



A GIRL SWINGING IN TAHITI.

THOMAS AND ALLOZA IN BERBICE.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

THE most lovely object on earth is a little child that loves the Saviour, and does all he can to make others love him too. There are many such in the world, and lovely they are, whatever their colour or country may be. God regards them as his children, if they have given their youthful hearts to him "who is the chiefest among ten thousand."

When I was far away in Berbice, trying to teach little black children the way to be saved, I heard with wonder and delight of what you were doing in happy England, with a view to buy a Missionary Ship. It was a great work for children to take in hand. But it was done; the money was raised, and the Ship was bought. And now where is the child in all England that has ever felt sorry that he did so much for the good of the Heathen? I am now wishing to call forth your sympathy for *Africa—Western Africa*. You have frequently heard of the sufferings of the poor little slaves in the West Indies. You pitied them, and felt glad when they were made free and could attend school. These privileges I am happy to say they have improved; hundreds of children now in Berbice are able, not only to read, but to understand the Word of God. Many of them have parents, brothers, and sisters in Africa, three or four thousand miles away. These children—these very boys and girls of different ages, some of them very young—were cruelly taken away from their quiet homes, and sold to the slave-dealers. One little boy told me he was playing with his companions in a field trying to catch guinea pigs, when several fierce-looking men came up to them. The boys were frightened and tried to run, but the men soon caught them. One man *put him into a sack*, and

carried him off. He cried sadly, but the man took no notice of his cries. After travelling for several days, they came to a place where white men lived. To these white men little Thomas (for so we have called him) was sold. His heart was ready to break. He thought of his father, his mother, and the baby, for they had a little baby; and he knew he should never see them any more.

A little girl, also, named Alloza, who came from Benguela, a large country in Africa, said her father died, and left her mother with several orphan children. Alloza was the eldest. Her mother used to give her the baby to nurse, while she planted cassava and other vegetables for them to eat. One day, while the girl was walking in the fields gathering flowers, a man came running towards her with a gun in his hand. He told her to put the baby down, and go with him. She refused. He then took hold of her arm, and said he would shoot her if she did not do as he bade her. So she was obliged to leave her dear little brother, who could only just walk alone, and go with this cruel man to be sold for a slave! In vain did she ask to be allowed to take the baby home, or to say farewell to her widowed mother, or to kiss her little sisters. Judge, my dear children, what Alloza's feelings must have been, when she took the *last* fond look at that baby brother, who in all probability would be a supper for some hungry lion; or when she thought of her dear mother, who would anxiously be expecting her return. Alas! poor Alloza, to her mother and her home she was never to return. After being sold into slavery, and passing through many trials, such as would make many of you weep to hear, she was brought to Berbice, a distance of 4000 miles, and is now working hard to support herself, and to give a little money to send the Gospel to the country of her mother. For how is it, that those people in Africa act so cruelly to one

another? How is it that they rob, and fight, and sell each other? It is because they are ignorant and have very wicked hearts. If they had Missionaries to teach them better, they would not do so. The Gospel would prevent these evils; but they have it not. They have no books, no schools, no teachers. They know nothing at all about the Sabbath and its privileges, nothing of Christ and redemption; and, when they are going to die, they know not what is to become of the soul. Dear children, pity the people of Africa, and pray for them. Try, during this year of Jubilee, to help Alloza to send the Gospel to her mother, her sisters, and her brother.

Your sincere friend, MARY ANNE DAVIES.

LETTERS to the CONTRIBUTORS for the PURCHASE of the "JOHN WILLIAMS."

LETTER No. 7, FROM REV. J. C. BROWN.

Near the Cape of Good Hope.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

SOME of you would like to know how we spend our time on board the Ship. I will give you an account of our arrangements:—We have morning prayer in the cabin for the passengers, and in the fore-castle, or sailors' cabin, for the crew, at half-past seven o'clock; breakfast at eight; a class for reading French at nine; a class for reading Samoan at ten; a class for reading Rarotongan at eleven. While some of the Missionaries are attending these classes, another is studying Sanscrit and Bengalee, and another Dutch. At twelve, we take exercise on deck, and at one we dine. The afternoon is spent in reading, singing, walking, and conversation. We take tea at five, and assemble at six for our evening meeting, which will be afterwards described. At half-past seven, both the passengers and crew assemble for evening prayer on deck, if the weather be fine; at other

