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*Two Shillings.*

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

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TEMPLE AND TANK AT BISHARATTORE. (From a Photograph.)

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

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BASHARATPORE,  
OR THE VILLAGE OF JOY.

THE city of Gorruckpore lies north-west from Benares, on the river Raptée, and within sight of the blue hills of Nepaul, which form a rampart to the north, their summits covered with perpetual snow. The city contains a population of 25,000, of whom one-third are Mussulmans, while in the surrounding district, which bears the same name, there are about two and a half millions.

R. M. Bird, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service, was the founder of the Mission, and at his request the Church Missionary Society sent thither its first Missionary.

In 1831, the Hon. Governor-General of India, Lord William Bentinck, granted, for the use of the Mission, a tract of unclaimed forest land, and on this, for the use of the native Christians belonging to the Mission, was erected a village, which received the name of "Basharatpore," or the Town of Joy. A village church was attached to it, and that constituted its chief ornament. The village church, with a faithful pastor, and the Gospel lovingly and truthfully preached in it—what a change it makes in the circumstances of a village; how dreary the village without it! But where these are present, what life, and hope, and joy do they not diffuse around! In villages, at home and abroad, are to be found the men who literally verify in their condition the divine sentence, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread, until thou return to the dust." The villager is usually a man of small means and heavy toil. So God, who is all wise and all good, sees it to be best for the generality of men that they should be under the influence of toil and poverty combined. Riches are perilous to the soul. Happily they who are endangered with them are comparatively few. But the Lord's-day, coming round every seventh day, giving rest to the wearied frame of the labouring man, the happy assemblages in the church, and the blessed truths and promises of the Gospel, which remind those present that God has chosen the poor in this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which He has promised to them that love Him,—these make many a village a Basharatpore, "a town of joy."

And if the sight of a village church, with its tower or spire, is always pleasing, and encourages the hope that there the people are instructed in the knowledge of Him, who is a house of defence and a strong tower, and that there is a faithful ministry in that church, doing that which the spire seems always testifying should be done, pointing upwards, as well by example as precept, and teaching the people to seek the things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God, how much more welcome is not such a sight in a heathen land, where it is so rare and seldom to be seen?

*Jan. 1866.]*

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During the mutiny this Christian village suffered severely. No troops could be spared to protect Gorruckpore: it was resolved to abandon it, and a few Ghoorkas were sent down to protect the residents in their retreat. It was necessary that the Missionary should leave too, and, before his departure, he visited Basharatpore, which at that moment might be called, not the town of joy, but the town of sorrow. The Christians were assembled in the catechist's house, where he read the seventy-first Psalm, "In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust: let me never be put to confusion. Deliver me, in thy righteousness, and cause me to escape: incline thine ear unto me, and save me. Be thou my strong habitation whereunto I may continually resort: thou hast given commandment to save me, for thou art my rock and my fortress." Then in prayer he commended them to the Lord; but when he rose to depart, the whole number, especially the women and children, burst into tears. The Missionary had done all he could for them. To have remained with them would have been to have imperilled his own life, and, instead of diminishing, would have increased their danger. He had obtained from a neighbouring Rajah the promise that he would do all that was possible to preserve them from injury.

Then came the time of trial. During two months these poor people lived in a state which is accurately described in these words of Scripture—"Thy life shall hang in doubt before thee; and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life. In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even! and at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning! for the fear of thine heart wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see." Some of them were mercilessly illtreated, and especially the catechist, Raphael, who died about two months after the Missionary left. At length, finding that their oppressors were resolved on forcing them into a profession of Mohammedanism, they all fled, and, by separate paths, reached Kishnagurh, where they were in safety, and were rejoined by their Missionary.

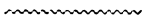
It is to be observed that none of these people surrendered their Christian profession, although, by doing so, they could have escaped present danger, and perhaps have been rewarded: they stood firm.

And so it was throughout North India. Native Christianity had been regarded, and too much dealt with, as an exotic. It was so sheltered about, and tended so carefully, that there was reason to fear it would become so delicate as to be worthless. Suddenly the storm came and broke all the conservatories, and the tender plants, as they were esteemed to be, stood exposed without a shelter to the pitiless blast; but they were enabled to endure and to survive. Although beaten, plundered, and some of them even put to death, such as Wilayut Ali of Delhi, Solomon, the catechist at Cawnpore, and Dhokue Persad, the catechist at Futtelghur, yet, with few exceptions, they stood firm in their adherence to the Gospel, and, having survived the hurricane, native Christianity in India is now recognised as a reality.

The Mission at Basharatpore is, we are glad to say, again in working order. The church has been repaired, the communion table being made of wood, presented by a friendly native, and the pulpit of wood intended



by the rebels to be worked up into gun-carriages restored. The old village is indeed gone, but a new one has been built on the most healthy spot of the farm, the jungle being cleared away all round the place. The words of the 71st Psalm, which had been read in the time of their affliction, have been beyond expectation realized—"Thou shalt increase my greatness, and comfort me on every side." May Basharatpore be henceforth a village of Christian joy, where many a grateful Christian shall say—"My tongue also shall talk of thy righteousness all the day long; for they are confounded, for they are brought unto shame, that seek my hurt."



BRIEF MEMOIRS OF MR. GEORGE JEFFERIES, CATECHIST,  
OF IBADAN.

MR. GEORGE JEFFERIES, a catechist of the Church Missionary Society, died at Ibadan on Sept. 22, 1862. It was during a time of very severe trial that his illness and death took place. In consequence of the war between Abbeokuta and Ibadan, the Missionary party in the latter city, consisting of the Rev. D. and Mrs. Hinderer, Mr. Jefferies, and Mr. Roper—who had been brought by the victorious Ibadans as a prisoner to their own town after the destruction of Ijaye, where he had been a catechist—had been cut off from all communication with their friends, either at Abbeokuta or Lagos, and were in absolute want of the necessaries of life.

Since his return home, Mr. Roper has drawn up a few brief memorials of his friend, Mr. Jefferies, and we desire to introduce some extracts from them, not only in affectionate remembrance of a good man, who laid down his life on the Mission field, but also because they will serve to throw light on a chapter of Missionary history, of which we know but little—the prolonged trials to which our brethren were subjected when shut up in Ibadan, and the Christian fortitude wherewith they were enabled to endure it.

It was one of Mr. Roper's solaces, when led as a prisoner to Ibadan, that there he should meet his friend Jefferies, who had prayed for him when he was in danger; and, now that his life had been spared, heartily welcomed him on his safe arrival at Ibadan. One feature in his friend, Mr. Roper immediately remarked—his Christian serenity.

Is it possible, thought I, that for the past two years Mr. Jefferies has been going through such a furnace of affliction, under such very peculiar circumstances, and yet walks in this calm, composed manner? Such calmness, under such circumstances, must have been the result of close and frequent communion with God.

Another feature was his persistency in his work.

Regularly, notwithstanding that things were so unsettled, and the people so confused by war and rumours of war, yet regularly, I say—when many men would have been too much agitated in mind to do so—he went out to the markets and other places, to preach the word of God.

To sow the seed of the word was his duty; and he did it, without regarding the ground, or saying, "Surely it cannot grow here!" "Blessed are they that sow beside ALL waters." "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

"Sow in the morn thy seed,  
At eve hold not thine hand;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,  
Scatter it o'er the land."

He did thus sow: doubtless he now rejoices that he did it. Who shall say how much may yet grow up? It may yet be found, though it be "after many days:" for God has said, "My word shall not return unto me void."

On one occasion I went with him to the place where he preached most frequently: it was a market; and a strange scene met one's eye on our arrival. A less hopeful man would have despaired of gaining even a short hearing from such a concourse of people. All, both buyers and sellers, were intent upon getting a good bargain, and making as much out of it as possible, and this engrossed all their attention. I noticed, however, that he rode up to his old position, under a large tree, on the outskirts of the market, and there people gathered round him, for he was well known. After a minute or two spent in silence, probably in prayer, without further ceremony he began his discourse. The difficulty of speaking to such an assembly as that is not small at the best of times, but it was especially difficult at this time, because every mind and mouth were full of the war. This excluded every thing else for a time; but still he got some attentive hearers: and thus the seed was sown. In this way he went about continually as long as he was able.

When Mr. Roper first saw him, Jefferies seemed to be in his usual strength, but his constitution had been undermined by downright hard work and insufficient food.

He, along with others, had been shut up in Ibadan for a long time, and had not been able to get the usual supplies of food, &c.; and what made it worse for him was, that this was during his acclimatization season, when all Europeans suffer much from the African fevers. They had been obliged to plant food before they could get a little to eat; and when I met them in Ibadan, they had not a sufficient supply of even the common necessaries of life; and this had been the case for a long time before I came. I believe it was such like work, coupled with such like want, that broke down his strength, and prepared the way for the disease which soon came upon him. I could not have believed it possible that Europeans could live on such like food as that on which our brethren in Ibadan had been living; and I have no doubt that Mr. Hinderer's sufferings, which he had passed through both before and since I came to Ibadan, must be, in a great measure, laid down to this cause—insufficient nourishment for the body: their food was deficient both in quality and quantity. I am satisfied, also, that this is what broke down Mr. Jefferies' health: it is a wonder this did not take place long before. But he bore all these things remarkably well, for I never heard him complain of them even once.

It is indeed marvellous that any of the party survived; and yet, with the exception of Mr. Jefferies, all have been brought home. We are almost tempted to ask our dear friend, Mr. Hinderer, to draw up some account of the way in which he and Mrs. Hinderer, amidst much sickness and trials of every kind, were borne up from day to day. But however we should wish him so to do, we must leave this to his own better judgment.

In the enfeebled state of Mr. Jefferies' constitution, a trivial circumstance might suffice to develop disease, and so it proved to be.

One day, when they went out to clear a stream of water which had been completely choked up with grass, he was thrown down from his horse in the middle of the water, and of course he was thoroughly drenched. He was advised to go home at once, but he preferred waiting till the work was done. When he did go home, however, he got a severe attack of ague and fever, and from this dates the beginning of his illness.

On the 13th of May I wrote—"Mr. Jefferies is unwell, and has been all this week. To-day he was brought over to Kudeti, where he is receiving careful attention from Mrs. Hinderer. We hope and pray that he will soon be restored to health again."

Up to the 21st of May he continued to get worse, and we became alarmed. We were in deep waters. We sighed for a road to Lagos or Abbeokuta, so as to be able to get Mr. Jefferies down there, or else to get him the needful food and medicine up here; but we could get neither, though we tried hard to do so.

Yes; sickness is trying at all times, when those whom we love are visited by it. But how great an aggravation of the pain is it when we can procure for them no medical advice. In this favoured land of ours this is seldom the case; and infirmaries and dispensaries bring advice and medicine within the reach of the poorest; but our Missionaries, who are thrown forward to occupy the advanced posts of Christianity, as it moves on to take possession—it may be after a severe conflict—of heathen lands, are often, nay, usually, isolated from all such helps. When sickness enters their families they must meet it as best they can, with such means and knowledge as they possess, both alike being very scanty.

Such was precisely the condition of our friends at Ibadan.

During all the illness of Mr. Jefferies, he never was able to get proper food or medicine. Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer did all that they could for him, and several times he rallied, and we thought that he was about to get well again. He frequently said to me that he believed he should get well if he only had proper European food, and a little medical help. But these it was impossible to get. Nothing could induce people to go either to Lagos or Abbeokuta. It was exceedingly painful for us to see him sinking day by day, and not to be able to do any thing towards getting him this much required help. I shall have to leave you to imagine, for I cannot describe, our feelings, when, on the 16th of June, the last dose of medicine that we had was given to him, and now there

was none at all left, and hope almost forsook us. I wrote then—"Mr. Jefferies continues weak and ill; he is not yet rid of his complaint, and to-day he has taken the last dose of medicine there is in the house. Mr. Hinderer, also, needs the same kind of medicine very much, but there is none. We have now no means that we can use for their relief. We cast them on our God and Father. Oh that He may help them! Oh that He may help them! Oh that He would come to our relief! Let Thy strength be made perfect, O God, in this our time of weakness!"

At such times the true knowledge of God, as reconciled to us in Christ, so that we can confide in Him as a father, is invaluable. The tried Christian can then look up, and say, "My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth;" and there is consolation in the assurances which God has given us in his word, that such appeals shall be answered—"He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; He that keepeth thee will not slumber."

Notwithstanding this gradual decline of bodily strength, I saw no decline of his peaceful composure—no decline of his comfortable assurance that all would be well. He did not say much of what he himself thought as to whether he would survive this illness or not; but it was plain that, "Not my will, but thine be done," expressed all his mind concerning himself. I think Mr. Jefferies' own favourite hymn will well describe what I took to be the state of his mind at this time—

"Though dark my path and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not;  
And breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
Thy will be done

What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved no longer nigh,  
Submissive still would I reply,  
Thy will be done.

If Thou should'st call me to resign  
What most I prize; it ne'er was mine;  
I only yield Thee what was Thine,  
Thy will be done.

Should pining sickness waste away  
My life in premature decay,  
My Father! still I'll strive to say,  
Thy will be done.

But if my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God! to Thee I leave the rest,  
Thy will be done."

These brief memoirs are alike affecting and improving; but we must defer further extracts from them to our next Number.

## A CONTRAST.

TAKEN FROM THE REPORT OF A NATIVE PASTOR IN THE YORUBA COUNTRY.

I HAVE to record, with great pleasure, the happy death of Hannah Pearse, a communicant of our church. She, together with her husband, are emigrants from Sierra Leone. On their return to this country, with but very little knowledge of God, they sojourned a short time at Lagos, and then proceeded to this place, where they are altogether settled. They had for the past ten years been under my instruction. In the month of November 1856, having professed to become the follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, she, together with other candidates, were admitted by the late Bishop Weeks into the visible church of Christ by baptism, and to the day of her death has continued to be a patient sufferer, a meek, pious, and consistent Christian. For more than twelve years she was suffering, and during the whole of the period that we became acquainted with her no murmur ever escaped her lips. She was able to glorify her God and Saviour by patient resignation to his will.

In July last she became ill of dysentery, and during my visit to Lagos, in the latter part of that month, her illness assumed a most serious aspect, and she felt that her dissolution was approaching. Whilst at Ogudu, on my way home from Lagos, news reached me of the serious nature of her illness. She sent for Mrs. White, who visited her in my absence, accompanied by Mr. Clarke, our Christian reader, and a female convert. They found her exclaiming, with an audible voice, over and over again—*"Jesu ni Olug bala. Oun ni ola ye fun. Oun ni ogo ye fun. Oun ni iyin ye fun."* "Jesus is the Saviour. He it is who is worthy of honour. He it is who is worthy of glory. He it is who is worthy of praise." She called upon all present to unite with her in giving thanks to Jesus for receiving her soul. "Let every one know," she continued to exclaim, "that Jesus is the Saviour. When Adam fell," she said, "the gates of Paradise were closed, and an angel with a flaming sword was appointed to them; but Jesus opened the gates of Paradise." Mrs. White could not help shedding tears at the scene, upon which Hannah replied— "Why do you weep? Are you not glad to see your firstborn child at Otta going to heaven? Those whom I now see about me with white wings are rejoicing to take me home; therefore dry up your tears." Mrs. White told her that she did not weep because she was going home. "You remember," Mrs. White continued, "how we used to sit together and talk together of having one day to leave earth." She replied, "Yes." "Well," said Mrs. White, "you have been such a nice companion to me that I cannot help shedding tears at the thought of your soon having to leave us. But don't you find all that we have been talking about to be true?" said Mrs. White. "Oh, yes," she replied; "they are too true. I used to think when this or that individual talks of having dreamt about heaven, God, or angels, that I cannot be a child of God, because I have never dreamt the like; but now I see them clearly, not in a dream." This was on the first of August, when she was expected to breathe her last; but towards the evening of that day she appeared somewhat better. She asked whether her father (meaning me) had not yet returned from Lagos? On being told no, she replied—"How pleasant would it have been had he been here!" Early the next day she expressed a wish to go to her mother (Mrs. White, for she and myself

were her sponsors at her baptism), and, to the astonishment of all, she rose up and walked from her residence to the Mission House. In the afternoon I arrived from Ogudu, and Hannah was one of those who came to welcome me; and, as there was yet hope, we did all in our power to restore her to health by administering such means as were within our reach. She repeated to me all that she told Mrs. White and our people. In a few days she appeared greatly improved, and we received courage that she would recover. She spoke, however, very little, and gave but very brief replies to my questions. She was often seen in a praying posture, and has always presented herself at our family prayers. As I purposed to celebrate the holy communion on the sixth of August, for which notice had been given on the Sunday before, she begged Mrs. White to get her clothes washed; and on the Saturday previous she expressed to me a desire to attend church on Sunday, that she might join in the communion. I objected to her going to church, as I believed that she was still weak and might have a relapse of her complaint. She would go. I therefore told her to wait till the sermon was over and the communion was to be begun. To the astonishment of all, she presented herself at the communion rail, to commemorate, for the last time on earth, the dying love of the Saviour. After the communion was over she asked the people to join her in giving thanks to God, and that He has received her soul. On Monday, the 7th, she was again taken ill, became insensible, and on the Tuesday following she fell sweetly asleep in Jesus. On the morning of Wednesday we committed her remains to the earth. Hers was the death of the righteous, and her end was peace.

I have witnessed a Mohammedan die; but what are his consolations? what are his hopes? and on what are they grounded? A Mohammedan (Moses by name) who was on the point of dying in our compound, on being asked who was the anchor of his hope, replied, "I have a namesake in the invisible world." The few cowries he had with him he deposited by portions in every corner of his room; and, when no one would take them, he asked us to do so, as a kind of almsgiving, as if he could merit heaven by such good works: and when his death was lingering, he desired us to come with a razor and put an end to his life by cutting his throat, that he might not die a heathen as he told us. Is this, therefore, the religion which is calculated to afford peace and consolation to the dying African? May blessings rest on the heads of those who, in fulfilling the divine obligation, "Go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," have zealously laboured to bring benighted Africa under the light and influence of Christianity!

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#### THE NAME OF JESUS.

THERE is a name I love to hear,  
 I love to speak its worth;  
 It sounds like music in mine ear,  
 The sweetest name on earth.

It tells me of a Saviour's love  
 Who died to set me free;  
 It tells me of his precious blood,  
 The sinner's perfect plea.

It tells me of a Father's smile  
 Beaming upon his child ;  
 It cheers me through this "little while,"  
 Through desert, waste, and wild.

It tells me what my Father hath  
 In store for every day,  
 And though I tread a darksome path,  
 Yields sunshine all the way.

It tells of One whose loving heart  
 Can feel my deepest woe,  
 Who in my sorrow bears a part  
 That none can bear below.

It bids my trembling soul rejoice,  
 It dries each rising tear,  
 It tells me, in a "still small voice,"  
 To trust and never fear.

JESUS ! the name I love so well,  
 The name I love to hear !  
 No saint on earth its worth can tell,  
 No heart conceive how dear.

This name shall shed its fragrance still  
 Along this thorny road,  
 Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill  
 That leads me up to God.

And there, with all the blood-bought throng,  
 From sin and sorrow free,  
 I'll sing the new eternal song  
 Of Jesus' love to me.

F. W.

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#### ENCOURAGEMENTS ON THE BULLOM SHORE.

SIERRA LEONE being a professedly Christian land, the Missionaries are pushing forward into the heathen countries which lie around, in the hope, by the blessing of God, of having a harvest there also. The Bullom Shore, across the Sierra-Leone river, is one of these countries. The following passages, from the journals of the native Missionary, the Rev. W. Boston, speak of some first-fruits—

*June 25, 1865: Lord's-day*—A good ingathering indeed we had this day, in the admission of eleven persons by baptism into the Christian Church. Five adults and five children, all the first-fruits of Rogbanney station, were baptized by the Rev. G. R. Caiger, in the forenoon service of this day ; and after preaching from John vii. 37, to a congregation of 121 persons, he administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to thirty members of our church. In the afternoon service, a child of the same place, who was late this morning, was also baptized by him, and I preached to an assembly of fifty-six, from John viii. 51. It creates

much joy to witness scenes like this, and we would gladly welcome the recurrence of many such days. Two instances of recent occurrence among us, deserving to be noticed—and which I shall not fail to state, as they are evident signs that the leaven of the Gospel is for certain at work in the hearts of some here—will, I am confident, give pleasure and excite gratitude on behalf of those whom the Lord, by his grace, has brought to Himself, from the darkness of heathenism, to the enjoyment of his marvellous light.

One of the two, who in mercy has been enabled voluntarily to renounce his idols, and engage on the Lord's side, is Thomas Cole, a famous idolater for many years in Freetown, and who continued the same since he came to Bullom. I had not many opportunities of speaking to him before, seeing he had left this for another place, to carry on his agricultural employment, except when he made his occasional visits, but then he cared very little for what he heard, and was unwilling to relinquish his idols, or destroy his charms, because, he said, they were of great advantage to him in point of gains, which he made from those persons who came to consult these dumb vanities, and to know their fate and fortune, and who brought him presents as rewards and sacrifices, in order that the imaginary evils or dangers they are apprehensive of may be averted. In the course of the past year Cole was visited with severe illness. He was removed to town, and back again to his working-place; till at length he was prevailed on by his wife to return to Yongro. He had sought help, and in vain, from his idol-gods, the Shango and Ogun, with his charms, and could not be persuaded to see their emptiness, but clung to them still, extolled and spoke of them in high terms, arrogating the power of the Deity to them. In the evening of Monday, the 26th of June, I called on him again, and spoke very warmly on the subject. He acknowledged God's great goodness, and his power as infinitely superior to that of his idols, but still maintained that his idols did him much good. I showed him how helpless they are in themselves, and the absurdity of thinking they can do any one good. This he owned afterwards as true, and promised to give them up to me to be cast away, as soon as they were brought to him from the place he kept them in. During my repeated visits, he continually expressed himself in the same way, till the morning of Tuesday, the 26th of July, when, as I was engaged in class, imparting instruction to the people, he came in and sat down listening. As soon as all was over, I invited him to my house, where he asked me for admittance into class. "How can that be," I said. He answered, "I give my heart entirely to God now. I want Him to wash it for me, it is so bad. I never knew, all this while, I was such a sinner. I never felt so before. Now that I am convinced, I give Him my heart altogether, if only He will take it. I have done many evils," he said; and confessed that he had destroyed many lives; had actually broken into houses, and burnt many. "I am a great sinner, and I come now to beg the Lord to pardon and forgive me." I replied, "If you are sincere in what you say, and return with a true penitent heart, God will forgive you; but He will not, if you intend to take Him with one hand, and reserve your idols in the other." "No," he said, and wept; "I shall throw them all away, for they are useless: only



God I want now, if He will receive me." "Yes, He is willing to receive you," I said, "as He does all who came to Him, for He casts out none." "I trust in him alone," was his reply. "I find my idols can do me no good now, and they cannot save my soul. I shall throw them all away. "Give them to me," I said, "that I may be confident you have parted with them, and I shall destroy them myself." He consented, and went home, after receiving further instruction. It was not long after he left that his wife came and told me that her husband was fully resolved to give me his idols just then, if I could go for them. The matter, in my view, required haste, lest he might alter his mind. Away to his house I went, accompanied by Mrs. Boston. He provided seats for us, went in to his chamber, and, returning, brought a bag which contained the idols, and sat down. Then, looking at me, he said, "These are the country-fashion, I told you, I had. In my blind state I used to consult them, and they answered my purpose then very well. I amassed money by them, and so worshipped and sacrificed cows, goats, and fowls to them, but I knew nothing. Thank God, I know now that He alone is to be worshipped. When I was taken from my country, I was placed with the unhappy and unfortunate slaves who were murdered in Dahomey's land. I was ordered out one morning to the place of execution, but had my life given me again. Surely it was the great God who effected my preservation then, as he has protected me from many other dangers." Then, reaching his hand, he delivered me the bag, the contents of which were found to be stones of different descriptions, besides cowries, and other foolish things. "I want the idols no more," he said; "throw them away. God alone is sufficient for me. I shall praise his name, and give the glory to Him, for enabling me to part with these things. The Shango which I left at the place I was working at I shall send for and give you. I don't want any thing of the sort again. I want you to wash me. Put water on my head, &c." All who were present felt thankful, and regarded him with wonder, as a brand plucked from the burning. I endeavoured then to lead him to Christ as the Saviour; urged upon him the duty of constant and persevering prayer for the Holy Spirit's assistance; and, kneeling down, I offered prayer, in which he heartily united, with sighs and tears. Since then, though sickly and very weak, being an aged man of more than threescore years and ten, yet he embraces every opportunity of attending the means of grace, excepting when his pains are too severe. He gave me no rest about his baptism, assured me that he looked to Christ for pardon and salvation, and desired to know Him. I gave him to understand that, after further instruction, and his sincerity tested, his baptism will not be delayed. On Sunday, the 6th of August, he was seriously ill. I found him very poorly when I went to see him at his request. "I have no hope of living long," he said, "and my only desire is to be baptized before I die." Accordingly, on Sunday, the 13th inst., having instructed him, during the intervening days, on the nature and principles of that rite, I baptized him in the forenoon service, in the presence of the congregation of 105 persons.

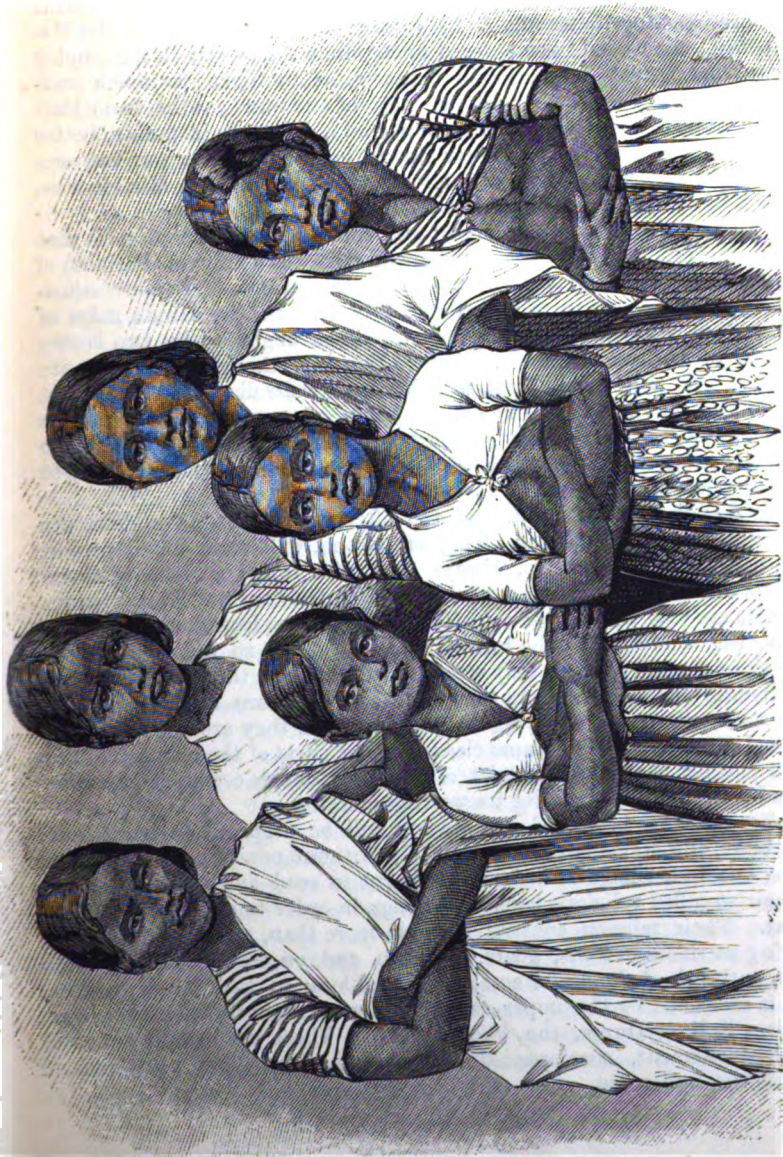
Another remarkable case is that of John Brown. He, too, was a stiff and gross idolater, who was often spoken to during my four years' residence here; but all was in vain. Once he was prevailed on to attend

church, but he did so only for a while. Another time he gave attendance at divine service, but his object was, not to pray for himself, as he never felt a need for it; but it was for his son, who was a profligate young man, and died without hope, ignorantly thinking that his prayers could effect his release from a state of punishment for his sins, in the unseen world, and a transmigration into that of happiness and bliss. In my visits, when he was afterwards laid up, I tried to persuade him to repose confidence in God, to cast away his worthless Ifa, and receive Christ as his Saviour. On the 27th of July I spoke to him most seriously on the point of his salvation. At first he denied worshipping any thing besides God, and said afterwards, "If God help me, and raise me up again, I shall cast away my idols, and serve Him only." "It is certain," I replied, "that God can help, and is willing to save your soul, if you believe in Him; but whether you will be raised up again from this sick-bed, or no, is very uncertain; therefore you should attend to this business now." "That is true," he said. "I shall, in the course of two or three days, send to fetch the idols from town, and destroy them." I read to him the passage, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." After explaining the same, I knelt down and prayed. He was lying all the while, but in the midst of prayer he sat up, reached his hand, and brought his idols near. As soon as I was up from my knees, he gave me his Ifa and Orisha, and said, "Go and throw them away. The word that you read moved my heart, so that I could resist no longer." On my next visit he said, "Oh, what sweet words you told me the other day! I thought upon them over and over. I wish I was well and young, I would have gone to school to learn, and read them for myself: however, come always, and teach me about God; I like to hear of what Christ has done for me." Many were surprised to hear this from him, considering how opposed he was to religion, and what bitter things often escaped his lips against its professors. Truly the Lord can make a lion to become a lamb, and raise up of stones, faithful children. "It is not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord." This poor man died ten days after his idols were given up. Within this interval there was a marked change observed in him. He called for family prayers, which he never did before. He confessed his former wickednesses, and owned he did them in ignorance, and asked for mercy; and, a few moments before he resigned his breath, was found praying, after which he spoke no more. With longing eyes I look up to the Lord for fresh grace and renewed strength; seeing that, whilst we raise up our grateful hearts for what He has done, we have need to plead still more earnestly for the much which remains to be done; and for this we humbly crave the prayers of all Christ's faithful servants, that further blessings may rest upon us, and attend his work, both here, and in all the world, so that King Messiah may reign triumphantly, and "all flesh see the salvation of the Lord." Amen.

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THE MALA PEOPLE.

OUR readers may remember that mention has been made from time to time of the Mala caste of the Telugu people, in connexion with our Telugu Mission, founded by the Rev. R. T. Noble and the Rev. Henry Fox in 1841. Mr. Fox closed his seven years of fruitful labour on the



GROUP OF MALA FEMALES. (From a Photograph.)

