





FEMALE NATIVE ORPHAN SCHOOL, VIZAGAPATAM.

THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1845.

FEMALE NATIVE ORPHAN SCHOOL,
VIZAGAPATAM.

THIS school was commenced in the year 1835. Many persons who have long resided in India thought that it was not likely to succeed, as the prejudices of the natives against female education were so deeply rooted. It began with only *two* girls, and gradually increased, until the rooms allotted to the children were found too small for their accommodation. The school, represented in the sketch, is beautifully situated on a high hill, which is favourable to health, and it is at some distance from the town, and so away from the native population, and thus removed from their immoral influence. The building forms three parts of a square. The centre building is a long room, used as a school-room, with good broad verandas all round. In the south room the children take their meals; and the readers of this Magazine would be more than a little amused to see these little black girls sitting upon mats, each with an earthen chattie, or dish, eating curry and rice, and drinking water from the little tin mugs, which were kindly sent by the Sunday-school children of Exeter. The long room on the south side is used for a sleeping-room for the elder girls,

and the adjoining one is a store-room. The opposite side is occupied by the school-mistress, a kind and excellent woman. The front commands a fine sea view, and the back a beautiful range of hills, and huge rocks, near the school. Many of the girls in the school have been rescued from scenes of the most abject misery. It is generally some time before they can be brought into habits of industry ; but they prove what has been often doubted, that the Hindoo females CAN learn. This is proved by the work which they do, and the answers they give to various questions on the doctrines of Christianity. They all take their turn in cooking and attending to domestic concerns ; they learn to spin, weave tape, make their own clothes, and now they do a great deal of plain work. Their satin stitch and lace work are by no means of the lowest order. At the end of the year 1843, there were thirty-three girls in this school ; and, from its commencement to this time, ninety have been admitted : some have died, others have married, and some have left the school for other stations.

There is every reason to believe that the instructions given to these dear children have not been lost upon them. Several have become members of the church ; and of others it may be said, " They are not far from the kingdom of God." This school is supported by voluntary subscriptions, and any sum raised for its support will be most thankfully received. At the same time the kindness already shewn by many friends in England is most thankfully acknowledged by the writer,

JANE TAYLOR.

ONE day a poor boy brought a little girl to one of the female orphan schools* in the north of the Madras presidency, and said to the person who had the superintendence of the school, "Ma'am, please to take this child into your school; her mother is dead; her father is poor old man; I am her brother, and I cannot get rice enough for myself; how I can get rice for her? her father is a beggar; how can he feed her? Ma'am has got fine school, girls plenty rice eat, fine cloth wear, please, ma'am, to take." A village school-master in the employ of the Mission, who was standing by, said, "True word this, ma'am; that child very poor; ma'am, take that child, it will be very good;" but, said Mrs. P. to the boy, "Perhaps, when this girl has been fed a little while, and nicely clothed, her father may come and want to take her away." "No, no, ma'am," said the boy; "he is very poor, how can he feed her? what can he do with her?" The poor child was taken into the school, and soon began to look comfortable and happy. About a month after, the old man, her father, came and wished to take her away. Mrs. P. told him to ask her if she wished to go; he did so, and she replied, "No, father; I got plenty rice, good cloth, and plenty sense, (knowledge she meant); you cannot give me these; master and ma'am very kind to me, every body kind, why must I go away? No, father; I do not want to go." The old man went away very quietly, and never came

* The Native Female Orphan School, at Vizagapatam.

to the school again. She was called *Jane Taylor*, and was paid for by that name by the Ladies' Association at Stepney. She made considerable and rapid advance in learning, and evidenced a capacity and great desire to teach others; and, as a very good opportunity of bringing her to England offered, she was brought to this country, and is now at the Home and Colonial School, where she is kindly supported by the Ladies' Society for Promoting Female Education in the East. It is hoped that she may there become fully competent to teach the system she is now learning to the children of her own country, where, in another year or two, it is intended she should return.



JANE TAYLOR.

CHINA and the CHINESE.

No. I.

MY YOUNG FRIENDS,

SOME time ago, a kind friend took the trouble to write and get printed for you a little book, entitled "Madagascar and its Martyrs," containing a short account of the Malagash people, and all that occurred in connexion with the introduction and spread of the Gospel among them. I doubt not that many of you have read it. Now, I propose to tell you in the same way of China and its inhabitants; only, instead of giving it in the shape of a little book, I wish to present you with it on the pages of your own Magazine. I have not so MANY dreadful things to tell you about the cruelties inflicted on them that love Jesus as in the account of Madagascar, neither can I tell you of quite so many loving the Saviour in China, as there were in Madagascar; but I have a larger country to speak of—a more numerous and singular people, having different customs, speaking a more difficult language, and practising a wider system of idolatry.

