirteen icebergs: they surround us on every side, like herculean beasts of prey, waiting to swallow us up.

By the good providence of God the ship was carried through all the dangers that surrounded it, and arrived safely in England.

---

SOMETHING ABOUT MRS. LITTLE'S SCHOOL IN BANGALORE, INDIA.

When Mrs. Little went to Bangalore, about two years ago, she was very anxious to begin a girls' school. You have heard a great deal about the degraded state of the females in India; but you cannot tell how ignorant and degraded they are, nor how much they are to be pitied, unless you were to go and live among them, and see for yourselves. The Missionaries' wives are so sorry for the little Hindoo girls, that, whenever it is possible, they try and get them together to teach them.

Well, Mrs. Little began her school. One difficulty at the beginning was, want of money to support the school. She was helped in this by some ladies in Islington, London, who sent her a box of very nice presents. These were sold in Bangalore, and the money got by the sale was enough to enable her to carry on the school for eight months. When these kind friends of the little Indian girls hear how much good has been done in the school, they will think that both their time and money were well spent.

The school was begun the 2d of September, 1855: there are forty-two scholars, eleven of them are Christians, sixteen Heathens, and the rest Roman Catholics. "We might have a larger school," says Mrs. Little, "but at present there are as many as I can support." I hope it will not be long before Mrs. Little gets
money enough to take all the girls who are willing to come. You can scarcely imagine how fond these children are of their school.

**THE LITTLE GIRL WHO LIKED HER SCHOOL BETTER THAN HER BREAKFAST.**

Her name is Vey-ar-ga-lum. One morning in school little Vey-ar-ga-lum fainted; when she recovered, Mrs. Little questioned her, and found she had left her home without her breakfast. When asked why she did so, she replied that her food was not ready, and she was afraid of being too late.

**THE WIDOWED MOTHER CONVERTED BY HEARING HER CHILD REPEAT HER LESSONS.**

This child has, from time to time, on returning home, repeated to her mother, who is a widow, the lessons of the day, with such explanations as were given upon them. These brought new light to her parent's mind, and made her wish to know more of this Jesus, who came as a Saviour to all. For some time she has been a devout hearer at the services of the chapel, and is now, with her daughter, a candidate for baptism. No wonder the Missionaries' wives are anxious to teach the children, when such are the fruits of their teaching. Another girl, named Martha, has been baptized with her mother and brother. These two girls, Mrs. Little says, are never absent from the school.

Now you shall hear what Mrs. Little says of the way in which they conduct the school.

It will be pleasing, perhaps, to you to know something of the conduct and arrangement of our school. At nine in the morning they begin to assemble. At half-past nine the Catechist comes for Tamil prayers with our servants, when all the children join. By ten o'clock the school is properly commenced. Tamil lessons are first gone through, consisting of Scripture History, Conference Catechism, and Tamil Geography; the English department follows, in the same Catechism, easy lessons, and hymns. By a quarter past twelve they march over to our verandah, when I take down their names. They then sing their little hymn,—

"There is a happy land;"

after which one of the first class kneels down in their midst, while they kneel also, and she with them repeats the Lord's Prayer
in their own language. Their dismissal is the signal for going home to dinner, and as they pass they make a little curtsey, and say, "Good morning, Ma'am." At two they return for sewing and crochet-work; some do not get back so early, as they have to go two miles home and the like distance back; and this twice a-day; but as the weather becomes warmer, they will not be able to bear such exertion and exposure to the sun, and I must manage to give them a meal here of their favourite rice and curry.

---

LETTER FROM A NEW-ZEALAND CHIEF TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

MY DEAR FATHERS,—How do you do? This is my first letter to you, the chiefs of the Committee who print the Bibles for all the world, in all the tongues of the far-distant nations who know not the languages which you have learned......You are the gatherers of the languages; you are the dividers of one thousand tongues; you are the translators of the Bible of God; for that is the fishing-net of God, even his Bible which has been translated by you, to enclose all the fish of this world, namely, the men, although of strange tongues and tribes, that they should be together one.

Ministers are the letters-down of the net, and the Bishops are the holders of the stretching-out poles of the net of God, that it should be full of all men who have become Christians. Soon God will collect the good fish, that they may be taken to heaven, but the bad fish will be sent to the renga (place of departed spirits) of pain without end.

My dear fathers in our Lord Jesus Christ, by Mr. Suter is taken this my first letter to you the chiefs of the Committee to print Bibles.

My desire is very great for some books for myself—for two New Testaments. I would like them very much like those which you gave to my friend Tamihana, which I saw in his house; they were bound in leather, and gold was on their sides. Also for the books of the Old Testament, as many as have been translated, I think down to the book of Daniel: if you will be so kind to give me them bound into one book like the English Bibles are. Two books of the New Testament, one for me, and one for my wife;
and two books of the Old Testament, from Genesis to Daniel, bound together, one for me, and one for my wife, that when we die, we may leave them to our two boys.

My friends, if you will give these four books to me, my love will cleave very fast to you, my fathers, and my constant remembrance of you also. Those books shall make me think of you for ever, and ever, and ever. I preach to my people; I shall preach out of those beautiful books which you will give to me.

From your Christian Son,
HOANI WIREMU HIPANGO.

THE TEMPLE DANCING-GIRL WITH HER MUSICIANS.

The picture represents a temple dancing-girl with her musicians. Some of the parents of India and Ceylon consider themselves highly honoured should a daughter of theirs be chosen by the priests to consecrate herself to the temple service as a dancing-girl. These girls are generally very beautiful, and exceedingly graceful in all their attitudes. I know not whether they are forbidden to wander beyond the precincts of the temple, but after twenty-five
years’ residence in those countries I can only testify that I never saw a temple dancing-girl out of a temple unguarded by several individuals, and, even thus, very seldom.

The number of dancing-girls engaged in each temple depends not only on the size, but the fame, of the building. In some of the larger and noted edifices as many as thirty of these beauties may be seen. Their whole duty is to dance before the idols during the performance of all the ceremonies; also, before strangers and visitors to the temple. This may appear to be an easy life to those who are not conversant with the religion of those lands; but during the feasts, which are very numerous, I can assure you it is no easy life to be a temple dancing-girl, blithesome and gay as she may appear to be in the picture. It were vain in me to attempt to enumerate the feast-days and ceremonies of the Hindoos; they occur very often indeed.

Some day hence I may be tempted to give you a few particulars of one or two of the native feasts: just now you will doubtless prefer to hear a little more about the characters represented in the picture. The figure to the right is a man playing on the cymbals, and the one in the centre is the tom-tom beater. Both these musicians (for so we must call them) play on their instruments in harmony with each other while the girls dance. The natives of India say there are two things, and only two things, in which the English cannot surpass them. First, they know not how to make a tom-tom; and secondly, they know not how to sing. Be this as it may, we are happy in having a higher and more admiring opinion of the people of England, and have no hesitation in asserting that our little English readers who are unfamiliar with Indian music, would be greatly surprised to witness the excitement produced by the sound of the tom-tom. You will observe the tom-tom is suspended from the neck by a leather strap, and is beaten with the fingers and palms of the hands.

The white marks you see on the arms, body, and neck are made with holy ashes, and are symbols of Heathenism.

While thinking about the dancing-girl I have been forcibly reminded of a visit I once made in my early days, accompanied by my parents, to the far-famed temple, on the island of Ramisseram. Accident seemed to take us there, as we had no intention of visiting the island when we commenced our journey from Jaffna to Colombo. The dhoney sprung a leak, and was rapidly filling with water, when the tindal, or native captai
A LAMB GATHERED INTO CHRIST'S FOLD.

.......

A LAMB GATHERED INTO CHRIST'S FOLD FROM A HEATHEN LAND.

WRITTEN BY EDWARDS, NATIVE TEACHER, JAFFNA, CEYLON.

SOPHIA WILLIAMS, the daughter of Richard and Mootachy Williams, was born August 24th, 1837. From the first dawn of reason on her infant mind, a seriousness of disposition was discovered in her never taking delight in the silly amusements of
A LAMB GATHERED INTO CHRIST'S FOLD. 69

children. While she was about five years old she was admitted in the Wesleyan Mission Female Boarding-school. The lady who was then in charge of the school, manifested a kindful feeling towards her, and imparted the best and useful knowledge suited to her taste; and her tender mind would admit; and she gave entire satisfaction to the managers and teachers of that institution. As she was advanced in years, so she grew in piety and in the knowledge and fear of the Lord. In the year 1848 it pleased God to call her father from this vain and wicked world. This had a great effect on her mind; and from that time an evident alteration in her conduct was discovered. She seemed to have no relish for those things which too much engage the attention of youthful mind; such as gaudy attire, vain amusements, &c. It was the delight of her soul to read the Bible, and to exhort and reprove her friends. When her mother neglected the family prayer, she showed the necessity of it, so at once brought the whole family to the domestic altar. Her natural disposition was very amiable, meek, gentle, and easy to be entreated, greatly beloved by all that knew her. The latter end of January, 1855, she was attacked of cholera. During her illness one of her friends asked whether she wants English medical help. "No, no!" she answered, "I am resigned to the will of God; let him do what he will. He is the Physician of the body and soul." Her body was found much weaker, but her confidence unshaken. On asking her the state of the mind, she answered, "I am happy; peace and joy fill my poor heart. I have a strong assurance of dwelling for ever with Jesus." When her mother asked her whether she wants to see her Pastor, she replied, "It is too late. Why do you tease him? Jesus, my Divine Pastor, is my comforter and console of my lingering soul. But I have one word to say to the venerable lady, Mrs. Griffith; that is, I have no adequate term to express the grateful feeling which I have for bringing me up to such a blessed state to meet the last foe." While thus speaking, tears of consolation ran down her face, and she said, "It will soon be over. Glory, glory be to God for ever!" About an hour before her death she called her mother and grandmother near to her deathbed, and exhorted to be steady in their faith, and comforted them, and said, "Though death separates for a time, yet we will meet in a place where it has no control." Then she earnestly prayed that the Lord would graciously support her while passing through the valley and shadow of death. A little
A TALE OF TRIAL FROM FEEJEE.

before she expired she looked round with a smile, and said, "It will soon be over. Jesus and my brother are waiting for me." On perceiving the symptom of death, a prayer was read. While it was reading, her happy spirit took its flight, and is for ever safely lodged in the bosom of her Redeemer. Thus died the amiable, pious Sophia Williams, January 19th, 1855, in the seventeenth year of her age. "Blessed are they who die in the Lord."

A TALE OF TRIAL FROM FEEJEE.

When I wrote to you last I was full of hope as to the future. For three months after my return from the voyage to Rotumah, my health was much better, and we recommenced our work in good earnest. But new troubles arose. I had very little domestic help: no nurse for my little boy, and a severe eruption broke out on my hands, which disabled me for more than two months. During this time our new house was being built; and before my hands were well enough to allow me to sew, I painted it throughout, thus hastening our removal to our new dwelling. By the time we had got a little settled, and having obtained more native help, things had assumed a more favourable aspect, and our work was again progressing. But, alas for the uncertainty of all things under the sun! for now another and more formidable ailment made its appearance,—inflammation of my eyes, which continued for five weeks; and my eyes are reduced to such a state of weakness that I am unable to do anything by lamp-light, and also find it necessary to exercise great caution during the day. Our voyage to Rotumah proved so beneficial last year, both to myself and dear babe, that the same remedy is again prescribed, as we are both again in a weak and disordered state,—owing partly, perhaps, to our want of flour for bread, as we have been living on yam and bread made of grated coco-nut and arrow-root, for the last three months.

It is exceedingly grateful to our feelings, in the midst of our trials in Feejee, to know that we have friends in our native land who sympathise with us, and breathe their united prayers on our behalf to a throne of grace. Were it not for this thought, and the Divine support we have, how could we endure? I can say for myself, that, when in health, I can be cheerful and happy, and do enjoy my work; but my heart has often sunk within me in
affliction; and when suffering so much from my eyes, I have had to grope my way, or be led blindfold to my school, and try to instruct them a little, though unable to look at a book, my feelings have overwhelmed me at the thought of being deprived of sight in Feejee. But away with the dark side of the picture—it is only safe to look at the bright side. It is thought that as I regain my strength my eyes will also mend. With Mrs. Polglase’s valuable and regular assistance, I have been able for the last three months to continue all my regular work, with but few interruptions, and am happy to say that the females under our charge are making progress. Our numbers have much increased. We have now above one hundred and twenty under our charge. The weekly routine has undergone no material alteration since last year, except that, in addition, I now attend to the infant department in Mr. Collis’s school on Monday and Friday mornings. I had intended commencing an infant-school on my own responsibility; but my strength would not admit of it. A marked improvement is discovered by the girls of the country towns in the various branches in which they have been instructed, though still, as might be expected, they are not nearly so far advanced as those from the two chief towns, with which Mrs. Lyth and Mrs. Malvern took such pains. These latter have cost us much trouble and anxiety during the year, and it is only lately that we have again had some hope of a few, who have become more steady and serious. We have employed every possible means to induce them to attend our schools regularly, but often without effect. The teaching them fancy-work has, however, accomplished something towards this end, as being a new thing; and their presence and attention once gained, I have then to take advantage of it for better purposes. Enclosed are two specimens of work for your disposal; a few plainer and coarser ones I am sending to the colonies; and, in return, would beg a few friends to interest themselves on our behalf, and obtain some cotton of various sizes, some knitting-pins and crochet-hooks. May I be allowed to drop a hint respecting garments sent as presents to Lakemba? If such garments were cut out and merely placed, ready for working on they would be doubly acceptable. We then should be freed from a little labour in preparing work for our scholars.
OUR REST.

"The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

My feet are worn and weary with the march,
Over the rough road and up the steep hill-side;
O, city of our God, I fain would see
Thy pastures green, where peaceful waters glide.

My hands are weary toiling on,
Day after day, for perishable meat;
O, city of our God, I fain would rest;
I sigh to gain thy glorious mercy-seat.

My garments, travel-worn and stain’d with dust,
Oft rent by briars and thorns that crowd my way,
Would fain be made, O Lord my righteousness,
Spotless and white in heaven’s unclouded ray.

My eyes are weary looking at the sin,
Impiety, and scorn upon the earth;
O, city of our God, within thy walls
All, all are clothed again with thy new birth.

Patience, poor soul, the Saviour’s feet were worn;
The Saviour’s heart and hands were weary too;
His garments stain’d, and travel-worn, and old;
His vision blinded with a pitying dew.

Love thou the path of sorrow that he trod;
Toil on, and wait in patience for thy rest.
O, city of our God, we soon shall see
Thy glorious walls—home of the loved and blest.

CONTENTS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mr. Ryerson’s providential Escape from an Iceberg .......... 61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Something about Mrs. Little’s School in Bangalore, India .... 63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Letter from a New-Zealand Chief to the Committee of the Bible Society .......... 65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Temple Dancing-Girl with her Musicians ................. 66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Lamb gathered into Christ’s Fold from a Heathen Land .... 68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Tale of Trial from Fejee ...... 70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Rest ..................... 72</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

LONDON: PRINTED BY JAMES NICHOLS, NOXTON-SQUARE.
THE

WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

JULY, 1856.

WESLEYAN MISSION PREMISES, SAMANA, ST. DOMINGO.

