

On Monday evening, the 12th, the annual services of the London Missionary Society commenced, by a sermon at St. John's Chapel, Bedford-row. On Tuesday evening, the 13th, the Irish Evangelical Society held its meeting at Finsbury Chapel. On Wednesday, the annual sermons for the London Missionary Society were preached at Surrey Chapel, and Tabernacle; and next morning, Thursday, its public meeting was held at Exeter Hall, and by adjournment at Finsbury Chapel in the evening. This society has 165 European Missionaries and 600 European and Native assistants in different parts of the world. Mr. Mather, from Mirzapore, mentioned that *hundreds of youths had abandoned Hindooism*. "They are," he said, "going in search of a religion, and he would hope that the claims of the Gospel might be brought home to them—the *only* system of truth that can satisfy man's immortal spirit. He thought an encouraging circumstance was the rise of Orphan Institutions; many thousands of people had been reduced to destitution by famines; and children were abandoned by their parents. Christian liberality had collected hundreds of these into schools, who were now instructed in Christian truth. Two of these schools, containing 107 children, are at Mirzapore. It is hoped such institutions may prove nurseries for the Church of God." On Friday evening, the Colonial Missionary Society was held at Mr. Binney's Chapel; and on the following Tuesday the Home Missionary Society held its meeting at Exeter Hall. The Peace Society held its meeting at the same time at Finsbury Chapel.

PLEASE NOTE

**THE
FOLLOWING
PAGES, 155 - 15
ARE MISSING**

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

LETTER No. 8, FROM REV. J. C. BROWN.

*Capetown, South Africa,
August 31, 1844.*

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

THE Missionary Ship is again ploughing the waters. She sailed this afternoon, after staying a week at this place. Shortly after I last wrote to you we had a fine breeze, and were borne along most pleasantly one day at the rate of ten and a half knots (that is, ten miles and a half) in the hour, but it soon increased to a gale, and then it seemed as if the waves were all rushing madly in pursuit of us, while we were doing all we could to escape them. Oftener than once they overtook us; and you would have trembled, had you heard them rolling along the deck and pouring down into the cabin below; but, after a day, or two of unpleasant weather, we were enabled to pursue our voyage as before. On Tuesday, the 20th inst., we found ourselves within twenty-four hours' sail of this our first destination; but, towards evening, we encountered a second gale coming from that very quarter, and a strong current setting in the same direction, and we were borne far out of our course. On the Friday morning, however, we were cheered by the shout of a sailor on deck calling "Land, Ahoy!" When the outline of the coast could be traced, we found that we had got, as the captain then expected, to Saldanha Bay, situated a considerable distance to the northward of this place. In the afternoon we made Dassen's Island, and next morning we were in sight of Table Mountain, which overshadows this town. It was a lovely day, but there was scarcely a breath of wind, and it was late in the afternoon before we got into the bay. The intelligence of our arrival

soon spread, and one boatful after another of Christian friends came off to bid us welcome. It was evening before we landed, and glad we were to get our feet again on the firm earth, and to be welcomed by Christian friends. On the Sabbath, one of the Missionaries preached for Dr. Philip in the morning, and then went to preach in the country in the evening; another of them addressed the Sabbath scholars at Union Chapel in the afternoon, and another preached in the evening. Next day, and throughout the week, it seemed as if the friends here were all trying who should shew us most kindness: such is Christian love. Most of us were before that unknown to them even by name, and they to us; but, whenever they saw the Missionaries and their wives, they loved them, because they loved the Saviour, and for His sake they tried to make them happy. On Monday, one of the Missionaries preached again; on Tuesday morning, most of the ministers in the town met at the Mission-House to breakfast; in the afternoon some of us went out to the country to attend a Wesleyan Missionary Meeting, and others remained to attend the baptism of a converted Hottentot. The following days were occupied in visiting the different schools, excursions into the country around, meetings for prayer, and social parties. This morning, information was brought us that every thing was now ready for proceeding on the voyage. The Missionaries immediately made arrangements for embarking; they were accompanied on board the ship by many friends. Addresses to them were delivered on board the ship by the Rev. Dr. Adamson, of the Free Church of Scotland, and by the Rev. Dr. Philip, who also, in a solemn and affectionate manner, commended them to the care and protection of God. Those of us who had sailed with them thus far, whether to remain here to labour in Africa or to proceed to India, had then to bid them

Farewell! and by dusk the vessel was so far on her way, that she could only be seen as a little speck on the distant horizon. May God speed our friends on their way! and may the God of love and of peace be with them, to sustain, direct, and bless them! and may many of *you* be led to follow them as Missionaries of Christ, having first given your own selves to him! Be assured, that to love God and serve him is the surest way in which true happiness can be secured.

**Mr. and Mrs. PRITCHARD, crossing the
ISTHMUS of PANAMA.**

IN our February number, page 44, we mentioned that Mr. Pritchard, late of Tahiti, had sailed for the Navigator's Islands, by way of the Gulf of Mexico. We wished our young friends to look at the map, and find the Isthmus of Panama. It looks on the map like a very narrow strip of land, but it took our friends three days to cross, as will be seen by the interesting account contained in the following extract of a letter from Mrs. Pritchard, written to one of her children in England, and dated Panama, 1st March, 1845.

Panama, 29th February, 1845.

We left Jamaica in the *Scylla*, an eighteen-gun brig, on Wednesday, February 18; and arrived at Chagres on Sunday afternoon. Chagres is one of the most wretched places you could possibly imagine. There is one very narrow street consisting of about thirty houses. It is exceedingly hot, and there are continual rains, for nine months out of the twelve; consequently the suburbs of the town form one large swamp. The people all looked very degraded and dirty. They are rigid Catholics, and were carrying an image of the Saviour

bearing His cross about the town every evening, which I understand is their custom through Lent. We remained at this uncomfortable place until Monday evening, when we proceeded up the river in canoes made from the body of a tree, the same as in Tahiti, but without an out-rigger, and much larger.

