





INSTITUTION FOR EDUCATING MISSIONARIES' DAUGHTERS.

THE  
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

---

AUGUST, 1844.

---

GIRLS' MISSION SCHOOL, OR INSTITUTION  
FOR EDUCATING THE DAUGHTERS OF  
MISSIONARIES, AT WALTHAMSTOW.

MANY Missionaries who have lived abroad have had painful afflictions in their families, in the illness and death of their beloved children. The climate in many places is so hot, and otherwise so injurious to health, that the parents have had to watch with anguish over the pallid looks and fading strength of their endeared offspring; and then to commit them to an early tomb. The sweetest little buds of hope have withered away, notwithstanding the utmost care that tenderness itself could lavish on them. In other cases, where life has been spared, no schools at all could be found for the children's education, or none that were appropriate, and a thousand injurious influences have been exercised from the prevalence of the heathenism around, and the parents' hearts have been filled with anguish on seeing the evil impressions made on the tender minds of the little ones, often threatening results more to be dreaded than death itself.

These considerations induced some kind friends

to Missionaries to form, about five years ago, an Institution, at Walthamstow, for educating their daughters, and one has since been formed for their sons, of which we shall give an account in a future Number. Our Frontispiece for this month represents the house in which the school is found. It is the happy home of about forty daughters of Missionaries, where they are carefully taught and nurtured. They receive a sound and valuable education to prepare them to be useful and happy through life. The parents pay about half the expenses, the remainder is contributed by Christian friends, and among them are not a few young ladies in boarding-schools, who, reaping the benefit of instruction themselves, are anxious to assist in securing it to others.

Some of the pupils in the Institution went to see the Missionary Ship set sail. One of them composed the following lines on the occasion, which we have thought our young friends will be pleased with, especially because they will help to keep the "John Williams" in remembrance.

#### FAREWELL LINES.

##### *The Missionary Ship.*

WE have looked on thee, our beautiful bark ;  
We have gazed on thy tow'ring mast ;  
And who shall tell of the sorrowing thoughts,  
That burn'd as we looked our last !

Comfort and peace thou shalt bear with thee  
To the perishing heathen throng ;  
And many the sound of thy coming shall hail,  
With the voice of gladness and song.

There balmy zephyrs thy streamer shall wave,  
'Mid the gleaming isles of the sea ;  
And the tender hearts that are far away,  
Shall send back their tokens by thee.

We send thee forth 'neath His guidance secure,  
Who calms the bright waves of the deep ;  
Who assuages the tempest's angry roar,  
And rocks all their surges to sleep.

Then speed thee on, our beautiful bark,  
O'er the waves, as an eagle free ;  
For many prayers their incense shall fling  
On thy track across the blue sea.

---

## THE BEES! THE BEES!

### *A Lesson from the Bees.*

“O FATHER! father! our neighbour's bees have swarmed, and she says she will give us the new hive if you like us to have it, and the carpenter says he will make a strong stool for it to stand on, and the farmer's man says he will make a straw hood to screen the hive from the sun and rain, and they will bring them to-morrow evening when the bees are asleep ; do father let us have them, there is a nice place for them to stand against the woodhouse in our garden ; do father let us have them.” So spoke two little girls in a country village. Their father could not but consent. So there the hive stands, only a few yards from the place where I am writing.

These dear children, I am happy to say, take much interest in Missions to the Heathen, and helped a little to buy the new Ship. We have

just been to look at the new hive, to see how the "little busy bees improve each shining hour." There they fly, buzzing from flower to flower all day long. How very wonderful! The Great God has taught these creatures, small as they are, to suck the honey *drop by drop*, and then to fill their curious waxen cells with a *large store* of sweetest food. They are said to range the flowery fields for miles around, and the united, persevering, unwearied labours of combined thousands collect a quantity truly astonishing. Forty pounds of honey have sometimes been obtained from one hive in one summer. What a lesson to our young contributors and collectors for the support of Missions! Let each one *be a bee*, a *bee without a sting*; and though each may bring but little, yet the whole united will amount to a surprising sum, even to thousands of pounds, as in purchasing the "John Williams" Mission Ship.

There is one particular in which it would be dreadful indeed for our dear young friends to be like the bees. Though these creatures gather so much honey, they often derive little benefit from it, but, after providing it for others, are themselves *suffocated* and *perish*. Sad would it be, indeed, if, after zealous efforts to send the knowledge of the Great Saviour to the ends of the earth, *we ourselves* should be strangers to its renewing and sanctifying power. The good Lord grant that all our collectors and contributors may themselves know, love, and serve the Saviour. It is possible even to preach to others and ourselves to be cast away. (1 Cor. ix. 27).