Samana is a word quite new, I dare say, to the young readers of the "Juvenile Offering." It is the name of a tract of country lying in the eastern part of the island of St. Domingo. A beautiful and spacious bay runs in westward for many miles, varying in breadth from five to twelve miles; and the land stretching along its northern shore forms a peninsula of oblong shape. Sailing three or four miles down this bay, on its northern side, the voyager comes to the town of Samaná, and finds himself within a snug harbour, locked in from the bay by a semicircle of picturesque islets. The assemblage of small thatched houses which forms the town, lies almost on a level with the water, on the other side of the hill upon which our Mission premises stand. The chapel, which you see on the right, is a plain wooden structure, without galleries, which on the Sabbath has a congregation of about one hundred and fifty persons. In the centre is the Mission-house, which is small and roughly constructed, but serves the main purposes of shelter and convenience. On the eminence behind the house stands the building which is used as a school-room, and where about thirty children receive daily instruction. These children mostly live in the town, and speak a corrupt sort of French. Their parents are chiefly Roman Catholics, but very gladly send them to our school, where we strive to teach them the simple and blessed truths of the Gospel. The people are exceedingly poor, and their dwellings have a miserable appearance; besides which, the streets have no pavement of any kind, and the immense quantity of rain which falls makes walking anything but pleasant to those who are so civilized as to require shoes. The whole country to the back of the town is mountainous, a circumstance which
occasions a most extraordinary abundance of rain, which pours down in truly tropical style during the greater part of the year. The members of our church in Samaná live, for the most part, scattered amongst the mountains, and cultivate the “stony ground” along their steep sides. It is a satisfactory thought, however, that the hearts of this people have not proved “stony ground” in reference to “the good seed of the kingdom,” which, by different servants of God, has been plentifully scattered during the last twenty years. Perhaps you will be the more interested in our Samaná Society, when I tell you that they are coloured Americans who came to settle in this country many years ago, so that they and their children speak the English language. The great distances at which these children live away from the town, and the rugged nature of the journey, prevent them from coming to our day-school, except in a very irregular manner, which, you know, is not the way to learn much that is useful. We have a neat little chapel called “Bethesda,” situated right in the centre of this population, upon a lofty hill with deep gorges on either side, affording a wild and romantic prospect. I dare say you remember the promise of God to Israel, “In all places where I record my name I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee.” (Exod. xx. 24.) Well, that promise has been fulfilled many times in this little secluded mountain-chapel, in the conversion of souls to the Lord. Here we are now desirous to commence a day-school, in order to gather in and instruct all those who would otherwise be growing up in darkness of mind, and probably with very little knowledge of Jesus Christ, who died to redeem them as well as you and me. There are between two and three hundred such neglected children in this part of Samaná. We have not far to look for a suitable Teacher; for one is already prepared, and has begun his work; but, in order to retain him permanently, we shall require the help of the Committee; which will, I doubt not, be afforded, if possible.

Think then, dear children, of the wants of “Bethesda’s” school in Samaná; remember how much better the case is with you in happy England, where your advantages for learning are so great; and resolve anew to do all that you can to assist in providing for those who are not thus highly favoured.

James H. Cheesewright.

Puerto Plata, February 5th, 1856.
THE HISTORY OF LITTLE JEJANA.

JEJANA was a little Hottentot girl; she was early left an orphan, and became the servant of a Dutch boor. Of course no one taught her or cared for her. She had never seen a church, nor heard of God, except when his name was taken in vain. One day she went on a journey in a waggon, with her master and mistress, and she came to a town where there was a church. Now her mistress had brought one of her little grandchildren with her, and she wished to have it baptized; therefore she stopped in this town, and, as it was Sunday, she went to church, and she took Jejana there. But she did not let the little Hottentot sit near her. Jejana stood in the aisle. With great wonder she saw the people kneel, and stand, and hear them pray and sing; she knew nothing about the reason of what they did, for she had never been told. At last she saw the Minister get up into the pulpit. She listened while he uttered, with a solemn voice, his short text:—

"I know thy works." She heard him say, that some people did bad works, such as stealing, railing, swearing, and lying. She heard him say again that God was angry with all who did such things. Then she felt very much frightened; she thought the Minister had heard of all her naughtiness; she thought he was looking at her, and she tried to hide herself behind a pillar. She even thought the Minister was God.

When the sermon was over, Jejana followed her master and mistress out of church. The Minister had kindly invited the travellers to dine with him. Jejana helped to wait at dinner, and stood behind her mistress's chair. You may imagine how much frightened she felt when she found herself so near the man she thought was God. She soon found out he was not; but still she was frightened, because she knew there was somewhere a God who was angry at wickedness.

After dinner the Minister began to ask Jejana a few questions. No one had ever asked her such questions before. "Have you been to church to-day?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Did you understand?"

"No, Sir."

"Do you know there is a God?"

"I have often said that name when I swore and cursed, but I know nothing about him; tell me who he is?"
"God is a Spirit. He is everywhere. He hears all you say, and sees all you do. Do you know you have a soul?"

"No, Sir."

"Your soul is in your body; it thinks. Sometimes it feels glad, and sometimes sorry. It can never die. When your body dies, your soul will either be happy with God, or else it will be cast into hell to burn for ever in the fire."

"O, Sir, what shall I do? I have only done naughty things all my life!"

"Come, come, Jejana," said her mistress; and Jejana was obliged to go without hearing another word.

How sad she felt as she was travelling in the waggon! but there was no one to whom she could tell her grief. When she arrived at her master's house, she did her work in the kitchen with a heavy heart. She was afraid God was angry with her, and this made her miserable.

One day she saw an old black man in the kitchen, and she heard him say that he had been to church lately. It came into Jejana's mind to ask him about her soul. The old man kindly listened to the poor child, and gave her this advice:

"Pray to God to help you."

Jejana answered, "Pray! what is praying? Tell me how to pray."

"Go in a place all alone, my child, and say, 'O God, help me; O God, teach me.' He will hear you,—indeed he will."

Jejani was very glad to hear that she might pray, and she did not like to wait a moment; so, putting down the dish that was in her hand, she ran behind a bush, and cried, "O God, help me; O God, teach me; for David says thou wilt."

David, you see, was the name of the old black man. Jejana prayed in his name, for she did not know of the name of Jesus—that name which is above every name, and through which we obtain favour with God.

But God heard Jejana's prayer, and soon he helped her and taught her. How?

It was the custom of Jejana's mistress to read the Bible aloud in the great room where the family sat. Jejana tried to be in the room when her mistress was reading, and she brought hot water to wash her master's feet, just at that time. But her mistress soon forbade her to do this, saying it disturbed her. Are you not surprised that a woman who read the Bible could be so cruel.
But many read that holy book only as a form, or in order to seem good.

One day, however, Jejana was churning at the end of the great room, when her mistress began to read. These words were in the chapter: "Ask, and it shall be given; seek, and ye shall find." On hearing this promise, Jejana cried out, "Whose words are those?" Her mistress answered, "They are not for you." O what a cruel, what a false answer! Jejana believed that those words were for her, though she did not know they were the words of Jesus.

At last she told her mistress that she longed to go to some place where she might learn about God.

"Are you mad, Jejana?"

"O dear mistress! I want to go and learn about God, for if I stay here, I shall die."

"Die, then," said her mistress; "for what are you better than a beast?"

"O mistress! I have a soul; the Minister told me so; and I feel that if I stay here without God, I shall die, and go to hell."

"If you ask again," replied the hard-hearted mistress, "you shall be beaten from head to foot."

Soon afterwards Jejana escaped, and went to the town where she had heard the Minister preach. His text this time was, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

Now Jejana heard how Jesus had died for her upon the cross, and how ready he was to pardon her sins, and to receive her as his child. Now Jejana felt relieved of the burden of sorrow, that had so long pressed her down.

Next day her old master came to the town to claim her as his slave; but when he set the case before the Judge, he could not prove that the poor girl was a slave, (for, in truth, she was not,) and he was obliged to return home without her. Jejana became a servant in a Christian family, and became also a devoted servant to Jesus Christ her Saviour.

Here is an instance of the truth of God's promise, "Ask, and ye shall have."

Far Off.
THE INDIAN WASHERMAN.

Children of the present day may now hear so much of the manners and customs of foreign countries, that I suppose there are not many who are ignorant of the fact that the washing of clothes in most, if not all, of the Eastern countries is done by men. They may, however, be quite as familiar with the mode of washing in India and Ceylon.

To all new comers the first visit of the dobie, or washerman, is very amusing. These men are well known in every establishment, and are more essential to the health and comfort of foreigners than is the laundress to the people of England. As soon as it is known that a lady or a gentleman has newly arrived from England or America, scarcely will twenty-four hours have rolled away before they have the opportunity of engaging the services of every attendant considered necessary in those countries. Amongst the petitioners the washerman will not be found wanting. We first inquire for his characters—many are presented which, of course, recommend him as "the best dobie ever employed;" "he is remarkable for honesty, is more careful of the clothes than any of his fraternity," and has been employed by the professed writers of his characters for many years. We are not bound to believe that the characters were written either by the individuals whose signatures they bear, or that they belong to the person presenting them. Too often have we found to our cost the employed were anything but the characters we supposed.

The dobies of the East, like their-fellow countrymen, do not cumber themselves with many clothes. A piece of native cloth, three or four yards in length, carelessly folded round the waist, and seldom reaching to their knees, is all they consider necessary for their comfort.

They come once a week, bring the clean clothes and take the dirty clothes, which are taken to the public tanks, well known as
the washermen's resort. Large flat stones, varying in size from a
yard to half-a-yard square, generally standing just under water,
a few soap mats, and some fine sand, are all they require. The
articles being sorted, perhaps three men will stand near a large
stone, each holding a maulin dress by the body, and dashing the
skirt on the stone at least a dozen times before they examine it.
When this is done, should no spot be found, the skirt is held in
the hands, and the body is doomed to the same fate. All stains
are literally beat out of the clothes. The three men will wash
for hours at the same stone, and each keep such exact time for
his splash and his dash that they never hinder each other in their
occupation. The garments are spread on the grass to dry. The
dobie having done his part at cleaning, destroying the materials,
they display the articles to the sun to do his part in taking out
the colours. More than once have I known the coloured dress
inquired for, when the dobie has coolly pointed to a white one
and said, "There it is!" A piece of unbleached cloth will be
returned in a week beautifully white, which is done entirely by
the sun.

---

IDOLATRY IN CHINA.

Some years ago, a picture of the Emperor Napoleon was found
in a Chinese hut, and the people were worshipping it as a god! A Missionary at Hongkong used to conduct worship with the
children of his school in a room where there was a clock standing
on the chimney-piece. One of the boys, for a whole year thought
that this clock was the Missionary's god, and that the prayers he
daily offered were addressed to it! Should you not pity such a
people?

---

A VOICE FROM THE OCEAN.

A little girl, less than six years old, was once crossing the
great and wide sea. She used to go to the Sabbath-school, and
earn pennies during the week for the Missionary box. When
upon the ocean, she asked if the Heathen did not need her pennies
as much as ever, and if she could not still earn some for them.
Her mother told her that she could, and proposed that she sh
"SON, GO WORK TO-DAY IN MY VINEYARD."

go down into the lower cabin, twice every day, and sing her baby sister to sleep, and then watch beside her while she slept, because she could not in that place be left alone. The reward was to be a penny a day.

The little girl jumped with joy at the thought of earning so much every day; and in the afternoon she began her task. Her younger sister was laid in her basket, ready for sleep, and she sat down by her to sing. At first the little one laughed; after a while she became restless; but still the penny-earning sister persevered. At length baby’s eyes began to close; and in a few minutes more she was fast asleep. Then the little nurse took her book, and sat there watching for a long time, while the other children were having a fine play upon the deck.

Now, dear little readers, I want you to follow this child’s example: do not stop earning pennies. Do not think, "I earned a penny last week; it is no matter this week." Do not say, "I am this week going away, or have too many other things to do." Not so thought the little girl upon the ocean. Not so does God think and do. He gave you bread to eat last week; and he gives you bread to eat this week.

"SON, GO WORK TO-DAY IN MY VINEYARD."

"Go work in my vineyard;" I claim thee as mine,
I bought thee with blood, thou and all that is thine;
Thy time and thy talents, thy loftiest powers,
Thy warmest affections, thy sunniest hours.
I willingly yielded my kingdom for thee,
Left the songs of archangels, to hang on the tree;
In pain and temptation, in anguish and shame,
I paid thy full price, and my purchase I claim.

"Go work in my vineyard;" there’s plenty to do,
"The harvest is great, and the labourers few;"
There is weeding, and fencing, and clearing of roots,
And ploughing, and sowing, and gathering the fruits.
There are foxes to take, there are wolves to destroy;
All ages and ranks I can fully employ;
I have sheep to be tended, and lambs to be fed,
The lost must be gather’d, the weary ones led.
A LESSON FROM HEATHEN LANDS.

"Go work in my vineyard;" O "work while 'tis day;"
For the bright hours of sunshine are hastening away,
And night's gloomy shadows are gathering fast;
Then the labouring time shall for ever be past.
Begin in the morning and toil all the day,
Thy strength I'll supply, and thy wages I'll pay;
And blessed, thrice blessed, the diligent few
Who shall finish the work I have given them to do.
March, 1856. Margaret.

A LESSON FROM HEATHEN LANDS.

About seven hundred miles from the Cape of Good Hope is a country called Na-ma-qua Land; the people living there are called Na-ma-qua.

Years ago these people were Heathens and savages, living in little huts, and dressed in the skins of animals that they killed in hunting. They knew nothing about God, or heaven, or hell. But the Missionaries came to them, and instructed them, and told them of Jesus Christ and the way of salvation; and now these Namaquas, once so wild and so wicked, are good Christians and Wesleyan Methodists, and some of them very sensible men, as I am sure you will think when I tell you of some of the wise speeches they made at a Missionary Meeting not very long ago. We may learn some good lessons from them.

The Meeting was held at Nisbett-Bath, which is the name of the Mission station. Let us try and fancy ourselves at this Missionary Meeting, and hear what these Africans have got to say about Missions and Missionaries.

Timotheus, holding in his hand a Report of the Cape of Good Hope Missionary Society, gets up and makes a speech. He says:

"I know this, that there is salvation for me, for the blood of Christ was shed for me; and that, although I am a sinner, God is willing to accept me unto eternal life. This encourages me to begin afresh, and leads me to devote myself from this day to the work of God, and to resolve that, as long as I live, I will be his.
A LESSON FROM HEATHEI: LANDS.

This is God's work. It is his will that all people should know his word. We should be willing to assist in this work. In other lands many people assist, and the poor are the great supporters of the work of God. I have seen what poor people have done in Cape-Town. One will catch a fish, another will send some firewood, and another will do a piece of work, to get some money for sending the Gospel to the Heathen. There you can see little boys and girls going about with little boxes, collecting money for the Missionary Society; and this little book tells how much each of them gets in a year. Here are the names. Let us copy their example, let us labour to get something to give."

Cupido Kafir is the next speaker. He said:—

"What was I before I came here? I was a poor, ignorant sinner. I never prayed, my children were not taught, and I lived without God. Now I know God, I pray, and my children are taught. Although I give, I eat, and I am clothed. I will give so long as I live. I see no other way. I give every year, but lose nothing by it. I give to the work of God. I will give with all my heart. I would like to give something for each of my children; but I fear I shall come short. There is that infant that was baptized yesterday, I should like to give something for him; but I shall not be able."

What a pity it is that Cupido Kafir lives so far away! or else we might manage to send him something to give for his little baby.

Frederick Waters spoke:—

"I will say my feelings. I will speak according to God's word. I do not speak from learning or much understanding, but from what I feel in my heart. We have heard the numbers of all the Society, and what these Meetings are for. We used to think, 'Why should I give my cattle to go away to other people, when we get nothing back for them?' We thought so because we did not feel the truth. Afterwards we felt that Christ died for us; then we felt that we could give our oxen, our sheep, and other things; and if we give two oxen and many sheep, yet we suffer no loss."

The Missionary says, that many of these Africans are very covetous; and, perhaps, that is why the speakers say so much about giving. These Nama-quaas are like English people, who have to be reminded very often that it is their duty to give.

Then came Jan Ortman:—
A LESSON FROM HEATHEN LANDS.

"We have the word. But it is not enough for us to have the word. If we are praying people, we must do as we have been done to. We must give as we have received. Other people have souls as well as we. If they do not get the word of God, their souls will perish. Our possessions are all God's. Do not think we get nothing from God. We are born naked, and so have nothing from ourselves. We must help one another. If we do not give, we shall suffer loss ourselves, and be of no use to others. We must not think we have nothing to do with others. We are all God's work. The support of our own Missionary must be a separate thing. Formerly our fathers were like wild beasts; they lived in the bush, wore no clothing, had no waggon, nor horses, nor guns, were ignorant, and were always fighting with each other. What a change do we see now! God has done it. We bury our dead. Our forefathers used to leave them for the lions and jackals. If none of you ever saw anything of that kind, I have. I saw an old woman once left unburied, and the wolves came in the night and ate the body; but we did not think anything about it. You can all give; but you do not want to give. Shame! I know the deceitfulness of you Bundle Zwaarts. You hold yourselves as if you were poor; but you are not so poor as many of the people of other lands who send you the Gospel. And many of you give poor and little things. They that might give oxen give calves and sheep, and they that might give sheep give baasboos and skins, and they that might give skins give nothing at all. I am ashamed of you Bundle Zwaarts; for I know your deceitfulness. I know it altogether."

