





POMARE,
Queen of Tahiti, surrounded by her Family, at the afflictive
moment when the French Forces were landing.

THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1845.

MR. BAXTER'S TWO NEW PICTURES.

MANY of our juvenile readers have no doubt seen the two beautiful oil-coloured pictures of the Missionaries "Williams" and "Moffat," by Mr. Baxter; and the two others, representing Williams landing at Tanna, and his massacre at Erromanga.

There are now two more prepared, which are very beautifully executed, and very appropriate in their subjects. One of them * represents Queen Pomare and her family at the moment when the French troops were landing on her shores; the other represents Mr. Pritchard, as British Consul, with a distant view of the chapel at Papeete, in Tahiti, and many of the natives on the beach. These two prints possess a high degree of interest at the present moment, and that interest will not soon abate. Here is Tahiti, in the one print, peaceful and happy, enjoying her religious privileges, and dwelling in security; in the other is Tahiti invaded, wronged, insulted—her soil trampled down by foreign troops—her people alarmed

* Of which our Frontispiece this month is a woodcut engraving by Mr. Baxter.

—her liberty scorned, and her religious privileges almost annihilated—her queen in tears.

As works of art, Mr. Baxter has presented the religious community of the empire with two beautifully executed specimens of this enchanting style of printing. We heartily wish every Sunday-school Room and every Vestry could afford to have them. We trust they will obtain a large sale. They fully merit encouragement; and, as part of the profits is generously given by Mr. Baxter to the Boys' Mission School, Walthamstow, it will be all the more gratifying to us to find that the sale has been an extensive one. Christian parents, who can spare the sum for the purchase of them, would find them a very valuable present to the children of their families, as a *memorial* of important events occurring at this period of the Missionary Society's history, and of the persecuting spirit of Popery, in seeking to crush a Protestant Mission and a Protestant people in the Nineteenth Century.

The next article will further explain the details of one of these Pictures.



POMARE AND HER FAMILY.

QUEEN POMARE is the daughter of a king of the same name. In 1812 *he* renounced his idols, and proposed to build a large chapel for the worship of the true God. The log of wood which formed the body of the great god Oro, which had so often occasioned wars in Tahiti, was set up in

the king's kitchen to *hang baskets of food upon*,— a most despicable use, according to the ideas of the Tahitians. His family idols, in 1816, he delivered to the Missionaries, accompanied by a long letter, from which the following are extracts:—

“Friends, may you be saved by Jehovah and Jesus Christ, our Saviour! This is my speech to you, my friends. I wish you to send these idols to Britain, for the Missionary Society, that they may know the likeness of the gods that Tahiti worshipped.....If you think proper, you may burn them all in the fire; or, if you like, send them to your country, for the inspection of the people of Europe, that they may satisfy their curiosity, and know Tahiti's foolish gods.”

The Missionaries resolved on sending them to England, and they are now deposited in the Society's Museum, in Blomfield Street, where many of our young friends have seen them. This king died when Messrs. Tyerman and Bennet, the Society's deputation, were at Huahine; in 1821.

Mr. Baxter's picture of Pomare and her family represents,—

1. The Queen herself, sitting in the verandah of Mr. Pritchard, looking up to Heaven for protection.

2. Pomare Tane, the Queen's husband, standing by her, and anxiously watching the movements of the French troops on the beach.

3. The French soldiers are seen marching towards Pomare's palace.

4. The French squadron, under the command

of Du Petit Thouars, lying at anchor in the bay.

5 and 6. The Bible lying on the verandah, and the letter of the French Admiral on a chair near the afflicted queen. Pomare seems to have followed the example of Hezekiah, who, when he had received the haughty letter from Sennacherib, the King of Assyria, "spread it before the Lord." 2 Kings, xix. 14.

7. Tamatoa, infant son of Pomare, lying in her lap, and unconscious of these calamities.

8. Arii Ané, the heir to the throne, understanding a little about the state of affairs, and apparently in alarm.

9. Teratane, second son of Pomare, anxiously looking up at the queen, and wondering at this unusual distress.

10. A faithful servant, sheltering the little Arii Ané, the queen's eldest son.

Pomare has two other children, Tearii-mai-varua and an infant.

May her children be spared to her as a solace amidst her afflictions, and may they become blessings to the Islands! At present they are spoken of as very pleasing and promising children—mild and affectionate. Our youthful readers will pray that God may bless and make happy the family of Pomare, which is now suffering so much from oppression and injustice.

THE LITTLE NEGRO'S PRAYER.

