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Rev. Wm. R.



• VOL. XI.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER, 1854.

No. 10.

• MITTIE, THE BLIND CHILD.

BY MARY IRVING.

(From the *Little Pilgrim*.)

Did you ever thank God for your eyes dear children! Those two bright, clear, happy eyes that He has given to drink in the pleasant sunshine, the beauty of the flowers, the glory of the rainbow, and the sweetness of your dear mother's smile!—Listen now to a story of a child to whom He never gave eyes to look upon any of these beautiful things.

It was on a sunshiny morning—some where in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean—that a gentleman, whom sea-sickness had imprisoned in his state room since the first roll of the ship, took courage, from a cup of coffee and the calmness of the sea, to crawl upon deck. As he stood at the head of the narrow stairway, clutching a rope to support his tottering steps, he heard a glad child's laugh. Looking up, he saw a little girl, about five years old, quite at her ease, on the turning and rolling floor trying to “jump rope” with a knotted end of a ship rigging which had been given her by an old sailor. The brisk breeze had brightened her cheeks, and curled her flowing hair in no very orderly manner. Mr. L. thought of his own little daughter over the ocean, and his eyes filled.

“Come to me, my dear!” he kindly called, reaching his hand towards the child.

She stopped her play, looked up as though half frightened, half astonished, and then began carefully to creep towards the outstretched hand. He lifted her to his lap and kissed her coral lips.

“Whose little girl are you?” he inquired.

“I'm nobody's little girl,” she replied in a touching tone. “Only God takes care of me and sometimes Captain I——”

“How, where is your mamma?”

“Mamma is in Burrampooter; I'm not her little girl any more.” Here a tear rolled down her cheek. “I'm going to New York,” she said “to be uncle's little girl. But New York is a great way off, isn't it, sir?”

"Not a very long way, my child—you will soon see your uncle!"

"I can't see, sir," she said, softly.

Mr. L. started, and looked down into those bright dark, intelligent eyes. Alas! it was too true! they were darkened windows, through which the soul could never look!

"Mittie! hey, Mittie!" called a bluff voice, as the captain's varnished hat appeared from behind the mast. "Eh, birdie, what new nest have you found!"

With a start and a bound Mittie jumped into his rough arms, and laid her cheek upon the shoulder of his shaggy coat sleeve.

"So-ho, shipmate," continued the captain, addressing Mr. L., "you are aloft at last. Nothing like a stiff nor'wester for taking the starch out of you landsfolk;" and he laughed.

"But this little girl, Captain I——, how happens she to be alone on the wide world of waters?"

"Can't say," returned the captain, with a dubious shake of his shining hat. "She's a stray waif that I picked up on the Liverpool docks. Don't know her belongings; she was labelled for New York, it seems. Her name—what's the balance of it, sea-bird?" he asked.

"Mittie Wythe Hamilton," lisped the child, who had already found her way back to her bit of rope and sat against the ship's railing, tossing up her hands at every new dash of spray. "I was named for Uncle Wythe, and he told mamma to send me." Her face clouded for an instant, then brightened again in the sunshine.

"Poor blind pet! so far as I can make out her story from one thing and another, she is the child of missionaries in India. Poor creatures, they could not bring her over themselves, and I dare say she was getting no good in that heathenish land; so it seems they put her in charge of an English lady, name I've forgotten, who set out to join her husband somewhere in Canada. But she sickened and died before the barque *Sally* reached England, and the poor thing was left friendless and helpless. What the captain and mate of the *Sally* were thinking of, I don't know; but they put the child on dry land, with the balance of the passengers, and set sail without so much as looking up a New York packet. Alone in Liverpool—and it's no place for a blind child, sir, to say nothing of one that's got eyes—I found her amusing herself pretty much as you see her now, with bits of chips, at the corner of a ship yard! How the creature had lived, I can't say. I'll believe after this, shipmate, there's a God in the sky, who, as she says, keeps watch over children; if He don't over us grown up sinners? It seems she had never wanted for a birth nor a mess. 'I want to go to New York,' she would say to every stranger who spoke to her. I couldn't have left the little thing—but I don't know where I'm taking her. If I can't anchor her safely, I'll keep her for first mate of the *Down*; hey, sea-bird?"

"What could you do with her in that terrible storm off Cape Clear? I shudder to recollect that night!"

"Well, sir, while you were lying flat on your back and the rest of us were raining, hauling and pulling hither and thither, working for dear life against the winds and waves, the pretty creature was rolling about the cabin floor, clapping her hands as though she were in an apple-tree swing, and found it capital fun! When I tumbled down to my locker for five minutes' rest, I found her on her knees in her little night-wrap, saying 'Our Father,' and I felt sure no storm would sink the ship with her on it!"

Poor mother of Mittie! how her heart was wrung at sending her blind, trusting child from her arms! But her brother in America had written, telling her

that he would provide for Mittie—poor sightless Mittie, who could learn little in that uncivilized land. So, with many tears and prayers, that missionary mother had packed her Mittie's small trunk and placed her in the care of a friend—the English lady before mentioned—to be transported to our country. What but a mother's prayer guarded the helpless darling in her lonely wanderings?

On arriving at New York, Captain I—— and Mr. L—— made inquiry everywhere for Mr. Wythe. Directories were searched, streets ransacked and questions repeated hundreds of times, to no purpose. No relative of the poor blind Mittie could be found.

“Leave her with me, captain,” said Mr. L—— “I am soon to return to London, but before sailing I will place her in an Asylum for the blind, and see that she is comfortably cared for.”