We arrived at Gorgona on Wednesday afternoon, having been on the river two nights, a day, and a half. We took provision from Jamaica, as none can be procured between there and Panama.

On Tuesday morning, we went into a house situated on the banks of the river, where we provided our breakfast. We stopped there an hour. Shortly after we had left the place, we saw a small tiger on the opposite side. It appears they are not very savage, but frequently destroy the cattle. We also saw many guanias. The natives tried to kill them, but could not succeed. The next night we slept in a house on the banks of the river. We passed many small villages about twenty miles from each other. We procured a bowl of new milk, for which we paid a shilling, and two shillings for sleeping. We laid our mats on the earth, as they have no floors to any of their houses. Gorgona is no better than Chagres. Early on the following morning we proceeded by land; Mr. Pritchard and our guide rode on horses; I and dear Emily were carried in a cot; we were obliged to lie down all the way. The road is very bad. You will perceive that we were from Monday evening six o'clock till Thursday evening six o'clock crossing the Isthmus. The natives are exceedingly unfeeling, covetous, and deceitful. You will nevertheless be surprised to hear that we very much enjoyed ourselves. The novelty of the scene enabled us to pass lightly over all that was unpleasant and uncomfortable. We are now at the hotel, (so called); not like English hotels certainly, for we can scarcely get anything to eat.

There are many gentlemen of all nations and languages boarding here at present. Two of them left yesterday. They have been surveying the Isthmus. A road is about to be made similar to our turnpike-roads, from Portobello to Panama, leaving out Chagres and the other places. Portobello is a fine bay before you come to Chagres. A Catholic procession passed the hotel at four o'clock this morning. They have priests in abundance. There are only two English families. *No Protestant place of worship is allowed.* The bell at the cathedral is ringing at all hours, calling the people to worship. The whole town is falling into decay; the place appears poverty-struck. The many churches and convents are falling away stone by stone, and a heap of ruins is nearly all that remains.



NO SUCH NAME IN ALL ENGLAND.

ON the first day of the new year, 1845, a religious service was held at Dr. Legge's house at Hong-kong, in China. A few European friends were present, and some natives. Part of the service was conducted in English, and then interpreted and explained in the Chinese language. Agong, the Chinese teacher, gave an address on the religion of the Bible, and the propriety of teaching it. The meeting was very pleasant and encouraging. At two o'clock another meeting was held, and during that a Chinese child was baptized with two European children. The father of the Chinese child is the type-cutter in

* We have just room to mention that Mr. Baxter's two new Missionary paintings of Queen Pomare and Mr. Pritchard are now ready. We shall say more about them next month.

the Missionary Institution. The little creature was born while a religious service was being held in his house, and so the father calls his baby by the name of "*Hymn-born*."

Many of our fair little readers have beautiful names, but not one of them exactly like this little Chinese. As long as that child lives we hope the parents will remember, by its very name, that they have heard of the Saviour, and profess to be His disciples. May the little one grow up to sing hymns to the Redeemer's praise, and, at last, add to the chorus of the noble hymn which is sung in heaven by countless multitudes, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, to Him that sitteth on the Throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever!"

F.

THE TWO DEATHS.

MANY of you, dear children, will think this a very sad title, and it is; for death was brought in by sin, and cannot fail to remind us of the fall of Adam from innocence and happiness to sin and misery. I am going to tell you about the deaths of two babies.

One was the child of kind and good parents, who loved Jesus Christ. At first, the babe was strong and well; very fondly was it loved, and very carefully cherished. Its papa and mama would pray together morning and evening, that the baby might grow up to serve God and be very useful to men. Well, a short time afterwards, the round arm of the infant lost its dimpled softness; the delicate soft colour faded from the little cheek; the quick blue eyes be-

came heavy and languid ; the lips were no longer red ; the baby did not smile and show joy as it had done ; but the loving parents watched over their child, and prayed for it, not that it might live, except that pleased God, but that its sufferings might be little ; for they could not endure to look on the little face in great pain and listen to the sad feeble cries. In a few days the child died. You will think the papa and mama were grieved indeed. Oh ! yes, they were ; but still they had comfort ; for they knew little Mary was only gone to Jesus a little time before them. They buried the baby in a sweet shady spot, with flowers over the grave, and on the tombstone was engraven, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The other child was the daughter of heathen parents. Poor little thing ! it is a short tale indeed that I have to tell you of it ; for, a very few weeks after its birth, its cruel mother *put it under a large stone in the ground and killed it.* How dreadful ! Oh ! my dear children, you who from the first breath are cherished, preserved, and loved, can any exertion be too great to extend to the heathen and their children the blessings you enjoy ? If the child had been allowed to live, probably it would have grown up in wickedness ; so, in all your exertions, you have this great consolation—that, under God, you will not only save the lives of the Heathen children, but make those lives a blessing to themselves and others,

And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

RACHEL L.

THE WORLD'S JUBILEE.

Poetry by the REV. DR. RAFFLES.
 Music by the REV. A. E. LORD.

Staccato.

HARK! ten thousand thousand voices Sing the song of

Ju - bi - lee; Earth, thro' all her tribes, re - joi - ces, Broke la

Allegro.

long cap-ti-vi - ty! Hail, Em - ma - nuel! Great De - liv' - er!

*Duet. p**pp*

Hail, Em - ma - nuel! praise to Thee! Hail! Em - ma - nuel, praise to