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A

Missionary
Present

about the
Black Children
in Jamaica



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A

MISSIONARY
PRESENT

ABOUT THE
NEGRO CHILDREN
OF
JAMAICA

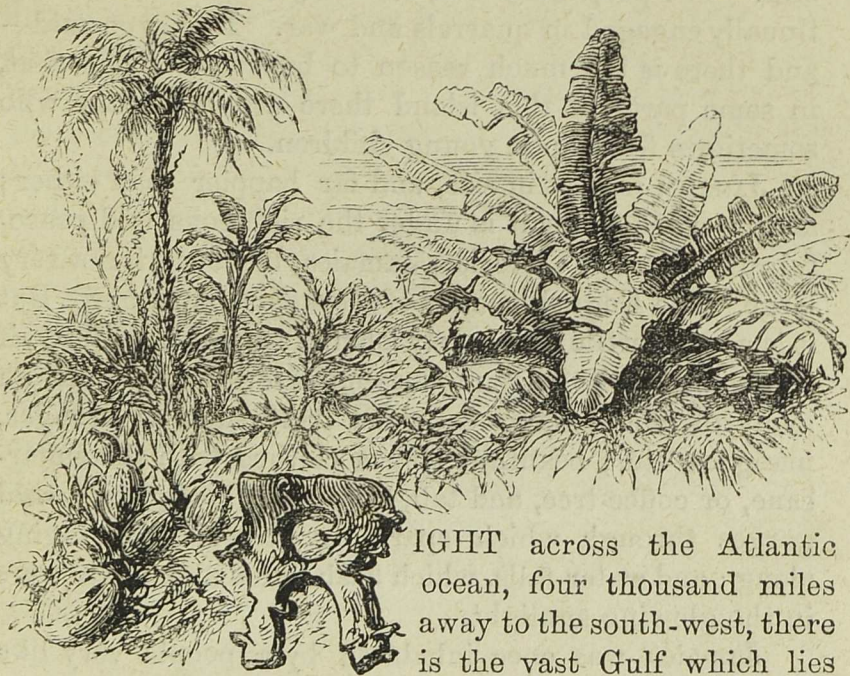
WESLEYAN METHODIST
MISSIONARY SOCIETY

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THE
NEGRO CHILDREN OF JAMAICA.



RIGHT across the Atlantic ocean, four thousand miles away to the south-west, there is the vast Gulf which lies between the two continents of North and South America, forming what are called the Gulf of Mexico and the Carribean Sea. Stretching across the mouth of this great enclosed water, is the group of Islands, named generally the West Indies, curving, like an immense chain, from Florida down to that part of South America where the great river Orinoco runs out into the sea.

The largest of these islands is Cuba. It belongs to

the Spaniards, and is a miserable place, where the black people are still slaves, and their Spanish masters are always fighting and butchering one another. Hayti is next to Cuba in size, and is, if possible, more miserable still. The people are free, but very degraded, and continually engaged in quarrels and war. It is even said—and there is too much reason to believe it true—that, in some parts of this island there are cannibals who sometimes feast upon young children.

JAMAICA is next in size, and far happier than either; and no wonder, for it is under the righteous and peaceful rule of Queen Victoria. Jamaica, however, is not very large. The English county of Yorkshire is bigger. But it is a very fertile and lovely island: so you would say, if you could see its lofty mountains covered with trees, on many of which hang delicious fruit, such as oranges, mangoes, etc.; beautiful slopes clothed with the sugarcane, or coffee-tree, and tall, waving guinea-grass; wild gorges through which sparkling streams go singing along; and water-falls, which flash like diamond-showers in the glowing sunlight.

Jamaica was once inhabited by a people very like the Red men, about whose children we told you something a year ago. But the Spaniards, who settled in the island soon after it was discovered, in 1494, by Christopher Columbus, cruelly destroyed them all. Then, when they wanted people to till the land, they sent ships to Western Africa, to steal away the black people for slaves. In the time of Oliver Cromwell, the English drove the Spaniards away, and took possession of the island. They

did not, however, abolish slavery ; but thousands after thousands of poor negroes were stolen away from their homes and country, and carried to Jamaica, to work and die there as slaves.

August the First, 1838, was a memorable day for the Jamaica negroes ; for on that day every slave was declared free. The boon they had so long hoped and prayed for was at last given. But to some it appeared too great and good to be real. Through many years had they thought about it, and, in their short slumbers, it had been in their dreams. But it seemed a thing very far off, as beautiful, but as distant, as the lovely image they had often pictured in glowing sunsets, away in the western sky. Still the hope lived among all their sufferings and wrongs.