I hope these Bundle Zwaarts will mind what Jan Ortman said to them; but might he not also say?—"I am ashamed of you English people; for you sometimes give shillings when you might give pounds, or pence when you might give shillings, or nothing at all when you might give pence!"

Abraham Skeyer spoke:—

"I remember the first Missionary Meeting that was held at Damascus, when the late Mr. Hodgson visited this country. I then believed everything that was said, and saw that it was the truth. I said what we must do. Each one must set apart some animals in their flocks, and all their increase, whatever it might be, must be given to the Society. I still say the same. I have always given something, and I give willingly. I do not say, 'O, take
this then, it is only a little thing, I shall not miss it; what a troublesome Society! and so get out of it as lightly as I can; but I give because I feel it to be a duty. We must work for our souls. The body is sustained by work, so is the spirit. Without work the spirit is like a little coal of fire, smothering in a heap of ashes. How can we refuse to give to the Lord? We know what we used to do in former times, and what is still done by many of our people. We did not hesitate to contribute to the support of sin. The works of the devil cannot go on without support. When a fiddle comes to a village, if it is not supported, it soon goes away again. But when the people hear of it, they collect around it, and listen to it, and dance to it, and slaughter; and no one hesitates then to bring his fat sheep and large oxen to support and keep the fiddle. If they were not to do so, it would soon go elsewhere. It is just so with the word. When it comes to a place, it seeks support: the people must gather round it, listen to it, approve of it, and support it. With what? With their faith, their love, their prayers, their obedience to it, and their gifts. They must bring to it their oxen, cows, fat sheep, and whatever they can give; and if they do not support it, it will have to go away. It must be supported. I cannot tell how sorry I am that so many are willing to receive and support a fiddle, and so few are willing to support the word. Look at the liberality with which many give to the fiddle, and at our covetousness towards the Gospel.”

There is another lesson for us:—How much money do some of us spend on our amusements, and how little for God’s work!

At this Meeting eighteen head of cattle, thirty-five sheep and goats, eight wooden bowls, and ten shillings cash, were contributed.
RUINS OF A TEMPLE, DEDICATED TO RUNGA, AT SHINGONA HULLY, MYSORE.
THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.
AUGUST, 1856.

THE FORSAKEN SHRINE.

The picture shows you a Hindoo Temple in ruins; the sketch was taken about a year ago, but the temple has been deserted for some time. About fifteen years ago, when the Rev. William Arthur visited this temple, it was beginning to decay. What follows is Mr. Arthur’s account of his visit there:—

Within sight of the Mission-house, but distant above a mile, stood the village of Shingona Hully, with a temple to Runga, on a knoll a few hundred yards from the gate. About the time of my arrival, the inhabitants of this place declared that they had abandoned idolatry, and would no more honour the temple of Runga. To test their sincerity, Mr. Jenkins one morning asked them whether we might go to the temple. “O, by all means!” “ Might we enter?” “Yes, go where we liked.” “ Might we enter without taking off our shoes?” “Certainly, we don’t care who goes, or how: we have given up the idol.” This was strong proof that their old feelings had vanished; and, accordingly, at the temple we found no obstacle to our entrance. Shod and covered, we passed up through the outer apartment to the sanctuary, where sat the grim image of Runga, incrusted in the congealed oil and ghee of many anointings, with the lightless lamp before him, faded garlands hanging round his neck, loads of dust settled on his person, and part of the roof falling in directly above. No room remained for doubt. The faith which once adored Runga had changed into contempt; and we rejoiced over that forsaken idol, as an earnest of better days. On afterwards inquiring what induced them to withdraw the confidence they had so long reposed in Runga, they answered, “You” (meaning the Missionaries) “told us that the god did not protect us, but that we protected
the god; that if we only left him alone, we should see that he could not take care of himself; and if he could not take care of himself, how could he take care of us? Now we thought that was a buddha matu, (‘a word of sense,’) and so we resolved to see whether he could take care of himself or not; for we felt certain that if he could not take care of himself, it was out of the question that he could take care of us. Accordingly, we discontinued pujas (worship). We soon found he could not keep the lamp burning, nor the garlands fresh, nor the temple clean, nor do a single thing for himself. The lamp went out, the flowers withered, the temple became dirty; and then,” they added, laughing, “the roof fell in just over his head, and there he sat soommanay (‘tamely’) under it; so we saw very well he could not take care of himself.”

Notwithstanding all this, we had some fear that the return of their annual feast-day would revive their love for Heathenish merry-making, with a force too strong for their new convictions. The day came, and we watched the village narrowly. There was no car, no procession, no music; and, when night came, no festival was beaten, no rocket sent up, nor any other sign that it was the day of Runga.

One morning, when preaching in the village, I observed that the old man who used to conduct the services of the temple was not in the congregation; and feeling, for the moment, a suspicion lest he should have returned to his former occupation, I asked, “Where is the pujaari?” A young man instantly replied, smiling, and putting his person, “O he is gone to the fields with the cattle: now that the temple is given up, he must do something for his stomach.”

Arthur’s Mission to the Moscat.

Cruelties of Heathenism.

In this Christian land we are accustomed to do all in our power to make the diseased, the afflicted, the unfortunate, comfortable and happy. We watch at the bedside of our friends when they are sick, and endeavour to restore them to health. When they become aged and infirm, we wait upon them with kindness.

It is not so in Pagan lands. It often happens that when one is sick, or becomes disabled in any way, all his friends-for take-
CRUELITIES OF HEATHENISM.

him, and leave him to perish. If one is sick of any contagious disease, his relatives and friends will be almost sure to forsake him. Perhaps they will carry him into the fields, and there leave him to die, or to be devoured by the wild beasts. Nothing is more common than for such persons to be forsaken in this way.

In many parts of the Heathen world, no one is permitted to die in the house if it can be helped. The people have a superstitious fear that leads them to carry out any one who is likely to die. It is customary for those who live in the neighbourhood of the Ganges to carry all such persons, and lay them on the banks of the stream, and there leave them. This river is one of their gods; and they think it very fortunate to expire in sight of it. If any one who has been left to die should get well and return to his house, he could not enter it, or claim any of his property. His friends seize upon all his possessions, and treat him as an outcast as long as he lives. In order to prevent his recovery, they usually remain by him till he breathes his last; and they often suffocate him to hasten his end. An English lady who was sailing down this river one morning, saw an old man lying on the bank with his feet in the water, and his son standing by his side doing something to him. By and by she heard him call to another person at a distance, to come and help him. "I have been here all night," said he, "with my old father; I have filled his eyes and nose and mouth with mud; but he will not die. Come and help me to finish him."

In many other Heathen countries, when people become old and infirm, their relatives put them to death. Sometimes a pit is dug before their eyes; and though they beg ever so hard to be spared, their own children will throw them in, and cast stones and dirt upon them, till they are buried out of sight.

A Missionary in South Africa mentions a petty Chief, who commanded his attendants to take his aged mother into the woods and kill her. They carried her off, and were about to kill her; but she begged so hard to be spared, that they consented to let her go, on condition that she would never come back again. A few days afterwards the Chief met her, and was much enraged that his command had not been obeyed. He seized her and carried her into the woods again, and bound her to a tree not far from his own dwelling, and there left her to perish. In vain she begged to be permitted to live a little longer. In vain she asked
for food, and in the fever of her prolonged sufferings cried, "Water, water, water!" The unnatural son, who lived within hearing of her voice, only answered, as her cries broke on the stillness of the evening, "No, mother, you have lived long enough; you must die." As the night advanced, her piercing shrieks resounded through the forest, mingling with the fierce howls of the hyenas. But they grew fainter and fainter; and when the morning dawned, they were hushed in death.

A NEGRO SERMON ABOUT FINE DRESSING.

Negresses are too fond of dressing themselves fine, especially on Sundays. They like to be seen in white muslin gowns, with gay ribbons and green parasols. Even the men are fond of dress, and try to look like gentlemen. While they were slaves they could not wear clothes like Buckra, (that is, white men,) but now that they are free they can dress as they please.

A Christian Negro saw with great sorrow the pride of his countrymen, and he once spoke to them on the subject in the following plain, though curious, manner.

First, he read this verse of Scripture, "Charge them that be rich in this world, that they be not high-minded."

After reading it, he stopped, and said in a complaining tone, "What for him say, 'Charge dem dat be rich?' We no rich. We poor Nigger. De Buckra—him rich. Nigger make de sugar—Buckra take de money. What for him say, 'Charge dem dat be rich?'"

Then the black man changed his voice, and spoke in a reproving tone: 'You no rich? Make I show you, you rich. You free Nigger now. So you say, 'Me no like round jacket now.' Den you go to one 'tore (or shop). You try one coat—one tail coat. You put him on—you look yourself in glass—you like him. Den you go in one 'toder 'tore—you buy one smart shirt—you no like check shirt now: him good for work Nigger, but free Nigger must have white shirt like Buckra. Den you go up to the 'toder 'tore—you buy one black hat—'De straw hat,' you say, 'no good for free Nigger.' Den you go to one 'toder 'tore—you buy boots. De slave Nigger—him go barefoot,
WHAT LITTLE HANDS CAN DO.

De free Nigger must hab boots, like Buckra. Den you wait till Sunday come—yew put 'em on—yew 'tay till all de people be come. De Minister, him come—hehim begin—den you come. You walk up de aisle—creak, creak, creak. What for you make dat noise? Don't dat pride? Don't dat say, 'See me new coat, hear me new boots?' Don't me one fine gentleman? Don't me rich? Don't dat pride?"  

Far Off.

WHAT LITTLE HANDS CAN DO.

Can a child do as much as the little coral-builders? "Why, yes," exclaims every one: "and more too." Let us see. Imagine that you are sailing upon the South Seas. How beautifully you glide along! The vessel skims the ocean like a swan. But what is that yonder, rising above the billows, like a painted highland? Now it sparkles in the rays of the sun, like a rock of silver; and now it assumes different colours, golden, silvery hues all blending together. Nearer and nearer we come; when, lo, we discover that it is the work of the little coral-builders. Yes, they have thrown up these many-coloured reefs, a little at a time, until we have this magnificent sight. And just over there, beyond that line of reefs, you see that island, covered with tall palm-trees, so green and slender. The foundation of that island, now a fit habitation for men, was laid by the same little creatures. Myriads of them worked away, age after age, until a huge bed of coral became the foundation of the island; then the soil accumulated, and the trees grew, as they are now seen. Would you not be as useful as the coral-builders? You cannot build islands: but you can help the people who live upon them, and those who live in others parts of the earth. A penny is a small sum; but twelve of them make a shilling, and twenty shillings will make a pound. A grain of sand is very small; but enough of them will make a mountain.
AFRICA.

This is the most unhappy of the four quarters of the globe. It is the land whence more slaves come than from any other; it may be called the land of bondage.

It is the hottest of all the quarters of the globe. In many places it seldom rains, and the streams are dried up.

It is less known than any other continent. There are mountains and lakes of immense size, which white men have never seen. The blackest people in the world are born in Africa. All the countries in Africa are either Mohammedan or Heathen,—except
one, that calls itself Christian. But there are a few bright spots where the Missionaries have lifted up the lamp of day, and where God has made the light to shine.

Have you ever remarked the shape of Africa? Broad at the top, it ends in a point. In this respect it resembles a pear, though in other respects of a different shape. The point is called the Cape of Good Hope. It is the most famous cape in all the world. The name "Good Hope" was given it by the first sailors from Europe who sailed by it; they were delighted they had got so far, and they felt a good hope of reaching India; nor were they disappointed in their hope, for that Cape is on the way to India. The places you see marked round the Cape of Good Hope are Mission Stations. There are also Missions at Sierra Leone, and St. Mary's, also at Cape Coast, to the south of Sierra Leone, which are not marked in the map.

---

THE CRY OF THE INDIAN CHILDREN.

Hark! a voice from India stealing—
Children's voices we discern:
Voices sweet and full of feeling,
Such as come from hearts that burn:
"Come and teach us;
We are young, and we can learn.

"From our idols, scorn'd and hated—
Wooden gods that we could burn—
Unto Him whose word created
Heaven and earth, we fain would turn:
Come and teach us;
We are young, and we can learn.

"We have heard of One who never
Little children's prayers doth spurn;
Guide us to His feet, and ever
Heartfelt thanks will we return:
Come and teach us;
We are young, and we can learn."
MISSIONARY DANGERS AMONG THE INDIANS IN NORTH AMERICA.

At the commencement of spring, many years ago, the wood bridge, which crosses the river Thames, and connects the township of Caradoc to Delaware, had been swept away by an unexpected flood, caused by the rapid melting of the snow, so that the banks, to a great distance, were covered, to the depth of sixteen feet, with water, which presented the appearance of an agitated lake. All who wanted to cross the river, were conveyed over in an ill-constructed scow, or ferry-boat. I was going to cross, (says a Missionary,) and had with me two Indian Chiefs, Captain Snake, and William Halfmoon: we reached the opposite side in perfect safety. There were fourteen of us, including the Indians, stowed into this little boat; and, as soon as we reached the more troubled eddy of the current, we were swept along with frightful rapidity, and the oarsmen were not able, by the violence of the current, to avoid the trees and underbrush, which rose out of the deep, when we instantly came against a large willow-tree, which stood out in a horizontal position, and we seized hold of it the best way we could. This was the work of a moment, or we should have been struck down by it into the water. The part of the tree I grasped was a small branch, almost level with the water, my feet sticking in a nest of wild vines which encircled the trunk under water. I was thus immersed almost to my shoulders. One of the Chiefs, Halfmoon, who happened to be nearest to me at the time, caught me by the neck, his feet resting on my knees. The rest of the party held on by the branches and limbs of the tree above the water pretty well, with the exception of four, whose heads only appeared above its surface, yet holding the main stem of the tree, which became level with the water, in consequence of their weight. These poor souls, chilled to the core, dropped off, one after the other, more dead than alive, into the foaming waters; but not before I was able, through the Divine mercy, to address them, as a dying man to dying men, entreating all to commit themselves to the protection of that precious Saviour who died for us, and begging of every man to keep his hold until it should please the Most High
to send deliverance. There was no canoe near the place whence succour could be afforded: the inhabitants who witnessed this frightful catastrophe from the shore could only weep. Being myself ready to sink from exhaustion into a watery grave, like those already recorded, I implored, at length, Halfmoon to swim for the next tree, "And, if successful," I remarked, "you may have an opportunity, by-and-by, to seize me, as I shall be borne along in that direction." His instant reply was, "Yes, my Minister, the Son of Almighty God is good;" and he swam off, striking the water alternately with his hands, after the fashion of a dog, (the Indian mode of swimming,) and succeeded in taking hold of a projecting branch of the opposite tree, to my great relief, and was soon perched upon it. After which, his eyes were fixed upon me, with the intention of giving another proof of his love, by trying to save my life, had it been the will of Providence that I had dropped off.

The villagers had to send, the distance of five miles, a pair of horses and a waggon, to transport a canoe, by which we were taken off, after having been there three hours in the water.

---

WHAT A HEATHEN AFRICAN THINKS ABOUT CHRISTIANITY.

"See," said a poor Heathen African to his Christian brother, "See what your religion costs you: you must buy clothes to wear, and buy soap to wash them, and needles and thread to mend them. You must buy dishes to eat in, and work in the garden just like a woman. You must waste much time in going to meeting, and learning to read; but we live in idleness, which is both agreeable and manly; our wives dig the gardens; instead of buying clothes, we buy cattle; and instead of going to read and to worship, we go to hunt and to dance; and we lie basking in the sun, and take snuff, and smoke our pipes, and drink beer, and do many other things."

Ah, but the Christian African is clean and comfortable and happy, and has the promise of the life that now is, as well as that which is to come.
MOUNG-MOUNG, THE LITTLE BURMESE BOY.

Dr. Judson was one of the first Missionaries to Burmah. After learning the language, he built a sayat, where he used to sit and teach the new religion of Jesus Christ. One day a Burman officer passed with his little son. The child looked into the sayat, and cried, "See; there is Jesus Christ's man. Amai! How white!" And every time they went that way, the child looked in and smiled, and raised his nut-coloured hand to the Missionary, as much as to say, "Good morning, Mr. Teacher; I am glad to see you." The Missionary's heart was drawn towards the child, and he longed to tell him of the Saviour.

