



The Church Missionary Gleaner

Church Missionary Society



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THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY
GLENER.

1865.

“I WENT DOWN INTO THE GARDEN OF NUTS TO SEE THE FRUITS
OF THE VALLEY, AND TO SEE WHETHER THE VINE FLOURISHED,
AND THE POMEGRANATES BUDDED.”—*SONG OF SOLOMON*, VI. 11.

VOL. XV.

LONDON:
SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY, FLEET STREET;
CHURCH MISSIONARY HOUSE, SALISBURY SQUARE.

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*Two Shillings.*

**W. M. WATTS, CROWN COURT, TEMPLE BAR.**



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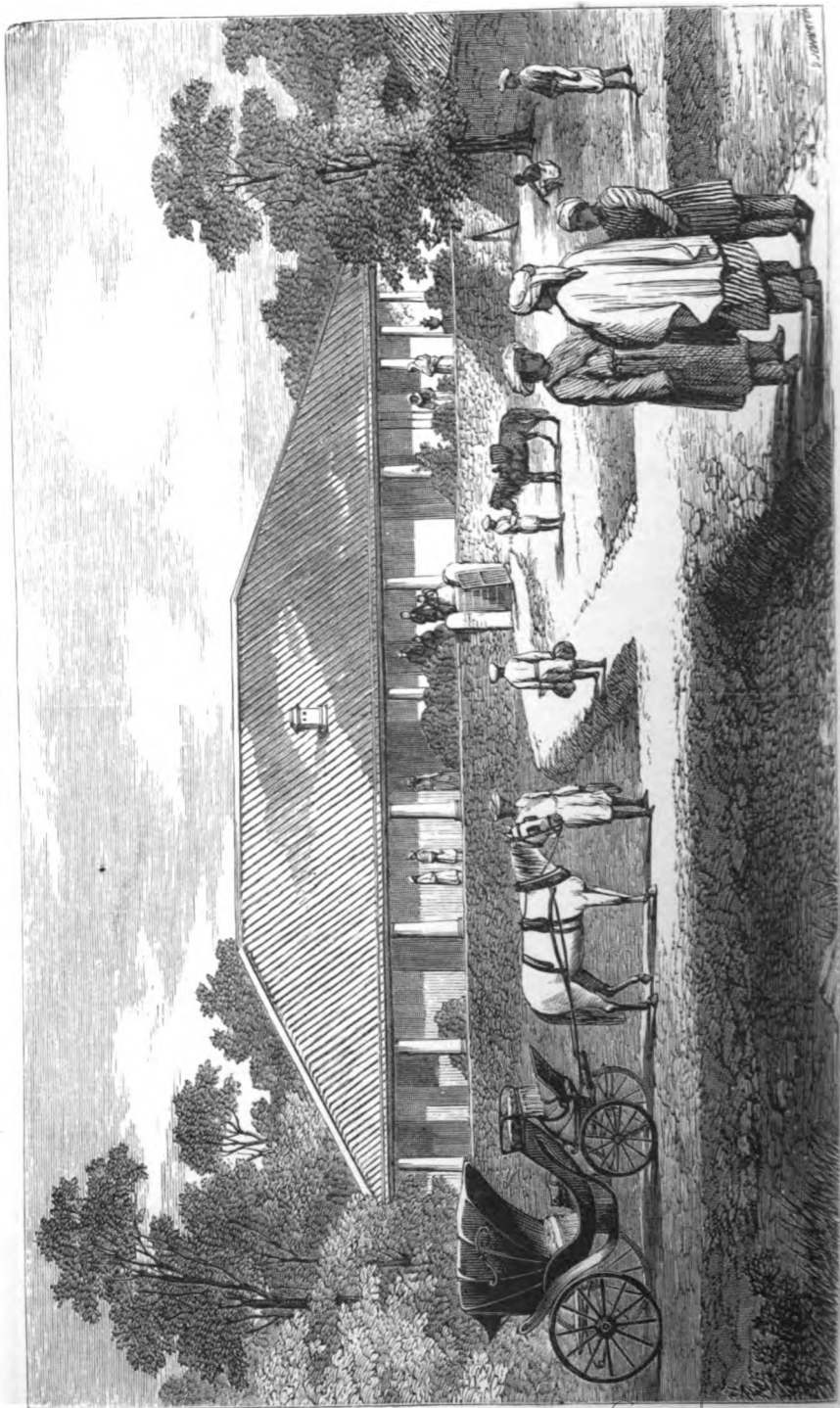
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*Erratum.*—The April Number, from page 37 to 48, is incorrectly paged as from 73 to 84.







THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

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NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS.

WE have reached the commencement of another year—a year which, like those gone by, will bring with it many changes. Childhood opens into youth; youth ripens into manhood; manhood declines into old age; and old age droops down into the grave. Man “never continueth in one stay.” But amidst all this change and uncertainty, “the word of our God shall stand fast for ever.” Blessed are they who have escaped from the wreck of nature, and gained the refuge which the word of God makes known to us; who have reached the Rock of ages, and, in Christ, stand on an immovable foundation.

Resting on that foundation, on Him in whom all the promises of God are Yea and Amen, they are safe. Let them be consciously so: then shall they be free to help others who are yet struggling with the waters.

Amidst the fearful storms which have visited recently the shores of our island home, a vessel has been cast among the breakers. She has struck, and the waves are breaking over her. The imperilled position of the crew is seen from shore, and the lifeboat has put out to their assistance. After an arduous struggle the wreck is reached, and some of the shipwrecked men have been got off in safety. Of these there are two, who present a very different appearance. One is trustful and calm; the other fearful and full of anxiety. Yet are they both in the boat, and alike safe, although not alike comfortable. But this is not all; the calm and collected man is able to be of use, and, as the lifeboat nears some poor fellow, who, swept from off the wreck amongst the waves, is struggling for his life, he is able to lend a hand, and help to rescue him. But the other is taken up with himself. Both hands are engaged in clutching the gunwale of the boat, and, disabled by his fears, he can give no aid.

What a wreck has taken place; what a universal wreck! the wreck of an entire race! What numbers are in danger, sinking amidst the waters. What help is needed!

Let us see to it that we be in Christ; that we have entrusted ourselves to Him. Let that point first be settled. Then, dismissing distrust and fear, as unworthy of Him in whom we believe, and of the position which we occupy, let us put forth persevering efforts on behalf of the numbers who are still in the danger from which we have ourselves escaped.

It will be our object during the year to point out where help is needed, and where the efforts put forth have been crowned with success, and thus moving to sympathy the hearts of earnest Christians, induce more effort on behalf of those who are yet in their sins; for time is passing; souls are perishing. *Our* opportunity of doing good, *theirs* of receiving it, will soon have expired. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."

Let us introduce an instance of ready, self-sacrificing help.

Two lifeboats were for trial in the harbour of Valentia, on the southwest coast of Ireland. It is quite necessary that they who are employed in rescuing others should be well tried and tested themselves. Let not, then, ministers and earnest Christians be surprised, if they find themselves exposed to rough weather, and compelled to buffet with storms.

At length a suitable day came. A very heavy gale set in from the W.N.W. A tremendous sea was running and breaking wildly over the headlands of Dingle Bay. "Within the harbour all was comparatively smooth, vessels riding easily at their anchors, but the gale was so strong that the boats made headway with great difficulty, the wind sometimes driving the oars out of the rowlocks up over the men's heads in spite of their utmost efforts to keep them down. Slow progress was thus made towards a passage leading out into a wild bay, called Lough Kay, which lies outside the harbour of Valentia to the north. Here the sea was running mountains high, and it became evident that no boat of any description could live long under it. The inspecting-officer of the coast-guard, however, being still determined to try the boats even under these circumstances, made his final arrangements for a bold experiment. He directed one boat to lie in comparative shelter under Lamb Island (a small grassy island 78 feet high, over which the sea was making a full breach), so that she might watch the fate of her consort, and render assistance if possible. Then, with the other, manned by his own coastguard crew, he dashed out into the bay, watching each tremendous roller, and rounding the boat to meet it. About a quarter of an hour passed in this struggle, when a great tidal wave was observed by the spectators gathering itself about a mile to seaward. Distinguishable by lookers-on far inland, like a mighty Andes towering above the lesser mountains, this Atlantic giant swept in, extending right across the bay, and leaping far up the cliffs on either side. In the opinion of experienced seamen who observed it, this sea would have swept the decks of the Great Eastern like a raft. As it neared the devoted boat its appearance became more terrific. The water shoaled there from ten to seven fathoms, and, changing its shape with the conformation of the ground below, that which had been a rolling mountain rose into a rushing cliff of water.

"Never were six men in more desperate circumstances; yet what men could do was done boldly and steadily. The rule laid down for meeting a desperate sea is to pull against it with the utmost speed; but for meeting such a sea as this no rule was ever made. Cheering his men forward, the steersman put his boat right at it, calculating nicely to meet



the sea at a right angle. Steadily, as if spurting in a race, the men strained at their oars, and gliding, on even keel, like an arrow the boat entered the roaring avalanche, its crest towering 25 feet above her, and overhanging.

"The inspecting-officer, who was steering, and the chief boatman, who was pulling stroke oar, were hurled headlong over the boat's stern by the falling sea. Had she not been of extraordinary strength, owing to her peculiar double-sided construction, she must have been shivered like a band-box. Crushing her bodily fathoms down, the sea bore her astern at lightning speed, tearing away her rudder-irons and steering crutch by the pressure. The steersman was caught head downwards as she passed, by some projecting hook or spur rowlock, and dragged thus for a few seconds; then found himself suddenly freed, and rising rapidly. On reaching the surface he met his chief boatman already afloat, but looking very much confused. The latter afterwards described himself as having been conscious of receiving some tremendous impetus, which caused him, as he imagined, to turn a series of somersaults under water. Though cased in heavy waterproof boots, thick pea-jackets, and oil-cloth overcoats, the lifebelts supported them with perfect ease.

"The sea which had hurled them out of the boat had beaten the rest of the crew down as they bent over their oars in a stooping posture, each man on the thwart before him. The bowman alone was stunned. The remaining three retained perfect consciousness: they had their eyes open, but all around was total darkness. They describe their sensation as like that of being whirled in an express train through a railway tunnel, but whether they were in the boat or in the sea they could not distinguish at the time. At length a faint dawn of light reached their eyes, increasing rapidly, and they were conscious of rising through the green water; and at last they emerged through the broken foam, sitting each man in his place.

"The first object that met their eyes as the boat rose to the surface was the buoy of the Kay Rock close alongside of them. This buoy is by measurement over 400 yards from the place where the sea had struck their boat. She had been shot about a quarter of a mile under water, and had risen in the exact position in which she had entered the sea, at right angles to it. The oars had all been lost but one, and with this the men managed to keep her head to the seas, though she was drifting fast upon the rocks astern.

"Now, then, the time had come when the fidelity of the consort boat was to be tested. Her crew had watched the whole occurrence; but so appalled were these hardy fishermen by the appearance of the sea, and by the sight they had witnessed, that they refused at first to pull out to the rescue in the face of what appeared to be certain death. The brave man who commanded her, however, Edward O'Neill, was determined to save his comrades, or share their fate. By dint of entreaty and command he got them to pull out into the bay. Skilfully watching his time, sometimes putting his boat away before the roaring breakers, sometimes riving her over them, shipping seas forward and on both sides, he succeeded in picking up the officer and chief boatman, after they had been near half an hour in the water. They then pulled away for the other

boat, and reached her as she was fast drifting on the rocky shore, over which the sea was breaking furiously. A very few minutes later and boat and men would have been pounded to fragments on the sharp ledges that were rising black at intervals through the foaming water. They supplied the drifting boat with the oars which they had picked up from the water, and both crews worked their way back into harbour, without loss of life, or even the slightest injury.

Here is a noble example of the way in which man should haste to the rescue of his fellow-man. Is a brother Christian in danger? Can we help him? Then let us do so. Does it involve cost and suffering on our part? Let not that prevent us. Is he an unbeliever? Then is he in the greatest of all dangers—in danger of an eternal shipwreck. Let us put forth efforts to save him. Let some give themselves up to the work of an evangelist, and, while they go forth to distant lands, let others at home back them up by prayer and effort. Shall all shrink back, deterred by the dangers, and difficulties, and sacrifices? What should we have said, if the crew of the consort boat had yielded to their fears, and left their comrades to perish in the waters? Nay, what likeness shall we then bear to Him, who gave Himself a ransom for all?

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HOME GLEANINGS.

OUR occupation is an humble one: it is that of a gleaner. We do not touch the sheaves. These rich spoils we leave for others; but we go after the reapers among the sheaves, and gather what is left, a stray ear here and there.

But we have many fields into which, as Ruth had leave of Boaz, we are privileged to enter. The Missions of the Church Missionary Society are all open to us, and, to some extent, the fields of other Missionary Societies also. If we came to appropriate *sheaves*, our right might be disputed; but no one minds the *little gleaner*, and this little Ruth may go where she will, and gather up the fragments. There is, as might be expected, a great variety in these gleanings. They are gathered from the action of Missionary work amidst various portions of our race: they are, indeed, as varied as the products of the countries where our Missionaries labour. Sometimes we turn our steps into the fields of West Africa, where the harvests are plenteous; sometimes to the beginnings of work in China, like the gardens terraced up on the hill-sides, where every spot of ground under culture is precious; sometimes to the cold regions of North-West America, where fruits are to be found precisely where we should least expect them, and look the more beautiful in contrast with the wilds around. But altogether, as with other gleaners, we find that a little here and a little there, when brought together, make up much; and that these fruits of our gathering are often the more interesting, because they are of various hues and forms. We cannot, indeed, like the "Church Missionary Record," present one large sheaf, all of one kind, as when it is filled with the details of the Sierra-Leone Mission. Our few pages are more like a flower-vase, in which are placed gatherings pro-

cured where we can ; and at times, it must be confessed, we are somewhat in the position of one who would gather a bouquet when the garden has already felt the pinch of early winter. We have, however, our summer-seasons also, when there is abundance.

There is one field, however, which hitherto has yielded us little ; and yet it might contribute pleasingly and abundantly to diversify our pages—the home-field. There is much which might be gleaned from the history and working of our Associations at home ; instances of zeal and love, like the first spring-flowers when they appear amidst the snow, breaking forth amidst narrow and disadvantageous circumstances. We might receive pleasing records of what is being done by village associations, by village collectors ; instances of devotedness to the Lord ; work on the part of those who are in the humbler paths of life, of whom few know any thing, but whom the Lord knows, and who bloom in secret to Him, and for Him reserve their fragrance. Is there no one who will help us in this matter, and send us gleanings from the home-field ? They would blend so beautifully with those which have been gathered in foreign fields. We ask for Home Gleanings.

HYMN.

[The following lines were written by a clergyman who has now entered into his rest, as a kind of *pendant*, so to speak, to Sir Robert Grant's well-known hymn, *When gathering clouds around I view.*]

WHEN cloudless skies around I view,
And all shines bright in summer's hue,
Then rise my heart to Him who still
Can purify each joy from ill :
So shall his love extract the guile,
From mirthful word and careless smile.

If tempted, Dives like, to rest
In selfish good supinely blest,
Lord, let not Thine own gifts betray,
Nor Lazarus turn unsought away,
But teach me through the lowly door
To soothe the death-bed of the poor.

When love its deepest joys has given,
(Sole remnant earth still keeps of Heaven,)
Then may I find, dear Lord, in Thee,
A more than human sympathy ;
Then by that gracious smile be blest,
Which beamed on Cana's marriage feast.

So may each joy Thou giv'st impart
Grief's highest lesson to the heart :
Thyself in all Thy gifts to see,
And trust and love fix firm on Thee,
Till trained to bear woe's sterner lore,
I own Thy love in chastening more.

THE MISSIONARY'S BUNGALOW.

A BUNGALOW! Well, we dare say it looks very pretty in our picture and, in practice, is a welcome shelter from the sun and rain. But what shall we write about it? In outward form, bungalows differ very little from one another, although, of course, in their capabilities and conveniences they vary according to the means and wants of its inmates. But still a bungalow is not like a puckah-house, as brick and roofed buildings are termed in India: it conveys to us more the idea of a temporary habitation. It seems, in this respect, well adapted for the use of those who, like the English in India, are sojourners in a land which is not their country, and who, from the far distance, often look back upon the old house and the old friends they have left behind. And might it not bring something more to recollection? These bodies of ours are not puckah-houses: they are bungalows. So says the Apostle—"We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Whether at home or abroad, ought we not feel that we are in a "strange country;" ought we not desire a better country, that is, an heavenly; and feel how suitable it is that we should be dwelling in tabernacles?

In a Missionary's bungalow, such remembrances, we trust, are never wanting. He is sojourning in that strange land, that he may tell the ignorant heathen of the better country, and show them, how by faith in Jesus Christ, they may become the children of God, and heirs of heaven. And hence, if the Missionary be indeed a true man of God, then, simple and unpretending as his bungalow may be, it is filled with better riches than the Rajah's palace. If he be a man of heavenly mind, seeking the things which are above, ruling well his own household, and leading his children onward towards heaven, then is his humble dwelling a centre of healthful influences, and his family, a model family in the land. There the heathen may learn what husband and wife are to one another in the bonds of Christian marriage, what children become, when trained up in the fear, and nurture, and admonition of the Lord. Then, as the Missionary preaches in the bazaars of the crowded city, or at the mela, where pilgrims meet, or in the rural districts to the ryots, those who know of him remember his bungalow, his family; the peace, the order that prevail there, the kindness that emanates from it; and, whether in Benares or elsewhere, the Missionary's bungalow illustrates and confirms the Missionary's preaching.

INTERESTING INCIDENT.

OUR readers have had brought before them occasionally, in the pages of this periodical, notices of the Missionary work carried on by the American Missionaries amongst the people called Armenians.

Armenia lies to the north of Assyria and Mesopotamia. It is an elevated region, abounding in lofty mountains, and is thus the source of various rivers, which flow in different directions to the Persian Gulf, or the Caspian and Black Seas.

In the fourth century the people inhabiting this country received Christianity; but it was even then corrupted: the silver had become

dross, the wine mixed with water. The element of religious error, once admitted, has an extraordinary vitality and power of growth; and thus, as centuries passed on, Armenian Christianity became more and more tainted; until, having lost all sanctifying power, it left corrupt human nature to develop itself in that form of evil to which circumstances most inclined it.

In such a deplorable state they were found by the American Missionaries about thirty years ago. They had become, in consequence of political changes and reverses, a scattered people, like the Jews; but everywhere, whether in Egypt, India, or the various provinces of Asia Minor, preserving their distinct nationality.

The work of reforming these nominal Christians, as well doctrinally as in practice, and bringing them under the influence of the true Christian faith, has been much blessed of God; so much so, that there are nineteen churches of reformed Armenians dispersed abroad throughout the Turkish empire, while the numbers of inquirers and converts continue to increase, and would do so still more if a sufficient native agency could be provided. But the calamitous war in America depresses the finances of the Society which undertook this work, so much, that no adequate provision can be made for the education of native helpers.

In the working of so large a Mission, interesting facts, illustrative of the power of divine truth on the character of individuals, continually occur, and one of these we select from a recent periodical of the American Board. It is contained in a letter from Bitlis, in Eastern Turkey.

An incident occurred a few days since, in connexion with the repeated imprisonment of one of our most promising and influential young men, illustrating both the bitter hostility of the Armenian tax-gatherers, backed by their select-men, and the calm, stedfast boldness of the young man in question, which may bear mentioning. An Armenian tax-gatherer, my nearest neighbour, arraigned this young man before the city council, for refusing to pay the unjust tax required of him; and, not satisfied with going to the extreme limit of insult allowed in his calling, he improved the occasion, in presence of the venerable assembly, to abuse and slander the Protestants most shamefully; stating that they were infidels, did not worship God, &c. The young man, hearing his holy religion thus scandalized, and seeing the barefaced impudence of his accuser, in endeavouring to make the Mussulmans believe such charges, which he did not believe himself, was moved with righteous indignation, and could keep silence no longer. With calm boldness, and in courteous language, he turned to the twelve men constituting the council, and said, "Venerable Sirs, you hear that we are accused of being infidels, and not worshipping God. This is a matter which you can decide; and, with your permission, I will pray to my God, after which let this man, my accuser, pray to his; and it shall be left to you to judge which prays to the true God." Contrary to all precedent, permission was granted and improved. The young man knelt down, removed his fez from his head, spread out his

hands to heaven, and began his prayer. At the head of that body sat the only green-turbaned Mussulman present, indicative of his being the high-priest of that religion; next him in rank was the judge, with his turban of spotless white; and then the white-bearded members of the council of the lower grade. All these not only tolerated the young man, but listened to him in breathless silence, while he prayed (in their language) for twenty minutes, embracing in his petitions all orders and classes of men, from the Sultan down to the most menial subject, and ending each petition in the name of Christ! It was a sight that might remind one of Paul when he declared, "I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness." The venerable members of the council turned to each other, and candidly declared that to be a sincere, heartfelt prayer to the only true God! They then gave opportunity to the accuser to pray; but he, utterly confounded, and shrugging his shoulders, declared that he did not know how to pray! One of the council, better informed than the rest, assayed to remove the embarrassment of the tax-gatherer, by telling his companions how the Armenians prayed, viz. by often kneeling and kissing the ground, making the sign of the cross upon their faces, kissing the Bible, &c., and then this most singular interview was brought to a close.

I mention the incident partly to illustrate the power of divine grace on the human heart; for we believe this young Protestant is a sincere Christian. He is one to whom allusion has often been made in my letters, as naturally so timid, that for three years after he became convinced of the truth, he not only refused to come to our Sabbath services, but even avoided us when walking in the streets! Yet he, now, is the Daniel who dares to pray "with his window open, as aforetime."

THE YORUBA COUNTRY.

We have often introduced into the pages of the "Gleaner," notices of Missionary work in the Yoruba country, at Abbeokuta and elsewhere, and we hope to be permitted to glean from this Mission field many more instances of the power of the Gospel among the heathen.

And we think it well that our readers, when we place before them interesting facts, should be familiar with the country from whence they come. An acquaintance with the position of the particular Mission-field to which we refer, its climate, the character and habits of its people, increases much the interest which is felt. The individual in whose eyes all the Mission-fields are precisely the same—who can see no difference between India and China, Africa and New Zealand—is pretty much like a blind man, who can feel, indeed, the outline of an object, and so form some idea of its shape and form, but who loses all the rich details which the eye with such rapidity takes in. Each instance of conversion, each exemplification of the power of Christian truth, is obtained in its own field of labour, and under various forms of difficulty; and unless these be understood, the specimen loses much of its force and value.

We are anxious, therefore, that our readers should know as much of the peculiarities of the various Mission-fields as the limited nature of this periodical will permit, and so we introduce the following description of Lagos, and the country between that port and Abbeokuta, which we have culled from a paper drawn up by Mr. Taylor, late vice-consul at Abbeokuta, and published in the "Anti-Slavery Reporter" for November.

Lagos, our recently-acquired possession, is already a prosperous, and likely to become an important colony. It has, with some impediments, many of the requisites that are necessary to make it so. It is the natural sea-port, or outlet, to some of the most fertile districts in Africa—districts, too, inhabited by the most industrious and enterprising tribes in the whole country. It has a population of 25,000 to 30,000, amongst whom are about fifty Europeans and many civilized blacks. The principal exports are palm-oil and cotton, which are yearly and rapidly increasing in quantity. The bar, or entrance to the river and town, is bad, and even dangerous, but an enterprising people will easily overcome greater disadvantages than this. Where a commerce naturally exists, as it does here, the means to carry it on will not be wanting. Already, an enterprising and spirited resident British merchant has, at considerable outlay and great risk, got a steamer that can enter the harbour in almost all states of the weather, and which is open to freight and charter by the public; and such an enterprise, undertaken not less for the sake of public convenience and improvement than his own profit, will, it is to be hoped, be well supported. It is a singular fact, that while most of the large and convenient harbours around our own shores, particularly on the west of Ireland, are entirely without trade, the most inconvenient and most intricate naturally—such, for instance, as Liverpool—have it all. It is, therefore, I think, very evident, that although a good harbour does not bring trade, a bad one cannot prevent it.

It would be impossible, at least with my weak powers of description, to convey an adequate idea of the luxuriance, beauty, and magnificence of the country between Lagos and Abbeokuta, the latter three days' journey on horseback, or about eighty to ninety miles distant from the former. A part of this district is primeval forest, but the greater portion of it is well cleared, and cultivated to the utmost extent the land can bear, under the rude system of tillage adopted by the natives. And so luxuriant is the vegetation, that it is no unusual thing on approaching a village to see a bank of it, composed chiefly of shrubs, weeds, grass, flowers, &c., thirty to forty feet high, as many broad, and so dense and close, that a person might roll on it without the least danger of falling through. An immense extent of country occasionally meets the eye, clothed in the richest green, and dotted here and there with clumps of or isolated trees, but without a single hedgerow, hamlet, or high hill to intercept the view as far as the eye can reach. On and on one may wander, over undulating hill and dale, all on so grand a scale as seems to say, it is a landscape of a great continent, and not that of a petty islet of the sea that you are beholding. In fact, it sometimes seemed as if one could embrace a view as large as all England, without a single abrupt

eminence within the distance, and yet no part of it of unvarying flatness. Immediately around Abbeokuta, however, it is not so. The hills are numerous, high, abrupt, and precipitous; and probably it was this very feature of the locality that caused it to be selected for the site of a great city, as being, therefore, more secure, or more easy of defence. Amongst the trees in the open country, the towering palm, the cocoa-nut, and the wide-spreading cotton, are not the least conspicuous; while the cassava and cotton-plant, even in the land that has been let out to rest, presents the appearance of a tolerable crop. The luxuriance of the Guinea-grass, yams, cassava, India, and Guinna-corn, &c., as compared with the crops of this country, I need not speak of, as doubtless this is well known already. The inhabitants congregate in villages and towns, an isolated dwelling, either like or unlike our comfortable farmsteads, being nowhere to be seen; and so remarkably does the beauty and fertility of the country contrast with the wretched condition of the towns, and the low and fallen state of the people, that the lines "every prospect pleases and only man is vile" were forcibly present to my mind while travelling over these parts, and thinking of their wars, slave-trade, and human massacres.

Abbeokuta, which I, at one time, thought would be the scene of my labours for some years to come, is a large city, containing, as some say, 100,000, and others, 200,000 inhabitants. Possibly the correct estimate, as is more generally supposed, would be about 150,000. It is difficult to form an idea of the number of inhabitants in an African town, but certainly the wall that surrounds this city cannot be less than eighteen miles in length, three miles greater than the circumference of Paris. Looking at the extent of ground it covers, it might well be called the city, if not of the seven, of the five hills, as there are many considerable ones within its walls.

The Rev. H. Townsend, of the Church Missionary Society, has been labouring here for the last sixteen years, and not without considerable success. He has a large native-built church, and a congregation which, I understand, numbers about 1000 members, many of whom are regular communicants. Other Missionary bodies, as the Wesleyan and Baptist, have agents here also, all of whom are well received, and are working with much hopeful success.

Missionary work in this country has been sadly hindered by the tribal war which has prevailed now for some years, and which, we regret to say, has not yet terminated. But we trust the period is not far distant when peace shall be restored, and, with its restoration, evangelists, European and native, go forth, publishing good tidings over the entire land.



RUNGIAH, THE PARIAH YOUTH.

RUNGIAH, a Pariah of the lowest parentage, was born in a Telugu village called Covoor. He was so named after an idol, to whom he was devoted from his birth, and was reared in the darkness and vices of heathen superstition. Plants, it is said, love light, and, if they be deprived of it,

grow crooked and deformed. What, then, can be expected of the sons and daughters of India, who grow up from childhood in such dense moral darkness? Can we be surprised if they are precocious in vice, and become, at an early age, old in sin? Happily, in the good providence of God, a ray of light broke in upon this dark heathen hamlet, and the poor Pariah boy was led to turn towards it, as plants in a dark room make strange efforts to face the solitary ray of light that has found its way into their prison-house. A Christian school was opened by an American Missionary: it was the first opportunity of Christian instruction which these poor people ever had, and Rungiah was amongst the few scholars. There he learned to read, and there God's precious book, so beautifully and considerately written as to suit all classes, all minds, was placed in his hands: he read it, and profited by it. He was diligent and well-conducted, and was regarded as one of the most promising boys, whose life, if spared, might yield pleasant fruits to his heathen countrymen.

But it pleased God to decide otherwise. Often it happens so. Those whom we regard as the most promising are removed, and it is our duty to submit, and acknowledge, not only that the Lord has a right to do what He will with his own, but that He, who sees the end from the beginning, knows best what to do.

Rungiah was taken ill, and his people being bigoted heathen, and fearing lest European medicines might be prescribed for him, kept it secret from the Missionaries, so that they knew nothing of it until a short time before his death. He was then in the last stage of consumption. Carefully was he carried to the Mission house, and then all was done that skill and love could devise, to revive the fading flower, but in vain.

And now, as his father was too infirm to visit him at the Mission house, he was carried home again, and for two days he was enabled to manifest to the heathen relatives and friends who gathered round him the sustaining power of faith in Christ. "Weep not for me," he said; "I am not now a heathen. I have done much evil. I have been a great sinner, as you all know, but I have been pardoned. Idols are nothing, caste is nothing, time is nothing: we are as the flower that withers. Leave your idols now, and go to Jesus. You, my aged and only earthly parent, must not grieve for me, but hasten to the Saviour of sinners, who alone can save you." To each of his brothers he spoke in a similar way, urging them in the most earnest manner to believe in Jesus. He prayed much. "Come, Jesus, take me. I am ready to go: my work is done here. Thou art my hope, my all. I have no fear of death or the grave, for thou hast conquered both."

As the last moments drew on, he called all his friends around, and, in the full possession of his reason, said, "I am going now to God and heaven: you must not shed one tear for me, but you should rather rejoice. Don't speak to me, or to one another. Now my work is done here. Put my body, after I am gone, into the ground; but you must not wail as the heathen do, neither must you observe the anniversary of my death with any heathen rites; for I die a Christian, and wish to be buried as such, in the most quiet way. Ask the teacher, the Missionary, to see, if he choose, that the place of my body's resting be not desecrated; for I would have my tomb a witness for Jesus, not of me or for me.

“Hark, I hear the call of my Redeemer. It is all dark now. Farewell O Lord Jesus, secure my soul, I come to thee.”

With these words on his lips, and a smile on his face, he fell asleep in Jesus. But not in a ceiled house, with Christians to cheer him, but amid his own heathen relatives and friends, in a poor mud-house covered with straw.

His family often refer to his death, so bright, so peaceful, so different from the hopelessness of a heathen's death. May the words which he spake remain written on their memories as with a pen of iron, until they, too, are brought to Jesus to be saved.

“I shall never forget,” writes the Missionary, “my visit to his grave. It was at twilight. His four brothers went with me to the grave, and, while standing there, his aged father came with a little brass pot of drinking water. As he neared the grave, seeming not at all to recognise us, with tears streaming down his face, he poured the water into a small depression made on the top of the grave, and into another at the foot, crying, in the deepest agony, ‘My son, my son, the light of my eyes, the staff of my old age, thou art gone!’ The old man then checked his sorrow, by remembering the dying words and courage of his son, which to him now are a living fact, but a great mystery.”

WORK WHILE IT IS DAY.

WHAT have I yet to do ?
Day weareth on,
Flowers that, opening new,
Smiled through the morning dew,
 Droop in the sun.

'Neath the noon's searching glare
Fainting I stand ;
Still is the sultry air,
Silentness everywhere
 Through the hot land.

Yet must I labour still
All the day through,
Striving with earnest will,
Patient my place to fill,
 My work to do.

Long though my task may be,
Cometh the end.
God 'tis that helpeth me ;
This is the work, and He
 New strength will lend.

He will direct my feet,
Strengthen my hand,
Give me my portion meet.
Firm in his promise sweet,
 Trusting I stand.

Up, then, to work again !
God's word is given
That none shall sow in vain,
But find his ripened grain
 Garnered in heaven.

Longer the shadows fall—
Night cometh on ;
Low voices softly call,
“Come, here is rest for all ;
 Labour is done.”

ANON.

INDIA OPENING UP.

AMONGST the many significant features which mark the opening up of India is the great improvement as to facilities of travelling. For many a long day travelling by palkee, or palanquin and bearers, relays of which were placed at stated distances of eight miles or so



DAK TRAVELLING IN INDIA.

on the road, the journey being prosecuted by night as well as day, was the most approved mode of conveyance for European travellers. This was not only expensive and tardy, but attended by many dangers. Instances have occurred in which the dozing traveller has been rudely awakened by the palanquin coming to the ground, amidst the discordant shouts and screams of the bearers. The cause of this has been formidable enough. A foraging party of tigers springing from the rocks have just dashed across the road close to the palanquin, and, leaving the unfortunate traveller in the midst of the road, the bearers have huddled together, bellowing fearfully, while the mussaulchees waved their torches most vehemently. Sometimes worse happened. The late Rev. H. Fisher, when dāk travelling in the North-west Provinces, experienced a marvellous preservation.

I was utterly unconscious how far I had travelled, when I was suddenly awakened by what appeared to me to be a smart blow with a stick upon the roof of my palkee, and which was instantly, but very gently, lowered to the ground. I threw open the slide and inquired what was the matter. The answer was a dreadful blow on the breast with a heavy-laden lattee (a solid bamboo, with iron rings round the butt-end), which laid me upon my back forthwith, and the pannels of the slides were in a moment beaten in. As I endeavoured hastily to jump out to make the best defence I could, not liking to die in my nest, I distinguished a tall Mussaulchee standing with an uplifted sword, ready to make a cut at my head, and which, happily for me, I saw in time. As I sprang up from my left hand, I struck him with my right with all the strength I could muster, and he fell like a dog, not, however, without inflicting with his falling sword a severe wound across the jaw-bone, which instantly gushed out a torrent of blood. Of course I concluded it was mortal, but, in the anxiety and confusion of the moment, felt only that my desperate situation called for as desperate a defence. Yet the cowardly villains did not close upon me as I expected, but stood in a semicircle in front of me, gazing on their prostrate companion. He speedily got up, however, and flourished his sword, and encouraged the men by his gestures to resume the attack. Several of them had lattees in their hands, with which they kept threatening me in the way in which the natives usually practice fencing, leaping forward and retreating, and ejaculating a sort of grunt, "huh! huh!" at every feint. They observed (with that exception) a death-like silence. I retreated before them, asking them what they wanted, assuring them I had nothing about my person. There was for some time no reply. At last the Mussaulchee growled out the word rooh-pee, (pronouncing it deliberately as I spell it). I said, "All are in the palkee." They interchanged looks with each other, but followed me up as I retreated. From the exceeding loss of blood I suddenly became faint and sick, my knees trembled under me, and I was sinking to the ground. I had turned at the moment to ward off a threatening blow from another of the party, when the Mussaulchee made another successful cut at the back of my neck, but happily the

wound was slight. I still kept retreating with my face towards them, and remonstrating with them, but my weakness and faintness increased so visibly, that the ruffian seemed encouraged to make a rush at me, and with his uplifted sword to cut me down, when one of the bearers seized his arm, exclaiming in a sort of suppressed whisper, "marro mut, marro mut!" The man hesitated. There was a large sheet of water close behind me, and, having no alternative, as they followed me up to the very edge, I waded into it. They followed me a little way into the water, and then stood and watched me across. It was not more than one hundred yards over, and not deeper than my waist. On my reaching the opposite bank, they all hurried back, and began to break and plunder the palanquin. The dāk jungle was very high; I therefore went down upon my hands and knees, and crawled a considerable distance into the thicket, and lay down, as I hoped, secure from further molestation. The cold water had refreshed me much, and I was able to twist the wet bedgown into a kind of rope, and bind it fast round my throat, to staunch the bleeding. I had not the slightest conception where I was. It was starlight, but there was no moon. I looked for the north star to afford me some guiding direction whither to turn my steps, when, just at that moment, I heard the ghurree of Her Majesty's 67th Regiment strike eleven o'clock. It was as the cheering voice of a friend inviting me to a safe place of refuge, and I was much delighted to find that I could scarcely be three miles from my own home, a distance which I thought I could easily accomplish. I need not say how fervently and gratefully I lifted up my heart to God, and how much my whole soul was engaged in ejaculatory prayer and thanksgiving to my almighty Deliverer. Never have I, before or since, so realized the apparent actual approach of death, and never before or since have felt, deeply felt, how in the midst of life we are in death. I had closed my eyes to sleep in robust health and strength, dreaming of no danger, and fearless in consequence, and now I was tottering along like a helpless infant, scarcely able to make an effort to seek assistance. I sat awhile on the ground to gather a little revival of spirit, and to bind up my wound more securely. There had been a heavy fall of rain a few days before, which was most fortunate for me, as, by washing my parched mouth now and then, I felt wonderfully refreshed. I had lost my shoes in the struggle, which rendered walking rather painful; nevertheless I made tolerable progress by resting now and then, and washing my face with cold water. When I got out of the jungle into the open plain, and saw the glimmering of the distant light in the guard-room, I was able to keep a straight course. But fainting continually returned, and I was obliged in consequence to lie down, thinking I must die. I had, you may be sure, many very anxious and serious thoughts, the benefit and savour of which I think I feel to this day, though, alas! not with suitable and sufficient strength. I thought of my large and interesting flock, of my peradventure widowed wife and eight fatherless children, and I prayed to God to protect and preserve me for their sakes.

In this state he was found by the soldiers, and carried into the guard-room, and his life was thus preserved.

Now, railways are in action, and are rapidly extending themselves throughout this great country, bringing distant places near, and rapidly facilitating the transit, not only of travellers, but of merchandize. In 1860 the total number of passengers carried by the British lines was 63,000,000. What is it, then, at the present moment? "The railway has become a popular institution. Rich high-caste women occasionally take advantage of it. Brahmins graciously permit their devotees to make use of it for the purpose of visiting the sacred temples, that they themselves may have larger offerings to receive." But in doing so they are killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, for the railway is destructive to caste usages.

Thus many are running to and fro, and knowledge is being increased; and in the midst of all this may the word of the Lord have free course, and be glorified!

CHRISTIAN NATIVES IN NEW ZEALAND DURING THE TIME OF WAR.

DEEPLY painful to every Christian mind is the war of races which has so long existed in New Zealand, and which, whatever we may hope, we cannot affirm has yet terminated. Yet, from the midst of this wintry aspect of affairs, encouraging circumstances may be gathered. We learn how deep rooted is the Christianity of the natives. They received it from the European, and if, when unhappily they came into collision with the European, they had only superficially received it, they would have loathed it, torn it from them, and cast it away. They would have been like the stony-ground hearers; when the sun was up, their profession would have been scorched, and, having no root, would have withered away. But this has not been the case. With few exceptions, their Christian ordinances have been maintained; their teachers have remained with them, and instructed them; and we have reason to believe that there have been earnest, praying people amongst them, who, in this time of tribulation, have sought the Lord. This is our hope respecting them. We cannot but entertain the hope that the Lord will, by some means, bring them out of this great trouble, and restore peace to the land; and that, although this people has been brought low, yet that upon the mown grass the Lord will cause refreshing showers to descend, so that they shall "revive as the corn and grow as the vine."

We shall adduce some facts in proof of what we have said. On the east coast of the island, at a place called Opotoki, is situated one of our Missionaries, the Rev. C. S. Volkner. He had laboured strenuously to keep his people quiet, and had reason to hope he had succeeded, when, unhappily, in an inauspicious moment, a Romish priest arrived, bringing a letter from the rebel party at Waikato, inviting them to come and help them, that they might drive away the Europeans. From that moment they became unsettled, and at

length, having resolved on joining the king-movement, started for the seat of war. They went from all parts of the district in twenty-one war canoes and boats, in different parties, at different times, in all about 700, and all in high spirits. But they met with a reverse, and that soon. On the way they were met by a body of loyal natives, aided by some soldiers and two steamers, and driven back with loss, twenty having been killed and several wounded, besides the loss of many guns, powder, canoes, several boats, and all their clothes. Amongst the dead was one very important chief. They came back in little parties of seven, ten, and fifteen, very humbled. They now saw how good the advice had been which their minister had given them, and how well it would have been for them to have followed it. Thus they gathered round him, spoke kindly to him, and seemed much comforted by his presence. When asked how it was they had been so completely defeated, and had fled in such confusion when they were double the number of the enemy, they unhesitatingly answered, "God defeated us, and we were made foolish as a punishment for the evil we have done: it is through the mercy of God that any of us have come back alive."

Then come some of those facts which prove the permanent character of Maori Christianity, and in this, as we have already said, is our hope respecting them. Had their Christianity been abandoned they would have perished. But as they cling to it, it is to them as a life-buoy: it will bring them ashore, with national loss indeed, yet with life preserved. Mr. Volkner says, May 19, 1864—

I am glad to say, that out of sixteen teachers in this district, only four went on the campaign to Maketu. They went without weapons, and only on the condition that nothing of the old heathen customs of prophesying, seeing visions, or having dreams, was to be countenanced amongst them. On their return I learned that they not only had kept to this, but that these teachers also made their people return horses and cattle which they had captured from the enemy, which the teachers thought was wrong. Whether in camp or on the march, they always had their morning and evening prayers. I saw 500 with their guns, having their food placed before them: not one of them touched a potatoe till a blessing was asked, and they never take up arms on the Sabbath, unless they are attacked on that day, which, to their great disgust, is done by civilized and Christian troops. In these times all the natives are greatly excited. Yet it is remarkable how, in spite of all, they acknowledge the hand of God in the war. In speaking to a young man about their last defeat, he said, "We see, after all, that it is all in the hands of the Chief in heaven: we must do what He wills." And there are some who really look to God for help in this time of need. As regards their conduct to the Europeans, it could not be better, from the beginning of the war up to this present time. The Europeans in the Bay of Plenty were not only not sent away, and not molested, but asked to stay. That the Europeans left Tauranga was through a misunderstanding of the letter from W. Thompson. They were begged by the Tauranga natives not to go;

nor have I met with a single instance of a European being insulted, or his property being endangered, but, on the contrary, many vowed that they would protect them with their lives. At the Matuta they were encamped a fortnight. On the spot lived four Europeans, who were from home at the time, their houses being left to the mercy of those in the camp, yet they never touched a single thing belonging to the Europeans. When the friendly natives had broken into Mr. Grace's store, and gone away leaving it open, the hostile party came after them, and took out some prayer-books: the teacher made them pay for them, and they did so without a murmur.