The last night in July ! The last—the very last—hours of slavery ! “Dat me should lib to see dis day !” said many a husky voice. Thousands spent that night in chapels, where, in many places, a watch-night service was held. When the clock struck twelve, and the bells rang the announcement that the First of August had come, what a thrill went through those assemblies of long-oppressed, but now freed, Africans ! What a murmur, growing into a song, and then bursting into a shout ! Yes, such a shout as Jamaica had never heard before—a shout of heartfelt gladness and gratitude to God, went up to heaven. “We free !” cried the multitudes, as they moved to and fro,—“Thank God, we is free !” Mothers held up their babies, and then, with tears streaming down their cheeks, hugged them to their

bosoms, very much to the astonishment, no doubt, of the little ones, who could not understand what it all meant. The mothers knew. "Him free!" they cried; "Him is free!"

The mother might well rejoice. Her children were now her own, no more to be torn from her to be bought and sold. Those children would not be driven to the field like cattle, and forced to work under the burning sun all day, from "shell-blow" in the morning until late in the evening, exposed to the cruel lash of the driver, and then dragged away to be flogged until the blood streamed down them, or sent to the "workhouse" for punishment, or to the horrible treadmill, because their work or their conduct had not been satisfactory. All this cruel wrong has passed away; and it is mentioned here only that we may thankfully contrast the better condition of the black people of Jamaica and their children now, with what it used to be in the terrible slavery days.

In writing of the children of Jamaica, we have, first of all, to assure you that they are not all of them black. There are, of course, many European and American families living on the island. There are also *Mulattoes*, whose parents are one white and the other black: *Samboes*,—the one parent black, the other a mulatto: *Quadroons*,—the parents one white the other mulatto: *Mestees*,—the children of one white parent and one quadroon. These last are often but little darker than the English residents, and some of them scarcely show a trace of their negro relationship.

But it is with the genuine black folks that we have now especially to do. And among these are varieties, such as the *Coal-black*, which is considered the handsomest, and, next to these, the *Yellow-skin-black*. There are also to be sometimes seen white negroes, or *Albinos*, whose skin and hair are of a white clay colour, and their eyes pink.

THE BABY.

When a black baby is born, you may be sure there is a good deal of rejoicing. The mother is very proud of her *picaninny*, and takes great care of it. Her first anxiety is to save it from the *overlook*, or evil eye. So, to prevent anyone from doing it harm by looking at it too much, she makes use of a charm, marking a blue cross on the child's forehead, or back, or the soles of its feet. This is called *The blue mark to save pic'ney from de overlook*.

On the ninth day of its existence, the baby is washed and put in the sunshine. Someone must then give something for it. The money so given goes to *Nana*, as the nurse is called. This is called *Buying the baby*. It is considered very unlucky for the child if no one offers to buy it. One day a poor mother was in great trouble. The ninth day had come, and no one had offered to buy her baby: so she resolved to buy it herself. "Nana," she said to the nurse, "look in a de corner, an' you fin' someting." Nurse looked, and there she found a tallow candle wrapped up, which she was to take as the purchase of the baby! Poor mother! That was not the price at which she valued her *picaninny*;

but that was all she had to give for it. The nurse believed it would be bad for the baby if she refused to accept it; so she took the candle, and the child was bought.

In some other respects the mothers are often very superstitious. They have a horrible idea of the power of *duppies*—spirits,—and are in great dread of them. Many of them believe that duppies are constantly trying to harm children and steal them out of life. If a nurse were to carry a baby with its face over her shoulder, someone would most likely reprove her. “Min’ what you do! Min’, duppy play with him; him see something!”

Until a child is baptized it is supposed to be in special danger.

Another superstition is this. Lest her baby should die, the mother *chains* it, that is, she puts a string of beads, generally white, round the wrist or some other part of its body. This is called *Chaining the baby*.

It is also customary to place a Bible and a pair of scissors under the baby’s head, when it is sleeping, to keep duppy away.

In washing baby, the mother pulls out the joints of its limbs, and makes them crack, just as, no doubt, you have often made your knuckle-joints crack. This is *to make baby supple*.

NAMING THE BABY.

THIS is a business of great importance. Friends are consulted, and a regular council is held in the yard in

front of the cottage. Name after name is proposed, while the mother, with many gestures, refuses one after another. She is not to be easily satisfied, and answers again and again, "Nuh, dat too common name!" Sometimes up to the last moment there is a strife between the father and mother about the matter. The most wonderful names are chosen; and, in most cases, there must be more than one. It must be very ridiculous occasionally, to see the Minister, standing with the baby in his arms, trying to understand what the names are, and, at length, in sheer despair, imitating what he is told as nearly as he can.

The following names are selected as specimens from our Mount Fletcher baptism-register:—Phoenix, Pinkey, Monday, Anhetia, Postola, General, Penny, Hercules, Qualming, Ephelia, Elmozene, Behaviour, Cardamon, Repersia, Metezgan, Hersetina, Eletina, Hector, Bacchus, Appollo, Toby, Jerelina, Deaphenay, Evangelina, Regina. There now: if these are not enough for you to choose from, next time you help to find a name for a little brother or sister, you can write to one of our Missionaries in the West Indies, and he will send you plenty more.