Instead, however, of placing Mittie in the State Asylum of New York, her friend took her to a southern city, where he had business connections, and left her in one of those beautiful retreats which nature and art have combined to adorn for those whose eyes tell not night from day, nor beauty from deformity.

Kind voices welcomed the little stranger, but they were voices she had never heard, nor hoped to hear. For the first time since she sobbed good-by on her mother's lap, her hope and faith faltered. She felt she was alone in the world, and she sought out a corner to cry. Had the superintendent particularly interested himself in the child, he would have found out her history, and probably have sought some communication with her parents. But setting down her name as a charity scholar, he forgot that she was not an orphan.

And Mr. L——? His sympathies had been strongly enlisted, and he really intended to find out the mystery. But he was a man of the world and immersed in its busy cares. Having placed a sum of money for her use in the hands of the director, with permission to apply to him in any other emergency, he returned to his English home—and only remembered the blind child of the voyage at moments when his own laughing Carrie climbed into his lap.

One among a hundred children; Mittie was well educated in all that the blind can learn. She was taught how to read the Bible, from which her mother had read to her, by passing her small fingers over curiously raised letters. She learned to sew, to braid, and to write, strange thoughts that young head used to frame, for that unsteady hand to jot down in its crooked wandering over the paper. She learned to sing the sweet hymns of her schoolmates and to touch for herself the keys of the piano, whose melodies had almost made her fancy herself in Heaven, only that she had been told in Heaven she should see like other children! Sometimes, in her dreams, she would find herself on a soft couch with strange perfumes and sounds about her, and would feel warm tears dropping, one by one, on her forehead, while a dear arm pressed her closely.

“Mother! dear mother!” Mittie would cry, and awake—to find no mother.

Years had passed—when again a ship was nearing the forest of masts in New York harbor. On the deck sat a pale lady in deep mourning, with traces of tears upon her cheeks. Her children clung about her, with wonder in their faces.

“Oh, beautiful America! the America you have so often told us about,” cried a sweet voiced girl of twelve. “Mamma, does it look as it did when you went away?”

“Mamma, did you live in any of those great houses?”

“Mamma! plenty Pagodas here?” chimed in the youngest boy, whose eyes had taken in the numerous church spires. All spoke at once, but the mother answered neither. Her heart was too full. She had gone from that shore a

happy bride, and hopeful; she was returning, a widow, broken in health and spirits, to place her children with her relatives, and then, as she believed, to lay her bones in the tomb of her kindred. One hope only made her heart bound and her pale cheek grow paler, as she looked on that shore of her nativity, for the first time in twenty years.

"Oh, God I could I see *all* my children before I die!" she faltered.

I pass over the scene of her landing, and welcoming to the house of her brother. I will not stop to tell you how many wonders the India born children found in American city customs and sights; for I must hasten to the end of my story.

"It is impossible, sister," said her brother to the pale lady, one morning, in answer to some expression, "the child could never have reached this country. We never, as you know, have traced her farther than England, and if she had been brought here, she could not have failed to find me or I her."

The widow sighed. "God's will be done!" she murmured. "But it is hard to feel that my little helpless innocent—my eldest born—was sent from me to perish alone. Often I feel as if it could not be—as if she were yet alive, and I should find her at some day."

Providentially, as it proved, the mother was led to search the catalogues of various institutions for the blind; long in vain. At length she obtained a circulation from a distant city, and glanced over it indifferently, so often had she been disappointed. Her heart sprung to her lips as she saw the name "Mittie W. Hamilton."

"Brother," she gasped, extending the paper to him.

He looked and shook his head. "I am afraid you are expecting too much, my poor sister. Matilda was your darling's name, and then how should she stray to that corner of the United States?"

But the mother's hope was stronger than her fears. She scarcely ate or slept, weak though she was, until she reached the southern city whose name the catalogue had borne.

"Hamilton? yes, we have one pupil by that name," replied the bland superintendent, in answer to her first question of trembling eagerness. "But she is an orphan, madam."

"Are you sure, sir. Oh, I must see her at once!"

She followed him to the door of a large room, where fifty girls sat busied with their books and needlework. The buzz of conversation died, as they heard the sound of strange footsteps—and a hundred sightless eyes were turned toward the door.

Near a table, on which lay a bunch of delicate straw fishments, sat Mittie Hamilton. She had been braiding a bonnet, but her fingers had ceased their work, and buried in a sort of reverie, she was the only one who did not notice the entrance of a stranger.

"Was there any distinguishing feature, by which you would recognize your daughter, my dear madam?" asked the gentleman.

The mother's eyes wandered over the group, as though she dreaded the confirmation of her fears to lose her last hope.

"Show me that child of whom you spoke," she faltered.

"Meta Hamilton"—but he stopped, for, at the lady's first word, Mittie had sprung from her position, and throwing back the curls from her face, turned wildly from side to side.

"Who is that?" she cried, with outstretched arms. "That voice, speak again!"

"Mittie, my child!" cried Mrs. Hamilton, springing to her side, and sinking overpowered, upon her knees.

"Mother, oh mother!"—and Mittie fell in the arms that had cradled her in infancy.

That was a moment never to be forgotten!

Uncle Wythe Harris (for the mistake which had clouded so many years of the lifetime of mother and child, was that of Mittie in substituting—child that she was—the first name of her uncle for the last) found a pleasant cottage on the banks of the Hudson for his sister and her now happy family.—What a loving welcome the dear girls and boys, whom Heaven had blessed with the power of seeing their sister, gave to the wandered Mittie! How she comforted her mother's heart, making her forget her great bereavement—making her even forget to sorrow that she had a blind child, in her joy at feeling that she had another living darling!

