

Having had family worship and breakfast at the usual time, some of us went on deck to meditate there on the goodness of the Lord, and others retired to their cabins for the same purpose. At ten o'clock we heard the large ship-bell ringing, not as it does in general, like the striking of a clock, but like the sound of the church-going bell, which we have so often heard at home. Assembling on the quarter-deck, which is the after-part of the ship, we found it shaded by an awning stretched across the vessel like a ceiling, while at one part a sail was hung up, and at another the flag of Old England,—these were the walls of our chapel. On a little table, tied to the massive brass railings at one end of the quarter-deck, and covered with a flag called the "Union Jack," lay the large Bible and Hymn-book. The weather was delightful, and it was pleasant to listen to the ripple of the wave as our vessel cut through the waters on her voyage to the far distant South. The preacher took his seat at the little table, and the passengers and ship's company arranged themselves along the sides of the deck. I wish you could have seen us all: there were the sailors in their clean shirts and trousers; there the Missionaries and their wives; there the captain and his mates; and there sat a New-Zealander, and not far from him three natives of the South Sea Islands, and near them the little children: I think I see them all again. Worship was conducted very much as it is on shore; and it was delightful to feel, that, though far away from the dwellings of men, we were not far from God; and that, while worshipping Him on the mighty deep, we were engaged like thousands of our fellow-men belonging to many a kindred, and kingdom, and nation, and tongue, and people; and like the dear friends we had left, and with whom we have often taken sweet counsel while going up to the house of the Lord.

Worship and sermon being ended, those of us who wished to commemorate our Saviour's death went below to the main cabin, expecting to feel more composed there. One of the Missionaries before leaving England received as a present a Communion service, consisting of a flagon, and two cups and plates for the use of the converts in Mangaia. Those had been previously placed on the table, and we took our seats at once. We almost wished that some of the dear friends we have left, and who are now, perhaps, troubled with fears and anxieties regarding us, could have looked in upon our little assembly, and have seen how comfortably we were seated at the table of the Lord. About twenty of us sat down to commemorate His death. The cabin is just like a long room; and, seated there, we thought of Jesus and the little company of His disciples celebrating the same feast in an upper room at Jerusalem. There were amongst us some of the sailors, and we loved them, when we found that they too loved Jesus; and Abraham the Samoan, a converted Heathen, was there; and when we saw him amongst us, we pitied those who, in their ignorance, still bow to stocks and stones, and call them their gods. When we thought of Christ, of how much we owe to Him, and how much He did, and suffered for us, we felt constrained to love Him. And when we thought that He had suffered and died for the salvation of the world, we rejoiced that to us this grace had been given, to proclaim amongst the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of His grace.

In the evening we again assembled on the deck for worship, when another of the Missionaries preached. Perhaps some of you would like to know the text, it was 2 Cor. v. 20, 21:—"Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no

sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." The text in the morning was 2 Cor. vi. 17, 18 :— "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." These texts I wish very much that you would learn to repeat, consider them as addressed to yourselves, and then think of that solemn question which has never yet been answered, though 1800 years have passed away since it was first proposed :— "How can we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY of the LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

It will interest and instruct many of our young friends to become acquainted with the *chief successive events* that have occurred in the progress of the Missionary Society since its formation. We give part of the table this month, and reserve the rest of it for February. It has been kindly drawn up by a friend.

1794. Dr. Bogue's first address appeared in the Evangelical Magazine for September.
- Monthly prayer-meetings commenced by the ministers in Warwickshire.
- Promise of 100*l.* for the first Mission, and 500*l.* for a Mission to the South Seas.
1795. A meeting was held at the Castle and Falcon, Aldersgate-street, London; when 31 ministers and laymen pledged themselves to attempt the work of sending Missions to the Heathen.
- *September 21st.*—Preparatory meeting. Dona-