Bible names are often selected, from Adam and Eve, to Jezebel and Herod, and even Mahershalalhashbaz. There are many called Prince or Princess: there is a Queen Ann, a Napoleon, a Prince William, a Prince Albert, and others equally distinguished.

Sometimes—and no wonder—the parents forget what name it was they gave their child. Then a request comes. "Please, me Minister, look in a de book, so tell me de

right 'pellin' a dis pic'ney boy name." Some children are always called by a pet title or nickname. "What is your name?" said a teacher to a new scholar. "A name Sonny, Sir." That was all he could get; for the boy remembered no more. "Can any boy," said the teacher, "tell me this boy's name?" "Please," replied one, "him name Pochas Brutus Cashus, an' a don't remember de oder name 'pellin."

The negro children are not burdened with much clothing. They are warm enough without it. When very young a little shirt is about all they wear. As they grow older, the girls put on a small frock, and the boys add to the shirt a pair of osnaburg *pants* or trousers.

Careless as they are, when so young, about dress, the negro women think a great deal of it, and are particularly fond of the most showy colours in which to adorn themselves. If you were to see some of them, long past youth, in their full dress, you would be astonished, and, very likely amused.

Some of the children have a strange and filthy habit of eating dirt and old rags, even when they are able to get proper and wholesome food. One day, a woman, with a stick in her hand, came to a school, leading a little boy, whose stomach was much larger than it ought to have been. "Teacher," she began, "a bring dis boy to 'cool. He boy too bad, Sir! Him get him bittle (victuals) reg'lar; but him lib 'pon de dutty (dirt.) Sometime you see him, him han' full a de putto-putto (mud.) No you see him bellay 'tan? All de ole ridge



ERRAND GIRL.

(rags) him pick ; so him pick dem up, so him trow dem a him mout!" "Dear me," answered the Teacher, feeling the boy's stomach, "its as hard as a drum!" "It hard wusso na drum!" said the mother; "an him foot (legs) jis faber (are like) drum-'tick!" "What's his name?" "Tell Teacher you name, buffo a lay dis jointer 'tick 'pon you." "A name George Timothy Curtis Carr, sah." "What, a boy with such a name eating dirt and rags!" "Ah!" groaned the mother; "me good massa, you see trial! You see what you poo' nagar hab fe 'tan under (to bear.) Shish an a name! All de fambley dem say him must turn out something. But no: him 'tan (remain) de same, lika say (just as if) *he name dem swell him!*"

The Jamaica children are not without their enemies; some such as you are familiar with, but others that you never saw.

There are, for instance, *mosquitoes*, small gnats, which are bred in the water, and fly in swarms. They are very troublesome, singing around their victims, as if to threaten them and keep them excited. Then in goes their sharp little lance right through the skin; and there they suck, if not disturbed, until they are so filled with blood as to swell out to three times their natural size. The worst of these little torments is, not that they steal the blood, but, in feasting, they leave the wound itching and burning worse than half-a-dozen flea-bites.

Then there are huge brown cockroaches, which are said to nibble over the fingers of little boys and girls that go to sleep with dirty hands. There are *rats*, the



YOUTHS IN HOLIDAY DRESS.

visits of which are looked upon with superstitious dread ; and *ticks*, which fasten on the skin, and pump away harder and longer than the mosquito, until they get a great size, and often leave very sore places.

It would be possible to tell you all sorts of uncomfortable things about venomous spiders, and different sorts of ants ; and centipedes sometimes six inches long, the bite of which will throw a child into a fever ; and scorpions, the best cure for whose sting is said to be a bit of the creature's own body rubbed on the wound, or, failing that, the "blue-bag," used in washing clothes. And a good deal might be said about the Chiego Flea, or as the people call it, the *Jigger*,—a tiny insect, which works its way stealthily into the foot, and there makes a nest under the skin, from which it has to be turned out, nest and all, with a needle ; after which some turpentine is rubbed into the place, whereat, as you may well suppose, the little black patient screams and howls very vigorously. But, notwithstanding the perils from insects and other sources which beset these dark children, they manage to live a very merry life, and enjoy themselves about as much as children in any other part of the world.

AMUSEMENTS.

The girls are fond of round games, very like some that white children play at. The boys, too, have their marbles, and tops, and kites, and make themselves little wagons with old cotton-reels for wheels.

But the amusement in which they most of all re-

joice is in hearing and telling anecdotes, or, as they call them "*Anancy stories.*" They have a large stock of them; and very curious and amusing stories they are, made up to account for all sorts of things. Here is one which I give as a specimen, shortened a good deal, and having some words left out which you would not understand.