At length the Burman and his son stopped at the sayat, and the child brought a tray full of golden plantains, which he placed at the Missionary's feet. "My little son," said the father, "has heard of you, Sir, and he is very anxious to learn something about Jesus Christ. It is a pretty story you tell of that man, and it has quite delighted little Moung-Moung." The Missionary and the Burman had a long talk about the new religion, and all the while the child sat on the mat, listening with all his might. At last he sprang forward, and cried, "Hear, papa; let us both love the Lord Jesus. My mother bowed down to him, and in the golden country she waits for us." It was true; his mother was dead; but before she died, and while Moung-Moung was a baby, he fell sick, and his mother went to Dr. Judson to get medicine for him; which when the Missionary gave her, he gave also the Gospel of Matthew, and said it was medicine for her. She read the book, and found a Saviour; and when she died, she begged the nurse, who took charge of the little boy, to teach him the "Jesus Christ religion;" and as he grew up, the nurse took every opportunity of telling him about the good Missionary, and the little she knew of the wonderful and blessed truths which he taught. Moung-Moung loved to listen; and although his father hated the Christians, he tenderly loved his son, and visited the sayat for his sake. But he never went again; and not long afterward, the cholera broke out, the sayat was closed, and death and wailing reigned everywhere.

One night the Teacher was suddenly called to Moung-Moung's house, from which issued a wild wailing sound, as if death was there. No one seemed to mind the arrival of the foreigner, and he followed the sound until he stood by the corpse of a child. It
was all that was left of Moung-Moung! "He worshipped the true God, and trusted in the Lord our Redeemer," said his old nurse, holding a palm-leaf before her mouth; "and the Lord who loved him, took him home to be a little golden lamb for ever."
"See," said the woman, lifting a cloth from the body, where a copy of the Gospel of Matthew lay on his bosom: "he placed it there with his own dear little hand."

Youth's Dayspring.

LETTER FROM A NEW-ZEALAND CHRISTIAN TEACHER.

O MY DEAR FATHER,—There you are, you and your wife, Here am I, in the verandah, (i.e. all packed up,) waiting for the letter to tell me to start for Opotiki, to prepare the men of that place for the arrival of the Bishop. The letter has not yet come.

We are all engaged in building churches. I have two churches building hereabouts; one is a boarded church, the other is a reed house, decorated after native fashion. Great is the work of the men—great is the gathering. On the day that these churches are raised up, great is the feasting of the Maories.

When we set up the first, three oxen were killed for dinner, and five or six pigs. There were eight hundred men at one dinner, sitting quite quietly in ranks at their food. I said grace. Tomorrow we shall set up the other church here at Te Kawakawa—St. Stephen's is to be the name of the church.

From Rota Waitoa.

11th December, 1855, Te Kawakawa.

PAGAN FASHIONS.

THE Heathen, all the world over, seem to have a passion for disfiguring their bodies. It is a very common practice in the Pacific Islands for them to "tattoo" themselves. The operation is performed with a sharp instrument, having teeth somewhat like a comb, which is driven through the skin with a kind of mallet; and then some dark colouring matter is rubbed into the wounds. In this way the bodies and faces of some of them are completely covered. They also have a custom, in some places, of making
holes through their ears and noses and lips, and filling them with bones and shells and other ornaments. They sometimes stretch those holes so large, that you might almost thrust your hand through them. Many of the natives of New Guinea wear so many things in their noses that they can hardly talk.

---

TO A MISSIONARY LEAVING FIJI.

FORGET not the isles of the ocean,
   The place of your happy abode;
Remember, with deepest emotion,
   The years of your Mission from God!

Regret not the toils and distresses
   Your Master has brought you safe through;
Remember, that all that oppresses
   He suffer'd and conquer'd for you.

He labour'd, He suffer'd, He bled,
   To ransom the guiltiest race;
And spirits unnumber'd have sped
   To live in the smile of His face.

And Fiji, even Fiji, shall shine
   Midst thongs of the holy above,—
Shall beam with the image Divine,
   The lustre and glory of love.

---

CONTENTS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The Forsaken Shrine...............</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cruelties of Heathenism...........</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Negro Sermon about fine........</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dressing..........................</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What little Hands can do..........</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Africa................................</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Cry of the Indian Children...</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Missionary Dangers among the Indians in North America</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What a Heathen African thinks about Christianity</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mouno-Moung, the little Burmese</td>
<td>94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boy..................................</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Letter from a New-Zealand Christian Teacher</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pagan Fashions....................</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Missionary leaving Fiji......</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

LONDON: PRINTED BY JAMES NICHOLS, MITYON-SQUARE.
THE

WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

SEPTEMBER, 1856.

A BAZAAR OR SHOP IN ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL
STREETS OF BANGALORE.

The above sketch, taken in the pettah or native town of Bangalore, is what may be termed a respectable shop: there are some better, but there are many worse. The walls and floor are of earth, the pillars wood, the flat roof is also of clayey earth, well beaten down, so as to exclude the rain, and the front of it is ornamented with alternate streaks of red and white. The inside of the shop is also very different from English ones: there are no windows, nor any protection from the dust: it is all open in the day-time, with merely a mat projecting from the roof to keep off the sunshine, and at night all is secured by wooden shutters. The shopkeeper sits either on the floor of his shop, or on one of the lower shelves, which reach from side to side. He takes this position whether he is a goldsmith, a cloth-merchant, a grocer, or any trade of this kind. The man in the picture is weighing some kind of seed, or hot spices, which the natives use in their curry. In the shop are cocoa-nuts, plantains, rice, some sweetmeats hung on a string, and different kinds of grain in the baskets, which are well smeared inside with cow-dung to prevent the grain and seeds from dropping through.

The woman on the left of the drawing is arranging some sugar-canes for sale. The shop on the right hand is not yet opened, and in the mean time the owner is adding a little sleep to his last night's rest. The man in front is a water-carrier. He has an earthen vessel attached to each end of the bamboo, which he carries across his shoulders.

There are many thousands of monkeys in the pettah; they are very mischievous; but the natives would not kill one on any account. One of those in the picture has been stealing a bit of
sugar-cane from the woman below. With the likeness of this thief I finish my sketch and description. 

Richard G. Hodson.

THE PRAYER ANSWERED.

There was once a little black boy living at Sierra-Leone, who had been rescued from a slave-ship, and taught about God. One day Mr. Thompson, his Schoolmaster, heard him praying in a low voice outside the school-room. This was the little Negro’s prayer:

“Lord Jesus, I thank thee that the wicked men came and took me, and that the English ship brought me here, where Massa Thompson has taught me to read, and to know thee. Let other bad men take away my father and mother, and let an English ship bring them here, that they, too, may learn about thee, and that we may all go to heaven.”

The master was much surprised to hear this prayer, and he thought about it a great deal. That evening, as he was walking by the sea-side, he met the little praying Negro.

In a kind voice he said, “What are you doing here, my boy?”

The little fellow replied, “I have been praying that the Lord Jesus will bring my parents to this place, and I am come here to see whether he has granted my prayer, and brought them here.”

That evening no parents came. The child continued daily to visit the shore, and to watch all the ships that arrived.

One evening he came to Mr. Thompson leaping and dancing, and clapping his hands, saying, “My prayer is heard, my prayer is heard: my father and mother are come.”

Then he drew Mr. Thompson by the hand to the sea-shore, and showed him two Negroes just rescued. “These are my parents—my prayer is heard.”

Far Off.

“I AM SAVED! I AM SAVED!”

What a blessed thing it is to be able to say, “I am saved!” My dear young readers, are you saved? Can you say, with a joyful, believing heart, “Christ has saved me?” But whose words are these? who is it that says, “I am saved! I am saved!” O, this blessed news has come a long, long way, even from dark cannibal Feejee, which Satan has so long held in his firm grasp. Christ saves these with a full, free, and entire salvation. A Feejee
woman, at Bau, a relation of King Thakombau, was very ill. One morning she thought she was dying, and she sent for Mr. Waterhouse, the Missionary, to come and see her. When he went to her, she caught hold of his hand, and kissed it; and then said, "See the fruit of your labours! I am saved. I feared death till very lately; but now the grave is sweet. I long to die. See, there is my blessed Saviour! there, the marks of the spear and of the nails! God is love. I cannot feel my bodily pain; for my joy is excessive. I am saved. Hear it, Mr. Waterhouse; hear it, my friends: I am saved! I am going to heaven. I speak the words of truth. I am saved. I am going to heaven, to drink of the water; and I shall then never thirst again. I am going to eat of the bread of life, of which you preach. Thanks, thanks to you, messengers of peace! O what a 'great salvation!' I am saved! I am saved!"

Well might she say, "O what a great salvation!" Her neighbours, who crowded round, had listened with wonder to what she said: she thought perhaps they might think she was not in her right senses: she told them she was not delirious, that she knew them all.

"Have patience with Bau, and with Bau people," she said to Mr. Waterhouse; "true, they tell lies of you, and cannot understand your motives; but have patience, and bear with them." Some of the Bau people have behaved very badly to Mr. Waterhouse, and he has had great patience with them; and surely his patience will not fail now, when he has so much to encourage him; for, in the very same letter in which he tells about this woman, he says, "THE NUMBER OF CONVERTS IN THIS DISTRICT DURING THE PAST YEAR WILL PROBABLY EXCEED TWENTY THOUSAND."

The Feejee woman thought she was just then going to heaven, to be with her Saviour; but she was spared a little longer. Mr. Waterhouse says, "I felt she would be much safer in heaven than in Feejee; yet I could not but think how desirable it was that such a witness should be spared for the good of her neighbours. Her earnestness was very affecting; she seemed as though she wished to do all the good she could in the few moments that were left her. We engaged in earnest prayer to God to do as seemeth good in his sight, and left the issue in his hands."
CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS IN CANTON.

It may be interesting to the readers of the "Juvenile Offering," to know that something is done for the good of the boys and girls who live in this Heathen city. Several of the Missionaries have opened schools for their use. In these schools, a native schoolmaster or mistress is hired to teach the children reading, writing, and other branches of a Chinese education. Besides this, Christian books are used, and the Missionary who has charge of the school visits it daily or frequently, and teaches the scholars about the true God, and the only Saviour Jesus Christ.

The number of these Christian schools in Canton this year is fewer than has been the case in some former years,—only six, I am sorry to say. These are under the care of the following Missionary Societies:—

American Presbyterian.—2 day-schools for boys, containing 30 and 60 scholars; 1 boarding-school for boys, with 30 scholars; 1 for girls, containing 11 scholars.

Wesleyan Methodist.—1 day-school, boys, 26 scholars; 1 day-school, girls, 16 scholars.

Perhaps you recollect the picture of a Chinese school given in a former volume of the "Juvenile Offering." This picture will help you to imagine how the little Chinese scholars look sitting at their tables, or repeating their lesson, with their backs turned to the Teacher.

Besides reading and writing, sometimes a little geography and arithmetic is taught; and the girls learn to sew, knit, and embroider, as their mother or the Teacher thinks proper.

Now, will the young friends who read this often pray for these Chinese scholars in Christian schools? They love to come to school, and pay attention to what is taught; but their parents do not wish them to believe the Gospel, and do not help them to do right; so that it is very hard for them to be good. God loves Chinese children as well as English ones. He will hear prayer for them, and will bless them in answer to your prayers. He will also bless you more because you pray for them. And then, when you are so happy as to get to heaven, and meet some of these Chinese there, for whom you prayed, how you will rejoice together!

THE LITTLE CHILDREN'S WELCOME

TO THE REV. WILLIAM SHAW, JAMES CALVERT, AND
OTHER MISSIONARIES RECENTLY RETURNED FROM
VARIOUS PARTS OF THE MISSION-FIELD.

Christian heroes! worn with toils,
Rich in conquests, not in spoils,
May a true, though youthful, hand,
Hail you to your native land?
Strangers though we be in name,
We have heard your wide-spread fame,
Heard what wonders God hath done
Through the Gospel of his Son.

We have watch'd you on the field;
Seen you use your sword and shield,
When your foes were fierce and strong,
And the conflict sharp and long.
Many a valiant here fell,
Sin and earth were leagued with hell.
Yet the Prince of Israel's host
Was your pattern and your boast.

Some, alas! have fallen here,
Who were wont your hearts to cheer,
Dropp'd their armour on the sod,
Gone to reign with Christ in God.
We would hear your voices raise,
In a song of grateful praise,
To that God whose wings were spread
To defend your naked head.

No gazette your names may bear,
Laurel wreaths ye may not wear,
Paltry honours! Your renown
Sparkles in Immanuel's crown;
And when his almighty hand
Counts his gems from every land,
Ye shall soar on angels' wings,
Triumph with the King of kings.

June 19th. Margaret.
Palmerton, a Mission-station in South Africa:

And a picture of the village, with its history:

"Ply the lever, pioneers!
Many a waiting angel cheers;
Christ above is interceding;
Here the Holy Ghost is pleading,
And the promise of Jehovah
Stands upon his blessed book.
Cheerly, cheerly ply the lever!
Pause not, faint not, falter never!
Course the river, thread the alley,
From the hill-top to the valley,
Go this barren desert over,
Scattering seed in every nook."

How do you like the pretty little village of Palmerton, with its cottages scattered about? The picture does not show all the village, for some parts of it stretch farther off than you can see. There were no houses here ten years ago; the place was quite a wilderness, without inhabitants; there was not even a native kraal for ten miles. Once upon a time there had been thousands of people living here; but they were always fighting, and in these constant wars nearly all the people were killed; those who were left went away and took refuge in the more rugged parts of the country, and so the place was left desolate.

Ten years ago the place was a desert; now it is surrounded by a dense population, for fifty miles in all directions. What has caused this great change? I will tell you. A Missionary, Mr. Jenkins, was going to begin a Mission-station among the Kaffirs. He took with him two or three people from Buntingville, a Mission-station, and settled here. He came to this spot because Faku, a powerful Kaffir Chief, told him if he settled here, he would come with his tribe and live near him; and so he did. Faku liked this place because it had been the country of his forefathers, and it is Faku's people who are now living round the Mission-station for fifty miles. So the Mission-station was begun with two or three families from Buntingville. By degrees
the Heathen Kaffirs came to Mr. Jenkins to be taught, and they wished to keep near the Missionary; so they built themselves houses near him, and now there are more than a hundred families under Christian instruction, and the number is steadily increasing. You must not suppose that all this has been done without a great deal of trouble and toil on the part of the Missionary. If you could see the Kaffirs in their savage state, living in their miserable huts, and dressed in filthy cowhides, you would know there was a great work to be done before the Kaffirs could be brought to make such a nice little village as you see.

All this the Missionary had to do. You must not imagine Mr. Jenkins walking about all day in a black coat and white neckerchief, visiting the people and teaching them and preaching to them, as the Clergymen and Ministers in England do. It is true he does visit them and preach, and teach them to know and serve God; but he has a great deal to do besides this: he has to show them how to make bricks and mortar, to build houses, to make doors, tables, and chairs; sometimes he is working at the forge, sometimes with the trowel at brick-work; then, again, at tin-plate working, or teaching the Kaffirs to plough the land. Fancy yourself walking into the blacksmith’s shop at Palmerton, there is a man working at the forge and anvil. You ask, “Who is that man who is working so hard?” “Oh,” say the Kaffirs who are standing round watching him, “that is Mr. Jenkins, our Missionary.” You would be rather surprised at hearing it, I dare say; for perhaps you never heard of Missionaries doing such kind of work. But it is very necessary for a Missionary to be able to teach savage people how to plough and build; and the Kaffirs respect Mr. Jenkins very much because he is able to do so many things, and think he is a very clever man, as, indeed, he must be. When the Kaffirs lived in their native hovels, they were very dirty and very lazy: as soon as they had got food enough to eat, they used to lie about and sleep, or get up and fight, or do some mischief or other. But now they have houses, they are getting industrious; for when a man has a nice whitewashed cottage, he does not like to sit on the floor and take his meals on the ground: so he goes to the Missionary to learn how to make tables and chairs, and some of the young men are getting to make chairs very nicely. Then he does not like to sit on a chair in his dirty cow-hide, and he wants to be dressed like the English people, and he has to cultivate his land, that he may
have something to sell or exchange for clothes: all this good comes out of his building himself a house.

