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THE MISSIONARY AND SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD

FOR
MAY,
1851.



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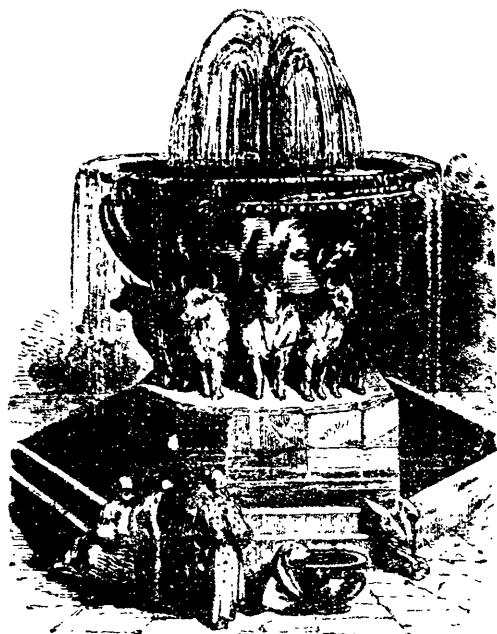
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THE MISSIONARY
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Vol. VIII.

MAY 1, 1851.

No. 5



SUPPOSED FORM OF THE BRAZEN SEA.—1 Kings, vii, 23—27.

And he made a molten sea, ten cubits from the one brim to the other: it was round all about, and his height was five cubits; and a line of thirty cubits did compass it round about.

And under the brim of it round about there were knops compassing it, ten in a cubit, compassing the sea round about: the knops were cast in two rows, when it was cast. It stood upon twelve oxen, three looking toward the north, and three looking toward the west, and three looking toward the south, and three looking toward the east: and the sea was set above upon them, and all their hinder parts were inward. And

it was an hand breadth thick, and the brim thereof was wrought like the brim of a cup with flowers of lilies: it contained two thousand baths.

Isaac, the Esquimaux.

An Esquimaux, named Kaineck, was a wild, barbarous heathen. Once, he struck a boy so severely, that he lamed him for life; another time, he made a long journey to murder some of his countrymen who had offended him: and when the missionaries came into his neighbourhood to preach the Gospel, he burned down the hut they lived in. But God can change the lion

into a lamb. He proved this in the case of Kameck. When the Gospel was preached, he often heard it with deep conviction, but he tried to drive the impression from his heart. At last, it was too strong for him. He obeyed the Truth; he humbled himself before God; he acknowledged his sins, and found peace and pardon through the blood of Jesus. From this time, he was quite an altered man, soft, gentle, teachable, and kind. He asked to be received into the church; and with this request the missionary and the brethren gladly complied. On entering the Church, he took the name of Isaac.

It is sometimes the case, that heathens who at first promise fair, fall back again to their old customs. But it was far otherwise with Isaac, for he showed many proofs of being a true Christian. Above all things, he loved the Word of God, and the ordinances of the Gospel. In Greenland, however, one does not go to the house of the Lord along smooth roads, or across beautiful meadows, or through green fields, as in England, but the journey is always difficult, and sometimes dangerous. Isaac lived a good way off from the mission station, so that, in the long winters, he had often to travel amidst snow and storms, in his sledge, drawn by a reindeer, over the ice-covered fields, or the frozen bosom of the sea. Sometimes the cold was almost unbearable, while he and his sledge were covered with a mantle of snow. We must also not forget that for many weeks in the midst of a Greenland winter, the sun does not show his face from behind the mountains, and that long, deep night rests upon all nature. But Isaac was not hindered by all this from going to the house of the Lord. His love for the word of his Saviour was greater than his fears of the stormy weather. In summer he had a long way to travel by sea to chapel. The Greenlanders have curious little boats, in which they cross the bays and arms of the sea. They are small wooden frames, covered with

the skins of seals, and as closely shut up as a chest, having only a round hole in the upper part, into which the boatman creeps, as far as his middle, leaving his arms free to use the paddles. In such a canoe Isaac had to make many dangerous voyages, of several hours long, to reach the house of God. The waves sometimes raised him high upon their tops, and again would his frail vessel sink down, as if it would be buried in the deep. But Isaac feared not; he continued his voyage through every danger and weariness, till it was ended. He was going to worship God, and to hear of Jesus. Many times great masses of ice drove against his little canoe, yea, whole islands of ice, 200 or 300 feet high, amongst which he must make his way, while they threatened to crush him to pieces. At other times he had to pass through a frost-mist, which, towards the end of summer, rises from the sea, when it begins to freeze, so thick and sharp, that both the hands and eyes of those exposed to it lose their use and power. But all this could not keep Isaac from chapel, for he could say with David: "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord God of Hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord!"