The good Lord restore peace, and that soon, to this distracted land, and may great wisdom be vouchsafed to the Governor-General and others in authority, that conflicting interests may be harmonized, and natives and Europeans, laying aside their weapons of war, sit down side by side to cultivate the land.

THE HURRICANE AT MASULIPATAM.

SAD calamities have happened in India. There have been fearful hurricanes, one at Calcutta in the beginning of October, the other at Masulipatam on the 1st of November. At both places the loss of life has been very great, but particularly at Masulipatam, where it is supposed that 30,000 people have perished.

At Calcutta and other places in the track of the first hurricane, our Mission stations have suffered much as to wreck of buildings and destruction of crops, but we are not aware of any of our native Christians who have been lost, although it has been very sadly otherwise at the stations of other Missionary Societies lying to the south of Calcutta. But at Masulipatam we deeply regret to say very many of our native Christians have perished.

Masulipatam is about two miles from the sea, from which it is separated by a low beach and a marshy plain. We have here three Missionaries—Messrs. Noble, Sharkey, and Sharp—occupying different homesteads, and engaged in different departments of the work. Mr. and Mrs. Sharkey had some native girls residing with them, while opposite their house stood the orphan-girls' school, inhabited by thirty-three orphan girls.

On the afternoon of November 1st (Tuesday) the wind rose considerably, and the boys of Mr. Noble's Anglo-vernacular school amused themselves by watching how it snapped light branches of the trees. Soon the school ended for the day, and, as the night threatened to be rough, the doors and windows of the schoolhouse were carefully barred and bolted.

The storm increased towards evening, and now, instead of branches being broken, the trees were blown down. The rain began to fall in torrents, penetrating through the roof of Mr. Noble's house, and compelling the inmates to walk about the house with umbrellas over their heads. The wind became so strong that it drew the bolts of the shutters, and threatened to force them open; and some of the young people in the house were set to watch them and keep them in their places. The

water, however, made its way in, and some one discovered that it was salt. Just then there was a roar like thunder, the doors and windows were suddenly burst open with a tremendous crash, and in rushed the sea. The inmates tried to escape, but their retreat was cut off on every side, and in trying to get a ladder by which they might climb up upon the wooden ceiling, Mr. Noble was struck on the breast by a wave, and nearly lost his life. Nothing remained now but to retreat to an inner room, and there, getting upon the cots and drawers, to wait for day. Happily they knew One who could help them, and to Him they prayed earnestly; nor were their prayers in vain. The waters ceased to increase, nay, they lessened: the great tidal wave which had burst upon the town was receding. Had it continued to increase for some short time longer, the walls of the house would have been undermined; they would have fallen, and all would have perished.

At break of day a sorrowful group came in sight. Our two young Christian natives, Bushanan and Rutnam, recently ordained by the Bishop of Madras, resided with their families in a bungalow a short distance off. They also had passed a dreadful night, and at length, fearing the house would yield to the pressure, they left before break of day, in the hope of reaching Mr. Noble's house. But, in the effort, Bushanam's wife and child were carried away by the flood, and Rutnam's wife nearly so. Thus early in the path of Christian usefulness has our young friend Bushanam been called upon to pass through the waters of deep affliction. As the light increased, and they could look around, all was desolation. The school-teacher's house was gone, and no one knew what had become of himself or his wife. Alas! they had both been drowned, and their bodies were subsequently found some distance off. Mallaya was a good, consistent Christian, and had been married only a few months.

But the loss of life at Mr. Sharkey's was still greater. The orphan-girls' bungalow had been swept away, and all the girls, to the number of thirty-three, had perished. Very interesting this school had become. The girls were well instructed in Scripture, and we trust that, in the hour of deep distress, when they cried and no human help could reach them, that they called on the name of the Lord. Very sweetly these girls used to sing, in parts, the sacred songs they had been taught. Their voices are now silent in death. But they have been taken away from the evil to come. This we are assured of, that what has been permitted has taken place in mercy. We would have wished it otherwise, but the Lord knows which is best, and, if we are inclined to question, silences us by saying—"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

Nineteen others of our native Christians were lost, and amongst them Lachimana, who had been brought up in the school, and was on the point of being married to one of the native teachers. To her Christian character and conduct the strongest testimony is borne; she is gone to be with Christ, which is much better.

The loss of property on the part of the Missionaries is great indeed—libraries, clothes, furniture, &c.; in fact, they are reduced to destitution. The houses are either down or seriously injured. But who can describe the wreck and desolation of this native town, four-fifths of which is ruined? May this great calamity awaken these millions from their torpid

idolatry, and constrain them to confess that their idols cannot save them, that, casting them to the moles and to the bats, they may turn to Him from whom they have deeply revolted! It is true, from such tribulations Christians are not more exempted than the heathen; but the Christian has hope in his death. He emerges from the flood, and, laying hold on eternal life, gets safe ashore, the heavenly shore, where there are no storms.

NATIVE TEACHERS IN CHINA.

How is the Gospel to be preached to the Chinese? And why more especially as regards the Chinese? some one may ask: what is there of difficulty in their case which is not to be found in other European fields? We reply, because of their vast numbers. Just think: 362 millions of people in China Proper, according to the census of 1812. Nor can we be surprised at these vast numbers, when we remember, that between 1711 and 1753, thirty-two years, the population doubled itself. It is true, that of late evil times have fallen upon China, and the wars of the Taepings have caused great waste of human life. Still we doubt if they have done more than stop the increase, and thus it is not improbable that the population of China is about the same in number now that it was ten years ago. But just again consider. In China Proper there are eighteen provinces, most of them containing, on an average, twenty millions of people. Chekiang, where our Missionaries are at work, contains twenty-six millions and upwards. Fuhkien, another province where we have Missionaries, say fifteen millions; Kiangsu, another, nearly thirty-eight millions. Chili, another, nearly twenty-eight millions. Thus, four provinces alone contain some 107 millions of people amongst them. Now, in these four provinces, the Church Missionary Society has nine Missionaries, and that at the expiration of twenty years.

How, then, are these Missions to be reached, so that the Gospel message may be brought home to their cities, towns, and hamlets, and the opportunity be afforded to these millions of knowing and believing in the Saviour of sinners?

It must be done by *native* evangelists; and this is our special comfort regarding China, that if native evangelists are there specially needed, there is no part of the heathen world where so many persons are to be found in all respects fitted for immediate usefulness, if only converted, and instructed in the Christian scriptures. In other lands, it is not so. India and Africa are populous portions of the world; but the native converts require to be trained and generally instructed before they can be used as Christian teachers among their countrymen. But many of the Chinese are already educated according to the requirements of China, and need not that in this respect any thing should be added to them. And, in fact, many of these men are already acting as native

teachers; not, however, we regret to say, as teachers of Christian truth, but of heathen error.

These thoughts have been brought to our mind by reading the following passage, in the journal of a Missionary at Shanghai—

I was much interested in an incident of this afternoon's experience. As I was returning from the city chapel, after preaching to a delightful, seriously-attentive audience, I noticed a crowd collected around an elderly, benevolent-looking Chinaman. He was standing before a low, slight table, within a spacious, cool, arched court-way, opening directly into the street. On the table was spread a red handkerchief, which he used to fold up his book in when not reading it. Then, however, it served as a sort of pulpit cover. He was engaged in reading, expounding, and enforcing the matter of this book upon the listeners—a motley company of literary men, boys, coolies, and women. In short, he was a native preacher, engaged in proclaiming the native way of attaining to virtue—one of a class of men who, before the rebels distracted China, used to exert a powerful influence for good. They are a regular and well-known order of men, and are sustained by the voluntary contributions of their hearers, together with something, I believe, from the Mandarins. This was the first specimen of the kind I had ever met, though I had often heard of them. If all are like this man, they are certainly a most respectable class. His manner was very pleasant and dignified, and his counsel admirable, though defective. He exhorted them to keep a careful watch over their hearts, to cultivate virtuous dispositions, to resist the beginnings of evil, to serve "Yang-to"—the Supreme Ruler—and to honour their parents. Some of these men have wealth, and do their preaching gratuitously. I stood and listened to this preacher some time, the crowd meanwhile increasing, and at length ventured to interrupt him as politely as possible. He courteously yielded me a few moments of his time, when, after exchanging the customary salutations, I expressed the sincere pleasure which I had experienced in listening to his excellent doctrines, and the fervent hope that his hearers would put them in daily practice. I then begged that he would allow me to put him a question. He having assented, I asked, "If a man undertakes to accord with your teachings—to cast out evil from his heart—can he do it in his own strength?" He replied, "Certainly he can." I then told him that I, too, was a preacher of good doctrines; that I preached every thing he did, but something more. I then preached to him, in a few words, Jesus and his grace. The truth was evidently strange and distasteful to him, and I came away more strongly impressed than ever with the stupendous self-righteousness which the Chinese moral and religious systems tend to foster.

This is just the point in which these men require to be broken down—their self-complacent views of Chinese human nature; so that they fancy it to be shining and comely, and having resources in itself, when, in truth, it is broken-backed and miserably deformed. It is the pride of the Chinese which has brought upon them the calamities of late years; and their troubles have been as

the plough, breaking up the fallow, and preparing it for the seed. May the Gospel, although as yet made known only by a very few, be, nevertheless, mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.

MAHRATHI POETRY.

SOME time back the Rev. Dr. Mitchell read, before the Bombay Branch of the Asiatic Society, a Paper entitled, "Specimens of Mahrathi Poetry."

The poet Tukaram was one of the common people, a Wani, or shop-keeper, of Dehu, near Poonah, who lived more than 200 years ago. He wrote chiefly lyric poems, called *abhang*, of which there are yet extant some four or five thousand.

The following couplets are of special beauty—

If, when God thou seekest, thou a hindrance fearest,
In thy best and dearest,

Cast them from thee!

If, to child or riches, thy fond spirit clingeth,
Lo! to thee it bringeth

Nought but sorrow.

What wonderful sentiments to be uttered by a poor, dark heathen! Had the rain of Christian doctrine fallen on that heart, what treasures would it not have yielded. But, alas! these beautiful thoughts are like rich flowers blooming here and there at wide intervals in a wide jungle, where all besides is rough and thorny.

VENKIAH.

"WHEN the poor and needy seek water and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in dry places, and fountains in the midst of valleys."

A FACT has just reached us in which God has dealt with a poor heathen soul in the very compassion of this beautiful text of Scripture.

Some distance from the town of Masulipatam lived, in his native village, a heathen man named Venkiah. He was the chief man of his hamlet, but himself and his people were of very low caste, which, further south, would be called Pariahs. This man had been brought up in the darkness of his forefathers, and had been taught to worship the goddesses of the Hindus. Very ugly and misshapen the Hindu idols are, especially the goddesses; nothing can be more hideous. Thus Kalce is represented as a very black female, with four arms, having in one hand a scimeter and in another the head of a giant, which she holds by the hair; another hand is spread open, bestowing a blessing; and with the other she is forbidding fear. She wears two dead bodies for ear-rings, and a necklace of skulls; and her tongue hangs down to her chin. The hands of several giants are hung as on a girdle round her loins, and her tresses fall down to her heels. Having drank the blood of giants she has slain in combat, her eyebrows are bloody, and the blood is falling in a stream down her breast. Her eyes are red like those of a drunkard. She is a ferocious

deity. Others are of a different character, but, if possible, still more vile. The acts of worship performed in honour of these idols are filthy and degrading, and stimulate into open vice all the bad tendencies of the human heart.

Venkiah began to think—Could these really be gods, these idols, so deformed, so vile? Surely there must be something, he thought, more fitting to be worshipped, something beyond and above them. Oh! if he could only find out what this was. He thought so much about this that he became gloomy and abstracted. He liked to be alone: he wandered into the jungles, with his eyes cast upon the ground. His people thought he was going mad, and began to view him with suspicion. The anguish of his soul increased, and ever and anon he would break out into the piteous cry—“Where art thou—who art thou—why dost thou not make thyself known—why conceal thyself?”

While he was in this state he had a dream. He dreamed that there stood before him a man of great beauty, who spoke kindly to him, and told him to fear not, for that he would be his friend. This dream exercised a very tranquillizing influence on Venkiah's mind. He became more calm, for he felt reassured that in some way or other he would be helped. And now he began to talk to his relatives and friends, to tell them of his uneasiness and of his dream.

It so happened, that about this time some of his people had to go to Masulipatam on business. This business brought them to the bazaar, and there one of our Missionaries was engaged in preaching in the Telugu language. They stopped to listen. He told them about Jesus, the friend of sinners; how He had once died and now lives to save; and how ready He is to hear the prayers of all who call upon Him. They immediately said to one another, “This is like that which Venkiah is always talking about;” and they listened again, gathering up and storing up in their memories all they could remember, that they might bring it home to their chief. They knew but fragments, yet very precious they were to a hungry man. This good news from a far country was as cold water to his thirsty soul. He was filled with hope. He lost not a moment, but hastened off, with some of his friends, to find out, if possible, who the preacher was. He soon learned that he was one of the Missionaries, and received a direction to his house. It stood upon a hill, and the little group of Pariah people slowly wended their way towards the Missionary's door. They were seen by one of the servants, who, concluding they had come to beg, told them that his master could not see them, and sent them away. What a disappointment! They had found the well where they hoped to find water to slake their thirst, and, lo! there was a stone on the well's mouth, and they could not remove it! Grieved at heart, Venkiah was retracing his steps, when the Missionary saw them, and, on inquiry, finding they had been abruptly sent away, desired them to be called back. At last the wished-for moment came. Encouraged by his kindness, Venkiah poured out his heart to the Missionary, and told him how he had yearned after that which he could not find. The Missionary opened his mouth, and preached to him Jesus. He told him of that true God, “who had so loved the world as to give his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but

have eternal life." Venkiah listened, and the seed fell in a heart already prepared for its reception. The wondrous story of the Saviour's love moved and melted him : it was precisely that which he wanted to know. He had found at length the living water he had been so long in search of, and he knelt down and drank, and was refreshed.

Venkiah is now a baptized Christian. At home in his native village he is the teacher of his people, and is diligently engaged in communicating to them the knowledge which he has found to be so grateful to himself. Some of them, following his example, and casting away their idols, have turned to God : "they have turned from idols to serve the living and true God, and to wait for his Son from heaven, whom He raised from the dead, even Jesus which delivered us from the wrath to come."

OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST.

THESE is a great High Priest,
 Ascended up on high,
 Who pleads the merit of His blood
 For souls condemn'd to die.

His precious blood, I know,
 Was freely shed for me :
 And now to Him I daily go,
 From sin to set me free.

I have no other friend
 So loving and so kind ;
 Who died to pay my heavy debt,
 And left no score behind.

He sits upon a throne,
 And my confession hears ;
 I tell the sins which I have done
 Into his loving ears.

Ten thousand daily come
 For pardon and for peace ;
 He gives to every coming soul
 A merciful release.

My prayer he always hears,
 And teaches me to pray ;
 He banishes my doubts and fears,
 And never turns away.

This glorious Priest above
 Died as the Lamb below ;
 He bore our sins upon the cross,
 And drank our cup of woe.

How great our load of sin
 That laid him in the grave !
 How infinite the ransom was
 That one like me could save !

'Twas blood that paid my debt—
 He gave his life for me ;
 The death of Jesus on the cross
 For ever set me free.

A slave of Satan once,
 I loved my chain so well,
 That on I went, through sin and
 shame,
 The road that leads to hell.

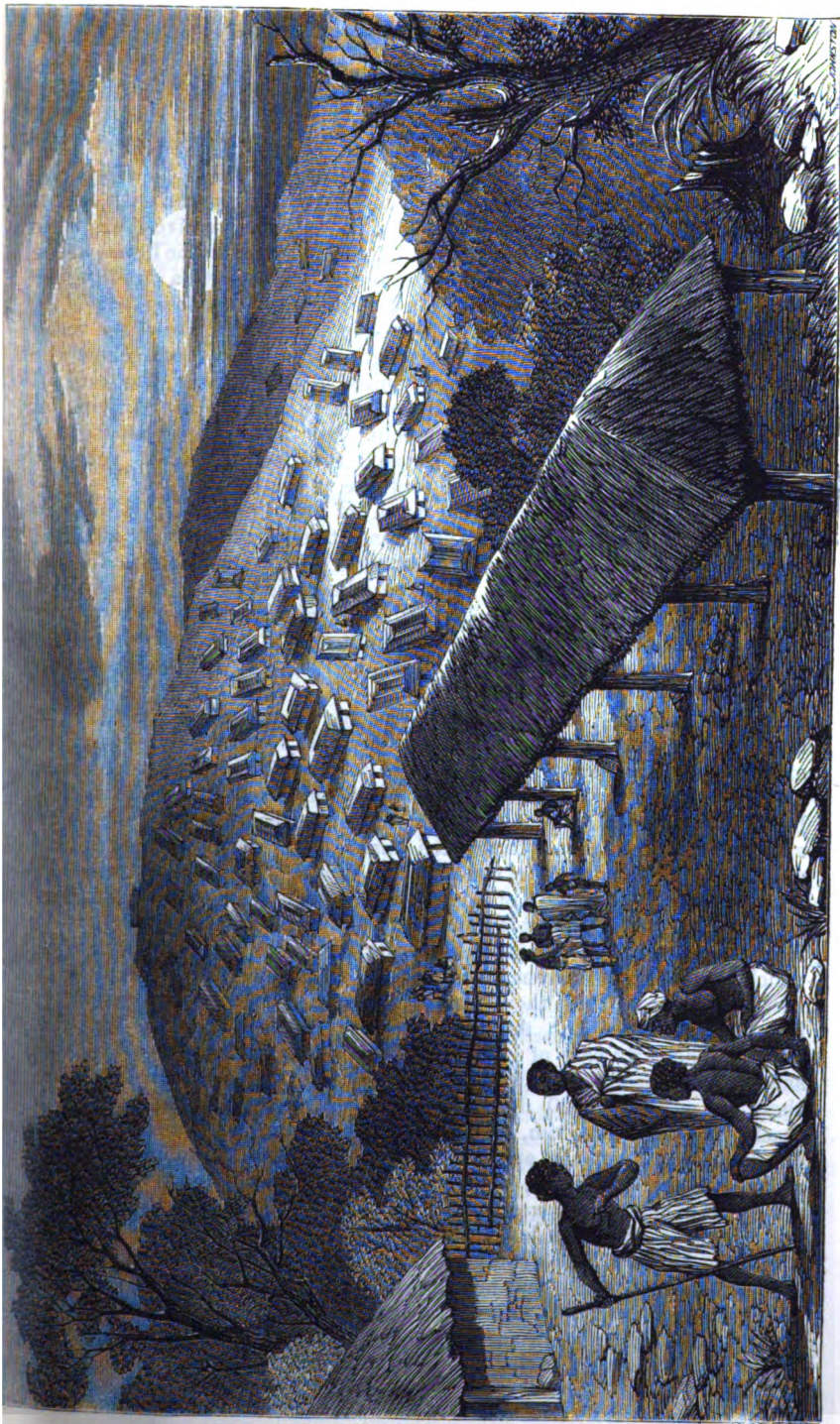
He sent his Spirit down,
 Convinced me of my sin ;
 Revealed his love within my heart,
 My guilty soul to win.

I feel his boundless love—
 It makes my heart rejoice ;
 It lifts my soul to heaven above,
 To sing with cheerful voice.

I am my own no more—
 His blood has purchased me.
 Jesus is mine, and I am his ;
 I shall his glory see.

Meanwhile my soul would tread
 The path of faith and love ;
 In sweet communion walk below,
 And dwell with Him above.

J. A.



IBADAN (From a sketch by a Missionary).

IBADAN.

In May 1851 the Rev. D. and Mrs. Hinderer and the Rev. J. T. Kefer proceeded to visit this large Yoruba town for the first time. Official messengers had been sent to introduce them, and they set out from Abbeokuta with a caravan of 4000 people as their companions. They were received on their arrival with much respect and hospitality, being lodged in the house of the head chief for three months. They set to work to prepare a dwelling for themselves, and were obliged to work hard with their own hands for several weeks. In the absence of wooden doors, Mrs. Hinderer made calico doors and windows, and at length they found themselves the inhabitants of a comfortable Europeanized dwelling, near the bush of Ibadan, with a large town and much work before them, in the carrying on of which they looked to the Lord for help. Nor has it been wanting, for although amidst many trials of unusual severity, they can yet say, "Having obtained help of God, we continue to this day."

Their first great trial was the death of Mr. Kefer, Mr. Hinderer's colleague. He was out on a preaching tour when he was attacked by fever, his skin turning more yellow than gold. On reaching Ibadan, whither he was carried in a hammock, almost insensible, he gave one smile of recognition, and, relapsing into insensibility, died on the following day. His last address, before he set out on the tour, was taken from the text, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life."

In 1860 war broke out between the people of Abbeokuta and Ibadan, and this has continued ever since, to the great hindrance of Missionary extension. Our brethren at Ibadan have been for the last three years isolated there, communications with Abbeokuta and the coast having become so interrupted, that it is very rarely we have heard from them, and but seldom that we have been enabled to forward to them letters and supplies. They have, in consequence, been often in great straits. In the beginning of this state of siege, for such it may be called, Mr. Hinderer was very ill, and yet had no food but yams, the very worst thing for his complaint. Their great difficulty has been the want of cowries, which are the alone currency available in exchange for the necessaries of life, and to obtain these they were obliged to part with articles of clothing, household utensils, &c. At length, reduced to an extremity, Mr. Hinderer, in the early part of 1861, set out on a journey to Lagos, which he succeeded in reaching amidst great dangers from the war parties. While there he advanced 120 dollars to a Jebu trader, who, undertaking to reach Ibadan before him, was to pay the amount in cowries to Mrs. Hinderer, but he never appeared. Meanwhile Mrs. Hinderer suffered much, managing, however, to procure some scanty supplies by turning old tin linings of deal boxes, biscuit tin boxes, lucifer-match boxes of tin, and all sorts of things, into cowries. Mr. Hinderer brought back with him from Lagos 27lbs. of coral, but the people of Ibadan had no cowries to spare, and he could find no purchasers. And now they became completely shut up, and all communications from them ceased for several months; so much so, that during the year 1862 nothing from them appeared in the pages of the "Church Missionary Record." At length a

letter reached us, dated May 1862. It described the severity of distress they were in, "existing from day to day on what they could pick up here and there, and from what kind friends out of their own poverty gave them, a yam or two this way, and another that way. Not that there was no food to buy, but that they had no cowries to buy it, and nobody that could or would lend any, everybody in such a time of confusion keeping what he had." Meanwhile increasing efforts had been made by the brethren in Abbeokuta to reach them with supplies, but in vain. During this time Mr. Jefferies, the catechist, was taken ill. Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer did what they could to procure for him such things as his sickness required; but it was a hard struggle. At length a little help came. A rich woman, before unknown to them, had compassion on the poor white men, and lent them some bags of cowries; but so far as Mr. Jefferies was concerned, it was too late, and, worn out, he fell asleep in Jesus. Thus were they in deep tribulation. Nor was it only that they were pinched with want, but the baser sort of people, especially the youths, mocked and insulted them wherever they could. It is not surprising that Mr. Hinderer's health greatly suffered. A distressing cough troubled him, which had lasted for three years, and they both longed for an opportunity to reach the coast.

Another and a successful effort was now made to communicate with them. A Missionary party, setting out from Lagos, reached Ibadan in December 1862. There they learned how much our friends had suffered, and how much Mrs. Hinderer's prudence, thriftiness, and diligence had tended to alleviate the trial. Yet how severe it had been may be known from a remark which fell from her, that, "occasionally, when she woke up in the night, she has cried for hunger." Having for the present supplied their wants, the brethren returned, and our friends at Ibadan were again straitly shut up. As the year 1863 passed on, the supplies having become exhausted, they again became destitute. Various and unsuccessful attempts were made to relieve them. At length, in July 1863, two of our Missionaries succeeded in reaching Oyo on their way to Ibadan, and although stopped there, and not suffered to proceed any further, yet the supplies which they brought were forwarded, and reached Ibadan, to the great joy of the Missionary party, who had been again reduced to an extremity.

How earnestly our Missionaries long for peace may be conceived, and that the more so, as, amidst the prevailing excitement, very little Missionary work can be done.

Our last communications, recently received, are dated September and November last. Our friends had just experienced a great disappointment. They had been led to believe that peace had actually been concluded between Abbeokuta and Ibadan, and they were full of gladness at the prospect of the Mission work being liberated from the restrictions and hindrances under which it has been placed by the protracted war. Instead of this, there occurred an unexpected battle between the Egbas and Ibadans, and the prospects of peace are again deferred.

Yet in their Missionary work they are not left without some cheering facts, which are full of promise as to what shall be when the winter shall be past, and the rain over and gone. Mr. Hinderer says—"We

are now superintending the erection of a small place of worship at the east end of the town, which the converts of that part have undertaken to build without my aiding them with any money. It only requires supervision, and our hands to make straight what they may happen to make crooked; but I owe them praise, for they do it cheerfully, although under straitened circumstances."

It is a matter of thankfulness to find that our isolated friends have again received letters and supplies from the brethren at Abbeokuta. We pray that their health and spirits may be sustained until peace ensue, an event which we trust is not far distant.

MARVELLOUS PRESERVATION.

It appears that in the hurricane which visited Calcutta and its neighbourhood in the beginning of October last, not less than 60,000 persons lost their lives. The main force of it fell upon the places lying south of Calcutta. Thus, for example, Saugor Island bounds the entrance of the great river Hooghly on the east side. Before the hurricane it contained a population of 8200. Of these about 1200 survive, 7000 having been swept away by the storm-wave.

The Mission stations lying in these districts have suffered the most severely, churches having been blown down and lives lost.

One of the most remarkable preservations is that which occurred at the Meerpore Mission, at the mouth of the Roopnarain river, belonging to the Gospel Propagation Society.

"The whole of Tuesday, the 4th of October," writes the native pastor, Brojo Nath Pal, "was a rainy, cloudy day: we did not see the face of the sun. It continued squally all night. At times there was a lull, again the wind rose, and the rain came down in heavy showers. So the night passed. On Wednesday the 5th, things looked worse, heavy clouds covered the heavens, and made every thing look dark, only lightened up by vivid flashes of lightning. At 10 A.M. the gale commenced, the wind blew so violently that in a short time all the trees near us were rooted up. One large tree fell upon the bungalow, carrying away a portion of it, wall and all. At this time, above the noise of the wind, and the crashing of falling trees and houses, there came a sound like the distant roar of thunder, rolling on towards us. I opened the doors and rushed out, and saw that the river [the storm-wave] having burst, all the embankment was pouring its waters on the whole country, and was coming on to swallow us up. My people, with cries of terror, rushed into my house for protection. Fearing that the rush of water would inevitably bring down the bungalow, already greatly damaged, we all made for the church, which being a new building, we hoped might prove a safe refuge. Here, having commended myself and all with me into God's hands, we waited the coming of the angry river. In a moment after it came with a rush, and carried away a large portion of the wall. The noise of the water and the falling of the wall so terrified us that we made sure we were all buried alive. On recovering my

senses, I perceived that the wall had fallen out and not in ; but the falling in of a part of the thatched roof had wounded many. Then, seeing that the remainder of the wall would presently fall in, some of the men and myself, with great difficulty, put the women and children and the wounded on the top of the roof that was floating near us. We had hardly finished doing this, when the remainder of the wall and roof came down with a terrible noise. The roof falling upon that on which we were sitting, buried many of the people under it ; but, by the mercy of God, the lower roof, from the number of people upon it, sunk down a little into the water, and thus a space was made between the two roofs through which those who were able assisted me in dragging out the rest. Seven of our number were killed, and we were now forty living souls, including men, women, and children, on this raft, and were being carried away by the rush of the water. We expected nothing but destruction. There seemed no way to escape, when, by the mercy of God, our raft struck against a banian tree in its progress, and allowed us time to make it fast to it. Every wave, every gust of wind almost shook our raft to pieces. With great difficulty we held on till half-past four, when the wind began to moderate, and the waters to recede. We then saw many in the same predicament as ourselves, some clinging to fallen roofs of houses, others to branches of trees. On seeing us they hailed, and all sought to know the safety of their dear ones. At sunset I measured the water, and found it was up to my waist. We then dragged the raft on till we reached our ruined bungalow, and, fearing the increase of water with the return of the flood-tide at night, we disembarked, and having with us some matting, made a shelter on the broken walls, put ourselves under this, and without food, water, or light, so remained ; occasionally, for the comfort of our people, repeating one or two of the Psalms of David that I had committed to memory, going out every now and then to measure the water. Thus passed the night. When the morning broke I found some rice in the house damaged by the water ; but cravings of hunger were to be appeased, and so, having blessed God for his mercy, we took a handful each of the raw rice and ate it. After that I proceeded through the water to see what had become of the remainder of my flock. After getting them all together, I numbered the people, and found that sixteen of our number had perished. Thus we passed the whole of Thursday, surrounded by the dead bodies of our friends, by those of dead Hindus, cattle, birds, wild hogs, and other animals. With some difficulty I contrived to strike a light, and having cooked a little rice, all who were there partook of it, with hearts thankful to God for his mercy in preserving our lives from the dreadful hurricane. On Friday the water receded so far that we were enabled to leave the house and go to the bazaar in search of food : nearly all are without food, without clothes, without houses ; the water is all spoilt ; and if I look to the future all seems dark and gloomy ; but God is our refuge and strength."

NEW STATION ON THE NAAS RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

WE have occasionally referred to our Mission amongst the Indian tribes of British Columbia, and the settlement at Metlahkatlah, about fifteen miles from Fort Simpson, where 600 natives, under the influence of Christianity, have become civilized, dwelling in comfortable wooden houses with glass windows, cultivating their gardens, and engaged in various trades.

We have now to communicate the intelligence of a new station being formed up the Naas river, at the mouth of which Fort Simpson stands.

This river was first visited by Mr. Duncan in 1860; and very affecting is the account he gives of his interview with the Indians.

I had my little tent pitched on the stony bank, a huge fire built, and the boys cooking fresh salmon, which had been brought me by the Indians. After we had eaten, the chief came, and said he was preparing his house in the village for my reception, and that, shortly, he would send to invite me in the usual way, in order to perform the *ahlied* before me, in honour of my coming. I told them that I did not wish to see them play. I had a solemn message to deliver, and their exhibiting their old customs before me would not be agreeable. He then assured me that what he was about to do was only their way of showing how welcome I was, and that I should not be shocked with any thing that he would do. Kinsahdat seconded his remarks by saying that the beating of their drum and the performance which followed was to them what the book was to us. I think he means by this, that as we assemble to hear the book, so they assemble to hear the *nok nok*, or spirit, speak through their chief; or else he meant, that as we give a paper to those whom we honour, and wish to remember and be remembered by, so they exhibit their wonders to those whom they desire to know.

As I had no desire in the least to offend them, I thought I had better go, though I felt great trouble and anxiety of mind about complying.

When they saw me approaching the house, they began beating the drum. I found my seat prepared on the right side of the house. A man was standing by it when I entered, and, on seeing me, he stamped his foot, made a motion with his hand to the seat, and cried at the top of his voice, "Keah shimauket keah."

Though seated with such marks of honour, I felt very uncomfortable, and looked round the house with rather a displeased countenance, I am afraid. At the head of the house, and fronting the fire and the door, was suspended a canoe's sail, acting as a curtain to hide the actors who were about to appear. Several men were pacing about in front of the curtain, while opposite me, on the other side of the fire, sat a group of women. All eyes were fixed on me, and many kind glances given me, but I could not return them, as I wished to show them that I sat there against my will.

Presently an elderly man came from behind the curtain, holding a long rod in his hand. He solemnly paced the floor in front of the curtain for a little time, and then said, in a strain of inquiry, "Heaven is about to

put away the heart (the way) of the ancient people, is it?" A voice replied that it was even so. He then said something about the book and myself, which I could not catch, as these Indians have a dialect of their own, which differs in some respects from the Tsimshean.

This sounded so strange that I began to feel interested.

Presently the chief Agweelekkeh appeared from behind the curtain. He was dressed in his robes, and held a rattle of a peculiar shape in his hand. He had a thick rope round his neck, of red dyed and undyed bark, twisted together, and tied into a noose, which rested on his chest. His dress was pretty and becoming. He first turned towards me, and said something which I cannot recall, and then, putting himself into a beautiful attitude, with one hand stretched out, and his eyes directed towards heaven, in a solemn voice he thus addressed God—"Pity us, Great Father in heaven, pity us. Give us thy good book to do us good, and clean away our sins. This chief (pointing to me) has come to tell us about thee. It is good, great Father. We want to hear. Who ever came to tell our forefathers thy wish? No, no. But this chief has pitied us, and come. He has thy holy book. We will hear. We will receive thy word. We will obey." As he uttered one of the last sentences, a voice said, "Your speech is good."

As I gazed and listened, I felt as I can scarcely describe how, for I was by no means expecting to witness what I had.

The people sat very solemn and attentive during the chief's prayer, but when he had done they commenced singing some of their chants, the leader composing the words, and intoning them over, verse by verse, when they were taken up, and sung with great force, accompanied by clapping of hands and beating a drum. As the composer went on, I tried to catch what they were singing about, but failed. On inquiring afterwards, I could get nothing more from them than that they were singing about us, and what their own hearts said.

When the singing was over, the chief then turned to me, and made a speech to the following effect. They wanted me amongst them. They wanted God's book. They wanted to cast away their bad ways, and be good. He said he had heard some of the news from God's book in a conversation with me in my house at Fort Simpson a long time ago, and he had told what he heard to his people on his return home. They pronounced it good. They loved me, and wanted me amongst them.

After the speech he presented me with two beavers' skins, to show his good heart towards me.

I then spoke a few words to them, and invited all before my tent in the evening, when I would address them from God's word.

Soon after, the Indians began to assemble around my tent, and in a very few minutes I had nearly every man, woman, and child in the camp around me, in all about eighty souls—all that were left at home, the others being away gathering food. I judged the village to number about 400 souls. Among my congregation was an old blind chief, Shkahteen, from a village further up the river.

After seeking God's help, I began my address. The Lord enabled me to be solemn and earnest. I set Jesus before them clearly, and I think it was one of the most affecting meetings I have ever held. The old

blind chief kept on responding to all I said. He was most earnest and zealous in exhorting the people to listen and obey the word of God. He continued uttering the name of Jesus for some time. "We are not to call upon stones and stars now," said he, "but Jesus: Jesus will hear; Jesus is our Saviour; Jesus, Jesus, Jesus Christ. Good news, good news! Listen all. Put away your sins. God has sent his word. Jesus is our Saviour. Take away my sins, Jesus. Make me good, Jesus."

This and much more he said in a like strain. It was delightful to hear him. The people sat very attentively, and many, like the old chief, often reiterated the name of Jesus. It was growing dark before I dismissed them.

The earnest desire of these poor people to have a Missionary amongst them has at length been gratified. In October last the Rev. R. A. Doolan arrived amongst them, and commenced erecting a small house in which to pass the winter. He had also rented from one of the chiefs an old deserted Indian house, which he was fitting up as a school-house. The Lord bless the work, and crown it with a large and speedy ingathering of souls!

HOME GLEANINGS.

WE are very happy to find that our friends have responded to the appeal which we made in our first Number for the present year, and that from diverse quarters several very interesting fragments have reached us, which we can range with propriety under the head of "Home Gleanings." We have hitherto been directing our attention exclusively to the results of Missions, and from the branches, which have extended themselves as far as Africa and India, have culled some specimens of fruit which we have presented to our readers. Very grateful these are. Very pleasant it is to find that the Gospel of Christ, although employed during so many hundred years in the great work of converting sinners, has lost nothing of its power; that it is in no wise blunted, but is quick and powerful as of old to turn men from idols to serve the living and true God. Such facts are cheering to God's people at home. They are read with joy and praise from the pages of the "Church Missionary Record," "Gleaner," and "Juvenile Instructor," at many a cottage fire-side in these wintry nights, where there are those who contribute a penny a week each from their small earnings, that the Gospel may go forth to light up the dark lot of the poor heathen, and guide their feet into the way of peace. It is for the use of these our generous friends, dispersed in large and, we trust, increasing numbers over the country, that we collect these facts, and we doubt not, that, as they are read, they exercise on them the same happy influence which Paul experienced, when, at Appii forum and the three taverns, on his way to Rome as a prisoner, the brethren met him,

and, when he saw these living proofs of the power of the Gospel, he "thanked God and took courage."

But now we wish to look not only at the branches of the great Missionary tree, but to understand something of the secret and silent action of the roots. For the natural tree, the processes which go forward beneath in the earth are not less interesting and wonderful than those which appear in the growth, and foliage, and fruit. The root of a tree, when examined, is very curious: it is all prepared for the purpose of drinking in nourishment from the earth around, and storing up in cells the sap which has been thus obtained. But it is in the richness of the soil that the nutritive power resides. The most excellent system of roots, planted in sand, would do nothing for the tree.

Now our Missionary Associations throughout the land are the roots, and very necessary it is that they be in healthful, working order; and the loving hearts around, which believe in and desire to serve the Lord Jesus, these are the rich mould from whence the roots draw the supplies. On these the roots act with a gentle persuasion, and they readily respond, and yield forth their tribute of sympathy and prayer, and effort and contribution. There is a wondrous process of this kind going on throughout the land. We can see but very little of it, for, like the root-process, it loves concealment from the eye of man. But at times we are permitted to see somewhat of it, and this is for the encouragement of all. It is thus that the great Mission work not only helps the heathen abroad, but affords to the Lord's people at home the opportunity of rendering to Him grateful services, and thus in the root and branch it is alike blessed.

An old and valued friend of the Society, who has rendered to it most valuable services, and whose name is held in affectionate respect and esteem amongst us, has forwarded to us the following "gleanings"—

In the first number of the "Church Missionary Gleaner" for the present year its friends and supporters are asked to contribute to its pages any facts or incidents which may be calculated to interest its readers, and to illustrate the progress of the Missionary cause at Home. I therefore venture to send a few gleanings of incidents which have come under my notice of late.

In a very little village, which I could name, the singers (mere rustics, principally farm servants) obtained 25s. by singing Christmas carols during the night of Christmas-eve, a practice very common in the north, and by no means to be encouraged, on more accounts than one. The money thus collected is usually spent on a supper. These youths, however, wrapped up the money in a piece of brown paper, on which they wrote, "*For the Church Missionary Society*," and sent it to a zealous lady in the neighbourhood, whom they knew to take a great interest in that institution.

There was undoubtedly self-denial in this gift, for these lads would have enjoyed a good supper; and let us hope that there was also faith in the word of the Lord, and some love to his name.

The following somewhat singular note was shown to me by a clerical friend a short time ago. He knew not from whom it came. We copy it exactly—

“REV. Sir,—Please Accept, for the Church Missionary Society, the enclosed 1*l.* worth of Stamps in the Name of Jesus, as a Sin Offering. Remember me in your prayers.”

A young farmer lately gladdened the heart of his minister by bringing the contents of his own Missionary box, amounting to 2*l.* 7*s.* 8*d.*, the fruits of love, God having been very gracious to him, as has been abundantly evidenced in newness of life.

The heart of a pious mother was lately greatly cheered by a letter from her sailor son in China, inquiring when the annual Missionary sermon would take place in their church, as he wished to send some of his prize money to be added to the collection.

In a little village school the villagers' children last December furnished their own Christmas tree. They worked very hard, in order to do it, for several weeks, some of their parents and a few others helping them. In this way they had the great satisfaction of raising 2*l.* 15*s.* for the Church Missionary Society. We may also mention that the fruits of another Christmas tree, planted by children in a private house in the same neighbourhood, produced 3*l.* 5*s.* for this object.

It would be well if a little more encouragement were afforded in many cases by their elders to the dear little ones, who are often so ready to engage in such works.

At the last Missionary meeting but one which I had the privilege of attending, a widow, with a very limited income, put into the hand of the Secretary, at the door of the place of meeting, an envelope of large dimensions, and evidently full. In a very humble and quiet way she whispered, “There's a hundred pounds in it, and may the Lord bless it!” These latter words were uttered evidently with her whole heart.

The envelope, when opened, was found to contain twenty five-pound notes of various country banks, being doubtless her savings for this special object for a lengthened period.

The Secretary who heard the fervent prayer which accompanied the gift will never forget it. Oh that the same fervent petition accompanied every Missionary contribution!

C. H.

ABRAHAM, THE CONVERTED JEW.

God's ways are very wonderful. They are, according to his own words—“I will bring the blind by a way that they know not: I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them and not forsake them.”