16th October 1848, and now the sad tidings have reached us that his devoted fellow-labourer also has finished his course with joy on the 16th of the same month in 1855. But there is no close to the work they begun. Deepening and widening, it has spread through the teeming population of the rich and well-watered deltas of the Godaveri and Krishna rivers, and inland to the wild tribes of the Kois, scattered among the hills and forests.

While the sons of proud and wealthy Brahmins and Mohammedans have been passing under Mr. Noble's teaching and training in the Masulipatam school, and have entered upon public life mostly in the employ of our Government—as refined in manners, as intelligent, as much practically influenced by Christianity as most of our own youths from Harrow or from Rugby, and we fear we may add, in many instances, better instructed in Scripture—the lower classes have flocked to our vernacular schools, and there have had the loving care of our other Missionaries, Messrs. Sharkey, Darling, and Alexander.

Of these lower classes, the largest and most important section is that called, in Telugu, Mala. They correspond with the Parayers (Pariahs) of the Tamil and the Hollayar of the Canarese nations. They are considered by those above them as below all caste. In the Hindu rules of architecture it is laid down that their dwellings ought to be two *krossa*, or 4000 yards, from the town. And to this day, though these rules are little studied, their round huts, with low mud walls about four feet high, and peaked thatched roofs like extinguishers, often overrun with gourds or pumpkins, are seen closely grouped together at a respectful distance from the town or village, each of which has usually its Malapalli, or Mala hamlet.

But though thus despised, and too often hardly used, the Malas are the right-hand of the farmer. They are strong, well-made, handy people, and, both men and women, always ready for rough and heavy work. Besides out-door labour, most of them in the Guntoor and Masulipatam districts are also able to weave. Their rude, coarse looms are worked indoors, the mud floor of the hut being scooped out, so that the weaver, who sits upon the ground, may stretch his legs under the beam, and work the treadle with his foot. As they spin their own yarn and weave their own cloth, often, too, growing their own cotton, they are usually better dressed than those of the same class in other parts of the country. The Mala cloth of the Palnad district of Guntoor, though coarse, is generally prized for its warmth and for its wearing qualities.

After what has been said, our readers will be prepared to learn that, as a body, the Malas have been entirely without education. Here and there, one in a village or district has learnt to read and to know a little of their so-called religious books and songs, in order to act as a pujari, or priest. Their religion consists in little more than, at certain seasons, offering sacrifices of fowls, goats, or sheep, and, on great occasions, such as an outbreak of cholera or small-pox, buffaloes, to the village goddess, who is identified by the upper castes, rightly or wrongly with their own goddess Kali, or Durga, the wife of Shiva. These are usually times of much excitement, accompanied by libations, or, rather, potations of arrack, the Indian gin.

The first movement among the Mala tribe in the centre of the Telugu country appears to have commenced about the same time as the Mission at Masulipatam, though connected with it only in the all-arranging providence of God.

In the Palnad district of Guntoor, in the year 1843, one of their pujaris, who had received a tract through a Christian native servant, was led to visit an American Lutheran Missionary, who had shortly before commenced to labour in that locality. This man was eager for instruction in the Scriptures, and it was soon found, just as had been the case before among the Shanars in Tinnevely, that there was a general desire among the tribe for schools and Missionaries, with a favourable disposition towards Christianity, unchecked by any dread of those sacrifices of position and family ties which so fearfully keep back Hindus of the upper classes. There had, indeed, been a still earlier preparation, such as it was, for in the very heart of the Palnad was a village of Romanists, the fruit of one of the former Jesuit Missions, and some of these were able to read printed books.

As means would admit, teachers were sent to one village after another. A shed was given or built, to serve as a schoolroom: the people agreed to send their children, to give up idol worship, to keep Sunday as a day of rest, to meet then to hear the Bible read, and to follow the teaching of the Missionaries as well as they could. In this way the little mustard-seed was dropped in about fifteen villages, and in the course of the next ten years some 200 souls were baptized.

From the Palnad the desire for Christian teaching spread among the Malas of Cuddapa, the next Telugu district on the west, and there it was met, in the first instance, by the London Missionaries, and, at a later period, by a chaplain of the Additional Clergy Society, through whom the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel were induced to send a Missionary there.

And, lastly, the same feeling after the true God manifested itself north of the Krishna, in the Masulipatam district, where Mr. Darling, our Missionary at Bezvara, was applied to by the head of a Mala family, who had heard of the true religion through his fellows in Guntoor, and who, receiving instruction with all readiness of mind, was shortly after baptized with his whole house.

We now present our readers with a sketch from a photograph of a little group of Mala females, from the Mission school at Guntoor, taken a few years ago. The three to the rear are married, and one of them shows, in her expression, that she has been taught that wisdom which "maketh the face to shine," and softens every feature with its own gentleness. Our readers, we think, will easily recognise the Christian, as we have done again and again ourselves in India, where the very countenance, of the female especially has been at once the indication to us of the gracious working of the Gospel. And, in fact, the total change of which this poor degraded race has been shown to be capable, through Christian teaching and the purifying effect of faith in the heart, is the best confutation of the lying account of creation given by the sacred books of the Brahmins, and of the still more wicked theories of some falsely-called scientific Englishmen of our own time, who, rather than

believe the Creator's own account of his own work, set themselves to maintain that there must have been some twenty pairs of different species of mankind from the first ; or that, according to some, still more probably, all men have gradually advanced by easy stages from apes, and monkeys, and even from molluscs.

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#### GOOD NEWS FROM FUH-CHAU.

**THERE** is a Mission station on the coast of China of which the readers of the "Gleaner" have not heard much. It is in the great city of Fuh-chau, which contains nearly a million of inhabitants. Here we made a commencement, by placing there two Missionaries, and the work has since gone on amidst much difficulty and discouragement. Ten years had passed over, and there had not been gained one convert to Christianity. During this time two valuable Missionaries had died; the Rev. W. Welton and the Rev. F. M'Caw, while others had returned home, their health having given way.

Some pronounced Fuh-chau a barren soil, and wished it to be given up. There were other places on the coast which they thought would more readily respond to the labours of the husbandman ; but the Society persisted, and, when one Missionary was removed, another was sent out. At length, in March 1861, the two first converts were baptized, and we experienced the truth of the divine declaration—"Be not weary in well-doing, for in due time we shall reap, if we faint not." Since then, with occasional reverses, the work has gone on, and there is now a native congregation at Fuh-chau, comprising some very valuable native catechists.

Lord's-day, October 8th, 1865, was a day to be remembered at Fuh-chau. The new church, built for the use of the native Christians, the expenses of which were mainly defrayed by the English residents, was opened for the worship of the one true God. The service commenced at eleven o'clock A.M., and the morning prayers were read, partly in Chinese and partly in English. After the second lesson, four adults and six children, all Chinese, were baptized. Amongst them were two persons, of whom our Missionary tells us some interesting particulars. One was a man of the name of Lo Ling—

Mr. Lo Ling and his family have been receiving instruction for the last ten months. He has had to endure a great deal for Christ's sake, but he has remained faithful. His only daughter, who had been betrothed to a heathen, became a believer in Jesus, and constantly prayed and showed evidence, if not of real conversion, at least of deep interest in the truth. Her father was most anxious to have the engagement broken off, and the girl herself was equally desirous for a dissolution of the contract ; but her reputed husband would not listen to it, and determined at once to marry her, and so prevent her becoming a Christian. The girl's

father could not prevent this, and so made all the necessary preparations for the wedding-feast, &c. But now came the hour of his trial. His son-in-law's party did all they could by entreaty, by promise, and by threats, to persuade him to give up Christianity, but nothing seemed to move him. His answer was, "I have decided to become a Christian and worship Jesus." During this time of his trial the Christians were in constant prayer for him, and to this I attribute his victory. The day of the marriage was a most exciting one. Lo Ling asked me how he should manage, for that he wished to have the Christians' prayers said on the occasion. I told him I feared my presence would excite the fury of the opposite party, and perhaps bring on a repetition of last year's troubles, but that he might ask Kiu Taick and others of the catechists to be present; that perhaps their presence would be tolerated; and if matters assumed a reasonable appearance, Kiu Taick, the senior catechist would pray and read the word of God. I pointed out to my faithful native brother appropriate portions to be read on the occasion, but warned him not to attempt any thing unless he saw a favourable opportunity. The catechists went, but they found the bridegroom's party unmanageable. They could do nothing. In the meanwhile the mob had assembled about the door, and threatened to pull down the house, which is the property of the Mission, and said something about tearing down our church. They hooted one of the American Missionaries who happened to pass at the time. When the bridal chair left the house, the streets all along were lined on both sides with men and women, using the most abusive language towards the bride and her family, crying out, "Ha! ha! come see the bride going to worship the *kàu tau*," *i. e.* the head of the religion, meaning the Missionary. The bridegroom and his party were infuriated, and returned in the evening to Lo Ling's house, and heaped abuse and threats upon the poor fellow, but he bore it all very well; and when telling me about it afterwards, he said, "It did not become a Christian to return evil for evil." They refused the bride to return to her father's house to pay the ordinary visit of ceremony. This was the greatest mark of disrespect they could show towards the parents of the bride, and poor Lo Ling felt it keenly. At first he determined to summon the son-in-law before the officers, to compel him to allow his daughter to return and pay the usual token of respect to her father and mother, but myself and the other native brethren dissuaded him from this. It was a great trial for him. How little do people at a distance know what great difficulties those have to encounter who determine to confess Christ before their heathen countrymen! We, however, who have to deal with them, are fully persuaded of those difficulties, and doubt whether many who make professions of Christ in Christian lands would be prepared to face the same difficulties for Christ's sake. But what of the poor girl? Why, she was dragged from her father's house amidst torrents of abuse, and taken to a heathen home, where she was commanded to fall down and worship the domestic and ancestral idols. Did she at once renounce her faith in Christ? Ah! no. She at once refused to bow her knee to the idols, and said she had learned to worship the one living and true God. But this did not satisfy her cruel husband, who stood by ready to enforce his wicked commands with threats and blows.

Poor girl! it was a great trial for her. Her husband, however, could not prevail over her faith, and all he could do was to elicit from his wife the exclamations, "I am a Christian, I am a Christian." The father came the next day, and in great triumph related all this to me, and declared he believed his daughter would never again worship an idol. There is great danger, however, as she is never allowed to see any of our members, and even her family are not permitted to see much of her. Such heroism is worthy of universal praise, and it illustrates the truth, that there is in Christianity a power able to sustain even the weakest natures to endure the severest trials rather than deny what they consider to be the truth. There has been heroism for Christ in every land, and China has not kept back her witnesses for the truth of Christ's religion, but she, too, has the privilege of having contributed to the "noble army of martyrs." It is the height of dishonesty and impiety, in the face of such testimony, to say, as we continually hear it said, "There is not a single sincere convert in China." The Chinese Christians have learned to die for Christ, and this is what those who deny their sincerity have not yet learned. I am not afraid to say that there are at this moment, in Fuh-chau, and in connexion with our own Mission too, Chinese Christians who are preaching Christ with more eloquence and as much zeal as ever Morrison or Milne taught in China.

Now we will not say to our readers how easy a thing it is to be a Christian in England, and how difficult it is to be one in China. It is difficult in China. It requires great grace to endure so much persecution; but it requires just as much grace to be a consistent Christian in England. The difficulties are not of the same kind, but they are just as great. In China the danger is, lest the sinner should be frightened away from Christ. In England the danger is, lest the sinner be allured away from Christ, for temptations to pleasure are as strong here as violence and persecution are there: there in China is the rage—here in England the wiles of Satan. Here the world, like Absalom, steals away men's hearts. But in either trial the Lord is able to uphold those who trust in Him, and will not suffer their foot to be moved. We trust that the prayers of our readers will not be wanting on behalf of Lo Ling and his daughter.

Amongst the other persons who were baptized was one of the Mission schoolboys, who, of his own accord, came forward to renounce his heathen name and associations, and cast in his lot with the people of God. His name is Chiong Hok, and the following is his history—

And now about Chiong Hok, one of our schoolboys, who renounced heathenism, and was baptized yesterday with the others. He has attended our school for more than a year, and has from the very first shown deep interest and a remarkable comprehension of the truth. His progress in Scripture knowledge has been most satisfactory. Frequently on Sunday evenings, when I publicly examine and catechize all the Christians—children and adults—in the chapel, he has, by his ready comprehen-



sion and intelligence, put many of the adult members to shame. I have for a long time taken a particular interest in him. For the last few months, in addition to his intelligent answering, I have observed in him a very thoughtful and serious spirit; but I had not the slightest expectation that he was meditating the important step which he took yesterday. He seemed to have very clear notions of prayer, and appeared fully to appreciate the doctrine of redemption through Christ. I felt persuaded myself that the Holy Spirit was working on the boy's mind. A few weeks ago I gave an address on baptism. A few days after, Chiong Hok sent a message through the schoolmaster to the effect that he wished very much to become a Christian, and requested to be baptized at the same time as the other candidates. On examining him I found his desire sincere. I asked the head catechist to examine him more thoroughly, and report to me the result. He did so, and reported very satisfactorily. But his tender age (twelve years), and the fact that his father was a heathen, seemed to me at first very great difficulties in admitting him to baptism. I told the boy I was satisfied with his intelligence, &c., but I feared I could not, without his father's consent, receive him as a candidate for baptism. He said that was no difficulty, for that his father was quite willing; that he had obtained his father's consent long before he spoke to me on the subject. I then sent for the father, and spoke to him on the subject, and laid the whole matter before him as plainly as possible. It appears that the boy had been meditating the step for some months before he let us know a word about it, and had been teaching his father what he himself had, as we hope and believe, been taught of God. The father at once gave his consent. After this we consulted the native Christians on the subject, and they all agreed in thinking the boy ought to be admitted to baptism. May God bless the lad! May he be a blessing to many. I have great hopes that God has great things in store for him.

May the account of this Chinese boy be read in many of our English Sunday schools, and stir up the boys and girls to think more of that great Saviour, who died upon the cross for them, and whose name they bear, so that they may be led to imitate the example of this Chinese boy, and give themselves to Him!

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BRIEF MEMOIRS OF MR. GEORGE JEFFERIES,
CATECHIST OF IBADAN.

WE resume Mr. Roper's memorial of his friend and fellow-labourer, written at the request of Mr. Jefferies' parents. He expresses a hope that they may prove not only grateful to the friends of the deceased, but may move to more sympathy and prayer the friends of Missions generally. The latter will see, in this narrative, something of what those whom they send forth into the Mission fields are sometimes called upon to pass through.

I believe that it is good, (says his friend,) that what might be called the dark side of the picture should be seen. But in the picture of

my dear friend, which I have attempted to draw in the following pages, there is a gloriously bright side, so bright, indeed, that every reader will perceive it.

There is no greater trial of faith than to STAND STILL AND WAIT ON God, when we have no idea at all where the help which we need is to come from, or when it is to come. So we found it at this time. It grieved us sorely when we saw Mr. Jefferies sinking daily, and we could yet do nothing for him. As for our friend himself, all seemed to be peace and comfort with him; no murmur, no complaint escaped his lips. Surely, God's promise, "I will be with thee in trouble," was fulfilled to him. Very often his nights were restless, and in the morning, instead of being refreshed, he looked weary, and almost worn out. Generally about nine o'clock he would leave his room for awhile, and come and sit or lie in the piazza, to get fresh air, and talk a bit with us; but he was too weak to stay long, and therefore soon returned to his bed.

During the night of the 28th of June there was a change for the worse in Mr. Jefferies. On the 29th, I wrote—"Mr. J. is now much worse than he has been before: he has suffered much during the last week, and I fear he will not last much longer." At noon on that day he was a little better. During all the day Mr. Hinderer tried again to find a person who would go to Abbeokuta, but all his efforts were fruitless; no such person could be found. This may seem strange; but it must be remembered that there was war in the country, and kidnappers were on all the roads; and any person attempting to go from one town to another would almost certainly be caught and sold as a slave; so that, though we offered much, we could not get any one to go to Abbeokuta. I need not say, that if by any effort of ours, at any risk, we could have helped our friend in any way at all, either by getting him down to Abbeokuta or Lagos, or by getting medical or other help up to him, we should certainly have done it; but we could not help him; and because we could not, we mourned day and night. I say WE mourned—we who were well—not Mr. Jefferies: his patience was never ruffled. His faith was sorely tried at this time; but strength was given him according to his need. It must not be thought that he was indifferent as to whether he recovered or not. He was not to say desirous, but he was anxious to see his dear parents and friends again, ALL of them; their names he often mentioned most affectionately. He was anxious, too, if God willed it, that he might "not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord" to the heathen people in this country; but he would not have things otherwise than as God in his providence ordered them: he felt all things must be for good, because "He doeth all things well." Although his sickness was so severe, and now threatened to carry him away from the world, he could yet say, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, that I may finish my course with joy." His feelings were—

"I dare not choose my way,
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, O God!
Then I shall go aright."

It has been well and truthfully said that—

"The death-bed of the just
 The chamber where the good man meets his fate
 Is privileged beyond the common walk
 Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven.
 If sound his faith (as his was sound)
 Heaven waits not the last moment,
 But owns her friends on this side death,
 And points them out to men.
 His God sustains him in his final hour !
 His final hour brings glory to his God !
 Undamped by doubt, undarkened by despair ;
 Sweet peace and heavenly hope and humble joy,
 Divinely beam on his exalted soul,
 And crown him for the skies."

On the 3rd of July I wrote : " Mr. Jefferies is very low this morning : he has not so much pain as before, but there is no improvement in his disease ; nor does the country medicine touch it at all yet, although he takes it regularly." This country medicine had been provided for him by Mr. Hinderer.

On the 4th of July we thought that there was a change again for the better, but it did not last long. On the 6th of July, to our great joy, a man was found who was willing to carry letters down to Abbeokuta for us. We were very thankful for this, and hoped much from it ; but we were disappointed. We did not even have letters back ; for the man was caught while returning to Ibadan, and was very near losing his life at the hands of the Ibadan chiefs, for going into their enemy's country during war time, but he got off safely at last. Thus did difficulties beset us on every hand, and it seemed clear that we must stand still and wait on God. Oh how hard it is to do so at such a time and under such circumstances ! But we prayed to be enabled to do so. God was our only refuge at this time. After this, remarkable as it may seem, Mr. Jefferies rallied again, and by the 12th of July I could write—" Mr. Jefferies is once more much better : he is as one alive from the dead to us now, so near has he been to the grave." It seemed to me, from the fact that he had strength to get up again and again, after he had been down so very low, that nothing but good food and a very little medicine were required, in order to his complete recovery. But, " Thy ways are not as our ways, O Lord !" " Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right ?" And it pleased Him to deny these things to our dear and much-trying friend. Here we walk by faith, and we must be content to take God at his word, without questioning what He does. " He doeth all things well." " He doth not afflict willingly : " this is certain ; because God Himself has told us so. This we must, yea, we would believe. We must let our faith produce its practical effect : it must be manifested in our life. True, indeed, we cannot understand all his doings here, for " now we see as through a glass darkly ; but soon we shall see Him face to face ; " and then we shall know that He hath indeed " done all things well." Meanwhile willing submission best becomes us ; nay, it is our duty.

The improvement in Mr. Jefferies' health went on so fast and so far, that on the 28th of July he was able to take a short ride on horseback, and seemed to be much benefited by it. The same improvement having continued throughout August, he had become so well as to be able to

return to his own station at Ogunpa, on the 25th of that month. I accompanied him, and remained with him there. It was as much as Mr. Jefferies could do at this time to see after his health ; and for a time all went on well : the change, also, seemed to have done him good. When we least expected it, however, he had another relapse, and on the 18th of September he was again seriously ill. He was already too much broken down to be able to stand another attack, such as now came upon him. On the 19th he was very bad : he had sunk more rapidly this time than ever before, and the disease seemed to increase in strength, almost hourly, as his bodily strength decreased. It was about this time that I began to think he would not survive this relapse. I was very unwilling to tell Mr. Jefferies that I thought so. I was afraid lest he did not really think his illness would prove fatal, though he had once told me that he did not think he could recover again. I determined, however, one morning, to tell my dear friend what I feared would be the issue of this illness. I have a very vivid recollection of that morning. We held sweet converse and shed many tears together. I was much struck with one remark he made in course of our conversation. He had spoken of all his friends at home, individually. He yearned over them all with no common affection. His love of home, and parents, and friends had certainly not decreased through absence. He, not unnaturally, longed to see them all on earth again ; but he added, " I shall probably not see them ; I shall probably not see them ; I shall go to heaven, and there I shall meet..... ;" and here he named those whom he hoped to meet in heaven. It was at this point of the conversation he wept ; not as one might have expected when speaking of his parents and all his friends, who were evidently very dear to him ; not when he said, " I shall probably not meet them again," though he earnestly longed for this, if God willed it ; but it was when he spoke of his friends whom he hoped to meet in heaven that he wept ; not in sorrow, but in very joy ; just as one about to get possession of an unspeakable blessing would be impelled by his feelings to utter words of joy, and shed tears of joy. At least, this was the impression left on my mind by all that I saw in him, and heard from him, at that time.

I was not prepared for this : I had rather expected that I should hear him mourn because he had no prospect of seeing his dear parents and friends again on earth ; but, indeed, I might have expected just what I saw and heard from him, had I remembered his faith and patience, and his entire resignation, from the beginning of his illness until this very hour.

CLAIMS AND PRINCIPLES OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Extract from a Sermon preached on Sunday, Jan. 7, 1866, in St. Barnabas Church, Douglas, Isle of Man, by the REV. R. DIXON, D.D., late Principal of King William's College, Isle of Man, Incumbent of St. Matthew's, Rugby in reference to the REV. W. CARPENTER, D.D., once Incumbent of St. Barnabas, and lately Vicar of St. Paul's, Penzance.

I AM requested to bring before you this morning the claims of the Church Missionary Society—claims familiar to you, and, for many years, fully and liberally acknowledged by this congregation. From the time

when the first minister of St. Barnabas advocated the claims of this Society in this church, you have never been wanting to it. That honoured man, whose name is, and will be, a household word in this isle—that now blessed saint among the spirits of the just made perfect—that true-hearted Nathaniel, whom I was privileged to know, to love, to revere—that faithful and loving minister gave his energies—and they were neither few nor small—to the Church Missionary Society. To him it was mainly due, that for years this diocese stood first in the world as a supporter of the Church Missionary Society. Every pulpit in this diocese was open to the advocacy of this Society. Every rector and vicar was Secretary for this Society in his own parish. Dr. Carpenter felt himself a debtor to the Jews and to the Gentiles. He was eminently a lover of Israel; and I have heard him say—and his words made a lasting and beneficial effect upon me—that he could not lay his head upon his pillow in peace if he had not made some effort to send the Gospel to the Jew, the Gospel of Him who came to be a light to lighten the Gentiles, and to be the glory of his people Israel.

Many of you here present received spiritual good, spiritual light, from the ministry of that holy man. If he could speak to you from the unseen world, where he now rests from his labours, in what way, think ye, would he desire you to show your love to him, and your gratitude to God, for blessing you through his means? I may venture to state, with some confidence, that he would say, that, by a thank-offering to God, through the channel of the Church Missionary Society, you would be doing that service most acceptable to your departed friend, and now glorified minister.

He loved and laboured for the Church Missionary Society, because he was persuaded that not only was it accepted of God, as an instrument for gathering out of the heathen a people for his name, as a Missionary Society, but also because it is a burning and a shining light among us, exhibiting, unchanged, and unchangeable, these pure doctrines of the Gospel, which our Reformers recovered from the corruptions of Popery, and embodied in the Articles of the Church of England. The Church Missionary Society is a bulwark of the simplicity of the Gospel amongst us. Its Committee has not varied one iota from the principles which it published to the world at its first institution, more than sixty years ago; and its proceedings have been marked by a desire to act as became enlightened churchmen; with great wisdom, on many occasions of peculiar difficulty; and always with a prayerful and earnest desire to promote the glory of God and the honour of our Redeemer, by seeking to hold forth to the Gentiles the word of life.

For my own part, I have worked for the Church Missionary Society from my early manhood until now; I have the greatest confidence in the wisdom of its Committee; I thoroughly agree with its principles; and I bless God for so bright a star in the firmament of our church; and, God helping me, I purpose to advocate its cause, with increased and increasing devotedness, the rest of my days. I commend the Society and its noble object earnestly and affectionately to your support. It fully deserves it; and its exigencies call for a more liberal assistance from its friends. In so doing, you may rest assured that you are co-operating in

making known to the nations in darkness the light of life, and thus assisting in bringing myriads of benighted heathen to enjoy with yourselves the blessed promise of my text, "Then spake Jesus again unto them, I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

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THE WILDERNESS.—HOSEA ii. 6, 14, 15, 19, 20.

My way was hedged with thorns; I could not go  
Whither I listed, and an unseen hand  
Drew me caressingly. With footsteps slow  
I trod the dreary land.

The hand allured me still; I followed on,  
Until I saw a wilderness around,—  
A rocky valley,—nought but rugged stone,  
Rough, rugged, broken ground.

My feet bled with the sharpness: ah, my heart  
Bled yet more. I could scarce keep back the cry,  
Although I strove to bear the cruel smart  
Bravely, unshrinkingly.

I walked on in deep silence; then I heard  
A voice, as of one speaking by my side,  
A soft low voice, yet clear; my heart was stirred,  
And joyously replied.

It said: "For ever do I thee betroth  
Unto myself. Life, death, eternity,  
Shall never part thee from my love; we both  
Are bound inseparably."

And then He pledged Himself to guide and bless,  
Heaping word upon word to cheer my soul,  
Until at length his tenderest "faithfulness,"  
Finishing, crowned the whole.

O words most "comfortable," strong and sweet!  
I listened, all forgetful of the gloom,  
Then looked around, and saw, beauty replete,  
Vines flushed with purple bloom.

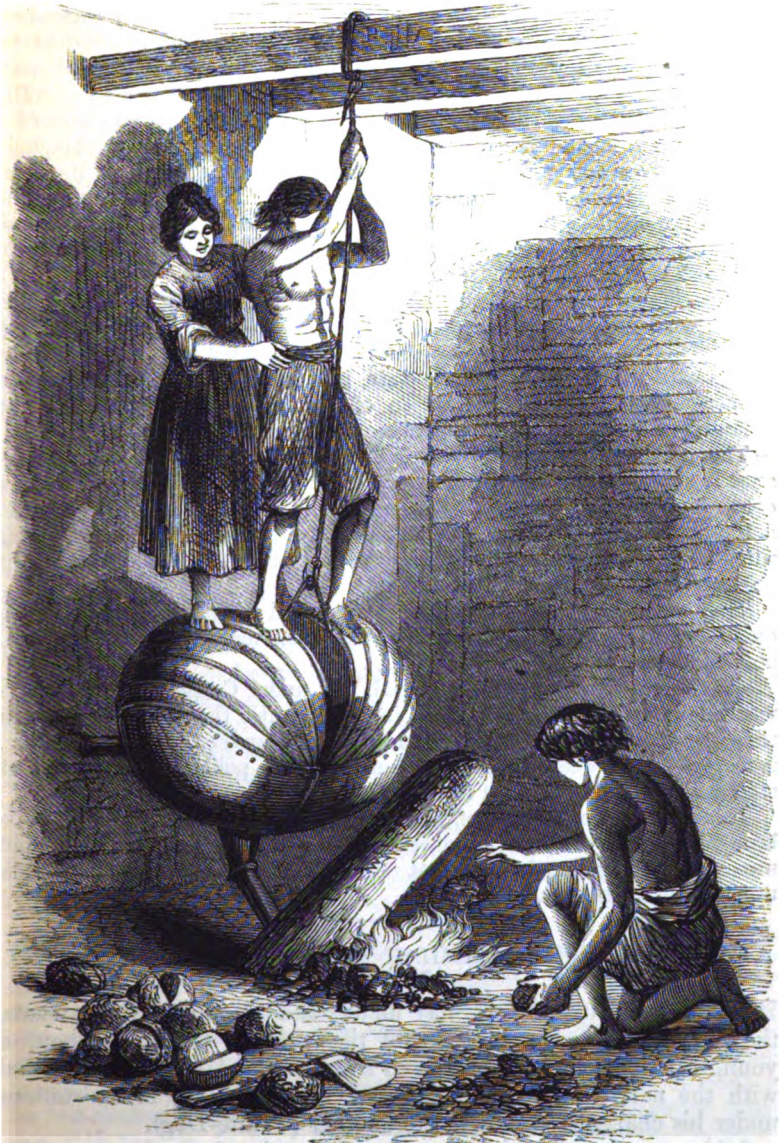
And from my lips long silent burst a song,  
Such as I often sang in by-gone years,  
Yet still more gladsome, since from me the Strong  
Dispels all future fears.

I thank Thee for the thorn-hedge; for the wild,  
Waste, weary desert; for the silences  
Through which Thy voice has sounded sweet and mild;  
For Thy rich promises.

Keep me within the desert; lead me where  
Such voices may be heard:—and thus I call  
Unto Thee, whispering out no other prayer,  
Redeemer! All in All!

THE PEOPLE OF THE KHASIA HILLS.

Our engraving represents the process of smelting as carried on by the natives of the Khasia Hills, a mountainous country lying between Assam



PROCESS OF SMELTING IN THE KHASIA HILLS.

March 1866.]

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on the north, and the British district of Sylhet to the south. One of the valleys, Tronkreem, is blocked up by a pine-crested hill, 200 feet high, entirely formed of round blocks of granite. The granite, being very soft, decomposes into a coarse reddish sand, having iron-sand mixed with it. Having separated this by the action of water from the lighter particles, they subject it to the smelting process. This is "very rudely carried on in charcoal fires, blown by enormous double-action bellows, worked by two persons, who stand on the machine, raising the flaps with their hands, and expanding them with their feet," as shown in the engraving. "The fire is kindled on one side of an upright stone, like the head-stone of a grave, with a small arched hole close to the ground:" near this hole the bellows are suspended, "and a bamboo tube from each of its compartments meet in a longer one, by which the draft is directed under the hole in the stone to the fire. The ore is run into lumps as large as two fists with a rugged surface: these lumps are afterwards cleft nearly in two to show their purity."

What is more useful than iron in the arrangements of every-day life, and to what a variety of purposes is it not capable of being applied? yet how pains-taking the process by which it is separated from the worthless things with which, in its natural state, it is found mixed! How can this be accomplished without the action of fire? and it is remarkable the ingenuity which even untutored tribes exhibit in effecting this.