Three years after his conversion he was taken to his eternal home. We have received no account of his last hours; but who can doubt that "the end of that man was peace?"—*Jur-nile Missionary Magazine.*

The Tahitian Child and his Mother.

Little Teilio was a Tahitian. He had a mother who loved her Bible and taught him to pray and to love God, though little more than thirty years ago there were no such mothers in Tahiti, but many who destroyed their children. His mother also taught him to love the house of God, and he did love it so much that he would be very sorry if he could not attend.

Teilio, however, had but a weak body, and was often kept at home by

sickness, even before he was seized with the illness which caused his death. During that illness, his mother watched over him with the most affectionate care, and was rewarded by the eagerness with which he listened to her instructions, and repeated the prayers she had taught him. Often when in pain he begged her to pray for him, and expressed his sorrow that now he could not be where he would like to be,—in the house of God.

Everything was done by his friends to save his life, but it pleased God to take him away from this state of sin and sorrow, to that blessed, blessed world where there is no pain. Shortly before his death, he looked at his mother, and said, "Health to you, mother, I am going." "Going where?" said the mother. "Going to my Father," he replied. "Who is your father?" "God is my father." "Will God take you, sinful as you are, for his child?" "Yes; I have begged him to do so, and he will." He then asked all to retire but his mother, whom he requested to raise him up while he prayed to his Saviour to take him. After doing so, the little boy laid himself down again, and went to his "Father" above.

Observing some days after Teilio's death, that his mother, when in her usual seat at chapel, wept very much, and did not sing, as was her habit, after the service, I said to her, "Why do you weep?" "Because my dear child is absent from my side." "Would you, then, call him back, if you could?" "Oh no. He is happy where he is," she replied, "I would not call him back, but I must shed a few tears to his memory for that I cannot help."

This was a Tahitian mother, and a Tahitian child, not as they were, when the heart was frozen by the hardening influence of heathenism. Then the mother would have seen her own infant destroyed without pity and without an effort to save it. Nay, she would with her own hands have crushed her tender infant, and cast it from her. Mothers

forgot their own sweet babes, and smothered them in the grave.

What has made the difference between their past and present state? It is the blessed Gospel, which we wish you to love, and then to send to the heathen, that it may teach all the cruel mothers in dark lands to love their children, to teach them to love the Saviour, and even when they have gone to heaven, to shed a tear over their graves. —*From the Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

A Fight with a Leopard.

"One of our candidates for fellowship," writes a missionary from Africa, "has been attacked and sorely wounded by a leopard. When I visited him, I found him suffering severely from three serious wounds: one on the left shoulder, another on the side, and a third on the calf of the leg, the flesh of which was torn from the bone. The poor man, however, was in a very happy frame of mind; and, instead of complaining, as many would have done, he raised his eyes thankfully to heaven and said: 'Ah! my dear sir, truly God was present there, and I praise his name. Not my own strength, but His alone delivered me. Had He not been with me, I should now have been dead!'

"He had been to his fields, to bring home a basket of buck-wheat, and on the way back came upon the leopard as he was lying in his path. Scarcely had he time to think what he should do, when the hungry beast sprang upon him. As he quickly threw the corn over the leopard, he escaped this first attack. The furious animal was not however driven away, but threw himself, not less than four times, upon the poor fellow, tearing his woollen cap from his head, and his garments to rags. At length the man seized the leopard by the throat, and they both fell to the ground together. Then seeing a stone near him, he was happy enough to reach it, and with it he struck his enemy

on the skull, such a blow as made the leopard howl loudly, then let go his hold upon the man, and the next minute make his escape as fast as possible. On the following day, it was shot by a huntsman, and its skin is now in my possession. It is five feet long, and three feet wide, which, for a leopard in this neighborhood, is a great size."—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

Intelligence of Converted Hottentots.

The words of Lord Bacon, "Knowledge is power," have been often thought to be full of wisdom; and Napoleon has been much praised because he said one day to Fontanes, "Do you know what I admire most in the world? It is the weakness of force to establish anything. There are only two powers in the world—the sword and the mind, but, in the end, the former is always conquered by the latter." These are true words, and good. But if they show the wisdom of the Lord Chancellor of England and of the Emperor of France, they also prove that even Hottentots have become wise, though, before Missionaries went amongst them, they were thought by many to know little more than the wild beasts. Indeed, they were supposed to be so bad, that it was hardly possible for any people to be worse, and therefore, a very stupid person was said to be "as ignorant as a Hottentot." But if this was ever their state, they are now strangely changed; and the following anecdotes will show that they have, in their own way, expressed the very same thought for which the philosopher and the conqueror have been so highly commended. The first instance is that of Jantze Spielman, whose mind had been instructed and whose heart had been changed by the gospel. O day this Christian Hottentot met with a Caffre Chief, called Macomo, a very warlike man, who had done a great deal of harm, and had killed a great many people. At that time, however, this Chief was very much afraid that his enemies would catch or destroy him,

and therefore he did not like to be alone, but always had some of his soldiers near him, armed with spears. This was the case when Spielman saw him. And what did the Hottentot do? He took a pen between his forefinger and thumb, and then holding it up before the Caffre's face, he said, "Do you learn to use *this*, Macomo, and it will give you more protection than all the spears of Caffreland."