There reached Peshawur a short time back a Jewish merchant, named Abraham. He had come all the way from Jerusalem, where his wife and family reside. At Jerusalem there are several Missionaries, as well of our own as of the Jews' Society, the latter expressly directing their attention to that remarkable people, who, although in such sad estrangement from the God of their fathers, are not cast off, and who are yet beloved for the fathers' sake. We have not heard whether he had ever heard the Gospel from the Missionaries at Jerusalem; but if he had, it had been unheeded by him. Travelling eastward for the purposes of trade, he at length reached Peshawur, and there the truth came to him, not in word only, but also in power and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance. The scales fell from his eyes, and Jesus stood revealed before him as the true Messiah. May the Lord hasten the time when his nation shall pass through a similar experience: when they shall look upon Him whom they pierced, and mourn, and the Spirit of grace and supplication shall be poured upon them! He is a man of considerable natural ability, so that, during his travels in Asia, he has acquired more or less knowledge, being acquainted with no less than seven languages, including Chinese, Urdu, and Persian. Through the medium of the latter languages and Hebrew, our Missionary, Mr. Wade, was able to hold intercourse with him. He came time after time for conversation, and evidently became somewhat shaken in his rejection of Christ as the Messiah, although he would not confess it. But it was in the purposes of the Almighty that this lost sheep of the house of Israel should be brought into the fold of Christ. The circumstance that seems to have been the turning-point in his life is most remarkable. One night he was taken very ill, and it then became his prayer, that if Christ was the true Messiah he might be immediately restored to health, and this he should take as a sign given him by God. It was so ordered that his sickness left him. This he looked upon as of the Lord, and from that moment the veil seemed to be taken away, and he recognised in the Saviour "Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write."

Since his baptism he has been most earnest in the study of the New Testament, and setting forth Christ both in private and public. Frequently he goes into the bazaars, gathers a crowd around him, and, in the Persian language, discloses what Christ has done for his own soul, and what He will do for those who believe in Him.

May he prove to be like Apollos of old, mighty in the Scriptures; and may he mightily convince the Jews, and "that publicly, showing by the Scriptures that Jesus is the Christ!"

PEKIN.

IN this imperial city, long preserved from the intrusion of Europeans, but thrown open by its capitulation to the allied British and French forces in 1860, we have now three Missionaries, and we trust after a time, when the Chinese officials and people get accustomed to the presence of foreigners, that a large field of usefulness will be opened to them.

Pekin is surrounded by wall within wall. The outside wall is sixteen

miles in circumference. It is of the massive masonry, being sixty feet high and forty feet broad, with nine great iron gates, each surmounted by a lofty tower. It is a proof how much prejudices are being softened down, that foreigners, who not long ago were refused admission to the gates, are now allowed to enjoy a promenade on the ramparts. The central space is called *Kin-chang*, or "Forbidden city," because it contains the palaces, and cannot be entered without permission from the Emperor. The roofs of the building, being slated with yellow porcelain, gleam in the sunshine like burnished gold.

In the other parts of the city several long streets run parallel to each other: they are broad and dusty, and throw off, on either side numberless alleys, where are the private residences, the broad thoroughfares being occupied with shops. These shops are not attractive in appearance, being low and shabby, not a few of them displaying old furniture and old clothes for sale. But the throng of people at once arrests attention, it is so motley, and unlike all to which an European eye is accustomed. Here comes "a high Mandarin, riding in a green sedan, borne on the shoulders of eight men. Numerous horsemen lead the way, with their heads dressed with peacocks' feathers and precious stones; while several carts, drawn by mules, and destitute of springs, bring up the rear, and convey the other attendants of the great man.

Yonder comes a caravan of Bactrian camels. They have long hair, and two mountainous hummocks, between which a Tartar wedges himself as naturally as if he had been born there.

There, under that awning, you see a man who is entertaining an audience with a tale from the history of their country. Further on a mountebank is displaying the suppleness of his joints, or exhibiting his powers of deglutition in swallowing all kinds of indigestible things; and all along the thoroughfare you may see men cooking and eating in portable kitchens, or shaving their heads and plaiting their tails in the open air. Indeed, the street seems to be regarded as private property, and used for all kinds of purposes. There the heathen kneel down on the bare ground and perform their devotions. With wedding processions, carrying gay banners, and funeral trains, with melancholy music and white mourning habits, and a thousand other strange objects, a street of Peking is a small panorama of the empire.

Turn now into an alley, or smaller street, and inspect the architecture of private dwellings. A low brick wall on either hand is all you see, with ranges of small windows peeping out like the loop-holes of a battery. These windows are *glazed* with paper. Whatever is rich or beautiful within, is jealously concealed from view.

The houses, none of them more than one story in height, are hidden by these blind walls. They are covered with earthen tiles, floored with brick, and supported by wooden pillars. The rooms are usually ranged in a hollow square around a paved court.

Peking was a fine city once; but it is now in a state of sad dilapidation. It still contains a large population—wholly given to idolatry. Every square has one or more Pagan temples; and every family has its household gods! When shall these temples be supplanted by the churches of Christ, and household gods give place to the family altar?

NINGPO.

NING-PO-FU (Peaceful Wave City), of a part of which a sketch is given, is the most important city in the Che-kiang province, next to the capital of the province Hang-chow. It is admirably situated for trade and influence at the juncture of three streams, in lat. 29° 55' N.,



VIEW IN THE CITY OF NINGPO. (From a sketch made on the spot.)

and long. 121° 22' E. The united river flows on to the ocean, eleven and a half miles distant. Its population has been variously estimated from one-fourth to one-third of a million, and even more, including the suburban and floating population.

It is almost impossible to obtain a good view of the whole city, for though surrounded by an amphitheatre of fine hills, they lie at distances varying from ten to thirty miles, and, though visible from the nearer hills on a clear day, the city looks merely like a flat confused mass of houses, with the great pagoda rising out of the smoke. The accompanying sketch is taken from the southern wall. The T'in Fong-T'ah is seen on the right side of the small canal, and nearer to the spectator stand some buildings connected with a large cluster of Buddhist and Taoist temples, which are situated further to the right. The building in the distance, with the bell turret, is the Jing-eng-dong, the chief church of the Church Missionary Society in the city of Ningpo. Slightly to the left stands the Lao-dzing-wông-miao, the "Old City Protector's temple."

The house immediately in the foreground is a common native house, with two very inadequate windows opened in the wall for the summer months. This part of the city is chiefly occupied with temples and monastery grounds. An attempt is made to the left to give some idea of the dense massing of the houses in the more populous parts of the city.

The distant hills are those which separate the great Ningpo plain from the plain of San-poh, where is situated the most important out-station of the Church Missionary Society's Ningpo Mission. Beside the church represented in the sketch, there are two smaller chapels of the Church Missionary Society, one near the South Gate, some distance to the left, the other near the Voen-ziu-z temple, in one of the chief streets leading to the busy Bridge Gate. The Sunday services are held in the Jing-eng-dông. One or other of the two chapels (the Jing-teh-dông and Jing-yi-dông) is opened for daily preaching to the heathen.

The American Presbyterian Mission has two chapels in the city. The larger one, standing alongside of the Fu's-ya-mun, the other just outside the great market in the street leading to the South Gate. The American Baptist Mission has a large chapel near the West Gate. There are also two English Missionaries (Mr. Hudson, a Baptist, and Mr. Meadows, who came out as a Scripture reader) residing in the city, who hold services in their own houses. The Roman Catholics have a cathedral near the Bridge Gate, and a large foundling asylum outside the south walls, just behind the spectator. There are in the city thirty-two miao, or temples, eighteen z, or monasteries, and eighty-four convents.

The number of Protestant Missionaries is eight married, and three unmarried. More are on their way, it is hoped, and there is room and work for many more. In the city not one in a thousand, it is feared, are true Christians. Lift your eyes, in imagination, from the city, and think of a vast plain stretching round it, dotted with some 30,000 towns and villages. This plain forms but a small part of the province of Che-kiang, open now to Missionaries, and Che-kiang is by no means the largest of China's eighteen provinces.

China has been strangely forgotten in years past by Christians at

AN INTERESTING FACT, &c.

home. China is passing through a furnace of suffering from civil war. Idolatry has received a severe blow. The Tacpings, the destroyers of idols, but the ruthless oppressors and murderers of the people, have been checked in their turn. No determined effort was made, by pouring forth more labourers, when the people were bowed down and humbled by calamity, to strike idolatry dead by the sword of the Spirit, and now it is lifting its head again. But it is not too late. Let Christians at home *come* forth, or help liberally to *send* forth, willing and able men, and let all pray earnestly, importunately, that God will send forth his Spirit, that China may be Christ's possession.

AN INTERESTING FACT CONNECTED WITH THE BRITISH OCCUPATION OF CABUL IN 1839.

PESHAWUR, situated near the Khyber Pass, the gateway which leads from the plains of the Punjab to the uplands of Asia, is frequented by men of various races, who meet there for the purposes of traffic; and this renders it a most suitable place for Missionaries. There are to be found Persians, Affghans, Cashmerees, Sikhs, Hindustanees, &c., each race having its own language. Amongst these the Missionary can make his way, entering into conversation with them as opportunity presents itself, removing prejudices, preaching in the bazaars, familiarizing them with the Christian Missionary, and with the truths he proclaims, and thus preparing the way for a future extension of Missionary effort into the countries from whence these men have come, and where as yet the Gospel has found no entrance.

And hither come not only the natives of the surrounding countries, but some of that singular people who have now no country, "a people scattered and peeled," the Jews. In our last Number we referred to an interesting case—a Jewish merchant, named Abraham, of Jerusalem, who, in pursuit of traffic, having come to Peshawur, found that "merchandize which is better than the merchandize of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold."

The perusal of this brought to the recollection of a friend the following fact, of a somewhat similar nature, which took place many years ago.

On the 10th December 1838 the Bengal army intended to enter Afghanistan, and reseat Shah Shoojah on its throne, moved from Ferozepore, and, on the 6th of the subsequent August, entered in triumph the city of Cabul. In due time the British army, having fulfilled its mission, returned to Hindustan, one division of the Bengal army being excepted, which remained for the protection of Shah Shoojah. In November 1841 the population of Cabul rose in fierce insurrection against the British. In January 1842 a British army, consisting of 4500 men and 12,000 camp followers, set out

on their retreat to British India, and of these, a few hostages excepted, all perished—one only, Dr. Brydon, escaping to Jellalabad.

The historian who has traced out the history of this war does not hesitate to state that this catastrophe was in a great measure caused by the ill-conduct of English officers at Cabul. There were those amongst them who did not respect the rights and feelings of the Affghans, and the latter revenged themselves as they could. But the anecdote we are about to introduce shows that this was not the case with all; that there were those among the English officers who did not forget how, as Christians and as Englishmen, they ought to deport themselves, and who were not only careful to act consistently, so as not to increase the prejudices of these Mohammedans to Christianity, but who were desirous of employing the opportunities which a residence in Cabul afforded for the circulation of the Christian Scriptures, and the extension of Christian knowledge throughout Central Asia.

Moosa, with his brother Ibrahim, were merchants at Cabul. He was employed by an officer in that place to transcribe the Persian Testament into the Hebrew character, retaining the language for the benefit of the Jews of Central Asia, who, while they speak and write the Persian language, use their own alphabet. This led him, a man of extraordinary vigour of mind, to study the spirit as well as the letter of the sacred volume, then for the first time put into his hands. The result was a growing anxiety and doubt as to the soundness of his own religious views. This disposition to inquire was kept alive by frequent conversations with the officer above alluded to, when his work was brought for revision. He had scarcely completed it when the outbreak took place. The two brothers remained faithful to our cause, and had, at great personal risk, kept up a communication with our people in the cantonment, gave what money they could to the authorities, and supplied our officers with necessaries. They became afterwards captives of the Affghans, their zeal having been noticed by Akhbar Khan, who imposed a heavy fine, and placed Moosa in confinement, where he remained some weeks, expecting daily that the threats held out of torture and death would be carried into effect. This trial was, by God's goodness, signally blessed to him, for he was thus driven to prayer by the extreme peril of his situation. He had, moreover, carried into his dungeon with him a Persian New Testament, by what some would term a mere chance. In the study of that precious volume he not only beguiled the hours of his solitude, but learned to perceive more clearly the hidden things of that love, the fulfilment of which was to be accomplished in the coming of Christ. On the release of the prisoners, himself included, he accompanied the retiring army to Hindustan, and, during the march, shared the tent of an English officer. His spare time was occupied chiefly in the study of the Scriptures, comparing the Old and New Testaments, in the former of which he was wonderfully well versed. Light thus came in on his soul. But his course was nearly run. After visiting Cashmere, he proceeded to Bombay, where, shortly afterwards, he died. "His dependance in

death," to use the expression of the chaplain there, "being fixed on Jesus."

The officer by whom Moosa had been employed to transcribe the Persian New Testament, and who is still living, on referring to his journals, amid many entries connected with the stirring events of the day, found the following, which will show how early the truth made itself heard in the heart and conscience of Moosa—"Moosa, the Jew, came to-day with Luke nearly completed. We set to work correcting Matthew's Gospel, he reading out. On coming to the twenty-fifth verse of the twenty-seventh chapter, he remarked that he had been reflecting much as to the cause of his people (who knew the true God, and who were his people in a peculiar sense) having no king and no country, and being spread over the face of the whole earth. He said he could not but believe that this was the result of their having crucified the Lord, and having prayed that his blood might be on them and their children. I was much struck with this remark, which was made without any observation on my part." He more than once declared, before his conversion, that until he became acquainted with the British officers in Afghanistan, he had been accustomed to identify Christianity with idolatry, his previous acquaintance with that religion having been through the medium of Roman Catholics, Armenians, and members of the Greek church; and that the idea of gross idolatry being associated in the minds of the Jews of Central Asia with the religion of Jesus, was, as far as he could see, the most insurmountable obstacle to their reception of the Gospel.

Of these two brothers, Moosa and Ibrahim, it may be truly said, and in a double sense, "the one has been taken, and the other left," for there is reason to believe that the surviving one still continues in unbelief. His day of grace is, however, still prolonged. May he yet be brought to know the truth as it is in Jesus!

FAR-DISTANT MISSIONS.

FAR, far away, 2000 miles and upwards from the Red-River Settlement, and toward the shores of the Arctic Sea, are placed, among the Indian tribes of North-west America, two Missionaries of our Society. They are not at the same station, but separated by a distance of nearly 500 miles. The nearest of them, the Rev. W. W. Kirkby, is at Fort Simpson, on the great Mackenzie River, where it is joined by the River of the Mountains. Various tribes of the great Chipewyan nation lie around, in whose evangelization our Missionary is employed.

The other post is Fort Youcon, on the great Youcon River, which has its sources westward of the Rocky Mountains, and which, flowing westward after a course of many hundred miles, falls into the Behring's Sea, which divides America from Asia. At this remote station the Rev. R. McDonald has been residing since August 1862. The Indians amongst whom he labours are the Kutchin or Loucheux Indians, a different race from the Chipewyans.

Thus our Missionaries around Lake Winnipeg, southward toward the American frontier, are at work amongst the Crees and Chipewyans, who

belong to the Indian nation Eythinyuwik ; at Fort Simpson they are labouring amongst the tribes of another nation, the Tinné, or Chipewyans ; at Fort Youcon, amongst a third and numerous nation, the Kutchin or Loucheux ; while from these two latter posts, and also at those stations which are around Hudson's Bay, a fourth nation is met, the Esquimaux or Inuit.

Amongst the Crees a Christian work has been accomplished of considerable magnitude. Little communities of Christian Indians have been raised up, and these are to be found at the Indian Settlement, Red River ; Moose Fort, St. James's Bay ; Fairford, Manitoba ; Devon, on the Saskatchewan ; Stanley, on the Mississippi ; and this more settled work is the basis from whence our Missionaries have been pushed forward into the more distant places.

We cannot speak in this paper of all these nations. We shall therefore select one, the Kutchin, or Loucheux.

These Indians are an athletic and fine-looking race, considerably above the average stature, many of them being six feet high, and well proportioned. They have black hair, fine sparkling eyes, regular teeth, and a lighter complexion than other Indians. They paint their faces, on occasions of ceremony, with red clay and black lead. Their clothes are formed of deer-skin, decorated with fancy beads and dyed porcupine quills.

As in other Indian tribes, the women are the drudges, the men reserving themselves for hunting, fishing, and war, and leaving domestic occupations of all kinds to the women. They collect the firewood, assist the dogs in hauling the sledges, bring in snow to melt for water. In summer they dry the meat or fish that are to be preserved for winter use.

Each family possesses a deer-skin tent or lodge, the skins used in winter being prepared without removing the hair, that the cold may be better shut out. A winter encampment is usually made in a grove of fir-trees. The tents are formed in a semi-circular shape over flexible willow-poles. In this they differ from the natives eastward of the Rocky Mountains, whose tents are made like cones on stiff poles meeting at the top.

The Kutchin are probably of the same stock with the Indians of Queen Charlotte's Island, and Observatory Inlet on the British Columbian coast. We trust that Mr. Duncan and Mr. M'Donald will exchange notes as to the languages of their respective tribes. It would be interesting if they should be found to have an affinity. The means of inter-communication may soon be afforded them. This Youcon district has been hitherto little known ; but now a telegraph line of communication is being contemplated between America and Asia, which, beginning at San Francisco, California, shall advance through British Columbia, and, penetrating the obscure territories of the Youcon and its tributaries, as a submarine line cross Behring's Straits, so as to unite with the Russian lines at the mouth of the Amoor.

We are happy to say that Mr. M'Donald has much encouragement amongst the Kutchin. The Roman-Catholic priests endeavoured to get hold of them, but in vain. Around the Protestant Missionary, however, they eagerly flock, and desire to receive instruction from him.

GREAT FIRE AT ABBEOKUTA.

THE "Iwe Irohin" of February 3 acquaints us with the details of this calamity, which, it will be seen, has caused much destruction of property, and some loss of life—

We are accustomed in Abbeokuta to expect, about this season of the year, to see a large part of the town destroyed by fire ; the low thatched roofs, the heat of the weather, and the dry north-east wind that often blows, lay a train, which the carelessness of some one individual is sure to kindle, and so cause a conflagration. The natives use precautions to make such fires as harmless as possible : they ceil their rooms by laying joists in the clay walls over which a flooring of bamboo is laid, on which is placed a larger one of clay, which is well beaten, and all cracks filled up. When a fire occurs, all their property is put into these ceiled rooms, and the house left. Should the ceilings be strong and tight, the fire merely burns off the roof ; but if the ceiling should be rotten through age, eaten by the white ants, or otherwise imperfect, it is burnt, and the property deposited under it destroyed. The natives, to lessen the risk of fire, make their roofs as light as possible, choosing light rather than durable materials. The town-crier is often sent round the town to warn the inhabitants to be careful with fire. These precautions are inadequate, for several fires occur yearly, attended with great loss of life and property. On Sunday, the 22nd ult., between eight and nine o'clock, a fire commenced somewhere near the Kobbity market, said to have been caused by the discharge of a musket ; a strong north-east wind harmattan was blowing—a strong gusty wind, almost a tornado, so dry, that patches of grass growing about the streets cracked under the feet when stepped on. Our school bell had rung, and people were getting ready for school, when a dense body of black smoke was seen to arise, happily for us to the westward. We thought it nearer than it proved to be : we saw the red flames darting upward, but we heard nothing but the wind bending and swaying the leaves and branches of trees about, making a noise that could be mistaken for the roar of a great fire. Deep concern was shown by every one, and a watchful eye was put on all domestic fires lest a spark should by any accident be blown up to the roof. Usually, when any thing happens in the thickly inhabited part of the town, we hear, as it were, the sound of rushing waters rising and falling with the wind, and sometimes the shouts of men and the cries of women, borne by a stronger gust of wind, or echoed by the neighbouring rock ; but now no sound of voices or fire was heard, but fresh columns of black smoke and red flames playing about showed the continuance and extension of the conflagration. Scarcely any one attended school : they had gone to help their friends, or were keeping watch over their houses. Our church service was but poorly attended, and one and another were called out, too surely indicating the extension of the work of destruction, and that the property of persons, thought beyond danger, was now involved in the general ruin.

The townships of Owu, Oba, and Igbore, were the first to suffer. The fire then passed over the Oba hill and between it and the Owu hill,

destroying our Church Missionary station at Owu : both houses and church were burnt down.

Laying waste the premises and property of various merchants, it burnt down the Wesleyan chapel at Ogbe, and, traversing the intervening townships, made its way to Aro gate, where it consumed almost all the property of Europeans, goods and produce: even the iron house of the West-African Company afforded no protection to the property stored in it. The skill and energy of the European and other civilized residents at Abbeokuta were exerted in vain. So rapid and destructive was the spread of the devouring element, that not even the clothes of those living in the quarters visited by it were saved.

These calamities are not without a lesson. Cyclones in India, devastating fires in Abbeokuta, these surely are designed to arouse the heathen from their apathy, and convince them what need they have to turn to God from idols to serve the living and true God. Abbeokuta is not without the Gospel. The Missionaries and their message are well known, but the masses of the people have not received it. Some fifty perished in the flames. Does not the Lord seem to say—"Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish?"

I WANT TO GO HOME.

I WANT to go home, for I'm weary here ;
I've wrestled with sin for many a year ;
And I know if I stay I must wrestle on,
For the flesh will not rest till the spirit is gone.

I want to go home, for my Saviour's there,
And his presence I love, and have sought in prayer:
I may not be happy, save when He is near,
And I see Him but dimly, but darkly here.

I want to go home, to know it all—
The Saviour's love for the sinner's soul,
The mercy of God, and the glory given
To saints when they're safely brought to heaven.

I want to go home, but I must wait
Till my Lord shall open the prison gate ;
And I'll gladly and willingly serve Him here
For a day, for a week, for a month, for a year.

ORDINATION AT MEERUT.

THE Bishop of Calcutta, in the course of his visitation, reached Meerut on November 23rd of last year. The remainder of the week, from Wednesday to Sunday, was employed in examination of the candidates and

visiting the various Missionary posts around the city, such as Mulliana and Kunker Khera.

On Thursday morning, Nov. 23, his lordship confirmed seventy-three native candidates at St. Paul's Mission Chapel in the Cantonment. The Litany was read by the Rev. Joseph Jacob, native pastor of Bareilly, the harmonium was played by a little native boy, and the hymns were sung by the native Christians, and the whole service, with the bishop's earnest address to the candidates, was conducted in Hindustanee. The sight was a very gratifying one, and testified to the reality of the unobtrusive work which the Church Missionary Society is carrying on.

On Sunday morning, before the commencement of divine service, the bishop went to see St. John's Sunday school, and expressed himself much gratified at the sight of such a number of young persons assembled for religious instruction. There were seventy-two children present, distributed into classes, taught by eleven teachers; and before they broke up the bishop addressed some words of kind encouragement both to the pupils and their instructors, after which, a hymn having been sung, his lordship closed the school with a collect and the blessing.

Morning service commenced at eleven o'clock, at which time a large congregation had an opportunity of witnessing the impressive ceremony of ordination. There were ten candidates, nine of whom were to be admitted to the office of priest, and one to that of deacon. The bishop pronounced the bidding prayer, and proceeded to give a very earnest and impressive sermon from the latter part of Col. i. 10—"Being fruitful in every good work and increasing in the knowledge of God." The latter part of his address was more particularly directed to the candidates, to whom he briefly and impressively exhibited the leading requirements of an efficient ministry. On the termination of the sermon, the bishop went inside the communion rails, when his chaplain successively presented to him the candidates for the respective orders of deacon and priest, after which the Litany and communion service were read, the usual questions were asked of those about to be ordained, and the remainder of the service was proceeded with.

One interesting feature in this ordination remains to be noticed. The candidates included four native pastors, three of whom have been for some time in charge of native-Christian congregations in Martindell, Benares, and Bareilly, the fourth being employed as a Missionary by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Delhi. This bringing together, for the sacred purpose of ordination, European and native candidates, visibly illustrated the identity of their labours, and suggested naturally the sentiment of St. Paul, that in Christianity "there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free;" but that they are all one. The morning service terminated with the holy communion, which was partaken of by the newly-ordained clergy and a large number of the congregation.

The names of the Church Missionary candidates ordained were, Rev. F. Wathen, B.A., Wadham College, Oxford, Umritsur; Rev. T. R. Wade, Peshawur; Rev. C. E. Vines, B.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, Agra; Rev. Joseph Jacob, Cowiegunj, Bareilly; Rev. Tulshi Paul, Martindell, Dehra Dhoon; Rev. Davey Solomon, Benares.

A Hindustanee confirmation was held in Christ Church on Tuesday, December 13, when the Rev. Joseph Jacob read the Litany, Mr. Cowie the Preface, and the bishop confirmed eighteen natives from the Christian village of Cowiegunj.

HOME GLEANINGS.

WE are truly happy to find that our invitation to friends throughout the country to favour us with gleanings from the home work, which might advantageously blend in our pages with gleanings from the foreign field, has been so kindly responded to, and that we are now enabled in each Number to bring in some specimens of the vast amount of deeply-interesting efforts which are being made in all classes of society throughout the United Kingdom for the support of Foreign Missions.

We would venture to hope that these contributions will be continued. The "Gleaner" will thus begin to occupy a new and important position. It will become a registrar of home facts, whereby friends in one part of the country will learn what is being done by friends in another part. The plans which have been found successful in exciting a Missionary spirit in one quarter will be adopted and acted upon in another. Thus, like the wind which wafts upon its breath the seeds of plants, the "Gleaner" may be the means of scattering widely over the country the seeds of new efforts.

Names of places and persons, except there be some special reason to the contrary, will be suppressed. There would be a danger otherwise of interfering with simplicity of motive. Christian work is like the flowers of our own temperate clime, which do not bear too strong a sunshine and are therefore furnished with many leaves, beneath which they conceal themselves. There is a modesty in true Christian service. It shrinks from publicity, and, like the violet hiding itself among its leaves, desires to bloom in secret to the Lord. But the sweet fragrance which it exhales betrays its hiding-place. Well then, we would respect this holy reserve: we shall not rudely push aside the leaves, nor expose these flowerets too much to the intrusion of the sun. Let the names remain unknown, but let us enjoy the fragrance of what is being done.

From a lady in a midland county we have received the following communication—

As you have asked for particulars of home Mission work, I have been induced to send the following.

My Sunday-school class consists of about ten boys and girls. The children and their teacher quite look forward during the week to the

time spent in the Sunday school. One of our greatest pleasures is the Missionary-box. Each child by turns takes the box on the first Sunday of the month, and returns it on the first Sunday of the following month, when it is opened, and the money counted out, amidst the eager looks and breathless anxiety of the children.

One little boy astonished me by the heap of pennies which rolled from the box. Inquiry was made as to how so much money had been obtained, and I found that he had worked regularly over hours at making halter-heads, to "help to send the Missionaries to teach little boys like him."

Being about to leave home for two months, I left the Missionary-box with a brother and sister. With beaming eyes and happy smiles, they put the box in their teacher's hand on her return; 3s. 1½d. were its contents. They are a large and poor family. How could so much have been spared? I asked the question. J—— looked down, and was silent, but A—— stood up, and with pretty sisterly affection said, "Please ma'am, J—— had two pet rabbits, and he sold them both, and put all the money in the Missionary-box."

From these acts of real self-denial, and the expressions most of the dear children use in speaking of their collections, I trust that it is a true Missionary spirit which actuates them, and the desire that the poor heathen children should have the same happiness that they have, to know Jesus as their only Saviour, their greatest friend, and their perfect example.

Very much of this kind of effort might be called forth in Sunday schools. The children, if wisely and prayerfully dealt with, will, many of them, take more pleasure in giving their stray pence to the Missionary-box than in spending it on self-gratification.

A MISSIONARY WORKING PARTY.

We know of many kind friends and fellow-helpers who are anxious to devise means whereby they may increase the income of our Society, and thus extend its operations. To such the following account of what recently took place in the town of Cambridge may prove both interesting and suggestive.

It was resolved by some ladies, who had formed themselves into a working party, and annually sent out to some Missionary station a parcel of useful clothing, to try what might be effected towards increasing the contributions from the town, by devoting the proceeds of a sale of useful and ornamental articles of needlework to the general funds of the Society. With the view of carrying out this resolution, some of the ladies acting as a Committee wrote to their friends, and, asking for contributions, set themselves vigorously to work, obtained help from all the members of the working party, and, by the appointed time, succeeded in getting together articles to the value of nearly 90*l.* These consisted of various kinds, from the plainest and cheapest garments for a child, to

the most tastefully worked sofa-cushions and screens. One large table was covered with pretty things to attract the young. A charge of sixpence for admission was made at the door, to prevent the entrance of persons who might come from mere curiosity, but that none of the humbler friends of the good cause should be excluded, the sum paid on admission was deducted from the cost of any thing purchased.

The day appointed for the sale, which it was proposed to hold in the Town-hall, was remarkably fine and pleasant, as favourable as a winter's day could be. Before the hour appointed for commencing the sale, persons began to flock towards the room, and, until seven o'clock in the evening, six or seven ladies were busily engaged in disposing of their wares. Amongst other things, between three and four pounds worth of the Society's publications—"Quarterly Tokens," "Gleaners," "Missionary Sketches," "Atlases," &c.—were sold, and nearly every thing that was offered found a purchaser.

Then a kind and valued friend of the Society, from a distance, delivered a most interesting Missionary lecture, adapted specially for the young, and illustrated by many pretty dissolving views. Scenes from Africa, India, and North-west America were displayed in vivid colours, and the lecturer told many a tale of thrilling interest connected with them. Three hundred persons were present, and many could not find access, for want of room. At the close of the meeting, when a hymn had been sung and the Benediction pronounced, the audience was invited to enter the adjoining room, where the sale had been proceeding all day. A Missionary tree was lighted up, and our young friends clustered round, to look at, and purchase, its pretty fruit of texts, book-marks, and needle-books. In about an hour more almost every thing was removed from the tables and the tree; and when the accounts were made up it was found that a total amount of 80*l.* had been realized for the Society.

Such a result filled the hearts of those who had worked so long and anxiously with joy and gratitude to God, and we hope this brief account may incite other friends to make a trial of a similar kind.

Good and useful articles, offered at a reasonable price, will almost always find purchasers. A few hundred of neat circulars, addressed to the various subscribers in a town, is all the advertisement needed. A careful Committee of Management, who will sedulously avoid giving the slightest offence to the friends of the Society, but conduct the arrangements with the most perfect unobtrusiveness and simplicity, must be selected; and there are many Christian ladies, who, having not large means at their disposal, but *time* and *skill*, talents which they are willing to devote to the Lord's service, would gladly contribute work for such a purpose. No doubt can be entertained that an effort of this kind would meet with success.

UNBROKEN NIGHT.

THERE are in Japan two leading religions—the religion of Sinto and the religion of Buddh. In the Sinto system, the great sun-goddess is the chief of the gods, subordinately to whom are placed the Kami, or popular demi-gods, and canonized heroes of the country, who are regarded in the



JAPANESE BUDDHIST PRIEST AND ATTENDANTS.

light of mediators and angels. No idol or image is visible within a Sinto temple, the chief object being a mirror, which, occupying a prominent place over the altar, is regarded as an emblem of purity.

Sintoism was the earliest form of superstition which prevailed in Japan; then Buddhism crept in; and now the two systems, sitting down beside each other, divide pretty much the population between them. The inside of a Buddhist temple presents strong features of resemblance to a Romish church. There are the prayers in an unknown tongue, fumes of incense-sticks, candles burning on the altar, tinkling bells, priests with shaved head and flowing vestments, besides many other points of similitude.

The Sinto priests are allowed to marry. On entering the court of a Sinto temple, a few neat-looking houses may be seen, which are the dwellings of the priests and their families. Their wives are regarded as priestesses, and have their assigned duties to discharge.

Buddhist priests are not allowed to marry; and, as if to imitate Rome as closely as possible, Buddhism has its monasteries and nunneries.

The Bishop of Victoria, when at Nagasaki, resided in a Buddhist temple. It covered a considerable space on a hill's side, having connected with it several detached out-temple. Here resided between thirty and forty priests, one of whom, Rinshan, the bishop refers to as a respectable specimen of a pagan monk. He explained the various parts of his priestly robe, especially the *kesu*—the Buddhist hood hanging over a priest's shoulders—which he stated to have been used, in ancient times, as a pouch for begging rice, but which had come to be worn as a silken ornament of dress.

Entering a Sinto temple, he found an inner and an outer room. A dark recess of the inner room, carefully screened off by palisades, was the holy of holies. In the outer room was a bright metal disk, before which each worshipper was expected to kneel. An elderly Japanese gentleman came in to perform his devotions. "He first took hold of the handle of a bell-rope suspended from the roof, and commenced ringing an old cracked bell, which gave forth jingling and discordant sounds. He then sat on the matted ground in the usual squatting posture, with his legs doubled up under him, and his heels and toes projecting from behind. He gave two loud clappings with the palms of his hands, and commenced muttering a half-audible form of prayer. Occasionally he rose upright on his knees, falling back into the sitting posture, and repeating his devotions with occasional bending of his forehead to the ground. After a solemn prayer and renewed prostrations, he rose from his knees and entered into conversation with us. Before he had concluded his prayer a second gentleman from the city entered, and placed himself in the usual half-sitting, half-kneeling posture at the side of the earlier worshipper. They turned to each other with bows and salutations, and paid the usual marks of respect, while the former gentleman seemed to be no way discomposed by the interruption of his devotions, or disconcerted by the interchange of compliments between himself and his fellow-devotee. They each continued their low prostrations before the large polished metal disk, which served as the mirror-emblem of the deity; and, on concluding their prayers, passed, with a quick transition, to diversions of a more secular kind."

They afterwards explained that the ringing of the bell and the loud clapping of their hands were intended to arouse the goddess, and awaken her attention to the prayers of her worshippers.

The priests and the people are alike sunk in ignorance. The people come and pay the customary formalities in the temple, and then go back and serve their sins; the priests receive their dues, and this is all they care for; and this numerous and interesting nation lies in its death of trespasses and sins. May the Lord, in mercy, open Japan to the Gospel, and give light to that benighted land!

TAUPO.

THE centre of the north island of New Zealand is occupied by broad and lofty mountains, sending off spurs in different directions to the sea coast. Ruapaha, the highest mountain in this central range, has an elevation of 9000 feet, its summit being covered with perpetual snow. Tongariro, a sister mountain, is not so lofty, but it is an active volcano, discharging from its crater smoke and cinders, and occasionally a flame, which has been distinctly seen at a distance of 150 miles. At the base of the range lies a beautiful lake, called Roto-aira. Further to the north lies the great lake Taupo, caused, as well as the neighbouring lakes, by the volcanic action of the Tongariro, which, ejecting so much matter from beneath, has caused the surface of the land to sink into these lakes. The great lake is thirty miles long and twenty miles broad, and from this mountain reservoir issues the river Waikato, which, flowing first northward and then westward, after a tortuous course of 200 miles, pours into the sea, on the west coast, a large quantity of water, with much pumice-stone.

The scenery of the lake is characterized by much beauty. The waters of Lake Taupo are at one moment calm and deeply blue; anon they are dark, troubled, and broken into white foam, as sudden squalls sweep down from the mountains, while in the distance loom hazy and dense outlines of mountain ranges.

In the old cannibal times of New Zealand the Taupo natives had been at deadly feud with the Ngatiruanui, who dwell between Cape Egmont and the mouth of the Wanganui river. After a time Christian Missionaries came into the land; Wanganui became one of our stations; and one of the Ngatiruanui chiefs, having been converted to Christianity, became the head teacher of his tribe. At the great annual gathering of the Christian converts throughout the district, which was wont to be held at Wanganui every Christmas, this chief, Manihera, offered to go as a Missionary to his old enemies, the Taupo natives, who were living in heathen darkness, and so render them good for evil. Another young native, Kereopa, volunteered to accompany him. A Taupo chief, Heretikie, warned them there would be danger, and told them to wait until he had gone and prepared the way, and then he would come and fetch them. But he was absent so long, that they decided to wait no longer, and set out February 7, 1847. One of the first hamlets they reached was the residence of the great chief, Rangihaeta, who fought against the

British in the first Maori war. He received them with great kindness, but significantly indicated the danger to which they were exposing themselves, by laying his hand edgewise on the back of his own neck, and advised them to proceed no further. When they reached Taupo they were counselled to go to Pukawa, where the great chief, Te Heuheu, resided, who would protect them, but they directed their steps to Tokanu. Here lived the widow of one of the chiefs who had been slain in the feuds with the Ngatiruanui. At the instigation of this woman, a party placed themselves in ambush, and, shooting Kereopa dead, wounded Manihera. An old chief, rushing out of the thickets, inflicted on him a series of wounds, one of which destroyed his sight. He lingered from the morning when this took place until sunset, praying for his murderers that their eyes might be opened to the truth.

There was great danger lest these cruel murders might lead to an outbreak of hostilities among the tribes; and, to prevent this, our Missionary at Wanganui, the Rev. R. Taylor, visited Taupo. He was received with great kindness by the chief, Te Heuheu. He then proceeded to Tokanu, where the murders had taken place. Mr. Taylor and his companions sat down in silence: opposite were the murderers. When, at length, the natives did speak, they said that they could not forget their friends who had been slain by the Ngatiruanui, and that what they had done was according to their "ritenga," or custom. The superiority of Christianity was then brought out. To avenge was not the "ritenga" of Christians. Manihera and Kereopa were both dead, and the desire of their friends was, that they who had committed the deed should repent of what they had done, and that the death of these good men, instead of causing more blood to be shed, should put an end for ever to the feud between the tribes. This was the result. The Tokanu natives sent two of their chiefs to the Ngatiruanui natives, and peace was made.

But the death of these two faithful Christians imposed on us a necessity to follow up their enterprise, and to open a Missionary station for the benefit of the Taupo natives. It was not, however, until September 1854 that this was done, when our Missionary, the Rev. T. S. Grace, with his family, reached Pukawa, on Lake Taupo, after a long and fatiguing journey from Auckland. This was especially the case at the Taupo lake, which, at the time they crossed it, was very rough and dangerous. But they were heartily welcomed by the people. On looking back to one of Mr. Grace's old despatches, we find him thus recording the reception which he met with—

"Our arrival opposite Pukawa was to us a moment of the most intense interest. After more than four years' preparation; after the gravest thoughts as to whether we should be able to accomplish our object; after travels and dangers which I cannot describe, we were now in sight of our habitation and our work, safe, with our infant family. The thought that we had lost one dear child by the way could not, however, destroy our feelings of thankfulness to our heavenly Father. Our party seemed to have somewhat similar feelings. Eleven canoes came up abreast. One tall man stood up in the centre of the canoe to beat time with his paddle, while the whole of the company, in their own native way, began to exhibit the gladness of their hearts. They struck up a song, which,

quite unknown to us, they had prepared for the occasion, the burden of which was to this effect—‘Is it not a good thing that we have got mother thus far without being dead? Paddle the canoe! Paddle the canoe!’ While this was being sung, the canoes moved on in a stately manner to the shore, until the notes of the song were lost in the shouts of welcome which reached us from land.”

On landing, the Missionary family bent their knees at the water’s edge, to return thanks to God for his mercies towards them; and then, on the same spot, held the first native service.

Such was the arrival of Mr. Grace at Taupo. But we have much more to say about this station.

THE SANTHALS.

OUR Missionary, the Rev. T. Storrs, who had been at Lucknow, is now superintending the work among the Santhals. We have, on the eastern side of the Rajmahal hills, or Damin-i-Koh, two centres of operation, about forty miles apart—Taljhéri, about six miles from Rajmahal, and Heranpore, where resides the Rev. F. Lehmann, who preaches in Santhalee to the natives around.

The following particulars respecting the customs of these people, drawn up by a Missionary who has recently travelled through these districts, we doubt not will interest our readers—

The Santhals are very ceremonious in their salutations. When a young man goes to the house of an aged relative, he prostrates himself in his presence, and takes one foot of his senior, and puts it on his neck. When equals meet, they make their johar—stretching out their arm, with the fist closed, till they nearly touch each other, then opening the hand, and raising it gently till it touches the forehead. When a male visitor comes to a house, the young females prostrate themselves on their knees before him, and touch the earth with their forehead, whilst he slowly makes johar, bringing the side of the left hand to right angles with the back of the right, as the latter touches the forehead. The young lady then washes the feet of the visitor with water, and anoints them with oil. The old women do not go on their knees, but, placing the palms of their hands together, and bowing before the men, they raise their hands to the forehead very slowly and solemnly. The men also show them much respect. All at first made salaam to us, but latterly we made johar to them, as they do to equals, and at this they were greatly pleased.

Their villages are, in general, neat and clean; quite a contrast to Bengalee villages. They usually consist of only one street, and the houses are ranged in lines, gable to gable, on each side. Nearly every house has a kind of ox-stall attached, at the end of which there is also a small enclosure for the fowls, and one for the pigs. Usually the house is enclosed by a railing, or by a high hedge of tree-branches firmly bound together, so as to exclude the cold in the winter, at which time they are renewed. In the summer these high hedges afford a pleasant shade, when kept in repair; but for the most part the leaves

have by that time decayed and withered away, so that the fence is left open, and pervious to the wind. The houses are built very low, although with much taste; but this is of little consequence to a Santhal, who usually sleeps, in the hot season, in the open air, there being a little tidily-kept court or yard in front of each dwelling for this and other purposes. Few of them sleep on the ground, as Bengalees do; but nearly all have charpoys, or small rude bedsteads, the bottom of which is made of thick cord. In the winter they think it an advantage to have a small house, for reasons obvious enough when we consider their lack of clothes.