The sunshine of Mittie's girlhood came back to her spirit. The dear blind girl was the joy of the house. How could any body cherish a feeling of discontent or peevishness, when that glad voice was pouring out its songs of thankfulness from morning until night! Oh, dear blind Mittie, never more—happy spirit that she was—mourned that God had not given her eyes to see. "He has given me back my mother," she once said, "and these precious brothers and sister, and He will let me see them all in Heaven!"

The Bible Makers of Eimeo.

You have all heard of the beautiful island of Tahiti, and its no less beautiful neighbour, the small island of Eimeo. Seven and sixty years ago the first missionaries to the South Seas landed on Tahiti, and for fifteen years worked hard and prayed much ere the blessing came, and the gospel triumphed. Then, however, great good was done. Many confessed themselves believers in Jesus. Idolatry lost its power, and a great longing for more of gospel truth was felt. It now became necessary to give the people the Bible in their own language, and a printing press—the first in the South Seas—was set up at Eimeo. The curiosity thus awakened was very great. Such a thing as a machine to make books was quite unknown, and people flocked from far and wide to see it. The king went every day into the office and watched the setting up of the types, and the working off of the sheets. The chiefs begged to be allowed to do the same, while the people thronged the doors and windows, and every place through which they could get a peep at what was going on. Multitudes came from every district of Eimeo, and from all the neighbouring islands. For several weeks the place where

the printing was carried on was like a public fair. The beach was lined with canoes from distant ports. The houses were filled with visitors. The fields were covered with tents set up by those who could not get a lodging in the town. And the school-room and the chapel, though capable of seating 600 persons, were too small for the numbers that pressed into them, waiting for some chance of getting a peep at the wonderful machine.

All the parties were eager to carry back with them some copies of "the book," and the usual question they asked when landing was, "When will the books be ready?"

The first copy that was finished was presented to the king, whose joy, on his getting it, knew no bounds. The queen and the chiefs were next supplied, but here the missionaries were nearly brought to a stand for want of proper materials for binding. Their stock of millboards was soon done, and their leather speedily exhausted. The people, however, soon found a substitute for the first, by beating pieces of bark-cloth together, till they formed a good firm board; or cutting very thin pieces of wood of the size required to make the

backs. To get the necessary quantity of leather, the missionaries taught the people how to tan skins. And now all set to work to make the leather. All kinds of animals were speedily killed for their skins; and old dogs, shaggy goats, wild kittens, every creature in short that could be spared, was thus robbed of its jacket to find covers for the word of God. The printing office was almost like a tan-yard; and as you passed through the village, almost every hut had a skin of some sort stretched on a board, and drying in the sun. So great was the eagerness of the people for the books, that binders enough could not be procured, till every chief sent one or more men to learn the art, and help to supply the wants. Most cheering was it to the missionaries to see the people thus employed; and though the season was one of great toil, it was also one of great enjoyment. For many weeks and months this eagerness lasted, and the demand was so great, that thirty or forty canoes were often seen in the bay, waiting five or six weeks for their supply. Each canoe would generally bring eight or ten persons, and these would hand to the missionaries a large roll of plantain leaves, each of which had an order on it for one or more copies from people that could not come.

One evening about sun-set, a canoe arrived from Tahiti with five men to purchase Bibles. The moment they landed they hastened to the missionaries' dwelling, and asked for "the word of Luke." No copies were ready, but they were told if they would wait till the following morning, they should have as many as they needed; and were recommended to seek a lodging in a village. But they were afraid to go away, least some other person might come and take the copies they were so earnestly waiting for. So gathering some dry cocoanut leaves for a bed, and wrapping themselves in their bark-cloth cloaks, they lay down upon the ground just outside the missionary's house, and there slept till the

morning broke. There the missionary found them in the morning, and seeing their great anxiety, lost no time in supplying to each a copy, and one for a sister, and another for a mother of one of them. Each wrapped his book in a piece of white bark-cloth, put it into his bosom, bid the missionary "good bye," and without eating or drinking, hastened to the boat, hoisted the sail, and steered away full of joy towards home.

Young reader, does not this great eagerness of the poor South Sea islanders put many in this land of Bibles to the blush? Oh! let us follow their deep interest in God's book, and as it abounds in our dwellings, let us never be condemned for our neglect and carelessness respecting it.

Welcoming of Spring in China.

The Bible tells us that all God's works praise him: They show how wise he is in his counsels, and how wonderful in his doings. Here we may see his greatness, there his goodness, everywhere his glory. Most true is it that "the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead." Now this is the case in every part of creation, and through every period of time. But perhaps at no season are there so many objects calculated to carry home through the eye, to the understanding and heart, the conviction that God is present, and that he is working everywhere, as in the spring—that pleasant time through which you have lately passed. The bright sun, the bursting leaves, the early flowers, the thickly-clustered bloom, the garden, the orchard, the field, and numerous other objects full of life and loveliness, speak of Him whose providence and presence are thus so plainly declared.