Another converted Hottentot was praying with some of his countrymen, when he thus expressed his and their thoughts and feelings: "O God, we thank thee that we have lived to learn that *mind is stronger than body.*"

Now all this they had learned from that Book which teaches us that "Wisdom is a defence." But for the gospel, in darkness they would have lived, and in darkness they must have died.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

What can we do?

BY THE REV. ROBERT MACDONALD, BLAIRGOWRIE.

Before you can be useful to others, it is not necessary that you either preach in a pulpit, or teach in a Sabbath school, or pray at a sick-bed, or give largely of money to Christian objects. No; placed just as you are, and with your present means, you may help greatly to make Jesus known and loved.

Do not forget, however, that before you can be truly blessings, you must yourselves be blessed. It would be both a sad and an inconsistent thing in you, to be very active in trying to enlighten others, to bring them to Jesus, while you yourselves were unaved. Nor could you in such circumstances expect the Lord to smile upon your efforts. David, you remember, had little hope of teaching transgressors God's way, or of sinners being converted to Him, till first the joy of salvation was restored to his own soul. But now, what may really be done by you, through grace, for the glory of God and the good of others? In answering this let me ask you—

Have you any little brothers or sisters who are dear to you? If so, let it be your first effort to be useful to them. It is right that you should begin at home. Tell them very seriously and affectionately, that they need to be saved, that there is *only one way* of being saved, and that, if not saved now, they may never be saved at all; and offer to prove this to them from the sure word of God. Remind them of that sweet text, which we heard a little child the other day repeating in her sleep, "Suffer little children to come unto me,

and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."

And pray daily that the Holy Spirit may savingly impress the truth upon their hearts. Who can tell, but in this way, they may become your joy and crown in the presence of the Lord Jesus at his coming.

Or are you Sabbath scholars? Then you have much in your power. Even by your example in the school, you might prove very helpful. Were it seen, for instance, that instead of being restless and trifling, as many are, you were always quietly seated, ready with your lessons, seriously attentive, having your eyes ever fixed upon your teacher—were this the case, the propriety of your conduct would of itself reprove those inclined to trifle, and be a check to them, while it would encourage all those scholars who were anxious to learn.

But you might be more useful still, were you never to go home on a Sabbath evening, without trying to tell your parents and friends some of the precious truths you have learned from your teacher's lips.

A father once rose up in a meeting, and addressing the teacher said, "I am very thankful to God and to you for my Sabbath school. My son who now sits beside me is my spiritual father. He heard me cursing while in a state of drunkenness, and said, 'O father! my teacher said to-day at the Sabbath school, that neither drunkards nor swearers could enter into heaven.' This so affected my mind, that from that time I was enabled, by the grace of God, to leave off those wicked practices." He then laid his hand on his son's head, and repeated, "My son is my spiritual father."

Still further, are there any children living near you, who never go either to church or school on the Lord's day? Then you might be useful, if, besides pitying them and praying for them, you went to their very door, saying to each of them, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good." A kind and earnest pleading like this would not be in vain. Some at least would certainly come; and thus not only would your teacher be cheered, but, what is better, these once outcast children might be won and saved.

We have known some youthful scholars who have acted like little missionaries in this manner. Why might not you go and do likewise? Would it not be most blessed, were you thus made in some degree the means of saving souls from death?

Once more, have you ever any little sums of money at your disposal, a penny for instance, or a sixpence or a shilling, which some kind friend may have given? Then you might be useful, if, instead of spending all this in getting some selfish pleasures for yourselves, as is often done, you dropt less or more of it into the missionary-box. Do not say, "Anything we can give is so little, it would scarcely be worth putting in the box." The good which

may follow does not depend on the largeness of the sum given by you, but on the largeness of the blessing promised by God. One stray leaf from a Bible, even one single verse of that leaf, has often been the means of the conversion of a soul.

Field White to Harvest.

Extracts from the Journal of Bipu Mazid, Native Catechist, Bombay.

Just as we had travelled about five miles we met two Thugs. They were very deceiving robbers. They stopped our carriages, and spoke very kindly to us, saying that they were also travellers like ourselves. They offered us some bread for our bullocks. I recollected the warnings I had received at Agra, and I refused to accept of their kindness, and ordered them off. In the bread these men offered, there was probably *poison*; they intended to kill our bullocks, which would have prevented us from travelling.