The inhabitants of the Khasia hills are Indo-Chinese. Their appearance is not pleasing, being short, very stout and muscular, rather narrow eyes, high cheek-bones and flat noses. The hair is gathered into a top-knot. A loose cotton shirt, without sleeves, bordered with long thread fringes, is their principal garment; people of rank wearing it gathered into a girdle of silver chains.

They are said to be in temper "sulky and intractable," wanting in quickness, frankness, and desire to please, their manners being disagreeably independent.

They seem to be a rough material, yet, under Gospel influences, it is marvellous to observe how races improve, until the contrast between them as they once were, and as they become under Christian teaching, is as great as between the roughest ore and the polished instrument of steel which is formed out of it.

This we may be assured of, that every race on which the Gospel is brought to bear will yield an election; that, in the coarser reddish sand some iron will be found; and that "God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham."

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#### A YOUNG MISSIONARY AMIDST THE WILDS OF NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

IN order that our readers may understand the following extracts, they must realize the position of the writer. Conceive, then, a young Missionary, recently arrived from England, not yet acquainted with the native language, going in a canoe from one of the stations under his charge (Lansdowne) to another (White-Dog).

Mid-way several of his crew desert him, leaving a few men with



him, so few as to be unequal to the work. What was he to do under such circumstances? He had been joined on his way by a number of canoes full of poor starving Indians. They followed him in the hope, when he encamped at night, of being permitted to share in his provisions. And he had not refused them. In his breakfast and supper they partook, and at the end of the day he made the best use he could of the few words of their language which he knew, and this, eked out with such knowledge as they had of English, enabled him to give them some Christian instruction.

When his crew deserted him, these people remained, and he fell back on them in his difficulty.

I decided upon a plan, which was, to get the women, who hitherto had followed us, and arrange with them to give what assistance they could. To this they cheerfully assented; so, taking my seat at the stern of the boat, we made a start. It was my first attempt to guide a boat, so that the men laboured under many serious disadvantages; but though they were few and weak, they wrought well. The women, especially, rendered most valuable service. The amount of fatigue these poor creatures are capable of enduring is almost incredible. One of them will take up a bag of pemican, weighing about 120 pounds, and go at a pace between walking and running for the distance of more than a mile. I objected when I saw them attempt this first, but all in vain; they insisted on helping us, and help us they would. The Indian women do all the work, and if they go to a distance where it is necessary to carry the bedding or other things, the women always bear the loads. Even when an Indian has killed an animal at a distance from home, he returns empty, sends his wife all the way back to the spot where the animal is lying, while he sits by the fire and smokes his pipe. The same may be noticed on the Lord's-day, when they come to church. The women always carry the children, though the distance is often far, and the roads bad; nor will a woman ever attempt to go before a man: the latter always goes first, so that when they are seen coming to church, the men all walk in single file before, and the women in single file after.

On the whole, we have made a very good run to-day, considering our help, and the difficulties with which we had to contend. Camped, as usual, on the banks of the river, and were very fortunate in getting a nice supply of fresh fish, which was indeed welcome. Supper being over, all assembled for prayers, and then retired to sleep. To-night I seemed to have my attention specially called to the wants of these children of the forest. I had been watching the northern lights, which were magnificently grand to-night, when my attention was divided, and partly riveted upon some half-dozen families preparing to repose for the night. Almost all were busily engaged in collecting the materials which nature could supply. Long and spreading branches of trees were skilfully bent over each little flock, to protect them from the mighty rains not unfrequent here in the summer months. Again, stones and sticks were brought, which, when covered over with grass, served as pillows; and as for bed-clothes, &c., it would have required a closer investigation than I was able to give to have discovered any. Two rabbit-skin blankets, I

believe, were all the whole party could muster up, and yet, amidst these difficulties, I do not believe a people could be found who would submit, under all circumstances, with more resignation and cheerfulness.

Thus his kindness was repaid. How ready we should be to help others, for this is to be like Him who at such a cost to Himself came to help us in our deep necessity; and then besides we know not the moment in which we shall stand in need of help ourselves, and it has not unfrequently happened in the providence of God that the very persons whom we befriended are raised up of God to aid us in the day of our necessity. The evangelical church in England has nobly helped the heathen, and shared with them the bread of life. We may conceive the possibility of a time of difficulty supervening, and some deserting the cause of evangelical truth, just when most needed. What if, at such a moment, the native Christians should come forward to sympathize with and encourage the mother church which had helped them in their necessity?

Before the second Lord's-day came round, our Missionary was joined by Mr. Spence, the native catechist of the White-Dog station, who, hearing that he was on the way, came to meet him. With this help he could tell the poor Indians all that was in his mind, and how eagerly they listened will be understood by one more paragraph.

*July 3*—Second Lord's-day on the banks of the Winnipeg. Last Sabbath we had every thing nature could supply to make us comfortable and happy, but the thing nature could not supply was that which we lacked most of all, namely, a tongue with which to speak to these poor ignorant people of the wonderful works of God. This, I am thankful to say, we have this Sabbath, and may God use it for his own glory and the benefit of these poor sin-blinded men and women. On speaking to the men this morning, I was happy to find they all looked clean and tidy. Had prayer after breakfast, at which we sang some Indian hymns, then read a portion of Scripture in their own language. I tried (through Mr. Spence) to teach them the importance of observing the Sabbath-day, and, before engaging in prayer, announced to have two services, one in the morning at eleven o'clock, the other in the afternoon at three o'clock, at both of which I requested that all should be punctual in attending. Soon after I dismissed them I sent for Mr Spence that we might read and have prayer together in my tent before engaging in our two public services of the day; and truly our meeting, as two together in the name of Jesus, was not in vain. We felt it good to be there, and soon the minutes and hours passed by, until the eleventh one came, when all our little party were in readiness, waiting.

A few minutes found us all comfortably arranged close by my tent. We began with the hymn commencing, "There is a fountain filled with blood," &c. We had a translation of it, so that all could understand, and most of them join in singing the beautiful words. After the hymn, Baptiste commenced the morning service, using the Otchipwe Prayer-book. During the service I could not help observing how familiar those

Indians from the White-Dog station were with the words, and most of them could repeat the Lord's Prayer. May that God, whose name they lisped so often to-day, be more thought of and better served by them, for as yet they know but little of true and vital religion. Prayers being over, I took for my subject the parable of the Prodigal Son, and from it endeavoured to show them the unbounded love and tender mercy of their Father who created them and all the families upon the earth, also the distance all of us have wandered from God, and yet the forbearing mercy with which He spares us, waiting and watching to receive us, if we arise and return to Him again.

I wished to impress upon their minds that God is no respecter of persons; that He loves the Indian; has need of him just as He loves and has need of the white man; and commands men everywhere to repent and come unto Him, and be saved eternally. And while these words were being explained in their own tongue, I could see eyes upturned, and mouths open, and countenances riveted upon both of us. Even children listened with profound attention. May God add his richest blessing to the feeble words, as spoken by his servants in this distant wilderness on this his own holy day! Service being over, they all retired to have dinner; after which I could see them meeting in twos and threes, to talk about the things they had heard. I asked Baptiste to explain some things I thought they could not see. At three o'clock, the hour for our afternoon service, all returned to the tent again. We commenced by singing a hymn, after which the lessons and prayers were read in their own language. I took my subject from the third chapter of St. John's Gospel, and tried to impress upon them the necessity of being born again. All seemed deeply interested in the words, as they heard them in their own language. May these children of the forest not only hear, but soon learn to know their Saviour, whom to know is life eternal. Truly our second Sabbath on the banks of the Winnipeg has been a season of refreshing coming down from the presence of the Lord. I trust it has also been a day of spiritual benefit to these poor helpless creatures. I could see the tears roll down a poor old woman's cheeks when I assured her that Jesus loved her, and would like to make her holy, to go to be with Him in happiness for ever.

The Lord look upon the suffering millions of our world, and increase the number of those who bring good tidings, who publish peace, and whose feet are beautiful upon the mountains of heathenism.

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#### CASHMERE.

THE valley of Cashmere, known to most Englishmen only as the land of Lalla Rookh, and the country which produces beautiful shawls, is becoming daily of more interest to us, from the approach of the Russian army to its frontier, and the number of our countrymen from India who pass the summer in "this terrestrial paradise," as it has been called by a great historian. Its general features cannot be better described than in the words of Elphinstone, as "an extensive plain, situated in the heart of the Himalaya mountains, and more than half-way up their height. Placed

by its elevation above the reach of the heat of Hindustan, and sheltered by the surrounding mountains from the blasts of the higher regions, it enjoys a delicious climate, and exhibits, in the midst of snowy mountains, a scene of continued verdure and almost perpetual spring. Trees belonging to different climates are scattered over its surface, while fruits of various kinds and flowers of innumerable descriptions are poured forth with spontaneous profusion over the hills and plains. The level country is watered by rills, which issue from the valleys or fall in cascades down the mountains, and collect in different places, especially in two lakes whose varied banks and floating gardens are the great boast of the valley. Cashmere had been ruled by a long succession of Hindu, and sometimes, perhaps, by Tartar princes, from a very remote period till the beginning of the fourteenth century, when it fell into the hands of a Mohammedan adventurer, and was held by princes of the same religion till the time of Akbar's invasion in A.D. 1586." Runjeet Sing annexed it to his dominions in 1819; and on the overthrow of the Sikh kingdom in 1849-1850, the British Government gave the country to Golab Sing, whose son Rumber Sing is the present Maharajah.

During the present year, from April to September, about three hundred English officers, principally from the Punjab, visited the valley, some for the whole time, but most for two or three months only, the period of leave allowed them from their regimental or other duties. About fifty English ladies also passed the whole or part of the season in this delightful retreat from the hot winds and the rains of Hindustan. For these months the Viceroy of India appoints a resident at Srinagur (or Cashmere), the capital of the valley, to attend to the interests of the visitors; and also a chaplain and a doctor, in order that they may not be without the privileges of public worship, or medical attendance in the case of illness. There is no building at Srinagur set apart as a house of prayer for Christians, but the Resident gives up to the visitors a large and suitable room in his house for public worship twice every Sunday. This last season the services were generally well attended, considering the small number of Christians resident at Srinagur. One Sunday morning there were fifty-four Europeans present, out of seventy-four then residing at the capital. Though there was no musical accompaniment, the services were seldom altogether without singing, as several of the lady visitors were able to lead hymn and psalm tunes known to the congregation.

Close to the house in which divine service was held, in the Resident's grounds, is the Christian cemetery, where are the graves of several officers and other British subjects. The enclosure was consecrated by the Bishop of Calcutta in May last, when he was staying at Srinagur. This cemetery is kept in order by the Maharajah of Cashmere, as the ground, in which the graves are, still belongs to his Highness, together with all the rights of ownership.

To prevent disputes arising as to the rights or property of British subjects in the valley, the Maharajah desires all the visitors to consider themselves his guests during their stay in his dominions; and he accordingly provides them with houses rent-free at Srinagur, on the right bank of the Jhelum (the ancient Hydaspes). While making the capital their head-quarters, our countrymen rove about the valley in every direction,

shooting, fishing, botanizing, sketching, and visiting the numerous architectural remains, and all the spots specially celebrated for their beautiful scenery or delicious climate.

At Srinagur are the head-quarters of the Medical Mission in connexion with the Church Missionary Society, presided over by Dr. Elmslie, who commenced his very interesting work there in May last. His method of proceeding was as follows: every morning early he received all the sick poor of the city, who chose to come to him, in the verandah of his house, where he or his catechist began by reading to them a short passage of Scripture, accompanying it with familiar and practical comments. After this a short prayer was said for God's blessing on what had been spoken, and on the doctor's treatment of his numerous patients. The doctor then retired to his surgery, and prescribed for each case, as the sick, the maimed, the halt, and the blind, were, one by one, brought before him. Attendance at the previous reading and exposition of the Scriptures was made the only condition on which the patients were admitted for the treatment of their maladies. At some of the meetings a hundred poor creatures were present, afflicted with every kind of bodily suffering; and a more striking sight could scarcely be seen than the long rows of men, women, and children, listening with astonishment, and often with evident pleasure, to the setting forth of the love of God to the chief of sinners. Over sixteen hundred sufferers in Srinagur alone obtained relief from the Medical Mission during the past season, and about three hundred in other towns and villages of the valley. One half of these were surgical cases; and therefore, but for Dr. Elmslie's presence, would probably not have been treated at all, as the science of surgery is not even in its infancy with the native doctors of Cashmere.

The Maharajah obliges all visitors to vacate their houses at Srinagur in October, so that the Mission had then to discontinue its work for this year. Many of Dr. Elmslie's patients were soldiers of the Maharajah's army, and great efforts were made at first by his Highness's subordinates to prevent their consulting the *doctor-padre*, as he was called by the natives. A sentry was placed on the bridge leading from the barracks to the Mission house, to stop intending applicants for relief, and their names were reported to the Srinagur authorities; but all such measures failed to accomplish their object, and the morning receptions were latterly attended by ever-increasing numbers of military patients. This most Christian labour of love contrasts strongly with the cruel superstition of the Hindu Government, which, in a year of famine (like the present), forbids the starving poor to fish in the Jhelum, which flows past their houses and swarms with trout and marseer, in deference to a *dictum* of the Pundits, that the late Maharajah's soul is floating about in a fish's body somewhere between Baramula and Islamabad.

The Hindus of Cashmere form about one-tenth only of the population; but, relying on the aid of the British Government, which seated the present Maharajah's father on the throne, they keep the Mohammedan majority in great subjection. This would not be borne by the Mohammedans were it not for their dread of the British power close by, ruling at Peshawur, Delhi, and Lahore.

This year provisions were at famine prices in Cashmere, but still a

sheep could be bought at Srinagur for five rupees, and sixteen seers of rice or flour for one rupee. Notwithstanding the want of rain, fruit was abundant and good. Delicious pears could be had for the trouble of gathering them off the trees by the road side in all parts of the valley, and, in their season, grapes were plentiful, and of a fine flavour.

*Calcutta Christian Intelligencer.*

BRIEF MEMOIR OF MR. GEO. JEFFERIES, CATECHIST OF  
IBADAN.

A FEW brief paragraphs, and our notices of this good man will have closed ; we shall then have raised our little testimonial to his memory. But there is a more enduring monument being raised in the town of Ibadan, where he lived and died—a native church, on which will be inscribed the names of those who, amidst toil and sorrow, laid its foundations.

In perusing these simple records, honourable alike to the writer and the friend whom they commemorate, our readers will have had some glimpses of what the little Missionary party, consisting of the Rev. D. Hinderer and Mrs. Hinderer, Mr. Jefferies, and Mr. Roper, suffered in that town during their time of isolation. But we have only glimpses, for our brethren, with the modesty which becomes true Missionaries, have said as little as possible on the subject. But we invite our friends to unite with us in returning thanks to Almighty God for the safe return home of so many of the number ; and in prayer on their behalf, that this resting-time at home may be one of much blessing and refreshment to soul and body, so that they may return in due season to Ibadan, strengthened for new labours. For they will not find Ibadan as they left it. While they have been away the work has sprung up, and they will be gladdened by a native Christianity appearing in the form of three or four distinct congregations in diverse parts of the town, which will act as leaven in the lump.

What if this great city should become a Christian centre ? if it should be the first to become such ? Thence to Illorin and the countries of the Niger ! The devices of the great enemy in stirring up wars have long stayed the waters of life. But they have been gathering strength, while their onward movement has been arrested ; and we entertain the conviction that they are now about to break forth on the right hand and on the left.

We introduce the concluding paragraphs of Mr. Roper's little book :—

On the 20th September it became necessary to get more help in the house, to attend on Mr. Jefferies who was now entirely confined to his bed, and could not even move without help. Mrs. Hinderer also kindly sent several things, which gave our friend great relief, and saved him much fatigue. Messrs. Allen and Olubi, kindly came and sat up with him all that night.

During Sunday, the 21st, he sank lower and lower. Mrs. Hinderer came over, and stayed some time with our dear friend; and Messrs. Allen and Olubi, again sat up with him at night.

On Monday, the 22nd, as soon as I saw him, I thought he was worse; but others said he was somewhat better. I was glad to hear them say so, and I took encouragement from what they said.

Mr. Hinderer came over to Ogunpa, and was surprised to find Mr. Jefferies looking so natural, and so much more like himself than he had looked for some time back. During Mr. Hinderer's stay, Mr. Jefferies spoke often to him, and always quite sensibly; but very soon after Mr. Hinderer left us, Mr. Jefferies complained of pain in his arms and legs, and of dimness in his eyes; he begged me not to leave him alone. I was not well myself, and as, soon afterwards, he seemed inclined to sleep, I left him, and went into the next room, thinking to rest a little. I had not been away one minute, when Mr. Allen looked into the room where Mr. Jefferies was. I saw at once the look of alarm which passed over his face. We went into the room immediately, and there we found our dear friend in the same position in which we had left him, lying with one hand under his head, and the other at ease upon his body, as though he was asleep; and indeed he had slept—"SLEPT IN JESUS!" Literally, he "fell asleep." No words describe his peaceful death so well as these—**HE FELL ASLEEP!** There was no struggle, no groan; there was nothing whatever to indicate that our brother had suffered even a single pang in death. "O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting? Thanks be to God, who gave him the victory, through Jesus Christ our Lord!"

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

"'Tis often thus! 'Tis Afric's doom  
To find her faithful friends an early tomb.

Yes, one by one, they come; they come like thee,  
From yonder island of the sea,  
To reap a death like thine."

Our dear friend was buried by Mr. Hinderer, in the church-yard at Kudeti, Ibadan, on the morning of Sept. 23, 1862. "Them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." And it is very comforting to know that not only does the soul that filled that clay still live, but that clay itself shall be revived. Our risen friend shall be in very deed, form, look, voice, the friend that we have known and loved. "Our risen brother will be all that we knew him here, when, hand in hand, we passed through the wilderness together, cheered with the blessed thought, that no separation could part us long, and that the grave itself could loosen neither hands nor hearts."

"Now rest in peace;  
Our prayers when dying thee attended;  
Thou hast ended  
Thy mortal life, and now through grace  
Beholdest Jesus face to face!  
The holy angels did convey  
Thy soul to realms of endless day.

## TALAMPITIA.

IN the Kandy district, Ceylon, and at the village of Talampitia, there is a very interesting congregation of native Christians, at present thirty in number, all of whom have been baptized within the last three years.

They are interesting, because they have a mind to work, and to spread the knowledge of the Gospel among their countrymen. They have found the word of the Lord sweet to their taste, yea, sweeter than honey to the mouth, and they desire that others should taste it also, and thus they tell it out amongst the heathen that the Lord is King.

Our Missionary, the Rev. E. T. Higgins, bears very decided testimony respecting them, and enters into some particulars respecting the commencement of this Christian work, which are very instructive, because they show that it is not the number but the genuineness of the first converts which is to be regarded; and that one genuine convert is worth much, while many cold and inactive professors are not only nothing worth, but hinder the progress of the truth.

*April 18th to April 29th, 1865*—During the time above mentioned I visited the district of Talampitia, where we have a congregation of native Christians (Kandians). I found all of them, with one exception, walking consistently with their profession, and exhibiting an earnest desire to extend the knowledge of the Gospel to others. One very striking proof of their sincerity is the anxiety which they show, and the efforts which they make, to bring others into the way of life. By these exertions a spirit of inquiry has been stirred up, not only in several villages in the immediate neighbourhood, but also in distant places. They told me of one village in the district of Dolosbage, to which some of them had gone a month or two ago on some business, and had employed themselves while there in distributing tracts, and so led some of the people there to think and inquire. I trust before long to pay a visit myself to this place, and endeavour to strengthen the work begun. During my stay at Talampitia I examined, once or twice, several candidates for baptism, at present under instruction, and found some of them so far advanced in knowledge and apparent sincerity, that I hope (d.v.) to baptize them on my next visit.

The work in Talampitia has chiefly resulted (as far as human instrumentality is concerned) from the efforts of one man, now named Abraham, formerly Ukka Weda, whose own conversion was brought about in a very remarkable manner. The following account of him is gathered chiefly from what he related to me of his own history one evening during my stay. On one occasion, when he was in the town of Kornegalle, about ten years ago, he got into conversation with a native-Christian gentleman residing there on religious subjects. A child in the neighbourhood having lately died, the conversation turned upon the subject of death, and how people ought to meet such trials, and the consolation which they might derive from religion. Abraham, who was then a very



earnest Buddhist, tried to show the superiority of that religion. The gentleman with whom he was conversing pointed out that little help or consolation could be derived from Buddhism, as it denies the existence of any active agent, and teaches that all that happens, whether good or evil, takes place spontaneously, and without the interference of any agent whatever, but is the fatal effect of merit or demerit formerly done. To defend his own system, Abraham quoted a story from one of the Buddhist books, showing how, on one occasion, when a great Buddhist saint was crossing the sea, he was overtaken by a storm, and, being in great danger, thought of the three refuges, Buddha, his doctrines, and his priests, and that immediately a Deweyek (sort of angelic being) came to his rescue, and carried him safely to land. "Ah!" said the gentleman in reply, "don't you see that even to effect that rescue an agent had to be employed: how then can the Buddhist doctrine of the spontaneous results of merit and demerit, without the interference of any agency, be true?"

The effect of finding his own defence of Buddhism turned against himself sunk into Abraham's mind, and he thought, "I am overcome in my defence of Buddhism even here: what may be the result of my trusting to it hereafter?" From that time his confidence in Buddhism was shaken, and he began to think about and inquire after the truth. The gentleman who had thus been the means of first directing his attention to the subject gave him some books and tracts, which he read diligently, and the impression made on his mind was deepened. About two or three years later, when Mr. Jones was for a short time in charge of the Itinerating Mission, his attention was directed to the movement at Talampitia; and, during one of his monthly visits to Kornegalle, he went out with a native teacher to visit the place, saw Abraham, and a number of other people, and, after speaking to them, left one or two copies of the New Testament, and some other books and tracts. This visit encouraged Abraham to continue his own inquiries, and his endeavours to teach others. He read diligently the books given him, and so obtained more light. About the same time he received much help and instruction from another native convert, formerly a priest, and continued to prosecute his inquiries. Afterwards he procured and read a little book, written by the Rev. D. J. Gogerly, a Wesleyan Missionary, showing the falsehood of Buddhism, from contradictions in Buddhist books. The reading of that book finally decided in his mind that Buddhism was false. He had also begun to pray as well as to inquire, and the natural result followed: his convictions were confirmed and strengthened, and he came at length to the full light of the Gospel. He had been from the first active in teaching his friends and neighbours, and he continued doing so. The result was, that when Mr. Jones went to reside in Kornegalle, about the middle of 1863, Abraham, and several others whom he had instructed, came publicly forward as candidates for baptism, and were, after some further instruction, baptized by Mr. Jones at the close of that year. Since then five or six more have been baptized, and the spirit of inquiry has continued to spread, and is, I believe, still spreading. Besides being earnest, and active in teaching others, the newly-baptized Christians have contributed most liberally of their sub-

stance towards the establishment of Christianity in their district. They have given land to the value of 40*l.* towards an Endowment Fund for supplying the salary of a native minister, as soon as one can be stationed among them.

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THE TREE OF LIFE.

THERE is a tree, whose healing leaves
Shall bless the nations round :
Its gracious boughs with pleasant fruits
Of heavenly taste, abound.

That tree in God's own Paradise
Beside life's river stands :
No flaming sword forbids to pluck
Those fruits with thankful hands.

O Tree of Life ! when shall our eyes
Behold thee and rejoice ?
When, led beside life's streams, shall we
Hear the Good Shepherd's voice ?

Dear Paradise of love and peace !
Fair city of the King !
Of thy sweet fruits, thy tranquil joys,
Thy pilgrims love to sing.

And still, in humble sort, we strive
To antedate the day
When, from this weary, sinful earth,
The curse shall pass away.

With grateful hearts our work we bring,
Our silver and our gold :
Accept them, Lord, and gather in
Souls to Thy heavenly fold.

Nor gold alone—the poor man's pence
Are precious in His sight,
Who, 'mid the crowd of givers, saw,
And bless'd the widow's mite.

As all we have receiv'd from Thee,
All at Thy feet we lay—
Hast Thou not said " Let him that hears,"
" Come " to his neighbour say.

So would we spread the joyful sound,
So bid them *all* to come :
In our dear MASTER's heart and home
There for a *world* is room !

One heart, one hope, one work, be ours,
Still may we faithful prove !
Then rest beneath the Tree of Life,
O'ershadow'd by His love.

M. F. M.

Chirk Vicarage.

PALANQUIN TRAVELLING.

WE copy the following passage from the late Miss Tucker's interesting little book, "South-Indian Sketches." We know not any



PALANQUIN BEARERS.—(From a Photograph.)

description which will enable our readers more readily to realize what palanquin travelling is in India.

When setting out on a journey in England, you have only to pack up the clothes and books you are likely to want, and get into whatever carriage you intend to travel by, knowing that you will be able to order your dinner, or take up your abode for the night, at some comfortable inn upon the road.

But you must make very different preparations for travelling in India. Your palanquin must be not only your carriage, but your bed, your library, your wardrobe, and the bearer of almost every thing you will require on your journey. You may pack a few of your clothes in the imperial on the top, but must leave room in it for your tea things, your knife and fork, candlestick, wax candles, bread, tea, sugar, pepper, salt, and, in short, for all those minor comforts, which, while we possess, we so seldom think of or are grateful for, but of which we sadly feel the want when deprived of them.

On the outside a tea-kettle must repose among the folds of a coarse blue cloth which lies on the top, and occasionally serves as a cover to the palanquin; a gurglet of water, in a wicker case, is slung at the back; and some place must be found for a camp stool, which is by turns to serve as a seat, a table, or a washing-stand.

Within the palanquin is a mattress and pillow, two little drawers, and every thing to make you comfortable by night and neat in the day.

All being ready, you get into it, the bearers lift it on their shoulders, and you set out on your strange journey. The poles of the palanquin are carried by three men in front and three behind, while six more run by the side, ready to change with them every three or four minutes. The "musalchee," or torch-bearer, runs also with them, holding in his left hand the torch, made of twisted cotton-cloth, and in his right a flask of oil, with its long bamboo neck, to feed the flame. But your party is not yet complete: you must have a "cavady coolie," to carry the remainder of your books and clothes, in two tin boxes, fastened to the ends of a long bamboo, and slung across his shoulder.

You will start probably about five or six o'clock in the afternoon, and as you proceed, the stillness and coolness of the evening air, the clearness of the atmosphere, giving to the stars a brilliancy unknown in colder climates, or revealing the moon as a globe of light suspended in the firmament, and the evening planet almost like a smaller moon, the fire-flies flitting round and round the trees,—all combine to give you a feeling of romance and delight, perhaps scarcely known before; while the only sounds you hear are the strange noises and the footfall of the bearers, or the distant croaking of the frogs, which your inexperienced ear will probably mistake for the bleating of lambs or kids; "sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh," but not displeasing when all else around is silent.

You will be struck, as you travel on, by the choultries, which are very numerous, both on the roads and on the banks of rivers. They have been built at different times by wealthy natives, for the accommodation of travellers, particularly of pilgrims, for whose use one, or sometimes

more, are attached to the larger pagodas; and before so many travellers' bungalows had been provided, Europeans also were often very glad to take shelter in them.

They vary greatly in size and beauty, and some of them are very splendid; but, in general, the smaller ones consist merely of a kind of deep colonnade, the back being a solid wall, and the sides and front having only the open pillars which support the roof. The floor is paved, and raised one or two feet above the ground. The larger ones have usually a shallower colonnade with a door in the middle of the back, opening into a cloistered quadrangle, which serves for the temporary home of the passing traveller; while the bazaar, which is seldom wanting, supplies his few and simple wants of rice, curry-stuff, and chatties.

At four or five o'clock in the morning you will be roused by the bearers' cry of "Sepoy, Sepoy!" and by finding your palanquin set down at the door of a travellers' bungalow. The summons is quickly answered by a respectable-looking man, often with a white beard, and with a red or white turban, whose red soldier's jacket over his native dress tells you that he has belonged to our Indian army. The door is soon unlocked, and you and your palanquin are admitted.

These travellers' bungalows have been erected by Government, at intervals along the principal roads, for the use of European travellers, and consist usually of two rooms, each having a bath-room attached to it. The only furniture is a table, and two or three chairs, with now and then a cot; but many of them have lately been supplied with a small religious library by the liberality of private friends.

Your first business will be to unpack your palanquin, and then to bathe and dress; and by the time you have finished, your tea-kettle is boiling, milk and eggs have been procured from the neighbouring bazaar, and you sit down to a hungry breakfast.

After breakfast your tea-things must be washed and re-packed, and you will then have some hours for reading, writing, or meditation, as you feel most disposed.

Your bearers have left you to get food and rest, the Sepoy and Peon in charge have laid themselves down to sleep, and you are left to the enjoyment of the most perfect quiet and repose. Nature itself partakes of the general stillness; not a breath of air is stirring to move "the market flag" that points out the neighbouring bazaar; and the shadow of the cocoa-nut has become a fixed spot upon the ground.

Sometimes, however, the silence is broken by the distant sound of the village drum, calling the inhabitants to join in some idolatrous procession, and painfully reminding you that you are in the midst of a heathen land.

Dinner time now approaches: a fowl has been procured for you, and by the help of the shadow of the bungalow, which serves him as a dial, the Sepoy contrives to bring your curry and rice at the time you ordered it.

After dinner, if it is tolerably cool, you will probably saunter out to look about you. If a tank is near, your eye will catch the bright deep red blossom of the sacred lotus, with its "broad and buoyant" leaves, now lying motionless on the water, and now gently flapping up and down as a

rippling wave may pass across the surface. A herd of buffaloes will probably be there enjoying the delicious coolness—their whole bodies below the water, with only “their nostrils raised to meet the air.”

It is now, however, time for you to resume your journey: your bearers make their appearance, and you are at first puzzled at one part of their preparations. Two men, taking each the end of a cloth, five or six yards in length, fold it together like a tablecloth: one of them stands fast, while the other, putting his own end of the cloth round his waist, winds himself round and round in it as tightly as he can, till he reaches his companion, when, taking the other end from him, he twists it into his waist. The whole party do the same, and thus “with loins girded,” they are ready to start.

But railways are now bringing near the distant extremities of India, and enabling the traveller to pass with rapidity from one part to another; and at no distant period the palanquin, like our stage-coach, will become a thing of the past.

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#### THE NINGPO MISSION.

