





CHINESE GRATITUDE.

JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

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MEDICAL AID AFFORDED THE CHINESE.

THE Chinese have long been distinguished by their jealousy of foreigners. This, of course, has greatly retarded the labours of the Christian Missionary among them. An intimate and easy intercourse with them is essential, as everywhere else, to the successful prosecution of his work. Hence it occurred to many friends, that, if European medical science were introduced, it might soften their prejudices, and open the way for direct Christian instruction. Acting on this wise and benevolent idea, various plans have been adopted, and which appear to be crowned with success.

The first modern effort to afford medical aid to this people was in 1805, when vaccination was introduced by Mr. Alexander Pearson. In 1820, Dr. Morrison, in conjunction with Dr. Livingston, opened an Institution for the relief of the afflicted Chinese. In 1828, Dr. Colledge opened an hospital at Macao. This was soon afterwards restricted chiefly to diseases of the eye. Upwards of 6000 Chinese were relieved in five years of

their maladies. In 1835, Dr. Parker proceeded from America to Canton, and opened an Institution there, expressly for diseases of the eye; and in the course of a year above 2000 patients were relieved of their sufferings.

In 1836, it was proposed to form a Society for the special object of affording gratuitous medical relief to the Chinese; this was accomplished, and in February, 1838, it was duly organised, and the Ophthalmic Institution at Canton was taken under its patronage. During a period of about eight years from the opening of the hospital, upwards of 9000 patients were relieved. Their gratitude and confidence were most encouraging and delightful. On the day the Institution was closed for a time, (in June, 1840), about 200 patients and their friends were present; and when those who had come for the first time understood that the hospital would be shut for a season, they fell upon their faces, and, knocking their heads upon the ground, with tears, intreated that they might be healed. The most unequivocal expressions of gratitude have been manifested, both in words and actions. A father, whose only child, a beautiful girl, had had a tumour of seven pounds weight removed from her back, after she was discharged cured, returned with a scroll, with a poetical inscription to the physician, to this effect:—"A grievous disease had entwined itself about my little daughter. I had gone in various directions seeking for physicians of distinction, and had expended much money upon them in vain. When I heard of the foreign physician in the provincial

city, I took my daughter by the hand, and repaired to his residence with the speed of the courser. He received and treated my daughter, removing the *flaw from the gem, and now she is a perfect pearl again.*"

The Frontispiece attached to the present Number is a representation of the interesting scene just described.

HOW ARE YOU USING YOUR INFLUENCE?

ON addressing this question to some of the readers of this little Magazine, their reply would, perhaps, be—"Oh! we are still too young to exert *any* influence; we hardly know what it means."

Have you never seen an infant's smile open a tide of gushing tenderness, and, amidst sorrow and bereavement, cause a widow's heart to sing for joy? Have you never watched the sweet winning prattle of childhood, chasing away the gloominess from a brow of care, and calling back the memory of happier summer hours? And shall a little infant who has never yet lisped the endearing name of "Mother," or a laughing, thoughtless child, powerfully influence the heart of age; and can *you* say that *your thinking, active mind* possesses *no* power to influence? Be assured it can. Every word, and look, and tone leaves some impression on the world of mind around you; and that impression will be read, and distinctly too, in that great day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed. Oh! did we rightly estimate our responsibility in this respect, what

earnest entreaties would rise to Heaven for mercy to pardon, "and grace to help!" Not one hurtful word, unkind look, or angry tone can we erase. All, all are indelibly written on some minds,—it may be, on many minds; and oh! how dreadful the thought, that there may be those in the dreary regions of the lost who are looking back to some deriding expression which fell from our lips, some unkind repulse, or *little* inconsistency, (as we call it), which kept them from applying to the Saviour!

Influence is a talent committed to all. How have you employed it? Perhaps till this moment it has been an unknown treasure, uncounted among the gifts of your Heavenly Father, unimproved, unacknowledged; yet, remember, it will not be overlooked in the great day of accounts. The Saviour and the Judge of mankind has declared, "No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself;" and yet many, when applied to on behalf of His cause, if they have no money with which to aid it, think they can do *nothing*, and, perhaps, deeply regret their poverty and inability. Do you take an interest in the progress of the Gospel? Then strive to interest others in it. Tell your little brothers and sisters, by the winter's fire-side, or in the country walk, the history of a Williams, a Moffat, a Vanderkemp, a Carey, or a Morrison. Excite their sympathies on behalf of the heathen children of distant lands. Shew them the value of the Gospel of peace, by its glorious trophies there; and urge them, with all the warmth of a brother's or a sister's love, to

seek the Redeemer as their own ; and, it may be, God will honour you to sow the first seeds of Missionary zeal in some future champion of the Cross, or, if not, that heart may incite others to the work, and help them forward.