At Allahabad, we saw a place under ground, built by the emperor, which is so large that it can contain more than 2000 men. It contains more than 2000 images of gods. I saw what they call the eternal banian tree, the roots of which they say hold the four quarters of the earth. I took hold of the tree and shook it, and found that I could almost knock it down; it was dry and withered. I found it to be all an imposture, and they confessed that they did it to gain a livelihood. At the same place I saw the Trevani, or three sacred rivers, where many persons from all parts of India bathe themselves, thinking that by doing so they will wash away their sins.

On arriving at Benares, I found extensive missionary operations. The converts received us very kindly. There is a village here called Segra, where there is a very large church, with more than 200 souls joined together on the Lord's day. Benares contains about 500,000 inhabitants. It is the chief seat of Hindu learning, called sometimes the Athens of India. I asked a Brahmin how many idols there were in Benares; and he said he could not tell, but he was sure there were more idols in it than inhabitants.

The worship of an idol is as follows:—They first bathe in the Ganges, and then take away some water in a brass vessel. When they enter the temple, they bow towards the idol. They walk round the temple several times muttering prayers in the Sanscrit tongue, which they do not understand. They then advance to the idol, present their offering, and pour the water on the idol and on the offering. The priest then strikes the bell, and the poor worshipper departs, thinking that his prayers are heard.

There was once a wild jungle at Benares, the resort of thieves and Thugs, where many a poor traveller met with an untimely end; and, O happy change! the premises of the

Church Missionary Society now stand on this very spot. Amidst this wilderness of Satan a garden of our God is being planted, peace now reigns there, and the bread of life is freely offered to the hungry traveller. At Nagpur I stayed nine days, and preached to the people, and distributed tracts among them. They listened very eagerly to the Word of God. I never met with such people at any other place. They confessed Christianity to be the true religion, and that their own religion was altogether false. — *St. Ench's and Stockmill S. S. Report.*

Missionary News.

SABBATH MARKETS ABOLISHED IN GREEK TOWN.

We rejoice to mark how the preaching of the truth, by the United Presbyterian missionaries is gradually breaking down the heathen customs of Old Calabar. Mr. Waddell thus writes:—

"While they conferred, we prayed, and God overruled. A solemn procession was made, with egbo drums, round the three towns forming this town, and at each of the three palaver houses, and the law proclaimed that no more market would be held on God's day in this town for ever. To God be the glory!"

FEARFUL HURRICANE IN SAMOA, SOUTH SEAS.

April 1850.—Since the gale, all have been busy in drying their property, erecting small houses for their temporary abode, or taking to pieces their fallen houses, in preparation for rebuilding.

The whole of the roof of Mr. Harbutt's house was taken off by the wind. Out of more than thirty chapels, including those of the Wesleyans, which were standing in the two districts before the gale, only one remains, and that is much shaken. Nearly all the larger kinds of houses are down, so that in almost every village we are, for the present, without any place to assemble in. As far as I can learn, no life has been lost in my district or in that of Mr. Harbutt.—*Missionary Chronicle.*

THE NEW TESTAMENT IN SAMOAN.

We have the pleasure to announce that the completed edition, consisting of 15,000 copies, which was shipped for the islands in August of 1849, arrived safely in Samoa, and now is in the course of distribution throughout the different Islands of the group.—*Missionary Chronicle.*

A SCHOOL IN HAYTI.

In this district of labor the efforts of the teachers have been crowned with the most cheering and unlooked for success. Two of the dear children who died, one this year and the other last, have been, we trust, united to the fellowship of the redeemed above. Two others have been received to the communion of the church here. Two others again are waiting

to make a public profession of the name of Jesus. And lastly, of five others we have reason to hope that the work of grace has been begun in their hearts. —*Missionary Herald.*

The Missionary Printer.

Where there is not the Bible there is no right knowledge of God, or of the way of salvation. The Bible

Is like the sun—a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

This heavenly light has never yet pierced the gloom of many lands. As the heathen cannot become truly wise and holy without the Bible, it is one great object of missions to give it to them. But there are many things to be done before they possess it. Hard and strange languages must be learned and well studied; or, it may be, the people have no written language; they speak words but do not know how to write them. There has never been a book printed for their use, nor do the poor ignorant people know how to shape a single letter or what even are the uses of letters. They have never seen a page of print. If this be the case, then the missionary has to make, or form a language. First, he has to catch the sound of a word as spoken by one native; then, as it is spoken by another, and by a third, and by many more. He writes the word down on paper as he hears one and another pronounce it, and then compares them, that he may get it quite perfect. So he goes on with another word until he properly understands how to pronounce that also. Then with a third, and so on. This is rather slow work, but he must be patient and not give it up. As there is no grammar, he must next make one. He carefully listens to the way the natives speak when using the past tense, or the present tense, or the future tense; he notices whether they use genders, as "he" or "she;" and numbers, as "plural" and "singular;" and other matters connected with the "parts of speech." This done, he has next to teach the natives the use of letters, and how to put them together into words and sentences. As he goes on in this work, he finds that the language is very limited; for poor savages, who live only to eat and drink, and fight and sin, use few words compared with the words we use. New words must, therefore, be made to express new objects. These labors make it very difficult for the missionary at first; but he loves Christ,