Each village is ruled by a manjee, or headman. He is responsible to the parganite, who may be ruler of twenty villages or so, and who is also, in turn, amenable to the desh, or country parganite, who perhaps rules over as many as sixty villages. He (the desh parganite) is responsible to Government. Each manjee, however, is held responsible by Government for his own village. Hence, on any one going with the desire to see the people of a certain village, he always inquires, first of all, for the manjee. To his house there is a certain index, *i.e.* the little shed standing outside his enclosure, which covers the little stones or pieces of wood representing his ancestors. Here, at certain times of the year, offerings of hariya, the native drink, are made, for the manjee is supposed to be the father of the village, and of course his ancestors are the ancestors of every one in it.

The principal feast of the country is the harvest home, which usually falls towards the close of January. It lasts for five days, and is attended with great rejoicings, and much drunkenness. All the native sports are then exhibited, as shooting, (at which they are very expert,) wrestling, dancing, &c. With Badan, who accompanied me on my tour, I happened one day to be present in a village when they were performing their sword-dance, and they would not allow us to leave till we had witnessed it. The women came along from a distance with leaves of the sal tree in their hands, singing a kind of jingling song, and now and then wheeling round with a shout. Men then joined them with the bashee, or lute, a rude instrument made by themselves from bamboo. Then four or six others came from the house of the manjee with clubs, and swords, and wicker shields, which they laid down at my feet. With much ceremony they took them up, then prostrated themselves, first at the ancestral shrine of the manjee, and then before me. After this, to the sound of the music conducted by men and women, they went through a series of evolutions that almost made one giddy to look at. They turned somersaults, sword in hand, and flew round, brandishing their weapons; and yet, strange to say, they hit no one, and their weapons never clashed. The dance being done, they made obeisance as before, and laid down their swords, clubs, and shields at my feet.

As to the religious belief of these poor people, the impression left on the mind of the writer of the above notes was that they had none.

They live and die like beasts; and if, at their death, some friendly relative will take a bone of their body to the dumudar—what they call,

par excellence, the Nai (river)—all is well. Some of them are found with the jot, or tangled mass of hair, which they keep, like the Hindus, till a certain time in the year, when they make a pilgrimage to some Hindu shrine, and have it shaved off, presenting a few pice and some edibles at the time. The latter is undoubtedly the most meritorious part of the ceremony in the sight of the Brahmins, who are the instigators of it. They fear the demons which are supposed to infest the woods, but they have no object of veneration and love—not even the Krishna or Shiva of the Hindus. We have, therefore, in their case, comparatively unoccupied hearts to bring under the loving influences of the Gospel.

When we spoke to them of the only-begotten Son of God, they said that their god—the sun—had many children. These of course were the stars. That God should desire our good was also new to them, for in their prayers they only ask that He do them no harm. Of a hereafter they had not heard, or of a day of account and judgment. The word they use for hell is a borrowed one, and the idea expressed by it is also foreign to them. Heaven they have not, or it is only the visible firmament.

Why do we place before our readers these descriptions? We wish to interest them. Why? In order to amuse them, or to make our little periodical popular? No; but to draw out the sympathies of our Christian readers, that they may go upon their knees and pray, and then get up from their knees and work for the heathen.

OUR MISSIONARIES IN MADAGASCAR.

ARE the readers of the "Gleaner" aware that the Church Missionary Society has commenced a new Mission in the great island of Madagascar? We have two young Missionaries engaged in this work, Messrs. Campbell and Maundrell; and we do trust that those who read the "Gleaner" will note down their names on memory's tablet, and remember them in their prayers before the throne of grace.

Our Missionaries remained some time in the Mauritius, where they acquired the Malagasy language, and then left for Vohimare, the north-eastern province of Madagascar. They were for a short time resident at a town on the sea-coast, but it was thought desirable that they should move on to a place called Amboanio, where the Governor resides, who is a Christian, and friendly to the Missionaries.

On the 24th of November last they set out for Amboanio. They started at six o'clock in the morning, and after halting at a Frenchman's house during the heat of the day, by whom they were hospitably entertained, they came to a broad and, apparently, deep river, called Manambery, and, finding a canoe, soon crossed over.

"We went on for about half a hour after crossing the river, and on reaching the brow of a high hill, Amboanio burst on our view. It is built on the top of a little hill, and is not unlike the pictures of Antananarivo which I have seen, only on a very small scale. I shall not attempt to give a description of it until I know something about it. When we got near the town, four officers met us, and bade us welcome;

after which we pushed on, and were carried to the door of our house. It is a fine house of the kind, built entirely of raffia. It has only one room, thirty feet long by about eighteen feet broad, with one door, and three small windows, that is, holes in the sides of the house, with shutters to fill them up. It pleases us very much, and will do for us well, until we can get a better one. The Governor's wife, and several others, came out to bid us welcome, and also to tell us that His Excellency would be with us shortly. In about an hour he appeared, accompanied by about twenty soldiers and as many officers, preceded by their fiddle-and-drum band. The soldiers presented arms, while the band struck up 'God save the Queen,' at which the Governor and officers took off their hats. When I heard our own national anthem played in this distant land my heart almost danced with joy. I, of course, took off my hat, but it was not the Queen of Madagascar I was thinking of when I did so, but our own British Queen. After the usual salutations, the Governor and all his officers came into our house, and sat and talked with us about two hours, during which time the band played without intermission. When the officers left, the Governor and his wife, and the other Christians, remained behind. They had provided dinner for us, which was soon served up. Eight soldiers guarded the house while the Governor was in it—two at the door, and two at each window—with guns and bayonets crossed. This is always done when the Governor enters a house.

"The country through which we passed this morning was really beautiful. For about three miles the whole of the country to our left was a forest of large trees, while that to the right was hill and dale, covered with grass, upon which immense herds of cattle were grazing. It reminded me of home scenery, so altogether English was it. I saw nothing to make me think I was not in England, save the black backs and curly hair of my bearers. As soon as we had passed the trees on our left, the sea appeared, and we went almost parallel with it for about four miles. When we got to the top of a hill and looked back, the hills, mountains, valleys, and sea, looked charming.

"It was my first ride *upon*, not *in*, a palanquin, and I enjoyed it much. It was made of two pieces of wood, like shafts, with a piece of canvas fastened to each, upon which I sat. There was also a small piece of wood tied to the shafts with a cord, which made a kind of stirrup to put my feet on. My bearers had carried Radama II. They sang and ran along at a race trot, which kept me laughing continually. When they came to a sandy place, they cried out that it burned, and ran along quickly, until they got out of it. I feel it needful at times to be careful, as there was danger of being thrown on the ground; but my bearers were as surefooted as mules."

May great grace be given to our Missionaries, that by their consistency and diligence they may commend the Gospel which they preach and teach to the acceptance of the natives.

FAR-OFF MISSIONS.

FAR, far off, in the most distant portions of North-west America, we have two Missionaries at work among the Indians. They consider one another as neighbours, and yet they are at least 500 miles apart; but this distance is as nothing when compared with their greater distance, 3500 miles from Red River, the centre of Missionary effort in this part of America. They have, moreover, an arduous work before them; for they have not only the ignorance of the Indians to deal with, but they have to contend against the most determined opposition on the part of the priests of Rome, who are doing all they can to prejudice the Indians against the pure Gospel.

In June of 1864 our Missionary, the Rev. W. W. Kirkby, who occupies the least remote of these stations, was coming up southward with two of his sons, whom he was sending to England for education. About the distance of six days' voyaging from Fort Simpson, on the Mackenzie River, where he is stationed, they came to a place called the Rapids. Mr. Kirkby observes—

June 27, 1863—Passed the new Mission the Roman Catholics are making at the Rapids. They are certainly beginning on an extensive scale, and purpose occupying it permanently. There are now a bishop, priest, and a brother, diligently employed in erecting the buildings, &c. They are to have three or four men for the summer, so that they will make progress. It is ultimately to be a school, college, nunnery, central Mission, and every thing else; and by it they say that they will root Protestantism out of the district. They make no secret of it, but rather boast of it—vainly, I trust, but still they do it. They are certainly most active and vigorous in their efforts, and if human means could accomplish their purpose, I have no doubt it would be done. But my trust is in the Lord, and in the power of his grace. If I can only faithfully sow the good seed of the word, his promise is pledged that it shall not return unto Him void. But I sadly need help, and do therefore here again beg of the Society to send up a young, active, able man, full of zeal and of the Holy Ghost.

And truly God is owning the labours of our Missionaries, and that both among the Indians and Europeans. Mr. Kirkby reached home on August 22, having, at Portage la Loche, placed his boys on board the brigade of boats for Red River. He had been away only two months, yet changes had taken place during his absence.

August 22—I found my dearest family well, but other sad tidings awaited me. On approaching the Fort, the flag, half-mast high, told us something was amiss, and in a measure prepared us for the news, which we but too quickly learned. Death had visited the little community, and taken a dear Christian brother from their midst. He was a tradesman in the Company's service, and by his warm Christian love and winning manner had gained the esteem of all. I left him in perfect

health last June, and now he has been for some time in his grave. He was a dear child of God, and by his active efforts, no less than by his holy example, he helped me much in my work here. His conversion was as interesting as remarkable. He came to the country a few years ago a careless, thoughtless young man, and almost utterly regardless of the salvation of his soul. From York Factory he was sent up to Norway House in a boat manned by Christian Indians belonging to the latter place, and, during that journey, the example of those poor fellows was blessed to his soul. The first thing he noticed was their daily habit of morning and evening devotion; next their kindness and forbearance towards himself, and, above all, their devout observance of the Lord's-day. Other boats might go on, but not theirs. By them the day was devoted to holy rest and worship. Upon reaching Norway House he said his mind was filled with distress to think that he, who had just come from a land of Gospel light and privileges, should be so careless about his soul, and forgetful of his Saviour; while these poor Indians (whom he expected knew nothing of these things) should be so diligent and prayerful. And so great did his distress become, that one evening, while they were at their devotions, he plunged into the woods for some distance, and, for the first time in his life, with earnest prayers and tears, besought God's pardoning mercy and forgiving love. This practice he continued until they reached Norway House, but he had not yet found the peace he so earnestly desired. The following Sunday he hastened over to the Mission, to be in readiness for the services of the day, and, whilst worshipping God with his people there, light beamed in upon his soul, and he found joy and peace in believing. He remained some time at Norway House, and then came into this district, where he had only been a year when God called him to enter on his eternal rest. Often did I hear him bless God for having brought him into this heathen land.

August 25: Lord's-day—The officers and men being here from the different parts of the district, I had a large attendance at church this morning, when Gen. v. 24—"He was not, for God took him"—furnished us with much holy instruction, of Enoch in the first place, and of our dear departed brother, in their application. It was a blessed service, and many very evidently felt it good to be there. I was rejoiced to see afterwards a goodly number of Indians, quite as many, or more, than I expected to see, as the Roman-Catholic Bishop and two priests are here doing all they can against me. They have been here nearly a week now, having come down by the first brigade. Another happy service in the evening closed the day. Oh that hearts may have been touched by God's blessed Spirit, so that they may be eternally and everlastingly saved!

It is no unusual thing to find the Missionary efforts intended for the benefit of the heathen the means of awakening Englishmen, who, from various circumstances, have gone forth to distant lands, so that, when far from their native land, they learn to appreciate the value of Christianity, in which they had been instructed when at home, and which they had disregarded.

The following paragraph will show, that amongst the Indians also

good is being done, and that their hearts are opening to the true Gospel, notwithstanding all the efforts of the priests of Rome.

March 13, 1864: Lord's-day—A really happy day. One more so I can hardly expect to spend. In February a party of seven Indians came from a distance, and remained here a few days: they heard the word of life, as they had often done before; but I was glad to hear them say, as they went away, that they would tell their companions all that they had heard, and in a few weeks they would all come in together. I have therefore looked anxiously for them since, and yesterday, to my great joy, they arrived, twenty-eight in number. After putting their sleds away, and resting themselves a little, they came down to service, which they much enjoyed. Indeed, if I could have spoken to them all night I think they would have remained. To-day they were present again, and, with seven of those about here, made the goodly number of thirty-five. But it was not that alone which caused the joy: it was to hear the strangers declare themselves friends of the truth, and to express their determination to belong to my Mission. I have often seen and spoken to them all before, as, by twos or threes, they have visited the Fort, and most of them have been Romanists; but I had never seen them altogether before, neither had any of them manifested the desires they have done to-day. God grant that they may prove true men, and be led by his Holy Spirit into a saving acquaintance with Jesus.

THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE RENT.

MATT. xxvi. 51.

O TEMPLE Veil, the only way
 Into the Holiest given,
 How sweetly dost thou paint the day
 When Jesus opened heaven.

How sweetly doth thine heavenly blue
 Proclaim Him God to be;
 How sweetly speaks that crimson hue—
 Blood-stained humanity.

How brightly doth thy purple rare
 The two in one express;
 How well the white-twined linen fair
 The spotless righteousness.

How sweetly doth thine only path
 Into the Holiest say,
 Christ only saves from endless wrath—
 The Life, the Truth, the Way.

How plainly, by no mortal rent,
 Doth that dread fissure tell
 Christ suffered not by man's constraint;
 He loved to die full well.

Yea, more—from top to bottom riven ;
 O Veil, thou criest aloud,
 Jehovah's wrath came down from heaven
 In death's dark thunder-cloud.

And meetly doth that perfect rent
 Christ's perfect sufferings show ;
 The Cross' dread equivalent
 For everlasting woe.

O Temple Veil, the Jew might pass
 To Holiest place by thee.
 I, through my Saviour's slaughtered flesh,
 See heaven thrown wide to me.

W. D.

 ASKING THE WAY TO ZION.

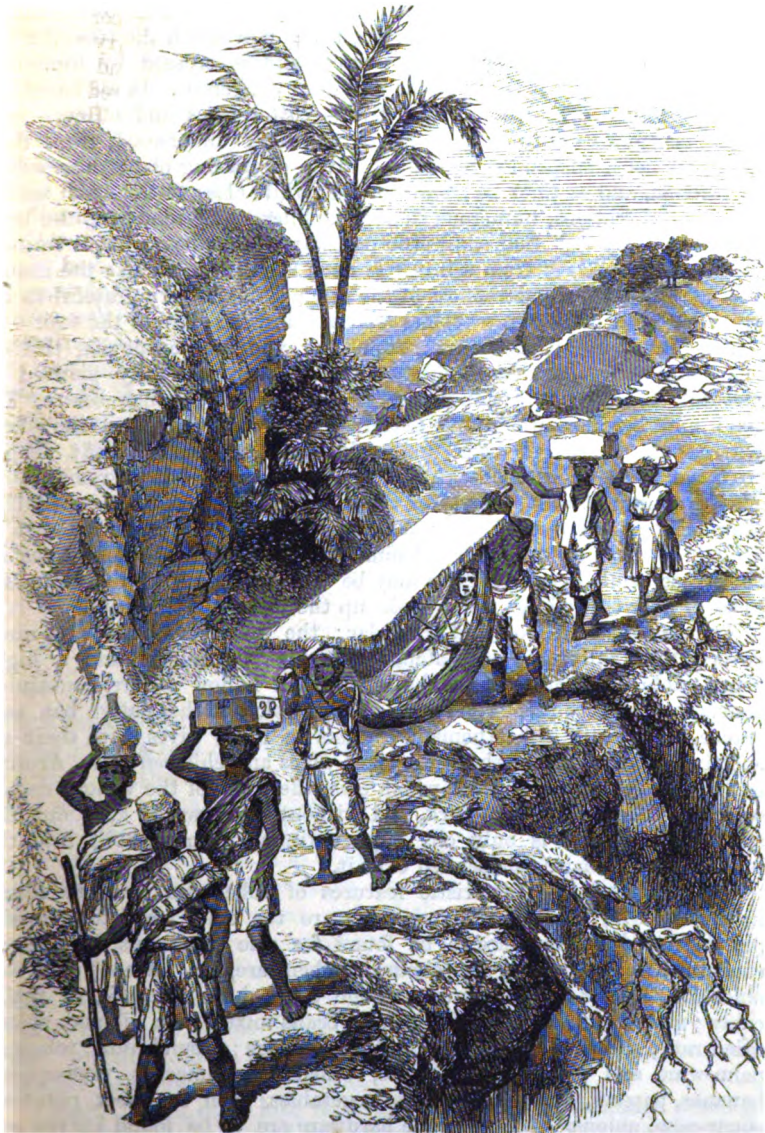
THE following deeply interesting fact appears in the report of the Rev. H. S. Patterson, our Missionary at Mooltan, in the Punjab :—

A Sikh female, married, of about forty years of age, and of venerable and intelligent appearance, came to my bungalow. I was ill with fever when she called, yet managed to be removed into the verandah, so as to see and speak with her. She had come about sixty miles purposely to inquire about our prophet, and evidently wanted information. She said that she had come because her husband had told her to do so. I gave her man's sad history, and God's plans for his recovery. But when I told her that Jesus had died for her, and that He had wrought out salvation for all the Sikhs, she seemed melted into tears, and said, "Why did you not tell me of this before?" I replied, "We also, like you, are sinners: we have not done our duty." She said she would like to know more, and I pressed upon her that the salvation of God was a present salvation, and told her of the compassion of Jesus. She added, "Oh, then, how we ought to love Him!" When urged, however, at once to lay hold on Him, and surrender herself to Him, she exclaimed, "But what will my husband say? What can I do? How shall I get my living if he rejects me?"

She continued to visit me, and was most clever in catching the thoughts which, from ignorance of her language, I could not clearly express. I have now lost sight of her: no doubt she returned home to her husband, who, she said, was a good man. God alone can in this, as in many other instances, complete the work by means of his word, which she took back with her. I doubt not we shall meet above. None but a resolute and anxious woman would have dared to come to the Padre's bungalow in a place like Mooltan.

THE YORUBA COUNTRY.

TRAVELLING in the Yoruba country must be carried out in Indian file, on account of the narrowness of the paths. As you set out from the town where you have rested, you perhaps meet numbers of men,



TRAVELLING IN THE YORUBA COUNTRY.

women, and children, going to market with palm-oil, corn, yams, fowls, which, according to the custom of the country, they carry in heavy loads upon their heads. The road lies through woods and prairies, beautifully interspersed, the more open ground being covered with a long, coarse, dry grass, which keeps whisking in your eyes. Here and there are high bushes, with an occasional patch of cultivated ground—Indian corn, cassada, &c. Then comes a wood, through which the traveller has to pass. The path becomes very narrow, and is crossed by numerous roots, which render it troublesome and even dangerous. In all directions the vegetation runs wild. "Tall trees—cotton-trees and others—raise their enormous white trunks above the dark underwood, from their branches being suspended masses of leaves, or trailing plants, like cables or cordage, and as thick as an arm or leg; while close to the earth spring up, in all directions, numerous slender saplings, thus rendering the bush all but impervious." Sometimes the pathway is arched over like a tunnel; and on re-entering it from a break or open space, it looks like the mouth of a cavern, from the denseness of the shade: this is very grateful to the traveller, as it gives him a respite from the intense glare of the sun.

As you approach Abbeokuta, supposing you are journeying thither, the plantations increase—fields of Indian corn, carefully planted in straight lines, or of cotton-plants, yams, and the French bean. The road now becomes wider and better. Here and there are the sheds where *pito*, or native beer, and palm-wine are vended. At length we come in sight of Abbeokuta. The first view of it is remarkable. Masses of grey granite, twenty or thirty in number, break the undulating plain, rising sometimes 250 or 300 feet in height. They are cast in strange forms, and, in knobs and pinnacles, tower over the dark trees at their base, while here and there may be seen glimpses of the immense mass of native dwellings which make up the town of Abbeokuta.

The streets are narrow and irregular; the houses are made of mud, covered with tall roofs of thatch, elevated at the angles into a high, sharp gable. The form of the buildings is a hollow square, containing courts for the accommodation of a family, which, if the native has substance, and is still in heathenism, consists of many wives, with their respective children, and perhaps the sons' wives and children also. Around each court is a verandah, into which open the doors of the various rooms or cells. These rooms are dark, and without windows, to keep out the sun's glare. There is only one large entrance from without into the building, with charms suspended over it.

One of the most characteristic features of Abbeokuta is to be found in the markets, where the women, who are the chief traffickers, noisily ply their trade. There are to be found for sale provisions for present consumption, hardware, dry goods, earthenware, &c. Among the eatables are *obbe*, or palaver sauce; huge snail shells; *kankie*, or maize cakes; grated cassada; balls of ground beans mixed with oil and spice; dried rats; shea butter; cereals of all sorts; eggs; ground-nuts; tobacco; palm-wine and *pito*; besides fruits, which are numerous, pine-apples, bananas, papaws, oranges; and also vegetables, such as sweet potatoes, sugar-cane, onions. Amongst the hardware are to be found knives and cutlasses, scissors, pins, needles, hoes, bill-hooks, &c. The dry goods

consist of raw silks, country clothes of grass and various fibres, cottons, Hausa caps, threads, and yarns. There is excellent leather work, black and white, red and yellow, like that of morocco; and there are saddles and cushions. The earthenware is marvellously diversified, besides gourds and calabashes, often prettily carved with the knife.

There are evidences enough in every village of an industrious people, with much energy amongst them, who only need to be brought under the influence of Christianity in order to become a useful people, and the promoters of much good in equatorial Africa. We thank God that the leaven of Christianity has been introduced among them, and that Abbeokuta has its little groups of Christian converts. The progress of the Gospel, however, has been sadly hindered by the protracted war between Abbeokuta and Ibadan. But for this, so far as we can see, the Gospel message, ere this, would have spread over the land. War—what an hindrance it has proved in these days to the progress of Missions! war in New Zealand; war in the Yoruba country; war in China; three of our great Mission fields. We are disposed to say to the church at home, "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." We must consider that these wars are caused by the prince of darkness to obstruct the progress of the truth. It is for the church at home, the central church, from which the Missionary efforts branch out, to wrestle in prayer that these hindrances may cease, and, if it be necessary, to add fasting and humiliation to the prayer. The Lord waits for his people to move in this matter. He waits to see whether his church is sufficiently in earnest in his work as to be troubled at obstructions to its progress, and unite in prayer for their removal.

Is the work standing still? Let the church be afflicted, and awake to prayer.

THE REV. HENRY BUDD.

OUR friends will recognise the name. It has not been an unusual thing to give to a convert from heathenism the name of some valued servant of the Lord at home, who has been valiant for his truth, and sought to make it known at home and abroad.

The name of Henry Budd is one of this class. It was the name of a devoted, truthful, and able minister of the Church of England, who preached the Anniversary Sermon of the Church Missionary Society in 1827, and that one of the most able ones which have been delivered on those occasions.

The Rev. John West, who went out as chaplain to the Hudson's-Bay Company, and who first drew the attention of the Church Missionary Society to the depraved condition of the Indian tribes in that vast territory, had been Mr. Budd's curate, and his first Indian scholar he named Henry Budd.

Henry Budd, of White Roding, Essex, has now many years past entered into his rest, and his name is perpetuated in our first Indian

schoolmaster, our first Indian catechist, our first ordained Indian, the Rev. Henry Budd of the Nepowewin.

The readers of the "Gleaner" will sympathize with him: he is in the deep waters of affliction: very deep indeed they are, and he needs all the help that earnest prayer can afford to him.

There was a second Henry Budd, his son, also an ordained Missionary. He had been for some time in our Missionary college at Islington; but our English climate did not suit him: pulmonary symptoms showed themselves, and he was sent back to his native country. There he so far recovered, that Bishop Anderson ordained him, and sent him to labour with his father at the Nepowewin. Very pleasant was their companionship in the Lord's work: very helpful were they one to another, in an isolated out-station, where all was in the commencement, and every thing as yet looked bare and naked. But this is now ended. Young Henry Budd has gone to rest, and not the son alone: there has been stroke on stroke. The afflicted father communicates the sad intelligence, in a letter dated Nepowewin, January 18, 1865.

I now turn to a subject which is uppermost in my mind just now; and that is, to inform you of the heavy trials and afflictions which it has pleased our heavenly Father to afflict me with. I dread the thought of opening my grief to you, because I am opening a wound afresh in my heart, and making my tears to flow freely, and also because I know the information will give you so much pain. But because it is a duty laid upon me, and because I want your sympathy and your most earnest prayers, inform you I must. It has pleased our heavenly Father, the wise disposer of events, to take to Himself no less than three of my family. Since writing to you last, in August, three of my family have exchanged this world of sin and suffering for one, I trust, of bliss and glory. Truly this world is a vale of tears, and as truly in the midst of life we are in death. My dear son was the first to enter into his rest. He gently fell asleep in Jesus on the morning of the 7th September, calmly resigning his spirit into the hands of Him who gave it, and calling upon those who stood by his bedside to come near to him (as he could not speak loud), and giving them his hand, saying with his dying breath, "Strive to follow the Lord closely; bring up your families for Him; teach your children to love Jesus, and try hard to meet me in heaven." And to myself he said when his mother was also standing by his side, "Father and mother, all is well." The last words we could make out were, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." For a little while, just before he breathed his last, darkness came over his soul, and he said to his nurse, "Don't leave me, for I am afraid." He expressed some fear as he was descending into the valley of the shadow of death. We all went down on our knees, and read the 23rd Psalm. He, however, was soon cheered by a ray of light from the Sun of righteousness, and was soon made to exclaim, "I have no fear now," and sank on his pillow. Oh what a privilege it was to attend his death-bed, to witness the child-like spirit in which he submitted his will to the will of his heavenly

Father. Not one word of murmur escaped his lips all the time of his extreme sufferings. Oh the calm resignation, the peaceful and joyful hope, and the happy prospect of being soon "absent from the body, and present with the Lord!" Often have I envied him, and have been constrained to pray, in the words of Balaam, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Thus ends the short career of my much-lamented son: he was not permitted to enjoy the world long, but suffered quite long enough in it. One of his last sermons here was from Phil. iii. 8, 9, a subject which he delighted to dwell on. His pure spirit, I trust, is now before the throne, in the midst of those joys "which eye hath not seen." With him all sorrow has passed away for ever. I would not recall him to this world of pain, yet I feel every moment he is no longer here, and I must and will mourn his absence. I do not for one moment doubt a Father's love: in all that has, in all that ever shall befall me or mine, I own a Father's hand and a Father's love. My fond affection for those who have gone before me would fain have retained them in the world, that they might be a comfort to me in my declining years; but God has taken them out of my hands, to bring them into his own presence. I give way in thankful, adoring, weeping silence, and say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

But this is not all. In about three weeks after my dear son had entered into his rest, my ever dear and affectionate wife followed him, eager, I trust, to join him in the song of the Redeemed in glory. She had been ill for some time when she was assisted to the bedside of her dear son, to look for the last time in his face, to give him the last adieu, to wipe off the damp dews of death from his brow, and to give him the last kiss. From that time she gradually sunk and pined away. Her end was rather sudden—at least to human appearance. She was only a little reduced, and could speak to those who came to see her the same morning she died, the morning of the 2nd of October (Sunday). After saying a few words to her, I had to go to church for the morning service, leaving with her one of her daughters and her servant; but I had only got to the first lesson when the servant came to the door, and beckoned me out. Dreading something serious, I rushed into the bedroom, and, on examining, found, to my anguish, that life was quite gone. Thus was the desire of my eyes cut off with a stroke. She is cut off in the midst of her days, for she had only reached her forty-third year. We have deposited her remains in a vault in our new school chapel: there she quietly sleeps, side by side with her beloved son, until, with him, she awakes by the trump of the archangel to meet the Lord in the air, and so be for ever with the Lord.

And then one of my dear daughters, a tender and affectionate girl, just rising to fourteen, ever loving and affectionate, could not stand all this: her tender heart broke down, and she sank daily. In about three weeks from her mamma's death she followed her to that bright world, I trust, where those who have loved each other most tenderly meet to part again no more. On the 23rd of October she quietly fell asleep, saying to me—"Papa, dear papa, do not grieve for me: I am going to join my brother in heaven. My mamma is there, too, waiting for me; my seat is already prepared for me." This was a tender and blooming

girl, and I trust she has gone to bloom in another atmosphere, even in the paradise of God. I have now but a few children surviving, and my once large and thriving family is made quite a wreck.

Who can read this without shedding tears; our dear brother in the far off wilds of North-west America thus left desolate. Many of us know what it is to lose one dear to us. Even to lose one whom we love from the same home with ourselves, although it be only a transfer to another earthly home, where we hear of them, and have betimes the opportunity of seeing them, is a pain. To follow the remains of one whom we loved to the grave, and know we shall meet no more until time be no more, that too is a sword that pierceth the heart. But to lose three, almost at once, one after another in rapid succession—son, wife, and daughter, each pining, drooping, dying—poor husband and father, shall we not feel for him, and that the more because he bears his troubles as a Christian should, and, like Job of old, replies, “Shall we receive good at the hands of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?” “The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.”

Yes, there is Christianity in power to sustain, even in the midst of trials such as these, if only we have yielded ourselves in faith to its sanctifying power. Then He who is the Sanctifier is also the Comforter, and whatever be the measure of their tribulation, the Lord's people are not left orphans—not desolate. There are hopes peculiar to the Gospel: there are consolations held in reserve for times of deep affliction. There is a bright future, and when earthly homes are left bare, faith is gifted with a special power of realization. The home to which we are journeying is brought the more near: some have gone on before, and they have reached it—the happy home—and they are beckoning us onward. Yet a little while and there shall be reunion, and that in the presence of Him who wipes away all tears from the eyes of those whom he leads to the fountain of living waters, midst the blessedness of heaven enabling them to forget the tribulations of earth. The present is dimmed with sorrow, but the future is radiant with joy. Let us then borrow of the sunshine of the future to light up the darkness of the present; and then sorrow, while it subdues and chastens, will not discourage us, or reduce us to inactivity.

Our brother Budd has our deepest sympathy. It is good to identify ourselves with him in his sorrow—good to weep with those that weep: it is good to share with a Christian brother in his sorrows, for then we share in the subduing, chastening, elevating influences which fall so thickly around him, and are the better for it.

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## TINNEVELLY.

THE Rev. E. Sargent has communicated to us the following interesting cases of new converts in his district—

We have occupied new ground in one village, where the character of the headman gives promise of an attachment to the Gospel, deeper far than a merely nominal profession. He manifests a mildness and docility of temper, and a patience under persecution, which is not frequently seen in new converts from among the humbler classes, and his example is exercising a beneficial influence in the neighbourhood where he resides. At Palamcotta itself we have had, during the year, accessions from among the higher classes, over two of whom we have to lament that they were eventually unable to withstand the solicitations and entreaties of their relatives, and suffered themselves to be drawn aside when apparently they were about to make an open profession of the Gospel. That they have gone back altogether to their old ways and worship I can hardly believe. Considering the sacrifices they had to make, and the timidity of the Hindu character, we would hope that their convictions are still on our side, and that they will endeavour to seek that grace as they grow older which alone can uphold in such a trial. But there is one case over which I would rejoice, of a young man, not simply as having renounced the degrading worship and practices of heathenism, but as having put on the Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth. He is twenty-four years of age. Some years ago he had been for a while in our Palamcotta Native-English School, and there, as might be expected, got his first ideas of Christianity. But what led chiefly to any serious impression on his mind was occasioned subsequently by his intercourse with our other converts, and more especially by the following circumstance.

His father was a kind of general merchant in the Fort of Palamcotta. One day a man brought some old papers and books to his stall, and offered to sell them as waste paper. Among the books thus brought was an English Bible, the binding of which was in good condition. The father took the book home that it might be better cared for than if left in the stores. He knew nothing of English himself, and therefore suspected nothing of the treasure which had thus fallen into his hands. It was not long in the house before the son saw it, and then followed the reading and the prizing of it. This was, in time, blessed to his increase in knowledge and a desire to become a Christian. But now various obstacles rose up before him. "If," thought he, "I propose myself as a Christian now, there are many who will say that I did so in order to get some employment. I must therefore first get employment, and then act upon my convictions." In a short time after, he got an appointment in a Government office, but now a new objection arose. You are single: if you become a Christian what will you do for a wife? If you marry after becoming a Christian, people will say that you became a Christian with the object of marrying in some irregular way. He therefore determined to wait, and marry according as his father should arrange. This was accomplished, and now he found he had a greater difficulty than any as yet contended with. How could he grieve his wife by the adoption of a course which, with her views, she could not appreciate? What if she

refused to accompany him? These cares bore heavily on his mind, but he set himself earnestly to the business on which his heart was fixed, and by kindly and prayerfully placing before his wife the excellency and love of Christ, gradually won her over to the same views; and now, every obstacle removed, he came over boldly, and cast in his lot among the Christian brotherhood. One day, during his absence at office, relatives came and forced her to go away with them, supposing that this would oblige him to give up his intentions. But as it did not effect this, and no strict coercion being laid on her, she in a short time found opportunity to rejoin her husband, and affirmed that nothing on her part should separate her from him. The various annoyances to which he was daily exposed from his relatives rendered it desirable that he should be baptized at an early day; and so, having examined him on his knowledge of Christian doctrine and precept, and having ascertained his earnest desire of consecrating himself openly to Christ, I fixed upon the following day for his baptism. His wife also came to our house. She seemed a very pleasing, modest person, and of a very confiding temperament. She said that she hoped also to be baptized, but that her relatives had told her she would have to suffer all kinds of indignities. Intending that she should have more time for reflection and preparation, I replied that she would see, when her husband was being baptized, that such was not the case, and that, after that, when she had learnt more of Christianity, she might be baptized if she wished it. Next day, when in the presence of a rather large congregation, I was about to commence the baptismal service, I found the wife also before me, expecting baptism. I suggested that she had not yet learnt the required lessons for catechumens. She replied, with an anxious look, and with the mildest and most beseeching voice, that "she knew about Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world, and that, as to lessons, could she not learn them afterwards? was it not a good thing that she was now desiring?" This was an unexpected event, and for the moment I hardly knew what to do. However, I determined on the following course. In the presence of the congregation I asked her questions on the great truths of the Gospel, viz. the state of man by nature, the divinely-appointed way of salvation, and the nature of our Lord Jesus Christ; and as she gave a fair reply to these questions, and affirmed that it was the fixed desire and determination of her heart to live as a true child of the Lord Jesus Christ, I felt my course clear, in the face of the congregation, to admit both husband and wife into the Christian covenant. Some months since then have elapsed. She is learning to read, and both are walking in the fear and love of the Lord. Thus, in regard to converts, while on the one hand we may be disappointed, on the other we are encouraged and comforted: if in some quarters we have sorrow, in others we have joy.

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NOTHING IN VAIN.

SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
 Nor deem it void of power:
 There 's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
 Waiting its natal hour.

A whisper'd word may touch the heart,
 And call it back to life;
 A look of love bid sin depart,
 And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless: none can tell
 How vast its power may be,
 Nor what results unfolded dwell
 Within it silently.

Work, nor despair not; bestow thy mite,
 Nor care how small it be.
 God is with all who serve the right,
 The holy, true, and free.

THE YOUCON MISSION, NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

IN our last Number we referred to two distant stations of the Church Missionary Society in the wilds of North-west America—one that of Fort Simpson, on the Mackenzie River; the other westward of the Rocky Mountains, in that portion of the continent which projects towards Asia, and near the borders of Russian America.

Here, on the great river Youcon, which, gathering in the contributions of various tributaries, increases in volume during a course of many hundred miles before it enters Behrings Straits, a young Missionary, the Rev. R. M'Donald, placed himself at a remote post of the Hudson's-Bay Company, called Fort Youcon. The Indians inhabiting this part of the continent are called the Kutchin or Loucheux Indians. They are a fine race of people, of the average height of Europeans, well formed, with regular features, high foreheads, and lighter complexions than the other Red Indians. The outer dress is formed of the skin of fawn rein-deer, dressed with the hair on, and furnished with peaked skirts. Deer-skin pantaloons, with shoes attached, complete the costume, which, according to the means of the wearer, is decorated with beads. Head-bands are formed of various coloured beads mixed with dentalium shells, the tail feathers of the eagle and fishing-hawk being stuck into the hair at the back of the head.

Their religion is a kind of Shamaism, consisting chiefly in a dread of evil spirits, whose malevolence they seek in various ways to propitiate, and, as might be expected, the priests, who are supposed to have the power of communicating with these demons, possess great influence, which they use for their own purposes.

Yet these people seem to have grown wearied of the gloomy system by which they have been so long enslaved, and under the yoke of which they find that, as a people, they get no better, but rather grow worse. They gathered round our Missionary when he came amongst them. The message he brought was as sunshine breaking in upon their gloom. It told them of that which before they had never heard of—a God of love. It told them of that which they felt they needed—one who could save them from sin and its power.

Thus the work was full of promise. Mr. M'Donald took long journeys, sometimes in snow-shoes, on sledges, or, in summer, by canoe, visiting the scattered tribes, and distributing amongst them the leaves of the tree which are for the healing of the nations.

Now, just as we were rejoicing, comes trial. It is always so. Tribulation seems to be indispensable to the growth of the divine seed. Our young Missionary is enfeebled by illness, and that of such a serious character as to compel him to leave his post and return to the Red River. It will be seen from the following letter from him, dated Fort Youcon, June 25th of last year, that he did not give up without a struggle—

I regret to say that ill-health has also, to a certain extent, prevented me exerting myself so energetically as I would otherwise have done. I am thankful to say, however, that my health has somewhat improved. I cannot labour at present with the same vigour that I did last year, but I trust that I shall ere long regain my former health and strength, and be enabled to extend far and wide the knowledge of salvation among the poor Indians, so long left in ignorance of God and of his great salvation.

I am thankful that I have, during the winter, been enabled, notwithstanding a degree of ill-health, to advance in a small measure the work of the Gospel. Besides ministering to the people of the Fort during a portion of the winter, I made two visits to the Indian camps: one was to a distance of about forty miles off, which was made at the end of November, when I spent five days with the Indians. The other visit was made at the end of March, to a distance of about 120 miles, when I spent twenty-two days with the Indians. The first visit was made to a camp at Red River, the other to the Gens-du-Large. During both visits I instructed daily in the truth as it is in Jesus. I was without a regular interpreter, but I did the best I could with the aid of the most eligible broken-Slavè speaker selected from among them. He rendered what I said in broken Slavè into Loucheux.

On both visits I was altogether without an attendant, and I must say I nevertheless spent a happy time with them. Their willingness to be instructed in religion makes it a pleasure to minister to them. They are scarcely to be expected to make rapid progress in the knowledge of the things of God, owing to their limited opportunities; however, a few of them, I think, have made no mean proficiency, and they appear to have a reverential fear of God, and to exercise also a spirit of dependence on him.

There is a considerable number of Indians here at present, and some have not yet come. There will not be so many as had been anticipated. However, there will be more it is expected than there were last year. The Gens-du-Bois did not come last year, nor are they to come this year, having traded their fur with other Indians that trade with the Russians.

This Fort is much further from the Pacific than was thought before. Mr. Jones went down about 600 miles, and it must be at least 200 miles more to the mouth of the Youcon, by the accounts of the Indians that he saw.

Indians have been assembled at the Fort in smaller or larger numbers since the end of last month, and I have been conducting divine worship with them and instructing them, but in a feeble measure, as my health

has not permitted me to labour strenuously. Besides holding divine service with them on the Sabbath, I have held evening prayers twice or three times during the week. I have been teaching them the Decalogue, the Apostles' Creed, the General Confession, and some new hymns. I am also teaching them the syllabic character. It is pleasing to see them all joining heartily in singing the praises of God, listening to his word with attention, and endeavouring to learn what they are taught. They certainly know little as yet of the divine power of the Gospel. I am not sure of any one being truly converted to God amongst the whole of them. I rather fear not. Many of them however give encouragement of their being, ere long, made the children of God in Christ Jesus. They evidently desire to do the will of God : they have a fear of doing wrong, and a strong regard for the observance of the Lord's-day. A few of them bend the knee in private prayer to God morning and evening, and say grace before and after meals. The old men and the chiefs in general afford least encouragement. However, they generally do not fail to attend prayer, and it is to be hoped that they will increase in the knowledge of God, and accept "with meekness the engrafted word which is able to save their souls."

I am happy to say, that notwithstanding my having failed to execute my intended visit to La Pierre's House and Peel-River Fort this spring, the work of the Gospel has not halted. The officers in charge and their wives have exerted themselves nobly, and I have received very gratifying tidings from them. Mr. James Flett, of the former place, writes me word that he paid a visit to the Indian camps, and happening to arrive amongst them on a Saturday evening, he spent the ensuing Sabbath with them, when he tells me he was extremely delighted by the way in which they observed the Lord's-day. They united together in singing the hymns they have been taught, and in prayer, and also spoke to each other of the word of God.

The Roman-Catholic priests are, I believe, about to establish a Mission at Peel-River Fort, but I hope they will not succeed in proselyting the Indians to their corrupt creed. With the kindly assistance of the official in charge, I may hope to establish the Gospel firmly there, and to attach the Indians to the pure Gospel of truth.

The Committee will be pleased to hear that the Esquimaux visited by the Gens-du-Large and the Gens-du-Rat, appear, by the accounts I receive, to be prepared to receive religious instruction. Indeed, they know a little of the Decalogue, at least of the substance of it ; and Peter, one of the Gens-du-Large Indians, on his visit with the others to the Esquimaux last summer for purposes of trade, undertook to speak to them of the Gospel. He says they all listened reverently : they immediately, when told he would speak to them of God, took their caps off their heads, and paid great attention to what was said to them. They were delighted in hearing the Loucheux hymns. I had hoped to have been able to visit them ere long, but with my uncertain state of health at present I cannot speak so hopefully. I should rejoice to be able to do so.

Well, he has been obliged to leave, and the Romish priests, who are numerous and active in these regions, were full of joy. While the Protestant Missionary was among the Kutchin they could do

nothing with them. Now they hoped to gain them all. But Mr. M'Donald, on going south, was met by another young Missionary, the Rev. R. Phair, who, as soon as he heard of the affliction which had befallen the Youcon Mission, volunteered for the distant post. May he be clothed with divine power for his work, and may our young friend, Mr. M'Donald, be so benefited by change of climate, that after a time he may be able to resume his work. Pray, readers of the "Gleaner," that this may be so. Earnest Missionaries are becoming more and more difficult to be obtained, and therefore those which we have are the more valuable, and cannot be spared.