I have been telling you what the Missionary has been doing for the comfort of the bodies of the Kaffirs; but what has he been doing for their souls? If the bodies of the Heathen Kaffirs were wretched and miserable, their souls were in a worse state. Thank God, dear children, that it is not possible for you to imagine how dark and ignorant a poor Heathen is! for you cannot remember the time when you did not know there was a God; as soon as you could understand anything, you recollect being told about God, and taught to pray to him. Now, I will tell you what a Kaffir thought when he was first told about God. He said,—

"I was so dark and blind before I came on a Mission-station, that once, when a man, a Christian, came into my father’s house and prayed with the family, I wondered to whom he was talking in prayer; but, understanding he was talking with God, and as I could not see him, I went in search of him among the pots and baskets in the back part of the hut, thinking I should see him there. But now his word has taught me, God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

Another man said,—

"So dark was I formerly, that when I heard people talk about God, I could not comprehend who or what he was. The first time I ever went to a place of worship was at night; and there I saw a sight I never saw before. A bright burning light against the wall: it kept light of itself: I watched and looked. 'Ah!' I said, 'that is God.' I never saw such a thing before; so ignorant was I that I took the candle to be God hanging on the wall. But to-day I do know God is light; for he hath shown me I am a miserable sinner, and that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

Now these two Kaffirs tell you what has been done for their souls. One says, "The word has taught me that God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth;" and the other says, "To-day I know that God is light; for he hath shown me I am a miserable sinner, and that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." "I sought God, found his peace," says another Kaffir, "and now I am a happy man; but all through the grace of God." So this is what the Missionary has done for the souls of the Kaffirs. He has
taken them the word of God, and they have received light, a
knowledge of Christ their Saviour, and pardon, and peace, and
happiness.

"But who looks after the women and children at Palmerston? I
hope they are not forgotten." O no; Mrs. Jenkins takes care of
them; she has schools for the girls, where they are taught to sew,
and they make shirts for the men, and dresses for the women and
children; the women are quite as anxious to be clean and neatly
dressed as their husbands. I suppose the men are pleased at
this; for some of them have actually travelled two hundred miles
to Natal to buy decent and comfortable articles of clothing for
their wives and children and widowed mothers. Was ever such
a thing heard of amongst these Kaffirs before? The Heathen
never care for women. They only looked upon them as slaves.
The wife was only thought needful to provide for the wants of
her master. When she failed in this, she was too often cast off.
But Christianity has raised her to her rightful rank, to be the
companion, friend, and equal of her husband. The women learn
to know and love God. One poor woman who had been a witch,
said one day,—

"As for me, you all know me. I have been a witch-doctor;
and I am guilty of many of the works of darkness. In darkness
I thought I was right; but, O, God's word has shown me I was
all wrong. I hate my former ways. I now love the word of
God, and I have vowed never to abide by it. So pray for me."

So you see the women and men both learn to love and serve
God.

There are some men who say that it is not a good thing to
send Missionaries to Heathen countries; that the religion they
have is good enough for savages; and that it does them no good,
but rather harm, to send Missionaries to them to tell them about
God and teach them Christianity. They say that it is not a
wicked thing for a cannibal to eat his fellow-creature, for it is a
part of his religion. I think if the man who said this were in
danger of being eaten by a cannibal, he would not think it was a
very good religion, but would rather the man had been a Chris-
tian. These men say, too, that the Missionaries lead idle lives,
and do more harm than good. Now I should like the people who
think thus to go to Palmerston, and talk to the Kaffirs there, and
ask them a few questions. Ask a Christian Kaffir which was
best,—to live crowded together in a wretched hovel, as they did
in their Heathen state, or in a nice, neat, whitewashed cottage? which was most comfortable for a dress,—the stinking cow-hide, or a clean calico shirt and a coat and trousers? Ask him whether he was happier when he was a Heathen, and did not know that there was a God or another world? or now he is a Christian, and knows that there is a God who made him, and takes care of him, a Saviour who has redeemed him, and a heaven of unspeakable happiness and glory prepared for him if he loves and serves his blessed Saviour? I think we all know what answer the Christian Kaffir would give: he would say, "It is better, far better, to be a Christian than a Heathen." If these enemies of Missions are not satisfied with the answer they get from the Kaffir man, let them ask the women. Ask them which is the best,—to be the husband's slave, or his cherished wife and companion? to till all day providing food for the husband, and then not to be allowed to sit down to eat with him, or for him to share her labour and let her share the food with him? Ask her if it is better to be neglected in sickness, and forsaken in old age, or to be cared for and kindly treated in age and sickness? We are sure the women would say, "We would rather our husbands were Christians than Heathens."

You will be glad to hear, that kind friends in England have not forgotten Mr. Jenkins and his Kaffirs, but have sent him nails and hinges, and calico and dresses. The nails have been used in building the houses, and the girls have made shirts of the calico. Mr. Jenkins is very thankful for these presents, for all these things are very useful; but he wants more to be sent, and he thanks his friends in England in the style of the Kaffirs. When you have given a Kaffir a present, and he thanks you, he says,—"Don't be tired to-morrow, nor the next day: I shall ask again." So Mr. Jenkins asks again; and I hope, dear young friends, you will not be tired to-day, or to-morrow, or for a great many days, but will try and help the people at Palmerton. And I am sure you will, when you know how much help is needed, not only amongst Faku's people, but amongst other tribes, who have not yet had a Missionary, but who are much wishing for one.

There is Jojo, a Chief fifty miles from Palmerton: he has been wanting a Missionary for many years. When he was a boy, he was in the Mission-school at Morley. His father died there; war came, and his people were all scattered. But now he has collected them together again, and ten years ago he sent
CONVENIENT GENEROSITY.

The elephant’s tusk to the Missionary as his memorial that he wanted a Missionary. His tribe consists of five thousand people. And these weary years have passed, and no Missionary has been sent to him.

Then there is Damas, Faku’s son, who occupies the country above Buntingville. He has a much larger number of people than Jojo, and he is very anxious for a Mission-station among them. He offered, some time ago, to furnish cattle enough to pay for the erection of a chapel and Mission-house, if a Missionary could be sent to him.

There is Diko, likewise, a Chief of a considerable clan to the north of Palmerton. He, also, has frequently applied for a Missionary. Besides, Faku is desirous for a Mission to be established among others of his people, about fourteen or sixteen miles’ distance. These are all open doors, and all of them are less or more a people prepared of the Lord. May the Lord thrust out more labourers into his vineyard!

CONVENIENT GENEROSITY.

It is the custom in Egypt for sons to support their aged parents; therefore, when the sons are seized, and carried away for soldiers, the parents are left to starve.

One poor old man, who had been deprived of all his sons, saw the Pasha himself stepping out of a boat. He ran boldly up to him, and seized him by the sleeve; neither would he let him go till he had told him all his case. “I have been robbed of the children who fed me, and now I am starving.” “Poor old man,” replied the Pasha; “I will do something for you.” Then, calling to the richest man in the village, he said, “Give this poor man a cow.” Such was the generosity of the Pasha. He gave nothing himself, but ordered another to give instead.

Far Off.

CONTENTS.

| A Bazaar or Shop in one of the principal Streets of Bangalore | The Little Children’s Welcome | 97 |
| Prayer answered | Palmerton, a Mission-station in South Africa | 98 |
| “I am saved! I am saved!” | 101 |
| Christian Schools in Canton | Convenient Generosity | 99 |

LONDON: PRINTED BY JAMES NICHOLS, HOXTON-SQUARE.
COCOA-NUT BREAKING AND ROLLING DEVOTEE.
THE

WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

OCTOBER, 1856.

EXPLANATION OF REFERENCES IN THE WOOD-ENGRAVING.


COCOA-NUT BREAKING AND ROLLING DEVOTEES.

On Friday, April 11th, I accompanied Mr. Walton and Mr. Dean to Manepy, an American Mission-station about five miles distant. We wished to have an opportunity of witnessing some ceremonies in connexion with the annual festival Ganasa, who has a temple very near the Mission-church. We were hospitably received by the Rev. B. C. Meigs, and after breakfast repaired to the tower of the church, from which the view is taken, and which commands a fine prospect of the surrounding country. As the temple stands on the opposite side of the road, we could see the entire proceedings below.

The picture was a very animated one, and reminded me of a thickly-crowded English fair. The temple consists of two lines of building, parallel the one to the other, and connected by long walls. Within these stands a lofty sacred tree, under whose shade a small building has been erected, around which we noticed numerous acts of religious homage. Women were repeatedly observed bowing themselves with the forehead upon the ground, and then stepping forward, with uplifted hands, to prostrate themselves in adoration before their deity. In this manner they went round the inner enclosure, trying to step upon those spots only that they had before touched with their heads.

VOL. XIII.

L
and hands. A more complete act of prostration was the *sashdan-gam*, so called from the circumstance that eight members of the body, namely, the hands, the feet, the shoulders, the breast, and the forehead, are all made to touch the ground at the same time. This was performed in many instances but by men only; and a more humiliating ceremony can scarcely be conceived. Yet a still more affecting sight, if possible, was presented by numerous individuals who rolled over and over in the dust, taking care to touch the ground with no part of the head, and sometimes not even with the feet, which were, by a painful exertion, held up in the air.

The view from the Manepy church is a wide one: the country is flat; groves of palmyras skirt the horizon, and cultivated fields fill up the country between. A tank, of considerable size, stretches away towards the left of the further part of the temple, which is perhaps more than half a mile round. Beyond the paddy-fields, along the roads, inside the temple-wall, and even in the tank itself, were assembled large masses of people, who had come to do honour to the great day; many of whom had brought cocoa-nuts and small provision-baskets with them.

Shortly after noon, the car, which had stood by the scaffolding at the further end of the temple, began to move round the walls: it was drawn with two thick ropes by some forty men on either side, and followed by the rolling devotees who have already been mentioned. In the centre of the car, surrounded by his Priests, was the idol-god, Pulliar. This god is said to have offended his father Siva on one occasion, and to have had his head chopped off in a burst of anger. His mother, Parvati, it seems, was inconsolable at this disaster; but at length prevailed on the gods to restore the missing article: unfortunately, however, when search was made, the head could not be found, so an elephant's head was put on instead! Hence this idol is always represented with an elephant's head. The car stopped in its course once or twice, in order to enable those who drew it to rest, and to give a carpenter an opportunity of presenting the god with the milk of three hundred cocoa-nuts, which were broken on a stone.

At length the car, adorned with streamers, and attended by vast multitudes of people, stood still in front of the temple, and just beneath us. The spectators, numbering perhaps three thousand, then formed a dense ring. In the centre of this ring lay a
large heap of cocoa-nuts, about to be offered by a noted black-smith of the neighbourhood. Some years ago, in a season of distress, this man vowed to break one thousand cocoa-nuts annually in honour of Paliyar. The performance of the vow has gained the blacksmith considerable fame in the country; but it seems that he has, within the last few years, been disposed to give up the custom; and, indeed, he seems to have become somewhat lukewarm in his worship. The Tamils, however, have a public opinion of their own, and against the continued application of this power he has not yet been able to hold out. Cocoa-nuts being very dear during the present year, he satisfied himself with offering only eight hundred and fifty, at a cost, I suppose, of about £2. He tells the people that he was some time ago thinking of giving up the annual offering, and building Paliyar a good wall all round his temple, which is comparatively modern and unfinished. At this juncture, he says that the god himself appeared to him one night in a dream, informing him that he did not want a wall, but preferred the nuts.

Accordingly the matter took its usual course; a small hut had been erected by the blacksmith near the road where the car must pass, and, various ceremonies having been performed in this, he took forward a few cocoa-nuts to present to Paliyar. These were received by the officiating Brahmin, who broke them in the car; after which the smith made the asahdassaramam prostration, and retired, without turning his back, till he stood by his heap of nuts. A stone had been provided, and four men occupied themselves in handing the fruit to the black-smith; who hurried the nuts with considerable force against the stone. They were young, and easily broken, and the ground was speedily soaked with a pool of milk, while thousands of fragments were scattered all around. Three times only was the aim false; but it was evidently hard work, lasting about half an hour. No sooner was it completed, than the low wobble, who had been with difficulty kept back while he was breaking the nuts, burst forward. A tremendous scramble ensued for some two minutes; and then, so complete was the clearance, that not an atom of shell or nut was visible: a dark stain alone indicated where the milk had been spilt.

The ceremony being now over, the appointed drawers seized their ropes, the heavy car creaked, and slowly rolled along with its odious load, and the crowd moved on with it. It was
very top-heavy, and especially awkward in turning corners; indeed, on one occasion it shook so, that we were afraid it would fall: but it rolled safely round.

Throughout the whole of its course it was pursued by the rolling devotees: they had not moved from their painful position during any of its pauses, and I could not help pitying the poor creatures as they lay baking beneath a vertical sun, while the blacksmith's cocoa-nuts were cracking on the stone. The weather was very hot, the thermometer standing at about 90° in the shade. Many, if not all, of these devotees had weakened themselves by previous fasting; and it was evident that they were generally in a fainting state. The way they revived them was somewhat singular, though probably very grateful: whilst the smith was doing his work, two men brought a large vessel full of cold water, which they emptied over the head and body of every devotee! When the car moved on, this, however, added to the ludicrousness of the spectacle; for the poor fellows, re-animated by their bath, rolled away most vigorously, and being covered very speedily with the mud, accumulated by their wet skins and clothes in their onward course, they really looked more like lively eels than rational human beings. The absurdity was heightened by the efforts made among the foremost of them to be nearest the car, beneath the hinder part of which there was shade from the terrible sun: a hot race was accordingly kept up by the first two or three, of whom sometimes one and sometimes another succeeded in securing the coveted place.

It was, however, too sad a sight to laugh at. Hundreds sometimes thus follow the car: we saw about fifty rolling away after it. I certainly was never before so struck with the malignity of Satan's triumph over man. How completely does he here succeed in debaseing him below the brute, holding him in the most slavish subjection, and literally leading him captive at his chariot-wheel! Surely, could Christian England see one such spectacle as this, it would give her a more vivid idea of the greatness of her Missionary work, and her efforts and her prayers would receive a mighty impetus.

Jaffna, May 10th, 1856. 

William Barber.
DOINGS OF THE POPISH PRIESTS AT LAKEMBA.

The Popish Priests have at last left Lakemba, much to the joy of the Chiefs and people.

For some time previous to their departure they had been endeavouring to alarm the Lakembaans, by their threats that a man-of-war should soon come and punish them for their disobedience. One day they heated an iron pot, and put in it a portion of the Scriptures; (not, however, belonging to a member of the Popish communion; for they are not allowed to read the Scriptures;) and as the book slowly shrivelled away, they explained to the bystanders that so would Lakemba be; for, from the day they left the place, so would it also be forsaken of God, and left to utter destruction. This so alarmed the King, that he sent them a present, and requested them to remain. But they returned the present with disdain, saying, that as he had held out so long, it was but just that he should receive the due reward of his transgressions. The King, indignant at this, grew more indifferent to their threatenings; but the other Chiefs still endeavoured to conciliate, though to no purpose. When, at last, their vessel arrived with the Bishop to remove them, our third Chief, John Wesley, offered his own canoe and personal services to put some of their things on board. This they accepted; but at the last refused to shake hands with him; and as he stood on the beach to take leave of them, one of the Priests gathered together some dry leaves, and set fire to them. John asked the meaning of it. "This," said the holy Father, "shows you your doom; for a man-of-war is coming soon from France, and will burn you all up as easily as I burn this heap of rubbish. And," added he, "I have a long list of the names of you Chiefs; and every person who has helped to prevent the spread of the true lotu will be punished more severely than the rest." So much for the spirit of the "true lotu" with which they departed!

One of these Priests is stationed at Ovalau, and a short time since sent an inquiry to the King, as to whether or no he now wished him to come back to Lakemba. The King said, in reply, "As I did not send away the Popish Priests, but they pleased themselves by going, neither do I say they are to return."
INDIAN OIL-MILL.

In the "Juvenile Offering" for July, 1855, there is a picture of an Indian sugar-mill. I now send a sketch of an oil-mill, which I took in Bangalore a few days ago. It is like a large pestle and mortar. The mortar is made out of a granite stone, and is sunk about three feet into the ground. The outside of the upper part is eleven feet in circumference.

The pestle, which is a strong piece of wood, moving in a socket at the top, is turned round the inside of the mortar by the lever and bullocks, as shown in the sketch. By pressing the oily substances against the side of the mortar, it squeezes the oil out of them. The pressure is increased by placing large stones at the end of the lever, and by the weight of the bullock driver, who sits upon it just behind the bullocks.

