

But, my dear young friends, there is *one* thing to which we would *first* direct your attention, as the very *soul* of Missionary effort.

Have you given your own hearts to the Saviour?
Are you really on the Lord's side?

Are you collecting for Missions, and yet refusing "Jesus," the "Lord of Missions," your own heart's affections?

Is it thus with you? Examine yourselves. Ask God to search you; yea, pray with the Psalmist: "Search me, O God! and try me;" (Ps. cxxxix. 23, 24); and then decide to be His at once and without delay.

Read attentively the following circumstance which occurred in the Greenland Mission:—"The first convert at Lichtenau was a nephew of the prince of the Netawatwees; struck by this event, he (the prince) became more thoughtful about his *own* salvation. He related to David Yeisberger, (a Missionary), that he had been thirteen Sundays to Lichtenau, to hear the truth, and that, when he returned, he had cut thirteen notches in the bark of the trees as he passed along; so that, whenever he went through the woods to hunt, these notches met his eye at every turn, and he frequently paused; and *wept to think how often he had heard of the Redeemer without embracing His salvation.*"

Children; just think how very many times *you* have heard the Gospel faithfully preached, and yet have never embraced it.

Yet *you* who possess so many more privileges and advantages than this heathen prince did. *You* who have trifled with, and stifled, convictions:

You who have deeply grieved the Spirit of God, by resisting His tender appeals. Yes; *you* are now affectionately invited, before another day rolls over your head, to commit yourselves unreservedly into the Lord's hands. This being done, all your efforts and energies will be devoted to His service.

Consider what has been said; "and may the Lord give you understanding in all things."

CLAUDIA.

LITTLE CHILDREN GIVEN TO THE LIONS.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

I HAVE just been reading the book of Mr. Moffat, the Missionary, which tells all about his travels in Africa, where the black people live. He says, "The lions sometimes come to devour them; and when they (the people) cannot get away themselves, nor frighten the hungry lion away, the parents *will throw one of their children to the lion*, that he may take it and go back to his den."

O how cruel this is to the poor little children! Your parents would not throw *you* to the lions. No, indeed; they are not so hard-hearted as those African fathers and mothers. But, then, you know the poor Blacks had not heard the Gospel, nor known anything about the love of Jesus, who took little children into His arms and blessed them, and said, "Suffer little children to come to me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." If the black people had heard of Jesus Christ, they would not have given their

children to the lions. O send Missionaries to tell them all about Jesus, the children's friend! and when you give your money to send the Missionaries, say, "I am going to save the little black children from the lions."

Your parents would not give you to the lions, because they know Jesus Christ, and, therefore, you should say, "Thank God for giving me Christian parents, who have been taught to love me and take care of me, both in body and soul." Then, when your parents tell you about the blessed Saviour, you should listen, that you may learn to know all that the Bible tells of Jesus and His love to little children.

Perhaps you say, "If I had been there when the lion came, I would have said to the father and the mother, 'O don't give the poor children to the lion!'" But you cannot go there yourself; and if you did, perhaps they would give you to the lions. The Missionary, however, can go and tell them not to be so cruel to the children. But the Missionary has not money enough of his own to pay for a ship to carry him to Africa. What shall we do? If a great many little girls and boys give a half-penny or two, it will make a great heap of money, enough to pay for a ship to carry the Missionary. Would not that be nice? Would not you be glad to give your money for that?

But the black people often love their children too. One poor mother kissed the hand of Mr. Moffat again and again, because he had brought her her boy, who had been taken away for a slave. Perhaps you will say, "Then, why do they ever give

their little children to the lions?" Because they are so poor; some of them have no houses, and live in the open fields, and lie down at night in holes, and then, when the lion comes, they have no place to go to, and they are frightened; and you know, when we are frightened, we do what we afterwards wish we had not done.