times in the cabin. We sup at half-past eight. These are the cabin arrangements for the day. The *weekly meetings* are as follows:—On the Sabbath, we all assemble for worship and sermon at ten, and at half-past six. We have an awning on deck, and meet there, when the weather permits; when it does not, we meet in the cabin. A prayer-meeting is held in the fore-castle in the afternoon. The Lord's Supper is observed on the first Sabbath of the month, at the conclusion of the morning service. On Monday evening, a class meets to read German, excepting on the *first* Monday of the month, when the Missionary prayer-meeting is held. On Tuesday forenoon there is no Rarotongan class; but, after the Samoan class, we have a meeting for the discussion of subjects connected with the Missionary operations. On Tuesday evening, the crew have a Bible class in the fore-castle, at which one of the Missionaries presides. Wednesday evening, the passengers have a Bible class in the cabin. Thursday and Friday evenings, the Missionaries meet to study the Greek New Testament; and on Saturday evening a prayer-meeting, attended both by passengers and crew, is held on deck or in the cabin. Although these arrangements are contingent on the state of the weather and our health, we are happy to say, that in no instance have our meetings for family prayer or public worship been interrupted.

THE "JOHN WILLIAMS."—Letters have been received from our Missionaries in Tahiti, dated 3rd January, 1845, from which we learn that our Missionary Ship had arrived there from Sydney a few days previously, and it was expected she would be at Rarotonga by the very time the Missionaries were then writing. All accounts respecting her, and those who accompanied her, continue to be favourable and encouraging.

LETTER FROM SURAT.

Mission-house, September, 1844.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

IT is now some months since I saw you. I am hundreds, yes thousands, of miles away from you; yet I often think of you. I daily see poor little Indian children, who are not taught, as you are, to love God and try to please him. They have no Sunday-school, no kind teachers; they worship idols.

Could *you* bow down before an idol? Could *you* pray to it? No, you could not; you know an idol is nothing; you know that a stone, a piece of brass or copper, could do you no good, and that, were you to ask anything from it, it could not give you what you ask; yet poor children are here taught to bow down and worship these idols, to pray to them, and to make offerings to them. A respectable Hindoo, who was my husband's munshi, and who had himself renounced idolatry, was regretting that his son, a little boy about two years old, always deprived himself of some portion of the sweetmeats and other little things which he took home to him, in order to present them to the idol. When his father told him not to do so, his invariable reply was, "*Bhōg dhuria vugur hung nahee kaung,*" ("Without having made an offering, I cannot eat"). These children are also taught to believe that these pieces of stone and of wood hear them, and can bless and punish them. A little boy, about two years old, went upon the house-top. In India, many of the houses have flat roofs, and in hot weather the people sleep upon them. A tulse was growing there. The tulse is a little plant which the Hindoos worship. Perhaps the child had never seen one before. He ran to it, and began breaking off the leaves and throwing them upon the

chunam floor. The mother missed her child, and ran up the steps seeking for him; she found him delighted with his work of tearing the tulse to pieces; she became very angry, and beat the poor little boy very much, told him he was a very wicked boy to break the tulse, and that God would be very angry with him. So you see these people do not know who God is, nor what sin is, which is so offensive to God, nor how to please God and get their sins pardoned. I went one day with a Missionary into a beautiful village. Behind, and on one side of it, were long rows of fine tall trees. On the branches were birds of many colours, and monkeys leaping from bough to bough, chattering all through the day; and peacocks in their shining plumage were running about, now concealed by the long grass, and now soaring to the top of the loftiest trees. On the front of the village flowed the river Mahi, abounding with fish; and on the other side there were cultivated gardens, where grew wheat, and juar, and the tall sugar-cane. Under a large banyan tree which grew in the middle of the village were placed three bricks; in the space between the bricks they put a lamp every evening. The Missionary, on seeing it, asked "What is this for?" A sharp shrewd-looking old man replied, "We worship it." "What! worship the bricks?" asked the Missionary. The old man, who was now joined by others, said, "A peir is buried there." "How do you know? did you ever see him? does he come out and talk with you sometimes?" "No; he is dead." "When did he die?" "I don't know." "But this man," said the Missionary, "was a Mussulman, and you are a Hindoo, why do you worship it?" "Oh, it is the custom of the country to worship something, and we worship that." "What good comes of your worship?" "When the cholera comes, we make offerings to it, and then the cholera goes away." "If the person