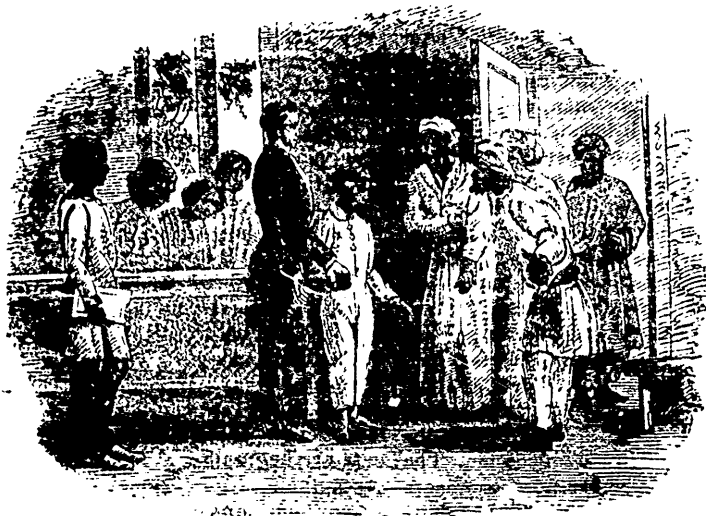
But how is it that you see God in his works, and can trace there his wisdom, power and goodness? It is because you have his word. Without

this, you too would, most likely, have "become vain in your imaginations," and "have changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things." This has been done by the heathen, and by none more than by that great nation, the Chinese, about whom you have lately heard and read so much. The report represents a scene witnessed in the cities and towns and villages of China on the arrival of spring, and it forms a part of what is called a festival for welcoming that cheerful season. I will briefly describe it to you. At a fixed time every year great preparations are made for a grand procession. The mandarins and government officers dress themselves in their gayest garments, and adorn themselves with all their badges of honour; bands of music loud and harsh, but pleasing to the ear of the people, are brought together; ornamented platforms are prepared, and children with wreaths and garlands of flowers, and carrying different kinds of grain and cotton, are seated upon them. These platforms are then raised up and carried by means of poles upon men's shoulders. But what, you may ask, is all this for? How is it connected with idolatry? You shall hear. There is raised above the heads of the people, the image of an ox. This figure is made of mud. If there has been a great deal of wind and rain, it is painted black and white, but if the weather has been bright and fine, its colour is yellow or red.

This painted ox is set up in a public place. But besides the ox, there is another image, also made of clay, but covered all over with bright gilt. This is "the god of the year." And the first thing done is to worship this vain idol. When this part of the ceremony is over, the people march round the ox, and strike it with slender rods, and immediately after they

all rush in upon it, beat it to pieces, and scramble for the bits of broken mud of which it was made. Those who get a piece think themselves very happy, for they believe that, if it is put into the jar where they keep their rice, it will make the rice swell, and go farther than it would have gone.

Such has long been, dear readers, and such is still the condition of the millions of China! And the reason of it, as we have said, is their ignorance of God's blessed word. But the times of this ignorance are, we hope, swiftly passing away. Wonderful changes, as you know, are coming upon that land. The people that sat in darkness are beginning at least to see a great light. From among themselves a multitude have risen up to destroy the idols. But they are doing more than this. They are reading—yes, and of their own accord, are *printing* the Bible! Among the last intelligence which has reached this country is the wonderful fact that they are not waiting until we can prepare the million Testaments for them, but that they are printing the Scriptures for themselves! It is as strange as it is delightful, that at Nankin, the chief of the great army that has travelled through so many provinces and taken so many cities, has a large printing establishment, in which four hundred men are at work under his direction, and that already they have printed the books of Genesis, Exodus, Numbers, and Matthew! It is, indeed, in a new and noble sense, spring-time now for China. The winter, we hope, is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land. Let us then be active and prayerful, that the blossom may not be blighted and the expected fruit fail. More must be done for China, now that God is speaking aloud to Christians, and saying, "Go ye up and possess the land."—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*



"I am a Christian;" or Denonath Bose.

You have often heard of the Mission Schools in India, and some of you have kindly helped to collect money for their funds. These schools are doing a great work, and, we believe, will be a great means, under God, of spreading Christianity throughout that land. Above fifty thousand of the youth of India are in careful training in them, and we cannot but think that, as these grow up well taught in religious truth, and with their minds convinced of the follies of idolatry, that they will become most useful men and women in overthrowing the cruel superstitions and foolish rites which their forefathers practised.

I am going to tell you a story of a lad in one of these schools who has lately declared himself a Christian, and whose history, I am sure, will greatly interest your minds. His name is Denonath Bose, he belongs to the rank next to the Brahmins. His father is a shopkeeper, a heathen, and very much opposed to the Christian religion. The school at which Denonath attends is at Jutally, and is supported by the Baptist Missionary Society. There are many children in the school, and it is doing much good. When

Denonath first came to this school he was between eleven and twelve years old, and soon showed himself a very quick lad, and diligent at his studies. After he had been there two years, he began to talk much to his teachers and companions about his heathen practices, and seemed very zealous for them. He often went with his father and mother to Hindoo temples to offer sacrifices, and he seemed to think their practices were quite right, and the Christians wrong. But the conversations of his teachers made a deep impression on his mind, and he would often spend a long time talking about religion with a Christian uncle that he had, and who took a great interest in him and held the office of native teacher in the mission.

It was not long before his father saw the increased interest of his son in Christianity, and he at once resolved to take him away from the school. Denonath was accordingly sent into the country for a time, but his father wanting him in his shop, he was soon brought home again and sent back to the institution. Denonath was now put into the Bible class, and the explanations there given by the teacher.

together with the reading of the Word of God, were much blessed to him.

He still, however, was a heathen, and attended heathen feasts. At this time, the yearly swinging festival in honour of Kalee, and of which you have read before, came round. Denonath went to it, but was so disgusted with the foolish and cruel ceremonies, that he resolved at once to give up idolatry and follow Christ. He now began to pray, read his Bible more than ever before, and give up some of his heathen customs. One day a Brahmin came into his father's shop. It is the custom for zealous Hindoos to make a low bow to all Brahmins, and, with folded hands, to cry out, "*Prunam*"—a word they use to express an act of worship. Denonath's father at once did this, but Denonath refused, saying, "That he could not worship a man, but God only." His father was very angry, but did no more than reprove him at the time.