and loves the souls of men, and does not give up his work because he finds it costs him much labor and trouble. Love, prayer, and patience will overcome almost any difficulty.

The missionary now wishes the heathen among whom he lives to have the Bible. But it would not do to give them Bibles printed in the English language, as they would not understand them; it must, therefore, be translated into the native language. Many months must pass away before any part is ready to be printed. He does not wait till the whole of the Scriptures are translated; it is best to begin with a part; it may be one of the Gospels. It would not be so well to give all at first; begin

with a small book, and then the people will learn to value a large one.

Well, now the missionary thinks it is time to begin to print the Bible. If it is sent to England to be done, he can go on with other labors. If he does it himself, he must be ready to work hard and cheerfully, that he may give "the bread of life" to those who are ready to perish.

What does he want that he may print the Bible? He must have type, ink, a printing press, paper, and many other things. Some kind friends send these over to him, and now he has become the **MISSIONARY PRINTER**. It is slow work to teach the natives to print, so he sets to work himself. He puts the type, letter by let-



ter into words, and the words into sentences, and the sentences into lines, and the lines into pages. When he has got enough pages to fill a sheet, he puts them into a kind of iron frame, and lays them on the printing press. The tops of the letters are next thinly covered with ink, a sheet of paper is laid on the inked letters, then for a good pull at the press, and there comes out the first sheet of a Bible for the heathen.

When the natives of South Africa saw the sheets of paper come out of the press dotted with black letters, they carried the sheets about the village, telling all they met that the printing was done "by a black roller and a shake of the arm."

Similar surprise was felt by the people of the South Sea Islands when the printing press was set up amongst them. They went day after day to the printing house.

They stood around the doors in crowds; some placed themselves against the windows, while others climbed upon their backs, so that they darkened the room where the printing was going on. When the first impression was taken, they cried out with delight, "O Britain, land of skill!"

Everywhere through the island the thoughts and talk of the people were about the missionary printers, and the ease with which they could make books. Strangers from other islands heard of it, and came in large numbers. The noise and interest were something like what it was in England when, for the first time, a balloon was to ascend, or a railroad was going to be opened. The school-house during the week, and the large chapel on the Sunday, were found too small for the people who wished to attend. The missionaries had

the printing house inclosed with a fence five or six feet high ; but this, instead of keeping the people from overlooking, was turned into a means of aiding them in their object. Many climbed this railing, where they sat at ease, looking over the heads of their friends, and closely watching the working of the press.

But little time was allowed for drying the printed sheets. The natives were in want of books, and most eager for them. The first inquiry of every party that arrived was, "When will the books be ready?" They gladly gave a small quantity of cocoa-nut oil for each book.

The missionaries were cheered by often seeing thirty or forty canoes from distant places lying along the sea-beach, in each of which five or six persons had come, whose only errand was to get a book. Sometimes a large canoe arrived with six or ten natives, and all their cry was, "A book, a book!" And when they had ded, they laid a bundle of thirty or forty ters, written by their friends on plantain leaves, and still the object was "a book!"

One evening, about sunset, a canoe from Tahiti with five men, arrived on this errand. They landed on the beach, lowered their sail, and drawing their canoe on the sand, hastened to the missionary's house. He met them at the door, and asked them their errand. *Luka*, or *Te Parau na Luka*; "Luke," or "The Word of Luke," was the reply; at the same time showing the bambon-canes filled with cocoa-nut oil, which they held up in their hands, and had brought as payment for the books. They were told that none were ready; but if they would come on the morrow, they would get as many as they needed: and they were told in the meantime to go and lodge with some friend in the village. Twilight in this island is always short—it soon grew dark; the missionary wished them good night, and afterwards retired to rest, supposing they had gone to sleep at the house of some friend; but, on looking out of his window about daybreak, he saw these five men lying along on the ground, on the outside of his house, their only bed being some plaited cocoa-nut leaves, and their only covering the large native cloth they usually wear over their shoulders. He hastened out and asked them if they had been there all night: they said they had. He then inquired why they had not, as he directed them, gone and lodged at some house. Their answer much delighted him: they said, "We were afraid that had we gone away, some one might have

come before us this morning, and have taken what books you had to spare, and then we should have been obliged to return without any; therefore, after you left us last night, we would not go away till we had got the books!" He called them into the printing office, and as soon as he could put the sheets together, gave them each a copy; they then asked for two copies more—one for a mother, the other for a sister—for which they had brought payment. He gave them these also. Each wrapped his book up in a piece of white native cloth, put it in his bosom, wished the missionary good morning, and without, as he believed, eating or drinking, or calling upon any person in the place, hastened to the beach, launched their canoe, hoisted their matting sail, and steered rejoicing to their native island. May the Lord give his blessing to the labors of the missionary printer in every heathen land!