There are several kinds of oil made in these mills; namely, cocoa-nut, olive, castor-oil, &c. The inside white pulp of the cocoa-nut, after being dried, is cut into pieces about two inches square; the mortar is then filled with them, and the mill put into motion. It is the duty of the man who stands at the side of the mortar to prevent any bits of cocoa-nut from falling over. Other oils are made from seeds of various kinds. After turning the mill for several hours, the oil-makers empty the mortar, and strain the oil from the refuse of the pulp or seeds, of which it has been made.
LETTER FROM THE REV. GEORGE H. DECKER.

The refuse of the cocoa-nut is used for feeding cattle, the other kinds are used for fuel.

The retail oil-sellers' measure is a very primitive one; it is simply a cocoa-nut shell cut in half, with a hole at the bottom, which the oil-seller plugs up with his finger until he has filled the measure, he then withdraws his finger, and lets the oil run through the hole into the purchaser's vessel.

I intend to send a few more sketches, hoping that some of them will amuse the readers of the "Juvenile Offering."

Richard G. Hodson.

---

LETTER FROM THE REV. GEORGE H. DECKER,

NATIVE MISSIONARY AT SIERRA-LEONE.

My dear young Friends,

Since the commencement of this year, I had a mind of writing you few lines, but my time is much taken up with my Circuit work; consequently, I had to postpone it until now. I know news from the Mission-field, especially anecdotes, are always very interesting to young people, who love Missions and the good cause.

The account I wish to give you is about our last Christmas. The change which has taken place is wonderful; and it will be well for me to give you an extract from one of the Sierra-Leone newspapers, "The African." It says, "Many of our readers will recollect the manner this important season was kept by some of the inhabitants of this colony eight or ten years ago. The day was regarded as a favourable opportunity for venting private pique and taking revenge. Scenes of bloodshed and drunkenness stared us in the face wherever we turned. But now to this state of things is happily succeeded, in a great measure, quiet calmness in our capital. This is certainly attributable to the progress of religious principles and of Christian civilization."

Some eighteen or nineteen years ago I witnessed to many of these facts; for I have seen three or four different tribes wild as any russians with clubs and swords, dancing, firing guns and drumming, painting themselves as black as old John, as they sometimes called the devil, enough to frighten any one. In drawing a contrast from that to the present, we cannot but say, "What has God wrought!" With me, wherever I am stationed,
I always like to hold love-feast on Christmas-day, to keep the people from temptation, and from getting amongst their wicked and ungodly countrymen. Many of our people lose their religion in this way. When they get into the company of these men, they are tempted to take a glass of grog as a merry Christmas, another and another, until they get drunk, then commenced their country song and dancing. But it is not so now: we meet at five o'clock in the morning for morning prayer; I then gave a short exhortation; we sung the 602d hymn, "Hark, the herald-angels sing," so delightful and so charming, we cannot help but say, "Lord, it is good to be here." At half-past ten we have service: there was large congregation: last Christmas the Wellington chapel was densely crowded. After service, all went home quietly. During the day I did not see a single drunkard, not a soul stagger in the street: all enjoy Christmas at home, and with their friends quietly, without noise or disturbance. At two the chapel-bell rang to collect the people together again for a Christmas love-feast. All the sisters with their white dresses, it looks so beautiful; the brethren all neatly dressed, each takes his seat. At half-past two the second bell rang. I then go in, the doors are closed, and the meeting commenced. Quarter of an hour after, no admittance, the chapel was so crowded; and even if they admit you, it will be difficult to find a seat. After we have gone through the regular ceremony which every Methodist knows, then each began to give their Christian experience. The experience of some of the people was very affecting, especially that of one Samuel Peter: it brought tears from the eyes of many, myself I could not refrain from tears. I took note of what he said, because I knew it would interest you.

Samuel Peter, alias Ar-yoh-mar-me, was a native of the Yorriba country. His mother's name is Ya-se-lay, and his father's, Queh-In. I must give you Samuel's own word. He said, "My brethren and sisters, I must tell you a little of God's goodness to me, poor sinful creature. When I lived in my country, war came and surrounded our town for fourteen months; our big men fight until they get tired; we have nowhere to make farm; all what we have planted was taken by the enemy; many of our poor people died by famine and starvation. At last, when they knew that we were very weak, and not able to fight, the town was set on fire; the enemy get in, great many of us were killed, no mercy to age or sexes. After they have killed to their satisfaction, then they
began to take us prisoners, and to put ropes round our necks. That morning was the last I saw my dear parents, and it was the last they saw their poor Ar-yoh-mor-me. That day I ran into the bush, and hid myself until five in the morning, almost starved to death. As I was trying to make my escape, I fall into the hands of an enemy: a man caught me; I feign myself as if I was dead; I fell on the ground, shut my eyes. He flogged me severely; but I never stirred. He said, 'The fellow is dead.' As he was going, I watched him. When I saw him gone at a distance, I got up to make my escape, not knowing that another person was watching at me. Just as I ready to start, he came upon me. I wanted to play the same tricks; but he was wiser than myself. I fell down, shut my eyes; he flogged me, I never stirred. He said, 'You mean to deceive me? If you don't move, I will take off your head.' Hearing this, I opened my eyes; a rope was put round my neck, and I followed him as a beast. We have not gone a great distance before we met with the man who first caught me. He said, 'This is my slave; you must give me.' The man said, 'I will not, I did not meet him in your hands.' The squabbling last for about two hours: the one will not give up to the other. At last they came to the conclusion that I must be divided. They took me from the road to the field: the man was cleaning or wiping his sword, which was stained with blood. He said, 'Stoop down.' I stooped down, he raised his sword. Mercy interposed: a man on horseback galloping and saying, 'Stop, stop!' The man stop; the Lord look down with pity upon poor Ar-yoh-mor-me, and spare his life to hear that Jesus died to save his soul.' [When these words were uttered, the whole chapel sigh.] "The man came to them, and said, 'What is the use for you to kill this boy? Will you eat his flesh? Take him to the market, sell him, and divide the money between you.' They agreed to his proposal. I was taken to the market the next day, and sold to a man. That man sold me to a trader from Lagos. The last master took me to Lagos: he promised to take me for his adopted child, that he will not sell me; not knowing that he merely said these things to fool me, to fatten me up for a good market. I was with him for three years: my mind was quite composed, quite settled. I look upon him as a father. One day a Portuguese vessel came: they offered him good price for me; he then sold me; I was then put in chains. Few days hundreds of us were
THE MISSIONARY AT SEA.

Put on board, stored up in the hold; five days after, we left Lagos. English man-of-war captured the vessel, and we were brought to Sierra-Leone, a land of freedom and of liberty, our shackles were knocked off, and we all became free men. My brethren and sisters, whenever we supplicate the throne of grace, let our prayers be, 'Lord, bless England! Bless English nation, English people, English Government, and English Queen!' "

[The whole congregation responded "Amen" to all these short sentences.] "I was apprenticed to a pious master at Newland, who took me to the house of God. At Newland they have no bell: at the time of service they blow their cow's horn to call the people together. In the year 1841 the Lord pardoned my sin, and give me peace; and I was baptized by the Rev. Thomas Dove. I feel Christ is precious to me; my soul is quite happy. I feel to follow him. May the Lord give us all grace to endure to the end! Amen."

I hope this will encourage all my young friends to collect more for the Mission cause. Go on, young collectors; don't be weary in well doing; for in due season you shall reap, if you faint not.

Wellington, May 20th, 1866. George H. Docker.

THE MISSIONARY AT SEA.

BY R. HOWIE.

Before the wind the vessel glides;
And o'er its tight and trig-built sides
The sparkling billows foam;
And many a lightsome heart is there,
And many an eye is turning where
It marks, dissolved in distant air,
Its much-loved island home.

The breeze is fresh'ning, onward sweeps
The gallant ship, while o'er it skims
In lighter dance the spray;
With conscious pride the steersman sees
Her canvas floating in the breeze,
And marks if to a point agree
With faithful chart her way.
In joyous groups the seamen stand,
And talk of each enchanting land
    To which their course is bound:
No thoughts are theirs of grief or care,
Their bark is good, the wind is fair,
Their captain's bold, their shipmates yare,
    And all are blithe around.

Yes,—all but one, who sits apart,
And looks as if his sadden'd heart
    And thoughts were far away:
He recks not of the seaman's smile,
But lifts his heart to heaven the while,
As joy's loud laugh and sportive wile
    But stirr'd him up to pray.

No dreams are his of sordid gain,
Of costly furs, or golden chain,
    Or gems of lustre rare:
He goes the desert's wilds to trace,
The herald of redeeming grace,
And 'mid the desert's cheerless race-
    The cross of Christ to bear.

For this he leaves his native shore,
For this he braves the whirlwind's roar,
    For this, the foaming wave:
To save the lost his single aim,
His only theme Immanuel's name,
His brightest hope a martyr's shame,
    His tomb a martyr's grave.

On! On! thou soldier of the Cross!
Let others toil for sordid dross,
    With hearts to Mammon given;
Preach thou the Rod of Jesse's stem,
And in thy Saviour's diadem
Thy soul shall shine a spotless gem,
    To endless years in heaven.
PRIDE OF THE BRAHMINS.

It is almost impossible to imagine a greater degree of pride than that which is displayed by the Brahmins of India. A Missionary tells us that he has seen such, when talking to Europeans, hold a cloth before their mouths, for fear of being polluted by inhaling the same air with such impure beings! Their language is, "Stand by thyself; come not near to me; for I am holier than thou."

THE EVIL EYE.

In most countries mothers take delight in dressing their children fine,—indeed too fine,—thus making the little creatures vain and trifling. But in Egypt mothers, shining in silks, are often accompanied by children in old, shabby clothes. The reason is, that Egyptian mothers are afraid of the "evil eye." They suppose that evil spirits are envious of their little ones, and ready to do them harm; and therefore they are afraid of decking the children gaily, lest they should provoke them. No one dares admire a child in passing by, lest the evil spirits should hear. No mother dares praise her own child. She will not even say, "My child is strong and hearty."

An English lady once said to an Egyptian lady, "What a fine child that is!" Immediately the Egyptian looked alarmed, and exclaimed, "Bless the prophet!" It is thought that by blessing Mahomet the child may be preserved from evil. These poor Egyptian mothers know not of a Saviour's tender love for their babes, nor of the constant care that his angels take of the feeble little creatures.

Far Off.

CONTENTS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cocoa-Nut Breaking and Rolling Devotees</td>
<td>Letter from the Rev. George H. Decker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doings of the Poshish Priests at Lakemba</td>
<td>The Missionary at Sea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>113</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Indian Oil-Mill</td>
<td>Pride of the Brahmans</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>114</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Evil Eye</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>120</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE
WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.
NOVEMBER, 1856.

HINDOO DEVOTEES.

Who are the men that we see in the picture? They are sanyasis, or Hindoo devotees. The one on the left goes about almost naked, his body besmeared with ashes, his hair matted like the shaggy coat of a wild beast, covered with filth, and he is altogether a most disgusting object.

The next has got a plate or frame of iron round his neck: he never takes it off day or night; so that he cannot lie down to rest himself: this he wears for years.

The third is walking on a pair of clogs, stuck full of iron spikes; his feet rest on these spikes, and, of course, give him a great deal of pain: these men make pilgrimages on these spikes.

The other has an iron spike through his cheeks; this is not make believe, like some jugglers in England and other countries; but it really goes through the cheeks, and sometimes they run it through the tongue.

A sanyasi is a Brahmin who, wishing to be more holy than other Brahmins, has left all and become a beggar. It is wonderful to see the tortures that these men will endure. But why do they thus torture themselves? Why, they think that, as a reward, they shall go straight to heaven when they die. Besides those you see in the picture, some of them will stand for years on one leg, till it is full of wounds; or, if he prefers it, he will clench his fist till the nails grow through the hands. They are considered the holiest of men: even the water in which they wash their feet is considered holy, and the Hindus believe it will cure diseases. I read an anecdote of one of these dirty disciples: it is not a very nice story to tell you; but it will show you in how great esteem these dirty beggars are held by the Hindoos.

A devotee entered one of the towns of Hindostan, and by his pretensions became accounted a man of wonderful sanctity. He was, indeed, not very handsome in appearance: his feet were
bare, his clothes were of the coarsest kind, his visage was lean
with perpetual watchings and fastings, his beard had grown down
to his knees, his nails were, like those of Nebuchadnezzar in the
time of his insanity, his rags were swarming with vermin, and,
as he had not washed himself for years, his flesh was disgust-
ingly dirty. A rich man, a Hindoo, who was thought very
religious, was a great admirer of the devotee, and with much ado
persuaded the dirty fellow to wash his feet. When he had so
washed, his devoted admirer drank off the water, as a kind of
expiation or mediation to the Deity.

You pity these men, and say, "O, if they did but know the
Gospel, and the way of salvation by Jesus Christ, they would
then leave off their self-tortures, and pray to him to save them,
and make them fit for heaven." Perhaps some of them would;
but others might prefer their own way of being righteous; "for
the heart of man is deceitful and desperately wicked." But I
think you would not have imagined that a youth who had been
taught in a Mission-school and baptized, should prefer being a
sanyasi to being a Christian.

Not long ago a Missionary and his wife were walking in Cey-
lon, and they saw a man seated at a distance on the ramparts,
apparently in deep meditation; curiosity led them to go to him.
They approached quite close to him; but he seemed not to see
them, and continued unmoved. Being addressed in his own
language, he looked up with surprise.

"Well, thambie," said the Missionary, (thambie means
"younger brother;" this is an Oriental mode of addressing a
junior kindly,) "what do you do here?"

"I am trying to do the will of the Great Braam by penance,
fasting, isolation, and abstraction."

"How know you the will of Braam?"

"It is revealed."

"Do you really consider self-inflicted trials and tortures will
be rewarded by future happiness? Are you safe in trusting to
your own works?"

"Talk not to me in this strain. I shall be led aright. Let
every man act according to his knowledge and his conviction of
duty."

"Thambie, be not angry. Have you pondered well on the life
you now lead?"

"I have: my mind is fully made up."

"Who gives you food; and where do you sleep?"
"Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man had not where to lay his head." Your own book says this. Neither do I know whence cometh my food, or where I shall lay down my head from day to day. Sometimes I sleep on the plain, sometimes under a tree, sometimes in a shed or a verandah. Food is always supplied to me; but I know not whence it cometh."

This last reply he made in English.

"Where did you learn to speak English?"

"In the Batticotta seminary, kept by the American Missionaries. I was also baptized there. My name is Porter. I have examined both systems of religion, and have now chosen the course of my future life. You have left your country to teach the Heathen the Gospel of Christ. Do your duty; but let every man be persuaded in his own mind."

"Do not dismiss us so unceremoniously," said the Missionary.

"If you firmly believe you are in the path which leads to eternal bliss, is it not your duty to try to persuade us to follow your example?"

"Let every man be persuaded in his own mind," was his only reply.

The Missionary talked with Porter a long time, and entreated him yet once more to examine his creed ere it was too late for him to do so.

"Suppose all were Sanyasis," he said. "Whence the supplies of food or raiment?"

"Was not one of old fed by ravens? Few are chosen by the gods to this holy life."

He was invited to the Mission-house, but declined going; he had conversed with many Missionaries, and now desired no further arguments with them.

Two years had he been a devotee. By degrees he hoped to subsist on plain rice; then milk alone; and, lastly, on water. When he arrived to this ethereal state it was his purpose to retire to the jungles, (or woods,) and there, by continued abstraction, become so absorbed with Braam as to merit his approbation, and ultimately be transported by him to the regions of bliss. This would be the case, he knew; but how and when the event would take place, it was not for him now to know.

Poor man! He was taught the truth, but received it not. Let us pray that God may change his heart.
THE MURDERED MISSIONARY.

"For me a victor's crown
Of glory is prepared;
And when I lay this body down,
This shall be my reward!"

Never since this Magazine was begun, have we had to tell you of the murder of a Wesleyan Missionary. They have been in peril oft, but even the fierce Feejeean has never taken the life of a Missionary. Mr. Thomas, of whom we are now going to tell you, was murdered by the Kaffirs last June. He is the second Wesleyan Missionary that has been murdered since the Society was established forty years ago. Mr. Threlfall was the other, and he was murdered by the Hottentots: it is a sad distinction for South Africa, that the two murders were committed there.