WHEN the Missionaries were about to sail from England in the "John Williams," a public fare-

well service was held in Finsbury Chapel, in the course of which the Rev. J. C. Brown related the following anecdote :—

“ A boy who had been liberated from a captured slave-vessel was landed at Sierra Leone, and placed under the care of a schoolmaster named Thompson. On one occasion, the boys not being in school, and the door being shut, Mr. Thompson, on passing, heard a murmuring: he listened, and discovered that this boy was engaged in prayer. His petitions were to the following effect:— ‘ My Lord Jesus, me tank thee that wicked man come and catch me; and that good King George’s big ship come and catch wicked man’s ship, and bring me here, and Massa Thompson teach me read, and teach me know Thee. Me one very great favour to ask; send more wicked man catch father and mother, and send good King George’s big ship catch wicked man’s ship, and bring father and mother here, and Massa Thompson teach them read, and teach them know Thee; and we all go heaven together.’

“ Some might say, ‘ What a prayer!’ The boy told what he wanted, and in the words which his wants suggested. Mr. Thompson then went and spoke to him, and asked him whether he thought Jesus Christ would hear such a prayer; to which he replied, that he (Mr. T.) had said, Christ would hear all prayer. In the evening of that day, Mr. Thompson was walking on the beach, and there saw little Tom. On asking him what he was doing, he replied, he had come to see whether Christ heard prayer. He continued frequently to visit the beach, and one evening returned dancing and clapping his hands. Mr. Thompson inquired the reason. [He answered, ‘ Prayer answered; father and mother come:’ and leading Mr. Thompson to the beach, he pointed out two aged negroes—his own parents, who had just been saved

from a slaver by a man-of-war. Thus Tom exemplified not only the spirit of real prayer, but shewed a waiting spirit, anticipating the reception of the blessing asked."

A SAMOAN STORY.

Most of you, my young friends, have heard of the Samoan Islands, or, as they are sometimes called, the Navigator's Islands; and I dare say you remember, that, when dear Mr. Williams went out in the Camden, he took some Missionaries there, to teach the poor natives, who were longing to learn about Jesus and the way to heaven. One of these Missionaries, writing to the children in the Sabbath-school where he used to teach, says, "You have heard that all round these islands there is what is called a reef of coral: it is like a wall rising out of the sea, with openings, by which the canoes, or native boats, can go in and out. Inside this reef the water is shallow, and very smooth, quite up to the shore; but outside there is only the deep, deep sea, and the great waves roll in, and dash upon the reef, at times sweeping all before them. It is said, that, many years ago, a large canoe from a distant island was seen approaching the reef, near to where I formerly resided: the canoe skimmed swiftly over the waves, and the crew rejoiced, as they neared the island, and thought of rest after their toils in the great waters; but they were strangers, and instead of entering safely through the opening, their canoe struck on the reef, and was dashed to pieces, and all on board,

with the exception of one solitary individual, perished. This man alone was thrown on the reef. There he stood: on one side the angry, troubled sea foamed around him; on the other side the friendly shore, which, by passing through the still, shallow water, he might have quickly reached. But, alas! those moments which should have been improved in hastening to a place of safety were wasted in giving expression to his joy at being saved, as he thought, from a watery grave; and while thus occupied, a mighty wave came, and swept him away, to share the fate of his fellow voyagers. I think I hear you say, "Poor man! What a pity he did not hurry out of danger when the place of refuge was so near." Such, dear young friends, is the Samoan story. Now, let us see if we can draw some useful lesson from it; I think there are some points in which *you* are like the poor man of whom you have been reading. You are *all* in danger of perishing; but there is an ark of refuge within your reach. You have heard of it, you see it, you know the way to it, but still you delay. Perhaps, some who once sailed on the ocean of life with yourselves have been engulfed in the swelling waters of death, and yet *you* are spared; and you sometimes think of those who are gone, and rejoice that you were not taken in their stead; yet still you stand upon the point of danger, frittering away life's golden opportunities, heedless of the waves which dash around you, and one of which may be commissioned ere long to sweep you away to everlasting perdition. Oh! dear young friends,

do not think it enough that you have heard of Jesus, who stands and offers rest and salvation for your souls; but come to Him, and accept the blessings He longs to bestow; enter the ark of safety, ere the door is shut; build at once on the Rock of Ages, the only sure and unfailing foundation. L.



THE SHIP, HER CONTRIBUTORS AND COLLECTORS.

A WHOLE book might be written with this title, "The Ship, her Contributors and Collectors." It suggests many thoughts, and would embrace a description of many characters. Among the contributors would be the boy who went without his new hat,—the girl who denied herself her new frock,—the children who emptied their little purses, and willingly gave up the idea of buying toys and sweetmeats, that they might have something to give towards the Ship, and that the collector might not be refused. The collectors, too,—their various employments, stations, and dispositions,—their homes, their friends, their ministers, and the different plans they adopted. How interesting such a little book would be! and I should think it might be made a very useful one.

My object at present, however, is to give you a short account of a meeting which was held in a village of England, when the collections for the Ship were beginning to be made.