Now, suppose you were visiting a friend, and were requested to go through his house and inspect all the rare things in his possession. You come to a room where you hear a few individuals conversing very earnestly. The door is open—you enter; they are busy and do not observe you, so you hear what is engaging their attention. On a large table, around which they are standing, is spread out a large print, which you discover to

be a map of China. One of them with a keen eye, and a frank and intelligent countenance, is a *politician*. He speaks about the wide extent of the country, and the immense multitude of its inhabitants. He is anxious to know by what laws they are governed, and how they can be brought into connexion with Great Britain, and made available for its interests. There is another, whose countenance shews symptoms of anxiety and toil; he is a *merchant*, eager to embrace the opening for trade. He asks if they are civilized? If they understand the arts, and would purchase his manufactures? He becomes quite elated. "The dense masses of the people," says he, "will require clothing and all the comforts of life. I shall break up my establishment at home and go to China." He goes and spends the remainder of his days in the acquisition of *this world's* wealth. But there is a third gazing on the map with a different look from the others. He is a man of deep thought—of tender sympathy—of anxious concern for the welfare of others. He is a devout Christian. He asks if they know *God*, or are given up to idols? If they have the Bible? If they know there is an eternity, with a heaven and a hell? He is constrained to fear that hundreds—thousands—millions have gone into eternity unpitied and unforgiven. He becomes affected at the thought; he remembers that the ends of the earth are to be included in the Lord's dominions; he determines to go, with the Bible in his hand, to teach the way to heaven, and is willing to lay down his life, if he may win souls.

We will now leave the politician and the merchant to follow out their views, and accompany the Christian, to examine the matter a little for ourselves.

China Proper, called by the inhabitants "Tchong-Koue," or the Middle Kingdom, from an idea that it is *the centre of the universe*, you will find on the map as extending from the 18th to the 41st parallel of north latitude, and from the 98th to the 123rd degree of east longitude. It is bounded on the north by Tartary, from which it is separated by the great wall, on the south and east by the Pacific Ocean, and on the west by Thibet, huge mountains, and the desert. Its length is estimated to be 2000 miles, and its breadth 1500 miles. It is intersected by three mighty rivers, two of them, Hoang-ho, or the Yellow-river, and Yang-tsze-keang, "Child of the Ocean," rise nearly together, in the mountains of the west; one flows north, and the other south; and, after a lengthened and winding course, they approach near each other about the centre of China, from whence they flow nearly side by side, till they both empty themselves into the eastern sea.

Throughout the whole of China, there are many parts which are fertile and very beautiful, and other parts which are barren. In one province you may observe the country flat as far as your eye could reach, but highly cultivated; small farm-houses standing in every direction, neatly surrounded with flower gardens, and the whole presenting a beautiful picture of industry and comfort. In other parts of the country you may

travel for days together, hemmed in between precipitous and barren mountains. Of the actual state of China, however, we have yet much to learn, for hitherto, you know, it has remained closed against the attempts of Europeans to explore it; but now that England is regarded with favour by the Chinese Emperor, we may hope to know more about it, and to do more for it. We will tell you of the population and some of their manners and customs in our next. O. R. E.

AN ENIGMA.

THE sun had lighted up the western world,
And nature all her charming scenes unfurl'd.
Through lanes and pleasant fields I slowly trod,
To contemplate the wondrous works of God.
My pathway lay athwart a crystal rill,
From thence it led me up a rising hill;
And, as I nearer to the summit drew,
A pleasing vision open'd to my view.
A garden wide and large, so rich, so gay,
It rivall'd all the blooming pride of May.
The walls so high, they pierced the lofty clouds;
The gates so strong, defied assaulting crowds.
A murmuring stream of water gently roll'd,
O'er pebbles fairer far than eastern gold.
Upon the ramparts stood a glorious host,
Beyond, in beauty, all that earth can boast;
And on the heights were heralds in their prime,
Pointing to virtue and denouncing crime.
They stood erect; heaven's peace was in their looks,
And in their hands they held the "Book of books."
The choicest flowers the spacious fields adorn;