Soon after this the missionary noticed Denonath at a special service in the chapel, and happening to come out of the chapel with him, touched him on the shoulder, and began to talk with him. Denonath now told him that he wished to be a Christian, and on being asked why, he answered, "Oh, I feel I am a great sinner—that none but the Lord Jesus Christ can save me, and that, if I do not believe in him, I must perish."

The missionary now felt much interest in him, told him to come to him for more instruction, and soon thought he saw that Denonath was a truly converted lad. As soon as his relations found all this out, they began to persecute him. His father forbade his going to chapel; the neighbors threatened to beat him, and his relations declared they would send him far away into the country. Poor Denonath was now in great trouble, but resolved to do what was right. So, one Monday morning, he came to the missionary, told him he could not serve

God at home; that if he staid there any longer, he would be sent far away to some heathen relative, and perhaps put to death, and that he was therefore come to live altogether in the school. The missionary hardly knew what to do, but told him to go home for that day. In two days after he came back, saying, "I am now come, Sir, to remain with you." Next morning his father came with a great crowd of people to get Denonath back. They let in his father, but not the people. He cried out, as he saw Denonath, "Oh Denonath! Why have you left me? Come home again!" The boy said, "I have not forsaken you, but I wish to serve the true God, and you will not let me do it at home. If I remain an idolater I perish. Do you come, father, with me, and then we shall both be happy." At this the father flew into a great passion, and went away in a rage. By and by he came back with some Brahmins, pretended to wish to reason with the lad, but really meaning to carry him off by force. After speaking very roughly to him, one of them asked him, "How old is this new-fangled religion?" "Eighteen hundred and forty-nine years," said Denonath. "How is that?" asked the Brahmin, "why, how long have the English possessed this country?" "Not quite an hundred years," said the lad. "And how long have there been Christians here?" "Ever since the first Hindoo believed the gospel," said Denonath. They now talked together what to do, but Denonath stopped them by saying, "It is of no use trying to bring me back. I tell you plainly, *I am a Christian, and will never turn to you again.*"

On this they tried to drag him out, but the missionary would not let them—so they went away very angry, and gave up Denonath as lost.

Since then he has been baptised, and, when the missionary wrote, was going on very well. Let us all pray that God will still keep him from denying Christ, and turn the hearts of

his heathen relations to himself. You see, dear children, how hard it is to confess Christ in a heathen land. Oh! bless God, that he has cast your lot on happy British ground!



Asia.

Of all quarters of the world there is none more interesting or important in reference to Missionary work than Asia. It is the largest of all,—it has the most people on it,—and it is the most open for our labours. I am going to tell you something about it, and have accordingly got you a little map, to which you must refer as I go on.

Look at that part of the map at the left hand side, where you see the letter P. There is Palestine, the country of which you read so much in the Bible, where Abraham sojourned, and Isaac and Jacob dwelt, and where their ashes rest. No country is like to that for interest, for there God's vast plans for our salvation were acted out. It was there that God in human flesh, Jesus our Saviour, walked about, and preached, and wrought miracles, and at last offered up the atonement of our sins. From thence you know the Gospel first went out to all the nations, and where Jerusalem and the temple stood of old in all their glory.

But Palestine has seen great changes since then. The Gospel the Jews despised has been taken away. The temple and the holy city are now no more. There is a city now built where

Jerusalem stood of old, but it belongs to the Mohammedans, about whom I told you in a former number; and on the spot where the temple stood, there is a place of worship, called a mosque, but it is belonging to the same people, and no Jew can enter its gate. Throughout the land darkness and ignorance prevail. The Mohammedan religion is the cause, and there are few Christians scattered up and down. At Jerusalem there is a Christian church, and several Missionaries, and in different parts of the country good men are labouring for Christ. I hope you pray and labour for the Jews.

In TURKEY in Asia there is a mixture of Mohammedanism, and the religion of the Greek Church. Tartary Persia, Afghanistan, and Arabia, are properly Mohammedan countries, and it is here where the greatest numbers of this sect are found. You know that Mahomet, their founder, lived in Arabia, and there began his work. It was in a cave there where he pretended to have had strange visions, and at a city there, called Mecca, where he was at last buried. His tomb is visited by thousands every year, who go on a pilgrimage to it, and think it a work of great merit.

That narrow sea upon the left of Arabia is the Red Sea, and at the top, near that point, the Israelites crossed when going out of Egypt. It was in the deserts of Arabia also that they wandered for forty years, and near the south of it also where they received the law. The inhabitants of Arabia are called ARABS. They generally live in tents, and many of them are very rich in the possession of large herds of cattle, and troops of beautiful horses. It is amongst their deserts that the camel is reared, and where the ostrich lives. I know of no Missionary efforts amongst the Arabs, unless it be now and then when some Christian traveller may chance to visit them.

Look to the east of Arabia, and there is INDIA, a large and idolatrous land.

You often hear of India and its cruelties, and of all lands there is none where more cruelties are committed. Here are 133 millions of idolaters, serving no fewer than 330 millions of gods. It is on the north of this country where the river Ganges flows. It is worshipped by the Hindoos, who fancy that if they can bathe in it, they will wash away their sins, or if they can die with their feet in it, they will go bright and glorious to heaven. Great numbers of pilgrims visit it every year.

