





MR. MOFFAT'S RECEPTION AT KURUMAN.

THE

JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1844.

MR. MOFFAT'S RECEPTION AT KURUMAN,
ON HIS RETURN FROM ENGLAND IN 1843. (*De-
scribed by him in a Letter to a Friend*).

“TRAVELLING was pleasant, and the country presented a luxuriant appearance. The Brethren seemed to take very well to the gipsy mode of travelling, but they were much more comfortably provided for than in days of yore, when, I remember, it was hard work for a Missionary to get a wagon, and still harder to get any thing to put into it.

“Passing through Colesberg, Philippolis, and Campbell, we arrived here on the 13th of December, when we received a hearty welcome from all the Missionary Brethren and Sisters, and to no one was our return more reviving than to our venerable and beloved Brother Hamilton. Long before we reached the Station, we were met by many of our people and a fresh supply of oxen. Although it was three o'clock in the morning when we entered the doors of our habitation, many forgot their slumbers, eager to see the faces of their old friends.

“Next morning there was a shaking of hands

with a witness, and a flow of feeling which was quite overcoming. Some seemed ecstatic, and leaped for joy. Others gave their hands with an upward look of heart-felt gratitude to God. In some, a silent flood of tears testified the emotions of a thankful soul. Every infant must have a shake of our hands. Grandmothers, blind with age, came, led by the hand of a child, to hear our well-known voices; and though unable to gaze on our faces as formerly, hearing, and feeling with a trembling grasp, excited in their bosoms aspirations of praise to the God of all our mercies. Their doubts, for some had doubts about our return, were now cast to the winds, while the scenery around produced in us a sensation as if we were awaking from a dream. Since that period to the present, it has, with scarcely one interruption, been one *levee* day, for the news soon spreading abroad, company after company from far and near came to salute us. At one time there were no fewer than *twenty* Bechuana wagons with visitors on the Station. Formerly the Bechuans were pedestrians to a man, never riding on horse, or ox, or in a wagon; and although it is only about ten years since they began to purchase wagons, a very dear article, from 50% to 100%, it is quite astonishing to see the number they now possess. This is one grand step in civilization, especially in a country like this. Among our visitors were Mothibi, the king, and his wife, Mahuto, with their sons and daughters, and, indeed, almost every branch of the royal family, all eager to testify their joy at our return. Different chiefs, who had not always been friends, appeared to

forget their petty interests and former jealousies in the universal harmony which prevailed. Even Mahura, the influential chief of Taung, came with his wagons and a large retinue about ninety miles to congratulate a poor returned Missionary and his wife to their field of labour and toil. It was deeply interesting to see the old Queen, all motherly in manner and Christian in mien. She had never visited the Kuruman since the tribe was driven from it about sixteen years ago. Her eldest son having been cut off by death in the morning of manhood, just at the beginning of the sorrows occasioned by the inroads of ruthless marauders, every thing connected with the Kuruman was painful to her. But now, with a heart transformed by the Spirit of the living God, she, with her consort stooping with age, felt as parents amidst a group of affectionate children. We had overflowing congregations, and sat down with about four hundred to commemorate the Lord's death. The season was one of deep interest, which will not soon be forgotten."

THE GARDEN OF HEAVEN.

THIS is a very pretty title, is it not? Yet I dare say nobody would guess what is meant by it. It is not the garden that Luther described to his little boy, which was filled with golden fruit of all kinds; no, you will be surprised to hear that it is a *burial ground*. In the kingdom of Prussia, near the town of Dusseldorf, there is an

institution in which orphan children are taken care of, clothed, and educated. Many Jewish children are there, and several who are beyond childhood, but who are destitute and friendless, are admitted. The head of this large family, for there are more than two hundred, is the good Count Von der Recke, who devotes all his time and talents and fortune to this object. The name of the house is Dusselthal Abbey. Many of the children have been taken from the woods, where they had lived with wild animals, till they became more like brutes than human beings; and this good Count and his family have taught them and civilized them, and, with the blessing of God, have made them happy and useful beings. This is a family where wisdom and goodness and love reign over all; but in spite of this, there is an enemy which they cannot keep out—and that is *Death*, who comes and seizes one and another in his cold grasp. But the Count teaches his children that to those who love the Saviour it is a beautiful and a blessed thing to die; and he has set apart a portion of the grounds, where the trees are high and thick, and a narrow path leads down through an avenue,—a sweet and quiet spot just visible from the house,—as the resting-place of those whose spirits are summoned away from this world. This he calls "*The Garden of Heaven*," for he looks upon the bodies that lie there as seed sown for the heavenly kingdom, which shall spring up on the morning of the resurrection, and bloom for ever as beautiful flowers in the Paradise of God. The first that was laid in

