

Missionaries preach in Cape Town, and had become converted, and wished to go back to his kindred and friends, leaving all the comforts of life behind, *that he might tell them of the Saviour* whom he had found. This was truly disinterested and delightful. It shewed the real power of religion on his heart; he had become happy himself, and he wished to try and make others happy also; he would have felt miserable, if he had not gone. "We cannot but speak," said Peter, on one occasion, "the things we have seen and heard." "The love of Christ *constraineth* us," said Paul. So it *constrained* this Bushman youth.

Still, I fear, there are few young persons would have done this; very few love the Saviour enough to part with friends and home for his sake; nay, few are willing to part with their ornaments, or even the little treasures which they have heaped together, to *send* the Gospel of Christ to the poor children of heathen countries. I shall be glad, if this little story should teach you to "count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ."

Guernsey.

W. W.

JOANNA AND THE CARPENTER.

YOUNG people who subscribe to Missionary Societies, and particularly such as feel an interest in the Mission Schools for heathen children, will perhaps inquire, Is there really any good done? Are the children taught in these schools at all

the better for the instruction they receive? The writer of this, for one, can say, *Yes*; and so can many others who have had an opportunity of observing the effects produced on heathen children, when removed from the influence of idolatrous customs and practices.

One day, during a famine, in the northern part of the Madras Presidency, a Missionary was riding by a tree, where he saw lying under it a little child, apparently dead. He said to a person near it, "Is that child dead?" The man went nearer, and on looking, said, "Not quite, Sir." "Well then," said the Missionary, "just take and carry it into the school; it shall have some nourishment; perhaps it may yet live." The man replied, "Why must master trouble about that child? better let it die." However, the order was repeated, and he took it into the school. This school was a Native Orphan School, of which now we have reason to be thankful there are many to be found in India. When the poor child was taken in, the matron, who was a very kind-hearted woman, was so sorry to see the miserable state the poor child was in, that she said, "Better let die." But as it is a command to use all lawful endeavours to preserve our own lives, and the lives of others; "Defend the poor and fatherless: deliver the poor and needy," (Ps. lxxxii. 3, 4); so, it was considered right to do all that was likely to restore this poor child. She was laid in the verandah of the school, wrapped in a mat, for she could not be dressed, and fed with a spoonful of food at a time. As

the girls in this school had been taught from the Bible, and from the example of the Saviour, to shew kindness to the distressed, there was no difficulty in getting this done. She lay in this state three weeks, and then gradually recovered. She was called Joanna Williams. (The expenses of training a child of that name are paid by the Stepney Ladies' Association). She was a poor, weakly, little creature, and her mind seemed as weak as her body. It was frequently observed by those who had the care of her, that she scarcely appeared to have any intellectual powers. Even her countenance seemed to justify this opinion. She was, however, taught to read, work, and sing, and she was attentive to what she was taught.

One day, a carpenter was at work in a verandah near the school; Joanna went and stood by him. After standing some time, she said, "What are you doing?" "Doing!" said the man, "why, carpenter's business." Joanna again asked, "What God do you worship?" "What God do I worship! Why, Amorrhah!" said the carpenter, (i. e. a wooden god, or rather a representation of the *demon* very commonly worshipped from fear). "What can Amorrhah do for you?" asked Joanna. "What do *I* know, Joanna," replied the man. Taking up a piece of wood which the man had just planed, Joanna said, "You see this wood; you cut, cut it with your knife; *same* thing your *God!* you could cut, cut it. What God is this?" The carpenter asked, "What God do *you* worship?" "I worship," said Joanna, "the

true God, the great God, who made heaven and earth; he made the wood *your* god is *made of*." To this the man made no answer; but after waiting a little while, she said to him, "Where do you think your spirit will go when you die?" The man laughed, and said, "What do I know? I suppose it will blow away with my ashes when they burn my body." Poor little Joanna looked at him with great concern, and said, "Ah! but you will have no heaven there, and no JESUS! *I* shall!" The man astonished, turning to one of the elder children, said, "What sense this child has! I, what do *I* know."