Now, what shall be said to those who can obtain the Bible without any trouble, and perhaps for nothing—not a part of it, as the Gospel of Luke only—but the whole of the Old and New Testament, nicely bound together, and in a convenient size, which a boy may put in his pocket, or a girl in a little bag? Some children do not value anything which does not cost much money, or which they have got with ease. Because an article is plentiful, it is not esteemed by them. But if the young in England had to travel miles for a copy of the Bible, and even then could only get a small portion of it, they would learn to value it more than they now do. How sad it is to see the Book of God thrown aside and unread—hid in a corner of a room, and covered with dust; or, it may be, with its leaves torn and soiled, and no more thought of than if it were waste paper! Young reader, where is your Bible now? Is it kept neat and clean; or is it torn and covered with dust? When did you last read it? Have you read a chapter to-day, or yesterday, or any day this week? How many verses have you learned during this last month? When did you pray that God would give his Holy Spirit to enable you to understand his word? Do you love to read your Bible, about Jesus Christ dying on the cross to save sinners? Can you repeat what he said when he invited little children to come unto him? Do you remember any text about the nature of sin, or of being born again? or of being saved through faith in Christ? or of the joys of heaven? or of the woes of hell? you answer these questions? or does

science say that you cannot answer them as you ought? Oh! sad will it be for many children born in a Christian land, watched over by Christian parents, and taught in a Christian school, when they are called before Christ on his "great white throne," to give an account of how they have used the Bible. May the Bible be read, loved, and obeyed by all who read this short paper!—*Child's Companion.*

THE "GODLESS" HOTTENTOT BOY.

One of the missionaries in South Africa thus addresses young people, in the following letter, about "Godless."

DEAR CHILDREN,—

On one of my journeys to Cape Town, a Hottentot boy, about fourteen years of age, joined himself one day to my company. I knew not whence he came, nor whither he was going. He had neither clothes nor food; for with such things a Hottentot seldom troubles himself when on a journey. He leaves himself to any chance that may arise; and if other people won't give him what he needs, he will steal it. He can go without food a few days; or he will eat roots, or whatever comes in his way. At the place of my encampment for the night, which was on the open field, he remained with my people, and I allowed him to sup with them. He seemed much to enjoy his food; and, after I had read a chapter of the Bible, and prayed, he stretched himself by the fire and slept soundly. I regarded him some time with compassion, and next morning questioned him a little, Whether he had ever thanked God for his food? Whether he knew anything about his Maker? Whether he ever thought who made the heavens and the earth, and the sun, moon, and stars? or whether he had ever heard of Jesus? To all these questions he answered with an expressive "No!"

"You see, dear young people, how ignorant Hottentot children are about God, and the welfare of their immortal souls. But sin they know well enough, and are instructed in that from their earliest youth. You will, however, wonder when I tell you that these children are born and brought up among people calling themselves Christians; who do not let a day pass without reading a chapter of the Bible, and singing and prayer. I will endeavor to clear up your wonder. All the Hottentots who do not live in villages, or at a mission-station, dwell with Boers (or country people

of Dutch extraction). They do not live together in villages, but in lonely places, near fountains of water, or small brooks, and keep themselves almost entirely to themselves. To get service as cheap as possible, many of those Boers hire the poor Hottentots with wine, which they make themselves, or spirits, which they distil from grapes; and allow them to commit any sins they like, if they are not against their master's interest. But if any of these poor negroes were to come into the house to listen to the Bible, or take part in family prayer or singing, the Boers would say, 'What do the black people want here?' Or oftener, 'What do these black beasts here! Drive away these cursed sons of Ham!'