"the Garden of Heaven," was one of the Count's own children, a lovely little girl, named Louisa. She was only three years old, yet she knew a great deal about the Lord Jesus Christ, and she loved to hear of death, because she knew that it would take her to be with Him. It pleased God that she should suffer a great deal of pain from inflammation of the brain, and when she was reminded how much the Saviour suffered when he wore the crown of thorns, she seemed to think only of him, and to forget her own anguish. At last her pain ceased, and her watchful father and mother knew by the paleness and stillness of her features, that her spirit was gone to Heaven. There were many at Dusselthal that mourned for Louisa, and many tears fell when the little coffin was brought into the chapel, before it was put in the ground. Yet they raised their voices in a beautiful hymn, beginning

Oh blessed child! by death art thou
To thy dear Saviour led.

Then it was borne down the avenue to the Cemetery, accompanied by all the family, singing as they went, and the Count explained to them the reason why he had set apart the place, and fixed it so near the dwelling, that they might be reminded of the resting-place to which they must all come, and so live, that they might peacefully and willingly lie down in it, like her whom they were then depositing in the grave.

It must have been a sad, and yet a pleasant thing, for the father and mother to see from the

windows the tall trees that waved over the green bed of their little darling,—and a delightful thought, that, perhaps, her spirit, which they had so carefully trained, was near them among the angels who minister to the heirs of salvation?

This was a lovely funeral. But it reminds me of another,—not because they are alike, but in the way of contrast, for they are, indeed, so very different. In a country a great way from this, a little baby was born, but it seemed to give no pleasure to its mother, for she wept very much. As she held its little hands in hers, and stroked the soft cheek, she looked round the hut in which she sat, and there, in the mud floor, was a *little grave*, dug to receive her living child! Whose hands had made it? Its *own* father's! And he had commanded the poor mother to put the little infant into that stifling hole! threatening her frightfully if she did not. She looked upon her little one again and again, and felt how she loved it, and then thought of her cruel husband, and many a time she fancied his step was at the door, and trembled lest he should come in and find that she had not done the wicked thing he bid her. The longer she hesitated and gazed upon the innocent child, the more terrible it seemed to destroy it; but at last she sprang up, threw it into the grave, and pushed the earth down over it, trampling it with her feet; and then, with a wild shriek, she threw herself upon the grave, exclaiming, "Oh, that my mother had done so to me!"

What made the difference between the deaths of Louisa Von der Recke and this poor child?

Who will not answer, Christianity? For many and many a child dies in this dreadful manner in the lands of Heathenism, where the Gospel has not been, to soften and enlighten the hearts of the ignorant parents. There was a time when England was a Heathen country, and children here were sacrificed to false gods. Missionaries came over the sea to England; and should not England and English children be willing and anxious to send Missionaries to those who are still in this wretched condition? A.

MARTIN LUTHER'S LETTER TO HIS LITTLE SON.

WHEN John Luther, the eldest son of the great Reformer, was four years old, his father wrote this letter to him.

“ Grace and peace in Christ, my dearly beloved little son. I am glad to know that you are learning well, and that you say your prayers. So do, my little son, and persevere; and when I come home I will bring with me a present from the annual fair. I know of a pleasant and beautiful garden into which many children go, where they have golden little coats, and gather pretty apples under the trees, and cherries, and plums (Pflaumen), and yellow plums (Spillen); where they sing, leap, and are merry; where they have also beautiful little horses, with golden bridles and silver saddles. When I asked the man that

owned the garden, 'Who are these children?' He said, 'They are the children that love to pray, and to learn, and are pious.'

"Then I said, 'Dear sir, I also have a son; he is called Johnny Luther (Hansichen Luther). May he come into the garden, that he may eat such beautiful apples and pears, and may ride such a little horse, and play with these children!' Then the man said, 'If he loves to pray, and to learn, and is pious, he shall also come into the garden; Philip too, and little James; and if they all come together, then may they have likewise whistles, kettle-drums, lutes, and harps; they may dance also and shoot with little cross-bows.'

"Then he shewed me a beautiful green grass-plot in the garden, prepared for dancing, where hang nothing but golden fifes, drums, and elegant silver cross-bows. But it was now early, and the children had not yet eaten. Therefore I could not wait for the dancing, and I said to the man, 'Ah, dear sir, I will instantly go away, and write about all this to my little son John; that he may pray earnestly, and learn well, and be pious, so that he also may come into this garden; but he has an aunt, Magdalene; may he bring her with him?' Then said the man, 'So shall it be: go and write to him with confidence.' Therefore, dear little John, learn and pray with delight, and tell Philip and James, too, that they must learn and pray, so you shall come with one another into the garden. With this, I commend