Why Cats hate Rats.

Puss and Ratta were good friends once. They lived and ate together. One day, as they were sitting down to some boiled rice, news came, "Puss fader dead!" Puss say, "Po' me boy! wha' me da go do?" Ratta say, "Bra' (brother), mek me go: we can kibber (cover) up de rice till we come back." Puss say, "Yes Bra' Ratta, come, bring you fiddle an' tambourine." Off they start to the wake. But Bra' Ratta has set his heart upon eating up the rice; and that he might have some excuse for turning back again, he has sily left behind him his violin-bow and the triangle. On the way Ratta suddenly stopped short. "Bra' Puss, hold ya: a feget de bow." "Mek has'e, Bra'; so come," says Puss. "Yes, Bra," answered Ratta, who was very soon away, gobbling the rice with all his might.

It so sweet him—runs the story—dat him nearly feget eberyting, till him yerry (hear) Puss da hallo: him say, "John Chuwarry! (the rat's name in former times) John Chuwarry!" Cho! Beffo you could a say "Jack," Ratta was out a de pot, wipe him mout' clean,

kibber de pot, and 'tart off wid de bow. As him ga 'lang, so him da sing,

“ Ya Rum-Rum-can-na,
Na see me yah ! ”

As him come to Puss, Puss say, “ Hi, Bra', you really 'tan long.” Ratta say, “ A couldn't fin' de bow all ober de house, till a look 'pon bed-top.” “ Come, mek we go on,” said Puss; “ else night catch we.” They had not gone far before Ratta stopped again. “ Bra' Puss, you hab de triangle ? ” “ No,” said Puss, getting well bex wid Ratta, “ how you so fegetful dis ebenin ? ” “ Bra,” said Ratta, “ you run go bring it; e heng up in a kitchen.” “ No,” said Puss, “ you go: it is you feget it, not me. You is de fiddler.” Ratta make up him face like a say him bex; but him well an' glad e'en a him heart. “ You run, ga 'lang, mek hase and come back,” said Puss. Away goes Ratta, sulky-sulky like, till him get which part Puss couldn't see him. Den him run full 'peed. Cho! as him get to de house—him look fe de triangle? Him jis open de pot, and jump in pon de rice. Dis time him wus dan de fus—him no 'member nutten. Puss call, him bawl, “ JOHN CHUWARRY ! ” But no answer. Puss say, “ Hi, wha's matter ? ” So him go back to de house: him 'tan up good good so listen: him yerry someting da go *croup, croup*. Him ga 'lang *saftly, saftly*, so peep in a de house. As him peep so, him draw back, him was dat *frighten!* Him grine him teet', den say to himself, “ A so you treat your fren no ? ” Him go in saftly in a de kitchen. All dis time Ratta

was crapin away pon de pot-bottom. Puss tek up de kibber saftly, den so clap e dun-bang pon de pot. Cho! Ratta bawl—him bawl so, till him couldn't bawl no mo'. De shortness a Bret tek him. Him cry, "Whi! a who you? Is you Puss fader? Do, me massa—a—beg you—pardon—Po' me boy!—I is done for!" "Yes," shouted Puss, "you *is* done for! You wortless, tiefin ting!" "A will kiss you foot-bottom—Massa—Puss!" gasped Ratta. "No," said Puss, "I'm do a better ting dan dat. As a open de pot, jump out." "I will," said Ratta. Puss open de pot. As him open it, so Ratta jump out; tink say him will get away. But Puss mek one lep arter him; so ketch him by de back part a' him neck, an' kill dead 'pon de spot! Den Puss larf ober him, toss him up; and when him done eberyting, den him eat him.

'At mek you see Puss hate Rat so to dis day.

Another favourite amusement with the young negroes is the asking of riddles, or, as they call them, *Maragales*. They generally begin with "Maragale, maragale, you guess me dis maragale, an' perhaps not." Here are a few specimens, not very witty, but showing the sort of humour in which these children delight.

My Fader hab a fowl: ebery time him crow, him crow fire. (A Gun.)

White as milk, not milk: green as grass, not grass: hard as rock, not rock. (A Cocomanut.)

Deres a man hab no inside, but him is toughest man. (Bamboo.)

Ebery one my modder children wid teet' full up dem mout'. (Penguin.)