But your parents have got houses, and we have no lions in England; because the Gospel of Jesus Christ has made us happier than the Africans. But if you will send the Missionary to them, they will soon have houses, and they will not lie down in the fields at night, and will not be frightened so as to give their children to the lions. O give some Missionary money to save the poor black children from the lions!

But before I bid you good bye, I must say one word to you about another lion. You know the Apostle Peter says, "The devil, like a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour." Now, some parents throw their children to this lion, to be devoured, by bringing them up ignorant and wicked, never telling them anything about Jesus Christ, nor warning them not to tell lies; but rather teaching them to swear and break the Sabbath. This is throwing them to Satan, the lion that devours children's souls, which is worse than throwing them to the lions that devour their bodies.

Be thankful, my children, that God has given you parents who are not so cruel to your soul as to leave you to the great lion. Listen, therefore, when they teach you to fear God, to hate lies, to

keep holy the Lord's day, and to go to Jesus Christ, and say to him;

“Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.”

B.

LITTLE GEORGE AND HIS GUINEA.

A CLERGYMAN was once preaching a sermon for the Missionary Society. Little George was at church that day; and, after the minister had ended his sermon, George felt his heart open to give all that he had. He said to his governess, who was in the pew, (for George's mama was not able to go to church), “I wish you would lend me a guinea, and I will give it to you again when we get home.” The governess asked him what he wanted with a guinea. He told her it was to put into the plate, to help to send the Gospel to the little heathen children. She replied, “A guinea is a great deal of money, George! You had better ask your mama first.” As George's mama lived very near the church, he rushed home after the sermon was over; and running breathless into the house, said, “Mama, will you let me have my guinea, to give to the Missionary Society?” George's mama said, “My dear, your feelings are all warm now, but, perhaps, by-and-by you will be sorry you have given so much; suppose you give half of it.” “No;” said George; “I should like to give it all, mama; there are so

many of the little black children." "Well, my dear, if you wish it, you shall; but only remember you cannot give it and have it too." George's mama gave him a one-pound note and a shilling; but George returned it, and said he would rather have a guinea. "Why," said his mama, "what difference can it make? it is just the same in amount." "Yes," said George; "but that one-pound note will seem so much for a little boy to give. If I had a guinea, I could put it between two halfpence, and nobody would know anything about it." His mama was pleased with his proposal, and George, having got his guinea, returned to the church, and slipped it into the plate as he intended.

Now, my dear children, I don't know that I should have told you this, but the little boy is since dead, and so there is no danger of his being made vain by people knowing what he has done. But what are you to learn from this history? First, you should learn, out of love to Jesus Christ, to pity the poor little heathen children: you should pray for them, and be willing to deny yourself, that you may help to send out teachers and Bibles, to shew them the way to heaven. Secondly, you should do this in the spirit of little George; so that "your right hand shall not know what your left doeth."

If little George had given his guinea "to be seen of men," his offering would not have been pleasing in the sight of God, and very likely he would soon have wished for his money back again.

O. S. C.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S TRUMPET.

A LITTLE girl, three years and a half old, has had a plaything presented to her. It is a trumpet. Her nurse has taught her to call it the Trumpet of the Jubilee for the Missionary Society. The little girl is to blow this trumpet, and ask for contributions for the Jubilee Fund, when she visits her friends, or when they come to see her. It is also agreed between herself and her nurse, that, if any persons should offer her more playthings, she shall ask them rather to give her something for the Jubilee Fund. The young must be employed to assist in raising the fund. On the first of January next we hope that many of them will sound the trumpet sweetly and successfully.

The incident just mentioned proves, that, however young, children may share in the delight of serving this good cause.

H.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

JUBILEE Missionary Meetings are being held in many parts of the country. Deeply interesting services, and very numerous attended, have been held in Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Ipswich, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne. At Newcastle, a large tea party, of above 500, met in Nelson-street-School-room, and several addresses were delivered on the occasion.