THE Rev. A. E. Moule, writing his annual letter on New-Year's day last, says—

The mercies vouchsafed to us as your Missionaries, and as members of the Missionary band in this province, have been very many and very great. This afternoon, at the usual monthly Missionary prayer-meeting, some remarks were made by Missionaries of different Societies on the present aspect of our work. Mr. Knowlton, an American Missionary, spoke hopefully of the work in which he has been some time engaged in the very heart of this province. The district of which he spoke is the Kying-hwô district, distant some 250 miles from Nying-po. Yet there he has three small stations, a band of from twenty to thirty Christians, and daily prayer in that far-distant region ascends to the true God through Jesus Christ. Mr. Knowlton, when returning from a recent visit to this district, turned aside to visit Hang-chow; and he expressed himself as being greatly struck with the vast importance of Hang-chow, the provincial capital, as a Missionary station. The work carried on there will, if tolerated, and if judiciously and faithfully conducted, give a tone and a sanction to similar work throughout the province. He spoke also very hopefully of what he had seen in Hang-chow—the absence of rudeness or annoyance of any kind offered to my brother and his family; on the contrary, the willing and effective interference on our behalf by the Mandarins in the two cases of insult offered to our native assistants. He imagines that a precedent is now established, sanctioning the residence of Missionaries in any part of the empire. May it be so; but Chinese magistrates are most capricious in their dealings. With respect to our out-stations, no large churches are being gathered together; but little bands are gathering round a yearly increasing number of centres. The electric wires are being laid in all directions: we wait but the shock from heaven. Mr. Green, of the same Mission, observed that there were mani-

fest marks of permanency in the state of the native churches. He mentioned the order and decorum with which their native presbyters conduct their presbytery meetings. In illustration of this idea of permanency, I mentioned the case of our Kwun-hæ-we church in Sæn-poh. When consulting about a plan which they have since adopted, namely, the renting of a room for a chapel in one of the large towns near the sea from the Native Church Fund, they hesitated as to promising too much, wishing, as they said, to have a reserve fund to fall back upon, should foreign aid be withdrawn.

With reference to the native Christians, I have noticed no remarkable growth in grace such as we desire to see; but there has been certainly no manifest declension. Deep spirituality in such formal characters must be, I should imagine, a slowly-elaborated effect. Still, marks of true spiritual life are not lacking. One of the least hopeful of my little Tsong-gyiao congregation, whom I had rather preemptorily to address the other day on the subject of borrowing money, has, nevertheless, been speaking of the Gospel to her neighbours, and she reports one believer to Sing-eng-teh, our catechist; whether a true believer or no I have not yet heard. I mention this case as referring to one apparently very lifeless, and with an unbelieving opium-smoking husband. This sign of life, however, is most evident in Sæn-poh. The recent converts, in most instances, I think, are speaking of Christianity to others. Inquirers also, before receiving baptism, will bring others to listen to the good news. An old woman whom I baptized, with three others, in December, had been first brought to the chapel by another old woman, who was baptized in October.

In my last annual letter I reported from seventy to eighty towns and villages as regularly visited during 1864. I have nearly doubled this number, in the same district, during 1865, from 130 to 140 places having received from three to four, or more, visits each, by myself or the catechists, during 1865. I cannot but think that, in my former estimates of population, I have fallen considerably below a correct reckoning. From all I can gather, our estimate of five to a family is pretty nearly the average here; and if so, these 130 places contain probably more than 200,000 souls. I was not a little grieved to be unable to complete my autumn circuit, but the greater part of the places I was compelled to omit the catechist has since visited. The great Sæn-poh district is now under my superintendence; and in December I visited forty-seven places, great and small, containing about 150,000 souls; the towns and villages in Sæn-poh are densely populated. One place contains some 45,000 souls, all of the surname of Sing.

We cannot but thank God for granting us some fruit in each of our principal out-stations. In Ningpo city five adults have been baptized; at Tsong-gyiao one, from the Lakes three, from Ts'óng-ts'eng and the neighbouring hill districts six, from Z-ky'í one, and my dear brother had the joy of baptizing one, the first-fruits of our Hangchow Mission, on December 24th.

In November last my wife began a Bible class for Chinese women. She has now twelve regular attendants: the expenses are met from private funds.

### THE MISSION IN THE DERAJAT.

THIS territory is also called Daman, or the border, because it stretches between the Suleiman mountains, which divide it from the uplands of Cabul, and the Indus, which constitutes its eastern frontier.

It is now about five years since the attention of the Church Missionary Society was directed to this tract of country, in which, although annexed to the British Crown, there was no Christian Missionary. The Commissioner of the Derajât, Colonel Reynell Taylor, appealed to the Parent Committee on its behalf, and furnished a noble donation of 1000*l.* in order to the commencement of a Mission. Sir Herbert B. Edwardes, and other officers connected with the frontier, added their prayers and liberality, and the Mission was begun.

Two places are occupied, Dera Ismail Khan and Bunnoo, in the northern portion of the district, and at these stations we have two Missionaries, the Rev. R. Bruce and the Rev. H. S. Patterson.

The first of these places is a large town on the west bank of the Indus. It is so called from having been once the Dera, or encampment, of an adventurer called Ismail Khan. The route from the north to Sindh lies through it, and in spring it is crowded with Affghan traders.

Bunnoo is a fertile plain, well watered by the river Kurum, and rejoicing in ever-waving crops, and lofty trees, the denseness of its population, and the glory of surrounding hills. It has a population of 87,000 within a radius of ten miles, with an English cantonment and church. A great market is held here every Friday, to which crowds of the hill people resort, thus affording an admirable opportunity of preaching to them in their own language, the Pushtoo.

The Punjab Missions, more especially those on the western side of the Indus, have brought us into contact with the Affghan tribes, or Pathans. Of these, three large tribes are found in the two districts already mentioned, the Gundapoors, the Murwutees, and the Bunnoochees. Of Murwut, the Missionaries give the following description—

The sandy table land of Murwut, elevated by a strange freak of nature on the ridge of the Payzoo hills, and intersected by immense dry water-courses, deep as mountain valleys, is one of the little wonders of the world. From the Gumbela, its northern boundary, to the Payzoo hills on the south, a distance of twenty-six miles, there is but one small dry water-course in which, near the happy village of Ghuznee Khail, water can be had by digging holes in the sands. To many of the villages the precious liquid is brought every alternate day, from a distance of ten or twelve miles, on troops of donkeys, driven by half-a-dozen women and children, who merrily sing Pushtoo songs as they walk the heavy sands, spinning as they go, behind the patient asses. The day they go to the river is called "drinking." The other "thirsty," with reference to the



poor donkeys, who, though they bring water for man and beast, are themselves alone forbidden to touch what they bring. Yet Murwut is the granary of the Derajât, and produces most luxuriant crops. But with hardly a tree to cast a shade upon its glaring sands, it can hardly be visited by the European for any length of time, except during the cold months of the year.

May there soon be wells in the wilderness and rivers in the desert, and the Murwutees come "thirsty," to drink of the waters of life.

We have now another and very interesting class of people to introduce to our readers—

*The Povindahs.*

The immediate neighbourhood of Dera Ismail Khan is visited for the six cooler months of the year by the Povindahs from Khorasan, about 40,000 in number. The word Povindah means, in Pushtoo, a shepherd, and is applied to all those tribes who lead a nomad life either as shepherds or merchants.

The winter snows on the hills of Khorasan, about Candahar and Ghuznee, cause the shepherds to drive down their flocks to the more genial climate of the Derajât, at the same time that the richer merchants are bringing their camels laden with the silks, the fruits, and dyes of Central Asia, to the markets of India. The families of both accompany them. The women, instead of being a burden to them, strike their tents, load the camels, drive them on the march, and, in the evening, cook the food for their idle and barbarous lords. Loosing the centre heavy clothes of the black goat-hair tents, they entrust them to the care of the nearest villagers, and, having similar ones awaiting them in the Derajât, they use only the smaller side clothes for the march. The families of both remain in the Derajât for the six winter months, a small number of the men being quite sufficient to drive their camels, under the protection of the British Government, to the great marts of commerce of Hindustan.

The Povindahs were visited by the Rev. T. V. French, one of the two first Missionaries to the Derajât. These visits are still remembered by them, and portions of the word of God given by him have found their way into Central Asia.

More recently Mr. Bruce has sought them out, and has not been well received. The Missionaries say—

Though he had entered their encampments only as a visitor, and made no attempt to introduce the subject of religion, yet he was turned out with ignominy and contempt. Never before had a traveller's appeal to Pathan hospitality been found to fail, but with them it was useless. Turning suddenly from the richer merchants to the poorer shepherds, from the princely Meankhails to the despised Nasurs, the contrast was great.

For the remainder of the cold season, the friendship of the Nasurs was carefully cultivated. More than six of their chieftains were from time to time guests at the Mission house. Though the subject of religion was never forced upon them, yet both there and in their own tents long con-

versations were held with them on the word of life. An occasional distribution of medicines, notwithstanding the ignorance of the practitioner, had considerable effect upon them. For a time it was confidently hoped that God was opening a door amongst them. An invitation to accompany them to their summer home in the hills of Khorasan was frequently given, and at last accepted.

Such is a brief sketch of this new and interesting people, as yet little known to the readers of the "Gleaner."

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#### SUVISESHAPURAM, TINNEVELLY.

SUVISESHAPURAM is one of the districts of our great Mission field of Tinnevelly. The name signifies Gospel town. Although on the borders of one of those extensive deserts of sand which abound in Tinnevelly, it is yet a very pleasing station, having fruitful land in its neighbourhood, and a small lake at a little distance in front, over which the ghauts, and the last bluff rocks in their range, are seen, in all their lovely grandeur, rising from the distant plains.

The total of people under Christian instruction in the district amounts to 4798, and, what is better than numbers, our Missionary, the Rev. W. P. Schaffter, has the great satisfaction of knowing that there are amongst them many godly people, who love and serve the Lord Jesus Christ.

Some instances of this are mentioned by him which are just such as are suitable for the "Gleaner." We shall refer to the death of old Gnanamuttoo, catechist. After serving his Master faithfully for many years, he was attacked by consumption, and all hope of his recovery was given up, but no cloud of doubt darkened his prospects of heaven. The precious truths of the Gospel, in which for so many years he had taught his countrymen, were his support and comfort. He told Mr. Schaffter that he found Jesus to be the same yesterday and to-day, and no doubt he would be the same for ever. Very delightful it was to witness the sympathy shown to him by the Christians, for daily was his house crowded by people from various congregations, over whom, in former years, he had supervision, who came to inquire after him. All of them, on returning home, declared that old Gnanamuttoo was fast ripening for heaven. About a week before his death, Mr. Schaffter found him calm and happy; so much so, that he spoke of his approaching dissolution as a joyful event.

He belonged to a valuable body of men—the native catechists. They watch over their flocks, teach the people divine knowledge, so that heathen ignorance may not make an inroad upon them. They peaceably settle any differences which may arise; they nurse and comfort the sick and needy, so that the poor find a friend in their spiritual teacher; and thus these catechists are loved and honoured by Christian and heathen.

That the people value their Christian ordinances is shown by the readiness with which they contribute to their support. They have a Sungam, or meeting, for the collection of funds, and make such arrangements as may secure for it a steady income. Two or three congregations, not more than a quarter or half a mile apart, unite in making up the salary of their catechist, and other incidental expenses. Over these

congregations the catechist has charge, and by and by, when ordained, he will be their pastor. Thus there are thirty-five congregations which have been formed into nine different associations, each having its own funds and Committee of Management chosen from amongst themselves, and paying not only the salary of the catechist, but for the repair of their church, school, catechist's house, and leaving a balance for the Bible Society, Tract Society, Poor Fund, and other benevolent objects. Thus by degrees, the district will be resolved into parishes, each with its own funds, and supporting its own pastor.

Truly, as our Missionary observes, if they who commenced the work in Tinnevelly could see its present state, they would be filled with joy. The growth of the Mission may be likened "unto the growth of the large banyan tree at Melur, which stands close to the travellers' bungalow. The person who first planted it would be surprised to see its present dimensions, and how one tree has been the mother of thirty or forty more, and yet its growth was imperceptible; and so it has been with Tinnevelly. It is not always within six months, or even within a year, that we can speak of progress in our work, for many things that seemed to be, come to nothing, while others that were not, are called into existence. One thing we know, that the work is progressing steadily, though slowly, for it is of the Lord, and thus he is making good his own promise, "He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

It is very gratifying to mark the anxiety which many of the Christians show to communicate the Gospel to their heathen neighbours, and win them to share in the happiness it imparts. Mr. Schaffter gives the following instance:—

"One day, rather early in the afternoon, I was riding to one of my congregations, when my ear caught the sound of what I thought was a man in distress. I rode to the spot, and, to my surprise, found an old catechist of mine singing, with all his might, a Christian lyric to a crowd of heathen, who were all sitting round him in true native fashion, their chins resting on their knees, listening with profound attention to the solo of the catechist. After he had sung a stanza in full fortissimo he would stop for a minute to take breath, and then would begin to explain what he had been singing. The people seemed very much pleased."

There is, indeed, every prospect of Christianity spreading amongst the heathen round. Mr. Schaffter has succeeded in establishing a friendly relationship between the heathen and himself. The wealthiest heathen open their houses to him, and he is enabled to sow the seed of the Gospel without hindrance. To the west of the district, where the heathen are most numerous, there are signs of a great number of them joining the Christians, so that he hopes soon to report that hundreds of them have cast off heathenism.

The leaven has been put into the lump, and, by the blessing of God, it is doing its work.



## BRAHMIN CONVERTS OF TRAVANCORE.

THE country and population of Travancore bear a remarkable likeness to each other. Nothing can be more beautiful than the aspect of that part of India. It lies enclosed between the sea and the Western Ghats, which form the background of the picture. First let the eye rest upon the alluvial plains broken with the back-waters, and rich with crops of rice and other products of the clime; then let it survey the hilly districts, as they climb higher and higher, until the hills, swelling into mountains, lose themselves in the ghauts: nothing can be more beautiful. The ghauts are the most difficult to reach, and the most barren: the plain country, which lies so low, and in approaching which there is no difficulty, is the most fertile and productive.

The population is just as uneven as the country. It is arranged like the hills and plains in different castes; some rising in their pride high above the rest; others low and despised, and easily trodden under foot. The Brahmins are as the lofty mountains, rising in their pride above the other classes: the slaves are the lowest, lying so low, that all who pleased might walk over them. Between these two extremes lie various grades; the Nairs, who rank next the Brahmins, and then other classes which fill up the interval, each despising the one below it, and despised in its turn. The Brahmins, like the ghauts, are the most inaccessible, and have yielded as yet little of that fruit of Christian conversion which God looks for amongst men. The despised slaves have yielded the most, and are as full of promise as the plains are when they are green with the rice-crop.

Yet even the Brahmins have yielded something; and in proof of this we shall give the following account of the conversion of a Brahmin family, which took place a few years ago. The Missionary who was the favoured instrument of bringing them to Christ is no longer in the work-field. He has gone home and is at rest in his Father's house. We mean the late Rev. Joseph Peet.

The family consisted of a father, mother, three grown sons, and their wives, and three younger ones.

The mother was the first brought. She was a person of very decided character, but illiterate, and could not read a word. When she was very young, she used to lead about a blind Brahmin relative. As she was so doing one day, some low-caste people approached, and on her expressing her disgust at meeting them, the blind man made some remark which showed that he considered all their caste distinctions to be nothing else than a gross deception. She never forgot this. It led her first to doubt, and then to reject as a falsehood, the Brahminical religion. But she knew of no better. She had nothing wherewith to supply its place. She felt the need of something to lean upon, and she was so unhappy that it affected her health. Her husband was much troubled about her, and was willing to do any thing he could to relieve her; and at length, at her request, he took her to the capital of the country, Trevandrum, that she might speak on the subject of religion with some of the chief Brahmins; but they could do nothing for her.

Shortly after this, her husband met with people who knew something of Christianity. They gave him part of the Scriptures and other books,

and told him where to go if he wanted more information. These he took home to his people, and amongst their contents, they were particularly struck with the ten commandments: so that, feeling how grievously they had come short, in their hearts they asked, What shall we do to be saved. There was another book in the bundle which answered that question, and in the perusal of which they found great comfort—Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Now the mother declared she had found what she wanted, and which gave rest to her soul, and she carried with her in her convictions the whole family. They were helped by the prayers and counsel of one of the native pastors who resided near them, and other good native Christians, and thus advanced step by step; and, there is reason to believe, through such simple means the whole adult family—father, mother, and three young sons—were brought by the Holy Spirit to a true knowledge of the Lord Jesus.

The sons now began to come to Mr. Peet's house for instruction, that they might know the way of God more perfectly. It was soon blazed abroad. The people of their caste were in a rage, and a plan was laid to injure them. The three young men were accused of robbery, and officers were sent to bring them to the Police Court. Mr. Peet knew the charge to be false. He did not, however, screen them from the storm. If they were genuine it would only root them more firmly in the truth. Contenting himself with writing a letter to his assistant to look to the case, he let them go. On their way, they were seized by the Brahmins, the Missionary's letter torn from them, and having been detained all night, they were dragged next morning before the magistrate, a heathen, who, on reading Mr. Peet's letter, abused both him and his religion, and, threatening them with all kinds of vengeance, kept them in disgrace, until at length, finding there was no foundation for the charge brought against them, and afraid of detaining them any longer, he let them go.

Their subsequent history we must reserve to another Number.

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### TRIBULATION WORKETH PATIENCE.

(From the *Calcutta Christian Observer*.)

EVERY thing costly and precious is obtained by means of some cutting, filing, or smelting process. The diamond is an unsightly stone when first dug out of the mine. It must be cut and polished ere it shines in its manifold and dazzling brightness. The nugget of gold looks any thing but beautiful when it first appears out of the mud; yet, when melted down and refined, and cast into shapes and forms of beauty, it becomes the most brilliant of metals. Even so there must be tribulation before there can be patience. It is not necessary that there should be one great sorrow to work out this patience. The daily disappointments, irritations, and troubles of life will, if used aright, bring about this glorious result. Yet how few there are who profit by these "rebukings" of their Father: they take no notice of them, and never learn the lessons intended to be taught them by God, and so the "chastening" comes, and, by means of tribulation, the purpose is accomplished. Archbishop Trench, in his "Study of Words," tells us that the "word

tribulation is derived from the Latin '*tribulum*,' which was the threshing instrument or roller whereby the Roman husbandman separated the corn from the husks; and tribulation in its primary significance was the act of this separation. But some Latin writer of the Christian church appropriated the word and image for the setting forth of a higher truth, and sorrow, distress, and adversity, being the appointed means for the separating in men of whatever in them was light, trivial, and poor, from the solid and the true, their chaff from their wheat, therefore he calls these sorrows and trials '*tribulations*,' threshings, that is, of the inner spiritual man, without which there would be no fitting him for the heavenly garner." In illustration of this, the following beautiful poem of George Wither's may be quoted—

"Till from the straw the flail the corn doth beat,  
 Until the corn is purged from the wheat,  
 Yea, till the mill the grains in pieces tear,  
 The richness of the flour will scarce appear.  
 So, till men's persons great afflictions touch,  
 If worth be found, their worth is not so much,  
 Because, like wheat in straw, they have not yet  
 That value which in threshing they may get.  
 For till the bruising flails of God's corrections  
 Have threshed out of us our vain affections,  
 Till those corruptions, which do misbecome us,  
 Are by thy Sacred Spirit winnowed from us;  
 Until from us the straw of worldly treasures,  
 Till all the dusky chaff of empty pleasures,  
 Yea, till his flail upon us He doth lay,  
 To thresh the husk of this our flesh away,  
 And leave the soul uncovered; nay, yet more,  
 Till God shall make our very spirit poor,  
 We shall not up to highest wealth aspire;  
 But then we shall, and that is my desire."

When a heavy sorrow first comes upon the heart, when first the soul is laid under the threshing flail of God, there is much fretting, much struggling. Yet, as the grinding process goes on, there comes a change, and "tribulation worketh patience." It may take months and years to effect this change, but it is effected after all. We little know how many years passed over David's head before he attained to that blessed state in which he could say, "Surely I have behaved and quieted myself as a child that is weaned of its mother: my soul is even as a weaned child." And here a thought strikes me. I think when any trouble comes upon us we distress ourselves by trying hard to believe that the blessing withdrawn or withheld is not a good thing for us. Now God does not require that from us. The child who is weaned of its mother knows that something good is withheld from him, yet he bears the denial quietly and uncomplainingly, and it was thus that David taught himself to "behave." Some things he knew to be good were kept from him, but he "quieted" himself: he did not complain; he was contented with the will of God. Verily in him the years of tribulation, when Saul hunted him as a partridge upon the mountains, worked out patience, and he was able to say truthfully at the end, "I waited patiently for the Lord, and He inclined unto me, and heard my cry."

A STONEHENGE IN THE KHASIA HILLS.

Our artist has selected for our engraving a rather singular subject. It is a Stonehenge at the village of Nurtiung, in the Khasia hills. We wish he had selected a living subject. As it is, it belongs to those who have



ANCIENT STONES AT NURTIUNG, IN THE KHASIA HILLS.

May 1866.

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been long since dead, and we find as great difficulty in turning it to account, as if we had before us for our task the uplifting of one of those huge blocks of stone which are represented in the drawing.

These "stonehenges" are not uncommon in the Khasia hills. They are usually placed in a fine grove of trees, occupying a hollow. Circular slabs of stone, from ten to twenty-five feet broad, are seen supported five feet above the ground on other blocks. Each has behind it a gigantic headstone, the tallest being thirty feet high, six feet broad, and two feet eight inches thick.

These circles are found in many other parts of India, for instance, in the Neilgherry hills. In those hills are cromlechs and cairns. The cromlech is the large stone laid slab-like on supports or walls; the cairns consist of circles of large stones, sometimes single, sometimes double, enclosing a space in which are graves and stone chests, in which human bodies and funereal urns have been deposited. Like remains have been found near Ferozabad, on the Bhima river, in the Nizam's dominions. In the cromlechs no funeral remains have been discovered, and these, therefore, are supposed to have been altars, or stone tables.

Cromlechs exist in Central Asia, beyond the Himalaya: in China also, the Americas, and Europe, they occur extensively. At Kit's Coty House, near Aylesford in Kent, also near Marlborough and in many other parts of England, and in Wales, as at Plas Newydd in Anglesea, there are cromlechs. The cairns also are common to England, France, Germany, Central Asia, and parts of India. Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain, consists of a double circle of stones. On Seven-barrows hill, near Marlborough, and on a hill overlooking Keswick, there are also stone circles.

They are regarded as Scythian vestiges. The Scythians were a Caucasian race, some of whom penetrated into India, others into Europe; and of these latter were the Britons or Celtic Scythians.

These cairns, with their huge upright stones, were the work of a rude people, immersed in the darkness of heathenism, who, with much labour, raised them in honour of their gods, or of their deceased chiefs, and offered sacrifices on the stone altars. They lived and died in the dark times of our world. How differently we are circumstanced! How true it is that Jesus Christ hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel!

How grateful we should be! Shall we not also raise memorials, not vast piles of rugged stones, sombre and rude, which remind one of cruel relics, perhaps of human sacrifices; but shall we not labour to raise up, amidst the wilds of heathen lands, native-Christian churches, which, perpetuating themselves from generation to generation, shall show forth the praises of our God.

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#### TOKENS FOR GOOD.

ABOUT the time when this Number of our periodical shall have been placed in the hands of its readers, the Church Missionary Society will have entered on the celebration of its Sixty-seventh Anniversary. The last Report contained special reference to the critical position of the finances, and a frank declaration on the part of the Committee, that



“ they could not send out fresh Missionaries, so as to keep up the present staff, without a large augmentation of income ; and that they could not extend the Missions without a still further increase of means.”

This announcement has been reiterated again and again throughout the year, and various appeals have been put forth, urging the friends of the Society to increased efforts on its behalf.

The anniversary, on the threshold of which we now find ourselves, will show whether these appeals have been responded to. We cannot but entertain encouraging expectations as to the result.

We shall tell our friends why we think so.

When, having passed the Canary isles, Columbus, on his voyage of discovery, pushed beyond the usual track of navigation into unfrequented and unknown seas, the sailors, dejected and dismayed, began to beat their breasts and shed tears, as if they were never more to behold land. Phenomena, to which they were unaccustomed, awakened in their minds superstitious fears, and increased their indisposition to the enterprise. “ They observed that the magnet needle in their compass did not point exactly to the polar star, but veered towards the west, and that as they proceeded this variation increased.” Again, when they were about 400 leagues to the westward of the Canaries, “ the sea was so covered with weeds, as to resemble a meadow of vast extent, and in some places they were so thick as to retard the motion of the vessels. This strange appearance caused new alarm and inquietude.”

They had been three weeks at sea, and no land appeared. It seemed to these men as though they were about to be lost in a vast wilderness of waters, from whence they should never return. Gathering strength with each succeeding day, discontent at length broke out in open rebellion. They resolved that Columbus should be forced to abandon this enterprise, and to make sail homeward, while their crazy vessels were yet in a condition to keep the sea ; and if he proved obstinate, some did not hesitate to suggest that he should be cast overboard. The situation undoubtedly was very grave and critical. The officers, who had hitherto supported him, disappointed in the hopes of soon nearing land, which they had formed from the appearance of birds in flocks, took part with the men, and required him to tack about and return to Europe. Obligated to compromise, he at length promised that he would do so, if in three days land were not discovered. What an anxious period this must have been ! How eagerly he must have watched for such assurances of their near approach to land as would give courage to his men, and decide them to go on ; and they did come, these presages of success ; and when they did come, how joyfully they were welcomed ! Little things, which at other times would have been deemed trivial and unworthy of notice, became invested with a momentous import : a cane floating on the waters, which seemed to have been newly cut ; a piece of timber, artificially carved, showed that not far off there was land, and land moreover not without inhabitants. The sailors aboard one of the ships took up the branch of a tree with red berries, perfectly fresh. “ The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance, the air was more mild and warm, and during the night the wind became unequal and variable. The sails were furled, the ship ordered to lie to, lest, during the night, they might be

driven on shore. As the shades of evening fell, a watch was set ; and just about two hours before midnight a light was seen moving to and fro, and soon after the cry was heard of "*Land! land!*"

Well, it has been an anxious time on board our Missionary ship. Faintheartedness there has been none : no one thought of abandoning the great enterprise ; but misgivings there have been, as to whether the Missionary cause had not reached the maximum of support which the country was disposed to yield. We have asked for an increase of income, and we have looked out for a favourable response as eagerly as ever Columbus looked out for land. And, lo! little auspicious tokens have come floating to us on the surface of the wave, which presage a happy result, and bid us be of good courage.

For example : the following letter, enclosing a cheque for 6*l.* 5*s.*, reached us during the present month—

" TO THE EDITOR OF THE ' CHURCH MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCER. '

" MY DEAR SIR,—I have, in common I doubt not with many of your readers, been considering the statements in the very clear and impressive article on the ' Financial Experiences ' of our beloved Church Missionary Society in your Number for the month of March, and it has occurred to me that each individual member may do something if he will only make the effort, with a view, not only to meet the wants of the Society for the moment, but to give a more permanent addition to its yearly income.

" What I propose to do in my own case is to increase my annual subscription one-fourth, and I shall feel obliged if you will be the medium of handing the enclosed cheque to the collector, carrying that into effect for the current year.

" If all who now give 5*l.* a year would give one-fourth additional, say 6*l.* 5*s.*, and all who give 1*l.* would give 1*l.* 5*s.*, the addition to the annual subscriptions of the year may be taken at 26,425*l.*, which would increase the income of last year to 143,734*l.*

" By this means the power of the Committee to continue, or even to extend their operations, would at once be secured, and the blessed work of carrying a pure Gospel to the heathen greatly enlarged.

" I remain,

" AN OLD SUBSCRIBER TO THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY. "

One or two instances more may be mentioned, which show that in the hearts of Church-of-England Christians there does exist a sympathy with the Church Missionary Society in its great work, so deep and strong, that, when appealed to, it yields help promptly and liberally.

One sentence, incidentally introduced into a sermon, was responded to by a bank-note for 20*l.*

A brief reference in conversation with a lady, one who had been in former years an indefatigable collector for the Society, moved her to forward a cheque for 100*l.* to the funds.

Again, as the writer of these lines, about a month back, was entering the Guildhall at Bath, in order to take part in the proceedings of the Church Missionary Anniversary Meeting, the following note from an old and tried friend of the Society, who has rendered to it the most important services, was placed in his hands—

“On Thursday last we held the quarterly meeting of the — Juvenile Church Missionary Association. A widow in humble life, dressed in deep mourning, met me at the door. Her husband had been a tradesman in a small way, and her income is only small.

“On two former occasions she had given me 50*l.* and 100*l.*, the latter sum at our Jubilee; and I was well pleased to find her waiting for me at the door of our Juvenile Meeting, for I felt sure that something was coming.

“But judge my surprise and delight, when she quietly put into my hands ten Bank of England notes of 20*l.* each. I stepped with her into a side room to count it, and make it sure; and I then said to her, ‘I fear you cannot afford so large a gift: it is a large sum.’ Her simple reply was most touching: she merely said, ‘I do not spend it on myself, and so I have it to give.’

“Very few more words passed. She merely enjoined secrecy, and begged that it might be entered as ‘Help in time of need.’”

So it was with the Macedonian churches; their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality; and this they were enabled to do, because that which they had they did not spend on themselves.

Well, then, these are our tokens. These are as the floating cane, the piece of timber artificially carved, the branch of a tree with red berries perfectly fresh. These intimate that land is near, and that our anxieties and efforts shall have a joyful issue. They fill us with hope that, like the mariner who exchanges the dangers of the sea for the security of land, the Society shall soon be relieved from the anxieties inseparable from heavy expenses and an uncertain income, and be placed in a more satisfactory and reliable position. We trust it will be so, and that we are not too sanguine in our expectations.

We should like to close by a brief sketch of the workings of a Missionary-box, and of the amounts it yielded to the Church Missionary Society during the space of two years. This is also a well-authenticated fact. As with respect to the two former facts, we know the names, &c.

This Missionary-box is held by a cook in a dressmaker's family. The clergyman of the parish, an earnest friend of the Society, adopts a wise system: he holds quarterly meetings; and at these meetings, not only is information given, but business is done. The various Missionary-boxes in circulation are brought in by the friends who have taken charge of them, and their contents ascertained at the end of every three months. The amounts realized by this particular Missionary-box are as follows—

|                         | £ | s. | d. |
|-------------------------|---|----|----|
| November 1863. . . . .  | 2 | 6  | 7½ |
| February 1864 . . . . . | 1 | 17 | 8½ |
| April . . . . .         | 1 | 10 | 0  |
| July . . . . .          | 1 | 15 | 2  |
| October . . . . .       | 1 | 13 | 10 |
| February 1865 . . . . . | 1 | 11 | 6  |
| July . . . . .          | 1 | 15 | 0  |
| November . . . . .      | 2 | 2  | 0  |

Thus in two years this one box, held by an individual in a humble

sphere of life, yielded to the great Missionary cause no less a sum than 1*l.* 13*s.* 2*d.*

We trust that this instance may serve to the encouragement of many of our friends, who, placed in a sphere of limited usefulness, yet desire to improve it to the uttermost. Let them take courage by observing how rich a harvest may be grown within the narrow limits of one Missionary-box : only let it be remembered that it was obtained, not by one annual gathering ; the crop was taken four times in the year.