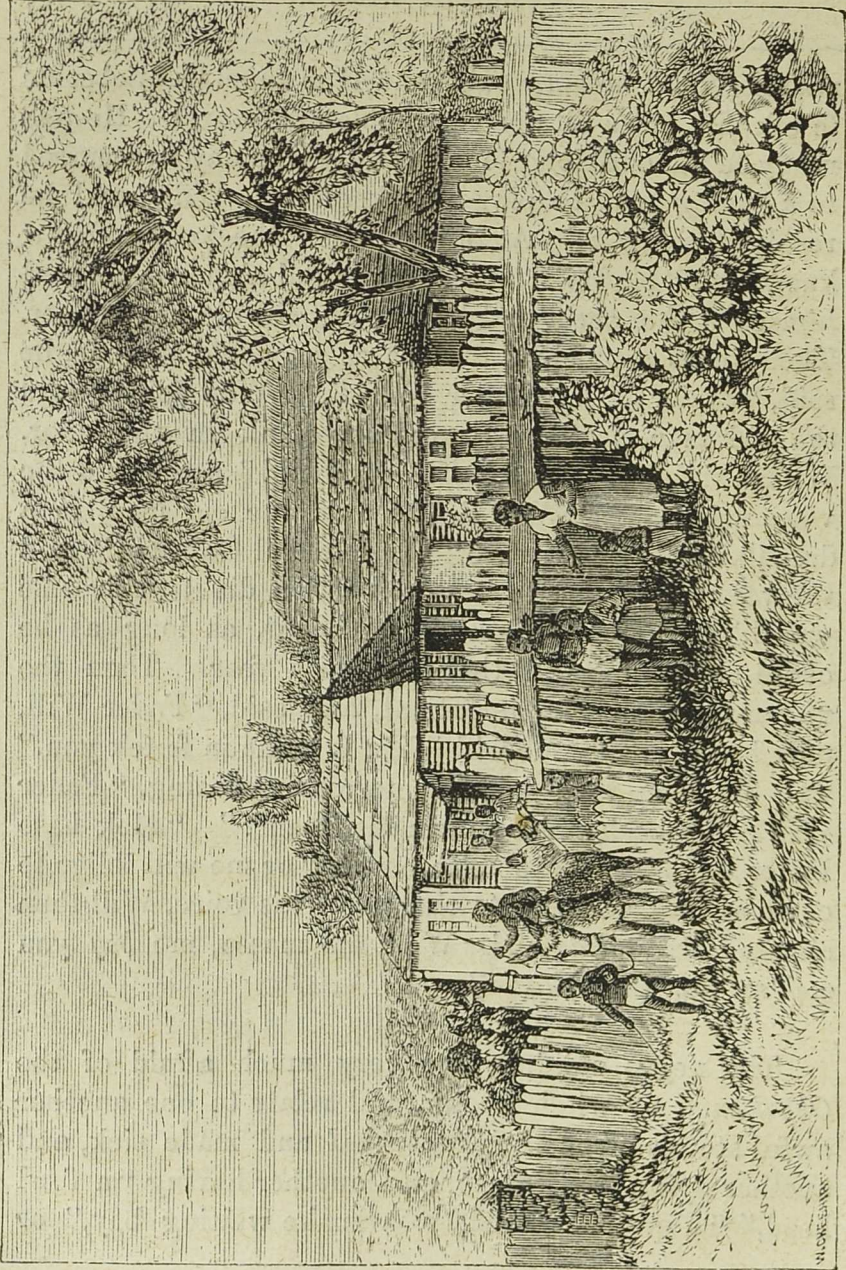
The young blacks are quite as foolish as some white children, who think that there are bogeys to frighten and hurt them; only they call these unreal beings *Duppeys*. One day, the boy who looked after a young Missionary's horse, and waited at table, came in looking very serious. His master asked him what was the matter. "De duppey, sah! Dem was walkin' all about de house las' night. I hear dem in a me room; an' I was dat frighten! Dem go and open de liquor-case, an' den dem open de safe. Me hear dem many time, only me dont 'peak." "What do duppeys want at the liquor-case and safe, Brown?" "Well, sah, 'spose dem is 'custom to de place foretime, an' dem tink say, dere mus be 'pirits an' rum in de liquor-case as when busha (overseer) lib here: an' dem go to safe for bread, sah! Dem disappoint at de liquor-case; den dem go to safe." "Did you ever see duppey, Brown?" "Yes, sah, many time. Only yesterday mornin', as me go look fih horse, duppey trow 'tone at me!" "What's a duppey like, Brown?" "Well, sah, him is kibber all over wid white—white sheet, sah. But sometime him come like a rollin' calf, an' like bird, and like hog, sah!"

Duppey Will.