THE MOUNTAINS OF PEGU.

THE American Missionaries are hard at work in the mountain ranges of Pegu, amongst the wild Karen tribes. Here is a description of one of their journeys to reach a village high up on the steeps—

We toiled hard nearly all day to reach the summit of the highest mountain. The sun was very hot, which made it both difficult and dangerous to walk and climb as we did. The view from the summit is grand.

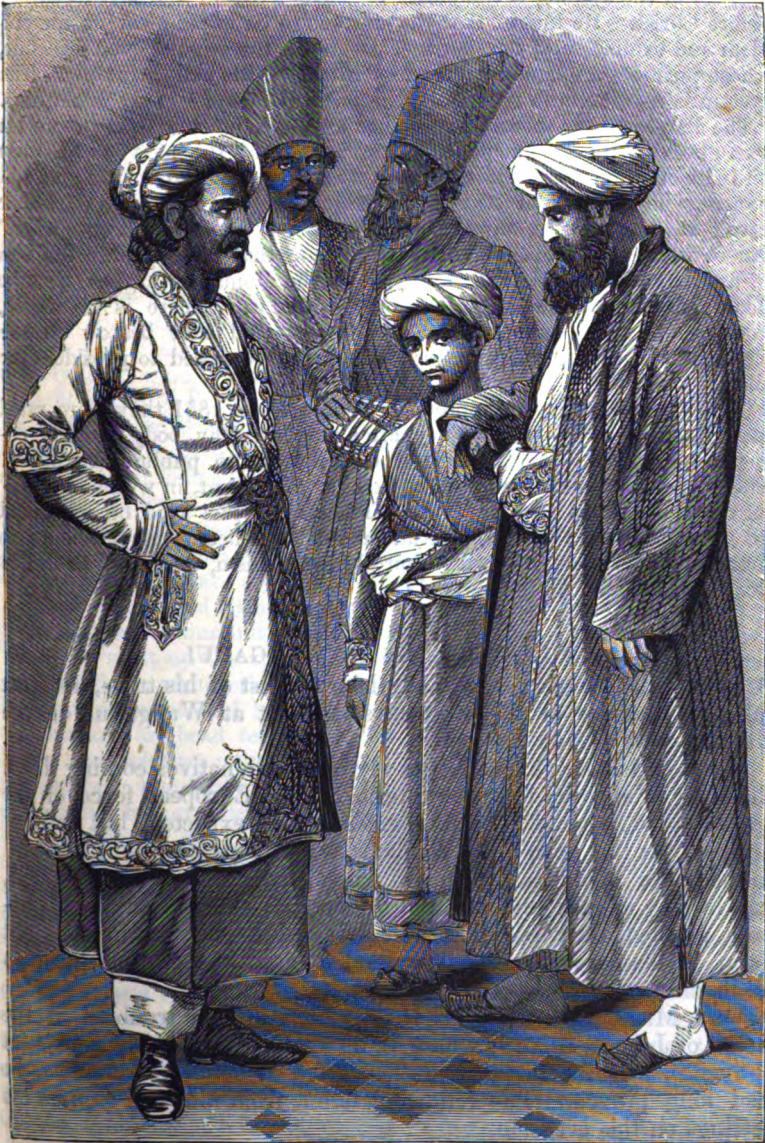
On the west side we look down upon the great valley of the Sitang, skirted on the west by the mountains of Prome, but stretching north and south beyond the reach of human vision. At first sight it has the appearance of one vast, wild, unbroken, desolate wilderness, producing a feeling of intense loneliness. Viewed more carefully with a glass, we discover broad rice fields, studded here and there with pagodas, kyongs, and human habitations. At this season of the year, while the paddy-fields are yet green like the evergreen forests, the picture is painful from its extreme regularity, diversified only by the serpentine windings of the broad river, which reveals itself here and there through the mighty forests, like beds of molten silver glistening in the orient sun.

Turning to the eastward, we behold a picture differing more widely from the west side view than the most vivid and powerful imagination could paint or conceive. Between two great mountain ranges, which of themselves make a picturesque and charming scene, lies a great valley filled with lesser mountains and hillocks of every conceivable shape and size, divided by deep valleys, gorges, and gulfs, with many a cascade and waterfall.

These mountains are all inhabited by tribes as wild and diversified as the hills upon which they reside. First come the Bghais, then the Geckhos and Saukoos, then the Brecs and Harshwes, who live on the great mountain range; then on the east side come the Padoungs, Red Karens, and the various Shan tribes. The wildest and most savage of all I have yet seen are the Brecs, whose greatest luxury is the fresh blood of beasts. The "way" to the heart of the Shan country lies through these various wild, untutored tribes. God helping me, I will quickly take them in passing, and make them the means of a more extended and wide-spread evangelization.

THE PARSEES.

THESE people, who are scattered over the western portion of Hindustan, and are found more especially in Bombay, are descended from the ancient Persians. Their name is derived from their original country, Pars, which the Greeks term Persis, and hence comes Persia.



NATIVE MERCHANTS OF BOMBAY—PARSEES, &c.

When, in the seventh century, the Mohammedan Arabs conquered Persia, the native population had either to change their ancient heathenism for Islamism, or else fly where they could. Many chose the latter course, and sought an asylum in Hindustan.

They are fire-worshippers, as were their ancestors. Zoroaster, the founder of the system, is computed to have lived in the sixth century before Christ. He taught that the sun was to be worshipped as an emblem and exhibition of the power of Ormuzd, the original good principle, whose purposes are counterworked by Ahriman, the evil principle. The system is now, according to Dr. Wilson of Bombay, grossly idolatrous. "The Parsee at one moment calls upon Ormuzd, on the next upon his own ghost; at one moment on an archangel, at the next on a sturdy bull; at one time on the brilliant sun, the next on a blazing fire; at one moment on a lofty and stupendous mountain, the next on a darksome cave; at one moment on the ocean, at the next on a well or spring." Parsee writers deny this, and attempt to show that they worship the sun or fire only as an emblem of God; just as the Romanist argues that he does not worship the image, but only before it. There is no doubt, however, that the honour which belongs to God they bestow on the elements of nature, and the genii which are supposed to preside over them.

The Parsees are very numerous at Bombay. In 1851 they were rated at 110,000 and upwards. They are a very wealthy body, largely engaged in commerce, and are liberal contributors to public institutions. There is a great monetary crisis at Bombay at present, in which one leading Parsee house is involved. May disasters of this kind be overruled for good, and lead to more solicitude about the concerns of the soul; so that, no longer contented with their old heathenism, they may be led to ask, "What shall I do to be saved?"

JOHN WILLIAMS OF WANGANUI.

A DEVOTED Christian chief, and the catechist of his tribe, has just fallen in defence of the English settlement at Wanganui, on the western coast of New Zealand.

It was threatened by a strong body of hostile natives coming down the river Wanganui from the interior. The European force on the spot was very small. Reinforcements were expected, but had not arrived. At this crisis John Williams, with his people, went forward to meet the invaders, to many of whom they were nearly related, and having in vain endeavoured to dissuade them from their purpose, resisted their advance, and defeated them; but in the fight John Williams was severely wounded, and was carried back to Wanganui, where he died.

Our Missionary, the Rev. R. Taylor, is much troubled at the death of John Williams, whose value as a native Christian of great influence, who for many years has acted as honorary catechist, he had long proved. The following letter from him will express his feelings on this occasion.

March 8, 1865 — Many events have taken place in our remote spot during the last month, of which I must endeavour to give you an outline. The military force here has been greatly increased: we have now fully 4000 men under General Cameron, who has advanced about thirty-six miles along the coast to the north of Wanganui; but he has left all the pas in his rear, the defenders of which, finding no attempt has been made upon them, have been constantly prowling along our outskirts to plunder or cut off any of the settlers they might meet with. Our friendly natives, in number about 400, have been stationed up the river to defend the approach by it to the town. They have again been attacked. My poor friend John Williams was in command on our side; he likewise occupied the most advanced post. A small party of four laid in ambush to cut him off; but they were captured themselves, and, after being well treated, were allowed to return the following morning. John Williams said the first shot should be fired by the enemy. Another party of ten were captured the next night in the vicinity of the post; they likewise were allowed to return: and then, instead of this kind action being reciprocated, an attack was made, and several of the enemy were killed. John then advanced his post still nearer, and got between the natives and their pa: he there received a shot in his breast whilst bravely leading on his men: this was on the 23rd of February. He was brought down to Putiki. I was called up about three A. M., and I took him over to the Colonial Hospital, where he died on the following morning; and on the 27th he was buried. Nearly all the authorities, military as well as civil, followed him to the grave, and the British ensign formed his pall. Colonel Logan, the officer in command, took a grand flag, which was to be presented to the natives by the ladies of Wanganui, and laid it on his coffin: it was then borne before it in procession to the church. At the grave a party of the militia fired three volleys. John Williams was indeed a Christian warrior: though he fought in defence of the European community, he did not forget his dependence on God. When he went up the river he wrote down to me, stating that he had established prayer-meetings in every place to supplicate the divine blessing on their arms, and he wished us to do the same. He also wrote to Abraham, my head teacher, and to the women to pray for their husbands and relatives; and all attend daily, morning and evening, with the greatest regularity. In the removal of John Williams the native community has experienced a great loss: he has always been the friend of the European, and the directing mind of the Maori, and I fear there is no one capable of supplying his place. One proof of the esteem he was held in by the Europeans was given at his funeral, by some of the settlers relieving the bearers of his coffin and carrying it up the steep ascent to the cemetery on their shoulders. When John was shot he made Hakaraia acquainted with all his plans and intentions, and by carrying them out the enemy was repulsed and the pa taken. Indeed, it has surprised our countrymen that, in so short a time, and with so small a force, he should have accomplished what General Cameron had not yet done, though commanding as many thousands as John did hundreds. But John put his trust in the God of battles, and kept his commandments. The Governor has arrived, and he seems to be much concerned for John's

death, and has promised to educate his two sons. John's last wish was that his eldest boy should have gone to the Church Missionary Society in the same ship in which my son-in-law, Lieut. Medley, sailed; but, being up the river at the time, his wishes could not be carried out. I trust we shall now have peace up the Wanganui; and if the General is equally successful we shall have great cause for thankfulness. Our great comfort is in knowing "that the Lord reigneth."

I send a copy of poor John's last letter, written two days before his fatal wound was received:—"Hiruhaema, Feb. 20, 1865. Respected Mr. Taylor, health to you and all your children, to Mr. Basil and Abraham. Respected Sir, your letter has reached us; your word is good, very good, to all our hearts. Strive constantly in prayer to God for us, that He may preserve us from the deceitful and hostile men who are striving to destroy and cast down the dwelling-place of the Spirit of God. Do you strive day and night. But we too have urged the teachers of every pa to pray to God, that He may go in the midst of us. This is all, from your loving son, JOHN WILLIAMS, Nipango."

THE CYCLONE AT MASULIPATAM.

OUR readers will not have forgotten the night of November 1st at Masulipatam, the terrible hurricane, the great tidal wave and in-rush of the sea, the destruction of the city of Masulipatam, and the fearful loss of human life.

Letters of deep sympathy have been addressed to our Missionaries at Masulipatam, and some replies have been received. Very touching indeed are the references they contain to the late overwhelming visitation. We publish one of them from the Rev. J. Sharp: it is evidently written by one who finds it almost too painful to recal the past to remembrance. It will be seen, moreover, that although the storm-wave has passed, it has left behind it results of such a nature as to cause much anxiety respecting the present position and future prospects of our Missionaries.

Feb. 8, 1865— I received by the last mail your very kind letter of December 21st, expressing the sympathy which was felt for us after the awful cyclone of November 1st. I don't think I ever was introduced to you personally, but I have felt to know you as a brother by the common tie, which binds us to "one God and Father" through the "one Mediator between God and man," ever since I heard you advocate the claims of the Church Missionary Society at Oxford in or about 1858. How little we either of us then knew of the circumstances which would introduce us to each other as correspondents.

It has indeed been a time which, I think, none could ever fully understand except those who passed through it; for even among those who were actually in the place, but who came in for a much lighter share of horrors through the situation of their houses, or some other cause, there are some who can speak of it in a tone impossible to one who had felt it as we did in the Mission, exposed as we were to the first

brunt of the wave. The chaplain, for instance, tells us he slept all through the night, and knew nothing of it till seven next morning. Some of the Europeans, too, in elevated houses to the back of the cantonment, got hardly any water into their houses, saved their stores &c., and were never put to the pressure for food which we underwent for many days.

The Collector, Mr. Thornhill, an old Rugbeian—an old schoolfellow of the bishop's, has exerted himself nobly for our relief. He came several times, even in the heat of the day, on horseback, to know whether we had any food for the next meal, any wine, rice, &c., and several times supplied us just when we did not know how we should get any thing for the day. I trust the Lord will graciously bestow spiritual blessings on him for the bodily aid he gave us.

If the experience of each during that night were written, what a sad book it would make, and some of those who are gone must have suffered more than those who are left.

Just opposite my house, a few hundred yards nearer the sea, stood the little bungalow in which P. Mallaya Garu and his wife lived. He became a Christian, I think, about 1857 in the English school. He married one of Mrs. Sharkey's nicest girls only in June last. They seemed very happy together, and his spirit and tone have been markedly that of a true Christian, more especially during the past year. He and I were the two Christian teachers in a small house, which is attached to the principal bungalow, in which the school is held. We were thus thrown more together, and I always was glad of his cheerful companionship. On the evening of the storm, when the school broke up at 5 p. m., I bade him, as usual, good bye. It was already very dark, and pouring with rain; the wind was very gusty, and the streets in places deep in rain water. Mallaya stayed behind for some time at school, hoping the storm would abate. He had taken his violin there for the singing class that afternoon, and had been practising the boys in Pope's "Vital spark" and Longfellow's "Excelsior." He amused himself, I am told, after school, while waiting, by playing some Telugu tunes to another of the masters (a heathen), and then went home. Next morning, when I looked forth from the little pigeon-hole in our roof, to which Mrs. Sharp and myself had crept in the night, Mallaya's house was flat on the ground. His body was found the next day, naked, and far from his home: his wife's, too, naked and bleeding, in the hedge of their compound. The body of one of Mrs. Sharkey's girls, the first I saw baptized in India this day (Feb. 9) three years ago, was lying naked close to our house in the morning, more than a quarter of a mile from the little house where she lived with her old widowed mother. But I could write for many an hour on this theme, had I the time. For hours Mrs. Sharp and myself sat in the roof our house, the walls shaking with the roaring tempest, expecting each moment to find the whole crashing down into the black muddy sea which we knew was surging below: we had little clothing on, and had to rub one another continually to shake off the numbness which the intense cold produced. We felt as if, even if we survived, we should have at once to leave for England—a useless wreck; and in the morning we looked more like escaped lunatics than any thing

else. And we were far from being alone in this. Not a few seemed to have partially lost their reason for a time.

Then came the perplexity for food, and far more for drink : everything was salted ; and the struggle, unended yet, to get rid of the filth which the water had brought into the house. Several large pieces of furniture have never yet been found. The bookcase containing all Mrs. Sharp's music and books, was floated through the house and carried across our compound, a road, and the next compound, till fixed by some palmyra trees. Of course, every book was ruined. Many other things were carried further. Only three or four shelves of books are left out of my own library. The rest were soaked in salt water, and have become full of mildew and of mud.

All our out-houses fell, smashing our crockery &c. My wife's horse has never been traced. Mine was dug out of the stable ruins much injured, but by careful treatment he has come round again. The labour has been enormous since, as every thing in the house has had to be cleaned and repaired in some way, and many of our servants seem to have lost three-fourths of the little energy they had. We have still much to do, as several parts of the house fell, and labour is in much demand. Wages and prices are of course double, or even more, for some things. But all these things will be righted in time. The most perplexing thing now is what to do for the best as regards our health. There has been a general prevalence of diarrhœa and dysentery among Europeans and natives lately, but this is better just now. Many expect it will be worse in the hot weather and monsoon, if the earth is not speedily turned over and recultivated. Outside the Mission, the only Europeans now in the place are the doctor and his wife (intending to leave, as the children are ill), the Collector, the head engineer, the commissariat officer (going), and the chaplain.

We cast ourselves on the fatherly care which has kept us hitherto, and shall remain here, unless such sickness break out as appears to make it wrong to do so. We prize your prayers for us.

It was only Bushanam who lost his wife, child, books, clothes, and horse. Ratnam lost books and some clothes, I think. I fear the itinerancy is not so near being carried out with vigour as you and we hoped : our staff is too small for all that ought to be done. Arden reached us a week ago. He has gone to Bezvara to live at present, lest he should get sick here. But we need many. Only two days since Mrs. Ord wrote from Madras that she was probably going home, and I have been hard at work packing off her things. Our Mission is getting largely represented at home. The two Brahmin boys continue to go on well.

Mr. Sharp concludes by saying, "We are not without hope that the Lord will bless this calamity, and give us some sunshine after rain." Yes, let us wait and see. God is wondrous in his way of working. We shall yet find that this great calamity has not been sent for nothing.

CHRIST THE CHIEFEST AMONG TEN THOUSANDS.

(SONG OF SOLOMON, v. 10.)

OH, Jesus! the glory, the wonder, and love,
 Of angels and glorified spirits above;
 And saints, who behold Thee not, yet dearly love
 Rejoicing in hope of thy glory:
 Thou only, and wholly, art lovely and fair,
 Who rob'st not Jehovah, with Him to compare:
 Jehovah's own image glows in Thee, shines there
 In visible bodily glory.
 Worth divine dwells in Thee,
 Excellent dignity,
 Beauty and majesty,
 Glory environs Thee,
 Power, honour, dominion, and life rest on Thee,
 Oh thou chiefest among the ten thousands!

Wherever we view Thee, new glories arise;
 The man who's God's fellow, who rides on the skies,
 Made flesh, dwelt among us, brought God to our eyes,
 In grace and truth showing his glory.
 Thou spok'st to existence the heavens and their hosts,
 The earth and its fulness, the seas and their coasts,
 Time hangs on thy word, and eternity boasts
 To crown and adorn Thee with glory.
 Worth divine dwells in Thee,
 Excellent dignity,
 Beauty and majesty,
 Glory environs Thee,
 Power, honour, dominion, and life rest on Thee,
 O thou chiefest among the ten thousands!

But how lovely Thou dost appear in our eyes,
 When we view Thee incarnate, in childhood's disguise;
 Thy love past all knowledge, we view with surprise,
 Till our hearts are entranced with thy glory.
 Thou in Thine own body, on the cursed tree,
 Didst bear all our sins; while thy God frown'd on Thee;
 Expiring in blood in our stead; and now we
 Exult in thy merit and glory.
 Worth divine dwells in Thee,
 Excellent dignity,
 Beauty and majesty,
 Glory environs Thee,
 Power, honour, dominion, and life rest on thee,
 O thou chiefest among the ten thousands!

Thy blood all divine from the grave back again
 Brought Thee, King of Glory, thou Lamb who wast slain;
 First-born of the dead, crowned with honour supreme,
 Thy throne is establish'd in glory.

There reign in thy glory, Oh thou great ador'd!
 Till thy foes, crush'd under thy feet, be no more;
 Thy throne shall triumph over all things restor'd,
 And eternity blaze with thy glory.
 Worth divine dwells in Thee,
 Excellent dignity,
 Beauty and majesty,
 Glory environs Thee,
 Power, honour, dominion, and life rest on Thee,
 O thou chiefest among the ten thousands!

MISSIONARY WORK IN THE MAURITIUS.

THIS little island, lying in the great Indian Ocean has become an important sphere of Missionary effort. From the continent of India numbers of natives have come as free-labourers, men of different races, some from the north, some from the south, some Tamils, some Bengalees: at the end of the year 1864, the number of Indians in the island amounted to 230,751, forming nearly three-quarters of the whole resident population. Of these, and this is an interesting point, there are not more than 30,000 whose term of engagement remains unfulfilled. All the rest are free to return to India if they please; but they have remained in the Mauritius, and thus the Hindu there is becoming fixed and localized.

And, as in Sierra Leone the liberated Africans acquired a common language, the broken English, wherewith to communicate with each other, so here with these Indian races; they get hold of the Creole patois, and thus it becomes more easy to give them instruction, inasmuch as, through this language, others besides the Missionary, Christian residents and others, who do not know the Indian dialects, can speak with them.

There are, however, special arrangements made for instructing them in their own language, and thus the Church Missionary Society has in the Mauritius a Bengalee and a Tamil Mission.

The Rev. P. Ansorgé is the Missionary in the Bengalee department, and indefatigable he has been in his labours amongst the Bengalees generally, and amongst the Indian and African orphans at the Powder-Mills Asylum, 400 in number. But his health giving way beneath the pressure of work, has compelled him to return to Europe for a season. The question then was, what was to be done to supply his place. There was only one way of doing it, and this was to admit to holy orders the Bengalee catechist, Charles Kooshalee. He was no novice in the work; he had been long tried, and had been found faithful. The Bishop therefore admitted him to deacons' orders, and grace and gifts have been bestowed on him, so that he has been enabled to make full proof of his ministry. He has great tact in gaining the attention of the Indians, and is a diligent sower of the seed.

Thus out of apparent evil good is brought. Perhaps if Mr. Ansorgé had been enabled to remain at his post, Charles Kooshalee would have still remained a catechist. But the Lord constrains us to the employment of the natives : He thrusts them into the ministry, overcoming our reluctance in this respect, arising from apprehensiveness on our own part as to their fitness, as He overcame the reluctance of Peter to preach the Gospel to the Gentiles.

In the Tamil department, the Rev. S. Hobbs is the Missionary, assisted by four Indian agents. The number of Tamil Indians on the estates is becoming gradually less than those of the Calcutta and Bombay immigrants ; but many more of them leave their employers to engage in work on their own account. Of this people, and the character of his labours amongst them, Mr. Hobbs thus speaks :—

If the field of labour offered by the camps on the sugar-estates has become somewhat narrower, that offered by the shops on the road-side has certainly become more extensive in proportion, and in many respects more encouraging. The greater number of them are kept by Tamil people. Some few of these have been employed on estates, but most of them have immigrated at their own expense, chiefly from Tranquebar.

As a class, therefore, they are more or less educated, and stand in a comparatively respectable position. In some instances I find them disinclined to converse, or determined to turn the conversation into a perverse disputation ; but these are very decidedly the exceptions to the rule. More commonly by far they compose themselves to hear my arguments and illustrations, encouraging me by occasional remarks and questions, and frequently the interest they manifest is of a most gratifying nature. One case at Flacq, in September last, was particularly pleasing. The man had listened to me for a long time, and given frequent expressions to his pleasure and thankfulness for my visit. At length, when I was leaving, he took money from his till, and urged me, with the utmost importunity, to accept it. I was obliged to show firm resolution, and make many explanations, to refuse without vexing him. I do not know the amount of his intended present, but it seemed to be four or five rupees. It is not at all unusual for them to press me to take refreshments, and offer me, in succession, the various articles on their shelves, sometimes proposing even to cook me a meal of rice and curry. If, as is sometimes the case, I require any thing, I invariably call for and pay for it before I begin to speak. I greatly dread giving any colour to the notion that I am led by mercenary motives to present myself among them, and that my Gospel message is a cloak of covetousness. Besides the shopkeeper and his assistants, I have very often a number of his customers to listen to my lectures, and they are generally not too much pressed for time to afford a few minutes. This, too, is a door always open, not, like the camps, as good as closed except at a certain hour in the evenings.

Mauritius is not only important because of its large Indian population, but because to its shores have drifted many waifs and strays from East Africa and Madagascar.

THE OLD RAJPOOT.

THE Rajpoots are the descendants of the warrior tribes, that, about the beginning of the Christian era, entering India from the north-west, conquered all the immigrant races that had preceded them. Their personal appearance differs greatly from that of the original Hindus. They are not the soft, supple, oily-faced, effeminate people, but a robust, hard-headed, strong-featured race, identical with Europeans except in colour. They settled in villages, and brought with them their peculiar institutions. Every Rajpoot or Jat, in his own village, is a free citizen, and all are peers. Representatives are elected out of the body of the citizens, and these form the punch, or village council.

They brought with them into India many cruel customs, which they continued to practise until the Christian rule of England interposed, and put an end to them; amongst others, suttee, and also infanticide. They claim to be a high-caste race, and are exceedingly proud of their high birth and chivalrous descent. Hence they could not brook the idea of a daughter marrying an inferior: that she should remain unmarried was regarded as a dishonour, and yet to obtain a husband of equal rank was not only a difficulty, but attended with enormous expense. They solved the difficulty by destroying them while in infancy. The higher the caste, the fewer the girls, until, on reaching the top, they altogether disappeared. The salutary interference of the British Government has broken down much of this: marriage expenses have been greatly diminished; and Rajpoot chiefs spare their daughters, and are content that they should live.

It is our earnest desire that they should become accessible to Christian truth, and be content to give it a patient hearing. Hitherto, as a class, they have kept aloof from it, and their door has been closed against the Christian Missionary. Amongst these people, however, as among other classes in India, there is a breaking down of prejudices. Let the following little statement of a Missionary's experience be accepted as an evidence of this—

I entered a village early one morning, last cold season, while engaged in itinerating in the district. I was at the time only accompanied by a Scripture reader. The first man we met informed us that the people of the village were Rajpoots, and that the principal man, both as to wealth and influence, in it, was Chet Singh.

Riding on into the village, we asked the next man we met to inform Chet Singh that we wished to see him, and he soon made his appearance, a venerable old man, bowed down with the toils and sorrows of many years. He received us under the wide-spread branches of a tamarind tree which grew at his door, and which had probably sheltered his father, and his grandfather before him. When we were seated, I made a few inquiries about his health, his village, and the neighbourhood, and we were soon engaged in what was to me a most interesting conversation.

He told me of the toils and struggles of long years gone by ; of a time when no man in all that region could surpass him in feats of agility and strength ; " but," said he, " this all belongs to the past : I am now an old man, and I will soon go the way of all the earth, and oh, that I may get safely to ' the other shore !' but I am a great sinner, and I greatly fear that I shall not reach it." I then told him who we were, and asked him to collect his people, as we wished to tell him and them how they might be saved. The request was at once complied with, and we soon had the men of the village seated around us, some upon rude bedsteads, and others upon the ground. While they were taking their seats, the women collected upon the housetops, and behind the adjacent walls. We had an attentive audience, and spoke to them for nearly two hours upon sin, its consequence, and our need of a Saviour. We then told them of Him who came to seek and to save the lost, and urged them to receive him as their Saviour.

When we ceased speaking, the old man asked me to sit down by him and explain more fully some of the points upon which we had just dwelt, and to remove some objections which had occurred to his mind while we were speaking. His questions and answers showed that he was a man of an excellent understanding, and his whole manner, that he was deeply interested in what he had heard.

When about to leave, he urged us to stop for dinner, and in this he was joined by many others ; but we declined their invitation, upon the ground that it was necessary for us to move on in order to overtake our companions, who were preaching in other villages. Taking the old man by the hand, I bade him farewell, telling him to remember what he had heard, and to act upon it ; and that then I should hope to meet him in heaven.

His only answer was his tears, a quivering lip, and the pressure of his hand. I turned away to mount my horse, but before I had succeeded in doing so, his son called me back, saying, " Father wishes to speak to you." When I returned, the old man seized one of my hands in both of his, and, looking at me with an earnestness which I shall never forget, said, " You, my young friend, will no doubt get to heaven, but I am a great sinner, and I greatly fear that I shall come short of it. Is there hope for me ?" " Yes," was my reply : " He came, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

" Let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

He again pressed my hand, and bowed his head for a moment, as if engaged in prayer, and then said—

" Now, young man, you may go : thank you, thank you for coming to tell me this." " Other sheep have I," says the Saviour, which are not of this fold," and as I rode away the thought occurred to me that my old Rajpoot friend might be one of them. He that saved the thief on the cross, is able and willing to save him. Since then I have removed to a distant part of the country, and shall probably see the old man's face no more during my earthly pilgrimage ; but I am not without the hope of seeing him on " the other shore."

SPIRIT OF PERSECUTION IN TURKEY.

OUR readers are aware of the troubles to which our Missionaries have been subjected in Constantinople, and the discouragement which has been thrown by the Government of the Sublime Porte on the spirit of inquiry which had commenced to show itself among the Turks. The vibrations of the earthquake have not been confined to Constantinople, for on consulting the records of our American brethren, whose Missionaries are dispersed over a wide extent of the Turkish empire, we find the same disposition showing itself on the part of the Governors and Pashas to check the movement in favour of scriptural Christianity. It would appear to us as though some influence was at work, and that orders had been secretly issued from the head and centre at Constantinople to the effect that Missionary action should, in every possible way, be discouraged. We select the following instance from the April number of the "American Missionary Herald"—

The brethren at Muradchai, as had long been their custom, had continued to meet together on the Sabbath, and, without leader or religious instructor, to read and ponder the words of Jesus. About six weeks ago these brethren, to the number of fifteen, sent an invitation to the pastor of the church at Bilijik to make them a visit. Pastor Hohannes accepted their invitation, and spent six days in their village. In his report of his visit, he states that he never before had so gratifying an opportunity of preaching the Gospel to his fellow-sinners. He held two religious meetings on each of the six days, and at each service had from ten to forty attentive listeners. He reports that he was enabled to preach the Gospel to over two hundred different individuals. Before his departure, he invited Baron Krikor, the preacher of Kutahya, who was then on a visit to Eski Shehir, to spend a few weeks at Muradchai.

Accepting the invitation of Pastor Hohannes, Baron Krikor went without delay to Muradchai, and began to labour there with much success. Yet the progress of the good work appears to have filled the head priest of the place, a notoriously wicked and tyrannical man, with wrath.

Through his influence the Pasha, accompanied by the Governor and several guards, came to Muradchai on Sunday, the 11th of December, and on the following Tuesday, carried off by force the preacher Krikor into exile, alleging against him nothing except the hitherto unheard-of charge, that he came to Muradchai to preach without a permit.

Intelligence of what had transpired was quickly forwarded to Bilijik, and thence telegraphed to Broosa. As soon as the information reached me, I started for Constantinople; and, on the following Thursday afternoon, communicated a brief statement of the case to the Hon. William Stuart, the English Chargé d'Affaires. Mr. Stuart promptly gave his attention to the case, and soon after replied by letter, that Ali Pasha, the Turkish Secretary for Foreign Affairs, had ordered the Protestant teacher to be set at liberty, and to be protected.

The native preacher Krikor, taken from Muradchai, was kept in prison at Bolon for nearly six weeks, when he was reluctantly released by the Pasha, in obedience to a second order obtained from the Government. He was, however, forbidden to return to Muradchai.

THE SIA-POSH KAFIRS.

OUR readers will find in our engraving the likeness of two of this people. The word *Sia-posh* signifies "black-clad," their outer garments being made of black goat-skins; while the word *Kafir*



NATIVES OF KAFIRISTAN. (From a Photograph.)

signifies "unbelievers." All the surrounding natives being Mohammedans, and this people adhering to their ancient heathenism, they have, in consequence, been called unbelievers by their Moslem neighbours.

Their country lies amidst the high mountains of the Hindu Kush, Cabul, and other Mohammedan countries lying between it and the British territories. It consists of mountainous ridges and steep spurs, enclosing narrow and fertile valleys, watered by numerous streams, of which the larger ones, when flooded by the melting of the snows on the mountains, become foaming and dangerous torrents. The "roads or footpaths are narrow and difficult in the extreme, and, every here and there, are intersected by frightful ravines, yawning chasms, and foaming torrents. These the Kafirs cross by means of rope bridges—now leading along the brink of tremendous precipices and frowning cliffs—now winding through deep and narrow hollows, dark almost at mid-day. Travellers also incur not a little danger from fragments of rocks and stone, that—either loosened by the rain or wind, or disturbed by wild animals and the numerous flocks of goats that crop the herbage on the higher hills and beetling crags, at the base of which they tread their way—every now and then come rolling down with a fearful crash reverberated on all sides."

If the road should be a frequented one, these primitive bridges are made by connecting together four or five stout and strong ropes, made of goats' hair, by slighter ones at about six or eight inches distance from each other, laid transversely just like the shrouds of a ship's masts with the ratlines across. These are fastened to the trunks of trees on either side, and stretched as tight as possible. Should there be no trees sufficiently near the spot, the ropes are either attached to strong stakes driven into the ground, or made fast to the rocks. On each side of this suspension-bridge there is another rope by which a person crossing may steady himself. Some people crawl along on their hands and knees, and others, less timorous, walk across; still the depth of the yawning abyss beneath, accompanied at times by the deafening sound of the foaming torrent that seems to shake the very rocks, renders this mode of crossing, even to those accustomed to it, fearful in the extreme.

Other bridges, when the narrowness of the chasms will permit, and trees of sufficient length are available, are formed by placing three, four, or more logs side by side. The Kafirs cross the smaller chasms and mountain-torrents of no great breadth, by means of leaping poles. In the use of these they are exceedingly expert, and, being a particularly active race, can climb the steepest hills.

In such a country there are great diversities of climate. On the more elevated tracts the winter is intensely severe, the snow lying on the ground for many weeks together; but the valleys are well sheltered, and yield in the season great quantities of excellent grapes and other fruits.

Although horses, mules, asses, &c., are unknown in Kafiristan, the people possess numerous herds of cows, yielding great quantities of butter, of which *ghi* is made: goats are also very numerous.

For the purpose of milking the cows and goats, the females go into the pastures, where they graze. When a woman wishes to milk her cows, she places the milk-pail before her, and calls out the name of the cow she wishes to operate upon first, for all the animals have their peculiar names. On this the cow comes lowing towards her, and stands over the vessel. Having milked her, the woman sends her away, and calls out the name of another cow; and so on, until the whole have given up their milk, the greater part of which is made into butter, cheese, and curds.

The Kafirs have European features and a highly-intellectual countenance. They have both blue and dark eyes, arched eyebrows, long eye-lashes, and broad open foreheads. Their hair varies in colour, from black to lightish brown; and both males and females are tall and well made, and of handsome figures.

Few of the Kafirs cover the head, and, when they do so, it is with a narrow band or fillet made of goats'-hair of three different colours—red, black, and white—about a yard or a yard and a half in length, wound round the head.

The females dress in a similar style to the women of the Kohistan, or highlands of Cabul, viz. loose drawers tight at the ankle, a long shirt or chemise, a *chadar* or veil, and a small scull-cap under which the hair is plaited.

Their ornaments or trinkets consist of flat bracelets on the wrists, necklaces, and ear-rings, and rings on the fingers. Those of the rich are mostly of silver, and rarely of gold; whilst the ornaments of the poorer classes are generally of brass and copper. The men wear rings in the ears and on the fingers only."

We have now introduced this people to our readers, about whom, in another Number, we have much to say.

GOD'S JUDGMENTS ON A LAND.

"Why should ye be stricken any more? Ye will revolt more and more: the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint."

LET the following letter be read from our Missionary at Nazareth, the Rev. J. Zeller. May the inhabitants of Palestine attend to the divine direction—"Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well."

Nazareth, June 13, 1865—The Lord has smitten this unfortunate land with the eighth Egyptian plague—the plague of locusts. In Exodus x. 4–6, we read—"I will bring the locusts into thy coast: and they shall cover the face of the earth, that one cannot be able to see the earth: and

shall eat the residue of that which is escaped, which remaineth unto you from the hail, and shall eat every tree which groweth for you out of the field : and they shall fill thy houses, and the houses of all thy servants, and the houses of all the Egyptians ; which neither thy fathers, nor thy fathers' fathers have seen, since the day that they were upon the earth unto this day."

These words are strictly applicable to our present condition. We experience how terrible the judgments of the Lord are.

The plains of Esdraelon, as well as the other plains of Palestine, were hitherto only infested with them, but now the young breed of locusts is spreading over the whole land, marching (not flying, for the young ones have no wings) out of the plain in immense columns, and destroying every thing. Proverbs xxx. 27—"The locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands." Three days ago the first army arrived at the vineyards south and west of Nazareth. The whole population of the town and villages turned out to protect at least a part of their property. The first day they succeeded, by keeping immense fires all round the vineyards. But the next day arrived the real army, and, in spite of the fires, the land was inundated as by a flood ; and in a few hours gardens and vineyards were stripped of every green leaf, and even the prickly pears (cactus hedges) were attacked. The people had to take to flight. My vineyard and garden are utterly destroyed, though a number of men and all our schoolboys did their best to defend them. Since yesterday afternoon the locusts have poured into the town. It was a real war : the whole town was enveloped in clouds of smoke and dust, and the shouting was deafening. But every contrivance and all energy was in vain : the locusts covered the south part of the town, and attacked my house also. Since yesterday my people did their best to keep at least our court free, and since this morning even the ladies are working as hard as possible ; but now every one is exhausted, and gives up the fight in despair. While I am writing this the locusts are covering my court, my roofs, and all the walls of my house, so perfectly, that we had to shut ourselves up in our rooms, and close every door and window carefully. But as often as the door is opened, a dozen jump in. The little garden in our house, and every flower, is destroyed. The whole country will soon be a desert. The necessary consequence must be famine and disease.

June 14—New swarms of locusts have arrived to-day, and the whole country round is so thickly covered with them, that for the next week no relief from this horrible plague can be expected. To-day they penetrated into my rooms, and are marching over my table whilst I am writing. Many of the people have left their houses in despair, closing them as well as they could. The bazaars are shut, all business and commerce is suspended, and our schools are closed. Yesterday, also, the beautiful gardens of Saphoore, which provide Nazareth with fruit and vegetables, were utterly destroyed by the locusts. In a few days not a single green leaf will be left round Nazareth. The people, depending at this time of the year mostly on the produce of their gardens and fruit-trees, are deprived of their means of subsistence. The winter crops, consisting of wheat, barley, lentils, beans, &c., are greatly damaged, but the summer

crops of Indian corn, sesam, cotton, &c., are quite destroyed. The only remaining provisions—corn and meat—are exceedingly dear; milk and oil are scarcely to be got.

June 15—This evening I went over the vineyards of Nazareth. A few days ago it still refreshed body and soul to look upon these beautiful hills facing the sea, adorned with the most luxuriant verdure, with fig-trees, mulberry-trees, pomegranates, apricots, quinces, and vines, all laden with fruit, and Heim el Sahib and Moukby, with their fountains and gardens of citron, oranges, and nut-trees. The sight inspired one with courage at the beginning of our half-year's summer, with tropical heat, and without a drop of rain. Now the sight has changed: the trees are all barren, as in England in winter, but it looks as if the country had been burned by fire. Every one acknowledges that the curse of the Almighty has struck the land. I met many people sitting in their wasted gardens with tears in their eyes; others carried baskets full of unripe fruit and vegetables, rescued from destruction: some were still engaged in the vain attempt to defend a particularly cherished tree from the attacks of the locusts, with which the ground is swarming. All confess that these are the judgments of the Lord calling us to repent.

June 16—The plague continues. The court of our house looks like a slaughter-house; the stench is sickening; our rooms are full of locusts.

And this is not the only plague with which this unhappy land is burdened. The cattle disease has at the same time come over the country. All the cattle of the plain of Esdraelon and the neighbouring villages died. At present this disease is spreading over the hilly country also. The stench near these villages is horrible. The peasants, deprived of the means for cultivating their land next winter, look with despair towards the future. The necessary consequences of these plagues are famine and disease. I must therefore ask all my Christian friends in England to pray that these judgments may lead the Arabs to repentance, and thus prepare their hearts for the reception of God's holy word. At the same time we desire to act like the good Samaritan, and to make it possible for them to meet, at least in some degree, the consequences of these plagues, in those instances which require help most urgently.

NEW ASPECT OF MISSION WORK IN CEYLON.

EVERY Mission field has its own peculiar difficulties, just as, in husbandry, the agriculturist finds, that whether his lot be cast in chalk or clay districts, in light or heavy soil, on the hill or in the bottoms, there is something to be guarded against, some difficulty to be overcome. And so we find it in our Mission fields. Whether the field we have under cultivation be in Africa or Asia, or the far North-west; amongst Negroes, Hindus, Chinese, or Crees; amongst barbarian races or those which are comparatively civilized, there is something to be overcome, some obstruction, some difficulty.

In Ceylon, one great difficulty has been the indifference of the people to the great subject of religion. They cared so little about

it that they seemed to think one religion was as good as another, and, provided they were let alone, and suffered to live an easy, worldly life, they would profess Christianity, while they continued to be idolaters; and, while they wore Buddhism next their heart, would assume over it a Christian name. They professed Christianity because it was convenient: they remained heathen because it gratified their sensuality, and they liked the feasts at the idol shrines.

We have reason, however, to believe that this care-for-nothing state of mind is coming to an end, and that they are beginning to be conscious that there is between Christianity and Buddhism a difference so great, that they cannot retain them together. The Singhalese seem to be like men waking up from under the influence of a powerful narcotic, and rubbing their eyes as they begin to perceive the realities of life.

Of this the following facts in evidence have recently occurred. Our Missionary, the Rev. John Gritton, returning to Madras from England, reached Point de Galle, Ceylon, on February 5th. He was soon in communication with his brother Missionary, the Rev. G. Parsons, at Baddagama, and learned from him that a discussion between the Christians and Buddhists, from which each party expected great results, had been arranged for the next Wednesday, February 8th.