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#### BRAHMIN CONVERTS OF TRAVANCORE.

IN our last number we stated some particulars respecting the conversion of a Brahmin family, through the instrumentality of the late indefatigable Missionary, the Rev. J. Peet. Anywhere in India the conversion and baptism of an entire family of Brahmins would be a remarkable event ; especially must it be regarded so in Travancore, where the Brahmins, possessing so much of political power, are the more haughty and inaccessible. We showed that the mother was the first who distrusted Hinduism, and desired a better way, and thus became the means of bringing over the whole family to the same anxious and inquiring state with herself. We next mentioned the commencement of persecution, and the troubles in which the three young men, her sons, found themselves involved.

They now decided on baptism, on an open renunciation of idolatry, and a profession of Christianity as the true faith. But in carrying out this determination they had much to contend against, of struggles from within and violent opposition from without. There was so much to be given up. To renounce all those long-cherished notions of merit—to become as lost and miserable outcasts of their relatives and friends, this required the strength that is from above. They knew what they had to expect ; that they would have to bear with disgrace, scoffing, and infamy : what could nerve them to this, save the conviction that Christ was worth more than all this. Moreover, as Mr. Peet observed—

They lived in a neighbourhood of Mohammedans and heathen of all sorts, without a single Christian for three or four miles around. The Mohammedans tried to allure them to embrace the Koran, ridiculed and charged them with forsaking one idolatry for another ; and, not succeeding, united with the rest in troubling them. So they could not even leave their home in the daytime ; and when the day for baptism was fixed, the father, mother and three younger children, left their home late on the previous night, and, unattended, had to come through by-ways, a distance—by the circuitous route they took—of several miles, so as to reach our church before daylight.

But, in addition to all this, the elder son had an extra trial that pressed heavily upon him ; so that, at baptism, he looked quite haggard

and worn out. He is some twenty-five years of age, and married to a full-grown, fine, hearty young woman, a Brahmini of about seventeen. They had lived together at her mother's home, and proved, by the sequel, to be warmly attached to each other. His grand object, his very frequent endeavour for months, had been to teach and bring his wife to embrace Christianity with him. But all his efforts before his own baptism were in vain, and he came to me sometimes in great agony of mind, pulling at his arm, and saying, I love her better than this flesh. When all proved to no purpose, he came to me for final advice, saying, "Both the mother and my wife threaten to kill themselves—the natives are not slow in putting such threats into execution—will the guilt be on me if they do?" And then added, "When I attempt to read, both put their fingers in their ears, and declare they will burn the Bible; and I tell them if they do, I will burn on the same fire: what am I to do?" "Well," I said, "I know how to sympathize with you. A wife left me to go to heaven; still my heart was lacerated, and will never be healed till I meet her with Christ in glory. But there are bounds for us. If Christ's spirit dwell in us, then we are not without a Father who knows best, and will do best: we have to submit to Him, and try to say from the heart, 'Thy will be done.'"

We had a serious and solemn meeting on that occasion; the hour, midnight, as he was afraid to come by day; I sitting upon a low chair, sick, he at my feet in mental agony: my soul's eye uplooking for the Holy Spirit's aid, while Satan was lugging him by his affections. After a moment's thought I placed my hand upon his heart, and proceeded—"You love Christ, and wish to be a child of God?" I do, "was his firm," emphatic reply. "Very well then," I said, I have but little to add. You will think me cold, but, about your wife, I will say if she reciprocates your love she will come to you; if not, and she should come, she will be a sad clog to your soul. You must leave it in better hands, and pray for needful grace. But, come what may, your duty, and therefore best interest, is clear. When the Almighty gives a plain direct command, as to keep holy the Sabbath, there is nothing left us but to obey, come what will. When Abraham was told to offer up Isaac, he prepared to do it, with a very sad heart no doubt, but with unflinching obedience. And what when Christ says 'He that forsaketh not all, cannot by my disciple?' You are just now where Eve was when the Tempter began to assault her. She looked, she listened, then she took away half her heart from God, and gave it up to the gratification of her own desires. Of course she fell. You take warning. Come what may, you have the command. You must part with all, as Christ directs. I have done." He sighed and said: "All true, I will go and give my last entreaty, and say good bye." We parted with prayer, and before day light he had left. I will just add that he was baptized without her, and with no expectation that she would come; but in some two months after, she and her mother also came, were baptized, and are now quite cheerful, and the wife learning to read.

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## A WAYSIDE SONG.—OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

ADDRESSED TO THE SUFFERING CHRISTIAN.

COME sorrowing Christian, bid faith reach thy lyre,  
 And strike up some joy-notes of holy desire ;  
 In God's city above a mansion you'll own,  
 A rest from all care IN OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

Ah ! few are our joy-notes in this world of care,  
 Our seasons with Jesus how seldom and rare ;  
 But oh ! by and bye, saint, what bliss to be shown  
 The glory of Christ IN OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

If views of His love-work now lift up the soul,  
 Oh what will it be when we gaze on the whole ?  
 Then all He has done we shall joyously own  
 Is well, when we get to OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

We feel there is here much that wearies and tries,  
 But, pilgrim, turn upward thy gaze to the skies ;  
 No losses or crosses will then cast us down,  
 When we tread the gold steps of OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

True, sometimes we here get sweet sips by the way,  
 But oh ! what full pleasure on that happy day,  
 When faith, lost in seeing, beholds as her own,  
 "The Lamb in the midst" of OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

Then, pilgrim so weary, with staff in thy hand,  
 Speed cheerfully up-hill to yon promised land,  
 A few more rough corners will bring to the crown,  
 Which victors will wear IN OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

O'er life's bitter tempests there comes a sweet voice,  
 Which makes the faint spirit revive and rejoice ;  
 It says, "I come quickly !" e'en so, dear Lord, come,  
 And take Thy poor worm TO HIS BEAUTIFUL HOME.

And, oh ! what a home will her pearl gates unfold,  
 With its strong walls of jasper and streets shining gold ;  
 No sighing or sorrow, nor ever a groan,  
 Will enter the courts of OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

The joyous are there, so happily singing,  
 Their anthems of praise through her courts are heard ringing ;  
 Oh catch the glad chorus, and think, suffering one,  
 Oh how lovely 'twill be IN OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

G. C.

## THE MORAVIAN MISSIONARIES IN LADAK AND LAHUL.

LADAK is one of the most elevated regions of the earth. Its different valleys lie along the head-waters of the Indus, the Sutlej, and the Chenab ; and here, in the midst of snowy mountains, there is burning heat by day and piercing cold by night. Immediately to the south of it lies Lahul and Spiti, both British districts, whereas, Ladak is part of the dominions of the ruler of Cashmere.

The inhabitants are called Bhotiyas or Botis, who profess the religion of Buddha, under the rule of monks called Lamas.

Lahul possesses more cultivable land and a less rigorous climate

than the districts to the north, Zanskar, Ladak, and Rukchu, of which the latter is one of the loftiest inhabited regions in the world, the mean height of its plains being 15,634 feet.

To enter Lahul from the Punjab, the traveller has to surmount the Rotang pass, 13,000 feet high. This is closed in the end of October, and does not open again until the end of May. Thus for six months all communication with the Punjab is cut off.

The Botis have short, squat, stout figures, with broad, flat, ugly faces, although occasionally there are to be seen comely persons of both sexes.

The men wear a woollen cloak, originally white, but which, never being washed, becomes more and more unlike what it was at first. They wear coarse leggings wound about from the knee to the ankle, their boots being of felt, with soles of sheep or goat-skin. On their heads they wear quilted skull-caps, or caps of sheepskin with the wool outside.

The women wear a black woollen jacket, with a large striped woollen petticoat of many colours, reaching below the mid-leg: over all, a sheepskin, with the wool inside, is thrown, being secured in front by a large iron or brass needle. The head is always bare, the hair being arranged in a border of narrow plaits. Besides ornaments of various kinds, the women wear in their girdles a *chakmak* or leather case, ornamented with brass, containing flint, steel, and tinder. They also carry a brass spoon and a brass mirror.

As to religion they are Buddhists, and hence idolatrous and indifferent. They make great use of the *mani-chhos-khor*, or precious religious wheel. "This is filled with rolls of printed prayers and charms, which revolve as the instrument is turned round. These revolutions are counted as the saying of so many prayers. These cylinders may be found of all sizes and in all places. Cylinders, about one foot in height, are placed in rows around the temples, and are turned by the votaries before entering. Larger cylinders are found near the villages, turned by water, which keeps them perpetually revolving day and night."

Amongst these people the Moravian Missionaries have dwelt for some years, praying and labouring apparently without results. At last the first-fruits, the first spring flowers, which encourage the hope that the winter will soon be past, have appeared. The particulars are mentioned in the following letter addressed to the Moravian Mission Board—

" KYELANG, October 11th, 1865.

On the 8th instant we had the privilege to baptize Sodnom Stobkeys and his son Joldan as the first-fruits. For years both have cherished the desire to enter the Christian church, and lately they have earnestly begged to be baptized. Sodnom previously declared, that as they found in Buddhism nothing that could give life to their souls, and believed Jesus Christ to be the only Redeemer from sin, they wished to become

Christians. Thereupon, Br. Heyde gave them daily special instruction for baptism.

For the administration of the rite we arranged our largest room. A considerable number of people, mostly women and children, were present. The Lama, who is now here as teacher of the language, sat very near the candidates. The solemn service commenced with the singing of a hymn, translated into Thibetan by Br. Jaeschke. Then Br. Heyde delivered an address in reference to the object of our coming to this country, and adverted particularly to the subject of holy baptism. That these remarks touched the hearts of the candidates was proved by their tears. Upon this followed their baptism into the death of Jesus, in the name of the Holy Trinity. May the Lord Himself complete the good work begun in them!

I may add that two other persons, Lhasqyab and Drogmo by name, are under instruction with a view to the same privilege.

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SUDDEN, YET NOT UNPREPARED.

THAT our Lord's summons may be such, He has Himself forewarned us: "in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh." Hence the need to be "ready." It is rather late to set about the work of preparation, when the conveyance, which waits for no man, is at the door. And how blessed, when called, to be found in Christ; to have the lamp trimmed; nothing more to be done but to rest on the Lord's promises, and wait his will.

The following exemplification of that preparation for death which is so becoming in those who profess faith in the Lord Jesus Christ is from the journal of the Rev. J. D. Thomas, one of our Missionaries in the Mengnanapuram district of Tinnevelly.

April 23, 1865—At seven o'clock this morning, went to the neighbouring congregation of Madathuelie, where I took the morning prayers and preached. The catechist, one of the oldest and most efficient in the district, read the lessons. He did not appear well, and left the church. After service, I heard that he had been attacked by cholera, which has been raging in these parts, and that he had taken some cholera pills. I returned to the bungalow, and, long before noon, was told that he was very ill, and fast sinking. I sent him some "Jeremie's opiate" in a little brandy, the remedy which, humanly speaking, saved my life some years ago, when I had an attack of cholera while staying with the late dear Mr. Ragland in tents in North Tinnevelly. I further recommended dry hot gram, salt, or sand, to be applied to the body, to produce heat. At noon, as we were going to church, I heard that the medicine seemed to do him a little good. We prayed for him in church, that if it should be the Lord's will to restore him, and spare him to us, He would do so. I took the service, and administered the sacrament to ninety-six communicants. The news when we came out of church respecting Thevasagayam, the catechist, was very sad, and left little or no hope of his recovery. The two other catechists who are stationed in this village had been with him constantly, and spoke of the perfect peace that he enjoyed, and said that he had expressed all his wishes with regard to his

wife and family, and the disposal of his effects. In the afternoon I went to see our friend. Outside the house I found carpenters busy making a coffin at the instigation of the people, who, from love to their pastor, wished to have every thing ready in case of his demise. The necessity in this country of speedy burial is very shocking to our ideas and feelings. Inside, the sight was still more painful: the strong man had been brought low, his pulse seemed gone, his eyes sunk, his body cold and clammy, and the mark of death was impressed upon his serene countenance. A great number of people, heathen and Christian, had come into the house: their regard for the man had overcome their fear of the disease. I at once shut the door, which was letting in a cold wind on the poor sufferer, and got hot bottles and fomentations applied to the body, and gave him some more medicine. Soon after, heat was produced in the body, and he began to revive. I then ordered a fowl to be killed, and made into strong broth by my cook, which Thevasagayam seemed to relish, and took with great eagerness. This measure was strongly opposed by his friends, it being a foolish native notion that no food whatever should be given at such times. However, through God's blessing, it did him good, and when, at seven P.M., I left the house, there was a considerable change for the better, and every hope of his recovery. Before I went away we had prayers together, and I spoke to Thevasagayam about his feelings, and tried to ascertain the state of his mind. He seemed to have "perfect peace," and was trusting in his Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ. "I am now called," said he, "to make use of those weapons which I have been learning and teaching others to use for the last twenty-five years. I know there is a crown of glory laid up for me, by the Lord the righteous Judge. I am going to receive it now. I have finished my course, I have fought the fight, Jesus has washed away my sin." It was very encouraging to hear this faithful servant of God thus express his confidence in Christ. May we all have the same like faith! Here is an answer to those who scorn and sneer at Missions. Here is an instance of the power of the Gospel unto salvation to that believe, whether Jew or Gentile, bond or free, Englishman or Hindu; and doubtless there are thousands more, whom we know not, but who, nevertheless, shall be found among the Lord's people in that day when He shall appear with ten thousands of his saints.

April 24—This morning, on my way to Naloomavady, called at the house of Thevasagayam: went in, and found, to my great joy, that he had a good night, and was very much better.

April 25—To-day we heard that Thevasagayam, catechist of Madathuvelli, had a relapse, and died at four o'clock this morning. Thus we have lost one of our ablest catechists, a faithful preacher of the Gospel, and a resolute opponent of Romanism. It was a remarkable coincidence that the second lesson on Sunday morning, which was the last portion of Scripture Thevasagayam read in public, should be Paul's solemn and affectionate farewell address to the elders of Ephesus, Acts xx. How appropriate are many parts of that address to Thevasagayam's own past life and labours!

May 5—Prepared a funeral sermon about the late Thevasagayam, catechist, and preached it in the evening to the catechists and school-masters.

Thus the wondrous process is going on: God's elect are being called home. One by one they are summoned to cross the river over which there is no bridge; but so soon as their feet are dipped in the brim of the water, the waters part, and they pass over as on dry ground. "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"



MHOW.

THERE are several towns in India called Mhow, but this one is in the Azimghur district, North-west Provinces. Our Missionary at Azimghur, the Rev. A. Lockwood, visited it for the first time at the end of 1864.

Nov. 17—Mhow consists of one main street, about two miles in length, with numerous minor streets branching off on either side. The form of the town, as seen from the bungalow, is that of a crescent, commencing in the east, and, after taking a westerly sweep, terminating in the N.N.W. It is surrounded by clusters of very fine mango and tamarind trees. The population is about 10,000—half Mohammedans and half Hindus—principally weavers. During the Mohammedan period, and, indeed, until about thirty years ago, some of the finest fabrics sold in the Indian market issued from the looms of Mhow. It has very much declined in importance since then. Numerous substantial ruins tell that it was once a prosperous place: now few good houses are to be seen: most are formed of mud. At the west end of the town are evident traces of houses, extending nearly a mile, once included in the town itself. All this space is now occupied by a few silent detached villages.

I could not help thinking that the offer of the Gospel to these poor people, at such a time, would be more likely to be listened to than it would have been had it been made fifty years ago. It is when man is straitened that he is more prepared to see and acknowledge the fulness and the liberty of the Gospel.

Nov. 20: Lord's-day.—Being very tired from the previous two days' journey, I felt to-day quite unequal to much exertion, but I thought it well to show myself in the town, and so, towards sunset, rode through several of the streets, and the chauk, or market-place. In this a daily market is held, and the noise to-day was so deafening that I saw at once we should never be able to preach there. For a market-place the space is contracted. Piles of grain and garden vegetables occupied every available spot, and the chauk was literally crowded with buyers. All the avenues leading into it were choked up with bullocks and carts; so much so, that it was very difficult to make one's way through them. Once clear of these, I went in search of a preaching-place, and a very good one I found on the left, or south side of the bazaar, and just far enough away from it to be free from its noise. On the north and east sides of this space are two trees affording excellent shade in the morning, but to the south and west it is quite open, and too much exposed to the sun for early preaching in the evening. Still it is the best place in Mhow, is near the route of traffic, and will hold a large collection of people. At the south-east corner is a high wall, and I resolved to occupy this on the following day.

KUNAWUR.

KUNAWUR is one of the Himalaya provinces of British India, bounded on the west by Chinese Tartary. It is a very elevated and rugged country, consisting of mountain ridges, through the midst of which, in a direction from north-east to south-west, runs the valley of the Sutlej.



PEOPLE OF KUNAWUR.

We do not know much about this country, nor does it seem necessary, in the opinion of some, that this ignorance should be removed. Yet these wild countries, Kunawur, Spiti, Ladak, &c., are the homes of portions of our race. In the south the religion of the inhabitants is Hinduism, the goddess in greatest repute being Kalee in her most horrid form, to whom human sacrifices were wont to be offered, until the British Government got possession of the Hill States in 1815. Great sums are expended on the temples, which are often of cut stone. They have roofs in the Chinese fashion, and projecting balconies. In the north, the religion is Lamaism, one of the dullest sections of that very dull and stupifying creed called Buddhism. They worship Buddha, although they are not exclusive in the homage they pay him, and associate with his image other idols, which are very hideous and monstrous. Religious service is performed daily in the temples attached to the monasteries, and consists chiefly of prayers and chanting, in which the formula, "Aum, mani-padme, hun," is frequently repeated. The whole is accompanied with the music of wind instruments, supplemented by tabrets and drums.

Occasionally the priests proclaim aloud the numerous titles of the supreme Buddha, such as, "Glory to the chief Buddhas! Reliever of all suffering, master of all virtue, equal, equal to the heavens! adoration!" Another muntra runs thus—"Glory to the chief Buddhas! hé, hé, hé, young prince, emancipation, communion, memory, memory, great prowess, adoration!" These, however, are sensible productions, compared with some others, which degenerate into such gibberish as to be absolutely untranslatable.

These poor people think they shall be heard for their much speaking; and as the human lips cannot repeat the sacred sentences fast enough, they have invented the mani-chos-khor, or prayer cylinder. "The body of the instrument is a metal cylinder, about three inches in height, and from two to two and a half inches in diameter. The axis is prolonged below to form a handle. The cylinder is filled with rolls of paper and charms, which revolve as the instrument is turned round. Every Lama carries a chos-khor, which he keeps perpetually turning by a gentle motion of the hand, assisted by a curved piece of iron, fastened by a chain to the outside. As every revolution of a prayer is equivalent to its recitation, the chos-khor is a very ingenious instrument for multiplying the number of a man's prayers."

But even the motion of the hand does not multiply fast enough the revolution of the papers on which the sacred sentences are written. Some of them, therefore, are kept constantly in motion by water, on the same principle as the water-mills, while others are turned by the wind.

The people are generally of a dark complexion, but good-looking, and some of them have ruddy faces. They are well made and muscular. They are said to possess much simplicity of character. In their persons they are dirty, and their moral habits do not bear examination. They have amongst them national customs of a most degrading character. What can be expected of a people who are left without the knowledge of true religion, and who have nothing to substitute in its place but wretched systems such as we have described?

We have one Mission station on the extreme frontier border of this province, at Kotgurh, from whence some feeble rays of light are cast upon the vast territories of unbroken heathenism which lie beyond. Some young men from the Chinese border have found their way to the Mission : they are sons of wealthy and influential people, and the Rev. W. Rebsch expects more from the same quarter. One native of China has been baptized. He maintains a consistent walk, is diligent in his business, and exemplary in his observance of the Lord's-day, and attendance on the means of grace.

Besides these encouragements, earnest requests for teachers have come to him from the far interior ; but it is with difficulty that our Missionary can supply the demand in villages near to Kotgurh ; and so those that are afar off remain unprovided for.

Somehow the people of these provinces seem to be continually reminding us of their need.

One of the finest trees in Kunawur is the keloo, or deodar. Gerard says it grows to a height of 150 feet, with a circumference of from twenty to thirty feet. It is a cedar, its wood not liable to decay, and is much used for the beams of houses, temples, &c.

Deodars are now much sought after in this country, and specimens of them are very often to be seen in the demesnes of our nobility and gentry. Every deodar growing amongst us should serve as a reminiscence of the country which is its native place, and of the spiritual need of the people that dwell there.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE SIERRA-LEONE AUXILIARY CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

WE have just held our great Anniversary of the Parent Society in London. We have had our hearts stirred by the eloquent sermon of the Dean of Cork, preached in St. Bride's Church on the evening of April 30th. The proceedings of the next day ; the large number of clerical friends collected at the breakfast ; the able address delivered by Archdeacon Prest, which we print in the " Church Missionary Intelligencer " for this month ; the admirable Report, full of indubitable evidences of Missionary progress ; the addresses, so good and heart-stirring ; all was most refreshing, and the friends of the Society returned home, each to his own sphere, with a mind to work more earnestly than ever.

Now it will be interesting to our friends to know that our native church at Sierra Leone follows closely our example in this respect. That church, raised up from the midst of heathenism, on the once dark coast of Western Africa, has also its Auxiliary Church Missionary Society, the anniversary of which is celebrated every year. The last Annual Meeting was held on December 5th of last year. The sermon was preached by the Rev. George Nicol, the native pastor of Regent's Town, his text being Isaiah xl. 3—5. The congreg-

gation of African Christians was large and attentive, and the sermon plain, practical, and effective.

Now of this sermon we should like to give a brief sketch. The prophecy was compared "to a dissolving-view picture, in which one beautiful scene merges into another still more grand and beautiful. The eye of the prophet, therefore, glances rapidly from the object more immediately in view, in the distant future, to the object more remote; and he regards the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity as introductory to a far more important deliverance to be effected by Christ. This, no doubt, was the mind of the Spirit. All the four Evangelists, you will remember, quote this very prophecy, whole, or in part, and put it, as it were in the mouth of John the Baptist, the Saviour's forerunner. Jesus was to be born a Prince and Saviour. Jehovah was about to take to Himself his great power, and reign for ever, for the eternal redemption of his people. Long had the world been enslaved. Four thousand years had rolled away since, by 'man's first disobedience, death came into the world, and all our woe.' Satan, the god of this world, ruled supreme. Darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people. The strong man armed had fortified himself, and kept his goods in peace. The whole creation groaned beneath his tyranny. But there is to be an end of his tyranny, and a check to his usurped power."

The near object was the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity; the more distant and glorious object the coming and work of Christ. The Deliverer has come, and it remains that his kingdom be promoted throughout the world. The subject was then divided into three parts—

1. The difficulties and obstacles that stand in the way of the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom in the world.
2. The church's duty in this great enterprise.
3. The certainty of ultimate and triumphant success.

Now it is from the second head we would quote, because it is so eminently practical, and calculated to do ourselves good.

Every converted man, or the church, which is only made up of converted persons in the aggregate, must stand in the midst of this moral desert, and proclaim full and free salvation to every son and daughter of Adam, to proclaim aloud,

"The year of Jubilee is come
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home."

Here we have the foundation of Missionary operations. The church is the messenger to prepare the way of the Lord; to stand and speak to sinners of every colour, "all the words of this life." She is to give God no rest till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth.

Of herself she cannot convert a soul. Her solemn duty is to go forth in the wilderness, and proclaim to Jew and Gentile salvation through the blood of Christ. She is to set the Gospel machinery in motion in

faith and prayer. Jesus her King is coming to reign. And do you ask how and in what way the church can discharge this? I answer in three ways—

- (a) By sending out Missionaries to the heathen.
- (b) By contributing for their support.
- (c) By praying for the divine blessing on their work.

Now in one or other of these ways every member of the Church of Christ can preach the Gospel. Every individual Christian must bear his part in this great enterprise. I do not find in the whole word of God that widows or poor people are exempt from this great duty.

There are no drones in the Christian hive. Remember the widow's mite. The moment you are converted, He says to you, Son, daughter, go work in my vineyard. If you cannot go abroad like our friends to the Niger, Yoruba, Bullom, or Quiah, and stand in the midst of the heathen to proclaim the great jubilee of the Gospel, you can subscribe your mite, your copper, towards their support. And all can pray. All can wrestle with God. Do you then, as converted Africans, realize the deep and solemn responsibility that hangs upon you? I think the duty of helping forward this great work is more especially incumbent on us. We ourselves were objects of charity. We ourselves are the fruits of Missionary labours. "Freely then we have received, freely let us give." Thank God, brethren, that He has, in his good providence, raised up this great, this noble Society, whose cause we now advocate. I depreciate not the labours of other Missionary Societies here or in other parts of the world; but the truth must be told, and told plainly. Infidelity has compelled us to glory. I believe Africans in general, and we in Sierra Leone in particular, owe all we have, and all we are, under God, to the Church Missionary Society. That Society has done more than any other Society in existence to demonstrate to the world that Africans are capable of instruction, and, more than this, that the heart of an African can be as easily touched and moved by the Spirit of God as any other nation under heaven. That Society was the first to demonstrate to the whole civilized world that Africans, real negroes, as they call us of Western Africa, once a prey to superstition and degraded by slavery, now converted, instructed, can be invested not only with the solemn office of the ministry, but also with the higher and more responsible functions of the episcopal office. Who among us, dear brethren, will not come forward with his or her mite every year, to assist this noble Society in her great mission to the world? Let us then be stimulated to go on in this work of faith. We are engaged in no vain pursuit. We do not labour for nought.

With such a testimony before us, we cannot but feel that the Church Missionary Society is placed in the same position as the virtuous woman in Proverbs xxxi.—"Her children rise up and call her blessed."

THE NESTORIANS.

THIS interesting Christian race has been greatly indebted to the efforts of American Missionaries on their behalf. From the far west these strangers came, across the Atlantic and the breadth of Europe, to seek them out on the Asiatic continent, as they lay secluded on the borders of Turkey and Persia. Although they retained more of the truth of Christianity than any other Oriental church, yet with them it was reduced to a dry dogma, from whence spirituality and power seemed to have departed, and no doubt before long they would have fallen a prey to the French Lazarist Missionaries.

A large blessing has rested on the efforts made for their enlightenment. In the Tenth Annual Report of the Turkish Missions-Aid Society (1863-64) it was stated that there are no less than twenty-nine priests and thirty-three deacons, who, having been brought to the knowledge of the truth, were engaged in the great work of teaching pure Christianity to their people.

It is well to remark, that although the Missionaries are not episcopalians, there has been no interference with the ecclesiastical structure and form of this old episcopal church. They still entertain the hope of reforming the church, and hence no separate churches have been organized.

The evangelical Nestorians stand high in the estimation of all classes, as being superior in morality. Mohammedans receive their word as unquestionable in matters of business. Although exceedingly poor, and sufferers, in 1863 and 1864, from a grievous famine, yet out of their deep penury they subscribe to the maintenance of their Christian ordinances. Nothing is more invigorating to native Christianity than to lead it forth in the direction of self-support. If the native Christians be so poor that they cannot give much, then let them give a little; and although it may help the Mission but a little, it will help themselves much.

One excellent Christian amongst them has lately been called to his rest, Deacon Isaac, brother of the late Patriarch.

He is universally and deeply-lamented, and well he may be, for his loss to his people is irreparable. I do not hesitate to pronounce him one of the most remarkable men of the East. He was in character, as well as in position, a prince among his people. . . . No one, seeing him move quietly and noiselessly about, in plain dress and with such perfect simplicity and freedom from ostentation in his whole demeanour, though always benignant and courtly, would have imagined that this was once "Isaac Pasha," a mountain chieftain, ready to break a lance with the Koordish robber who might cross his path. He had breathed mountain air—the air of perfect freedom. He grew up among some of the grandest scenery of the world, and his character was marked for its depth and loftiness. That naturally noble character, grace, with plastic hand,

moulded into one of rare symmetry and beauty. He was once a proud persecutor of God's truth; but the very word he attempted to crush was God's hammer to break him. . . .

He was gifted with a high order of intellect. It was clear intellect, and passionless, yet his heart was tender and passionate as that of a woman. He knew nothing of the discipline of the schools, yet it was astonishing with what rapidity he would pierce an intricate matter, and get right at its kernel. With a remarkable insight he penetrated men, seeming to know their intentions and motives before they were consciously matured in their minds. He had frequently to deal with keen, wily Persian officials, yet he saw so far beyond them that they were baffled by him, and with mortification would admit, "We can't manage him." . . .

His dress was the plainest, his fare the simplest. He would generally take the lowest place in the assemblies of his people, until he was compelled to take a higher. He was perfectly accessible to a little child or poor distressed woman, and still there was a courtliness and dignity which prevented any undue familiarity. He was a member of the patriarchal family—its flower and pride. He might have shared its honours, wielded its power, indulged its luxuries, woven its intrigues. Its spirit did once actuate him, but a change came, producing an utter uncongeniality—as perfect as that of light to darkness, truth to falsehood. He never could be persuaded to return. When pecuniary inducements were offered him, he at once replied, "I cannot desert God's work."

He grew up in a land where it is no shame for the highest nobleman to lie, where there is no one of them who does not constantly practice lying, and where this is one of the last of the besetting sins of our native converts that is conquered; yet I never saw in him the slightest deviation from the strictest truth. He lived in a land where bribery and corruption have infected the whole body politic, and where, from the highest to the lowest, it is practised unblushingly. He was poor, and his home was a court-yard for the settlement of innumerable cases of litigation; yet I never knew him to take a farthing as a reward for his services, much less to pervert justice and right. He grew up where, externally, but little deference is paid to woman, and yet he took pride in showing his respect for his wife Marta, mentioning her name, quoting her opinions, and treating her with the utmost kindness. Their relation was a beautiful example of conjugal attachment, of untold worth in such a land and among such a people. He was naturally of a proud and lofty spirit, that could not brook an insult. Once, when insulted by a French Lazarist, he sprung to his feet, and put his hand to the hilt of his sword, but from that day he never wore the sword again. So completely had he obtained the mastery over his own spirit, that he could return a gross insult with silence or a smile. . . .