"You see, then, how it is that poor negroes, though they live among professing Christians, learn every sin; but never learn to know their God and Saviour Jesus Christ. Indeed, through the conduct of these Boers, they rather take a disgust at all religious things; and imagine that the service of God, and the Christian religion, are altogether against their happiness and improvement. But I must tell you more about the boy. I spoke to him about God, that He was the Creator of all things, and about Jesus Christ, who had come from heaven to seek and save the lost; and how He suffered and died to make us holy and happy. I advised him to pray, and to attend the peaching of a missionary who laboured near the place where he lived. He remained another day with me, ate and drank as much as he wanted; and then, as our roads now separated, we parted. And in what way do you think he thanked me when he left? He stole something that he could hide in the bush! This land has many such as this poor boy. But despise him not on account of his ingratitude; for it is not so much his fault as the fault of those people called Christians, who let him grow up in sin, without ever seeking to train him to God and righteousness. Pray for him, and for thousands like him, who have no helper, that Jesus might send more missionaries to teach dying men the way of truth in this dark land!"

THE "GODLY" HOTTENTOT BOY.

I have described a godless Hottentot boy. I shall now tell you about another who was godly. He was called "Gottlob." This name was given to him when he was baptized; it means, "to praise

God." His former name was Thomas. Of his early conduct I do not know anything; but it is likely he was as bad as other boys. Lying, stealing, and other sins, are commonly practised by the ungodly Hottentots, and they try which can do these evils most cleverly. As Gottlob was the son of a poor widow, who had a large family of orphan children to provide for, he was obliged, when very young, to watch his uncle's cattle, to get his daily bread. He could not, therefore, attend the school, and I first became acquainted with him when the word of God had touched his heart, and the Holy Spirit had convinced him that he was a lost creature. He then came to me with the question, "What must I do to be saved?" I answered him to his satisfaction, and placed him in the list of candidates for baptism. As I had great pleasure in his conduct, especially his fervour in prayer, as well as the particular quiet joy he shewed, I baptized him. He lived to honour the name he bore, and to praise his God, as I will now shew you by a circumstance related to me by an old Christian woman who lately made a long journey with him. They had unyoked for the night at a place where there were several Hottentots, old and young, assembled to drink brandy, play the fiddle, and dance—the common amusement of the heathen Hottentots, and those who are called Christian Boers. Gottlob stood awhile, looking with pity upon this foolish and sinful sport. At length the young people came round him, and asked him whether he could not play? He replied that he could. They immediately offered him their fiddles, in order to try his skill. He declined the offer, and said he could not play on any fiddle but his own. This made them more curious than ever to know what sort of a fiddle that must be; and they pressed him more than ever to fetch it, and show it to them. He said it was locked up in the waggon chest, so that he could not get at it. Then, they asked him to give a description of it—what sort of wood it was made of, and how he played it. "It looks black and white," he replied, "and plays very well—far better than any of yours." After much guessing, it came out at last that his fiddle was nothing but a book. "You have your pleasure," he said, "in fiddling and dancing; I have also my pleasure, but it is in my book. Your pleasure is sinful and wasteful, but mine is useful and wholesome; your joy will soon pass away, but mine will be for ever."

They now left off questioning him, and went to dance and play, but he went to pray for them, and to give God thanks that his eyes were opened to see that the pleasures of sin were but for a moment, while the joys of religion were eternal. Which of these two Hottentot boys pleases you the best? Unquestionably, Gottlob! Pray then, dear young friends, that our gracious Saviour would bring many more Hottentot boys to the same state of mind as Gottlob's; and let me remind you, that the firmness of the Hottentot boy, his quickness and piety, may be your shame, except you strive to be like him.

Why Should any Man Swear?

I can conceive of no reason why he should, but of ten reasons why he should not.

1. It is mean. A man of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as swear.

2. It is vulgar; altogether too mean for a decent man.

3. It is cowardly; implying a fear either of not being believed or obeyed.

4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a *gentle man*—well bred—refined. Such a one will no more swear, than go into the streets to throw mud with a clod-bopper.

5. It is indecent; offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.

6. It is foolish. Want of decency is want of sense.

7. It is abusive. To the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue which utters it, and to the person at whom it is aimed.

8. It is venomous, showing a man's heart to be a nest of vipers, and every time he swears one of them sticks out his head.

9. It is contemptible, forfeiting the respect of all the wise and the good.

10. It is wicked; violating the Divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who takes his name in vain,

Little Robert.

When I was a child, nothing gave me more pleasure than reading or hearing a story, and I used to think "A Story-Book" one of my choicest treasures. And when I asked the question, "Is it true?" and was answered that it was, my delight was very great indeed. Now I fancy that, in this respect, children are still very much what they were twenty years ago. Indeed, they ought to be wiser and better, because they have many more advantages. But there are some children who improve these advantages, as well as possess them; and those who do so are not content with becoming wiser and better themselves, but they wish very much that others around them, and such as live in distant lands, should know and enjoy the same things. Children of this kind generally love to hear about missionaries, and are ready to do what they can to help them. This was the case with a dear little boy that I am going to tell you about. His name was Robert, and before he was four years old, he had begun to think about the poor heathen, and to consider what he could do for them.