On the western coast of India is the temple of Juggernaut, about which your friends can tell you. Once every year thousands of people go up there to worship. A great car is dragged out, in which the idol rides, and the poor infatuated people often throw themselves beneath its wheels, and are crushed to death. The whole plain round the temple is covered with the whitened bones of the idol's victims. To the south of this is a part of the country where a people live who are called the Devil worshippers. They have temples to his honor, and offer to him many sacrifices. There are several Missionaries in India, but very few in comparison to the wants of the people. To the north of India is **THIBET**. There they worship what they call the Grand Lama. He is a human being, but receives the same worship as a god. He is said to be possessed of everlasting youth, and sits upon a sort of throne in a temple dedicated to him, and to which the people are admitted. He has vast numbers of priests, who delude the people sadly. He does appear always to be young, but the way it is managed is this: whenever one lama gets too old, he is removed by the priests, and another set up in his place. In this way they have kept up a succession for some hundred years. Very little, if anything, is being done for the heathen there.

To the north again of this is **CHINESE TARTARY**, and still further,

ASIATIC RUSSIA and **SIBERIA**. In these a mixture of superstition exists. There are Buddhists, members of the Greek Church, Mohammedans, and followers of Confucius, a Chinese philosopher. There have been Protestant and Catholic missions in all these parts, but the former are at present stopped.

Look now for **CHINA**. In that country is to be found just one half of the heathen world, above 300,000,000 of people. They all speak the same language, and are under the same government, so that the Bible printed in their language, can be circulated through, and read by one half of the heathen world, Dr. Morrison, of whom your friends will tell you, translated it some years ago, and we are now full of hope that ere long it will be made known to all the people.

Hitherto China has been closed against us, but owing to favourable openings arising from the late war, we have now part access to it. A few Missionaries are placed in the positions allowed to them, and a large number of tracts have been spread amongst the people. The people in religion may be divided into three classes:—There are those that follow the State religion, which is that taught by Confucius, a philosopher who lived in China about the same time as Jeremiah lived in Palestine. In their religion there are innumerable gods acknowledged, and many sacrifices offered. Then there is the Buddhist religion which is like that in Thibet; and then the Taouists, another class of superstitious idolaters.

The Roman Catholics had Missionaries here some hundred years ago, but they are now forbidden the country. In consequence of the strict laws shutting out Europeans and Christians, the Protestants have never been able to get a footing in the heart of this great empire: but now the way is open, and we are doing all we can. South of China are **BURHAM** and **SIAM**, and other countries, all interesting,

but all heathen; and then still further south, the East Indian Islands. Amongst these several Missionaries labour, most of them from America. You see from this rapid sketch how dark and ignorant all Asia is!

The May Meetings.

Sixteenth Anniversary of the London Missionary Society.

May is a favourite month with most people—young and old. Its bright sun, clear sky, and early flowers, its green hedges, breezy uplands, grassy meadows, busy husbandmen; its murmuring streamlets sparkling in the sun, and its leafy woods vocal with the music of many birds, make this the most cheerful month of the year. But this cheerfulness is not felt only amidst country scenes. Those also who dwell in towns enjoy it, and none perhaps more than the inhabitants of London. But amongst these there are not a few who find in this month some pleasures which are all their own; for it is the time of those May Meetings of which you have so often heard, and about one of which I will now give you a short account. This meeting is the Sixtieth Anniversary of the London Missionary Society. It has just been held. And truly a good and pleasant meeting it was. Very early in the morning of the 11th of May hundreds of people, and amongst them many of the young, might have been seen hastening on their way with quick steps and smiling faces towards Exeter Hall, and before 10 o'clock, when the meeting began, the great room was everywhere crowded. It was very beautiful to see so many people brought together so early to hear what God had been doing in heathen lands, and to help in sending the gospel to every dark nation under heaven.

We should like to tell our readers all about this meeting, for it was one of the best ever held, and we know they would have thought so if they had been there. But although we cannot give the speeches, we are sure that

one or two facts which were stated by the speakers will be read with pleasure.

In the course of an admirable address, the Rev. N. M'Leod, of Glasgow, mentioned a circumstance which first led him to think seriously about Missions to the heathen. He had been reading a book which contained some things against the great and good work which has been done in the South Sea Islands, and which rather disturbed and staggered him. At that time he happened to meet a ship captain who had voyaged to those islands. They were total strangers to one another; but without telling him who he was, or his reason for asking the question, Mr. M'Leod said to the captain, "Do you think that Missions have done any good in the South Seas?" The sailor looked at him and said, "I cannot tell what you know about Missions, but I will mention a fact." He then stated that last year he was wrecked on one of those islands; and as he knew at the time, that, eight years before, an American whale-ship had been shipwrecked at the same place, and that the crew of that ship had been murdered by the natives, he expected nothing for himself, but either to be drowned or to be destroyed by the savages. It was dark when his ship was driven upon the rocks, and you may fancy what the captain and the sailors felt through that dismal night: for they believed that when the morning dawned, and the islanders saw them, they would be seized and killed. As soon as the day broke, a number of canoes were seen paddling towards the ship. Now, no doubt, he believed that the hour of his death had come. But when the natives reached the ship, the captain was astonished to see them clothed in English cloth, and still more so, to hear some of them speak in the English language. Instead of being murdered, he and his crew were treated with kindness, and "in that very island," he added, "I heard the gospel on the Sabbath-day and sat down at the communion-table, and sang the

same psalm that I sang in Scotland." And then the captain said to the young man who had put the question to him, "I do not know what you think of Missions, but I know what I think of them."

Mr. McLeod also said some very useful things about the power which all people have in them for doing good, and which is sometimes brought out in a very surprising way. In proof of this, he mentioned the case of a minister in a village in Germany, who teaches and trains poor children to be useful, and under whose guidance, a few months ago, some of those whom he had taught built a ship for themselves, and in that ship have gone off to Africa. And no one of our readers can tell how much good he may do until he tries.