We owe much to him. He cast into our work a powerful reforming influence; and he was a wise reformer, at once progressive and conservative. His teachings were more radical, his example more conservative. . . .

As I review his character, I do not hesitate to pronounce him a great man, in all the true elements of greatness. He was a trophy of God's

wonderful grace, and a legitimate fruit of Christian Missions. We have laid him to rest—our beloved and honoured friend. We mingle our tears with the tears of a widowed wife and seven fatherless children, and with the tears of a nation who justly mourn for him, their chief. In their own touching idiom they say, "We are left orphans."

These Protestant Nestorians have been throughout an afflicted people, persecuted by the Romish Missionaries, and then, at their instigation, by the Mohammedan power, whose subjects they are.

It is with great gratification that we are enabled to trace, in the reports of the American Missionaries, the efforts of British officials at the court of Persia on behalf of this poor people. One of them, who has very recently died, writing under date of January 2, 1864, says—"Some light begins to dawn on the dark night of Nestorian oppression. Her Britannic Majesty's Government seems thoroughly enlisted. Mr. Alison, Her Majesty's Ambassador, is taking up the subject in earnest, and Mr. Consul Glen is investigating and reporting the wrongs of the people."

The following proceedings in the House of Lords on Tuesday May 7th, shows that the friendly offices of the British Ambassadors at the court of Persia, on behalf of this poor people, have not been without effect—

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe called attention to the case of the Nestorian Christians, and to the tolerant treatment they had received from the Persian Government, and inquired whether Her Majesty's Government could confirm the information which had reached him from private sources on the subject.

The Earl of Clarendon could give a confirmation to the statement of the noble lord. In the first place, as to the Nestorians in Persia, he believed that they were established at an earlier date than that mentioned by the noble lord, and that their rites and doctrines very much corresponded with those which prevailed in this country—so much so, that they had been called the Protestants of Asia. They had been subject to the greatest oppression, not only from those among whom they lived, but from the Mohammedans placed over them. These continued oppressions having come, from various sources, to the knowledge of Her Majesty's Government, Mr. Alison, our Minister in Persia, was directed to bring the subject under the consideration of the Persian Government. Mr. Alison had also suggested that the Nestorians should cease to be governed by a Mohammedan prince, and that a Christian ruler should be placed over them. This suggestion was approved, and he was ordered to bring it before the Persian Government, and, after communicating with the Persian Prime Minister, he communicated direct with the Shah. The Shah not only agreed that a Christian ruler should be placed over the Nestorians, and not only gave them a site for building a church, but, what his noble friend had called an unprecedented example, he also subscribed 100*l.* towards building the church for them. As soon as these circumstances came to the knowledge of Her Majesty's Government, Mr. Alison was desired to return their warmest thanks to the Shah, and the

British Government also directed him to subscribe 80*l.* to the building of the church. He had also the satisfaction of saying that all sects also joined Mr. Alison in the subscription. The matter having been brought to Her Majesty's knowledge, Her Majesty desired that Mr. Alison should seek an audience with the Shah, to express, in her name, the interest she took in these questions, and her warm acknowledgments for the Shah's valuable assistance and the protection extended to the Nestorians. The Christian ruler, a man of high rank, had since been appointed over the Nestorians, and he thought there was every reason to hope that henceforth this sect would be free from persecution. He could not conclude without bearing testimony to the tact, judgment, and ability exhibited throughout an affair, which his noble friend would understand was not brought to a satisfactory termination without some difficulty, by Her Majesty's representative in Persia.

The Earl of Shaftesbury said he had received letters confirming the statements which had been made, and only to-day he had seen a gentleman who stated that this was a legitimate occasion for promoting the Christian religion in the East. He should like to point out to his noble friend the circumstance that the Secretary to the Foreign Minister of the Shah gave 50*l.* as a precedent which was worthy of imitation.



“NOW.”

Now I live ;
 But if to-night? to-morrow? know I not.
 O well for me when I can leave my lot
 All unto God !
 To Him my faithful service give,
 And through his Spirit's strength
 Prepare for my account at length.

See the flower
 Which, full of brightness in the morning shower,
 It doth no longer wave the stalk upon
 When evening comes.
 So lasts man's glory but an hour.
 And canst thou soul, thus waste
 An hour that flieth in such haste?

Stand thou clear
 From earth. Here is thy struggle—yonder, rest.
 Up, up, my soul! press forward, heaven is best.
 Now hasten home!
 Let earth seem distant—heaven more near.
 Thou soon this life doth fly,
 How soon comes that which shall not die!

Never delay
 To do the duty which the hour brings,
 Whether it be in great or little things.
 For who doth know
 What he shall do the coming day?
 This moment is for thee ;
 The rest perhaps thou wilt not see.

Father of all!
 So let thy "Watch" be not in vain—
 Let my soul hear
 And daily answer to the call.
 Then sudden death shall be
 But a quick step to life and Thee!

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### THE KUZZELBASH KOORDS.

THE Koords are a wandering people, who range over the eastern regions of Asiatic Turkey, south and east of the districts occupied by the Turcomans. Some of them live in villages, and are employed in agriculture; others lead a wandering life, pasturing their flocks on the mountain plateaux in the summer, and descending, on the approach of winter, to the more sheltered valleys. A traveller, who has been amongst them, describes the appearance of a Koord of the upper classes as very striking. His face is somewhat Grecian, but thin, resembling the heads of the ancient Persians, as seen at various places in stone traceries: from such the Koords are supposed to have descended. His person is spare, like that of an Arab. He wears an enormous shawl, sometimes manufactured of silk and wool, and striped red and white. The trowsers are of great size, showing that the owner is a horseman, not a pedestrian. He wears a short jacket, and, over all, the loose Arab *abbā*, black or white, made of camels' hair, while in his girdle is seen the indispensable dagger.

One section of this people are called Kuzzelbash Koords, and some of these, through the efforts of the American Missionaries, having embraced evangelical Christianity, are called Protestant Koords. Recently, in October, three Missionaries left Sivas to visit these Koords at six hours' distance.

*Gunduz*—We reached this village last evening just before sunset, and easily found the house of the man known as *Lame Ali*, the Protestant, who welcomed us, and made us as comfortable as he could. The room in which we are lodged has no means of ventilation except through the door and fire-place, in which a fire was at once built, and kept for a light. The villagers began to come in very soon, and for five hours we sat in that room, with from twenty to forty persons crowded into it, and read and talked to them a large part of the time; indeed, as long as we could. Shortly before eleven o'clock, a whole lamb, roasted, was brought in on a pole six or seven feet long, near one end. As the other end was rested on the low table, the lamb was up almost to the top of the room. It was then slid down, the pole removed, and two men proceeded to carve it up small, with their fingers. A lamb so prepared in honour of guests they call a "corban," or sacrifice. The lamb was quickly dispatched, after which all dispersed except our host and two others, the so-called Protestants. Our host said, "They have eaten and separated, now see what they will do. They will find another opportunity against

us." Another remarked, "You ought not to have opened up so freely before them," referring to our talking in the evening. I said, "We have simply preached the Gospel, and in just the way we always do when men will hear. That is our duty." I saw they were not satisfied, and so, as I might never have another opportunity, and as the object of my coming here was special, and could then be accomplished, I talked till near one o'clock.

It seems they have long since rejected their ancient superstitions, and received the Gospel, but, without a teacher, they know little of it. Moreover, they are watched and persecuted by their neighbours, and having long looked to us, almost in vain, for protection and instruction, they are now well nigh discouraged. There are two families of them here, and five, in all, in the near villages. Their sheikh, as they call him, lives eight hours from here, where we expect to spend the night, and in that vicinity there is a still larger number of families of the so-called Protestants. The countenances of the women are expressive of more intelligence than I have seen in many Turkish villages, and the children look bright, notwithstanding they run about clad—rather, unclad—in scanty, dirty rags, utterly untrained, "like the wild ass's colt." This is wild, rough work, but I never felt happier than in trying to do the work my Master sent me here for, in the close air, and amid the vermin of this room, at midnight, surrounded by a company of very ignorant men and children.

*Medjed*—Before reaching here we stopped at a small village, which is nearly all Protestant, to request all those who would like to see us to come here, and also that they might circulate the notice of our arrival in the villages near. We did not find the sheikh at home, and though we sent to the mountains for him, he has not arrived yet. His brother and his sons appear intelligent, but not one of them all can read! We have had some plain talk with those present last night and this morning. Some things are now clear.

1. These people were formerly, though nominally Mohammedans, really heathen, paying a respect amounting to worship to their chief sheikhs, and from time to time bowing idolatrously before wands cut from a certain tree, and kept in the houses of their sheikhs.

2. But their religious faith and customs had too little of substance and body to hold them firmly, and their faith in Mohammed and the Korán was, and was known to be, a mere lip confession. When, therefore, some dozen years ago, Armenian Protestant brethren brought them the Gospel, they professed, whether in sincerity or with hope of advantage, to receive it; and ever since that time some score or two of houses are known as Protestant; and they adhere to this profession, although they have suffered a great deal of persecution from other Koords.

As yet these poor people are ignorant, very timid, and sadly oppressed. May the seed of Gospel truth sown amongst them be as a spring of new life, until there be wells in the wilderness and rivers in the desert!



## THE WRITTEN WORD.

READ religious books less, and the word of God more. There is nothing like that. • It is all "pure," all "tried," it all testifies of Jesus. Seek to realize that it is God's word; that He means what He says, and would have you believe what He says, not because you feel it, but because He says it. Very often we are looking for an inward revelation, an inward voice or feeling, instead of simply believing the written word of our God, and Satan thus gets a great advantage over us. How strikingly are we taught the value of the word in our conflicts with Satan in Eph. vi., where the armour of God is described. Our girdle is to be "truth." "Thy word is truth." Our feet are to be shod with the "preparation of the Gospel of peace." This "Gospel of peace" is the "word of faith," the word of God. (Rom. x. 15—18.) We are to take the "shield of faith;" this also is the word. "His truth shall be thy shield and buckler." (Ps xci. 4.) It is by this shield that we "shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one." Again, the "sword of the Spirit is the word of God." It was in this armour our Lord met Satan when on earth, and triumphed over him. May we be strong in his strength, and clad with the panoply of God!

If you had come to Jesus when personally present, casting yourself (as you do now that He is bodily absent) upon his grace and love, you would have heard his spoken word, "Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee;" but in his absence you have his written word, which declares, "By him all that believe are justified from all things." "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." Indeed, this is the very object of the Holy Ghost in the written word. "These things are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name." (John xx. 31.) "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God." (1 John v. 13.)

Jesus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul,  
Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst make me whole :  
There is none in heaven, or on earth like Thee!  
Thou hast died for sinners, therefore, Lord, for me.

Jesus I may trust Thee! Name of matchless worth,  
Spoken by the angel, at Thy wondrous birth;  
Written, and for ever, on Thy cross of shame,  
Sinners, read and worship, trusting in that Name.

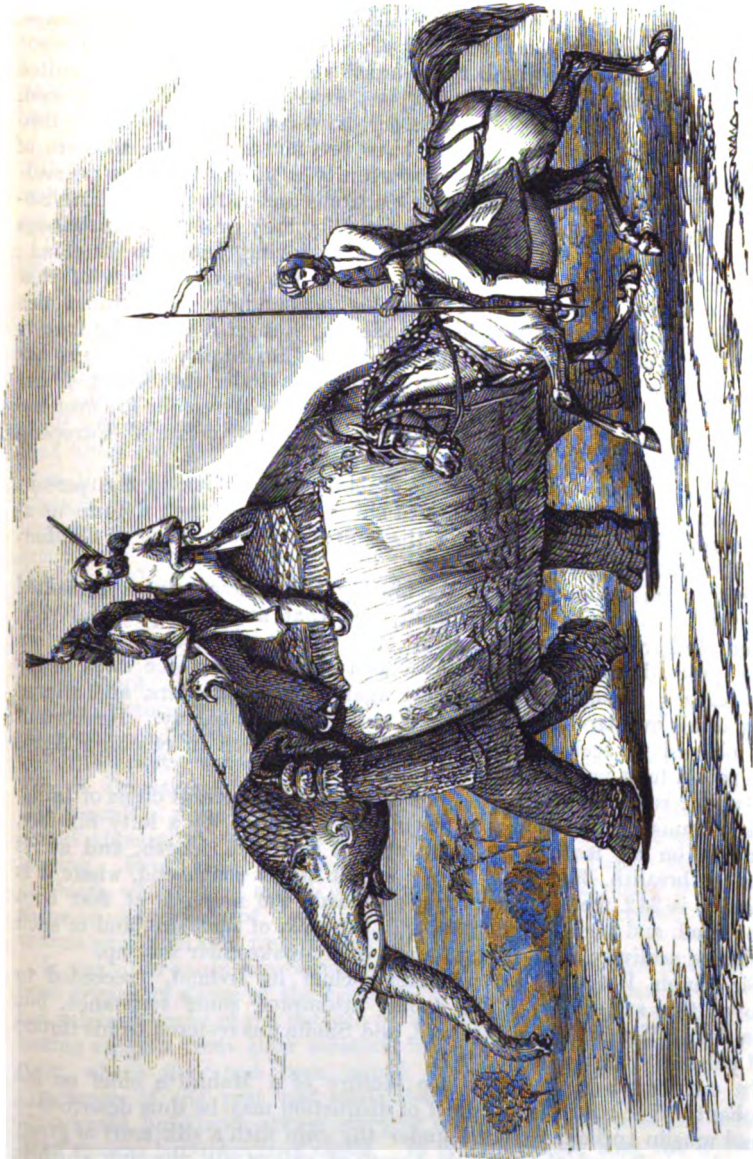
Jesus, I must trust Thee, pondering thy ways,  
Full of love, and mercy, all Thine earthly days;  
Sinners gathered round Thee, lepers sought Thy face,  
None too vile or loathsome for a SAVIOUR'S grace.

Jesus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy WRITTEN Word,  
(Though Thy voice of pity I have never heard) :  
When Thy Spirit teacheth, to my taste how sweet,  
Only may I hearken, sitting at Thy feet.

Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust without a doubt,  
"Whosoever cometh, Thou wilt not cast out :"  
Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy blood,  
These are my soul's salvation, Thou my Saviour God.

THE MAHRATTAS.

THE north-western part of peninsular India composes the territory of Maharashtra, within which lie large portions of Malwa, Kandeish, Aurungabad, and Bejapore. It is elevated, rugged, diversified with



MAHRATTA CHIEF AND HORSEMAN.

July 1866.

II

bleak table-lands, and broken by numerous streams and torrents. This is the home of the Mahrattas, a people who rose to political power in India about 200 years ago, when the Mogul empire had grown old and feeble. They first came into collision with the British power about 100 years ago. It was with them that, on September 24th, 1803, the late Duke of Wellington, then Colonel Wellesley, fought the battle of Assaye. His troops were few compared with those of the opposing party—not more than one-fourth in number; so much so, that the Mahrattas exulted in the prospect of a speedy conquest over the English, and said, "They cannot escape us." The victory, however, was with the English. It is thus that, step by step, we have become undisputed masters of the Indian peninsula; and thus opportunity is afforded for the promulgation of the Gospel throughout its kingdoms and nations. All Englishmen, who are influenced by the Christianity they profess, acknowledge that this has been the divine intention in giving India to England; and that this has been done with a view to the evangelization of that great country. Let England use this opportunity. She must not expect to hold India for ever in dependence; but let her only be true to God's purpose, and freely give to India the Christianity which she has herself freely received—let her only impart to India the secret of her own strength and prosperity—and then India will remain for ever the faithful friend of England, and, when the great crisis of European trouble comes, will yield her unexpected help.

There are at present two remains of Maharatta power, in the persons of Sindia and Holkar, two Mahratta chiefs, who hold their dominions as feudatories to the British crown; the capital of the one being at Gwalior, and the other at Indore.

During the perilous time of the mutiny, both these princes remained faithful to the British Government, and that at much personal risk. When Holkar's troops rose in revolt, and he himself refused to sanction their proceedings, he was detained as a prisoner for three days in his own palace. Sindia took the field against the mutineers, and a large body of his own troops deserted him, and joined the enemy. He himself was obliged to seek safety in flight, and succeeded in reaching Agra. The rebels took possession of his capital.

Gwalior is the strongest, and one of the most important cities of India. It is commanded or protected, whichever it may be, by a lofty hill-fort, standing on an isolated rock, about half a mile in length, and at its greatest breadth, 300 yards. The height at the south end, where it is greatest, is 342 feet. The entrance towards the north is at first by a steep road, and higher by steps cut in the rock, of such size, and of such moderate acclivity, that elephants can easily make their way up.

Sir Hugh Rose, now commander-in-chief in Ireland, proceeded to recover this stronghold. The enemy attempted some resistance, but soon fled. The fort was recaptured, and Sindia was restored to his throne and palace.

In our engraving we have the picture of a Mahratta chief on his elephant. The costume of a chief of distinction may be thus described—A red muslin turban, fastened under the chin with a silk scarf of green and silver. Round the waist is a sash of yellow silk, through which is



thrust a long straight sword, with a yellow velvet scabbard, and an equally long sword-knot of green silk fringed with silver. Massive gold bracelets and armlets, and necklaces of yellow beads, complete his decorations. But the ornaments of the elephant are sometimes more splendidly barbaric. Here is a description of a very beautiful one used by a Mahratta prince—"The whole of his head and trunk was painted in the richest colours; he wore a deep frontlet of solid silver net-work, and each of his huge tusks was fitted into a sheath of silver richly embossed; massive silver chains encircled his legs, which were about the circumference of a forty-years' oak-tree; large and sonorous bells of the same metal depended from his sides; his ears were decorated with silver ear-rings about six feet long; and his housings, the fringe of which reached nearly to the ground, were of velvet embroidered with gold and silver."

Is there any Missionary in Sindia's territories? Have there ever been? We know not of any.

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#### THE DJUKU SLAVE BOY.

In the summer of 1853 Macgregor Laird, Esq., a merchant of London, long and extensively engaged in the West-African trade, fitted out a small steamer, with a view to explore the river Niger. It was at the time that Dr. Barth, the celebrated African traveller, had penetrated from the north into Nigritia, and this steamer, called the "Pleiad," when it reached the Confluence, was to ascend the branch that flows in from the east, in the hope that perhaps Dr. Barth, about whose safety great fears were entertained, might be heard of, or even met with. Up this river, the Tshadda, the steamer made its way for a distance of 250 miles, passing through various tribes along its banks, with whom there had been no previous intercourse. Amongst others were the Mitshis, called Kaferi, even by their heathen neighbours, and described as being a wild people and wicked archers.

It was determined to pay a visit to these Mitshis, and, taking advantage of several canoes from the opposite side of the river, going to one of the Mitshi markets, some of the "Pleiad's" crew, having with them the Rev. S. Crowther, followed after them. As they drew near, however, they heard a great confusion, and soon found that the Mitshis had armed themselves with bows and poisoned arrows, to oppose their landing. Every thing was done to try and appease them: some handkerchiefs, which they might have wished to have had, were held out to them as an inducement, but they only seemed more enraged, and, with violent gesticulations, ordered our people away.

It was afterwards ascertained why they so acted. The Mitshis had been originally slaves of the Felatahs, a great Mohammedan tribe, which has subdued many of the nations on the north side of the Tshadda, and, having escaped from their masters, had settled on the south side of the river, where they had been joined by other runaway slaves. The experience of the past had made them suspicious of strangers. They looked wild, but timid, always carrying about with them poisoned arrows. They possess large herds of cattle. It is remarkable that the tribes on

both sides of this part of the Tshadda are not the original proprietors, but have come from the north, no doubt having been driven from their homes by the incursions of the Felatahs.

It was while anchored off this part of the coast, on the return voyage, that a native came on board the "Pleaid," having with him three boys, two of them his sons, but about the third there was a mystery. At length it was discovered that he was intended to be sold as a slave. Much pity was felt for the poor little fellow, and at length the late Dr. Baikie purchased him for 50,000 cowries.

Let us trace the subsequent history of this boy. He was taken to Sierra Leone, put to school, and was one of the foundation pupils in the grammar school at Freetown for some years. Here he improved much in general information, and afterwards learnt a little carpentry. But he had not forgotten his old associations. He wished to go back to the Niger, that he might teach to his countrymen the true religion which he had been brought to know. Thus, last year, when Bishop Crowther was at Sierra Leone, seeking out labourers for the Niger Mission, this young man asked to be taken back to his native country. This wish was complied with. At Gbebe there was a young girl, who, about four years previously, had been rescued from slavery by the Rev. Dr. Baikie. She had been placed at our female boarding school at the Confluence. This young couple were married in September last. "Both of them," says Bishop Crowther, "being natives of the country, and fruits of the Mission, I take particular interest in them. May the Lord make them useful to their own countrymen!"

The young native's Christian name is William Carlin. Some of the people at Sierra Leone told him he was not a Mitshi, but one of themselves. They were Kororofa people, on the banks of the Tshadda, who are also known as the Djuku people, a part of whom have been conquered by the Felatahs, but the main body of the nation preserves its independence, and has as its capital the town of Wukari. Bishop Crowther, in reference to this young Djuku, who is now an assistant schoolmaster at Idda, observes, "Who can tell what the Lord, in his mysterious providence, has in view for the teeming population of the banks of these mighty rivers?"

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#### INTERCOURSE AT SMYRNA WITH TURKS AND GREEK CHRISTIANS.

OUR Missionaries at Smyrna, in Asia Minor, have to prosecute their work amongst a mingled population of Turks, Greek Christians, and Armenians. It may be interesting to our readers to be informed how the work is carried on amidst different classes of people, and we therefore introduce some extracts from the journals of Mr. Montesanto, a native catechist, who is stationed at Cassaba, some miles in the interior. The first paragraph refers to a conversation with Turks.

One evening, during the Ramazan, I went to the Bazar-Jâmy,\* in

\* One of the principal mosques, Cassaba.

the rooms surrounding which I knew that Softahs\* came together, to spend the evening in conversation. I entered a room where between twenty and thirty persons were assembled, and was bid welcome. After the usual salutations, two of the Softahs, whom I know, asked what was the object of my visit. I said, "I know that, during the present season, you converse on religious subjects. I am anxious to become a listener, and, with your permission, to join in the conversation."

*Softahs.* "Very well, teacher; do you begin."

*Mont.* "Since you do me this honour, allow me to propose a question, which I should like to have answered. What is your object in keeping the Ramazan? You must have some object in view, and I should like to know what it is."

*Softahs.* "Of course we do not keep the Ramazan ignorantly; it were better not to keep it at all. We fast during the day, in order to give ourselves unto prayer, and to subdue our passions, and we have our minds centred upon God, without being distracted by worldly cares."

*Mont.* "Your object is a good one; and if what you say actually took place, it would be well. But I see the contrary. Instead of passions subdued and thoughts centred upon God—I beg your pardon for saying so—I see exhibitions of wrath, and downcast countenances because you are obliged to fast. Then, towards evening, I see an inordinate desire to make up for your fasting during the day, by overloading yourself with all manner of good things. The Gospel teaches us to fast in a different way." (I then produced a New Testament, and read Matthew vi. 16—18.)

Another Softah in the company, a stranger, then said, "You are probably a Protestant."

*Mont.* "Yes."

*Stranger.* "I thought so as soon as you brought forward the book. I know you Protestants. I have seen some of you in Constantinople: you are wicked people. Shut your book; we have no need of it. If you want to embrace the Haqq-Din (true faith) we will teach you."

*Mont.* "Effendi, first let me say, that in receiving this book it is I who receive and possess the true faith. Secondly, I beg of you not to be angry. Those who think they possess the truth, and feel bound to teach others, should not be angry nor use insulting language, but with a quiet spirit they must pray God to bless his word, so that it may come with power to those who listen, and become spiritual food unto them."

Some said, "The Khojah speaks well;" others, "Let us leave these subjects for the present."

After three days I met one of the Softahs in the street.

*Soft.* "Why have you not called again, so that we might converse?"

*Mont.* "The Effendi got angry the other night, and I do not want to be the cause of unpleasantness."

*Soft.* "Nonsense! Come, come, and we will have a chat."

One or two evenings after, I followed the invitation, and found the same persons assembled. I was well received, and only waited for an opportunity of saying something.

\* A Softah is one who devotes himself to religious contemplation, or the study of philosophy.

The Effendi who got angry with me the other evening, turning to me said, "Why do you not talk?"

*Mont.* "Everybody in his turn."

*Eff.* "You asked the other night why we kept Ramazan. I ask you now why do you keep Lent? Your religion is destroyed by five paras\* worth of cheese."

*Mont.* "What connexion has the Christian religion with cheese?"

*Eff.* "Why, if you taste cheese during Lent your religion is destroyed. How can I, therefore, accept a religion as true which may be destroyed by five paras' worth of cheese?"

*Mont.* "The other evening you said that you are well acquainted with Protestants. I am sorry to say, Effendi, that you know nothing about Protestants. If you did, you would know something of their religion, and would judge of them in a different way. Learn, therefore, that the religion of the Protestants is pure Christianity: it is the religion of the Bible, and we have protested and do protest against any error, and every thing that does not agree with this book" (producing the New Testament.)

*Eff.* "Jánun! ('dear me!'); you carry that book about with you everywhere."

*Mont.* "It affords comfort to my soul. I therefore not only carry it about with me, but read and study it. Simply to carry it about in my pocket helps nothing. We must search the Scriptures, and those who do not search, err. But in order to prove that the faith of Christ is not made of no effect by five paras' worth of cheese, as you say, listen." (I then read Mark vii. 17—23; 1 Corinthians x. 25—27.) "Effendi, if you search the Scriptures you will find an abundance of beautiful words such as these. We Protestants pray God to enlighten us and all people upon earth to know the truth, to know Christ, for He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

*Eff.* (addressing himself to the rest). "These men use persuasive words. It is not for us to give too much attention to them."

I then withdrew.

One day a Turk came to my room, and brought a copy of the New Testament. Next day he came again, in company with a Softah, and said, "Sir, the Effendi tells me that if I read the Ingil (Gospel) I deny Mohammed."

I asked them to be seated, and served them with coffee and pipes, and then asked the Softah, "Is it true that you say that he who reads the Ingil denies Mohammed?"

*Softah.* "Yes."

*Mont.* "In a certain sense you are right. But is it not true that the Korán does not prohibit the reading of the Ingil? It is one of the four books which you call Haqq (true); and if it be Haqq, surely you cannot hinder its being read."

*Softah.* "The true Ingil came down from heaven. On the first page of this is written, 'La Illah ill' Allah, ve 'Mohammed Resul-Ullah.' (There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God.) This Ingil you have hidden, and have made another. The Haqq-Ingil does not say that Jesus was crucified: He went to heaven without dying."

\* About  $\frac{1}{4}$ d.

*Mont.* "Do you believe in the Jewrât?"

*Softah.* "Yes, I do. Four books are haqq—the Jewrât, Lebâr, Ingil, and Korân."

*Mont.* "If you believe in the Jewrât, why do you not study it? You ought to study it carefully, and you will then see that Jesus ought to have suffered and be crucified, and to enter into glory. The Just One ought to have died for you and for me—the unjust and sinners. And if, as you say, Christ died not, then all the Prophets who testified beforehand of the sufferings of Christ spoke what was not true."

*Softah.* "But the Haqq Ingil bears testimony to Mohammed."

*Mont.* "That the Ingil makes mention of no such name is plain, for it was written before the time of Mohammed, and Christ Himself says that we must not expect another prophet. He says that many *false* prophets and *false* Christs shall arise, and that we are not to believe in them. He tells us that He came to be the Saviour of the world, and that whosoever believeth in Him hath everlasting life. How can we therefore believe in another? We should in this case err, and be in darkness like all those nations who believe not in Christ, or who, professing to believe, do not keep his sayings. The Haqq Ingil was not written in heaven, as you are taught to say; in heaven they neither print nor write books. The true Gospel was written by inspired persons, who are called Evangelists. The Acts of the Apostles, too, and the Epistles and the Revelation, were written by inspiration, and therefore they are the true Word of God."

*Softah.* "Therefore we call you Giaours, because you do not receive the four books which came down from heaven; neither do you believe in Mohammed. We faithful Mussulmans ought not to read your books."

*Mont.* "Effendi, do you only read the Scriptures, and you will then change your mind: you will know the truth."

*Turk who had bought the Testament (to Softah),* "In Constantinople there are schools in which many books are read. Why do they not prohibit the reading of those books of the Giaours?" (alluding to translations, &c.).

*Softah.* "Would that those books too were not read."

*Turk.* "I did not buy this Ingil with the object of becoming a Christian. I only want to see what it contains. I, too, am a man, and I want to gain knowledge; and your words, begging your pardon, Effendi, are empty, vain."

There are some persons at the present day, professed members of the Church of England, who object to the word "Protestant." They cannot have sufficiently considered our position. We stand in the presence of an organized system of corrupted Christianity, from which our forefathers departed; yet it still exists, and in great measure, too, and is endeavouring to beguile men from the profession of the truth, and, by becoming perverts, to heal the wound which the Reformation made. With many its blandishments are successful. In the presence of such a system it is not enough to profess the truth, but we must also protest against the antagonistic error, and it is to be feared that they who reject the word "Protestant," and refuse to protest, have already, in a greater or less measure, com-

promised themselves with the error. The following conversation bears on this point—

A Greek, seeing another Greek, a friend of his, eating cheese on Friday, said to him, "Have you turned Protestant, that you eat cheese to-day?" "Yes," was the reply: "I am a Protestant; but what business is that of yours?"

*Mont.* "This man who is eating cheese is not a Protestant; but if you and he, and all the world, knew what Protestantism is, you would all become Protestants. The essence of Protestantism is salvation through Jesus Christ."

Montesanto then read to them Matthew xxiii. 13—35; Romans i. 1—32; and said, "Here you have protests against every lie, wickedness, unbelief, and every thing else that agrees not with the will of God. The Holy Scriptures were written by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and are full of such protests."

*Greeks.* "Then Christ himself was a Protestant."

*Mont.* "Yes: if you read the Scriptures carefully you will see that He testifies against all evil and error."

There are also many at the present day, who, not content with the simplicity which characterizes divine worship in Protestant churches, are anxious to make the ritual more elaborate and ornamental, and who, at festivals, load the church with flowers and artistic decorations. The Greek Church does the same. These decorations are like the flowers which are placed on graves and sepulchres: they are in honour of the dead. So we fear it is—when truth has died out in a church then people have recourse to these substitutes. A church, out of which the truth as it is in Jesus has died—so that the glad tidings, speaking peace to poor sin-stricken sinners, telling them how they may be recovered and saved, are no more heard—is, after all, but a mausoleum, and the floral decorations are like the flowers which are scattered on the tomb. If truth was living and active in that church, these things would not be needed. Having the substance, the reality, people would not want symbols.