In the parish of St. Ann there is an old man called "Duppey Will:" and this is how he got the name. Poor Will had long been sighing, and groaning, and

wishing "dat *Massa* would send Him angel Gabriel come fe tek him out a all dis ya troublesome world. He was ready fe go, and long fe go too." One day it occurred to a young man to play a trick on "ole Will," and he resolved to do it. At night, when the young fellow knew that "ole Will" was at home and alone, he covered himself with a sheet and knocked at the old man's door. Then in as sepulchral a voice as he could assume, he said, "Fader Will! Fader Will!" "Who deh?" said the old man, looking through a chink in the door. What a sight he beheld! "Fader Will!" again said the voice without. "Who dat?" said the old man, in a dreadful state of fright. "I is de angel Gabriel;" said the voice, "I come to tek you out a dis troublesome world." Fader Will remained silent, as long as he could, trembling all the time with fear. Then the visitor became very impatient, and said, "Fader Will, mek hase! or else me will 'blige fe come in fe tek you." The old man then said, his terror increasing, "Fader Will don't heah: him gone a mountain!" "Mek hase Fader Will," said the voice again, "or me will 'blige fe come an' tek you!" At the top of his voice, Will then shouted, "Me *dead* oh! Why, me *massa*, me *beg* you mek me 'tan (stay) little longer!"

The negro children are very much afraid of the *Obeah-man* or witch doctor, and relate to one another awful stories of one being *obeahed* and made sick, and another dying from *obeah*, and another having "a fowl head," "a ground lizard," "a snake waiting boy," or



A FAMILY HOUSE.

“ a big piece of glass bottle,” sucked out of his body by the obeah-man.

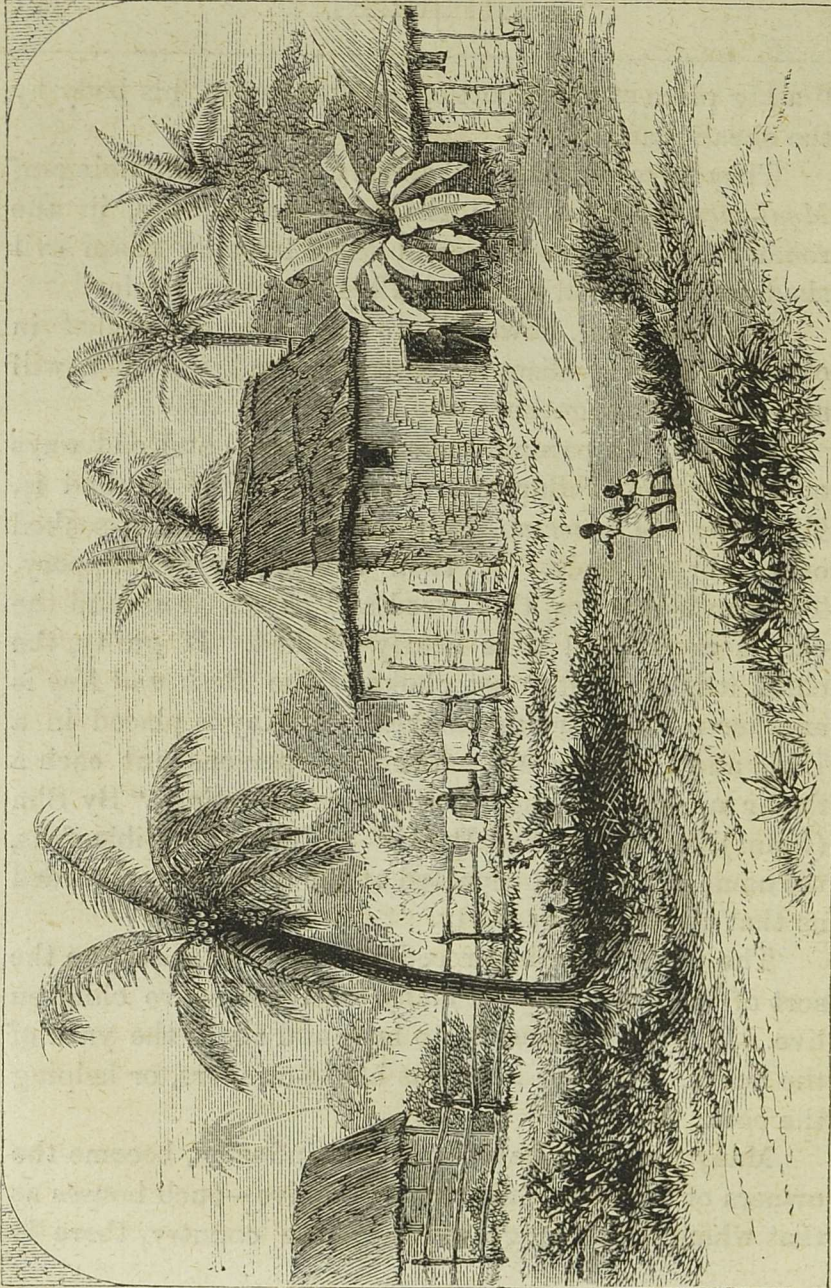
They have stories to tell also of the wonderful doings of *Myal-men* in “ catching shadows,” or spirits, in the room of a sick person, and then burying those evil shadows in a small coffin, or a long-necked bottle.

We are glad, however, to say that the belief in obeahism and myalism is decreasing, and, we trust, will soon die out altogether.