Mr. McLeod mentioned another fact which shows how readily people give their money to a good cause when their hearts are in it. A little while ago, he said, they held Missionary Meetings in Glasgow, and three or four weeks after, a strange man came into his vestry, and said "I have heard of your Missions, and I want to give you something." Mr. M. asked who he was; he said, "I am a sailor. My father was drowned at sea; I have no mother, and few friends, and am going to join the fleet. I think I should do something for God before I go." He then put down half-a-guinea. "Who," said Mr. M. "would have expected that from a sailor without a friend?"

There is one thing more which Mr. McLeod told us, which you will like to hear. He said that the other day a brother Minister who was unwell, asked him to visit a sick child, about whom he told Mr. M. some very interesting things. This boy was eleven years old, he had been ill for three years, and during all this time he had been so patient and so pious, that Mr. M. was delighted with the account of his spirit and behaviour. He went to his house, and when he came there, he learned that the poor little sufferer had not had one

day's ease during these three years, and that his pain was often very great indeed. Mr. M. looked upon him with kindness and wonder. He knew what he had endured, and was surprised to find how meek, and quiet, and even happy he had been. But when he found he was so very weak that he could not move, and he was also very near his end, for that same night he went to heaven. After drawing near to the dying boy, Mr. M. spoke kindly to him about his own sufferings, and his gracious Saviour, when the poor boy breathed into his ear these blessed words, "I am strong in Him." "These words," added Mr. M., "were few, and uttered feebly; they were the words of a feeble child, in a poor home, where the only ornament was that of a meek, and quiet, and affectionate mother; but these words seemed to lift the burden from the very heart: they seemed to make the world more beautiful than it ever was before; they brought home to my heart a great and blessed truth." Dear readers, may you like this dying boy, be "strong in Him;" strong to labour or to suffer, to live and to die!

In the course of the meeting the Rev. Dr. Archer read a very curious advertisement from a Chinese newspaper. It was put into that paper by a maker of idols, who states that he had travelled and studied much, and at great expense, to make himself perfect in the art of carving imitations of the human figure, and other forms. The following is a part of this strange advertisement:—

'Achen Tea Chinchen is now in possession of casts of the most approved models, and Elgin marbles; he is ready to execute to order idols from twelve feet high, well proportioned, down to the size of a marmoset monkey, or the most hideous monster that can be conceived, to inspire awe or reverence for religion. My charges are moderate: for an orang-outang, three feet high, 700 dollars; ditto rampant, 800; a sphinx, 400; a bull with hump and horns, 650; a buffalo, 800; a dog, 200:

ditto couchant, 150; and an ass in a braying attitude, 850. The most durable materials will be used. Of statuary granite, brass, copper, I have provided sufficient to complete orders to any extent. Perishable wood shall never disgrace a deity made by my hands. Posterity may see the objects of their father's devotions unsullied by the inclemencies of the seasons, the embraces of pious pilgrims, or their tears on the solemn prostrations before them. Small idols for domestic worship, or made into portable compass for pilgrims. The price will be proportionate to the size and weight. "No trust; ready money!"

We can find space for only one more fact. It was mentioned by the Rev. W. Gill, Missionary from Rarotonga. In that island, he said, the women had learned to make a very beautiful plait from the stalk of the sugar cane; and a short time ago, Mrs. Gill had a bonnet made of this plait, and sent it to Queen Victoria, begging her Majesty to accept it for the Princess Royal. Mrs. Gill also wrote a letter to the Queen, describing the state in which the Rarotonga women were before Missionaries landed upon their shores, and the great change which, by God's blessing, they had brought about amongst them. A few days after the bonnet had been sent, Mr. Gill received the following letter from the private Secretary of the Queen:—

"Dear Sir,—I have had the honour of laying before Her Majesty the Queen a letter from Mrs. Gill, and the bonnet which accompanied your communication, on the 13th. The bonnet has been graciously accepted by Her Majesty for the Princess Royal; and I have received the commands of the Queen to express the very deep feelings of gratification with which Her Majesty has read the account of the happy results of the teachings of Christianity to those poor islanders. And I am further commanded to state, that she would be happy to encourage the industry of those poor native women of

Rarotonga, by ordering a large quantity of the sugar-cane plait, which Her Majesty would have made up in this country. Perhaps you would be good enough to inform me of the extent to which the manufacture is carried on, so that I may be able to judge of the quantity which Her Majesty could advantageously order."

The meeting, you may be sure, was much pleased to learn that our beloved Queen had read "with very deep feelings of gratification, the account of the happy results of the teachings of Christianity to these poor islanders," and also that her Majesty had since ordered a quantity of the plait, and had received from Mr. Gill a copy of the Rarotonga Bible. Will not our readers say "Amen" to the concluding sentence of Mr. Gill's speech, "Long live Queen Victoria?"

Little Willie taken Home.

It was toward the close of a fine day, in the last of summer, that I drew near the small, retired village of C—, the home of my childhood. The sun shone cheerfully on the green landscape around me, and nature seemed wrapt in harmonious stillness. The air was quiet and calm. The birds' plaintive cries were heard in the green foliage, which made the scene more impressive. It was an hour for contemplation and thoughts of the past. As I pensively passed along, I was not sorry to find, at the edge of the grove the village church with its quiet graveyard. I resolved to enter, and read the inscriptions on the tombstones, that lifted their heads of snowy whiteness to the gaze of the observer. I passed through the little church-yard gate to a fine weeping-willow, whose long slim branches hung pensively down. I seated myself on the grass by its root, and commenced reading the epitaphs that were chiseled on the solid marble.