T. K.

THE PRINCIPLE  
OF  
THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

BUT good men, although divided about little things, were of "one heart" about the Saviour. So the fathers and founders said to each other, "We all think Christ the *only* Saviour, and all depend on Him *alone* for salvation; let us, therefore, send Missionaries to teach the poor heathen to do the same. Our own salvation does not come at all from our belonging to any one particular section of the Church, but wholly from Christ himself: why not, then, agree to tell the heathen, that Christ is 'All in All?'" "YES, *why not?*" said some clergymen of the Establishment. "*Why not?*" said some Independents. "*Why not?*" said some Presbyterians. "*Why not?*" said some Methodists. They were all looking up to God, in the sight of eternity; and so none of them could find any answer to the question, "*Why not?*" They could only *wonder* that their fathers had not put this question to themselves in the same way.

The next thing they did was to look, whether the BIBLE *allowed* them to forget the difference between their Churches? And, what did they find there? Why, the Saviour's command to "Preach the GOSPEL"—*only* the Gospel—"to all nations." You and I do not wonder at this; but they did. It was nothing *new* in itself; but it was new to them, because they had never heard nor dreamt, when *young*, about Missions to the heathen. So,

when they found that nothing but the Gospel should be preached, at first, to the nations, they *blushed* for shame that they had not noticed this fact before, and *wept* for joy because they had discovered it at length.

I want you to understand how they felt thus. When I was a little boy, there was no *gas* to light the streets, and no *steam* to drive ships or carriages. But there was gas, and steam too, then. I used to make gas with coal-dust in a tobacco-pipe ; and to watch the lid of the tea-urn puffing and fluttering. So, I thought that I understood both gas and steam. But when I saw the gas-pipes laid down in London, and whole streets illuminated by burners, I saw too that my *old* knowledge of gas was almost ignorance. So also with steam. When I saw what it *could* do in manufactories and ships, in mines, and on railroads, I saw also what it *ought* to do ; and thus felt how very little I knew about it at first.

Now, just so, the good old Christians of the last century, although they understood the Gospel very well for themselves, and loved it very much, did not see how it was suited to all the world, and able to make *savages* "wise unto salvation." They had only a *fireside* knowledge of its mighty power, like my first knowledge of gas. I could make the *parlour* light in the evening, by putting pipes of coal between the bars of the grate, and then kindling the smoke as it came out at the mouth-piece. But I never dreamt of lighting towns or streets ; nor did anybody else then. But when real practical philosophers studied the powers of

gas and steam, they applied them far and wide, in all ways. They did not lessen their use at the fireside, nor at home, however, by thus applying them abroad; no, indeed. And just so, the Gospel spread more at home, and did more good in both the hearts and houses of Christians, when the fathers of the Missionary Society resolved to send it to the heathen. Now, if all this be quite plain to you, do mark, and remember, and consider, that you must *keep* to the one grand point with which the fathers began; namely, that nothing but the GOSPEL itself should be preached to the heathen, at first. This is the Saviour's own commands, and the only thing that good people of *all* churches will ever agree to support. Do, then, make this point *your* principle. This is what we call the CATHOLIC PRINCIPLE of the Society; and it nobly deserves that name. It means *universal*, you know; and nothing but the Gospel ever can, or ought to be, universal. Help, dear children, help with all your might, and by all your prayers, to make it become universal.

---

### THE BLIGHT.

THIS beautiful world which God has made for us to live in is full of lessons. It is a large Pictorial Bible, everywhere telling us, by its ten thousand lovely paintings, something about God. It is very pleasant to look upon these paintings; they seem sometimes almost to speak to us, and their voice is the voice of God,—a voice of so

much beauty and love, that we could listen to it for ever.

Sometimes the works of His hands teach us lessons of sadness. Thus I have one day looked upon the fair blossom, with its tinted cheek and its soft fragrance, and its pleasant tale of what it would be when the sun should ripen it; and the next day I looked upon it, and its beauty was gone, and it spoke no more of hope, for a blight had come upon it in the night-time, and it was shrivelled, and withered, and useless.

Could there be a more fit emblem of the death of an infant? How, like this blossom, it is cut off in a day! One day the mother looks upon her child with the delight that only a mother knows, and her heart is full of love, and her thoughts are full of hopes, for yet the bloom is on the cheek and life is in the eye; but the next day she looks upon it, and some disease has smitten it, and the bloom is gone, and it sinks into the arms of death, and she must prepare for it the winding-sheet and bury it beneath the ground, no more to look upon her infant until the resurrection morning. Sin has spread a deadly blight over the world, and infancy withers away at its touch. It is calculated that nearly one-half the population of the world die in infancy, that is, nearly five hundred millions in about every thirty years.

Does it not make you sad to think of the death of such a multitude of infants? But the saddest part of all is, that great numbers of these infants are *killed by their own mothers*. Our Missionaries have told us that infanticide, or the killing of in-