Some of the parents have rather cruel and odd ways of trying their children for stealing. One method is, *Trying by the broomweed*. Some of the weed is soaked overnight in suds. It then becomes very slippery. The mother takes this weed and passes it around the child's neck until it is nearly choked. If guilty, the child, it is thought, must choke. The *Book and Key* is another mode of trying thieves. A Key is placed in a Bible and tied securely. Then two persons put each a finger under the ring of the key, repeating “ By S'm (Saint) Peter, by S'm Paul!” When the Bible falls, the name of the child repeated at the moment is regarded as that of the guilty party.

The picture on the preceding page will show you the sort of houses in which many of these negro children live. They are generally to be found about the yard of the house, or acting inside as house-cleaners, or helping the cook.

Many negroes have, by their industry, become the owners of the houses in which they live—such houses as that which is here engraved. In the country, there is



COTTAGE.

often to be seen a style of building known as "wattle-and daub." When a cottage of this fashion is to be set up, a number of posts are driven into the ground for the framework of the walls. On these the rafters are fixed for the roof, and then covered with a thatch of dry grass, or with shingles, like tiles, of split cedar. Strips of bamboo, or sticks, are then interlaced between the posts, and upon them is daubed a thick coat of plaster, of which material also the floor is made. If you were to go into a good specimen of this kind of dwelling, the first thing to strike you would be a large silver watch—the family time-piece. Then you see a few pictures tacked on the white-washed wall, pictures which you know well in the *British Workman*, or *Illustrated London News*; or, perhaps there is some gaudily printed advertisement, or a stray leaf from a book of Fashions, or *Ladies' Magazine*. The furniture consists of several rough cedar chairs, a table to match, and, very likely, a side-board, on which are arranged the ornaments and fancy china of the house. Thus is fitted up what is called "the Hall." Pigs, seeking hungrily after such chance morsels as they may find, go grunting round the house, and a few frolicsome goats jump and frisk amongst them. Should it be Friday evening, the donkey brays a solo now and then, as he stands fastened under the mango-tree, waiting to be loaded with the well-filled hampers for the market, to which he is to go with the "ole woman," who is just finishing her pipe before starting. Her daughter has started already, carrying, as usual, her load on her head. In this instance, her



YOUNG WASHERWOMAN.

basket holds only one great shaddock—a fruit something like a very big orange.

When quite young the girls are put out to service, and become nurses, cooks, house-cleaners or washer-women: or else they are sent into the fields to weed



GOING TO MARKET.

coffee, grass or cane pieces. The boys also are sent into the fields to work.

Of late years education has advanced; and there is a growing desire among the parents that their children should attend a day-school and learn to read, write, and keep accounts, before being sent to regular work. It is

not unusual now to hear a mother, when agreeing with someone who wants her girl for an under nurse, or servant, stipulate, that, as her daughter will be prevented from going to school, the mistress must see that she is taught to read and write at odd times.

Would you like to see inside a Jamaica day-school ?



HOUSE CLEANER.

Well! suppose I try to describe one. You must, however, bear in mind that they are not all like this. Some are better and some worse. This is a school which, in the last examination, stood second class.

At a quarter to nine in the morning the bell is rung,

and the children prepare to enter the chapel, where the school is generally held. At nine the bell sounds again, and the scholars enter and form in a line around the lower part of the chapel. The school-master then orders, "Toes out!—Show nails!" And all the boys and girls put out their hands, with the palms downwards. Some



COOK.

of the dirty boys begin at once most vigorously, but as slyly as possible, to clean their nails, rubbing them, or putting them in their mouth. As the teacher moves round examining each pair of hands, an admonition is heard again and again, accompanied by a rapping on

knuckles. As soon as the examination of nails is over, the teacher orders again, "To the left face!—mark time!" The children then turn and begin "marking time" with their feet on the wood floor. As very few of them wear shoes, the sound of about eighty rough, hard, shoeless feet on the floor, is as if some very powerful house-cleaner were scrubbing it with a very rough cocoanut brush. They are then ordered "Forward!" and all march on to the gallery, the movement of the feet continuing until the last scholar stands there, and the order is given "Face!"—A hymn is then sung, and prayer is offered by the teacher. The scholars are next marched to their classes, and the monitors mark the attendance. Then the usual lessons are gone through, reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, &c. During the day, the Minister occasionally visits them, sometimes taking a class, or addressing them all together on the gallery; or teaching them some new tune. The *Tonic sol-fa Modulator* is hung up, and the time is pointed out, one of the elder scholars naming the tune and then sounding the key note. The words are then given out, and the tune is sung.

The day-schools in the country places are open only four days in the week. On Fridays the children are employed by their parents in the provision-grounds, digging yams, &c., and preparing them for family use, and for the market. And on Saturdays they frequently carry loads to the market, or accompany others, and help to drive Neddy, or the pony, or mule, with hampers loaded with "bread-kind."