At that time this dear little fellow was the picture of health and happiness, with his rosy cheeks and flaxen hair. But it pleased God early to send disease and death to take him to that better land, where he will meet some of the heathen children whom *he* has helped to lead to God. Every Sunday he had a farthing given to him, as a reward; and how do you think he would spend it? Alas! I have seen, with pain, children in my class come into school with an apple, an orange, or a paper of sweet-meats, purchased *on the Sabbath day*. I fear girls and boys who sin so greatly against God forget that He sees all their actions, and rewards them also. But little Robert always brought his farthing to put into the Missionary Box, and he dropped it in with more pleasure than if many farthings had been given to spend upon himself. One day his teacher observed his eyes red with weeping, and said, "What is the matter, Robert? I hope you have not been a naughty boy." "No, ma'am," sobbed the dear little fellow, "but I have not had my farthing." His teacher appeared not to understand him, that she might learn from his replies what was passing in his infant mind, and said, "What did you wish to do with your farthing? I hope you was not going to spend it." "Oh no," replied the child, quite shocked at the idea. "I was going to put it into the box for the missionaries." "Missionaries! who are they?" "Why, ma'am, don't you know? they are good, kind people that go all the way over the sea, to teach the black people to love Jesus Christ." "Who is Jesus Christ?" "Jesus Christ came down from heaven to die for us, and save us from our sins; and if we love Him, He will take us up above the sky to live with Him for ever." "Can you see Jesus?" continued his teacher. "Oh no," said he, "there is the great thick sky between; but

He can see us through the sky." My young friends must remember that Robert was only three years and eight months old when he died, and then they will not be surprised at his childish expressions. About two months before he died, he was attacked with scarlatina, and while ill, his distress was not from his sufferings, but because he could not go to school, either on the Sabbath day or during the week; and when he had partly recovered, he begged so hard to be taken to the Infant school, to see his "dear, kind governess," that his request was granted. But he took cold again, and after much suffering, he left this sinful world, and is now in "that happy land, far, far away," about which he used to sing so prettily. "Grandmother," said he, "Do you think Jesus would take me up in His arms, and bless me, if He were here?" "Yes, my darling," said she; "if you love Him, He will love you." "Oh, then, I do love Him; and when you go to heaven, will you take me up with you, for I want to be in heaven with Jesus?"

Robert's father was a sailor, and when he came home from a long voyage, to visit his family, almost the first question that little Robert put to him was, "Father, do you see the poor black children when you go over the sea? and do you ever see the good missionaries?" In fact, his thoughts were always on better things than the vanities of this world; and his *last act* (not an hour before his death) was to put four little coins, which had been given to him, and which he valued above all besides, into the box.

Those very coins I have seen, wrapped up in a piece of white paper, carefully stuck together with gum. They had been held in his little hands the whole evening, till the paper was damp with the dews of death; and simple and trifling as they are in themselves, *they were his all*, and, like the widow's "two mites," they are esteemed precious in God's sight.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine*.

Montreal, March 27, 1851.

My Dear Sir,—Allow me, through the medium of the *Sabbath School Record*, to correct an error which appears in the last Annual Report of the Canada Sunday School Union

On page 34 of that Report, we find an account of the "Wesleyan Methodist Sabbath Schools in Canada," so says the Report. But the statements found there, are nothing more than selections from the last Yearly Report of the Wesleyan Sunday Schools in *Montreal*. The error consists in the word *Canada* having been printed for *Montreal*.

And while I am writing, I would, sir, express my opinion that the *Missionary and Sabbath School Record* published by you, deserves a much more extensive circulation than it has at present, among the teachers and children of the schools belonging to our denomination in Canada.

It is true that several most valuable periodicals for teachers and children are published by the Methodist Book-room in London, and also in New-York, but we have no such Canadian periodical in our denomination. I would, therefore, most earnestly recommend every Wesleyan Sabbath School Teacher in Canada to become a subscriber to the *Record*, as being one of the best mediums for the reception and communication of local Sabbath School intelligence.

CHARLES P. WATSON,
Gen. Secretary,
W. S. S. Society, Montreal.

SOWING-TIME.

"The seed is the word."

O scatter ye the seed,
With ready, liberal hand,
Prepared on every side
The open furrows stand.

Say not, "The field is hard,
Unfruitful, barren soil;
It will not yield us aught
To recompense our toil."

Cast forth the precious seed,
Although ye cannot tell
Whether it shall take root,
Arise, and flourish well.

Pure showers from above,
Early and latter rain,
Must penetrate the ground,
To fertilise the grain.

"Beside all waters sow!"
This is your Lord's command,
O send the germ of truth
To every distant land!

With mighty, quickening power,
Shall God's own Spirit come;
Give to His Word a life Divine,
And make earth's desert bloom.

F. E.

—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

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