Here rested one who had borne the ills of life till silvery hairs crowned his aged temples, and, trusting in his Re-

deemer, passed to his eternal rest. There was another, who had seen the end of earth's vanities, and departed to live among the just made perfect. Between the two was a small, chaste tombstone, with this simple inscription on its face, "LITTLE WILLIE." I started to my feet instantly, almost overpowered with emotion.

I knew the whole history of the little one entombed before me. William P.—was the only child of his worthy, devoted parents, who trained him up in the fear of the Lord, and consecrated him entirely to his service. His mother, especially, was concerned for his welfare. Often, at Sabbath school, she would read to him out of his Testament, and explain its meaning. She once read those beautiful words of Christ to him: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven," when he looked up into her face, and said, with artless innocence, "Did he mean Willie, too?" Thus she instilled into his young mind one of the vital principles of the Christian religion.

But Willie was one of those children whose brows have the signet of Heaven upon them, and whose names are always traced on tombstones. The fell destroyer, consumption, was preying on his vitals, and the hectic fever that glowed on his sallow face was a plain evidence that his stay on earth was short.

It was the Sabbath day, and the playmates of Willie came to see him die. He was lying on his couch by the window, looking at the setting sun, which was throwing its last lingering rays over his features. As they all stood before him, he thus addressed them in his own plain language: "You know I love you all, and you all love me. Now love the good Man, and he will love you. Playmates, I'm going to heaven, where Jesus is; don't you want to go where little Willie goes?" With tearful eyes that bespoke intense feeling, they all sobbed, "Yes." The

little evangelist raised his eyes to heaven, and said, "Praise the Lord, O my soul; for he has heard my prayer."

This was rather a hard effort; for his strength was nearly gone, and he fell into a troubled sleep. But he soon awoke; and, calling to his mother, said: "Mother, I'm going home, where Jesus is. In my dreams last night I talked with him. He said he loved me because I loved him, and he would take me to himself in heaven. Don't cry so, mother, for Jesus calls me, and I must go. Kiss me before I go, and tell father to kiss me, too. There, now sing that hymn, your little Willie loves so well; won't you, mother?" With a tremulous voice she sung that beautiful hymn,—

"O sing to me of heaven,"

which was his favorite. As she sung the fourth stanza,—

"Then to my ravish'd ears
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven,"

his countenance lit up with unearthly radiance, his eye beamed with holy joy, and he seemed to reflect the image of his Saviour. When she concluded, he said, with a smile, "They're coming, mother; they're coming. I see the angels with their harps; and I hear that heavenly music I heard last night. What music! what music! what joy! what love! Saviour, take—Wil—lie—h—o—o—."

Calmly and joyfully, with that blissful "home" on his lips, he passed to the spirit-land, to enjoy the raptures of bliss and music he loved so well.

Yes, Willie, thy Redeemer did take thee home; and, it may be, thou art singing the song that "charmed thee last on earth, and greeted thee first in heaven." Truly, thy youthful sun did set,—

"As sets the morning star,
Which goes not down behind the darken'd
west,
Nor hides obscured among the tempests of the
sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven."

My dear young reader, do you wish to be like little Willie? Though he is in heaven, and you are on earth, yet if you live as he did, you will be like him, and enjoy his society forever. Whenever you hear of music and heaven, think of little Willie.

The Amazons of Africa.

BY A. A. ROOTE, C.S.C.

In Dahomy, a considerable portion of the national troops consist of armed and disciplined females. They are known as being royal women, strictly and watchfully kept from any communication with men, and seem to have been trained through discipline and the force of co-operation, to the accomplishment of enterprises from which the tumultuous warriors of a native army would shrink.

A late English author (Duncan) says, 'I have seen them, all well armed, and generally fine, strong healthy women, and doubtless capable of enduring great fatigue. They seem to use the long Danish musket with as much ease as one of our grenadiers does his firelock, but not, of course, with the same quickness as they are not trained to any particular exercise; but, on receiving the word, made an attack like a pack of hounds, with great swiftness. Of course they would be useless against disciplined troops, if at all approaching to the same numbers. Still their appearance is more military than the generality of the men, and if undertaking a campaign, I should prefer the female to the male soldiers of this country.'

The same author thus describes a field review of the Amazons, which he witnessed: I was conducted to a large space of broken ground where fourteen days had been occupied in erecting three immense prickly piles of green bush. These three clumps of piles, of a sort of strong brier or thorn, armed with the most dangerous prickles, were placed in line, oc-

cupying about four hundred yards, having only a narrow passage between them, sufficient merely to distinguish each clump appointed to each regiment. Those piles were about seventy feet wide and eight foot high. Upon examining them, I could not persuade myself that any human being, without boots or shoes, would under any circumstances, attempt to pass over so dangerous a collection of the most efficiently armed plants I had ever seen.

"The Amazons wear a blue-striped cotton surtout, manufactured by the natives, and a pair of trousers falling just below the knee. The cartridge box is girdled around the loins.

"The drums and trumpets soon announced the approach of three or four thousand Amazons. The Apadomey soldiers (female) made their appearance at about two hundred yards from, or in front of, the first pile, where they halted with shouldered arms. In a few seconds the word for attack was given, and a rush was made towards the pile with speed beyond conception, and in less than one minute the whole body had passed over this immense pile, and had taken the supposed town. Each of the other piles was passed with the same rapidity, at intervals of twenty minutes. When a person is killed in battle, the skin is taken from the head, and kept as a trophy of valor. I counted seven hundred scalps pass in this manner. The captains of each corps (female) in passing, again presented themselves before his majesty, and received the king's approval of their conduct."

Denation for Irish Schools.

With great pleasure we acknowledge the receipt of two dollars for the Irish School Society, from "A Member of the Established Church of Scotland." Brompton.