On the Sabbath they are gathered in Sabbath-schools and taught the Scriptures and the way to heaven. Some of them are very quick in committing to memory the catechism and large portions of the Scriptures, and in learning new hymns. They are very fond of music.



SCHOOLGIRL.

Once a year, during the Annual District Meeting, all the Wesleyan Sunday School children in Kingston are gathered together and an address is delivered to them by one of the Ministers. At one o'clock in the afternoon the children of Wesley and Ebenezer meet in their own chapels, and walk in twos to Coke chapel, singing, as

they go, selections from the twelve or thirteen hymns which they prepared for the last Sabbath-School anniversary services. You may judge how very pleasing it is to see so many children, many of whom might have been slaves to day, but for the efforts of Missionaries and the preaching of the Gospel, all dressed nicely,—only perhaps some of them a little too showily—and to hear them singing so beautifully the sweet and lively melodies of Philip Phillips and Bradbury, and answering so intelligently the different questions put to them by the Minister addressing them. In 1872 the Minister who addressed them was one who had been a scholar in Ebenezer Sabbath-school. Through the preaching of the Gospel, he was converted to God when young. He then became a Sabbath-School teacher, and ultimately a Minister. He died very suddenly at the close of the District Meeting of 1873; and, with sad hearts, those who had known DANIEL PINNOCK from a lad, and had glorified God in him as a trophy of Christian Missions in Jamaica, followed him to his last resting-place, Ebenezer burial ground, where his remains, surrounded by those of other ministers, such as Donaldson and Rowden, await the great resurrection morn.

Great things have been done for Jamaica since January, 1789, when Dr. Coke first landed in the island and began the Methodist Mission. It is said that in all the island, in those days, there could not be reckoned more than five hundred people, out of a population of four hundred thousand, attending a place of worship on the Lord's Day. Now there are places of worship all

over the island, and thousands upon thousands may be seen walking, riding, or driving to God's house on the Holy Day. The negro children knew nothing of school teaching when Wesleyan Missions were first commenced; and no effort was made to train their minds or impart to them useful knowledge. Now there are upwards of forty thousand children attending day-schools, and many more attending Sabbath-schools.

The children have better homes than they used to have. In slavery, they could not be said to have a home at all; they only had a place allowed them, like cattle, where they could lie down at night. Now some of them have good large houses, and many of them very comfortable dwellings.

Their parents are more kind and take more care of their children than formerly, and are concerned to see them grow up to be intelligent and good.

The young negroes, too, have better prospects than they used to have. Some of them have risen to be planters, merchants, lawyers, doctors and ministers.

And who can tell how many of them have been made the children of God by faith in Jesus? Multitudes doubtless are now standing

“Before the throne of God in heaven,”

singing the “new song” to Jesus, and many more are journeying on, singing as they go

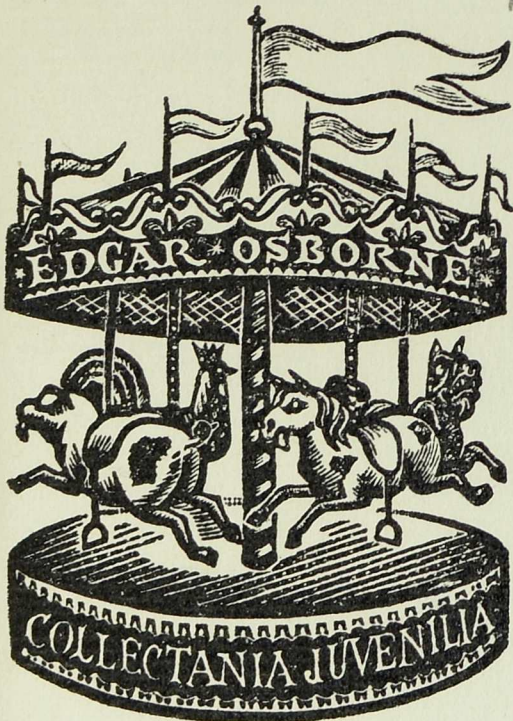
“There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home.”

Thankful that the Gospel of Jesus has visited them, many of the children are trying to raise means to send the Gospel to others. Some of them are very diligent missionary collectors. In Kingston alone the children collected last year (1872) upwards of SIXTY-EIGHT POUNDS. *Thirty-four pounds* of it were collected by Wesley Sabbath scholars; twenty-six by Coke children, and eight by Ebenezer.

At Wesley Chapel, Juvenile Missionary Meetings have been held, and crowded congregations have listened with delight to between twenty and thirty boys reciting long pieces of poetry and prose on missions, and then joining the body of the scholars, seated around the organ, in singing choice missionary hymns. Some who heard it say they can never forget hearing them thus sing the praises of God.



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III