"In consequence of this information," writes Mr. Gritton, "I postponed my trip to Colombo, and went to Baddagama. I found the brethren, Parsons and Coles, full of gratitude that the dead sea of Buddhist indifference had been stirred; more thankful that the Christianity of Ceylon was awaking to something of activity and aggressive earnestness. The brethren Baugh and Hogg went over to Baddagama with me. Nearly the whole of Tuesday, and till midday on Wednesday, passed in conference and prayer. All which could be foreseen of the coming discussion was brought forward, and our attack and defence carefully prepared. The Rev. David de Silva, Native Wesleyan Missionary, joined us from Colombo. His arrival was most opportune, as he only, of all who were there, could use the Pali language with ease and readiness; and one rule of the controversy was, that all attacks on Buddhism from their own books must quote, not the Singhalese, but the Pali. Henry Goonesekera, the catechist of Baddagama, and son of the late native clergyman of that name, was very useful in the good work, and was the channel of communication with the heathen party. Before going down to the place of meeting all the Christians assembled in the spacious church for worship. A native minister delivered an inspiring address, the effect of which was deepened by the various texts which the Christians had written out and posted on gates and trees on the road to the place of controversy.

The place of meeting was an unfinished bungalow, on a high bank of the Gindura river, a very beautiful spot, backed by a dense wood of palms, breadfruit, jack, orange, and other trees. Nearly two thousand

people filled and surrounded the house. Fifty of the Buddhist priests were there in their yellow robes and quiet faces, on which it was difficult to detect any signs of emotion. The Moodeliar of the district was present to preserve order. For more than two hours our hope of success in the undertaking was very small. The priests were determined not to argue unless on terms altogether to their advantage. The occasion called for the nicest temper on the part of the managers on our side. Their purpose seemed to be the avoiding of discussion, and the so managing it that we might seem the unwilling party. There was much dishonesty among them. It was clear that if the controversy was to be at all, it could only be effected by yielding to the Buddhists every advantage. At length preliminaries were settled, and they delivered their attack. They undertook to prove three points :—

1. Jehovah is not God, but a demon.
2. The Bible is not the word of God.
3. There is no salvation in Jesus Christ.

They took up one proof of the former portion of the first assertion. Their point was, that Jehovah is not omniscient, and therefore not God.

The reply was, by rule, prepared and given in writing. It was now nearly dark, and the company dispersed. At the request of the Moodeliar Mr. Parsons restrained his party from preaching, but the enemy were less submissive to the powers which be. There is among them a priest by name, Miggettuwatte. He is of the reformed Amarapura sect, loose in life, and at this very time under excommunication for theft, but very eloquent, and necessary to them in this season of trouble. He is learned also in the Colenso sense, and is called popularly "Bishop Colenso's friend." This man assembled the people on the river bank, and preached to them. As we departed loud cries of triumph burst from the host of the enemy to the glory of Buddha. The discussion was resumed on the following day. The attack was ours, and was made, in a very able paper, by David de Silva. Its main point was the denial that Buddha was omniscient. The enemies' tactics told enormously in their favour, and ended in their obtaining thrice the time for their reply which we had for ours at the previous session.

At the close of the session Mr. Parsons determined to have preaching, and the heathen listened for some time, till the fifty priests marched by in procession, and ordered the people to attend their preaching. Having in this way broken up the listening crowd, they pleaded fatigue, and departed without addressing the people. Once more the air rung with their cries of victory. The discussion was continued daily till Monday, with deepening interest, and was then stopped by the authorities, lest some popular outbreak would occur. I rejoice to add, however, that the leaders continue it by correspondence, and when the results are published we shall have all which Buddhism can say in its own defence, and against our God and his church.

This war is a very gladdening change from the false and guilty truce which Buddhism has granted to Christianity for five generations. Our churches have been filled with concealed heathen ; Buddhists in heart, and demon worshippers in practice. That is now past. The middle party have drawn off to confessed heathenism, and there shall be war

to extremity between Christ and Belial. Oh that the great King may subdue the enemy, and win them to his cause, and to that knowledge of Him which is life eternal!

Some of the priests went away to the village spreading the most curious and false reports. One which I myself heard was that Buddha had effectually rescued his cause from defeat, inasmuch as Mr. Parsons had fallen down a well and broken his back, while Henry Goonesekera had broken his limbs. How one who has attained to the enjoyment of the eternal cessation of conscious being can care for or defend his cause is a marvel to all but Buddhists.

The following remarks are worthy of attention. Dr. Colenso's writings seem to be quite a boon to all the opponents of Christianity throughout the world. He has shaped a weapon, such as it is, which the Mohammedan Molwee, the Brahmin, the Buddhist priest, at once grasp and wield against Christianity.

I am very thankful that God permitted me to see South Ceylon at a time when the indifference of ages is breaking up. The first great instrument employed was a work of Mr. Gogerly, for so many years Wesleyan Missionary in Colombo. The immediate cause has been the introduction of infidel books, and notably Colenso's works, into the island, by the English educated natives.

A LAST LORD'S-DAY IN ENGLAND.

THE Rev. J. P. Gardiner, who has recently left England to resume his Missionary work in distant Rupert's Land, before his departure drew up the following paper, which we gladly introduce into our pages, only regretting that papers of this kind, containing information respecting our home proceedings, so rarely reach us—

I think you stated in the January Number of the "Gleaner" that you would be glad to receive communications of interesting Meetings, &c., connected with our Missionary work. Do you think the following worth notice?

About a fortnight ago I received an invitation from the incumbent of my native village to spend my last Sabbath in England with him, to preach in his church, and to attend a Meeting on the following evening, as he wished to hold a sort of dismissal service for the benefit of his people, stating that a neighbouring clergyman had promised to come over, and commend me and my work to God in prayer.

I had for some time previously purposed spending my last Sabbath in England in that neighbourhood, so I accepted his invitation.

It was communion Sunday, and I prepared to preach in the afternoon. The incumbent took his text in the morning from John x. 16; and after speaking of Jesus as our Shepherd, he referred to the vast field of Missionary enterprise, showing the great need for increased Missionary exertion, dwelling specially on the words, "Them also I *must* bring, and they shall hear my voice," in connexion with, "How shall they hear without a preacher?"

I preached in the afternoon to a crowded church, and, in the evening, in the open air. The Dissenters closed their chapel, and came in great crowds : indeed, the whole village turned out to hear the word. It was a deeply-interesting service, and I trust some felt the power of the word. After the sermon, the incumbent commended me and my future work to God in prayer.

On Monday evening we had a meeting in the schoolroom, which was well attended, and the sum of 16*l.* 8*s.* was presented to me towards an iron church for Fort Churchill. This sum was subscribed, for the most part, by poor people ; indeed, there is scarcely a rich man in the parish. The population is about 900, chiefly poor, and yet of their poverty they cheerfully contributed. Last year they sent up to the Society nearly 30*l.*, and this year they hope to do more.

I must not close this note to you without thanking you most sincerely for the parcel of clothing you sent up for my station. It will give us great pleasure to write to the ladies when we distribute it among our people.

The last paragraph refers to a large package of work which the ladies who meet for this purpose at Christ Church Parsonage, Tunbridge Wells, placed at his disposal. These contributions are highly valued by the Missionaries, and we trust that these useful efforts will continue to be well sustained throughout the country.

" IS IT WELL ?"

TRAVELLER through these scenes of sorrow,
 Weary with the march of life ;
 Hoping nothing for the morrow
 But renewed and ceaseless strife :
 In thy sky no ray of gladness
 Of a brighter day to tell,
 Overwhelmed with grief and sadness,
 Weary traveller, " Is it well ?"

Storm and tempest howl around thee,
 Clouds obscure thy toilsome way ;
 Gloom, and night, and fear surround thee,
 Yet for light thou mayst not stay ;
 Onward, 'mid the darkness groping,
 Struggling through life's deepest dell,
 Scarce to reach its outlet hoping ;
 Trembling pilgrim, " Is it well ?"

All that thou hadst craved possessing
 Has been wrested from thy grasp ;
 And beneath each fancied blessing
 Thou hast found a hidden asp :
 Disappointed, worn, and weary,
 Crushed with woes thou mayst not tell ;
 Earth and all its prospects dreary,
 Tell me, sad one, " Is it well ?"

"Is it well" that God has taken
 All that thou hast deemed thine own?
 "Is it well" that grief has shaken
 Hope for ever from her throne?
 Death has of thy friends bereft thee,
 Borne them to the grave's dark cell;
 Not an earthly joy is left thee—
 Answer, Christian, "Is it well?"

Canst thou still with meek submission
 Kiss the hand that wields the rod?
 Seest thou with Faith's trusting vision
 Love in all that comes from God?
 Is there rest for thee in heaven?
 Hopest thou there with Christ to dwell?
 Ah! howe'er by tempests driven,
 Then, believer, "It is well!"

KATHAR KHAN,

THE FIRST-FRUITS OF MOHAMMEDANISM IN TINNEVELLY.

THE following account of the conversion to Christianity of a Mohammedan family in our Nallur district in Tinnevelly, will call forth, we doubt not, feelings of devout thanksgiving to Almighty God from the friends of Missions—

I have now the great satisfaction of informing you of the baptism of a respectable Mohammedan and two of his children. I need not give you any particulars of his conversion. His own account, whilst entering but slightly into the various workings of his mind, describes the steps of it with sufficient clearness. I will confine myself to circumstances which brought him in contact with myself. About the middle of 1863 the inspecting catechist of the Surandai district, while at Viravanallur on business connected with the Munsiff's court, was addressed by a Mohammedan who entered into conversation with him on the doctrines of the Christian religion, and exhibited such a knowledge of the Bible as quite astonished him. He also produced a Tamil New Testament which he said was his constant companion. The inspecting catechist on his return (I was then in charge of the Surandai district) told me of this man, and expressed the hope that he would one day become a Christian.

Some time after, the catechist of Sivanthipuram told me of a Mohammedan, residing at Kodarankulam, about a mile from his own village, a Merasdar, a man of some property, and of a well-known and very respectable family, who seemed very pleased to talk of Christianity, and promised to render every assistance towards establishing a school in his village. I told the catechist to see him frequently; but was not aware at the time that he was the same man as the inspecting catechist had seen. This was subsequently discovered. The catechist, however, did not speak so sanguinely of him as the inspecting catechist had done. He said that he could not induce him to declare his mind fully, and that, though he was always ready to talk of the Gospel, he seemed unprepared

to make an open profession of his faith in it. He suspected that he might have some hopes of assistance and employment. About this time, also, he was unfortunately involved in a transaction of a dishonourable kind, in which a relative was one of the chief parties. These facts, for a while, somewhat damped my hopes of his ultimately becoming a sincere convert. About this time I appointed an itinerant catechist to Ambasamutheram, situated about a mile and a half from Kodarankulam, who soon made Kathar Khan's acquaintance, frequently visited him and conversed with him, and received a very favourable impression of his sincerity.

At the beginning of last year, while preaching in those parts with the itinerant Missionaries, I sought an opportunity of conversing with him myself, and with that view, while at Kodarankulam with Mr. Fenn, preaching, sent the catechist of Sivanthipuram to his house to ask him to come and meet me, but he was not at home. At length, however, having received from time to time satisfactory accounts of him, I arranged for him to visit me at Nallur. He accordingly came, and told me his wish and determination to become a Christian. From what occurred in the course of our conversation, it was evident that he was both an intelligent man and well acquainted with many of the facts and some of the doctrines of the Scriptures. He was doubtful, however, whether he would be able to induce his wife to join him. His eldest daughter, also, a girl of about nine years of age, had been taken away by one of his relatives, and, if his having become a Christian should be known, would not be restored without great difficulty. His other two children, he said, would be baptized with him. His knowledge of the Bible, the fact that he had long been an inquirer and was suspected as such by his friends and relatives, and that he had carefully observed the Lord's-day for some time, and had not had his son circumcised, all convinced me that he was worthy of confidence. So I willingly promised to provide a house for him to live in as long as it might be found necessary to absent himself from his own home, and to procure all needful protection in case of molestation. With this understanding he returned to Kodarankulam, promising to arrange for the management of his affairs in his absence, and to come to live at Nallur till his baptism. But on his way home he seems to have wavered, fearing that, if he came alone, he would find the maintenance of two separate families too expensive. As, owing to this or some other cause, he did not come at the time agreed upon, I began to fear that perhaps worldly motives had more to do with his wishes than I suspected, and that, being disappointed in his hopes, he had drawn back. I accordingly told the catechist to discourage him, and to tell him in the plainest manner that I could do nothing for him. But, shortly after, I was told that he had brought home his eldest daughter, and was arranging to come to Nallur with all his family. This was very encouraging, and I gave directions to have the house I had promised prepared for them. Still they did not come on the day fixed, and I was again left in uncertainty. But a few days afterwards they all came, and I was told that the failure in the last instance was owing to their not being able to get a bandy. So, after many delays and hindrances, they at last arrived.

It was now necessary to prepare for any opposition that might occur,

especially as he seemed to think his relatives might become violent on account of the step he had taken. I wrote to the superintendent of police, asking him to render me aid in case of need. He immediately gave orders to the constables of the neighbouring stations to be ready if called for; but happily not the slightest attempt was made by any one even to annoy him. His mother came and mourned over him as one dead to her, and his sister came and took away her son, a boy of about fourteen years of age, who was with him, to prevent his becoming a Christian; but no one else has been near, or taken the least notice of him.

He was baptized, with his two youngest children, last Wednesday, at the time of the catechists' meeting. Mr. and Mrs. Honiss were present as witnesses for himself and sponsors for his children, the others being Mrs. Clarke and the catechist of Ambasamuttheram, who had exerted himself so much to bring the event about. I preached from Isaiah iv. 3, on the free covenant of grace. Their baptismal names are the same as they had before, viz. Kathar Khan, Masthan Ibrahim Khan, Patte Katthu. He is thirty-one years of age.

As he cannot for some time return to Kodarankulam, or rather Arianpattarkulam, the name of that part in which his house is situated, and as it is desirable that he should remain here for the education of his wife and children, I have arranged for him to live in the house usually occupied by the native clergymen when they come to Nallur, and have made it comfortable for him. He comes to me every day to read the Scriptures, and at home occupies himself in a similar way. His wife also is learning to read.

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#### A LIBERAL CONTRIBUTOR.

WE read of the Churches of Macedonia, that, "out of a great trial of affliction, the abundance of their joy, and their deep poverty, abounded unto the riches of their liberality."

Christians of this stamp, Macedonian Christians we may call them, are not wanting; but they are not always known, because what they do, they like to do in secret to the Lord, so that their left hand may not know what their right hand doeth. But here is one of them.

Under the head of St. John's, Blackburn, appears, in the "Church Missionary Report" for 1864-65, the acknowledgment of a sum, not large in itself, but very large when we consider the source from whence it came. The sum is 12*s.* 8*d.*

Legacy left by the late John Wallbank, a poor but good, and an interesting old man, who, though blind and upwards of eighty years of age, was one of the most regular and early attendants at St. John's, to which, at the Lord's Table and Sunday school, he was constantly led, until the last week of his life. His minister stated, in his funeral sermon, that all he had to live upon was only from 3*s.* to 4*s.* a week, and yet out of that he put into the collecting box, 1*d.* morning and evening for the Church Missionary Society, Pastoral-Aid and Jews' Society, and subscribed to each Society 6*s.* annually! And now we have this further memento of departing worth.

Mark xii. 44.      2 Cor. viii. 2

**SIERRA LEONE.**

IN our engraving we place before our readers one of the Sierra Leone stations, now transferred by the Society to the care of the native church—York.



**YORK, SIERRA LEONE.** (*From a Drawing.*)



It reminds us of the history of this colony, and of the marvellous changes which have been accomplished there in half a century.

There our Missionaries had given them, as the materials they were to work upon, the very refuse of humanity—poor slaves, freed from the hold of the slave ships, but bearing upon them the marks of the cruel treatment to which they had been subjected, and in every way degraded, bodily and mentally.

And they had also given them, as the means they were to use as the instrument of recovery and improvement, the Gospel. And they were not unbelieving, nor did they deem it incapable of producing the results which God intended: they used it prayerfully and diligently: they taught and preached Jesus Christ.

They persevered in this work amidst great discouragement from the work itself, and great sufferings from the unhealthy influence of the climate on the European constitution. Many Missionaries and wives of Missionaries died there. Sierra Leone came to be called the white man's grave. But though many fell, others came forward to supply their place, and the work was carried on.

And the blessing came, and came rapidly. Sierra Leone is now a Christian land. It has its parishes and village churches. There, on the Lord's-day, as the bells toll for divine service, the people gather as they do at home. They come as a Christian and intelligent people, neatly dressed, with their Bibles and Prayer-books, to join in the worship and praises of that God, who "so loved the world as to give his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life." They have faithful pastors, raised up from amongst themselves; ordained Africans, men of piety and intelligence, sound in doctrine, holy in life, and earnest in their work. Very interesting is it to be present at one of the Lord's-day services, and see and hear a large congregation, joining in the responses, and attentively listening to the word preached.

These people appreciate their Christian privileges. They give very decided evidence that they do so. They very willingly pay to maintain them. Where Christian ordinances cost people nothing, it is not so easy to distinguish between those who really value them, and those who take and use them because they come in their way. But when, in order to their continuance, it is necessary that people should contribute, and that liberally, then it is not unusual for some to complain, as though they thought that, if they must needs pay for them, it would be better to be without them.

The Sierra-Leone Christians do not think so. They support their own village schools; they repair and help to build their own churches; they meet the expenses that relate to the proprieties of divine service. They maintain nine of their own pastors. After a time, as they feel their way, they will maintain them all. They are of the same mind with David, when he said—"Neither will I offer burnt-offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing."

We are persuaded that ordinances thus dealt with yield the more of spiritual good to those who thus heartily identify themselves with them, and that, in this respect, the Scripture declaration is fulfilled—"With what measure men mete, it is measured to them again"—"and the Lord blessed Obed-Edom, and all his household."

This is a great work which has been accomplished on the west coast of Africa. It is in itself an answer to those who would persuade us that the negro is an inferior race to the European. The knowledge of God is the highest point to which the intellect of man can aspire. When, in the belief of the revelation of God, men come to this knowledge, the knowledge of God as revealed in Christ, and are sanctified thereby, they have risen to the highest dignity of which they are capable on earth. Has the African been found unsusceptible of this knowledge? But there are many Europeans, men of the boasted superior race, who despise and reject it. With whom, then, is the inferiority?"

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#### DEATH OF THE REV. C. S. VOLKNER.

THE readers of the "Gleaner" will learn with deep regret that one of our Missionaries, the Rev. C. S. Volkner, has been murdered by the natives of New Zealand, under circumstances of extreme barbarity.

Some months ago there arose amongst the natives of the western coast a kind of fanaticism, which appears to be a singular mixture of Romanism and heathenism revived. These people call themselves the "Pai Marire," and consider themselves under the special protection of the angel Gabriel and the Virgin Mary.

They have resorted to the old heathen custom of preserving human heads—the heads of Europeans whom they have cruelly murdered or slain in battle. These they carry about with them, and, by the use ventriloquism, deceive the people.

Professing to be supernaturally assisted, they invite the people to join their standard, that they may drive the white man into the sea, and recover the lands of which they have been deprived; and such is the wide-spread dislike which exists in New Zealand to the English rule, that numbers of the natives have cast off their profession of Christianity, and joined the Pai Marire.

Opotiki is a place upon the north shore of the eastern projection of the island. The people there have had very few advantages, having been left for years without a Missionary. Their knowledge of Christianity has been very superficial, and their condition any thing but satisfactory.

Mr. Volkner did not come amongst them until after the war had commenced in the Taranaki district, and the whole island had become, in consequence, more or less disturbed. He then exerted himself to the uttermost to restrain them, and prevent them from taking part in the war, but in vain. In attempting to join the insurgents in the interior, they were met on the way by a tribe, friendly to the British Government, defeated, and driven back. This greatly exasperated them.

Mr. Volkner, finding that the aspect of affairs looked very threatening, thought it better to remove his family to Auckland,

and, having placed them there in safety, returned to his station, accompanied by another Missionary, the Rev. T. S. Grace, of Taupo.

Meanwhile the Pai Marire, under the leading of a chief of bad character named Patara, and a pretended prophet named Kereopa, reached Opotiki. They were received by the people there with great joy. The two churches, the Protestant and Romanist, were used as places of assemblage, and there Mr. Volkner's people, renouncing their Christianity, were initiated into the new faith. A sort of mesmerism seems to have been used, many of them lying on the ground in a state of stupidity, and for days taking neither meat nor drink.

Satan now seemed to have entered into them, and they were rife for any mischief. Just at this moment the little bark in which Mr. Volkner and Mr. Grace were passengers, entered the harbour, and was forthwith taken possession of. All the Europeans were then ordered on shore, where they remained for about two hours in the open air, the women gathering round them, and making the most horrid faces and gestures at them. They were then locked up in a house, where they continued all night.

The next morning was given to prayer and reading of God's word. Every effort which had been made to induce the natives to liberate them had failed. About ten o'clock the two Missionaries read together the 14th Psalm, and, shortly after, Mr. Volkner was separated from his companion, who saw him no more. They led him out to a spot close to the church where he had so often instructed them, and placed him under a willow tree. They then took from him his coat and waistcoat. He asked for his Prayer-book, which they brought to him, taking it from his coat pocket. He knelt down and prayed. Then, shaking hands with his murderers, he said, "I am ready," when they immediately hoisted him up. After a quarter of an hour they took him down, and cut off his head. The fanatics rushed forward to drink his blood, and, amongst these, some of his own people, who had stood by during all this horrid scene, and made no effort to save him.

So died our Missionary Volkner.

Mr. Grace remained with them some time, when at length, in the good providence of God, he effected his escape in the following way—

*March 16*—I was dressing. Tiwai came to the door, and said, "There is a vessel outside." After dressing, I walked out of the enclosure, and distinctly saw her three masts. At about half-past seven, just as we were commencing breakfast, Captain Levy went on to the top of the house. On coming back, he said, "She has come-to." He left the breakfast, and went out. I heard him say, "Give me a paddle." Immediately I got up, and went to the bank of the river. Saw him and his brother getting into a canoe close below me. I said, "Take me with you." I protested

strongly that it was not right to leave me. They pushed off, and in a moment, without a word further, paddled down the river with all speed. I went back, and took a little breakfast, when it was announced that some one had landed from the steamer away to the right of where I was, the river bearing away to the left. I went out of the enclosure with Tiwai and William King (an assessor from a distance): Mr. Agassiz was also there. They were all in a state of great excitement, and were going off to meet the two messengers from Turanga. I begged first of Tiwai, and then of William King, for one of them, as Government officers, to stay with me, as I should be carried off, and no one would know where I was. They refused, saying they would be killed, and told me to stay where I was. I felt indeed forsaken on every hand; went into my room, and committed myself to the care of our heavenly Father. . . . Great excitement was going on all this time outside; men flying off in all directions on horseback to call the people together; the bell of the Roman-Catholic chapel ringing for a meeting of the few present; while the shouting and noise were incessant. I walked about for upwards of an hour and a half, expecting every moment to be seized and killed. No one near where I was but an old woman: nearly all the natives were away inland, four miles off, and the rest were gathering at a distance to meet the Turanga messengers. I walked about, waved my hat to the schooner for them to come back to me, but all to no purpose. At length, to my surprise, I saw the boat coming up the river, with the captain, the mate, John Moore, and Lewis Montague. It came to at Mr. Levy's store, about forty yards below where I was. Shortly afterwards young Montague came to me, and said, "If you will go round to the point where you were yesterday, we will take you in." The old woman was in the yard at the time. I walked quietly out, and passed the store where Captain Levy and the mate were getting out goods as fast as possible. I now saw that to go to the point named was to run into the greatest danger, as I must have to pass through a number of villages. I therefore only worked my way through one, and then got down on the bank of the river, and, when about fifty yards below the store, where the boat still was, John Moore, I think it was, called out, "Stop!" In a couple of minutes they dropped down to me, and, without any one but the old woman seeing me, I got into the boat and lay down, and was quickly rowed to the schooner without any opposition. The goods saved from the store were now deposited in the schooner, and another of the sailors, Owen Jones, with the greatest willingness, came on board the boat, and in ten minutes more I was safely on board H.M.S. "Eclipse." Captain Fremantle immediately sent out his boats to tow the schooner, and in a short time all were safe. The two Turanga messengers were still on shore, and, after great perseverance on the part of Captain Fremantle, the Bishop of New Zealand, and Mr. Rice (a magistrate from Tauranga), they were finally brought off the next morning.

May the Lord give repentance to this deluded people, that, before it be too late, they may turn unto Him from whom they have so deeply revolted.

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## CAIRO IN THE PESTILENCE.

July 10, 1865.

A FEW weeks ago there was no reason to believe that any great calamity was impending over Cairo. The Nile was indeed very low, the waters assuming a greenish hue. The murrain amongst the cattle brought, occasionally, tainted meat into the market. The locusts came and swept away part of the produce of the land. But still the increase of mortality was trifling. Then came reports that there was great mortality amongst the pilgrims at Djedda; but Cairo, or Kahira, cared little for this. Pilgrims that die on the road to Mecca are supposed to have an immediate introduction into Paradise, and perhaps this may in some degree account for the fact, that when a Moslem pilgrim falls down, his fellow-travellers leave him to his fate.

Well, at last there came the intelligence that a vessel had left Alexandria "*Patente sporca*," that is, with an unclean bill of health, and therefore subject to quarantine. A few days afterwards there were reports of a certain number of deaths in that city every day; then of an increase; then of an exodus such as was never heard of before amongst the European population. Clerks fled from their desks; rich Jewish, Greek, and Italian merchants offered vast sums of money to expedite the departure of steamers which had only taken part of their cargo on board; and many, in thus flying from death in the crowded city, met it in the crowded ship. Cairo still was untouched, until one day an English engineer came in from Alexandria, and died of spasmodic cholera in a few hours. Then, strange to say, instead of ravaging amongst the ill-fed badly-clothed native population, it shot its first deadly shafts amongst a batch of about thirty ruddy-faced English engineers, just landed on the soil. Five or six of them were struck down at once. And oh, what an evidence we have of the brutal spirit of the Moslem population of this city, that as each funeral procession wended its way to the resting-place of the dead, the wretched Moslem should clap their hands, and say, "May it so be with you all! may you all go the same way!" But although pious Moslems began to be more fervent in their devotions, it soon became evident they were not a privileged race. The pestilence indiscriminately made its circle of the city. The Moslems prostrated themselves with their faces towards Mecca; the Franks became more devout; and the Jewish quarter on the Sabbath-day was as silent as a Scotch village whilst the kirk services are going on. Every one that could muster even a crutch was at the synagogue.

As the English physician resident in Cairo had more on his hands than he could possibly attend to, several of the community fell into the hands of the acting English chaplain, who is also a medical man; amongst others, the well-known Lieder, for thirty years the faithful witness, and faithful servant of the Church Missionary Society, and for upwards of twenty years the gratuitous chaplain of the English community. Strange to say, for several days before he died he lost the faculty of speaking English, and his chief delight was in various of those beautiful German hymns which had been the solace of his earlier years.

But water, water, water, that is the universal want just now in Cairo. Where are we to get pure water to drink? And as the fire-worshipper

watches for the breaking of the light of the eastern sky, so do we watch for the rise of the Nile. "What has it risen to-day?" "An inch." "Oh dear, the 6th of July: it ought to be several feet higher by this time." It is the general opinion that the cholera will not take its departure till the green putrid waters of the almost stagnant Nile are swept away by the rising floods that are even now, no doubt, coming down from the mountains of Abyssinia, and the more distant fountains of waters that have their rise far away in the yet, perhaps, altogether unexplored sources of the White Nile.

B. W. W.

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### STREET PREACHING IN COLOMBO.

**THE** Rev. W. E. Rowlands has forwarded the following account of street preaching, carried on in Colombo, in connexion with the Tamil branch of the work at the Slave-Island Station—

For the last six months there has been regular street preaching in Tamil, once a week, in Slave Island and Colpetty, and twice a week in the Pettah. In the two former places the audiences have not been large, seldom exceeding fifty, and it has sometimes been difficult to collect even as many as a dozen people. In the Pettah, however, we never failed to get, either at Kayman's Gate, the corner of Chekko Street, or in Sea Street, an audience of Tamils, Moors, Malays, and Singhalese, varying from 50 to 300 or upwards. As a rule they listen attentively, some among them for as long as two hours together, but occasionally, either the Mohammedans themselves, or others at their instigation, endeavour to divert the minds of the hearers by asking cavilling or frivolous questions. Not succeeding to their satisfaction in that attempt, they sometimes use abusive and threatening language. On one occasion, in June last, as the catechists were returning from their evening preaching, a Moorman came suddenly behind one of them, put one hand at the back of his head, and with the other struck him in the mouth with a stone, knocking out two of his front teeth.

The offender was at once seized, and conveyed to the police station. It was thought advisable to take the case into court, and sentence was given against the culprit of 5*l.* fine and one month's imprisonment. Since then there has been no open disturbance.

How far the constant preaching of Christian truth has hitherto had effect upon the heathen mind we cannot possibly tell; but from remarks made from time to time by persons of some influence, both among the Hindus and the Mohammedans, it is evident that an interest and a spirit of inquiry has been awakened with regard to Christianity that did not exist before.

There are, however, sometimes circumstances of direct encouragement, as may be seen from the following extract from one of the catechists' journals, May 2nd, 1864—

"After we had finished preaching at Kayman's Gate, a youth came up to me, and said, 'Sir, I have stood listening to your preaching. You spoke of the sweetness of the word of God. I want you to get me a Bible, and I will pay the price of it, whatever it may be.' Upon my

asking, 'When you have bought it, what shall you do with it?' he replied, 'I am inclined to become a Christian.' I had then no book with me, and when I told him, 'If you will come to Slave Island I will buy a book, and give it to you,' the youth replied, 'I must go to the place where my cart is standing. I live beyond Thevaler. I am going to Kandy with my cart. When I return, I will come to you again: then you must buy a book for me, and explain its meaning, and I will make you as much return as I can.' I told him, 'You need do me no favour: I will gladly make known to you the salvation of Christ.' After conversing further with pleasure, he went away, saying, 'I will be sure to come to you again.' There is reason to hope that this youth will become a child of God."

We have ground for encouragement, also, in the fact, that there has of late been a considerable sale of tracts of various kinds. From the 1st of April to the 1st of September we sold 614 Tamil, 545 Singhalese, and 119 English tracts for one challie (one-eighth of a penny) each, besides a few Tamil books at rather higher prices during the month of August—2 at  $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ , 4 at  $1d.$ , 5 at  $\frac{3}{4}d.$ , and 18 at  $\frac{1}{4}d.$  each. The Bible Society's colporteur, also, has often sold several copies of the Scriptures in Tamil and Singhalese, either the whole Bible or portions of it, at the close of the evening's street preaching. And I should not omit to add, that several Burghers have, on the occasions alluded to, given, in a very pleasing, unostentatious way, gratuitous contributions, varying in amount from three-pence to one rupee. The sums thus received since the 20th May have amounted to 9s. 10d.; and the spirit which these offerings evince can only be accounted for by supposing that the donors, having learned the preciousness of Christ's salvation themselves, were glad to embrace any opportunity for aiding endeavours to make the same salvation known to others.

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#### FALSE HOPES.

OUR readers will remember the fearful hurricane which visited Masulipatam, on the east coast of the Bay of Bengal, and, driving on before it a vast sea-wave, destroyed a great amount of human life, and laid the town in ruins.

Our Mission, on that occasion, suffered severely, several of our native Christians having been drowned, and the survivors left in much sorrow and want, having lost every thing. Our readers will also remember how, amidst the horrors of that fearful night, the Missionaries and their families gave themselves to prayer, and called upon the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and, in doing so, felt themselves sustained.

In Masulipatam there is a Romish Mission, and the *Missioners*, as they are called, were involved in the same perils. The narrative of what happened, written by one of them, has just come into our hands. The facts are pretty much the same. The natives, it appears, after what had occurred at Calcutta, were apprehensive of a like visitation at Masulipatam, and had fixed a time, which passed by without disturbance. At length it came. The Missioners, like our own people, shut themselves up

in their houses, barricading the doors and windows. "Feeling," writes Father Tagliabue, "the special need of prayer at such a time, we began to recite the rosary." The water now forced its way in, and they found that it was *salt*. Although they were more than a mile and a half from the shore, the sea had reached them. They determined to fly to a house on a more elevated site, within the church enclosure, and this they essayed to do, amidst profound darkness and the howling of the storm, the water being up to their waists.

Finding it impossible to enter the house, they climbed in by one of the windows of the church which had been blown in, and ascended the steps of the altar, where the sacristan, his two children, and two other natives, had already taken refuge. "My first thought," says the Rev. Father, "was to take the blessed sacrament, and I felt more tranquil in the presence of God, at whose voice the winds and waves are still."

The waters continuing to rise, they got astride upon a high wall which separated the choir from the sacristy, their heads nearly touching the roof. "In one hand I held the blessed sacrament, in the other a picture of the blessed Virgin, and I had in my arms the sacristan's two children."

This is our controversy with the church of Rome: she commands implicit reliance from her followers, and when she has had this she leads them astray. Anxious and piously-disposed minds she misdirects as to the objects they are to trust in. She thrusts in false objects of dependence between the sinner and Saviour, and separates those whom God has placed nearest to each other, that the one may cry for help, and the other render it. Who can feel otherwise than interest in the poor priest, and admire his humanity in caring for, and trying to help those who were more helpless than himself; and yet, mingled with this, intense pity, that, at such a moment, he knew no better than to hold by the wafer used by the Church of Rome in the Lord's Supper, and a picture of the Virgin.

God's truth is as a beacon light, which meets the sailor's eye, as, in his tempest-tossed bark, he is struggling with the winds and waves, and tells him where he is and where he may find a harbour. False hopes, such as the church of Rome holds out, are like the fires kindled by the wreckers along the shore, that, misled by these, the ship may be broken on the rocks, and become a prey.

Their position was a very perilous one, and it was doubtful whether they would be saved, for the waters continued to rise until, at the height of twenty feet, they covered their feet. Throughout the agony of that long night the poor priest seems to have had recourse to every thing except the one true hope. "I pressed the blessed sacrament close to my breast, and thought it prudent to consume the sacred elements. Then I recommended myself to the Holy Virgin, and to all the saints, whose festival we had just celebrated (it had been All Saints' day), and to the *souls in Purgatory*, not asking them to perform a miracle in our favour, but desiring to have their intercession with the Supreme Judge, before whom I thought I should so soon have to appear." The poor priest must have been at a sad loss for some one to call upon when he had recourse to the souls in Purgatory: for the same Romish superstition which has invented a Purgatory teaches that the souls in



Purgatory cannot help themselves, and need to be prayed for that they may be liberated; how, then, can they help others?

Father Tagliabue had often offered masses for these souls: it seems strange that he should call upon *them*.

But while thus crying to those who had neither ears to hear, nor hands to help, there is no mention made of Jesus Christ.

Glad are we to find that he was preserved, with his companions, to tell the story. "May God be praised," he says, "for having preserved our life, that we may continue to preach the Gospel!"

Alas! alas! here is more of the spirit of self-deception. The poor man thinks that in preaching the fables of the church of Rome he is preaching the Gospel. May the Lord open his eyes, and those of others who are in the priesthood with him, for "if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch."

### TRAVANCORE, AND THE MISSIONARY WORK THERE.

TRAVANCORE is a beautiful province, occupying the south-western portion of the great Indian peninsula. It is a country of exceeding beauty. The Western Ghats, a noble range of mountains, are its eastern boundary, and separate it from the tableland of India. Travancore is thus a narrow strip of land, enclosed between the mountains and the sea.

The surface is rich, and beautifully diversified. Parallel with the shore run the back-waters, a singular series of lakes, connected with each other and the sea by occasional outlets. They are fed by the rivers which flow down from the mountains, and afford opportunity for safe navigation and intercourse between north and south.

But the surface of the country is not more varied than the population. At the head are the Brahmins, who are the ruling class; then come the Nairs, a military caste; then other grades, down to the Pariahs and slaves. Mingled with them are the Syrian Christians, who acknowledge the Patriarch of Antioch as their spiritual head, and whose Christianity is sadly corrupt. Some of them have become Romanists; others remain independent.

Amongst these people our Missionaries came nearly fifty years ago, and, ever since, have been teaching and preaching Jesus Christ. Upwards of 9000 persons, from different classes of the population, are now gathered together in congregations, some under the charge of European Missionaries, others cared for by pastors raised up from amongst themselves.

One of our senior Missionaries returned to Travancore about two years ago, after a sojourn in England, which the state of his health rendered necessary. He has been busily occupied in the care of three districts—Allepie, Pallam, and Mundakayam. The amount of work done by him has been very great. He has travelled from 100 to 150 miles every month, carefully endeavouring to avail himself of every opportunity of speaking a word in season, and directing those whom he met to Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. He has lived in churches, in boats, in Syrian and heathen houses. The Romish priest, the chowdry peons, the Brahmin landlord, all have helped him on his way, and throughout he has met

with the greatest kindness ; while amongst the Syrians and Romanists he has been gratified in perceiving a steady increase of moral and religious feeling ; the former becoming more aware of the nature of true worship, that God is a spirit, and they who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth ; the latter depending less on observances, festivals, and ceremonies.

We shall dot down some of the items of intelligence which show the progress of the work. The various congregations in the Allepie district have subscribed, in less than three years, to various church purposes, nearly 500 rupees ; and this has been done by about 350 persons, mostly labouring men or coolies.

In the Pallam district Mr. Baker found numerous little slave congregations scattered about. Two churches, formerly built by him, and which had become, to a great extent, disused, he found to be the centres of Christian slaves, and these he has appropriated to their use, placing over them a native pastor. At one of these points, Changnacherry, there is now a congregation of 180, and at the other place, Vellatoorthy, where none used to come, of 90. The slaves are very much advanced in social condition and domestic habits, by becoming Christians ; and numbers who knew nothing of Christ, now know our books, and use most of the language of Christians ; and such Mr. Baker believes many of them to be.

Amongst the other congregations Mr. Baker speaks very favourably of one at Olesha, under the charge of the native minister, Koshi, and which he describes as becoming the model of a native pastorate. It is composed of Syrians and Chogan converts, some of them with competent means. With some help, they have nearly rebuilt their church ; they have their various funds, for which monthly subscriptions are paid ; they have their prayer-meetings, which are regularly conducted ; they have no expensive feasts, but a nice cake and cup of coffee each as a token of fellowship.

The slave congregations, also, are active in raising funds. They have bought a piece of ground, on which lately stood a granite idol, and other symbols of heathenism, once objects of popular veneration. This ground they are busy in raising, so that it may be higher than the level of the floods, and intend here to build a church, for which they are collecting money.

“I have baptized,” says Mr. Baker, “in two years, nearly 450 converts from Chogans, Palaries, and Pariahs, in the Pallam district, with five Nairs, one of whom I hope to see a very useful agent of the Mission.”

Among the Syrians, too, there is ground for hope. The new Metran urges family prayers, has printed some private prayers in Malayalim ; recommends schools and the Scriptures, and portions of the Liturgy, in the vernacular ; and some Catanars preach.

In the Mundakayam district, where so much has been done amongst the slaves, much more is doing. At Malkavo, where the Christians are numerous, and many heathen and Romanists near, a proper church is about to be raised, 500 rupees having been raised by the people and their friends.

Mr. Baker is longing for the time when, being relieved of the Pallam district, he can give himself more freely to work among the hills and valleys of the ghauts. Some planters have opened coffee estates on the

tableland beyond the Arrians. One of them, who employs a large number of coolies, offers part of the pay of a reader. A temporary place of worship has been erected, where from 80 to 100 coolies meet for worship. Praised be God for these evidences of his blessing upon our work!

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#### THE MISSION WORK AMONGST THE TAMIL COOLIES, KANDY.

AN interesting portion of the Mission work in Ceylon is that which is carried on amongst the Tamil Coolies who are employed on the coffee plantations in the Kandian district. A number of Tamil Christians have been brought over from the native churches in Tinnevely, and these are working amongst them as catechists and Scripture readers, under the superintendence of our Missionary, the Rev. J. Pickford.

To this field of labour the Rev. J. Gritton recently paid a brief visit, and our readers will like to know what he saw there, and what he thought about this work.

Passing on to Kandy, Mr. Pickford kindly received me to his house, and permitted me to see his work in the town and on the coffee estates among the Tamil Coolies. My stay was too short to permit a long journey. One morning we climbed up the beautiful mountain which rises above Castle Hill, and reached the Rossneath estate in time for muster-roll. The Coolies assembled at six, shaking with the cold, and stood for some twenty minutes while Mr. Pickford preached on sin as leprosy, and I on grace as the medicine for the disease. On the following morning we started very early, and reached the Gungarua estate on the Mohaviliegunga. This is an important estate, and belongs to a gentleman who takes great interest in his dependants. When we arrived, Peter, catechist, was addressing a hundred heathen men and women on the history of Jesus. He told us that Mr. Barnes had ordered the work to stand still a whole hour, that we might instruct the people. Brother Pickford spoke on the healing of the blind man at Jericho, and I closed with instances of happy deaths which I had known. I took one in England, one in Africa, and one in Tinnevely. Some of the listeners seemed dull and stupid, but others were not ashamed to show real interest.

When the heathen dispersed we went to a pleasant house on the estate, in which the estate writer lives. He and the few Christian people, amounting to thirteen (including some little children), came together for prayers. I spoke with them on John xv. 4, "Abide in me." They were all prosperous people, holding good offices on the estate, and with much intelligence. We then partook of the kind hospitality of the owner, and proceeded to examine the school which he supports among the people. After all was ended we crossed the Mahaviliegunga in a double canoe, and, taking to our carriage, reached home at eleven.