Mr. Thomas had lived many years in South Africa; he had just removed from Clarkebury, where he had been living, to Beecham-Wood, which he thought was a better situation for a Mission-station. Some of the people who joined him in his new station had been quarrelling and fighting with another tribe; in the fight, three men were killed, and their friends said they would not rest till they had taken the life of the man who had led on the attack. In the middle of the night, four days after Mr. Thomas had got to his new station, there was a cry, "We are attacked!" Mr. Thomas immediately jumped up and ran out from his house, to see what was the matter: they told him the enemy was at a kraal of cattle, quite near the house; he returned for a minute, just to arrange one or two things for the safety of the women and children who were crowding into the house, in the utmost terror and confusion. He then went to speak to the enemy, to disperse them, not thinking they would attack him; when he got to the cattle-fold he called out to them, and said, "I am your Missionary!" "Why do you attack me?" As soon as he had said this, one of the enemy called out to another several times, "Stab!" When Mr. Thomas heard this, he said to the man who was with him, "Let us return; they will do us mischief!" They turned to go back, but, alas! it was too late: one of the men threw a spear and struck Mr. Thomas in the back, when he fell, upon which the enemy rushed up and struck him several times. What did his poor wife do, who was left behind in the house with her baby
and young children, and the terrified Kaffir women and children? You shall hear her own story; she says,—

"As you will see by his last letter to you, we were then just about forming a new station. With what interest and energy my dear James commenced the work! We had been there only five days, when, one night, we were roused out of sleep by the cry of 'The Pondoas!' 'We are attacked!' My beloved husband instantly jumped up, and ran out to see the cause, when he found the enemy at a kraal of cattle quite near the house. He just returned for a moment, and arranged one or two things for the safety of the women and children who were crowding into every room in the house, in the greatest alarm and confusion, and then went to speak to the enemy, thinking to disperse them, when they called out to 'stab,' when, with his last breath, he replied, 'I am your Teacher.' O, what language can describe the agony of my feelings, when the young man, who had been staying with us as Tutor, came in! I saw instantly something fearful had occurred; and, giving our dear little baby into Emily's arms, I rushed from the house, and met them at some distance from it, carrying him in, a lifeless corpse. I cannot dwell upon it; the recollection almost robs me of my reason at times. Still the good Lord did not forsake me. I was enabled to find some consolation that he was worshipping at the Saviour's feet. My situation is very trying, left in a strange country with the charge of a considerable family."

Mrs. Thomas is not left without friends, however. She says, "Last night, I had a kind message from the Governor, Sir George Grey. He is greatly agitated at the sad intelligence, and despatched a person to come and make immediate inquiry; also, to assure me, that he had sent off an express to my dear parents to tell them; so I expect some of my brothers almost every hour. I have had much cause for gratitude to our heavenly Father, for the sustaining grace of His presence, which I have felt. My dear James often said, that His promises had been to him as the anchor to the soul; and such I have found them."

It was not very long before Mr. Thomas died, that he wrote the following lines:

"For me a victor's crown
Of glory is prepared;
And when I lay this body down,
This shall be my reward."

m 3
His wife told him one day, that she did not think he could write any poetry, and so he wrote these lines and gave her. How little did either of them think at the time, that his crown was quite ready, and that he should so soon wear it!

Now you are not to suppose from this account that the Kaffirs do not like to have Missionaries, or wish to have them with them. You will remember the account you read a short time ago, of Palmerton and Faku, and the Chiefs, who are so anxious to have Missionaries living among them. Well, Damas, the Chief of the tribe who killed Mr. Thomas, is one of the Chiefs who wished for a Missionary: he has been to see Mr. Jenkins. He told Mr. Jenkins he was very sorry for the death of Mr. Thomas; that the party had gone out without his knowledge; and now he came to know what he was to do. The cattle that were taken at that time he had given back, and he would pay a fine: the petty Chief and the man that killed Mr. Thomas he wanted to have put to death; and he said that he would do anything further that might be reasonably required of him.

---

**PRAYER AND EFFORT REWARDED.**

An African was once looking at some houses that were building in London, when he remarked to a stone-cutter, "The erection of these buildings is a noble work; but the redemption of the soul is more noble." "Where did you learn that?" said the stone-cutter. The reply was, "I was born in Africa. I was a poor Heathen, as were my people. But English Christians, through the Church Missionary Society, sent the Gospel to us; and I hope that I am a friend and follower of Christ." The stone-cutter stretched out his brawny arm, and seized the African by the hand, saying, "Then you are one of them as I have been praying for these twenty-five years!" For twenty-five years he had given his penny a week to the Church Missionary Society, and he had always accompanied his alms with his prayers; and now he had the pleasure of seeing a convert of that Society, face to face. Whatever we do for Christ and his kingdom will come back into our bosoms, if not in this life, at least in the life to come.
SAWYERS IN INDIA.

The accompanying sketch is intended to represent sawyers at work in India. A few people in some places, who work under the direction of Englishmen, have a saw-pit, and place the beam of timber horizontally over it, in order to cut it into planks; but all others proceed as shown in the picture. The sawyers having propped up one end of a beam, either by a support made of two posts and a cross piece of wood tied together, or by logs and other timbers, proceed to make one cut from the elevated end to about the middle of the beam; they then take the saw out, begin again at the top, and make a second cut to the middle, and so on for as many planks as they want. When they have finished all the upper half in this way, they invert the beam. They put the sawn part to the ground, and lift up the unsawn part, and then proceed with cutting as before; by which process they always finish each plank in the middle. At the beginning, both men can stand to their work very easily; but when they have cut down a good way, one man must either stoop very much, or sit down. He always prefers the latter position. Sometimes two men may be seen sitting together. This would look very funny in England; but it is a common sight here. The carpenter always sits to work, and often holds the wood steady with his toes.

Richard G. Hodson.
POPERY IN FERNANDO PO.

In the "Presbyterian Missionary Record" I read a short time ago the following announcement:—

"ARRIVAL OF THIRTY-TWO POPISH MISSIONARIES AT FERNANDO PO."

When shall we read such announcement as the following in the "Wesleyan Missionary Notices," "Arrival of thirty-two Wesleyan Missionaries at Sierra Leone?" or, "The thirty-two Missionaries who left England for India have all safely arrived at Madras?" or, "Our friends will be glad to hear that the thirty-two Missionaries who went to Fessjee some months ago, have all got safely there, and have been heartily welcomed by the natives?" or, "We hope soon to hear, that the Kaffirs in South Africa will live in peace with each other; for thirty-two Missionaries have been sent to Kaffirland, who will occupy all the vacant stations in that part of the world?" It seems like a dream, or a foolish fancy, to imagine we shall ever see such a notice in our Missionary Magazine; but why not? Why should not the Wesleyans send thirty-two Missionaries to one place, as well as the Papists? Why should not we do as much as they? I know no reason why we should not; but I could give you many reasons why we should.

"These Popish Missionaries at Fernando Po" have taken a large supply of crucifixes with them, to give to the poor Africans to worship; and so it will be just turning from one idol to worship another. Fernando Po is an island on the western coast of Africa, and belongs to Spain. Some years ago, a Protestant Mission was established there, and many of the natives became Christian. As long as the people were left in Heathenism, Spain never troubled herself about them; but as soon as there is a prospect of their becoming Christians, the Queen of Spain gives thirty thousand pounds for Missions in Fernando Po, and over come these troops of Missionaries, who will try to destroy the Protestant Mission.

Well, now, what must we Protestants do? I will tell you what they advise in "the Presbyterian Missionary Record." They say:—

"Let not the friends of African Missions be daunted by this intelligence, and though it is... Let it stimulate rather than
discourage. It is a sign that good is being done. Satan never sends his agents to any place, except when his kingdom is being there successfully assailed. Let Protestants, who have the truth on their side, and the pledged presence and favour of the Divine Saviour with them, not only emulate, but outrival, the zeal, the energy, and the self-sacrificing devotedness of Papists. Let them strengthen their Missions, abound more in prayer for them, and surround them with their warmest sympathies and affections; and in that case, such movements as the one we have described will terminate in the discomfiture of the powers of evil, and in the more thorough establishment of the reign of Christ.

A HINDOO CONVERT'S HYMN.

The following hymn was written by Krishna, a native Preacher in India:

He who yielded once his breath,
Sinful man to save from death!
O, my soul, forget not him,
Forget not Him.

Troubled soul! Forget no more
God’s best gift, thy richest store,
Christ the Lord, whose holy name
Now saves from shame.

Cease thy fruitless toil and care;
Christ will all thy burden bear.
Grace and love shall soothe the breast
That sighs for rest.

He is truth and mercy mild;
He in death with pity smiled
Shed his crimson blood abroad;
Leads man to God.

Faithful friend! On thee I call,
By day, by night, my all in all.
Thy name, sweet Jesus, brings relief,
And stays my grief.
THE LATE REV. JAMES HORNE,
FOR FORTY YEARS A MISSIONARY IN THE
WEST INDIES.

So he, too, has laid down his armour, and gone to reign with
Christ. He has fought the good fight, he has finished his course,
he has kept the faith, he has now gone to wear that crown which
the Lord Jesus has prepared for all those who love his appearing.
Mr. Horne was in truth and verity a hero of the Cross: many a
trophy has he won through the strength of his Redeemer; as a
star he shall doubtless shine for ever and ever.

There was something so sunny and enlivening about dear father
Horne's religion, even in this world, that we have thought it
would be as pleasing to our young readers to hear a little about
him, as it would be gratifying to the writer's feelings of warm
affection and gratitude to recall those traits of character which
often excited her admiration in a "far-off" land.

I do not mean to attempt to tell you anything of his history,
further than to say, that the poetry of his nature was nursed amid
the wild scenery of the Grampian Hills, and the vein of humour
which enlivened his conversation had been rubbed up by some
years' residence in the Emerald Isle, and the deep-toned sympa-
thy which made him a brother, born for adversity, was learned,
where the great Captain of our salvation learned to be "touched
with the feeling of our infirmities," in the school of suffering.
Father Horne was a fine-looking old man, tall, and stout in pro-
portion, with a look of benevolence ever beaming from his coun-
tenance, which seemed to say, what he often sung,—

"Come, ye disconsolate, wherever ye wander."

O, I think I see him now, as I did for the first time early in
1839, when, by his fatherly and cordial welcome to his house, and
to the scene of future labours, by his invigorating conversa-
tion, and fervent prayers, he soothed and cheered the strangers' 
heart. He was a clever man: he sought after and intermeddled
with all knowledge. He had read much and seen much, and had
turned both his reading and observation to so good an account,
that he could converse with ease on almost any subject; and
though very far from ever making a pedantic display of his
acquirements, he was ever ready to communicate what he knew,
and he had such tact, such aptness to teach, that you could not
be long in his company without learning something, in such a pleasant way, that you scarcely knew how you had got it. Perhaps just after we were seated at a meal, he would look round at his children, and say, "I wonder who knows most about steam this morning; come, let us have the steam up." Then would follow a discussion about the properties and power of steam, and books would be suggested where a good deal of information might be gained on the subject; and after many valuable hints fitted to direct their investigations, he would say, that the discussion would be resumed at tea; in this way his family, and all who came within his influence, were ever hunting after knowledge, and growing in information. But this was the least benefit of his influence. Father Horne was truly a Christian man. Like Enoch, he walked with God himself, and sought to bring all within his influence into the same blessed society. Ever walking circumspectly himself, in all godly sincerity, he could say to others, "Follow me, as I follow Christ." A little more on this part of his character next month, God willing.

(To be continued.)

INDIAN CRUELTY.

The North-American Indians, in their Heathen state, are not only cruel to their enemies, they are cruel to their aged parents. An Englishman once saw a tribe packing up their tents to remove to another place. There was an old man there; his eyes were dim, his skin withered, and his back bent by the weight of a hundred years. There he was, sitting all alone beneath a covering of skins stretched on four poles. Beside him were a small fire, a few buffalo bones with a little meat upon them, and a dish of water. His sons and daughters were going to remove with their tribe to another place; but he was not going with them. He did not ask to be taken. He said to them, "Leave me! I am old—I cannot go—I wish to die! I will not be a burden to my children. I LEFT MY FATHER AS YOU LEAVE ME." So he remained behind. Had his children loved him,—had they feared God,—they would have carried him with them, or stayed behind with him. The Englishman was not able to remain with the old man; for he was going in a boat down the river.
A few months afterwards he returned the same way. He stepped on shore, and went to look at the spot where he had seen the poor old Indian. There was the skin covering, still stretched upon the poles; there were the ashes of the fire; but where was the aged man? A little way off there lay a skull, and some bones picked quite clean. It was clear that the wolves had been there.

Yet, though the Indians treat their parents cruelly, they love their children. There was a Chief, named Blackrock, who had an only daughter, of a sweet countenance and modest behaviour. A painter drew her picture. She was dressed in skins, adorned with brass buttons, and her soft black tresses were plaited, and her ears were adorned with strings of beads. The picture was so much admired, that a gentleman purchased it, and hung it up in his house. No one knew what had become of the girl, till, one day, Blackrock came to the house where the picture was, and, entering the room, went up to the picture and exclaimed, "My heart is glad again, now I see her here alive! I want this picture, that I may always talk to my daughter; for she is dead. She died whilst I was absent, hunting buffaloes. I want my daughter! Take her down and give her to me! I have brought ten horses with me, and a beautiful wigwam, as the price of my daughter." The owner seeing how much the father loved his daughter, took down the picture from the wall, and placed it in his hands, saying, "The picture is yours; keep your horses and your wigwam too. May they help to mend your generous heart, broken by the loss of your only daughter!" With great delight and much gratitude, Blackrock carried home the precious picture.

The poor Heathen have no real comfort in their afflictions; for they know not who sends trouble, or why He sends it.

For Off.

CONTENTS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hindoo Devotees</th>
<th>Page: 121</th>
<th>Popery in Fernando Po</th>
<th>Page: 128</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The murdered Missionary</td>
<td>124</td>
<td>A Hindoo Convert's Hymn</td>
<td>129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prayer and Effort rewarded</td>
<td>126</td>
<td>The late Rev. James Horne</td>
<td>130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sawyers in India</td>
<td>127</td>
<td>Indian Cruelty</td>
<td>131</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

LONDON: PRINTED BY JAMES NICHOLS, NOXTON-SQUARE.
Kwan Yin; or, The Goddess of Mercy.
THE

WESLEYAN JUVENILE OFFERING.

DECEMBER, 1856.

Kwan Yin.

Or, The Goddess of Mercy.

Kwan Yin is a very favourite object of worship among the Chinese. They believe her to be the most merciful and pitiful of all their gods; and so, when they are in trouble, and especially when they feel they have done wrong, they pray to her to help, and forgive, and save them.

Temples for her special worship are to be met with; and, besides, her image is found in most other temples. Kwan Yin is represented as seated upon the lotus, a beautiful water-lily.

The children on her right and left are attendants, who constantly worship and serve her. The one on the right is a boy called Shin Tsor; and the one on the left, a girl called Lung Nii.

GIVING AND RECEIVING.

It was a brisk, clear evening in the latter part of December when Mr. A. returned from his counting-house to the comforts of a bright coal-fire and warm arm-chair in his parlour at home. He changed his heavy boots for slippers, drew around him the folds of his evening gown, and then, lounging back in the chair, looked up to the ceiling and about with an air of satisfaction. Still there was a cloud on his brow. What could be the matter with Mr. A.?

To tell the truth, he had that afternoon in his counting-room received the agent of one of the principal religious charities of the day, and had been warmly urged to double his last year's subscription; and the urging had been pressed by statements and arguments to which he did not know well how to reply.
“People think,” soliloquised he to himself, “that I am made of money, I believe. This is the fourth object this year for which I have been requested to double my subscription, and this year has been one of heavy family expenses;—building and fitting-up this house—carpets—curtains—no end to the new things to be bought. I do not see, really, how I am to give a sixpence more in charity. Then, there are the bills for the boys and girls; they all say they must have twice as much now as before we came to this house. I wonder if I did right in building it.”

And Mr. A. glanced unceasingly up and down the ceiling, and around on the costly furniture, and looked into the fire in silence. He was tired, harassed, and sleepy. His head began to swim, and his eyes closed. He fell asleep. In his sleep he thought he heard a tap at the door, and there stood a plain, poor-looking man, who, in a voice singularly low and sweet, asked for a few moments’ conversation with him. Mr. A. asked him into the parlour, and drew him a chair near the fire. The stranger looked attentively around, and then, turning to Mr. A., presented him with a paper. “It is your last year’s subscription to Missions,” said he; “you know all the wants of that cause that can be told you; I came to see if you had anything more to add to it.”