Many thousands of the friends of Missions are embracing the opportunity of shewing their zeal, their faith, and their love. In some cases special prayer-meetings are being held; and, in others, the members of different

churches unite in the celebration of the Lord's Supper. And God is stirring up the hearts of many to give cheerfully of their property. Two unknown friends have called lately at the Society's bankers', in London, and paid in 500*l.* each, as donations to the Jubilee Fund, though without giving their names; and two other well-known friends have very generously given 1000*l.* each. These all, no doubt, feel that what the Saviour said is true: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." We can never do too much to serve Him.

JUVENILE COLLECTING CARDS FOR THE MISSIONARY JUBILEE.

THESE are now ready for our young friends, and may be obtained from the Society through the respective Ministers and Officers of Auxiliaries. But it is still wished by the Directors that this Juvenile effort should be the New Year's Offering. They should be distributed in the course of December, so that all may be ready to commence their labours of love in good time, and in good earnest.

THE "JOHN WILLIAMS."

No news has yet arrived (Oct. 16) respecting the Ship. Letters are, no doubt, on their way from the Cape of Good Hope, and in our next Number we *hope* to have some heart-cheering intelligence to convey, as to her having reached thus far on her voyage.

Many suggestions have been offered by friends, as to meeting the annual expenses of the Ship by means of *small contributions from the young*. The idea is excellent, and, when the present Jubilee effort has been accomplished, a plan will be more fully stated and recommended for that object.

JUBAL'S "MISSIONARY JUBILEE."

(Published by Mr. Snow).

THIS is not exactly an anonymous contribution to the Missionary Society's Jubilee, for the author calls himself "Jubal." Now "Jubal" was "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ;" and yet, with all his skill, he would, we think, have been fairly puzzled to set some of *these* stanzas to music on either of his favourite instruments.

However, we have now to do with the poem, not with good old Jubal; but we find the task of *describing* it quite as difficult as the modern Jubal, perhaps, did in composing it. It is a *jeu d'esprit*, lively, smiling, and in good humour. It generally means more than it says. The present Jubal certainly knows much more about Missions than his ancestor of the same name ever did, and he wishes his youthful readers to know all about them too. He resembles a friend who takes you into a room having an extensive prospect on each side, and allows you a momentary peep at every window; and then you leave, saying, how *much* remains to be seen! surely everything is worth a more careful inspection!

The book contains many hints; but few children, we think, will understand it if left to read it by themselves. It is rather to be used by parents and teachers; these will find it convey *thoughts* on Missionary subjects, on which they may expatiate with advantage. This we think is its real use—to furnish *suggestions for conversations* about Missions with the young.

The engraving of Poundsford Park seems to identify the book, in some way, with the well-known friends of the young who occupy the mansion there, and no doubt will tempt many of our Juvenile friends to wish they were on the lawn on a fine Summer's eve. Delightful! If all the 150,000 of our young readers could meet and

sing there a Jubilee Hymn, such as a Watts or a Doddridge would have composed, it would be the happiest spot on earth, and "like a little heaven below."

CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY MAP.

A VERY instructive and interesting Map. It is on one large sheet, and gives a comprehensive view of the state of the world as to its different religious professions. It shews how large a portion is still without the Gospel, and, therefore, "without hope, and without God." It is embellished with above twenty suitable wood-cuts, and presents moreover a large amount of information, such as cannot be too often brought under the serious attention of all who labour and pray that the kingdoms of the world may "become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ."

This useful Map is among the wonders of the modern press. Its price is but One Penny. If coloured, it is eighteen-pence.

LITTLE EMMA'S CORNER.

Emma. Do, dear mama, read to me once more that nice letter of Luther, in the last Number, to his little Johnny.

Mama. But do you think you can understand it, my little love?

Emma. Why, you know, mama, you *explained* it to me, and I like you to talk about it.

Mama. Yes, we should love to talk about Heaven; it is such a *happy* place! Can you tell me what makes it so happy?