**THE FELLAHS OF EGYPT.**

**EGYPT**, once great, is now poverty-stricken and degraded. He who visits it beholds the memorials of the past—gigantic statues, obelisks, pyramids, enormous statues, and sepulchres. They tell us of



the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies, whose greatness and glory are alike crumbled into dust, and then we look around and see how low Egypt has sunk amongst the nations.

The population of Egypt is of a strangely-mingled character. There is the Turk who rules, and the various races who are subject to him, Egyptian Arabs, Bedouins, Copts, besides fragments of natives who have wandered to this central land, from Asia, Africa, and Europe. The Egyptian Arabs are believed to be descended from the old inhabitants of the land, mixed with their Arab conquerors, the Copts being an unmixed remnant of the ancient race.

The Egyptian Arabs are usually tall and well-made, and of a thin, spare habit. Their complexion is very dark, and their eyes black. The better sort in the towns pass their time in listless indolence; the fellahs, or peasantry, are occupied in agriculture. The dress of the latter consists of a pair of loose blue or white cotton drawers, with a long blue tunic which serves to cover them from the neck to the ankles, and a small red woollen skull-cap, round which they occasionally wind a long strip of white woollen manufacture. In addition to the long flowing robe, which comes down to the heels, the women mostly use the face-veil.

Along the banks of the Nile the villages of the fellahs may be seen and the people, some employed in keeping sheep, goats, or buffaloes, or carrying water, while others sit in the dust gossiping. Here they live and die without the knowledge of that true faith which renews a man, and so changes him, that death, when it comes, is not death, but life.

But their neglected condition has excited some sympathy on their behalf, and something is being done to make Jesus known to them.

No one can read the following passage from Miss Whately's "Ragged Life in Egypt" without compassionating the poor peasantry of Egypt, and earnestly wishing success to those excellent Christians who are endeavouring to do them good.

There was a tamarisk grove, not far from Cairo, which she and her friends loved betimes to visit, because it was an agreeable spot in hot weather. Sometimes it was harvest-time, and the camels were being loaded with the grain to carry home; sometimes there were large flocks of sheep and goats picking up a little scanty grass. On one occasion—

A young girl, who was strolling about, apparently without any thing to do, her morning labours being over, as it was now eight o'clock or more, came up to our party, and saluted us good-humouredly, looking curious enough to see such unaccustomed visitors in her quiet grove. Our friend, Mrs. R——, invited her to sit down beside us, and entered into conversation with her. She was an interesting-looking creature, though her features were not particularly handsome, except her eyes, which were full of intelligence, and of a sort of olive colour, which I never before saw in an Egyptian girl, black being the universal hue.

Her complexion was darkened, by exposure to the sun, to a much deeper brown than that of the inhabitants of the city, and made her white teeth look more brilliantly white by contrast. She might have been eighteen or more, to judge by looks, but was, no doubt, at least three years younger. I was drawing. A picture of any kind was, of course, a complete novelty to her, but, on being shown the trees, &c., and then told that these marks and colours were to represent them, she understood the object very readily, and watched the process with great satisfaction. I then called her attention to the beauty of the trees, and talked about gardens. Every Egyptian delights in a garden beyond any thing else, and I then related to her the story of the garden of Eden, and Adam and Eve. When we came to the sentence of death, I asked where she thought she would go after she died. She opened her bright eyes very wide, and then drooping the long black eyelashes over them, and raising her hands with a gesture between uneasiness and indifference, replied, "Marafsheh !" (the common Egyptian contraction of the words meaning, "I do not know," or "I know nothing of it").

"You have a soul, Zeynab : it is not only men who have souls : every child, every girl, has a soul."

"Yes, lady, I know it."

"Have you not heard that every soul must go either to heaven or to hell? Have you not heard of heaven and hell?"

"Yes, I know," she said again.

"Well, when this is all become dust," touching her arm, "where do you think your soul will go?"

"Marafsheh," she repeated, very sadly, hanging down her head.

"You Mohammedans are always afraid of death : is it not so?"

"Oh yes, greatly afraid!" she echoed, shuddering, and contracting her features with terror at the very word ; "and you are not afraid, nor that lady?"

"Those who trust in the Messiah, whom she told you of, need not fear death, because they will be very happy in heaven : it is good up there, much better than here."

Zeynab remained silent for some minutes, with a puzzled, half-dreamy look in her eyes. Heaven was such a vague, unmeaning word to her : how was it good ; what was it, to be so desirable ? She could not take it in. Presently she noticed a ring I wore, and with childish versatility began expressing her delight and admiration. "I wish I had a ring like that ! but I have none," she exclaimed.

"Well, Zeynab, in the place we were speaking of they will wear golden crowns on their heads."

"What !" she cried, eagerly, as if she now caught a notion that she could comprehend, "what ! gold like that ?"

"Far more beautiful : and they wear robes of white."

"All white ?" she asked, taking hold of her dirty blue cotton veil with rather a contemptuous air.

"Yes, white, and clean, and bright, and beautiful, because their hearts are clean."

Her interest was now again fixed : instead of a vague, unreal, incomprehensible thing, she had a notion of some place which she could in a

faint degree conceive: the *outward* glory, which was all the childish mind could yet seize hold of, was brought before her, and she was willing to converse about the love of God in providing a place of happiness for his children, and to hear more of "Him the lady had talked about."

Mrs. R — now rejoined us, and taught the girl a short prayer, which she made her repeat several times, and which she promised to say every day. She parted from us with regret, and begged we would come again.

Once again the Christian ladies saw Zeynab, but not until after a long time.

I asked if she remembered the little prayer. She said she had repeated it at first, but now had forgotten the words. I told them, and made her repeat them several times, shortening even that short sentence to suit her memory, unused to learn. We had a little talk, and she seemed much interested and pleased.

In honour to an Egyptian girl, it should be told, that neither on this nor our first interview did Zeynab ask for a "backsheesh," or seem to have any idea of getting money from the strangers, although evidently poor; and, in general, the village children and girls are all clamorous for backsheesh as soon as they see a European. I gave her, however, a piece of money at parting, saying I was going away, and wished, as I might never see her again, to give her a present. She drew back at first, and when she had accepted it, she said, in a deprecating manner, "I did not ask." This looked as if there was a good natural disposition in the poor girl.

She was recommended to our good matron, who we hoped might find her out and talk to her again; but illness, the increasing business of the school, and a variety of other circumstances combined, with the absence of both our friend and ourselves from Cairo, to prevent the tracing of poor Zeynab, and we know nothing more of her.

But there is *One* who does know, and whose eyes are in every place. The eye that never slumbers has been watching the young Egyptian on the borders of the desert, as surely as if she were known to hundreds of her fellow-creatures. We cannot but hope that in some way she may yet be taught by his Holy Spirit, and learn to tremble no more when the name of death is mentioned.

Alas! how many are there not of these wanderers who might be brought to the fold, if only there were some willing to seek for them.

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### THE EDUCATED BENGALLEES.

OUR readers are aware that for a number of years the Government of India has been affording to the youths of that country a first-rate secular education, and that many of them have availed themselves of it. They have thus become acquainted with European literature and science, and have learned how false and puerile are

those notions which, under the name of religion, have been handed down to them by their forefathers. So far as their convictions are concerned, they have ceased to be idolaters, although the generality continue to conform to the prescribed customs and rites. But although, in their educational course, they learned the folly of Hinduism, they learned nothing of the excellency of Christianity. That was withheld. It was thought to be inconsistent with the duty of the Government to afford any Christian opportunity, and so the young men came forth into the world destitute of any religious convictions whatever.

There are, however, hopeful circumstances in connexion with this important and numerous class of men, which we desire to notice. At first they avowed themselves Atheists. This, however, seems to be abandoned: it was, in fact, unreasonable. Generally now they profess themselves Theists. Young men, when entering the Calcutta University, are obliged to declare what religion they are of, and they usually subscribe themselves Theists. By this they mean a crude Socinianism. They believe in the cold abstraction of a God without a Trinity of persons, without any atonement whereby they can approach Him, and so far removed from them as to be incapable of affecting the human heart. They have their forms of worship, and meet together for this purpose.

Instances are not wanting of young men, who, chilled amidst the dreariness of such a faith, and feeling the need of some sun, some centre from whence they might derive genial influences, have never rested until they have found Him who is the true life and resting-place of the human soul.

Good men at Calcutta feel that the present is an important crisis, and they are doing all they can to help these young men out of their entanglements. Able lectures have been delivered in the cathedral on the evidences of Christianity, and the admirable suitability of the Gospel to the necessities of man.

Some of these lectures have been delivered by the Bishop, others by Professor Banerjea, the Revs. the Chaplains, Missionaries, &c. The attendance on one occasion, when Professor Banerjea lectured, amounted to about 250, of whom perhaps fifty were Europeans. The scene was most impressive. A Brahmin convert, standing up in a Christian cathedral to entreat his countrymen to embrace the faith, in which he had found the rest and peace after which their ancestors had striven in vain, was surely a sight not unworthy of a historical painting. The lecture was admirably written, arranged, and delivered in pure idiomatic English, and with most apposite and striking applications of Holy Scripture. When the lecturer spoke of our "Rishis," "our forefathers," "our nation," we were forcibly reminded of St. Paul preaching to the Jews.

May the Spirit of the Lord work so powerfully through these efforts, that many of these young men may be brought to know the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord!



## THE LOVED AND LOST.

“THE loved and lost!” why do we call them lost,  
 Because we miss them from our onward road ?  
 God’s unseen angel o’er our pathway crossed,  
 Looked on us all, and loving them the most,  
 Straightway relieved them from life’s weary load.

They are not lost ; they are within the door  
 That shuts out loss, and every hurtful thing—  
 With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,  
 In their Redeemer’s presence evermore,  
 And God Himself their Lord, and Judge, and King.

And this we call a “loss ;” Oh selfish sorrow  
 Of selfish hearts ! Oh we of little faith !  
 Let us look round, some argument to borrow,  
 Why we in patience should await the morrow,  
 That surely must succeed this flight of death.

Aye, look upon this dreary, desert path,  
 The thorns and thistles wheresoe’er we turn ;  
 What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,  
 What struggles and what strife the journey hath !  
 They have escaped from these ; and lo ! we mourn

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,  
 Who with his treasures strove the shore to reach,  
 While with the raging waves he battled on,  
 Was it not joy, where every joy seemed gone,  
 To see his loved ones landed on the beach ?

*Anon.*~~~~~  
THE LAPLANDERS.

THE Laplanders inhabit the most northern part of Europe, and number in all about 10,000 souls, divided, in almost equal proportions, between Norway, Sweden, and Russia. They are of Asiatic origin, closely related to the Finlanders and the Hungarians, There can be little doubt that at a very early period they inhabited a part of Turkey. It is possible that they may have come into Europe in the train of Attila, or, like the Hungarians, at a somewhat later period ; but having been so long subject to Europeans, they have utterly lost their former martial character, and become servile and effeminate. It is not easy to ascertain what form of heathenism prevailed amongst them ; but, strange to say, the most recent investigations appear to lead to the conclusion that they were Buddhists, and that many of them are Buddhists at heart to this very day. About the middle of the fourteenth century they were compelled to conform to Romanism ; but whilst they outwardly adopted the new religion, it was only like a cloak, which they laid aside again as soon as they ceased to be watched. Being Buddhists, they were not open idolaters, though they had small images in their houses : their ceremonies consisted chiefly in the use of ablutions, incantations, and charms, which it was easy for them to retain and perpetuate in secret. When an infant had been received into the Christian church, it had to undergo a certain exorcising process immediately on its return home. Whenever a Laplander went

to the Lord's Supper, he would on the way select some secluded spot, and there, by means of confession and ablution, propitiate beforehand the heathen deity, whom he was about reluctantly to offend by joining in a ceremony peculiar to Christianity. When, after the time of the Reformation, the Laplanders of Sweden and Norway were compelled to conform to Protestantism, their real character underwent no material change. The Protestant clergy appointed to the inhospitable parishes of Lapland were usually the refuse of their class, who were pretty attentive to the few Norwegians settled in their parishes, but in other respects contented themselves with going through their prescribed round of duties. Occasionally a better minister would endeavour to be somewhat more faithful with his parishioners; but they knew how to make him desist. If he came to visit them, they would set before him the most offensive articles of food, bad enough to poison him; or supply him with unmanageable reindeer, whose fury threatened to put an end to his life. In this way the minister's patience and zeal were soon worn out, and he would naturally seek to be promoted, as speedily as possible, to a parish situated in some more civilized region.

The Laplanders may be divided into two classes or castes, one pastoral, the other devoted to fishing or catching birds. The latter naturally reside along the coast, which, in Norway especially, is indented by numerous gulfs and inlets. They live in huts made of turf; their food consists principally of fish, and is dressed with the same train-oil that burns in their lamps. The pastoral Laplanders, who keep herds of rein-deer, live on the hills, or rather on the elevated table-lands above the coasts. Their dwellings consist of the rudest tents, and the reindeer supplies them with food. In summer the days in those high latitudes are very long: in some districts the sun remains above the horizon during twenty-three out of the twenty-four hours. The heat then becomes intense, and engenders such clouds of stinging flies that the cattle rush into the thickest smoke they can find, in order to obtain some relief; whilst the men are compelled to besmear their hands and faces with tar. To escape from their tormentors, the hill-men almost invariably drive their herds down to the sea-coast, where they also sell skins, and other produce, and purchase such articles as they need, if at least they can abstain from wasting all their money upon ardent spirits, of which they are passionately fond. All Laplanders, especially the hill-men, are somewhat sullen towards Europeans, unless they are propitiated by a present of liquor and tobacco; but, although sullen, they are timid, so that no violence need be apprehended from them.

The Board of Missions, having been ordered by the king to extend its operations to the Laplanders of Norway, was providentially directed to select for its agent a man peculiarly fitted for that work.

His name was Thomas von Westen. He was originally a poor boy, destined by his father to learn some trade; but as, in spite of all obstacles and prohibitions, he manifested a most studious disposition, his father was at length persuaded by some friends, who engaged to defray the expense, to allow him to go to the University. In compliance with his father's wishes, he studied medicine; but just when he was about to receive a doctor's diploma, his father died, and the young man imme-

diately abandoned medicine to study for the ministry. Being now limited to his own resources, he had to struggle with want. It is said that he was able to procure a regular meal only once in two days; and he and a fellow-student, who shared the same room, had only one decent coat between them, so that when one went out, the other was compelled to stay at home. When his studies were completed, he found a friend in a widow, who supported him, and, after some time, became his companion for life. In 1710 he was appointed to a parish in the northern part of Norway. On the transit to that place all his wife's property was lost, and one of his young step-daughters perished in the sea. He found his parishioners violently opposed to evangelical truth, and for some years had very up-hill work with them; but by degrees they learnt to appreciate both his doctrine and his character.

It was early in 1716 that Westen was appointed Principal of the Lapland Mission. He immediately determined to commence his operations by visiting, in the course of that summer, the maritime Laplanders many of whom are conversant with the Norwegian language. He calculated upon arriving amongst them just at the season when many of the hill-Laplanders also would come down to the coast, and this expectation was realized. He succeeded in visiting, during that summer, almost every place inhabited by Laplanders, that was accessible from the sea; but not content with simply exploring his field of labour, he made it a practice to converse in private with as many individuals as he could obtain access to; for he found that such private conversation produced a deeper impression than public addresses. In autumn he was obliged to return to Drontheim; but two faithful assistants, who had accompanied him, remained behind to carry on the good work.

Thus he continued to itinerate amongst them for seven years, when his health was so completely shaken, that he was not able to travel among the Laplanders again. But he continued his home labours, in preparing books for them, and training preachers, catechists, and school-teachers at Drontheim. Several of his pupils were converted Laplanders, and when it was known that his health would not permit him to go far from home, many visits were paid to him by Laplanders from a distance.

It is a painful fact, that to the very last this good man had to endure much opposition on the part of the higher clergy of Norway. He died in the Lord, in April 1727, so poor that the funeral expenses had to be defrayed by friends, and so hated by the clergy that no minister would officiate at his grave. But he long continued to be known as "the lecturer who loved the Lapland man." And there can be no doubt that he entered into the joy of his Lord.

After his death, the work was for some time carried on by his pupils; but by degrees it came to be neglected, and the Laplanders relapsed into a state of mournful ignorance. In our day, however, a man of God, named Stockfleth, has been raised up as the successor of Thomas von Westen. The remarks which we have made apply only to the Laplanders of Norway. The history of those who live in Sweden is of a similar character, marked by long periods of neglect, but interrupted by occasional seasons of evangelical effort. At the present time there are several good men labouring for their spiritual welfare. Regarding

those who are subject to Russia little is known, and there is reason to fear that many of them are still attached to their heathen rites and ceremonies—*From the Calcutta Christian Observer.*

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 QUESTION PUT BY A HEATHEN MAN—HOW SHALL CHRISTIANS ANSWER IT.

An American Missionary in Siam writes—

A Sabbath or two ago a very interesting company of men and women came in an hour before the service, and seemed anxious to learn something about the Christian religion.

They said they had read and heard something of the religion of Jesus, and now desired to know what they should do, that they might become his disciples. One, an elderly man, was the principal speaker, while the others listened with great attention.

I tried to explain to him the way of salvation through a Saviour crucified; and that all who believe in Him would be saved, and go to heaven. He looked earnest, and immediately asked what would become of all who did not; and of all the Siamese who had made a great deal of merit. After his question was answered, he looked surprised, and said, "Why does not Jesus send some one to tell them quick, quick?"

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 HURDWAR.

(*From an American Publication.*)

Who has not heard of this celebrated place? It is situated on the right bank of the Ganges, which, during the rains, is nearly a mile wide. The current is very rapid, and the water, unlike the waters of the Lower Ganges, is clear, and free from every thing that is offensive to either the sight or the taste.

The name of the place is comprised of two words, *Hur*, one of the names of Vishnu, and *dwar*, "door;" and it hence means the door of Vishnu, or the gate of heaven. It is sometimes called Gungadwara, also, *i.e.* the door of the Ganges, because the river, passing through the eastern end of the valley called the Doon, here breaks through the Sawalick range, the lowest range of the Himalaya Mountains, and enters the plains of India. The Doon is sixty miles long, by fifteen wide, and was no doubt once a lake.

There is a tradition that the Ganges, before it found its way to the plains, tried to force itself through the mountains a little west of its present passage, but that Bheem, one of the gods of the Hindus, saw that it would sweep away Delhi, 150 miles off, if it succeeded, and he hence put down his foot, and said, "You cannot pass here." The mountain at this point is a solid rock, and is almost perpendicular, and bears the name of "Bheem's foot." The river, in its rage and disappointment, is said to have formed itself into a vast whirlpool, and to have whirled and eddied about the base of this object, until it formed what is now called "Suraj Kund," the Pool of the Sun, and that it then gave up the attempt, and, passing eastward, made a way for itself where Hurdwar now stands.

This pool is very sacred to the Hindus: it is small, and exceedingly filthy, but men and women, in vast numbers, plunge into its turbid waters, that they may wash away their sins. A religious mendicant has turned all this to his own advantage. He has dug out a small room in the rock, some twenty feet above the pool, and has persuaded the people that their bathing will be useless unless they make an offering to a small stone idol which he has under his care. His cave, or room, is reached by three ladders, and during a fair these are thronged with pilgrims, who make an offering to the idol, and receive in return a mark on their foreheads, made by the keeper with a little mud from the bottom of the pool. This cave is in the northern face of the mountain. There are many more on the eastern face, in still more inaccessible places. There are also small temples on the highest peaks of the mountains on both sides of the river, and all these are visited by the pilgrims, who resort to the place, and offerings are made to the idols and religious mendicants that occupy them.

Hurdwar is about a mile long, but is very narrow, and if it ever increase in size it cannot do so in length, as the space between the mountain and the bank of the river is very limited. The town is well built of brick and hewn sandstone, and the buildings cover a great deal of ground, and are several stories high. These are built, not by residents, but by wealthy men living elsewhere, and are used by their retainers and themselves during the annual fair, or are thrown open to receive the pilgrims that assemble on these occasions from every part of India. The fair commences on the first of April, and ends on the tenth. The last is the great day, and from midnight until midnight the Brahmins are busy at the principal bathing-place, muttering passages from their Shasters over the bathers, and receiving offerings from them. But all are not thus engaged: some of the people are disposed to worship their goddess—the Ganges—without their aid, and hence throw their offerings, consisting of ear-rings and finger-rings of gold and silver, gold, silver, and copper coins, and precious stones, into the river. But these are not to be lost; so not a few Brahmins, with small baskets in their hands, are seen wading about in the water, up to their arm-pits, fishing up these offerings with their toes, a work in which they are very expert. Nor do the persons making the offerings object to their being thus appropriated. They were made in good faith, and if the goddess does not take care of them it is her look out, not theirs. The steps leading down to the principal bathing-place are called "Husi ki pairi," or "Stairs of Vishnu." Formerly these steps occupied a very limited place, and as the bathers struggled, and sometimes fought for the privilege of descending into the water first, frightful accidents sometimes occurred. In 1819, for example, in a single rush, 430 persons were crushed, and among these were a number of Sepoys in the employment of Government.

To prevent these accidents, the authorities removed the old stairs, and replaced them by another, 100 feet wide, having sixty steps.

In former years fearful encounters between rival sects sometimes occurred. In 1760 the Gosains attacked the Bairagese, and defeated them, with a loss of 1800 men; but they in turn were defeated by a band of Sikh pilgrims in 1796, losing 500 of their number.

The writer stood a few weeks since on the upper storey of a temple

overlooking the spot where these encounters took place, and, as he gazed upon the crowd of bathers—men, women, and little children—below, and thought of the multitudes who, for generations past, had bathed there, hoping to have their sins washed away in the Ganges, he could not help asking, Where are they now? And where will also the present race of poor deluded Hindus be a few years hence?

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 WORK FOR LITTLE ONES.

THERE is no little child too small
 To work for God,
 There is a mission for us all,
 From Christ the Lord.

'T is not enough for us to give
 Our wealth alone,
 We must entirely for Him live,
 And be his own.

Though poverty our portion be,
 Christ will not slight
 The lowliest little one, so he
 With God be right.

The poor, the sorrowful, the old,
 Are round us still :
 God does not always ask our gold,
 But heart and will.

Father, oh give us grace to see
 A place for us,
 Where, in Thy vineyard, we for Thee
 May labour thus !

From "Hymns for the Collects."

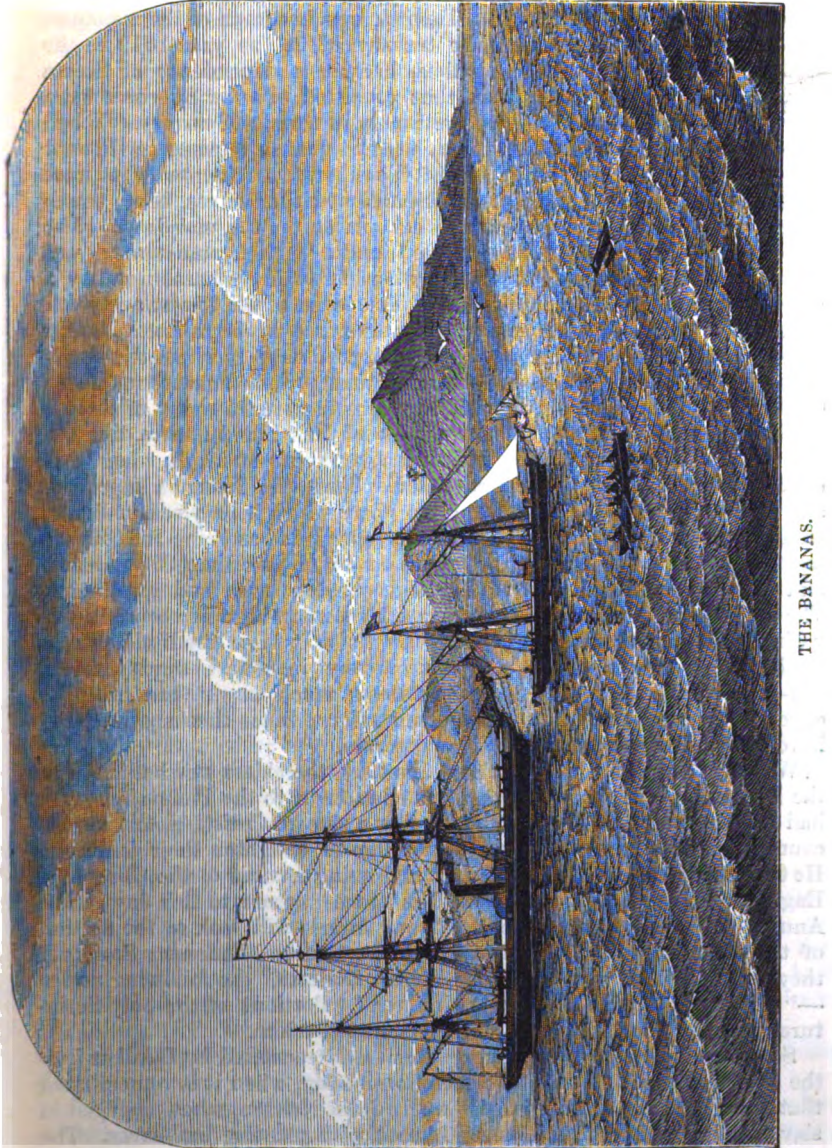
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 DURHAM CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S SALE OF WORK  
 AND BOOKS.

THE Church Missionary Society has many true and warmhearted friends in this city, and the Durham Branch of the Association never fails to subscribe largely, indeed handsomely, to the funds of this, one of the principal Missionary organizations in connexion with the Church of England. We question if any town, of like size and importance, contributes so much to this cause, year by year, as Durham. Other Societies press their claims upon us, and these claims are recognised ; but the Church Missionary Society evidently occupies the first place in the affections of the religious public, and the sum of money annually drawn from this city and district is more almost than the combined receipts of all the other Societies. The Treasurer of the Durham Church Missionary Society is the Rev. G. T. Fox, and there can be no doubt that it is chiefly owing to his exertions that so much is done in this district for a cause which he has so much at heart, and of which he is so great an advocate and so warm and liberal a friend. Supported in his endeavours by many earnest and liberal laymen, and receiving, as he does, the ready

assistance of numerous ladies who are foremost in every good and noble work, Mr. Fox has been enabled to do a great deal in aid of the Church Missionary Society, which numbers amongst its martyrs the name of Henry Fox, whose remains now rest in the churchyard of St. Mary-the-Leas, in this city. Seeing that a younger brother sacrificed his life in the Mission cause, it is not surprising that the Rev. G. T. Fox should be found among the most liberal and hard-working of those who rally around the Church Missionary Society. From the Thirty-ninth Annual Report of the Durham Branch we find that the income last year was 1078*l.* 4*s.* 5*d.*, of which sum 1061*l.* 10*s.* 11*d.* was remitted to the Parent Society in London. The amount contributed by the city of Durham was 304*l.* 9*s.* 9*d.*; and we shall be much mistaken if this sum—large and handsome as it undoubtedly is—is not very greatly exceeded when the next Report is published. A bazaar is a capital means of raising money in aid of any object, and of this the ladies of the Church Missionary Society are fully aware. The plan has been tried before, and with great success, the fair workers in the good cause realizing a handsome sum as the proceeds of their handiwork. For months past busy fingers have been at work preparing for the bazaar which was opened in the Town-hall on Tuesday, and closed on the following evening. The appearance of the room on Tuesday morning was most inviting, every article being arranged with the greatest taste, and displayed to the best advantage. The stalls were thickly laden with articles of almost every kind and variety; and as to their value, if some enchanter's wand had instantaneously turned them into money, they would have shown several hundreds of pounds. It is needless to say that the ladies in charge of the various stalls exerted themselves to the utmost in securing purchasers for their elegant wares. How far they were successful will appear when we state that on Tuesday night the sum taken amounted to 106*l.* Surely this is a very handsome amount to realize in the course of a few hours; and the ladies have good reason to congratulate themselves on the fact. On Wednesday the bazaar was equally successful, nearly 100*l.* being obtained. The price of admission, as on the previous day, was sixpence, the hall remaining open from ten in the morning till ten in the evening. During each day instrumental music was supplied, Mr. Thomas Hunter performing, to the delight of all present, on the piano and organophonican. The respective stalls were presided over by the following ladies—Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Rick-erby, Miss Thwaites, Miss Mary Henderson, Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. Shields, Miss Maynard, Miss Dunn, Mrs. and Miss Chapman, Mrs. Winter, Mrs. Longstaff, Mrs. Howitt, Miss Fox, Miss McCulloch, the Misses Hays, Miss Ripon, Miss Scawin, Misses Burdon, Misses Chisman, Mrs. Hepworth, Misses Wharton, Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Burt, Mrs. Chisman, and Miss Robson. One of the stalls, we may add, was richly laden with articles, the results of the handiwork of the teachers and scholars of St. Nicholas' Sunday school. The entire proceeds of the bazaar amount to upwards of 200*l.* All concerned have, therefore, reason to rejoice at the success which has crowned their efforts. The bazaar was opened with prayer; and at the close on Tuesday evening those present joined in singing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

**THE BANANAS AND PLANTAIN ISLANDS, SIERRA LEONE.**

Off the extreme south-western point of Sierra Leone, about a league from the mainland, the islands called the Bananas are situated. They are two in number, and are remarkable for their salubrity. The eastern,



THE BANANAS.



or the one nearest the continent, is considerably the larger of the two, and contains two villages, Dublin and Ricketts.

About the distance of seven or eight leagues to the south-east are situated three other small islands, called the Plantains: these are low and sandy.

The Bananas belonged to the family of the Caulkers, of whom there were three brothers. The eldest, Thomas, was headman of the Bananas, which, for an annual payment, he transferred in the year 1819 to the British Crown, and which, therefore, became a dependency of Sierra Leone. The population at that time consisted of a few Sherbros from the opposite coast, who had been previously in a state of slavery. When it became a British possession it was used at first as a penal settlement for criminals from the coast, any of the liberated Africans who were found unmanageable, or who had misconducted themselves, being transferred there from Freetown and other places on the mainland. The state of morals, as might be expected under such circumstances, was very low, but the Gospel of Christ, when faithfully administered, is a wondrous remedy, and can meet the case even of the lowest and most degraded. This has been the great means used in Sierra Leone. Our Missionaries, when placed in charge of the poor negroes whom the slave-trade had so fearfully debased, taught and preached to them Jesus Christ, and that name, through faith therein, gave to many of them a perfect soundness, so that the principles of their moral nature, like the feet and ankle bones of the lame man, receiving strength, they were enabled to walk and leap and praise God. Thus the Bananas improved, and trees of righteousness sprung up there which bore pleasant fruits. In 1845 we find the Bananas especially mentioned as being full of promise, Missionary meetings being attended by no less than 300 persons, and the congregations on the Lord's-day being large and intelligent. The last mention of the Bananas as a Missionary station occurs in the "Church Missionary Record" for 1862. At that time the little church in the islands was exerting itself to the utmost in honest efforts towards self-support, the amount of collections being much larger than could be expected from so small a Christian community. Since then the Bananas have been transferred to the native pastorate.

We have said that of the three Caulkers, the eldest was headman to the Bananas. The second, George, was headman to the Plantains. He had been educated in England, and, being a sincere Christian, felt for his countrymen, and desired to do something to enlighten their darkness. He therefore translated the morning and evening services of the Church of England into the Sherbro tongue. His name appears to this day in the Annual Reports of the Society. If our friends will look to the section of the Report on the "Publications of the Church Missionary Society," they will find, under the head of "African Dialects," the following notice—"Church Catechism, by Mr. G. Caulker." Portions of the holy Scriptures into the Sherbro tongue were also made by him.

Some of Newton's Olney hymns were also translated by Caulker into the Sherbro tongue: this is the more interesting, when it is remembered that the Plantains are the islands where John Newton, when engaged in slave-dealing transactions, amused himself with planting lime-trees. The

lime-trees have perished, but the hymns remain. What John Newton did as a sinner is cancelled and forgotten. What he did as a Christian remains to this day.

G. Caulker, then, was the first Sherbro Missionary, and it was only yesterday (October 17) that the Parent Committee bade farewell to their Missionary, the Rev. A. Menzies, who was about to return to Sierra Leone, in order to carry forward the Sherbro Mission. It is an old work resumed.

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### NEW MISSION IN THE BIGHT OF BIAFRA.

A NEW Mission has been commenced by Bishop Crowther in the Delta of the Niger, called the Bonny Mission, and that under interesting circumstances. The locality itself is not very inviting, as will appear from the following description which the bishop had drawn up by a native amanuensis—

The town of Bonny, on the Bight of Biafra, is so well known, especially to those who take an interest in the West Coast of Africa, that any attempt to give a description of it may be considered superfluous, but there may be some friends of Missions who may not have a sufficient idea of this singular locality, and may be glad of a line or two descriptive of its situation and relative advantages.

The town of Grand Bonny is situated on the east side, or left bank, of the river which bears its name, on a triangle point of a creek running eastward from the main river. This creek is the mouth of a stream from the interior. The chief part of the town is built on the bank of the creek for the convenience of working and securing the canoes, because the agitation of the waves is not so much felt there as on the beach of the main river. But the creek is very muddy, for which the people seem to care very little. The town of Bonny, being thus situated on the triangle formed by the river and the creek, is accessible on both sides.

All the ships and hulks lie as near the point of the town creek as possible, and it is consequently the chief scene of business. From the swampy point of the town-land downwards, cask-houses are made, but they are uninhabitable, especially as the whole is almost flooded at spring-tide. Portions of this swampy strip of ground, on which groups of palm-trees and stately huge bombax or cotton-trees grow, are dedicated to idolatrous purposes, or places of interment.

Along the beach of the main river, and opposite the cask-houses, are beached hulks which, having served their time afloat, like jaded horses unfit for service, are turned out here to serve as stores till they can hold together no longer, when they are used as firewood. Six of these beached hulks are still in use; only the remains of others are to be seen on the beach as memorial of their having been at one time among the floating pride of the ocean.

Outside the hulks are sailing ships, moored and housed over till they have completed their cargo homeward.

The situation of the town of Bonny being so flat, and almost on a level with the flood-tide, it is very seldom perfectly dry, and, when it rains, it is

very soon saturated; but bad as it is, it can be improved, if the people will but exert themselves to do so, instead of being content with their present state, and preferring to sit down in their damp huts, and to move about in their watery passages. A little exertion to raise the ground and drain the town will give Bonny a new and prepossessing appearance. Deducting the time they spend in collecting palm-oil for trade, two-thirds of their time is thrown away doing nothing else profitable to themselves or to others.

There are a few good houses here, owned by the chiefs, and some three or four of them are covered with corrugated galvanized iron sheets, and raised about two or three feet from the ground, and floored: these buildings, especially the sitting-room and front verandah, are constructed in imitation of the stern of the hulks housed in, which is the supercargo's dwelling on the river's bank. The chiefs' houses are no improvement upon the general plan, which, in its original state, is a puzzle to describe. I had to walk over the town many times to find a space, open and dry, to serve for a temporary schoolroom. Between three choices, after a little acquaintance with the localities, I pitched upon the most suitable, it being somewhat central, and almost surrounded by banana and plaintain plantations, which keep it isolated from other houses. Here the temporary schoolroom, fifty feet by twenty, is put up. Being in shape and size different from the usual plan of building, although entirely of native materials, it excites much interest, and we are thus led to hope that it will be imitated.

Near the schoolroom a house is hired for the use of the Mission agents, and thus the preliminary arrangements necessary to the commencement of our operations are completed, till we can erect a permanent Mission station outside the town, where we shall have sufficient room, sea breeze, and the comforts of dry and healthy ground, besides being separated from the irregular habits of the rude population.

The circumstances in which the Mission originated are simply these. The king and people of Bonny, perceiving that, in consequence of the establishment of Christian Missions among them, the tribes along the Nun and the Niger, as well as Old Calabar, &c., were outstripping them in point of education and improvement, applied to Bishop Crowther to place a Missionary amongst them. He resolved to put their sincerity to the test. He told them that he was willing to comply with their request, provided that they were willing to bear their share in the expense, and that, as the estimated expense would be 300*l.*, they must pay 150*l.* This they agreed to. They have paid, as a first instalment, 75*l.*, and the Mission has been commenced. The opening of the school, a great day at Bonny, is thus referred to—

*April 9*—King Pepple being very anxious to see the school open before he returned to his residence in Juju Town, I promised to return on shore to-day and do so, soon after the morning service on board the "Princess Royal." At two o'clock I held service on shore: King Pepple was present, and some of his head chiefs. I preached to them from

Acts x. 34. After service I took my seat, when we opened the school in a formal way. I took my pencil in hand to take down the names of the children, as King Pepple received them from his chiefs and passed them over to me, at which time fifty-four children were received to open the school with at Bonny, among whom were two girls.

King Pepple was highly delighted at this beginning, and said, "Now I consider myself as just returned from England, inasmuch as I have introduced school and the elements of Christianity into Bonny;" which he believed would be followed by its attendant blessings. This number very soon increased to seventy-five children, who are now receiving lessons in the hired house till the temporary schoolroom is made fit for use.

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#### BAPTISMS AT JUBBULPORE.

ON Christmas-day last two Mohammedan converts, Moulwee Sufdar Ali and Kazim Khan, were baptized by the Rev. E. Champion at Jubbulpore. The following interesting account of the ceremony is taken from a letter of the Rev. J. Stuart—

The only thing really new is that which you have heard long ago, viz. the baptism by immersion of two adults on Christmas-day, and that of another some weeks after, in the little Mission church.

Christmas morning was most beautiful. We had just sufficient heat to check the cold, and sufficient cold to check the heat, so that there was such a happy combination of things as to make all nature both cheerful and enjoyable. The place of meeting was the jungle, and the hour fixed was seven o'clock. We all arrived, some sooner, some later, but the candidates themselves (together with Pundit Nehemiah) first of all. There was a large place filled with clear water, about a yard deep, probably four feet. Over this we had erected the top of a large tent. On two sides of it we had arranged two rows of seats, on the first of which sat the Missionaries, the candidates, and other friends, the children and some of the women occupying the back seats. After the immersion, the new brethren went into an adjoining tent to change their dress. Mr. Champion preached from the text, "There was great joy in that city" On our right and left we were closely surrounded by mountains—"As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people." And as this interesting ceremony took place far out in the jungle, was it not a kind of emblem that, by means of our little Mission here, "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad . . . and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose?"

I had a visit from the Moulwee last evening. He seems to be going on well and happily, notwithstanding his wife's absence, and the very little probability there is of her returning. Our second Christian brother is in the Mission compound: his little brother attends our Sudder school, and his mother and sister are quite settled down, and are regular attendants at church.

The movement has not stopped here. In a letter from Mr. Champion, a third case of conversion is referred to.

I have again the pleasure of informing you of another addition to our church here. Yesterday I baptized Moulwee Kazim Bakhsh, a friend of Moulwee Safdar Ali, and indeed the fruit of his inquiries and earnestness. He is a man, too, I have every reason to believe, of the same stamp, a man really taught of God, a real inquirer after salvation. From the time when he first decided to become a Christian, he has shown great steadfastness of purpose and moral courage. He was away when Safdar Ali and Kazim Khan were baptized, and I feared the treatment they received might deter him from coming forward; but of his own accord he came in from Sehora, where he is schoolmaster, and asked to be baptized at once. In a day or two he leaves for his village, there, all alone, to take up the cross of his Lord. We pray God to be with him and keep him.

The former two baptisms created a great sensation among the Mohammedans of Jubbulpore, and Safdar Ali has often been called on to give a reason for the hope that is in him. At a meeting of about seventeen respectable Mussulmans, some of them declared, that, after what he had done, it behoved them also to inquire whether these things were so. This is a great deal for a bigoted Mohammedan to say, and therefore it is no wonder that the greater number wish to suppress all inquiry, and pass the affair over as quietly as possible.

#### NATIVE MISSIONARY WORK AT KISHNAGURH.

THE Kishnagurh native church is showing symptoms of healthful vitality. We sometimes observe a tree which looks as though it were dead, for while those in its neighbourhood are full of leaves, its branches are very bare. Yet if you take one of the twigs and break it, you find that there is sap within, and thus you conclude the tree is alive although in feeble health. Perhaps you are led to adopt some plans which may revive it, and should the tree begin to throw out shoots, then you know that your plans have succeeded. Well, our Kishnagurh Mission for some years very much resembled that tree. The native Christians there are numerous for North India; but the aspect of the Mission was cold and lifeless. The Christians seemed to have a name to live, whilst they were dead. The whole working of the Mission was brought under prayerful consideration, and certain plans were adopted with a view to its revival.

One measure resolved on was to lead forth the native church to something of Missionary usefulness amongst its countrymen. The only question was, could there be found in the church a true Christian element which might be used for this purpose? If there were, and it could be thus brought into Missionary action, it was felt that the influence on the whole body would be of the most beneficial kind.

Our Missionary, the Rev. F. Schurr, decided on some men, whom he believed to be true-hearted, and who might be used for this purpose. Having first selected the men, he next proceeded to select the places. Two men, therefore, were sent to a place about twelve miles in one direction, and two about sixteen miles in another direction; "But," says Mr. Schurr, "when the men had tasted the blessedness of preach-

ing to willing hearers of Hindu and Mussulman crowds, they asked to be sent to larger and more central places."