And has the youngest Christian no influence with Heaven? "Prayer moves the arm that moves the Universe." Can you not ask your Heavenly Father to bless His *own* work? and, whenever you bend the knee to seek blessings for yourself, and all you love, remember those who never listened to the glad tidings of salvation, and the thousands in our own land who hear nothing sweet in the name of Jesus, and see no attraction in His Cross.

DAISY:

A LETTER TO LITTLE GIRLS.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

You have heard that this is the Jubilee Year of the London Missionary Society. I wish you to feel that it is a *very solemn* year ; a year in which we all must try to *do* more, and *pray* more, for the conversion of the poor heathen. I hope that something will be done by Christians this year for the Missionary Society greater than has ever been done before ; so that the twelvemonth between September, 1844, and September, 1845, may never be forgotten. Now, would not *you*, my dear children, like to help to make it remembered? I dare say several plans may be proposed to you for this purpose during the year ; I do not

know what they will be, but I am going to tell you of one which I hope will please you. You have done very nobly in buying the ship; now, my plan is quite different from that; I think I must tell it to you by a little story,—a very little one.

In a certain village in the country, stands a pretty school-house, where the children are taught many useful things every day. It is divided into two rooms, with folding-doors between them. Before it there is a gravelled court, with some pretty acacia trees growing in it, and white palings round it, with bushes inside them, and a little white gate at one end. At the side of the building there are some beautiful green fields, with their pretty hedges, and fences, and trees, and cows and horses feeding in them. Every other Thursday afternoon you may see groups of children coming to the school; then they open the little white gate, and trip along the path to the school-room door. Should you like to go in with them, and see what they are going to do? You would see the elder school-children all busy at their lessons; but very soon the master gives the word to leave off, and now they are all in a bustle. The books are quickly put away, and the forms arranged in the shape of three sides of a square, on the other side of which there is a table and chair on a little platform. Then, when all the children have taken their places quietly, you would see the folding-doors from the other school-room open, and a train of the *eldest* of the *little* ones march orderly in, one by one, and take their places too.

And now that they are all ready, I will tell you what is their business. They are met together *to work for the children in the Missionaries' Schools in other countries.* Some of those poor little foreign children have no clothes to wear, unless their kind friends from England give them some. But the Missionaries have not nearly enough clothes to supply all the children who want them; yet they cannot very well have the children in the schools without clothes; so numbers of poor little girls and boys have to remain in their ignorance, who would be thankful to come and be taught to read and write and sew, if they could. Are you not sorry for them? The little girls whom we left seated round on the forms wish to help them, so they assemble once a fortnight for an hour or two, to make frocks and pinafores, &c., to send out to them; and the very little ones, who cannot do difficult work, but who like to do *something* for their brothers and sisters over the water, do the easy parts, or make bags for rewards and presents. When they are all busy, the lady who prepares their work, and tells them how to do it properly, tells them stories about the different Missionaries in the various parts of the world. I wish you could see their bright, happy faces, as they hear of the Heathen becoming Christians, and of the little children learning to love the Saviour. And then they sing some of their favourite Missionary hymns. When they are nearly ready to leave off their work, their kind minister often comes in to see them. They all love him dearly; for he smiles on them so

brightly, and has such a kind word for each; and he talks to them all so plainly, that the very youngest can understand, and like to listen to him. Lastly, they all kneel down to thank God for letting them meet together so happily, and to pray that He will bless the Heathen, and put it into English hearts to do more and more for them.

Now, my dear children, I have done my little story. Should not every one of you like to belong to such a happy party? It is not the *only* children's Missionary working-party in England. No; there are many kind friends who not only work themselves, but help the children to be industrious too. Still there are many thousands of children that never do anything of the kind, and there are many thousands of heathen children waiting to be clothed. I want every little girl who reads this letter to resolve, that, before the end of the Jubilee Year, and as near the beginning of it as possible, she will belong to such a meeting. Here is a new way to help the Missionary Society; it will not require so much money as it did to build the Ship, and it will help the Missionaries in all parts of the world, not only in the South Sea Islands, but in Africa, and New Zealand, and India. You will easily be able to raise money enough to buy materials for your work, especially if your kind friends help you. Perhaps there is a Juvenile Missionary Society in the town or village where you live; if so, I dare say the Treasurer or Secretary would be willing to assist in forming a working-party.