The following conversation bears on this point.

During Passion Week the Greeks were busy adorning their church with candles, flowers, &c. I met a few Greeks, and asked them what benefit they expected from so much outward show.

*Greeks.* "Is it a bad thing to adorn our churches?"

*Mont.* "No; but what is the use of these things, when the chief thing is wanting? Do they not remind one of 'whited sepulchres'? I think it is better to purify the inside first, and then the outside."

*Greeks.* "Our church is not impure: she is holy and orthodox."

*Mont.* "Unfortunately, nothing but the name has remained, and that is dry and fruitless. Just see. In the present day, when the Gospel is preached so extensively, and when the Bible may be obtained so easily, there exists amongst you palpable idolatry. At Khoroskioi (a village not far from Magnesia) there is a church of St. Anastasia. This supposed

saint you deify, you ascribe wonders to her, you run to her, you pray to her. The name of the only Saviour, Christ, you forget on her account. And from this error you have plunged into a greater. In that church lived a mad woman, who acted as servant about the church, and professed to converse with the saint. She dies, and you immediately canonize her. You say that holy fire descends every night upon her grave; you say that she works miracles; you kiss her tombstone, and take of the earth around her grave to use as charms, &c. Ought the Jews and Turks to hear of such things? Are they not right when they call you idolaters and Giaours?"

Many said, "Mr. M. is right." Others said, "He wants us all to be Protestants."

I said, "Only Jesus Christ can take away the veil which is before your eyes, and deliver you from darkness, and save your souls from sin."

Two of our Missionaries, the Rev. Messrs. Weakley and Wolters, have been on a journey into the interior, visiting various towns and distributing the word of life. In doing so they have been exposed to much hardship, and the Greeks have taken notice of this, as will be seen from the following passage—

Referring to the journey of Messrs. Weakley and Wolters, some Greeks asked me how far those gentlemen were going.

*Mont.* "To Koniah, please God."

*Greeks.* "A long journey."

*Mont.* "For men it is a long journey, but for the Gospel a short one. Christ has bidden us to preach the Gospel to every creature."

*One Greek.* "It is true. In the present day we see well-educated persons who, for the Gospel's sake, verily bear the cross of Christ, and follow Him. They toil, expose themselves to trouble, and even risk their lives for Christ's sake, and we sleep."

*Another Greek.* "We have no need of such things."

*Others.* "Do you know what your speech is like to? 'The man who is wet through has no need of rain to wet him' (ironically). Since we have nothing we do not need any thing. Is there any comparison between our nation and the English? Are we more noble or more enlightened? They have heard and are following the voice of Christ, and travel to the east and west, to the wild places of the earth, and even amongst cannibals they preach the Gospel; whilst we, 'orthodox Christians,' don't even need it. And shall we say that we have no need of any thing?"

I asked the Greek, "Why have you no need of the Gospel?"

*Greek.* "Because we proclaim it in the church, and have no need that others should preach to us."

*Mont.* "Do me the favour, then, as a good hearer of the church, and a good Christian, to tell me a few of those things which you have heard in the church concerning the Gospel, so that I, too, may be benefited. It is your duty to scatter the good seed which you yourself have received."

*Greek.* "I am not a 'ἱεροκήρυξ'" ('a preacher.')

*All the rest* (laughing) to the Greek, "When you are unable to talk, then learn to keep silence."

## THE DESIRED HAVEN.

LORD, the waves are breaking o'er me and around ;  
 Oft of coming tempest I hear the moaning sound :  
 Here there is no safety ; rocks on either hand ;  
 'Tis a foreign roadstead, a strange and hostile land.  
 Wherefore should I linger ? others gone before  
 Long since safe are landed on a calm and friendly shore.  
 Now the sailing orders in mercy, Lord, bestow—  
 Loose the cable, let me go !

Lord, the night is closing round my feeble bark ;  
 How shall I encounter its watches long and dark !  
 Sorely worn and shattered by many a billow past,  
 Can I stand another rude and stormy blast ?  
 Ah ! the promised haven I never may attain,  
 Sinking and forgotten amid the lonely main ;  
 Enemies around me, gloomy depths below,  
 Loose the cable, let me go.

Lord, I would be near Thee, with Thee where Thou art—  
 Thine own word hath said it, 'tis "better to depart ;"  
 There to serve Thee better, there to love Thee more,  
 With Thy ransomed people to worship and adore.  
 Ever to Thy presence Thou dost call Thine own—  
 Why am I remaining, helpless and alone ?  
 Oh ! to see Thy glory, Thy wondrous love to know :  
 Loose the cable, let me go.

Lord, the lights are gleaming from the distant shore,  
 Where no billows threaten, where no tempests roar ;  
 Long-beloved voices calling me I hear—  
 Oh ! how sweet their summons falls upon my ear !  
 Here are foes and strangers, faithless hearts and cold,  
 There is fond affection, fondly proved of old.  
 Let me haste to join them ; may it not be so ?  
 Loose the cable, let me go.

Hark, the solemn answer ! hark, the promise sure !  
 "Blessed are the servants who to the end endure."  
 Yet a little longer hope and tarry on—  
 Yet a little longer, weak and weary one !  
 More to perfect patience, to grow in faith and love ;  
 More my strength, and wisdom, and faithfulness to prove ;  
 Then the sailing orders the Captain *shall* bestow—  
 Loose the cable, let thee go.

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 THE ORPHANAGE AT SECUNDRA, NEAR AGRA.

AGRA was founded by the magnificent Emperor Akbar, and was thirty miles in circumference previous to his death. The magnificent mausoleum, the Taj, was erected by him, at a cost, it is said, of four millions sterling. The Church Mission was commenced here in 1812, by the Rev. D. Corrie, afterwards Bishop of Madras ; and a converted native, Abdool Messeeh, once a Mahratta trooper, having been admitted to holy orders, laboured here as an evangelist for many years. An orphanage was formed here after the great famine in 1838, Akbar's mausoleum



at Secundra, with its corridors, being arranged and fitted up as an asylum. This orphanage grew up into a body of native Christians, supporting themselves by working at a printing-press. This establishment was broken up by the mutiny, and the native Christians have been transferred to Allahabad, where they have successfully resumed their former occupation.

About three years after the mutiny another great famine swept over the North-west Provinces, and so many children were left orphans, that the orphanage was resumed in the old premises at Secundra. At the end of last year it contained 328 children, the boys and girls being nearly in equal numbers. Some of the girls are blind, and read the Holy Scriptures in the raised Roman type. It is a most interesting sight to see the blind orphans read their books. On first discovering that, blind as they are, they yet can learn to read, their pleasure is intense. There is one woman in the establishment who belonged to the old orphanage. She has been blind for many years, but recently she has been taught to read, and it is to her as though she had been restored to her eyesight.

The establishment is industrial. There is a press and bookbinding. They are also taught to do carpenters' and tailors' work; while washing, baking, and drawing water, are taken by the boys in turn. The press helps to the support of the establishment, having brought in last year 600*l*. Since the beginning of the present year two new branches have been opened: a blacksmith has been engaged, and preparations made to start the manufacture of Hindustanee paper.

Besides the 328 orphans, there are about 100 adults and children residing in the Christian village, the inmates of which increase year by year, as the young people from the orphanages intermarry, and settle down in life.

On the first Monday of each month, a Missionary prayer-meeting is held in the church, at which the catechists in turn give an account of some part of Missionary labour in India. A subscription was also commenced for Missionary purposes, and every Christian, without an exception, has put down his name, so that another reader has been engaged to preach in the surrounding villages. When the orphans were asked by one of the catechists if they would contribute any thing towards bringing the word of life to their countrymen, they willingly gave up an extra allowance of their weekly food, *i.e.*, their *púrís*, small cakes baked in ghee or oil, which they used to receive once a week.

We are persuaded that every thing is being done to guard against the peculiar tendency of these institutions, namely, to grow up in isolation from the heathen round, and so have all their sympathies and interests turned inwards on themselves.

The superintendent of the orphanage asks for some gifts from friends at home, such as two terrestrial globes, of about one foot in diameter, or larger; an orrery of the larger size; two sets of school-maps; stationery; and an harmonium for the church, of the larger size and a powerful tone, the one in use being very small, and entirely drowned when a tune is sung which is known to all.

## CHINA.

ONE remarkable feature at the present time in Missionary operations is the wide door for usefulness in diverse directions. Some fifty years ago the difficulty was to obtain access to the heathen, the opportunities were so strait. China proper was long closed against Missionary action. The earlier Missionaries, who placed themselves at Macao or Canton, found themselves in every way obstructed by the watchful jealousy of the native authorities. Voyages were attempted along the coasts, but wherever Missionaries attempted to land they were objects of suspicion.

It may be well to retrace some of the experiences of the past, and to contrast them with the advantages of our present position. In 1835, the late Rev. Dr. Medhurst was engaged in one of these coasting expeditions. Rounding the promontory of Shantung, they cast anchor in the bay of Wei-hae, and proceeded to land, taking with them a supply of books for distribution. They found the shore lined with a dense crowd, into the midst of which they made their way, and began to distribute their books; but had not advanced far before they were met by the chief Mandarin and his retinue. They were immediately challenged as to their business; and on their reply that they had come to do good, an adjournment to one of the junks was proposed, where a conference might be held. This they agreed to, after distributing their books; but on their attempting to move in the direction of the town, the Mandarins placed themselves before them, and said they would not be permitted to go in that direction. The ground was that of the Celestial Empire; and the Emperor, who commanded all under Heaven, had given strict orders that no foreigners should be permitted to go one single step into the interior. On the Missionaries persisting, the Mandarins took hold of their hands, repeating that they could not be allowed to proceed, as it was forbidden by the laws.

Finding it useless to persist, the Missionaries returned to the beach, and began to distribute their books. There was no unwillingness on the part of the people to receive them; nay, they were too eager; for, crowding around them, they snatched them away: many, putting their hands into the baskets, helped themselves. So soon as they got hold of the books they disappeared up their large, loose sleeves, out of the sight of the Mandarins, who saw all this, and could not prevent it.

Now our Missionaries have free access into the interior. Our Missionary at Fuh-chau recently proceeded up the course of the Min to a city 350 miles in the interior, no one hindering him; our Missionaries at Ningpo make constant itinerancies into the country districts; and lately a tour has been made in Mongolia by an American Missionary, the publication of which we must, for want of space, defer to next month.

**THE TRAVELLERS' TREE.**

IN his interesting book, "Visits to Madagascar," the Rev. W. Ellis refers to the beauty of tropical vegetation in that island, he mentions the acacia, the casuarino, and the pandanus, as being most abundant, and



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presenting themselves under new and interesting forms which he had never met with either in Mauritius or Polynesia. He describes one specimen of pandanus as "having a number of leaves in the centre of the crown, apparently glued or stuck together at their extremities, giving to the centre or crown a singular form."

But amongst the many novelties of the forests, that splendid production of Madagascar, the travellers' tree, stands conspicuous. It has a thick succulent stem, like that of the plantain. From the centre of this it sends out long broad leaves, rising in two lines on opposite sides. There may be from twenty to twenty-four of these on a single tree, the stalk of each leaf being six or eight feet long, and the broad leaf itself six or eight feet more. The whole of the twenty-four bright green leaves are spread out like a fan at the top of a trunk thirty feet high.

Let us now understand why it is called the travellers' tree. Even in the driest season it never fails to contain a large quantity of pure fresh water, and thus supplies to the traveller the place of wells in the desert. At the base of the stalk of each of the leaves, above the union with the stem, there is a natural cavity or cistern. The broad and ribbed surface of the leaf collects the water, which flows down a groove or spout on the upper side of the stalk into this reservoir, which thus supplies nourishment to the tree and refreshment to the traveller. Mr. Ellis proved its capability in the latter respect. One of his bearers stuck a spear four or five inches deep into the thick firm end of the stalk of the leaf, about six inches from its junction with the trunk. So soon as the spear was drawn out, a stream of pure clear water gushed out, about a quart of which was caught in a pitcher.

"Trees of righteousness of the Lord's planting." Such the Lord intends his people to be. Let them spread forth their prayers as the travellers' tree spreads forth its leaves. These will catch the blessing which will not fail to be bestowed, the dew and rain as they fall from heaven. Their own spirits would be refreshed; they will be kept moist and pure in the most arid season. They will have to spare for others. Many a poor sinner travels along the pathway of life, weary and heavy-laden, faint with thirst, and finding no water. As the tree sends forth its waters to the travellers, let Christians impart to all such poor wanderers the "good news from a far country, which is as cold water to a thirsty soul."

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### GO, AND DO THOU LIKEWISE.

A few days back the Secretaries of the Church Missionary Society received a note from an anonymous correspondent, enclosing two Bank of England notes, (50*l.* and 10*l.*) The note was as follows:—

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|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>"Sixty pounds enclosed to cover<br/>             "11 years' annual subscription at one guinea,<br/>             "23 years' ditto at two guineas,<br/>         "which might have been saved and subscribed with the commonest self-denial.<br/>         "To the Secretary, Church Missionary Society."</p> | <p>"29th June, 1866.<br/><br/><br/><br/><br/><br/><br/><br/><br/><br/>"H. O.</p> |
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The commonest self-denial! Yes, if this were only brought into requisition, what enlarged means of usefulness would accrue to various Christian and Benevolent Institutions like our own, which are now sadly let and hindered by the stinted measure of support which is yielded to them. The fancies of the moment, how often are they indulged, and pence, and shillings, and pounds wasted, which, had the commonest self-denial been exercised, might have been saved, bestowed on a Missionary-box, until, at the termination of the year, they would have accumulated into a comparatively large sum! How many a subscription has been regularly paid in year by year, but which is just the same now that it was at the beginning, although the work of the Society has greatly increased, and very probably the means of the giver likewise, but the annual subscription has not increased. It is still the same stereotyped guinea, although, had the commonest self-denial been exercised, it would have been otherwise.

Is it well—is it right—that annual subscriptions should ever remain the same? The work is increasing year by year: would it not be well that each subscription should increase likewise? Would it not do so, if the heart was becoming more and more enlarged in the happy experience and enjoyment of the love of God?

Let us all stir ourselves up to a more lively sense of this great duty. Let us freely give, as we have freely received; and lo, what we give shall come back to us; for he “that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and look, what he layeth out it shall be repaid him again.”

#### PALESTINE.

THE land where Jesus suffered is a land on which sorrow rests heavily. The people which rendered Him evil for good and hatred for love—which cried, “His blood be on us and on our children”—are a people which have been long burthened with sorrow; and the land which was once their own, but from which, as a punishment for their sins, they have been expelled, is, as it were, a widowed land in mourning. Its present inhabitants are but few. They are a troubled people. The Government is strong enough to oppress, but too weak to protect them. What the authorities leave the Bedouins take, unless the locusts come first and clear the land of its produce. It is this which is going forward now. One of our Missionaries, who was travelling last May through the country in the vicinity of Bethlehem, describes the beauty of the vineyards, they were so carefully cultivated, and promising so rich a vintage. But the locusts were already preparing for the work of destruction. In the valleys, as they descended towards the open country, they roused swarms of locusts, which filled the air like the large flakes of a snow-storm. “Those creeping came on in regular march-line from the west, and I could now understand such passages of Scripture as Judges vi. 5 and vii. 12; Psalm cv. 34, 35; Jeremiah xlvi. 23 and li. 14;

Joel i. 6 ; Nahum iii. 15 ; and what is said concerning their regular march ; wherefore the Arabs also call them the great host of the Lord." Although the crops of barley and a few other grains (lentils and camel-food) are already cut, or almost ripe for cutting, they can still cause great damage both to vines and orchards, vegetables and the summer crops, especially durah, a kind of millet. At one place we saw many olive, fig, and other trees already thoroughly stripped of their foliage and the incipient fruit, and looking like brooms, and numbers of poor Fellahin (the cultivators) have lost all that they relied upon for a year's subsistence. One poor fellow came in great distress, indeed quite broken-hearted. He had borrowed money, hoping to be able to pay back the capital and interest from the produce of this year, but the locusts have destroyed his olive crop, his fig-trees, his vineyards, his only means of support. "Is not the last day near at hand?" he said to our Missionary, the Rev. F. A. Klein, his voice being choked with grief and emotion. "I understand that such scourges, hunger, and wars between the various nations, are signs of the last day?" "I read to him," says Mr. Klein, "the first and second chapters of Joel, and every now and then he said, 'Oh, how true!' I then spoke to him about repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ, as the only means of escaping these severe visitations, and deriving a benefit from them for our souls. He said he would get these chapters read to all his friends on his return to the village. I could not help shedding a tear at the sorrowful account this man gave me with so much grief, and yet at the same time with so much resignation to the Lord's will."

Yes! "He does not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men." Man's heart is hard ; and as the hard ground must be ploughed up, in order that it may receive the seed and yield a harvest, so afflictions must needs come to break up the fallow-ground of the human heart. We are thankful that, in the midst of so much affliction, our Missionaries are on the spot, some at Jerusalem, others at Nazareth, to make known to the people the glad tidings of mercy in Christ to sinners, and rest to the labouring and heavy-laden ; for, the Gospel message, truly believed and brought home to the heart, can sustain and comfort under the heaviest troubles.

That Gospel, we rejoice to say, is faithfully and affectionately taught to these poor people. Nor is this done without results. Let the following instance be accepted in proof that it is so :—

A Moslem woman, under instruction for baptism, I had the pleasure of baptizing on the 12th of April, with the satisfaction of her being well prepared for the sacred rite. For more than a year I had begun with her a course of religious instruction, which was, however, from time to time, interrupted ; but, I am happy to say, never by her unwillingness to come,

or by indifference. On the contrary, she was all along most anxious to improve every opportunity to be more fully instructed in the doctrines of Christianity, and she did not mind coming in the hottest part of the day to my house for instruction, carrying her baby on her arm, and often her little boy by the hand. Not being able to read, she requested her neighbour in the house she lives in, and our native catechist, whenever he was here, to repeat to her the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, and the ten commandments, till at last she knew them perfectly well. Her case is a very singular one, and affords an instance of the love of the Good Shepherd, who follows his sheep through a variety of crooked ways, till he succeeds at last to bring it home to his fold. This woman, Saada, was born in some village of Mount Lebanon: her parents died when she was quite young, and the poor orphan was received into a Greek-Catholic family. When she was scarcely twelve years old, the son of the house where she had been brought up being very fond of her, and knowing that his father would not allow him to marry her, carried her away to the Hauran, where he lived with her in a Moslem village, making the people believe that she was a Moslem also. After some years they removed to Salt, where her husband died. Her present husband, then a Greek Catholic, became acquainted with her, and believing her a Christian, since they had at Salt joined the Greek community, married her according to the rites of the Greek church. Some time after, he heard of her being a Moslem woman, and the Moslems of Salt threatened to kill him for having dared to marry her. Not able to live any longer at Salt, and being in imminent danger, he fled with his wife, leaving behind a nice sum of money and most of what he possessed besides, and came here. Here he joined our church, and the Lord opened his heart, and his wife's too, through the preaching of the Gospel. It was long before he could bring himself to tell me the history of his wife; but he had no rest, and felt very unhappy, as he expressed himself, to live with a Moslem woman, and look at his two children born of an unbaptized mother. I forgot to mention that they were still in doubt about the matter, till the foster-father, on his death-bed, called her to his side, and told her, with dying lips, "I have a duty to discharge to you before I die and a secret to reveal to you. You are not baptized!" Owing to her having hitherto been considered by most of our people as a baptized person, she was at first averse to being baptized publicly; but when I told her that this would look as if she was ashamed of confessing her Saviour before men, she declared that she was quite willing to be baptized in the midst of the congregation. I ultimately, however, baptized her on a week-day in our chapel, in the presence of but a few friends. Our native catechist, and Mrs. Gobat, and Mrs. Klein stood sponsors, and we all prayed that the new name she had received may become the true expression of her character, and that she may be a true Mary sitting at the feet of Jesus.

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## OUR SOUTH-INDIA MISSION.

IN the demesnes and shrubberies of our nobility and gentry, we find some trees planted, which are much prized, and watched with great care. They are not indigenous, but transplants from foreign lands. When they are found to send forth their yearly shoots, these are regarded as being in a healthy state, and it is concluded that they are taking kindly to the soil.

Christianity, in the midst of a heathen land, where it has gathered to itself some converts, and has manifested itself in a native church, may be regarded also as a transplant; and when we find that the native church is growing, and sending forth its yearly shoots, we are encouraged to regard it hopefully as having taken root in the new soil.

Our South-Indian churches are thus growing. They have contributed, for various church purposes, during the year 1865, 20,107 rupees, being an increase of 2309 rupees over the sums raised during the past year. The following are the objects amongst which these moneys are divided—

|                                          |             |
|------------------------------------------|-------------|
| Native Church Agency . . . .             | 5317 Rupees |
| Educational Agency . . . .               | 620         |
| Missions . . . . .                       | 348         |
| Building and Repairs of Churches . . . . | 3489        |
| The Poor . . . . .                       | 1344        |
| Widows' Fund . . . . .                   | 1132        |
| Religious Societies . . . . .            | 924         |
| Endowment Fund . . . . .                 | 1421        |
| Lighting of Churches . . . . .           | 1643        |

besides sundries.

That they do prize their Christian privileges is also shown by their attendance on the means of grace, and the heavy cross they have to bear in professing Christ before their countrymen. To this our Missionaries bear testimony. Let us hear what the Rev. E. Sargent says on this subject—

God has given us to rejoice, not only in continued health and strength, but has also cheered us with manifold blessings in our work, and with evident tokens of his presence among us. Not but that we have had our times of anxiety also, as now and then some promising inquirer presents himself, and, after a while, withdraws, unable to stem the current of worldly influence that is brought to bear upon him. Has the Gospel lost its power? we are sometimes tempted to ask on such occasions, forgetful that God acts in sovereign grace, and that his people are made willing in the day of his power. But in God's sanctuary here, such doubts are put to silence. Here the sight, Sunday after Sunday, of the multitude of devout and intelligent worshippers from all classes of the Hindu community around us, many of whom had to contend with the strongest prejudices, the bitterest opposition, and the severest family separations, at once testifies that the Gospel is now, as in earlier times,



the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. The stream of good news for lost sinners, which pours forth from the Gospel fountain, has crossed the path of many a Hindu in these parts. Some have turned from it with disdain, more with indifference; some have felt their deep need, trusted its efficacy, and have partaken of the blessedness which it imparts; while some are still looking on, undetermined, with more or less apparent desire after it, but with a stronger cord within still binding them to the world. Such especially was the case a few weeks ago, when a young man, in Government employ, stood at the church door during the greater part of our morning service, and heard the word of salvation. He went away in apparent thoughtfulness, and came again the following Sunday, and stood listening at the door throughout the whole time of prayer and sermon. As he left, he remarked to a convert who addressed him, that his heart was stirred up from its foundations by what he had heard. In the evening he came to me to say he must be a Christian, and wished me to fix on an early day for giving him baptism. On further conversation I found that his father was from home, and that he thought that if he could only take the decisive step now, while his father was away, all would become easy. I advised his confession of Christ first of all in his own house, and that, after he had given evidence of his faith and sincerity before his own family, I would receive him into the Christian church. After much expostulation on his part, pleading that he had given up the use of the sacred ashes, he consented to do as I proposed, and, after earnest prayer together, he went home. As soon as his father returned and was informed of his son's intention, he at once sent his daughter-in-law home to her relatives, and got several officials to speak to his son, and advise him not to disgrace his family by renouncing Hinduism, and professing himself a Christian. The young man, thus separated from his wife, whom he had just lately married, and fondly attached to his parents, is bewildered as to the course he should pursue, and now halts between the world and Christ. He has given up all heathen ceremonies. If only there were no cross in the profession of Christ, how many converts from among the higher classes might we have! The Gospel is read by many of them in secret, and admired. Contrasted with their own books, it requires no very great effort of the mind to see at once how pure, benevolent, and glorious the one is, and how impure, baneful, and peurile the other. But who of us can fully understand how much it costs a Hindu of rank to give up all for his convictions for Christ.

With respect to the efforts of his own people, the Christians of the Palamcotta district, in the direction of self-support, he adds the following pleasing testimony—

The efforts which our people are making towards the support of their own teachers continue to be carried on successfully and cheerfully. One great secret in the success we meet with is, that every man does something. The various plans adopted to collect their contributions are the following—1st, We have twelve collectors, all natives, who are supplied with collecting cards, and who bring their collections to me quarterly or monthly; 2nd, We have half-yearly general meetings, when the contri-

butions made chiefly by the women in their own houses, in small pots, are brought together ; and 3rd, We have annual meetings in four circles of villages, at which each man presents his subscriptions, and the accounts of the previous year are read, and speeches are made by two or three speakers. A general report is yearly printed and circulated among the people. The amount contributed this year is 964 rupees, which sum, added to their contributions for other religious and charitable purposes, raised within the year, forms a total of 1668 rupees. No one who knows the Hindu character will fail to observe, that where money is thus liberally supplied, it must be that the people feel no small amount of interest in the religion which they thus profess and support.

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“SPRING UP, O WELL.”

DEAR Saviour! help my soul to see  
All fulness treasur'd up in Thee ;  
To realize a rich supply  
Of grace, and strength, and energy.

O fill my heart with grateful praise,  
And grant me, as I wond'ring gaze,  
The freshness of the springs to prove,  
Whose source is Thine unfailing love.

*The stream of Pardon*, Lord, I know,  
How wide and deep its waters flow ;  
As once I plung'd that flood beneath,  
To save my guilty soul from death,

So conscious of its daily need,  
For sins of thought, and word, and deed,  
I bless Thee, Lord, that full and free  
That *stream of Pardon* follows me.

*The stream of Life*, whose waters feed  
Thine own divine abiding seed :  
May spreading roots and verdant leaves  
Evince the succour it receives.

*The stream of Consolation*, full  
To overflowing ; this may lull  
My grief : when surface springs are dry,  
Comfort's exhaustless fount is nigh.

And *Wisdom's well-spring* near me lies,  
To strengthen me with fresh supplies ;  
Our thirsty souls its waters drink,  
And sojourn oft beside its brink,

And draw with gladness from the source  
Whence vigour to maintain our course  
Must be derived ; let mem'ry keep  
A choice reserve—“The well is deep.”

Throughout a “land of brooks,” my way  
Is cheer'd or solac'd every day ;  
Dear Saviour, help my soul to see  
All my fresh springs proceed from Thee.

“*Pensive Lyrics.*”—*Macintosh and Co.*

## A FAITHFUL CATECHIST.

**ENDURANCE** is the crowning evidence of true faith. It is said, "Whosoever believeth in the Son of God shall never perish." It is also said, "He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved." There is no discrepancy between these declarations. They harmonize, for true faith is enduring; and he who truly believes will be certain to endure. If one falls away, it is because his faith was not the operation of God's Spirit in his heart. That faith is unconquerable, for "that is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

There are many such faithful warriors to be met with on the battle-field of Christian life. As of old Paul said, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course," so there are many who, as they lay down their lives, are enabled, through grace, to say the same words.

"One of our catechists," observes the Rev. J. Thomas, of Tinnevely, "was removed by cholera, in the month of April last. He had for many years been stationed at an important village surrounded by heathen, Romanists, and Mohammedans. The position was a difficult one, but he admirably fulfilled its duties. To meet the violent temper of Mohammedans, he was gentle and forbearing, and thus disarmed them, so that he could generally obtain a fair hearing. The Romanists he found disposed to offer opposition through the encouragement of the priests, but he managed for years to avoid collision with them. Of Popery he had a thorough detestation. I never knew a native who had a clearer insight into the character of that fallen church than he had. He always bore his testimony against her, even before the authorities; and nobly on one occasion, when a former Collector insisted on his calling the members of that church Christians, he withstood him, and positively refused to call them by any other name than Romanists.

"He had for several years lived down all opposition in his neighbourhood, and was a 'burning and shining light' among the heathen and Christians. While yet in the prime of life, and in the zenith of his usefulness, it pleased Him whose will controls the destinies of men to remove him from earth to heaven. On Sunday, the 23rd of April, he attended divine service at 7 A.M., and read the lessons, my son being present on the occasion. He was not well at the time, and left the church never to enter it again. The second lesson was the 20th of Acts, in which occurs the noble and affecting address of St. Paul to the elders of the Ephesian church, on occasion of his bidding them a final farewell. The language was exceedingly appropriate, and might with truth have been adopted by the departed catechist as his own farewell address to the people, among whom he had so long and faithfully laboured, and by whom he was so much respected and beloved. My son visited him, and spent three hours at his bedside, while he was suffering from the disease, encouraging the people to use every means for his recovery; and he did rally, and for a time hopes were entertained that he might survive; but he had a relapse, and rapidly sank. He was in a remarkably calm and happy frame of mind. Shortly before his dissolution, he said, 'I have fought a good fight; the time of my reward is come; my sins

are cleansed by Christ's blood, and I have no fear.' Those who witnessed the departure of his spirit noticed a sweet smile on his countenance, and he breathed his last full of hope. The inhabitants of the whole neighbourhood, heathen and Christians, testified their respect for him by attending his funeral, and the congregation of the place have erected a tomb over his grave, the headman bearing the expense of the inscription, which he selected himself. It serves as an admonition to all who knew him. The verse is (Heb. xiii. 7), "Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God: whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation."

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#### A TOUR IN MONGOLIA.

WE were last month obliged, for the want of space, to leave out from our concluding article the following very interesting account of a tour in Mongolia, performed by an American Missionary. Having started for Chang-kia-keu in North China, on the 9th of August last, the writer proceeds to say—

For fifteen or twenty miles we were continually ascending, and sometimes up hills so steep that we were obliged to walk, as two horses could not, without much difficulty, draw us up. The scenery was grand and varied. On one hand the deep ravine, on the other the dizzy mountain heights; the huge stones of some standing out in all kinds of fantastic forms, as if ready to roll down upon us, the more gentle slopes of others covered with scanty vegetation.

About fifteen miles from Chang-kia-keu, on the highest ridge of a mountain range, standing on the great wall, we feasted upon scenery far surpassing in grandeur and beauty any thing I had before beheld. On the right and on the left were fertile valleys, interspersed with refreshing streams, and many ranges of low hills, some barren and rugged, some covered with varied corn-fields, the cultivators and fields alike ready for the harvest. Beyond, hill above hill, mountain above mountain, arose to view, till mountain and sky appeared so to blend that it was difficult to distinguish the one from the other.

Although the country appeared to us thinly populated, the well-worn roads, in all directions, show that there must be a great deal of traffic. On one day we passed fourteen or fifteen trains of bullock-carts, laden with soda and other things, each train having about one hundred or more carts.