Pubna, a large town, the capital of a district of the same name, situate about twelve miles from Mr. Schurr's, was then fixed upon, and two men were appointed to live there, with their families. A group of native houses was purchased, and a regular Mission established. The men love their work, and preach day by day. Twelve miles south of Pubna another town was taken up, and as no houses there could be either purchased or rented, they had to be built. There are now living there two evangelists, with their families, rejoicing in their labour of love. Mr. Schurr has visited these places, and was well pleased with the conduct of the Mission agents, as well as with the large and attentive crowds of hearers.

Another town selected was Nattore, situate on the river Nurud, an offset of the Ganges. Here houses could be had, but the situation of the town is low, unhealthy, and subject to inundation; so much so, that the civil establishment of the district, formerly located here, was, in 1822, removed to Bauleah. The two first men sent to Nattore had soon to be replaced by two others, who, taking their families with them, tried to withstand the moist climate; but illness came, and they were obliged to leave, the one joining his brethren at Pubna, and the other returning to Kapasdanga, where he was a seasonable relief to the native catechist. This man, suffering from an affection of the lungs, went to Berhampur for medical advice, where a friend of his, a Christian native doctor, took him into his house, and, through the care of this friend and the advice kindly given him by the two European doctors in that town, his health has been restored. On his return to Kapasdanga the two evangelists, undeterred by their previous experience, returned to Nattore, and are carrying on the work in good spirits.

A fourth place, Bograh, on the Kurattee, a large river, navigable for craft, during the rainy season, of the largest size, was also fixed upon and two men, who have gone there with their families, find much encouragement in their work.

These four places are civil stations in which daily markets are held, and to which people flock from all sides: thus the greatest facility of preaching to thousands is afforded, and the knowledge of the truth is carried far and wide by the hearers.

Such is a brief sketch of this native Mission work; good for the heathen; good for the native-Christian body from whence it springs. We are full of hope for Kishnagurh, that it will revive as the corn, and grow as the vine, until the smell thereof shall be as the smell of Lebanon.

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#### NORTH TINNEVELLY ITINERANCY.

OUR Missionaries, the Rev. R. Macdonald and the Rev. J. D. Simmons, are engaged in the active prosecution of the North-Tinnevelly Itinerancy. There, over a large district, they move about, pitching their tents in some central spot, and remaining there until they have preached the Gospel in all the villages around, and then moving on, taking care to retrace their path, and come back on the same footsteps, before they are quite obliterated.

In such a work they meet with rough and smooth: generally they are kindly dealt with.

They meet with favourable opportunities of addressing the people, and there is a deep interest thrown around the whole proceeding. We find them on one occasion (Good Friday) visiting a place called Kalugumalei, where an idol feast was being held.

Our itinerating party consisted of two Europeans, a Catechist, and two students from the south. We divided ourselves into three companies, Mr. Devanayagam and I going together. In the road near by we had our first audience of about fifty. One or two were at first a little inclined to dispute, but they, through God's mercy, were soon silenced. We next spoke to about forty among the rocks near the foot of the hill: many of them were Chucklers. I may mention, that in our village preaching lately we have felt somewhat encouraged in regard to these poor despised people, who are reckoned by the Hindus as lower than Pariahs. The catechists have also thought they saw a shaking among the Chucklers generally. Thence we clambered up to the shoulder of the hill, and stood above the temple but there out of the solid rock. It is the greatest wonder of the place, and has an interesting legend attached to it. The son of the stonemason who built the temple on the opposite side of the hill is said to have cut out this from the solid rock in a single night: it is about thirty feet high, and its length and breadth in proper proportion, and has carved work in different parts. The father, upon discovering what his son had done, was so filled with rage at the thought of his son's skill being greater than his own, that he dashed out his entrails with a blow of his hammer. The gods instantly sent a venomous snake to take the life of the father. The son, seeing this, with his dying grasp seized the snake by the neck, and saved his father. The father, to perpetuate the memory of his son's virtues, finished the temple, and carved outside a bas-relief representation of the tragedy. There is to be seen the father with the hammer in his hand, his foot upon his infant son, who in the manacles of death is holding the snake by the neck. We found about thirty Naiks, Maravars, and others, men and women, in holiday clothes, looking at the wonder. Under the shadow of a piece of rock, we both spoke to them, taking the story just narrated as our text. We showed the evil of jealousy, and hence of sin, in whatever form it exists within us. The skill of the son, even supposing the story true, was, we told them, surpassed by One, who said, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise a temple without hands." The son saving the life of the father who had wronged him illustrated God's forgiving us, and giving his own Son for us when we were enemies. It was an interesting subject: the people were attentive, and the spot we stood on was perhaps the most picturesque of any I have ever preached in. All the plain, green after the late rains, was clearly visible in the morning rays, stretching far away to the western ghauts, while many lower isolated hills studded the prospect. Then the coloured holiday dresses of the women, the jewels that loaded the necks, ears, arms, and fingers of themselves and their husbands, if they did not add much to the variety of the landscape, at least showed the comfortable circumstances of the people. I could not help exclaiming as we went away, "Why do you not

turn to the God, who is so good and so great?" We then made our way down the opposite side of the hill, and in the crowded streets of the town had about four more preachings. The last was the most remarkable. Close to the temple, in the pillared portico on the opposite side of the road, I addressed some hundred or more, from a sort of platform, on the general resurrection and final judgment. There was no opposition. Throughout the day all our party met with much less debating and contradiction than at last year's feast. It also seemed to me that many more made salaams to us than formerly. We sold to-day 38 tracts and Scriptures.

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 VERSES ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON ii. 10—17.

Written 120 years ago.

THE INVITATION.

"Rise up," said Christ, "my fairest one,
 Come thou away to me;
 The winter storms of wrath are gone,
 I bore them all for thee.

From barren ground the flowers do spring,
 Men hear the turtle's voice,
 The drooping birds commence to sing,
 And sad hearts to rejoice.

Young figs and grapes do now appear,
 And yield a sweet perfume;
 The heavenly vine faint hearts doth cheer:
 Rise up, my love, and come.

My dove, that lodgest in the rock,
 In clefts of my deep wounds,
 And dost to me in secret look,
 When in thee grief abounds;

Lift up thy face and voice to me,
 These please mine eye and ear;
 Thy graces all I love to see;
 Thy voice of prayer to hear.

Take us the foxes, who design
 Our vineyards to annoy,
 The little foxes, who the vine
 And tender grapes destroy."

THE RESPONSE.

"My love is mine, my soul's delight,
 And I am also his:
 Among his saints, those lilies white,
 His place of feeding is.

There He abides till break of day,
 When shadows all shall flee;
 Till then, come like a hart or roe,
 O'er Bether hills to me."

IBRAHIM SAHIB TALIB-UD-DIN.

IBRAHIM SAHIB TALIB-UD-DIN is a native commissioned officer of Her Majesty's 11th Madras Native Infantry. According to his own account of himself, he was at one time a most bigoted Mussulman, and regarded Christians and their cause with the utmost contempt and hatred. One day the thought occurred to him that the best weapon against Christianity was the Bible itself. With this view he obtained of the Rev. W. Dawson, a London Missionary, a copy of the Hindustanee Bible, and set about reading it daily, until he actually finished the entire volume. But the Bible was not the only book he studied: some of Pfander's works attracted his attention, and he read them also. There was also another link in the chain of events that prepared his mind for the reception of the truths which he wished to refute. An intelligent but careless young officer in his regiment, who was indifferent to his own spiritual welfare, endeavoured, in his official intercourse with Ibrahim Sahib, to impress the latter with views depreciatory of the Bible and Christianity. Soon after, sickness compelled this young man to proceed to Europe, where his soul experienced a change, which made him bitterly regret the part he had taken to keep his fellow-Mohammedan soldier from the faith. On his return, however, to his regiment, one of the first duties he discharged was to retract, in Ibrahim Sahib's presence, the anti-Christian statements which he had before made. Many and long were the discussions which this young officer had with Ibrahim Sahib, and so powerful were his appeals to his conscience, that Ibrahim Sahib often felt unable to return any satisfactory replies to the questions put to him. Ibrahim Sahib ascribes his first impressions of the truth of Christianity to this young officer. Time rolled on. His regiment was removed from station to station, and at last it was ordered off to Burmah, on foreign service. The Bible was Ibrahim's constant companion, and he read it, not only for himself, but also to his wife, to whom he explained the truths of Christianity. A great change was working in him. He was no longer an enemy to the Christians; and he even esteemed the Bible the best book he had ever read. The time for embarking had arrived. He communicated his views on Christianity, and his resolution to receive baptism after his arrival in Burmah, to his wife, who was prepared for the announcement, and was not, therefore, disposed to oppose it. He left India, and his wife went to live with her father, a pensioned Subadar, residing at Ellore, near Masulipatam.

Ibrahim Sahib was not without Christian instruction in Burmah. This time it was not an officer that was appointed of God to teach him: his spiritual guide was a lady, the wife of one of the senior officers of his regiment. She was a devout and humble follower of the Lord Jesus. Her words of encouragement, of instruction, of reproof and Christian love, often expressed in notes written in Hindustanee by herself, were a great means of grace to Ibrahim Sahib, whose boldness for Christ was gradually manifesting itself. At last, not, however, without much mental conflict, some sinful hesitation, and many painful trials, he offered himself for baptism. The baptism over, Ibrahim Sahib was called to endure even personal violence at the hands of his former co-religionists.

The intelligence of his baptism soon reached Ellore; he communicated it himself. It was received with apparent satisfaction, and, strange to

say, instead of expressions of resentment, and threats of expulsion, his friends forwarded to him, in more than one letter, words of sympathy and kindness, advice and welcome. There was, however, one individual—the Kazi—who was not disposed to be quiet. Filled with the characteristic bigotry of his countrymen, he sought in various ways to induce Ibrahim Sahib's wife to decline the pecuniary support she was receiving from her husband, and to re-marry! Her father was threatened with expulsion from caste if he protected his daughter; and placards of the most insulting character were pasted on the walls and doors of his dwelling.

After an absence of three years Ibrahim's regiment returned to India, and, without loss of time, he repaired to Ellore. At first he was allowed frequent and long interviews with his wife. She more than once expressed her willingness to join him, but she was afraid of her people. Ibrahim Sahib endeavoured to conciliate his wife's parents; but the Kazi's influence was all-powerful, and they could not safely restore their daughter to her husband. Ibrahim's difficulties began to thicken, and finally he was ordered not to approach the house in which his wife lived, or to have any intercourse with her. Once more the wife was privately counselled by the Kazi to bring an action against her husband; to charge him (falsely of course) before witnesses, whom he (the Kazi) would duly instruct, with having forcibly entered her father's dwelling-house, and threatened her life with a drawn sword! But the wife remained true to the interests of her husband, and at once rejected the diabolical proposition. She continued to meet her husband secretly, in the presence of a mutual trustworthy friend, and communicate to him all the difficulties that surrounded her, and the utter hopelessness of her case. The trial was indeed a sore one to the husband. Twice he visited Masulipatam, and sought the advice and aid of the Missionaries there. The case was an important one, in which we felt deeply interested. We felt that we owed it as a duty to the Telugu church to lend all our aid to Ibrahim Sahib for the recovery of his wife.

Ibrahim Sahib petitioned the magistrate to order his wife's parents to restore her to him. The magistrate summoned the parties before him, and personally examined the petitioner's wife, who, after a long conversation with her husband, deliberately chose to remain under her father's protection. The magistrate suffered her to do so, remarking that the petitioner, if he still wished to prosecute the case, should bring an action into the Civil Court. This was a sore trial to Ibrahim Sahib; but he knew full well the various influences which were brought to bear on his wife by her relatives; how they were constantly by her side, the promises they held out, the threats they employed, and how narrowly they watched every avenue of access to her. Even before the magistrate certain expressions dropped from her lips, which left no doubt upon Ibrahim Sahib's mind as to her intentions; and that if she refused to join her husband, she only yielded to a pressing necessity. The tears of an aged father, the sorrow of her mother, the cries of her sisters, the persuasions of her friends, and the threats of the Kazi, were more than she could well endure, and it was evident, from her subsequent conduct, that she was only waiting for a suitable opportunity to join her husband, without danger to herself, or injury to her parents, whom she dearly loved. The husband had now no alternative but to

institute a suit in the Munsiff's Court at Ellore. Thither he proceeded, accompanied by one of our Missionaries, to advise him in the prosecution of his suit. After some delay, and some reluctance on the part of the native pleader to conduct the case, a complaint was drawn up and filed. Every thing was progressing fairly, when Ibrahim Sahib received a secret message from his wife. She intimated her wish to join him at once, but this could only be effected during the night; and that she would be ready at a certain spot to accompany him home. The time and place having been arranged, Ibrahim Sahib was true to his appointment. But her escape that night could not be effected; and it was deferred to another night with no better success. At last a third message arrived, and this time more than ordinary preparation was made by us to escort the wife in safety to her husband's temporary abode. But Ibrahim Sahib's courage failed him. He returned without his wife, declaring that as she had not made her appearance at the appointed time, he would not go again. The night was dark and cloudy, the rain was falling fast, the clayey ground was dangerous to tread on, a few people were still walking in the street, and Ibrahim Sahib was frequently accosted by strange voices. He positively refused to go back to the appointed place for his wife. We were much disconcerted; but ere long a message was brought that the wife was out seeking her husband. We immediately ran out, but it was too late. The woman was missed by her friends, and lights were seen in every direction. The women of her house were conducting a strict search. We, however, succeeded in getting to the wife, whose hand at our prompting was immediately seized by her husband, and she slowly walked side by side with him. But this was not to last long. Some half a dozen women, with shrill cries, made a dash at her, seized her left hand, and pulled with all their might in an opposite direction to that taken by her husband. The noise and excitement increased, and the wife clearly saw that she could not at that time accompany her husband. She asked him to allow her to return home, and he did so. We returned to our tent much mortified and distressed. Ibrahim Sahib now blamed himself that he had not waited for his wife, as he might then have escaped with her before she was missed. The next day Ibrahim Sahib received, to his great surprise and joy, a message from his father-in-law to come and escort his wife home. The night's proceedings proved beyond contradiction that the daughter preferred her husband's home to that of her father's, and the latter was apprehensive lest this fact should be employed by us as a ground for a fresh complaint against him—that he was detaining his daughter against her will. No time was to be lost now; a conveyance was procured, and Ibrahim Sahib went himself with it for his wife. No more trouble was given. The wife, all her property, and her child, were made over to the husband. We instantly made arrangements for having the party conveyed to Rajahmundry, and one of us accompanied them. Every attention was shown to us by Captain Taylor, a Christian gentleman of that place. We then proceeded to the coast, and there secured for the party a native vessel, through the kind aid of Mr. Dennison, a gentleman connected with the Upper Godavery. Ibrahim Sahib and his wife reached their destination in safety, and we have since heard that they are living together in peace and happiness. To God be all the glory!

KENT—SIERRA LEONE.

KENT, a sea-side station at the south extremity of Sierra Leone, about twenty-two miles from Freetown, was first occupied in 1819. The Rev. Melchior Renner was the first Missionary placed there. His first sphere of



KENT, SIERRA LEONE, FROM THE BANANAS.

labour on the west coast of Africa was amongst the Soosos on the Rio Pongas, where he remained until, at the instigation of the slave-dealers, the chiefs and people rose against the Missionaries, so that their lives were placed in extreme danger; and, in May 1818, Mr. and Mrs. Renner, accompanied by sixty of the schoolchildren, retreated to Sierra Leone. "Thus ended," observed Renner, "a Mission established above ten years ago, on the very place where Satan dwells. He has laboured incessantly to keep his subjects and his dominion, and with how much success these events plainly show. But the Soosos shall not be his inheritance for ever. The time shall come when all the ends of the earth shall remember and turn unto the Lord, and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before Him; for the kingdom is the Lord's, and He is Governor among the nations."

This good man died soon after his transfer to Kent, unattended by any of his Missionary brethren, in consequence of the distance of Kent from any of the other stations.

In 1822 Kent was visited by the Rev. W. A. B. Johnson, of Regent's Town. The population had much increased by accessions of liberated slaves, and this was the case throughout the colony; yet just at this time, when the labourers were most needed, they were fearfully diminished by sickness and by death. In the beginning of 1825 a fresh body of labourers had arrived, consisting of three clergymen, three schoolmasters, and one schoolmistress. Before the expiration of six months, six of the Missionary body had died, while four others, in shattered health, were compelled to return to Europe. It is well to recal to remembrance the early history of the Sierra-Leone Mission. They who were engaged in it remind us of a forlorn hope, pressing forward through a breach to carry a citadel, some wounded, and others slain, but the survivors pressing on until a position has been gained from whence they cannot be dislodged. So with Sierra Leone. It was a breach made in the old citadel of African darkness and superstition. The loss in storming it was great, but events have proved it to have been worth the sacrifice.

Under these circumstances it became necessary to lessen the number of stations, and, amongst others, York and Kent were abandoned, although their aspect at this time was encouraging.

But this painful necessity taught a lesson. Some of the most valuable lessons are learned by God's people in the midst of tribulation. The brand before it is applied is heated in the fire, but it is in order that the impression left may be lasting. The lesson conveyed amidst these sorrows was the necessity of raising up a *native agency*. The Parent Committee had therefore "come to a fixed determination of prosecuting, by all means in their power, and in any place, whether in Europe or Africa, which may ultimately prove most eligible, the education of intelligent and pious natives, with the view of their becoming Christian teachers among their countrymen."

So far as West Africa was concerned, the revival of the Christian Institution was at once decided upon. Its original site had been on Leicester mountain; then it had been transferred to Regent's Town, and was suspended from action in 1826. The Rev. C. L. F. Hænsel was appointed Principal, and commenced his work at Freetown in April 1827.

Eventually a portion of Governor Turner's estate on Fourah Bay, on the Sierra-Leone river, was purchased. It included all the buildings, and these were rendered available for the Institution. They stood on the extremity of a neck of land, and commanded a superb view of the whole range from Kiskey church to Cape Sierra Leone.

Kent, however, was not re-occupied until 1837. In that year the Rev. J. F. Schön was appointed to revive the old work ; to search out the old foundations, and build on them anew ; and the first day of his ministry was one of great joy to the people of Kent. Briers and thorns had covered the former garden, but the Missionary and his assistant set to work with a will, and at the end of a twelvemonth the church was not large enough to contain the numbers who flocked to the Sabbath services.

This station has yielded many precious souls to the great multitude of glorified ones before the throne of God. It has been now transferred to the native pastorate, and we hope to have from time to time good accounts of its progress.

NINGPO AND HANG-CHOW.

NINGPO is one of the free ports of China. It is a large and populous city, and one of the first places which our Missionaries entered in order to a commencement of Missionary labours. Here a little flock of Christian natives has been gathered, several of whom are employed as evangelists among their countrymen. There are also out-stations, in the Sœn-poh plains, at Tsong-gyiao, and on the shores of the eastern lakes, where other groups have been brought together ; the total of all together being about 250. In the Che-keang province, of which Ningpo is a city, there are between twenty and thirty millions of inhabitants. How little apparently our Missionaries have done ; yet, if the results be genuine, and such we believe them to be, there being amongst our native Christians many truly-converted and spiritual persons, they have done a great work. The first converts are the most difficult, and, lo ! what is well begun is half done. These native Christians, by the blessing of God, will gain others, until the little one becomes a thousand, and the small one a strong nation.

When the Tae-ping insurrection burst like a flood over the Che-keang province, the Missionaries were much hindered in their work. But now the inundation has retired, and, so far as their strength permits, for they are very few in number—only three—they are penetrating into the interior, and forming out-stations.

Among other places, it appeared very desirable that Hang-chow, the provincial capital, a city which had suffered terribly at the hands of the Tae-pings, should have God's message of peace to sinful man proclaimed within its walls. It might be that after the tribulations they had passed through the people might be willing to hear,

and these tribulations be found to have acted as the plough, which breaks up the hard soil, and prepares it for the seed.

Accordingly the native catechist, Dzang-sin-sang, with Kyi-ão, the third son of our late catechist, Dzing-z-di-foen, as his assistant, was pushed on to Hang-chow, our Missionary, the Rev. G. E. Moule, visiting the city from time to time, and remaining some days until the time came when he could take up his permanent abode there, which he intended to do this present month of November.

During one of these seasons of temporary sojourning in Hang-chow, Mr. Moule was visited by his brother, the Rev. A. E. Moule, who has introduced into his journal the following sketch of his journey—

May 23, 1865—Started at half-past eight A.M. for Hang-chow, with Ts'e-s-vu, purposing to spend a few days with my brother in the city, and return with him at the end of the month. After a pleasant and (for China) speedy journey, we reached Hang-chow on Thursday afternoon—that is, say, 120 miles in fifty two hours. This tedious travelling makes it so much the more difficult to work our more distant stations.

Heavy rain fell on Thursday morning, but at noon it cleared, and a glorious afternoon followed, making the great river (which it took us a long half-hour to cross in a ferry-junk), and the grand ranges of hills to the south-west, and the islands of the river's mouth, and the city itself, with its vast sweep of wall, all look doubly beautiful, beautiful as they are in themselves.

I reached our hired house (after a long walk through some bustling streets, and vast tracts of desolation,) at half-past four P.M. My brother and Hyi-ão (the third son of our late catechist, Dzing-z-di-foen) who is assisting Dzang-sin-sang, were preaching in the little chapel. They soon came in, after an encouraging two hours. The listeners in Hang-chow seem more seriously in earnest than those in Ningpo. God grant that the work begun in this vast city may never be relinquished. My brother has been constantly poorly during this visit, but he has felt more and more convinced of our duty to work in this great and terribly-chastened provincial capital. Since, however, we have heard of the very slender hope which you can hold out to us of fresh labourers joining us, my brother cannot but feel some misgivings lest he may, after all, have taken a rash and too prompt a step last November in deciding to move forward; for these hopes—now, as we fear, blighted, or, at best, deferred—formed one of the grounds on which we formed our plans. Yet how can we now withdraw? Will the church at home allow us to take back to Ningpo the lamp of life which we have carried to Hang-chow, and kept burning for eight months? Our dear and honoured brethren, the American Presbyterians, are, it is true, labouring there, having hired a house, and stationed a catechist there; but our withdrawal might, I think, cripple and disturb their plans not a little, as their presence has so much cheered and encouraged us. And this great city is girded by a wall twelve miles in extent. Three strong Missionaries here, and three at Ningpo, or perhaps two at Ningpo, two in the great city of Ziao-hying, on the line of journey to

Hang-chow, and two in Hang-chow itself, with a strong band of native labourers, might, with God's blessing, do much to evangelize the vast and densely-peopled cities, and towns, and villages of this mighty smallest province of this enormous empire.

My brother's present intention is, with God's help and guidance, to remove, with his family, to Hang-chow early in October, and try the experiment of one cold season at least there. May God, meanwhile, make darkness light before us! I greatly enjoyed the five days which we spent together in Hang-chow. The environs are most beautiful, for though every building almost outside the walls is in ruins, and pretty nearly nine-tenths in ruins within the walls, yet the beautiful hills, and the great lake, and the woods beyond, remain. We visited the ruins of two large monasteries. Some three miles beyond the lake, connected with one of these—the Ling-mg-miao—a building is still standing, called the Wupah-Lo-hen-gyüoh, or "Hall of the 500 expectant Buddhas," mythical beings, who have not yet merit enough to be reckoned Buddhas, but who are nevertheless worshipped. These 500 clay images looked terribly strange, sitting in silent rows, with here and there an arm or a nose knocked off by a playful Tae-ping. I visited also the ruins of the Kong-yün, or examination premises for the degree of Kyü-jing. It is being restored. There are 13,000 cells, by the most liberal measurement only some four feet wide, three deep, and six and a half high. Several candidates are said to die from the heat and fatigue on each occasion. It gives one some idea of the size of this small province, that 13,000 graduates, who have the degree of B.A., should flock to its capital to compete for a higher degree. In past days the cells were too few, and the unhappy but eager candidates sat day and night in sedan-chairs till the examination closed.

MISSIONARY WORK IN PALESTINE.

OUR Missionary at Nazareth, the Rev. J. Zeller, has described, in a recent letter, a visit paid by the Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, accompanied by his daughters, to this station, where, amidst opposition of every kind from corrupt Christianity and Mohammedanism, efforts are being made to obtain for the pure Gospel a footing in this land—the land where it was first preached, but which is now so dark that it needs to be dealt with as a heathen land.

As he approached the town he was met by the Protestants, the fruit of our Mission, in a body, and joy was written on every face. The bishop visited the out-stations, assembling the people, and uniting with them in devotional exercises. While at the central station he visited the schools, conversing with the people, and preaching on Lord's-day evenings. Mr. Zeller says—

The interest taken by our guests in the Mission, the sympathy shown to every one, and the kindness with which they spoke to all, and inquired into their spiritual state and their temporal affairs, greatly animated our Mission, and brought new life and happiness into our congregation, suffering so often under the depressing influence of persecution. It is so

rare a case that Europeans, speaking Arabic, show a really heartfelt interest in the spiritual condition of the natives, and a desire to let them feel their love, that this visit of the bishop will for a long time be remembered here. General surprise was caused by the fluency with which the Misses Gobat spoke the vernacular, and the ease with which they made themselves at home among the Arabs.

When the bishop left, many members of the congregation accompanied him down the hills to the plain of Esdraelon, when they took leave with respectful affection. Our Missionary, Mr. Zeller, accompanied him to Nablous, and from his journal we shall introduce some extracts, which will enable our readers to understand something more of Palestine and its Missions—

Everywhere in the plain we met dangerous symptoms that the plague of locusts was near at hand, for the young breed was just hatched, and covered the plain in black masses. After a restless night spent in our tent in Icaia, we started early for Sabustie, the old Samaria. The splendid valley of Sichem, extending from Nablous towards the sea, and covered with the finest olive-groves, presented a very strange spectacle. It had just been visited by flights of locusts, and all the peasantry of the surrounding villages had gathered together to drive them away, some with boughs and sticks, others by shouts, others by all possible kinds of terrible noises produced by camel-bells, by copper-trays and dishes, and others by kindling fires. For several hours we had the benefit of this music, certainly sufficient to banish the drowsiness produced by the heat in the valley. The nearer we approached Nablous the more copious becomes the water in the valley, the richer the olive-groves and gardens, and the steeper the mountain-sides of Ebal and Gerizim. Some distance from Nablous we were met by Mr. Fallsheer and a number of Protestants, and soon we were under the hospitable roof of Mr. Fallsheer. On Sunday after Ascension-day we found the chapel in the bishop's schoolhouse thronged with Protestants from Nablous and the neighbouring villages: the women were seated in an adjoining room. I preached from the text John xiv. 19, "Because I live, ye shall live also;" explaining, in the first place, the meaning of the word *life*, earthly and heavenly, true and false life; secondly, showing how Christ is the only channel of life for us, and the close connexion of his life with ours; thirdly, describing the development of the life of Christ within us. In the afternoon Chalil el Kasis, from Nousesheen (formerly a Greek priest), preached on the text 1 Cor. v. 6—8. The sermon was delivered in the peculiar dialect of the peasants of Samaria, contained many very good thoughts, and was a proof of the earnestness and the thoroughly evangelical views of Chalil. This man had for many years past been in connexion with the Protestants in Nablous, but being a Greek priest, and a man of superior influence and intelligence, his conduct had become very odious to the Greek convents, for he made no secret of his religious convictions, and already a year ago had permitted once the Missionary in Nablous to preach in his church. At last a dispute arose between him and the Greek bishop, who imprisoned and ill-treated him. Chalil now declared himself publicly a Protestant, and was therefore excommunicated by the Greek bishop, and

the excommunication was extended upon all who would converse with Chalil, or had any thing to do with him. In spite of this, nearly the whole village followed his example; but afterwards the Greek bishop succeeded, by threats, promises, and money, to raise an opposition against Chalil. I was greatly interested in this man, who at once makes the impression of sincerity, and I resolved to visit him on my way back. Next morning I had to take leave of the bishop, who proceeded to Jerusalem, whilst I left in the evening for Nousesheben, the village of Chalil. Mr. Fallsheer accompanied me. We had to traverse Mount Ebal on the west, and, after many ups and downs, we descended into a deep side valley over against the beautiful isolated cone of the old Samaria. The country of Samaria is characteristic for its high rocky mountain-tops, deep and fruitful valleys, and its ferocious population. The present inhabitants are very ferocious. The different villages are constantly at war with one another. Blood is often shed. Until lately, no Christian traveller could pass through these villages, as I often experienced, without being insulted, and no Missionary or native Christian could have thought of settling there for the purpose of preaching the Gospel. Now God has raised an instrument to execute his good pleasure in these places, which seemed hopelessly shut against Missionary work. The priest (Chalil) was very glad to see us, and most of the villagers were soon gathered round us. It was touching to hear how paternally and affectionately Chalil spoke to his people, and how wisely he knew how to deal with the Mohammedans present. His courage in professing Christ, and his patience under persecution, was a great encouragement to me. Late in the night we retired to the threshing-floor, and, avoiding the beds and blankets offered to us, covered ourselves with straw, and slept in the open air, only a little disturbed by the storm and wind in the night. Early next morning I rose, and departed for Galilee, the good priest walking before our horses, with the vigour of Elijah, to show us the way over the mountain.

I have great hope for the Mission in Nablous, for Mr. and Mrs. Fallsheer, with their steady and cheerful character, are the right people there, and Chalil, from Nousesheben, is a most valuable assistant. The schools of the bishop in Nablous, Rafidia, and Nousesheben, are flourishing, and Chalil is working as catechist in all the villages round. The work of this man must in time tell upon the Mohammedan population; and this case strikingly shows how important it is that such sparks of spiritual life should be preserved and fanned into a fire, if we have the conversion of the Mohammedans in view. The gathering together of sparks is the collecting of converts into a congregation, when the different members stir up, edify, and assist one another, and may thus be raised from their depravity and their conversation according to the manner of their forefathers, to be a light in the darkness.

A BRAND SNATCHED OUT OF THE BURNING.

THE following narrative is very affecting. It speaks of one who was snatched as a brand out of the burning, a malefactor, who had committed a great crime, but he had done so in heathen darkness. His misdeeds brought him to an untimely end, but not before the messenger of redeeming love, delivered to him in the gaol by our Missionary, had brought him to repentance. It increases the interest attached to this fact, that the Missionary, the Rev. Charles Kooshalle, is an ordained Bengalee. We give it in his own words—

An Indian named Jarain was recently condemned to be hung for murder. Being informed of this unfortunate man, I went to see him at the civil prison. At first, when he saw me, he was terribly frightened, and begged me to ask for pardon from the authorities. Not being able to obtain pardon, or rather, being assured that pardon for him was impossible, I explained to him that it was useless to ask for pardon from the earthly judge, after committing such a horrible crime; that it would be better to ask pardon from the heavenly Judge, before whom he stood in worse crimes, for which, if not repented of, he would be condemned to a greater punishment than that of being hung. The criminal very attentively heard my explanations about the soul he has to look after, and where and how he can obtain pardon.

When he was fully convinced of the truth of my statements, though not easily, he said, that if he had known this before he would never have committed such an act; and that, since Jesus Christ died for *his* sins, and there was time yet to ask for pardon, and to obtain it, he would not ask pardon from his earthly condemnation, but submit to it with fortitude; but he would ask deliverance from the eternal consequences of his sin, and he asked me what he should do to obtain this pardon. I told him that he must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and be baptized in his name. Since that time he always asked to be baptized whenever he met me, but I always put it off, to know the depth of his belief in Christianity.

It appears, in my absence, one of the Romish priests went to him, and, explaining about Christianity, asked him to be baptized, showing him the crucifix. The man replied that he understood nothing of what was said to him; that he had another priest (meaning me) who spoke in his (the criminal's) own language; and that, if he had any thing to learn, his former priest would teach him. So saying, he turned his back towards the Romish priest, who, finding that the crucifix and his French language were useless, went away without success.

When I went again to see the man, he related the above circumstances to me, and urged me to baptize him at once. When I asked on what proofs I could baptize him, he said that he fully believed in Jesus Christ, who died for his sins, and had promised to give him everlasting life.

I never saw or heard of an Indian with such a memory as this man. He astonished me by repeating, in his own words, every circumstance I had related to him from the Scriptures, and repeated the Lord's Prayer, to the great astonishment of the jailers, after only hearing it three times.

On the eve of his execution I baptized him, being fully convinced that he had embraced Christianity, not only by his outward appearance, but also by his words, repeating every sentence he heard from the Scriptures through me. Late in the evening I went to spend the night with him, together with a catechist and a schoolmaster. When the schoolmaster spoke to the condemned to testify his belief, he repeated the history of Lazarus, which he had heard from me a few days before, and said, though he was a sinner he was sure that he would be borne in Abraham's bosom, as was Lazarus. He also repeated the parable of the prodigal son, and said that the prodigal not only took away half of the father's fortune, but also went away from him to spend it in riotous living, and added he believed he should be received back into his Father's bosom, as was the lost son. And from time to time he asked us to leave his room, that he might pray alone, which he did every time we went out.

On the morning of his execution he said he could not walk, being weak. After telling him that he should not be frightened, but courageous, he consented to walk, and walked faster than I and the catechist. The catechist, pointing to the gallows when we came in view, asked him if he knew what it was, and if he was afraid, to which he replied, "Why should I be afraid? I know the messengers are waiting there to carry me to Jesus Christ."

Arriving at the scaffold, I prayed that he might be pardoned for his sins and be received into heaven as a penitent sinner. Immediately after he prayed a prayer which I here translate literally, as near as the language can admit—"O Jesus Christ, I am a great sinner. I have sinned so many times that I cannot count them. I have been punished in the prison for my crimes. My sins are greater than these mountains here. The stars of heaven may be counted, but my sins are uncountable. The sands of the sea-shore may be numbered, but my wickednesses are innumerable. By sin my soul is as black as coal. As the coal is made white (into ashes) by fire, so, O Christ, wash my soul by thy precious and holy blood, which thou hast shed on the cross."

 HYMN.

Oh for a heart so full of love,	1 John iv. 16.
Of prayer and praises sweet,	Eph. v. 19.
That I may ever dwell above	Eph. ii. 6.
In spirit at the feet	Luke x. 39; vii. 37, 38.
Of Him who lives, who died for me,	2 Cor. v. 15.
Who always intercedes :	Heb. vii. 25.
Oh for a heart from self set free,	Rom. vii. 23—25
That only Jesus needs.	Luke x. 42.
Oh for a heart by faith to feel	Eph. iii. 17.
My Saviour dwelling there ;	Gal. ii. 20.
Oh for the Holy Spirit's seal,	Eph. i. 13; iv. 30.
For ever breathing prayer	Lamentations iii. 56.
To Him who on the cursed tree	Gal. iii. 13.
His people's sins did bear,	1 Pet. ii. 24.
And, mocked by cruel soldiery,	Mark xv. 15—20.
A crown of thorns did wear.	John xix. 5.

My Saviour God, Incarnate Lord, Oh come abide in me; Make me to have and keep Thy word, And show my love to Thee. O come and make me truly Thine, That every one may see In me a branch of "The True Vine," Abiding, Lord, in Thee.	1 Tim. iii. 16. John xv. 4. John xiv. 21. John xiv. 15, 23. John xvii. 10. John xiii. 35. John xv. 1. John xv. 5.
And while this clay my soul doth hold, May my eye single be; As holy Enoch lived of old, Walking, my God, with Thee. Or till Thyself, "the King of kings," "With vesture dipped in blood," Shall come and gather 'neath Thy wings, Those sanctified by God.	Job iv. 19. 7 Matt. vi. 22. Heb. xi. 5. Genesis v. 24. Rev. xix. 16. Rev. xix. 13 Psalm xci. 4. Acts xx. 32
And on that morn I shall arise, With this vile body changed; I'll meet my Saviour in the skies, And on his right be ranged. To golden harp I'll sing the song Of Moses and the Lamb; Arrayed in white amid the throng, That praise the great "I AM."	John xi. 24, 25. Phil. iii. 21. 2 Thess. iv. 17. Matt. xxv. 33. Rev. xiv. 3. Rev. xv. 3. Rev. xix. 8. Rev. iv. 9—11. T. T. S.

YAQUB, OF AGRA.

THE work of conversion is going forward. In every place where the message of the Gospel is faithfully delivered, it is doing that work. Sinners are being arrested in their wanderings from God. They are brought to consider their ways, and, encouraged by the new and living way opened for them through the blood of Christ, return unto Him from whom they have so deeply revolted. Comparatively speaking, they are as yet but few; but they are the first droppings of the shower: they are the ripe ears of the harvest. When these come first there is more behind. Only let us be diligent and hopeful. Although it "tarry, wait for it, for it will surely come, it will not tarry."

Of these first-fruits from heathenism the Lord takes some and leaves others. The one are transferred heavenward, as trophies of his might, and as forerunners of the great victory soon to be gained over sin and Satan. These chosen ones are brought in that they may grace his presence. The others are left behind, that they may carry on the work, and reproduce Christianity among their countrymen. In the one and the other the Lord is alike glorified. In which way He may be pleased to dispose of his servants rests with Him. They are his, and surely the Lord is free to do as He is pleased with his own.

Here is one whom our Missionary at Agra, the Rev. C. T. Hornle,

hoped would have been spared for usefulness, but the great Master decided otherwise.

I commenced this letter on my return from the funeral of a recently converted, but earnest and steady native brother. His name was Yaqub, a Mussulman previously to his conversion to Christianity. When I first got acquainted with him in last April, I liked his simplicity and earnestness. He told me that he had become acquainted with the Christian truth some time ago; that he liked it, and believed in Christ as his Redeemer, and considered his religion as the only true way to obtain the forgiveness of his sins, and the salvation of his soul. Having been in the habit of reading the Gospel privately at home, he had a tolerable knowledge of the truth, had committed the creed, the decalogue and the Lord's Prayer to memory, and expressed an earnest desire for baptism. After some time of probation his wishes were fulfilled. He may have unconsciously felt that his time of grace was drawing to a close. Hence his solicitation to comply with his Lord's command, and make open profession of his faith in Christ. He had just risen from a bed of sickness, which, though long and painful, was spiritually blessed to him. It seemed to have been the time when the light from above, breaking in upon his mind, decided him to obey the divine injunction — "My son, give me thine heart, and let thine eyes observe my ways." It was well he did so without waiting longer: for soon afterwards the fever returned with increased virulence, and carried him off sooner than either he or I expected. He was, however, now prepared for the greatest of all changes. He spoke much of Christ, prayed with the Scripture-reader, admonished the people about him, while the serenity of his countenance testified of the peace of his mind. He fell asleep in the sure hope of salvation through Christ. He might have been useful in propagating the truth among his benighted countrymen, had his life been spared. But the Lord, who knows and does every thing best, took him unto Himself. Praised be his name! May the promised time soon come, when they shall no longer come to Christ one by one, but nation by nation!

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#### A GREAT NEED, AND HOW TO MEET IT.

SHAHIGURH is a large village lying on the road from Azimgurh to Mhow. It contains a bazaar for the sale of common and parched grain, sweetmeats, &c., for the supply of travellers and the surrounding villagers. The inhabitants, about 1500, are chiefly ryots and shopkeepers. They are all, Hindus and Mussulmans, poor and ignorant.

The land around Shahigurh, east, south, and west, is very productive, and, after the native fashion, well cultivated. Along the road, when the season has been dry, numbers of people may be seen employed in irrigation. Generally the crops are wheat and barley; but here and there may be seen the tall sugar-cane and dâl towering above the rest. The dâl is a kind of pulse of a yellow colour, and, although smaller, not unlike in form to our English

sweet-pea. It forms very nutritious food, and is largely consumed by those natives who can afford it, which the very poor can rarely do.

In November 1864, our Missionary, the Rev. A. Lockwood, of Azimgurh, went into the bazaar of Shahigurh to preach, accompanied by the native catechist, Philemon. A congregation of about eighty was soon assembled. Mr. Lockwood says—

Philemon strove, in simple Hindu, to illustrate every thing that was said, but still it remained a dark riddle to them, and yet I could not help feeling that this was the last time that many of them would hear the Gospel. And this is the state of a whole district, containing, I suppose, a million and a half of souls. While reflecting on this, a feeling of shame came over me, that Christian England had so neglected this people, and, while enjoying India's luxuries, had withheld from her children the opportunity of hearing of the Bread of Life. I never shall forget the feeling which filled my soul at the time, almost amounting to horror. For the people of Azimgurh, my own station, I have often felt the deepest anxiety; but now a whole district began to open before me, and my inability to supply labourers adequate to its vast need was only too plain.

Yes, in truth, it is the same as it was in olden time—"The harvest is plenteous, but the labourers are few." Let us apply ourselves then to the Lord of the harvest, and ask Him to "send forth labourers into his harvest." May He give to every European Missionary a little band of genuine converts, like the little body by which the Lord Jesus surrounded Himself. He put them forth to preach. Let the Missionary do the same with the first-fruits given to him from the heathen. Let him utilize every man, and as he does so, they will reproduce themselves, and the number will increase.

We remember when wheat grain was first introduced into the eastern district of New Zealand. It was a very little quantity, not more than filled a stocking. Every grain was carefully sown, and the same was done with its produce also, and so on through several sowings. There was a large district to be provided for, and not a grain was to be used for food: all was to be for seed.

So with our first converts. Better they should be few and genuine, than numerous and with no vitality in them. These genuine converts may be difficult to obtain, and our Missionaries, like the apostle of the Gentiles, must travail in birth to this end. But they are worth all the pains, and when God gives them to us, at home or abroad, amply repay us for all the cost. But these true converts are like the grains of wheat. Let the grains be properly used, and they will increase themselves. We shall be putting out our Christians to interest, instead of keeping them shut up in a box. Sovereigns reproduce themselves. Genuine converts are the King's coin. His image and superscription are upon them. Let us put them out to interest, and they will multiply still faster.