- tions amounting to 740*l.*, and annual subscriptions to the amount of 50*l.* promised.
1795. First general meeting at the Castle and Falcon. Sir Egerton Leigh, Bart., in the chair.
- *September 22nd.*—Tuesday morning, at 11 o'clock, a sermon was preached at Spa Fields Chapel by Dr. Haweis; after which the *Society was formed*, and the plan adopted.
- Sermons were preached by the Rev. Messrs. Burder, Greathead, Hey, Hill, and Bogue, during the week; and on Friday the 25th the first Directors were chosen, and the South Seas selected for the first attempt.
1796. *July 28th.*—Thirty Missionaries ordained at Zion Chapel.
- *August 10th.*—The "Duff," which had been purchased for 5000*l.*, sailed with the Missionaries; commanded by Capt. Wilson.
1797. The Missionary spirit enkindled in Holland, Saxony, Switzerland, and America. Several useful religious Societies commenced at home.
- Mission to West Africa, which was soon abandoned.
- *March 5th.*—Sabbath. Arrival of the "Duff" at Tahiti.
1798. Mr. Forsyth sent to India, near Calcutta.
- *July 11th.*—The "Duff" returned to England.
- *December 23rd.*—The "Duff" started on its second voyage with twenty-nine Missionaries.
- Dr. Vanderkemp and others sent to South Africa.
- Mission to Newfoundland.
1799. *February 19th.*—The "Duff" captured by a French privateer.
- A Seminary for Missionary Students commenced at Gosport, under the care of Dr. Bogue.

1799. Mission to Canada.
 — *October*.—Arrival of the captured Missionaries in England.
 — Removal of most of the Missionaries from the South Seas to Port Jackson, New South Wales.
1800. *May 12th*.—Missionaries sent to the South Seas in the "Royal Admiral."
 — Missionaries sent to Africa.
 — Murder of three Missionaries at Tongataboo.
1801. Attempts to circulate French Testaments in France, with Dr. Bogue's Essay on the Divine Authority of the New Testament.
 — Tracts distributed among French and Dutch prisoners.
1802. Mission to the Griquas, South Africa.
1803. Mr. Kichener brought to England three converted Hottentots.
 — Mission to Bethelsdorp, (South Africa).
1804. Three Missionaries sent to India, and three to Ceylon.
 — Mission to Tulbagh, (South Africa).
 — Remarkable conversions among the Hottentots.
 — Mission among the Jews.
1805. Indian Missions strengthened. New stations at Vizagapatam, Madras, and Tinevelly.
1806. Dr. Morrison the first Protestant Missionary to China.
1807. Mr. Wray the first Missionary to Demerara.
 — Mission to Tobago.
1808. *November*.—Civil wars in Tahiti, obliging nearly all the Missionaries to leave.
1810. Mission to Bellary, in the East Indies.
1811. Africaner attacks the Missionary stations in South Africa.
 — *December 15th*.—Sabbath. Dr. Vanderkemp died, after thirteen years' service.

BOTH SIDES OF THE JUBILEE FUND.

THE proverb says, "Every thing has two sides; and, therefore, should be looked at on both." This was true of the Jewish Jubilee. It had a very *bright* side to all the people who got back their houses, lands, and liberty when the trumpet sounded. They might well be glad! But how did the people feel who had to *give* back all these things? Were they glad, too?

Now, they *ought* to have been so; for the property was not really their own. They all bought it from the poor, under a solemn promise to give it back at the Jubilee. It was thus like leasehold property now, which returns to the landlord when the lease has expired. It is not every one, however, that likes or is willing to give up what he has had and enjoyed for some years. I fear, therefore, that some of the rich Jews looked very *black* when the trumpet sounded! The Jubilee made them poorer. It took servants away from some of them, and houses and lands from others. Now, all of them were not likely to be glad of that. How many, think you, looked at both sides of the Jewish Jubilee with equal pleasure? You cannot tell, nor can I inform you.

Well, let us look at both sides of the Missionary Jubilee. It has a very bright side to the poor Heathen. It will give them more Bibles and Missionaries. So they may well be glad! But are all glad who have to *give* money at the Jubilee? Are *you* glad? If you really rejoice to help the Jubilee Fund, then you have a right to look round

you, and observe who else, and how many, seem pleased to give. All Christians who have anything to spare ought to *look* glad, as well as to give something; for the Saviour says, "It is more blessed to *give* than to receive."

But, alas, there are both old and young people who look *black* at the Jubilee. Like some of the Jews, they do not think it blessedness to give back a part of what God has *lent* them. They forget, that all they have is His, and that He is now asking for some of it. They forget, too, that God can *take*, if they will not give. He has a right to do so! Think of this, and next month I will tell you more about the Jubilee.

JUBAL.

KITTY MULGRAVE.

IN the month of February, 1843, [the brig "Joseph Anderson" left Jamaica for the shores of Western Africa. Twenty-four Christian negroes, and three excellent Ministers of the Moravian denomination, composed the band of passengers. They were colonists about to settle amongst the untutored tribes of Africa, their father-land. On the morning of their departure, a short service was held on board the vessel; an appropriate hymn was sung, and the Rev. Mr. Oughton, Baptist Missionary, commended, by prayer, this noble band of pioneers, to His care and guidance

"Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas."