Thus you see, my young friends, this poor little girl, who was thought to have scarcely an idea, had obtained knowledge which was able to make her wise unto salvation. She is still in the school, quiet and well behaved, she talks but little, but who can tell what she may yet be, or what effects may be produced by such conversations as the one related. There are still thousands of children in India, particularly *girls, who are altogether without instruction*, and now many of them are willing to be taught, which was not the case a few years ago. In one station in India, where there never has been a school, there are twenty girls who might immediately be received into a boarding school; but there is at present neither agency, nor money, to support them. Your efforts, my dear young friends, are still needed, and your prayers for multitudes of these idolaters, who are not older than yourselves. Do *all* you can, and then *much* will be effected.

M. P.

THE LITTLE MESSENGER.

TO THE JUVENILE MEMBERS OF THE LONDON
MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

As I think you would like to hear something of the Missionary Society of Paris, I will tell you a little about it, and then assist you in obtaining more information for yourselves. You are aware that a great proportion of the inhabitants of Paris are Roman Catholics, and although there are some pious and learned men among them, the majority are very superstitious, and sadly ignorant of the truths of the Bible; their religion consisting principally in attending mass twice during the week, and occasionally confessing to their priests. There are comparatively but few Protestants; among these, however, a Missionary Society has been established for several years; the number of its members is small, but their zeal and activity are not surpassed by many of the churches of our own country. They have a college for the purpose of educating and preparing those young men who have resolved to devote their lives to the service of God among the heathen; all their Missionaries have hitherto been sent to South Africa, where God has greatly blessed their self-denying labours for the improvement and happiness of the people. A Missionary Prayer Meeting too is held, as in England, on the first Monday in each month, at the different churches in Paris, in rotation; when an address is given by one of the pastors, and prayer offered for the outpouring of the Spirit of God on their efforts.

But I am now coming to the principal object of my letter, which is to tell you of their Juvenile Magazine. It is published monthly, like our own, and the French children find it as full of interest. Sometimes, it gives

information of the inhabitants of different parts of our globe; sometimes tells of the labours and success of the Missionaries; of the children in their schools, and very often contains some good advice to its young readers.

For those of you who are learning French, "Le Petit Messenger" would be a very improving little book. Do you not think you would be interested in it, and that you would be amply repaid for any little trouble incurred in the translation? And if this little Magazine, in making us better acquainted with each other, should excite love and affection between us, and our little French brothers and sisters, surely it will be pleasing to our Heavenly Father, who would have the members of his universal family to dwell in love.

Now, my dear young friends, do not forget the French Missionary Society, and when you ask the blessing of God upon the endeavours made in our own highly favoured country for the extension of Christ's kingdom among the heathen, pray that similar exertions made in other lands for the same glorious cause may be alike successful, till "the earth be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

Your affectionate friend, M. N.

"Le Petit Messenger des Missions" may be obtained through any bookseller, from Dulau & Co., French Publishers, Soho Square, London.

DEATH OF A LITTLE SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOY.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

W. S. was a little boy, about five years old. He had a father, who once did not love God, and who did not care about the souls of his children; but he *now* loves

God, and rejoices that kind friends took his little boys and girls into the Sabbath-school, where they were taught about Jesus,—of his love to children,—his dying for them, and that he was gone to heaven to prepare a place for those that believe on him and love him.

W. S. was very fond of learning hymns, and often got his sister to repeat them to him as they were in bed before going to sleep.

A few weeks ago he was taken very ill, and, though he suffered much pain, he was exceedingly patient and good. During his illness he often talked of the Saviour, and several times said, that he did not wish to get better; he wished to go to Jesus. One night he awoke, and asked his father to “say some hymns about Jesus.”

I generally found him with a little box in each hand filled with halfpence, “to buy some little books,” as he said, “if he should get better.” But the Saviour has called him to himself and taken him in his arms to heaven. Within three weeks after he was taken ill, he died, and some of his elder school-fellows carried him to the grave.

Will not you, my dear children, pray to God to make you love Jesus, and to give you a new heart, and make you holy? and then, if death should come, you too will go to heaven to be with Christ. Oh! that will be joyful!

Romsey, Ap. 1845.

F. B.

**LETTERS to the CONTRIBUTORS for the
PURCHASE of the “JOHN WILLIAMS.”**

LETTER No. 6, FROM REV. J. C. BROWN.