is dead, how can he drive the cholera away? he cannot do it." "Listen," said the Missionary, and he told them about the Creator of all things, who made the river, and the fish in it, and the trees and their fruits, and the birds, and the animals, and themselves, and told them he must alone be worshipped; and about Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save sinners, and that he has said, that he will cast out none that come to him by faith. Are you not sorry that people are so ignorant,—sorry that men and women know not anything about God? They make idols, and worship them; and God does them good, and they praise the idol. God gives to them rain, and sunshine, and fruit, and flowers, and corn, and grass, and, like Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Babylon, they praise the gods of gold, of silver, of brass, of stone, and of wood; but God, the giver of all these things, they know not, neither do they serve or love him. I write to ask you what you are doing for these poor sinful, ignorant people. You say, "I am a child, I cannot do anything." Think if you cannot do something! Can you not? And believe me to be

Your affectionate Friend, JANE FLOWER.

GIRLS' MISSIONARY WORKING PARTIES.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

SOME of you have said, "We should like to work for the poor children, but we do not know what sort of things to make." I will endeavour to tell you.

Remember that in some of the countries where the Missionaries go the people are very savage. They live almost like wild beasts. They do not wear any clothes, especially the children. When the Missionaries want them to begin to wear clothes, they think them very uncomfortable things indeed. They will hardly be persuaded to wear them; and at first they often get so tired of them,

that they take them off again. So you must make every thing as loose and easy as you can, that they may be able to bear the dresses till they get used to them. Such countries are Africa, the South Sea Islands, and New Zealand, &c.

It is also very warm in those countries; the children cannot bear many clothes. *One* garment is quite enough. For such countries, make plain frocks, or loose round pinafores. Pinafores are the best, because they are simpler, and can be made looser than the frocks. They must be round, because no other clothes are worn underneath them. Do not put much fulness in. They should have sleeves, either long or short, according to the size. *Little* girls' pinafores may be made with short sleeves. There should be a band or sash to fasten round the waist; and it may either be set into the band in front, or left loose. You can either put it into a band at the top, or simply hem it, with gussets at the shoulders, and a tape run in to draw it up. If you gage it into a band at the waist, the top is better left loose. The sleeves may be made either straight, with a straight arm-hole, and gussets at the shoulder and the bottom of the sleeve; or else round, with a shoulder-piece, and a round arm-hole.

The easiest way to make frocks is to let them have a straight full body, without lining; and plain sleeves, without shoulder-straps, either set into a narrow band or French-hemmed at the top. The skirt need not be very full.

You may also get some large cotton handkerchiefs, and cut them in half, and hem them. They make nice shawls for the women and girls. You should make all these things of cotton print. It is not necessary to be particular about the pattern or colour; nor need you buy the best quality of stuff. It is generally the cheapest to buy either a whole piece at a time, or remnants. The

cloth which is sold for sailor's shirts is very nice for pinafores. Of your larger cuttings and other odd pieces make bags. The children hang them round their necks, and keep their work and books in them. If you have any money to spare, you could not spend it better than in a few slates and pencils, needles and thread, thimbles and scissors, to put in the bags. The Missionaries are often quite unable to get them for their schools.

In India they are quite used to wear clothes, though very different from ours. The girls in the schools wear a sort of petticoat and jacket. The work sent out to India is chiefly to be *sold* for the benefit of the Mission, and is too difficult for children to do.

Do not put useless ornaments on the clothes you make. Let them be as neat, and strong, and nicely finished as you possibly can; but with *no finery*. It wastes your own time to make it, and does the children whom you clothe no good. They are quite proud enough of their dresses already.

You should work for the boys too. Their clothes are rather harder to work than the girls. But they do not like to be *forgotten*. They should have trousers, and pinafores or jackets. You must buy some strong stuff for them; but not woollen cloth, which is too hot.

Your affectionate Friend, F. F.

ASSISTING OTHERS TO PRAY.

I WAS one day conversing with the wife of one of my deacons at Eimeo, near Tahiti, on the origin of her conversion from idolatry to the knowledge and worship of the true God, when she said, "I was a little girl when the people of these islands gave up idolatry, and began to listen to the instructions of the Missionaries, and some girls of my acquaintance and I began to listen also, and they appointed me to pray amongst them. We