This was said in the same low and quiet voice as before; but for some reason, unaccountable to himself, Mr. A. was more embarrassed by the plain, poor, unpretending man than he had been in the presence of any one before. He was for some moments silent before he could reply at all; and then, in a hurried and embarrassed manner, he began the same excuses which had appeared so satisfactory to him the afternoon before,—the hardness of the times, the difficulty of collecting money, family expenses, &c.

The stranger quietly surveyed the spacious apartment, with its many elegancies and luxuries, and, without any comment, took from the merchant the paper he had given him, but immediately presented him with another.

“This is your subscription to the Tract Society; have you anything to add to it? You know how much it has been doing, and how much more it now desires to do, if Christians would only furnish means. Do you not feel called upon to add something to it?”
Mr. A. was very uneasy under this appeal; but there was something in the still, mild manner of the stranger that restrained him; but he answered, that though he regretted it exceedingly, his circumstances were such that he could not this year conveniently add to any of his charities.

The stranger received back the paper without any reply, but immediately presented in its place the subscription to the Bible Society, and in a few clear and forcible words reminded him of its well-known claims, and again requested him to add something to his donations. Mr. A. became impatient.

"Have I not said," he replied, "that I can do nothing more for any charity than I did last year? There seems to be no end to the calls these days. At first, there was only three or four objects presented, and the sums required, moderate; now, the objects increase every day, and call upon us for money; and all, after we have given once, want us to double, and treble, and quadruple our subscriptions. There is no end to the thing. We may as well stop in one place as another."

The stranger took back the paper, rose, and, fixing his eye on his companion, said, in a voice that thrilled to his soul, "One year ago to-night, you thought that your daughter lay dying. You could not rest for agony; upon whom did you call that night?"

The merchant started and looked up. A change seemed to have passed over the whole form of his visitor, whose eye was fixed on him with a calm, intense, penetrating expression that subdued him. He drew back, covered his face, and made no reply.

"Five years ago," said the stranger, "when you lay at the brink of the grave, and thought that if you died then you would leave a family unprovided for, do you remember how you prayed? Who saved you then?"

The stranger paused for an answer; but there was a dead silence. The merchant only bent forward as one entirely overcome, and rested his head on the seat before him.

The stranger drew yet nearer, and said, in a still lower and more impressive tone, "Do you remember fifteen years since, that time when you felt yourself so lost, so helpless, so hopeless, when you spent day and night in prayer; when you thought you would give the world for one hour's assurance that your sins were forgiven you? Who listened to you then?"
"It was God my Saviour," said the merchant, with a sudden burst of remorseful feeling. "O yes, it was He!"

"And has He ever complained of being called on too often?" inquired the stranger, in a voice of reproachful sweetness.

"Say," added he, "are you willing to begin this night, and ask no more of Him, if He from this night will ask no more from you?"

"O never, never, never," said the merchant, throwing himself at his feet; but as he spoke these words, the figure seemed to vanish, and he awoke with his whole soul stirred within him.

"O my God and Saviour! what have I been doing!" he exclaimed. "Take all; take everything; what is all that I have to what Thou hast done for me?"

*English Paper.*

---

**JUVENILE CHRISTMAS OFFERING.**

"Summon'd my labour to renew,
And glad to see my part,
Lord, in thy name my work I do,
And with a single heart."

The time is now approaching, dear children, when you will be called to make your yearly collection for the Missions. I hope the lines you have just read will agree with the feelings of your own hearts. Thankful that God has spared your lives, and permitted you again to engage in his work, you will do it with a willing mind.

The children's offering last year was more than it had ever been before; and I hope it will not fall short this year. I do not think your interest in Missions is less than it was; I am sure the wants of the Heathen are not less, and I hope the money will not be less.

Let us all pray for grace so to work for God, as we shall wish we had done, when, leaving this world and entering an eternal world, we shall see the great value of immortal souls, and count all the time and labour lost that was not spent in working out our own salvation, and trying to send the knowledge of redemption to those who had it not."
DAVID BRAINERD PREACHING TO THE NORTH-AMERICAN INDIANS.

"The wild, untutor'd Indian tribes
Shall know the Gospel sound;
And in the Saviour's hallow'd grave
Shall peace and joy be found.

"The Resurrection and the Life—
He triumph'd o'er the tomb;
And now proclaims, in gracious strains,
The glorious life to come!"

It is more than a hundred years ago since David Brainerd began to preach to the Indians. The North Americans do not worship idols, but they worship the Great Spirit, as they call him; they believe in an evil spirit, whom they think to be stronger than the good Spirit. Was not this enough to make them miserable? They gladly received the Missionary, who told them that there was indeed an evil spirit, but that the good Spirit, our God, is far stronger than any evil spirit, and therefore we can say, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Since David
Brainerd, there have been many Missionaries, who have gone to
the different tribes of Indians to teach them, and many have
become Christians; some of the Indians have become Ministers
to their Heathen brethren. I dare say some of you remember
Peter Jacobs; he is an Ojibeway, and a Missionary. Indians
gladly welcome the Missionary; for their religion gives them no
happiness in this life, or hope in one to come. This you will see,
in reading, "An Indian Mother's Lament for her Daughter.”
Poor woman, she did not know of heaven; her ideas go not beyond
the cold grave in which her darling daughter was laid.

AN INDIAN MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR HER
DAUGHTER.

My daughter! my daughter! Alas! alas! My hope, my
comfort has departed; my heart is very sad. My joy is turned
into sorrow, and my song into wailing. Shall I never behold
thy sunny smile? Shall I never more hear the music of thy
voice? The Great Spirit has entered my lodge in anger, and
taken thee from me, my first-born and only child. I am com-
fortless, and must wall out my grief. The pale faces repress
their sorrow; but we children of nature must give vent to ours or
die. My daughter! my daughter!

The light of my eyes is extinguished. All, all is dark. I
have cast from me all comfortable clothing, and robed myself in
comfortless skins; for no clothing, no fire can warm thee, my
daughter. Unwashed and uncombed, I will mourn for thee,
whose long locks I can never more braid; and whose cheeks I
can never again tinge with vermilion. I will cut off my dis-
heveled hair; for my grief is great, my daughter! my daughter!
How can I survive thee! How can I be happy, and you a
homeless wanderer to the spirit land? How can I eat, if you are
hungry? I will go to the grave with food for your spirit. Your
bowl and spoon are placed in your coffin for use on the journey.
The feast for your playmates has been made at the place of
interment. Knowest thou of their presence? My daughter! my
daughter!

When spring returns, the choicest of ducks shall be your
portion. Sugar and berries also shall be placed near your grave.
Neither grass nor flowers shall be allowed to grow thereon.
A HERO OF THE CROSS.

Affection for thee will keep the little mound desolate, like the heart from which thou art torn. My daughter, I come, I come. I bring you parched corn. O, how long will you sleep! The wintry winds wail your requiem. The cold earth is thy bed, and the colder snow thy covering. I would that they were mine! I will lie down by thy side. I will sleep once more with thee. If no one discovers me, I shall soon be as cold as thou art; and together we will sleep that long, long sleep from which I cannot wake thee, my daughter, my daughter!

A HERO OF THE CROSS.

The Late Rev. James Horne.

Before leaving Mr. Horne's mental attainments, and his readings to help others in seeking after knowledge, it may stir some of our readers up to double their diligence, if we tell them that it was amid much discouragement, and few helps, that he began and carried on his studies. He did not go from the grammar-school to college, and there, under the best instructors, and in the midst of book-shelves, rise from class to class. No, like many a bright light in the church, he had to hoard up money to buy books by hardy self-denial, and then exercise continued self-denial to get time to read them. One day, when quite a youth, but after he had begun to preach, he had carried a book on astronomy in his pocket for some miles; and, having half an hour to spare, he sat down in a quiet corner, outside the Irish cabin in which he was to preach, to read a bit. His host arrived, meanwhile, from his labour, and, going up to the young Preacher, was anxious to know something about his book. "I told him," said Mr. Horne, when relating the circumstance, "that it was about the sun, moon, and stars; that our world moved round the sun, and also turned round on its own axis, so that when the sun seemed to go away from us, it was our part of the world that turned away from it, and the sun was at that moment rising to those who were on the other side of the earth. 'Arrah, then,' said Pat, 'that's what it tells you, is it? Don't you be after reading any more such nonsense; it's as big a lie, that same, as ever was written, so it is. Didn't I see the sun go into the say
last night, wid my own eyes? So I did.' I put up my book for that time; and though I did not give up the study of astronomy, I took good care not to talk about it again in the country.' Remember, dear children, this was fifty years ago; "intellect" has "marched" a long way since then, both in Great Britain and Ireland; but it shows how much we have to be thankful for now-a-days.

But eagerly as Mr. Horne had sought after earthly knowledge, it was all counted loss in comparison with the knowledge of Christ. This was ever his favourite study; and, whether at home or abroad, in his own family or among strangers, you could not be long in his company without finding this out. He "preached Christ crucified," both in the pulpit and out of it. In the pulpit, he was clear and faithful in pointing sinners to the Lamb of God. There was nothing flashy or flowery in his sermons; they were pithy, instructive, and impressive. At times, a quaint comparison would call forth a smile; but this was very occasional, and never studied. I heard him once compare preaching to forgetful hearers of the Gospel, to pouring water on a duck's back; and at another time, when speaking of the Christian trying to attract worldlings to Christ, through showing, by their cheerfulness, that they loved his service, he gave such a graphic description of a recruiting party, that imagination almost heard the very tune by which, as he said, "they were charming the fellows into Her Majesty's service." Delightful as it was to listen to his pulpit preaching, it was not less so to hear his every-day preaching. Shall I tell you his life's text? It was, "Rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks." O, you never saw a happier man than father Horne: everything like gloom and sadness fled before his face, like clouds before the sun. He had a fine voice, and as he was no mean poet, he had turned many of our Scottish songs into hymns, or fitted their tunes to our hymns, as he often quoted Wesley's words, "It is a pity the devil should have all the fine music!" These he interspersed with his lively, instructive conversation, so seasonably, that they made "melody" in the hearts of others as well as his own. I have him before my mind's eye now, as plainly as I saw him thirteen years ago, pacing the hall of the West Indian Mission-house, with the tears of joy glistening in his uplifted eyes, as he sang James Montgomery's seventy-second psalm,
"With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinions
Or dove's light wing can soar."

His spirit was such a well-spring of joy, that one could not be near him without catching some of its droppings. This made him ever a welcome guest in the chamber of affliction. He would enter into all the details of their distress; prescribe for them, if needful; (for he was a good doctor;) then allure them from their griefs and fears by some sweet soothing song of Zion; and leave them gazing on Calvary, or looking from Pisgah's top to the Promised Land. I can speak from experience on this; for I can never forget how, when brought very low by fever, he sometimes sang me half-way to heaven. It was a sad, sad time that. A destructive fever, which baffled medical skill, ravaged the island where we were, in some cases carrying off whole families, and leaving few houses unvisited. Had it not been for the personal exertions of the Governor of the island and Father Horne, many who were recovering from the fever would have died for want of care and nourishment. Their labours surpass all praise. Night and day were they ready at every call, ministering both to the spiritual and temporal needs of the afflicted; and, though both suffered severely, the Lord in mercy raised them up again. A striking instance of his never-failing cheerfulness just occurs to me here. One evening, after each member of the Mission family had been a few, and were for the first time able to meet together in the parlour, he looked round with a smile, and said, "Thank God, we are all here once more; but, after all, we are a poor lot, not one of us able to sing a hymn of praise to our Deliverer: but, come," he said, after a pause, "David would say, 'Awake up, psaltery and harp,'" and, rising from the sofa on which he was reclining, with a great effort he walked across the room, and wound up a large musical box which had long been silent, and then lay down again, closed his eyes, and no doubt accompanied its strains with the offerings of a grateful heart. His family
circle was then unbroken, and soon after removed to another island for change of air. In a few weeks, he and his children returned; but his gentle, excellent wife had gone to the "better land," to return no more till the trumpet shall sound. He was "cast down, but not destroyed." There was a manful struggle carried on between his strong natural feelings, and his desire to say, with Jesus, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt." Still he had such a hearty love to God in all his dealings, and such strong faith in his wisdom and love, that, though "sorrowful, he was always rejoicing." His songs were in accordance with his feelings; but they were not silenced. His daughter and I have wept together in an adjoining room, to hear him, with a trembling, subdued voice, singing,—

"Why do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,  
To call them to his arms;"

or,—

"There is a region lovelier far," &c.

Never did our dear departed friend appear to greater advantage than in this time of trouble. God was his refuge and strength there, and there alone, he sought comfort; and, ever faithful to his promises, God was to him as "a covert from storm and from rain." O, beloved young friends, if you live long, your times of heart-grief and sorrow will come too; and where will you run for help, if you have lived far from God when all was well with you? O seek him now; and then, when the dark days come, he will be your "light and your salvation."

Some Christians have allowed their sorrows to unfit them for labour; father Horne's spurred him on to labour often far beyond his strength. On such occasions, when completely exhausted, he would lift up his hands, and say, "O, it is sweet to be tired out in Christ's work. How often was he tired in the great work of our salvation! but, blessed be his name, never of it, No, he endured the cross." Mr. Horne was never satisfied with going the round of prescribed duty. Like his great Master, he seemed never for a moment to forget his "Father's business." He had a work to do; that work was his delight; and he left no means
untried for the finishing of it. There were two classes of his hearers who had each much of his care and attention,—the poor, old, stupid, ignorant folks, who could not understand preaching; and the “lambs” of the flock. To the former he gave up one evening in the week; and, O, with what persevering patience would he sit down among them, and try, by asking them questions, and inviting them to ask questions in return, to draw out what little knowledge they had, and break down the truth to morsels suited to their capacity! Nor was it a new thing for him thus to “sow beside all waters.” When he was quite young in the ministry, he used to preach in the Blind Asylum of Dublin; and I have before me a poetical letter from one of the blind men to one of the Directors. Mr. Horne gave me a copy of it. It is in his own handwriting. The writer says:—

"Mr. John Frazer Mathews will please to remember
The promise he made in the month of September,
To bring here a ‘Horne’ to sound the glad news
Of Jesus, the Saviour of Gentiles and Jews.
Three months have elapsed, and no ‘Horne’ you have brought.
Pray do not imagine the promise forgot;
’Tis by no means the case, the sound is too choice;
We do wish for a blast to make us rejoice.
Let not the three months be stretch’d out to four.
The above is intended for nothing but good;

And, Sir,

"I remain,
"Your well-wisher,

"T. RUDD."

Mr. Horne adds, “In consequence of the above, I preached, a few evenings after, to nearly all the inmates. The above T. Rudd was not well enough to attend; but I visited him in his room, and found him in possession of the blessedness of those who ‘know the joyful sound.’” Instant in season and out of season, he reproved, instructed, encouraged, or comforted, as the case might require, with diligence and faithfulness.

(To be continued.)
TIME.

TIME is flying, flying, flying,
    O, how swiftly by!
Like a waterfall that's rushing,
Or a fountain ever gushing;
Hourly, daily, weekly, yearly,
Rapid as the lightning nearly,
    Do the moments fly.

Catch the seconds as they're passing,
    Wait not for the hours;
Prize them as a golden treasure;
Use them not in trifling pleasure;
Seconds, minutes, prizing, holding
    As you would those buds unfolding
    Into choicest flowers.

Act for some important purpose,
    Not with selfish zeal;
See! humanity is bleeding,
Aid!—thy fellow-man is needing;
Hundreds, thousands, millions,—hear them,
Breathing out their woes,—go cheer them,
    Seek their wounds to heal.

Soon another year, all freighted
With the deeds of man,
Will be borne to God their Giver,
And recall'd by mortal never!
O, be wakeful, watchful, ready,
Heart and hand, to bless the needy;
    Thus fill out thy span.

MRS. A. C. JUDSON.

CONTENTS.

---|---
Kwan Yin .......................... 133 | An Indian Mother's Lament for her Daughter .................................. 138
Giving and Receiving ................. 133 | A Hero of the Cross ..................... 139
Juvenile Christmas Offering .......... 136 | Time ................................... 144
David Brainerd preaching to the North-Amerian Indians .......... 137