One of the three Ministers was the Rev. Andrew Rees, who had already laboured eight years in

that part of Western Africa known by the name of the Ashantee country. A second was the Rev. George Widman, a German, who, not counting his life dear unto him, joined the party, hoping to advance in Africa the cause of truth and righteousness. The third Minister was the Rev. George Peter Thompson, an educated black man, whose history, with his wife's, we are now going to lay before our readers.

With a little abridgment, the following is the history of this young African, as drawn up by himself:—

“I was born at Cape Mount, Liberia, in Western Africa; my parents were heathens, and in that state they died, after having brought me up in their heathen ways. An uncle, who was also a heathen, adopted me at my parents' death; and took me to an American merchant named Thompson, living at Monrovia, one of the settlements on the sea-coast. He sent me to school, that I might afterwards become a merchant; but the Providence of God had already marked out my ways. After stopping several years with him, I went to live with Mr. Ashman, the Governor of Liberia. Mr. Ashman was a very pious man, full of love to the Heathen: he was often in the Sunday-schools, and often prayed with the negro children. He treated me very kindly, and, by listening to his instructions, I forsook my heathen state, and was baptised by the Rev. Mr. Gill, an American Missionary, living at Monrovia. This was in the year 1828. Mr. Ashman afterwards wrote to the Evangelical Missionary Society, at Basle, to send him some Missionaries; and after some time the Rev. Mr. Sessing and some others came to Liberia. I got acquainted with him, and became his servant. One of

the Missionaries soon died of the country fever, and another got a stroke of the sun; and, when he was directed to leave the country, it was thought good that Mr. Sessing should accompany him. Mr. Sessing asked my friends to allow me to go to Germany with him, to which they gave consent. On our way to Europe the hand of God was with us on the mighty deep: a pirate vessel approached us, but left us again without doing us any harm. In May, 1829, we arrived at Bristol, which we soon left for London. After a few days we continued our voyage, and at length safely arrived at Basle, in the month of June. Mr. Sessing placed me in the Missionary Institution, in which, and another college, I remained eight years. During this time I hope I became acquainted with the power of the Gospel, and so I became a member of the Christian Church that assembled at Basle. In May, 1842, I left Basle to go with some Missionaries to Africa, for which work I was longing. We came to London, and sailed from thence to Jamaica, to get some Christian colonists to go with us to Africa, in order to shew the Heathen an example of religion in those negroes who are partakers of the Gospel."

In a letter written to a gentleman in England, in the beginning of 1843, Mr. Thompson thus relates the story of his wife, formerly known to many persons in Jamaica as Kitty Mulgrave:—

"About eleven years ago, a little Congo girl was playing in the yard or garden of her parents, when a strange man entered the back gate, and asked her to come and see the wild bees making honey. Her parents were considered respectable in their own country, and she was their only child. Poor girl! she followed the stranger, and *returned home no more*. He took her, sold her, and she became a slave. She and several more,

between two and three hundred, were all shipped off for the Spanish country; but the Lord of the seas caused a storm, and brought the vessel into distress, and it was shipwrecked near Old Harbour Bay, in Jamaica. About a hundred of the poor creatures were drowned. This was in the year 1833. A sailor saved her life, and brought her on shore; and she, and all who escaped, having landed on an English island, were set at liberty, Lord Mulgrave (the Governor of Jamaica at that time) came with his lady, to see these shipwrecked Africans. Lady Mulgrave looked with pity on two little girls and a boy. Kitty was one of them, and the other girl was her cousin. The two girls were sent to Fairfield, to the Refuge, where they received a good Christian education, under the care of the Rev. Jacob Zorn, Moravian Minister, and the boy was taken to England by Lord Mulgrave, where he died."

The girl of whom we are writing took the name of her protectoress, and was baptised as Catherine Elizabeth Mulgrave.

"After stopping there some years, and shewing abilities for a teacher, she was sent to Kingston, to be at the Mico Institution, where she remained nine months. There she joined the Church under the care of the Missionary of the London Missionary Society, the Rev. John Wooldrige. On returning to Manchester parish, she became teacher of the Moravians, at one of their schools, and laboured diligently as a teacher for three years; but *the land of her fathers* was always a place she desired to go to, to be an instrument of good, by the providence of God: *how* to return there was her great difficulty; but He whose eyes are open upon those who desire from their whole heart to do good, and to serve Him, made it at once possible, in directing me and others to Jamaica. The Lord, in whose hands our ways are,