*On Board the “John Williams,” near the
Tropic of Capricorn. August, 1844.*

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

WE are now again in the Temperate Zone, having yesterday crossed the Tropic of Capricorn. The ther-

mometer has already sunk to 70° in the cabin, and on the deck the air is rather chilly. We suffered less from heat while in the tropics than we expected. The average temperature was about 82° , and the thermometer never above 84° . We are now gliding along, enjoying the *south-east trade wind*. The cause of the trade winds I shall endeavour to explain to you:—Wind is a motion of the air, caused chiefly by a change of temperature in the atmosphere. The heat at the tropics *expands the air there*; hence it becomes so light, as to rise as smoke does, while *cold* air, which is heavier, rushes in on both sides to fill up its place. If the earth were not always turning round upon its axis, this would occasion a constant wind from the north to the south on the north side of the Equator, and from the south to the north on the south side of the Equator; but the earth turns from west to east, and the *air goes round with it*, or else there would be a wind blowing constantly from east to west. Now, you will see, by the diagram in the February No., p. 37, that an island, a house, or a tree at *d*, or *e*, or *H*, has a much longer journey before it comes round again to the same spot than another house, or island, or tree at *c* or *f*; but, as these two journeys must be made in the same time, the former must travel a great deal faster than the latter. The air has only the same velocity or speed as the spot from which it has been drawn; and hence the earth or sea, wheeling round much faster at the spot *to* which it is drawn, will leave it behind, and this will make it seem to blow in the opposite direction, as trees seen from the inside of a coach going rapidly along *appear* to be moving in an opposite direction from that in which the coach is going. The wind will thus have *two motions* at the same time, and will follow a direction betwixt them. That coming from the north blows south-west, and is called, from the direction whence it comes, a north-east wind; and

that from the south blows towards the north-west, and is called a south-east wind. So regular are these winds, that sailors count upon them almost as confidently as you do on the return of day and night, and they almost always find a north-east wind blowing about 1000 miles to the north of the Equator, and a south-east wind, blowing about 1000 miles to the south of the Equator. These are the winds called the trades, or trade winds.

But what becomes of the air which is raised by the heat at the Equator? When it is raised to a certain height, it spreads out on both sides, so that *above*, it is blowing away to the pole, while, *below* it, the air is rushing or blowing *from* the poles to the Equator. To convince you that this is not impossible, hold a lighted candle at the bottom of a door leading to a warm room, and you will find the flame blown *inwards* by the current of air; but if you hold it at the *top* of the door, you will find that the flame is blown outwards, by another current of air, which is similar to the winds which I am now describing as blowing in opposite directions. When the upper current of air has proceeded about two thousand miles from the Equator, it has got cooled, and consequently has become heavy, and again approaches the surface of the earth, but having great velocity from west to east, which it acquired at the Equator, and coming to a part of the earth's surface, where that velocity is much less, it rushes onward, leaving the earth behind, and so seems to blow constantly from the west. This it does almost as regularly as the trades. Now, as the north-east trade brought us to the tropics, we trust the south-east trade, which is now bearing us on our way, will carry us forward till we meet the west wind, which will carry us on to the Cape of Good Hope.

EASTER TUESDAY.

MANY of the Sunday-schools in and about London met on Easter Tuesday afternoon, in five different chapels, namely—Finsbury, Craven, Wycliffe, York-street, and Islington, where they were addressed on missionary subjects by the Rev. Messrs. Howe and Moore, from Tahiti; Davies, from Berbice; Christie, late of India; J. Adey, G. Clayton, S. Martin, J. Stoughton, J. J. Freeman, and Dr. Morison.

The attendance was not *quite* so good as usual, but great interest was expressed by those who did assemble. Perhaps, as some schools had met on the Monday, they could not well meet again on the Tuesday; and, perhaps, in some cases, the Superintendents and teachers of the schools were scarcely aware of the plan in sufficient time to make suitable arrangements for them.

But we think the idea is good. Young people are gratified when meeting in large numbers. Missionary intelligence is widely circulated. Deeper interest in the object is created. Many youthful hearts become warmly attached to the cause, and the *time*, which is usually a holiday, is profitably and pleasantly occupied.

The plan might be advantageously adopted all over the country, if ministers and teachers would direct their attention and energies to it.

It may be that some valuable suggestions could be offered by our friends, as to the mode of rendering these juvenile meetings still more efficient. If communicated to the Editor of this Magazine, they will receive prompt attention, and be conveyed to the proper quarter for consideration and adoption.