For the next two days of our journey we managed to keep the right road, with the help of the friendly Mongols, of whom we frequently inquired the way. Much we enjoyed travelling over those vast pasture lands, often amidst beautiful flowers, reminding me of dear Old England. There were the pretty blue and white campanula, and forget-me-not, wild thyme, mint, the brilliant blue larkspur, dandelion, thistles, buttercups, and many other flowers, scattered with profusion all around. We passed many Mongol huts or tents, and large droves of horses, camels, cattle, and sheep, but often travelled many miles without seeing a human being, the country here is so thinly inhabited.

You may be surprised that we dared to venture alone in that way, and were not afraid of robbers. There was no cause for fear

amongst the honest Mongols. The very way in which they live, in huts far apart, without the least protection, shows the confidence they have in each other.

August 17th, we arrived at Lama Mian (Buddhist Temple), or Tolon-nor. This is a place of some commercial importance, situated about two degrees north of Peking.

The large temples from which the place derives its name are situated on elevated ground, about half a mile from the town. There are two main buildings, more than one-fourth of a mile apart, each surrounded by several hundred priests' residences and smaller temples. These Buddhist temples of Mongolia are like the monasteries of olden time, the chief seats of learning, and preservers of the literature of the country. The priests, like those of the Romish Church, take a vow of celibacy, and there is much also in their mode of worship which reminded me of what I have heard and read of the Romish ceremonies. We went to the principal temple at their worshipping time. There were about fifty men and boys in long yellow surplices, made similar to clergymen's white ones. These were seated in two long rows, facing each other. The eldest sat nearest to the "altar," above which was an image of a goddess; not of the Virgin Mary, but I dare say it was as much like her as many of the images of her. On the altar-table there were fruits and cakes, and a pot of burning incense. At the head of the two long rows of priests and choristers were two large vacant chairs, or thrones, on one of which was a hat and surplice like those worn by the priests, and before it a table, with millet and other things upon it. I suppose these must have been to feed the soul of the departed priest while in purgatory. Near this chair sat an aged grey-haired priest, who conducted the ceremonies. He also had a table before him with millet on it, which at intervals he solemnly sprinkled towards the vacant chair. He started a chant in a low bass voice, the others gradually joined in, and soon, from a low deep murmur, their voices rose to a cheerful song, which in its turn gently died away. In time and tune they kept harmoniously together. The effect was grand. Between the chants, or prayers, were the beating of drums, the ringing of a bell, the blowing of trumpets, and occasionally a long, deep, mellow blast from two large horns, each ten or twelve feet long.

In the midst of one of their prayers, a priest, bearing a chalice of holy water, sprinkled a few drops towards each one as he passed. Some reverently held out one hand to catch a drop, and then put it to their lips. At a given signal they all put down their musical instruments, and arose and put on their hats. Thus clad in hat and surplice, they presented an imposing scene. Their hats are made of yellow velvet, with a feathery-like row of wool at the top. There was one thing which struck me—the very apparent heartlessness with which they went through the whole service. And no wonder. All their chants and prayers are in an unknown tongue.

The Mongols all live in a very simple way. Their flocks and herds furnish nearly all they need—food, winter clothing, fuel, bedding, and even the walls and roofs of their houses. The milk they use in a variety of ways—fresh, boiled, sweet, curdled, made into cheeses of different kinds, and cakes, made by drying it over a slow fire. They also make very

nice cream cakes in this way. Milk and meat are their principal articles of food. They also use flour and millet, which they obtain from the Chinese in exchange for the products of their flocks and herds. Their summer clothing is obtained from the Chinese or Russians, in the same way. Their winter-clothing is of sheep-skins, dried with the wool upon them.

The only thing I have heard of their manufacturing is a coarse kind of felt, which they make into mats and coverings for their houses. Even their wooden drinking cups, drinking utensils, &c., are all either Chinese or Russian. We have been told there are a few Mongols in the eastern part of Mongolia who cultivate the soil: the rest are entirely a pastoral people. They are not a wandering people like the Arabs, but live from year to year on the same spot. As they always settle in small communities, near water, they have sufficient pasturage for their cattle without going any great distance from their homes.

They seem as yet to be comparatively free from the proud, the deceitful, and the money-loving spirit, which so strongly marks the Chinaman. It is surprising that they have not been more corrupted by their intercourse with the Chinese, great numbers of whom traverse the country far and near, for the purposes of trade.

Their language is much better adapted for the rapid diffusion of knowledge than that of the Chinese. From east to west, a distance of more than forty-five degrees, from Manchuria to Independent Tartary, the same dialect is spoken, at least so we believe, from information given us by travellers and others. It is possible it may be spoken in Independent Tartary, of whose language and habits I should much like some information. It is probable that the dialect of the southern Mongols, living on the borders of Thibet, India, and Cabul, may differ from the rest; but we have been told that those who have settled in Russia, called the Buriats, still retain the same language and primitive mode of life.

Their written language is, we are told, very easy. Instead of being burdened with so vast a number of symbols as to require a life-time of hard study to acquire it, like the Chinese, they have an alphabet with which they write the spoken language.

In all this vast and interesting country of Mongolia there has not been, and is not, one messenger of Christ. Some years ago, two Missionaries, belonging to the London Missionary Society, resided for some years among the Buriats; but they were compelled to leave, and they returned to England. They translated the whole of the Bible. This will be a valuable help for future Missionaries.

Who is willing to come to this benighted people? China cannot spare one of the few who are labouring in her densely-populated country—the number is far too few. Pray that God may put it into the hearts of some to obey this call and come amongst this people. Gladly would we go, but we feel it our duty, for the present, to remain at Chang-ki-keu. Since our Lord has prepared the way for us, and has enabled us to overcome all the obstacles and difficulties that stood in the way of our residing here, we may surely hope that he has some souls here whom he will enlighten and make his own.

Yes! the doors are open, but where are the men to enter in?

THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

OUR readers are no doubt to some extent aware of the great lakes which have been discovered in equatorial Africa, towards the East Coast, and in which lie the sources of the Nile. It is to this great river that



September, 1866.

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Egypt owes that fertility for which it has been, during centuries, remarkable. But for the Nile it would lose all its productiveness, and become a sandy desert. But every year the river floods, and, overflowing its usual channel, inundates the low country to the right and left, its waters, as they retire, leaving behind them a deposit of rich soil, in which the seed is sown, and from which the harvest springs.

Whence came these annual risings of the river? how were they to be accounted for? for in the summer heat of July and August, when European streams are at their lowest, the Nile was at its height. It came through sandy deserts, but beyond that, from whence did it come? That was the question which for ages excited the curiosity of scientific men.

The mystery has now been solved. Let us briefly state how, step by step, the discovery has been made.

When our Missionaries, Krapf and Rebmann, commenced operations among the heathen tribes of the East Coast, being in a new land which no European had ever explored, they made journeys into the interior, that they might learn whereabouts they were, and what sort of people they had to do with. During these explorations they discovered two snow mountains, Kilimanjaro and Kenia, and sent us home reports of what they had seen. These accounts, on their publication in the "Church Missionary Intelligencer," by many persons were utterly discredited. Our Missionaries, however, persisted in their statements. They also made mention of reports brought to them by natives of a country in the interior, called Ukambani, concerning great lakes which might be found there.

At length, to solve these questions, an expedition was sent out by the Royal Geographical Society, which, reaching the country of Ukambani, discovered the lake Tanganyika, and, at some distance to the north-east, the southern extremity of a still larger lake. This led to a second expedition under Captains Speke and Grant. They skirted the western shore of this immense sheet of water, passing through kingdoms and populations previously unknown, such as Kurague and Uganga, and at length, on the north shore of the lake, found the Nile flowing out at Ripon Falls. They learned, however, from reports, that a larger lake than the one they had discovered lay eastward, and that the Nile visited this lake, and replenished itself from this great reservoir before it started on its northward course to reach and to fertilize distant Egypt; but their supplies were exhausted, and they could not go in search of it. This was reserved for Mr. W. S. Baker. His starting-point was not like that of his predecessors, from the East Coast, but from a place called Khartoum, the capital of the Soudan provinces of Egypt, at the junction of the Abyssinian or Blue Nile with the White or true Nile: thus he came from the north towards the lake, instead of from the south. He commenced his journey, accompanied by Mrs. Baker, on December 18th, 1862, and, after incredible hardships and long delays, struck the new lake on March 14th, 1864. There it lay, a "great expanse of water—a boundless sea horizon on the south and south-west, glittering in the noon-day sun; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about 7000 feet above its level."



Entrusting themselves to rude canoes, they steered north, the lake growing narrower as they advanced in that direction, until the width was diminished to some twenty miles. At length it became choked up with reeds, and presented a mass of vegetation, although, when a bamboo was thrust through this, the water beneath was so deep that no bottom could be discovered. The natives were afraid to take our travellers further, as the people who dwelt on the banks of the river after it left the lake were their enemies, and they were afraid they should be killed; but the course of the river could be clearly seen as it left the lake at its north-east corner on its long course to Egypt and the Mediterranean.

Thus these two great lakes are the feeding-places of the Nile; first the Victoria Nyanza, discovered by Speke, 3308 feet above the sea-level; and then the Albert Nyanza, as the second lake is called, 2720 feet above the sea-level. We can now account for the Nile as it flows through Egypt being at its height in mid-summer. When at the spring equinox the sun becomes vertical to these lake regions, it melts the snow which lies on the mountain ranges in the midst of which these waters lie. Thus the lakes rise, and the surplus waters seek an exit by the Nile. But the course of the river is so long that the flood does not reach Egypt until mid-summer.

These discoveries are in many respects interesting. To the friends of Missions they are especially so in one point of view—they open up new and extensive fields for the extension of Christianity. The countries on the shores of these lakes are not without inhabitants: they have their populations. In what state they are we shall describe in another paper.

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#### METLAHKATLAH.

THIS station is in British Columbia. From time to time we have introduced into our pages some notices of it. It is indeed a field which the Lord has blessed. Most rugged and unpromising it was when our first Missionary, Mr. Duncan, reached Fort Simpson, a little to the north of Metlahkatlah, where he made his first essay for the evangelization of the Indians. Wild they were and ungovernable, their original savageness becoming daily worse by contact with ungodly white men, from whose example they learned new vices. Fierce by nature, they were rendered still more so under the influence of ardent spirits, and murders were frequent amongst them. Mr. Duncan had to learn their language. They viewed him with distrust. He had to live it down. As his work began to tell, and some few were converted to Christianity, the others became outrageous, and, on more than one occasion, the Missionary's life was in extreme danger; but God gave him fearlessness, and he persevered. As the Christians increased in number, and he found his work hindered by the temptations which abounded at Fort Simpson, he did what Paul did, "he separated the disciples," and formed a new settlement at Metlahkatlah. Here civilization has followed in the footsteps of Christianity. Christianity has gone before

and opened the way, and, under its subduing influence, the character of the people became changed: they detested their old ways, and with docility adopted new ones. Instead of tents, they built log-houses; instead of subsisting entirely on the precarious supplies yielded by hunting and fishing, they cultivated the land, and reaped its produce. A large circular building was erected, where they meet for divine worship on Sundays, to the number of 700 or 800. They join sweetly in singing the praises of the Lord, and love to hear his word. In this spot a great change has been wrought. "He turneth the wilderness into a standing water, and dry ground into water-springs. And there He maketh the hungry to dwell."

How remarkable this change is, our readers will understand on perusing the following extracts, which we have copied from the "Victoria Daily Chronicle" of June 1, 1866—

*Baptism of eighty-two Tsimshian Indians by the Bishop of Columbia.*

The Bishop of Columbia returned on Wednesday in H.M.S. "Sparrowhawk," from Metlahkatlah. The practical work of Christianity steadily advances in that interesting settlement, as shown by the order and industrial prosperity of the inhabitants, as well as by their cessation from all heathen habits, and adoption of the moral and religious regulations of a Christian community. Indeed, from all accounts, a Christian village so well conducted would be a rare sight in any land. Assisted by Mr. Duncan and the Rev. A. Doolan, the bishop carefully examined some hundred adult catechumens, and ultimately admitted to baptism sixty-five women. Besides the adults, the bishop baptized, on Whit-Monday, seventeen children of Christian parents, making in all eighty-two.

As the greater part of these had been preparing for this step for several years, and were required to give proof of both knowledge and sincerity, the occasion may be considered to mark a substantial progress in the good work at Metlahkatlah, gladdening the heart and strengthening the hands of the devoted Duncan.

The Rev. A. Doolan is labouring in the same cause amongst the Nishkahs on the Nass river, where, too, amidst much privation, he is beginning to see the dawn of light. Shortly the Rev. F. Gribble, and Mrs. Gribble, will join the work, and Metlahkatlah will be strengthened to send out further agencies of the Gospel amongst the heathen of the isles and coasts around.

*The Queen's Birth-day at Metlahkatlah.*

It had been usual every year to keep the Queen's birth-day at Metlahkatlah. The presence of a ship of war induced Mr. Duncan to resolve to observe the festive occasion a few days earlier than customary. By the kindness of Captain Porcher, of H.M.S. "Sparrowhawk," he was enabled to do this. At an early hour on the 21st of May a party from the ship decorated the bastion and the principal buildings with a festoon of flags of various nations. The day was perfect, the sun shone bright, and all the beautiful scenery of islands, placid sea and distant mountains, contributed to the delight. Precisely at twelve o'clock a royal salute of twenty-one guns boomed forth from the ship, to the great satisfaction

and some astonishment of the clean, orderly, and well-dressed groups of Indians, who had now gathered to the village square to participate in the proceedings of the day. There were healthy children playing at ball and taking turns at the merry-go-round; young men were striving at gymnastic bars; the eighteen policemen of the village were in regiments, ready for review; and the elders walked about the happy scene, comparing the old time and new, and thanking God for increase of prosperity and of blessing.

During the earlier part of the day a distribution of gifts took place: biscuits were given to 140 children, who sang in English "God save the Queen," and other pieces. Better behaved children, more orderly and obedient, there could not be found in any land.

Next came 120 elderly men and women, to whom a few leaves of tobacco were an acceptable token of sympathy; the sick, too, were remembered; and last, not least, the councilmen and constables. Gifts, however, are not the order of the day in Metlahkatlah. All who come there are taught to depend upon their own industry. Not a few have suffered the loss of all things by leaving home, friends, and property elsewhere, to come here.

The most exciting thing of the day was the race between five canoes, manned by forty-one young men, and men in their prime. The course was about two miles, round an island in full view of the village. Three canoes, too, of women, had their contest. Foot races, boys running in sacks, blind-man's buff, and such like amusements, completed the programme of that part of the festivities. The crew of the "Sparrowhawk" had their holiday on shore, and appeared equally to enjoy the occasion.

A remarkable contrast was afforded by the arrival of a fleet of Bella Bella canoes, whose savage owners, with black and red painted faces, dirty uncombed heads, and tattered blankets, showed off to advantage the well-dressed and respectable Metlahkatlans. After a time the heathen visitors became convinced of their disadvantage, and prudently retired from observation.

In the evening, before the exhibition of a magic lantern, a public meeting was held, at which were present Captain Porcher and several of his officers, the Bishop of Columbia, the Rev. A. Doolan, and Mr. Duncan. Addresses were delivered, to which the Indian chief men replied. The following are the brief words of three of these—

*Kemskah*—"Chiefs, I will say a little. How were we to hear when we were young what we now hear? And being old, and long fixed in sin, how are we to obey? We are like the canoe going against the tide which is too strong for it. We struggle, but in spite of our efforts we are carried out to sea. Again, we are like a youth watching a skilled workman. He strives to imitate his work, but fails: so we. We try to follow God's way, but how far we fall short! Still we are encouraged to persevere. We feel we are nearing the shore. We are coming nearer to the hand of God—nearer peace. We must look neither to the right nor left, but look straight on and persevere."

*Thrak-shah-kaun* (once a sorcerer)—"Chiefs, I will speak. As my brothers before me have entreated, so do ye. Why have you left your country and come to us? One thing has brought you here. One thing

was the cause—to teach us the way of God, and help us to walk in it. Our forefathers were wicked and dark: they taught us evil; they taught us ahlied (sorcery). My eyes have swollen: three nights I have not slept. I have crept to the corner of my house to cry, reflecting on God's pity to us in sending you at this time. You are not acting from your own hearts. God has sent you. I am happy to see so many of my brothers and sisters born to God. God has spoken to us: let us hear."

*Woodeemeesh*—"I will speak to my brethren. What has God done to us? What does He see in us that He should be working for us? We are like the fallen tree, buried in the undergrowth. What do these chiefs gain by coming to us? Did we call them? Do we know from whence they are? Or did we see the way they have come? Yet they arrived to us; they have torn away the undergrowth; they have found us, and they have lifted our hands and eyes to God, and showed us the way to heaven."

The magic lantern came after the speeches. The Bella Bella chief was present, and declared the white man could conjure better than the Indian. All departed at a somewhat late hour, highly delighted with the Queen's birth-day for 1866.

*A visit to the gardens of Metlahkatlah.*

Industry is the order of the day at Metlahkatlah. The situation is beautiful. The word means "an inlet which has an outlet." The passage in front of the village west and south is studded with islands. The islands were once the sites of different villages of the Tsimshian tribes. They were abandoned about thirty years ago, when the Hudson's-Bay Company established their trading fort at Fort Simpson, whither the tribes then migrated. For ages, however, the people had dwelt upon these islands and the main of Metlahkatlah. It was a fortunate place to find for the Mission, which occupies one of the sites, that upon the mainland, facing an island. The other sites are now turned into garden-ground, and the bishop visited, in a canoe, the gardens of the Mission. They number about 150, and afford to each person and family a good-sized garden of excellent soil.

How different thirty years ago was the scene! Then heathenism, in all its terror, held dark dominion. Beneath the soil of Mr. Duncan's garden many skulls and human bones were exhumed; but this was not the burial-place of the Tsimshians. These were the bones of slaves murdered on feast-days to display power and wealth. It was a saying, that every chief's house was planted on the dead bodies of slaves. The slave body was cast out unburied, to be the food of dogs.

Now all is changed: no sound of heathen revel or dark magic is ever heard at Metlahkatlah. The cross of the Prince of Peace surmounts the chief building, which is the house of God, and the church bell daily draws glad hundreds of Indians to lift up the heart in spirit and in truth to their great Father. The desert blossoms as the rose, and the wilderness has become a fruitful field.

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A CORAL ISLAND.

OUR readers have often heard of the coral islands, which exist in the Indian and Pacific Oceans. They are the work of the coral insects,

small and apparently insignificant agents, but which abound in the tropical seas, decreasing in number as the waters stretch towards either pole.

Let a coral rock be left of the tide for a short time, and it then appears hard and rugged; but no sooner does the tide rise again, and the waters begin to wash over it, than millions of coral worms come forth from holes in its surface, until the whole rock appears to be alive and in motion. Above the wash of the waves the insect cannot work, simply because it is from the waters that it procures the materials for its work, and these, by a glutinous matter which exudes from its body, it puts together, so that huge masses of solid rock are formed by these sea-workers. Thus the foundations of islands are formed, which, rising to a level with the sea, become a platform on which loose pieces of coral and other substances are washed. Thither, also, the cocoa-nut is wafted, and then the cocoa-nut tree springs up, and man at last, a wanderer on the ocean, driven by force of winds he knows not whither, finds there a home.

Sometimes the coral grows in a circle, inclosing a portion of the sea. These are called lagoon islands, or atolls. The water-field which they enclose is of varying dimensions, sometimes thirty miles by six; or fifty-four by twenty. There is one eighty-eight miles long by from ten to twenty broad. Sometimes the enclosing reefs have one or more islands within the central expanse, the coral belt being usually at the distance of two or three miles from the enclosed shore. There are, it should be remarked, openings here and there in the coral reefs, by which ships can enter the enclosed water, which is called the lagoon.

An American Missionary, at work on one of these islands, thus ingeniously describes it—

If you were to take a large tin pan, such as our wives wash dishes in, and in this, filled with clear, sparkling water, you were to place a stone of somewhat irregular shape, so as to tower far above the edge of the pan, and leave a strip of water all around; if the pan were then placed in the centre of a great pond, its edges a little above the water, you would have something that would look a little like our island, in its barrier reef. The stone is to represent the island, which is sixty miles in circumference, and 3000 feet high, covered with verdure from the water's edge to the highest peak. No one who has not actually seen the verdure of these tropical islands can have any idea of its profuseness. The space of water between the island and the barrier reef is from one to four miles wide. It is made up of flats and bays; the flats bare at low tide, but covered with water, some four feet deep at high tide. The reef is a little higher than the flats, dotted along at various distances with little islets, all green and lovely as their great mother, at whose feet they sleep in such quietness. This reef is also cut by various channels, which are the mouths of harbours, through which the rivers from the mountains flow out, and through which the tides also ebb and flow.

Against this barrier reef old ocean keeps up an unceasing warfare—billows piling upon billows, dashing, beating, breaking in foam and thunder upon this breakwater of the Almighty. The beauty, sublimity, and awfulness of the scene, when old Neptune masses his forces and opens his batteries upon these outer works of our impregnable citadel, are beyond all conception.

Once I stood upon the top of this citadel—the summit of this green island—where I looked down upon this strip of quiet water, separated from the deep blue ocean by the silvery ribbon of breaking billows, upon whose blue waters, far, far away, other islets, like gems, sleep; and while thus looking down, gazing with rapture and awe, I could but look up and exclaim, “What a Being must He be who made and presides over all these beauties and forces !”

There is something peculiar in the position of a Missionary in one of these islands. Its construction reminds him of his own work. Despised agencies, contemptible in the world’s eyes, are engaged in a great work, the foundations of which have to be laid in profound depths. There, in those depths, unseen and unnoticed, the workmen must be content to toil on, perhaps for years, and yet perhaps the work has not risen above the wave. Nevertheless, let them toil on: this unpretending work of their’s, in which there is much done and little to show for it, is so important, that, without this, nothing else could be done. Let them, then, take courage; for the work progresses. Already, in many instances, it has risen above the tide, and presents a firm substance, on which may be raised the beautiful structure of a native Christianity.

ONE STEP MORE.

WHAT though before me it is dark,
Too dark for one to see?
I ask but light for one step more;
'Tis quite enough for me.

Each little humble step I take,
The gloom clears from the next;
So, though 'tis very dark beyond,
I never am perplexed.

And if sometimes the mist hangs close,
So close I fear to stray,
Patient I wait a little while,
And soon it clears away.

I would not see my further path,
For Mercy veils it so;
My present steps might harder be
Did I the future know.

It may be that my path is rough,
Thorny, and hard, and steep;
And knowing this, my strength might fail,
Through fear and terror deep.

It may be that it winds along
 A smooth and flowery way ;
 But, seeing this, I might despise
 The journey of TO-DAY.

Perhaps my path is very short,
 My journey nearly done ;
 And I might tremble at the thought
 Of ending it so soon.

Or, if I saw a weary length
 Of road that I must wend,
 Fainting, I'd think, "My feeble powers
 Will fail me ere the end."

And so I do not wish to see
 My journey or its length ;
 Assured that, through my Father's love,
 Each step will bring its strength.

Thus step by step I onward go,
 Not looking far before ;
 Trusting that I shall always have
 Light for just "one step more."

THE TESTIMONY OF MISSIONS TO THE PARENT ROOT FROM WHENCE THEY SPRUNG.

"By their fruits ye shall know them."—"A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." These are the words of the Lord Jesus Christ, and, as a general principle, every man consents to their soundness. Is any mode of medical treatment recommended in time of pestilence as particularly efficacious, sure to effect a cure, men judge of it by the results. They say, Has it been tried, and what has it done, and what effects has it produced?

Christianity is God's remedy for the spiritual sickness under which all men suffer, the sickness of the soul. Observe, we mean Christianity as God has given it, not as man alters it. It is not dealing fairly with a medicine first to alter it, and then, when, by reason of the change, it loses its power, to pronounce it useless. Why should Christianity be tampered with, and human ingredients be mixed with that which is divine? Has it been tried, this Christianity of the Bible? Yes, undoubtedly, on a large scale, and it has done that which nothing else could do—it has turned men from their evil ways and saved souls. It has done that which nothing else could do. It has accomplished this in diverse lands and under every variety of circumstances; amongst the far-off and the near, the polished and the rude, the bond and the free. Testimonies to this effect may be brought together from the four quarters of the earth. Why, then, should it be set aside, and novelties be used in its stead? Why, instead of Gospel preaching, is there to be a high-wrought ceremonial, more in accord with the corrupt Christianity of Rome or Greece than with the simplicity of Protestant worship?

Why do men proceed to measure the Gospel by their own reasonings, and alter it according to the suggestions of a vain philosophy, as if they knew what the sinner requires better than God? Have they themselves tried it? No! they do not think they need it. How, then, can they be qualified to form any judgment on such a subject? They have prejudices but no experience. Let them stand aside, and not interfere with its administration to the sick.

This is one use of Missionary publications—there are ever coming in, from distant lands, new evidences to the saving power of pure Christianity. They come in from the east and west, from the north and from the south. These are published in the pages of our Missionary periodicals, and are thus made known. Hence, in this day, when infidelity, under various forms, is so busy amongst us, trying to deceive men and draw them away from the truth as it is in Jesus, Missionary effort comes as it were from abroad to help us, and, in new and beautiful facts, such as remind us of the early victories of Christianity, bears testimony to this—that the gospel of Christ is now what it ever was, “The power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.”

Let us add one more of these testimonies to the crowd of witnessings which have gone before. It is from Regent-town, Sierra Leone, and from the pen of the African pastor, the Rev. George Nicol. Any one that entertains any doubt as to its genuineness can write to him. Sierra Leone is not now so far off: there is a mail steamer every month. Sometimes persons pretend to discredit Missionary reports; but we always give the names of those from whom we have received them, and in the way we have pointed out their genuineness may be proved. Here is the fact—

“*Parsonage, Regent, Sierra Leone, March 20, 1866*—Our work is progressing. The subscriptions to the Church Missionary Society last year amounted to near 300*l.*, and we had a larger sum for the Bible Society than had been realized for years in this colony. The subscriptions for the Pastorate Fund are not yet closed, but they bid fair to double the receipt of the past year. Our people generally are alive to their great duty. I have recently had great encouragement in my work, in the happy and peaceful death of a member of my congregation—a dear servant of Christ. Travellers and writers who, openly and before the world, vilify Christian Missionaries, and write *nil* upon their work of faith and labour of love, know not what they say.

“Mammy Hagar, as the subject of my remark was called, was of the Eboe tribe, from the Niger river, and was brought into the colony some forty years ago in the usual way, *i.e.* by British cruisers, and was baptized by the late Missionary, Johnson. She confessed she did not fully understand then the nature of the Gospel when she was baptized and admitted into church communion; but she was wonderfully kept by God's grace, so that, from the time she was baptized till her death, which occurred in December last, she has been a consistent member, humble, attending to all the means of grace. Poor as she was, and a widow, and depending on the charity of friends and the small allowance

of twopence a day granted to invalids and persons in her situation, she always managed to pay her class coppers regularly every week, and subscribe her mite to the Church Missionary Society and the Bible Society, and, in fact, to every object brought before her notice in this parish. Three years ago she was brought near death's door: we gave her up. I felt deeply for her, because she was constantly at our house, and was to all my children as a grandmother. It pleased the Lord, however, to raise her up once more, contrary to her own expectation, and the expectation of her friends. Her appearance in church at her place, after her long and dangerous illness, was an occasion of great joy to all the members of the congregation, and hearty thanksgiving was publicly given for her. Still she never felt herself all right again. It was plain to all that she was much shaken; and in October last there were unmistakeable signs that the earthly tabernacle would soon crumble. She was missed in church—laid by with severe pains and general debility. I visited her; and felt in my own mind that with her it was only a question of weeks, perhaps of days; that soon her happy spirit would be summoned into the presence of her Lord. It was now that Jesus was glorified in His servant. Reduced to a mere skeleton, here she was, lying on a mat, near the ashes, *really* so—the picture of a dying saint. Her sick chamber now became the scene of great encouragement. She said to me on one occasion, “Heaven is not far, heaven live here,” pointing to the palm of her hand. “I want to go rest.” Then she began to repeat, although she could not read a letter of the alphabet, (and this, by the way, shows how the memories, as well as, I trust, the hearts of our people are well stored with Bible knowledge), that beautiful text, “Come unto me, all ye that labour, &c.” “Heavy-laden! heavy laden! me, Hagar John, have rest.” “Glory to God!” All who were present with myself burst into tears. But she turned round and said to me, “My son, my master, why do you cry?” I replied, “We all envy you: we would rather say like St. Paul, “To be with Christ is far better.” “No, no,” she said, “my son, you have great work to do. I am going home: mind your work; see Jesus near you.” “Hold on—patience—without patience no man can see the kingdom of heaven.” After a short pause, I repeated her remark by way of confirmation—“Heaven, it is true, is not far, it is quite near.” She turned round and said, with a solemnity I shall not soon forget, “Master, it be far, very far from the wicked; but near, very near to the righteous,” pointing to her palm again. On another occasion when I visited her, I read those beautiful words of our Saviour's, “Let not your heart be troubled,” &c. As soon as I began, she took it up, and repeated it in broken bits, if I may so call it—the first verse, then part of the second and the latter part of the third verse, exactly like one who had never learnt to read, but who could repeat bits of Scripture by rote, by constantly attending our Bible classes and our church services. When she got to the end of the third verse, she said, with consciousness of being perfectly correct, “That is 14th John: not so master?” I answered in the affirmative. She said, “Jesus prepare fine, fine, fine room for poor Hagar, and fine, fine, fine clothes” (an African mode of expressing great intensity of feeling) “no trouble, no pains, no cry, no sin for ever and ever. Amen!”

"After this noble testimony of the value of Christ's Gospel, she spoke very little. She rather wished not to be disturbed, being engaged in communion with God. Thus, after a few days of weariness and suffering, she fell asleep (for it was a falling asleep) in Jesus. A large company of Christian friends followed her remains to the grave, thanking God for having delivered our sister from the miseries of this sinful world, and given her such bright hopes of an immortality beyond the grave.

"Now we may calmly ask, Can Mohammedanism do this? Can infidelity accomplish this? But this is only one result of Missionary labour. Thousands have entered the portals of the New Jerusalem in heathen lands, having had their robes washed in the blood of Jesus, whom Missionaries preach as the hope of the world to the perishing heathen."

Thus one soweth and another reapeth. William Johnson sowed much good seed, and his successors in the work have been ever since reaping in full ears which that seed has yielded; and soon "both he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together."

"BLOW THE TRUMPET IN SION."

JOEL ii. 15.

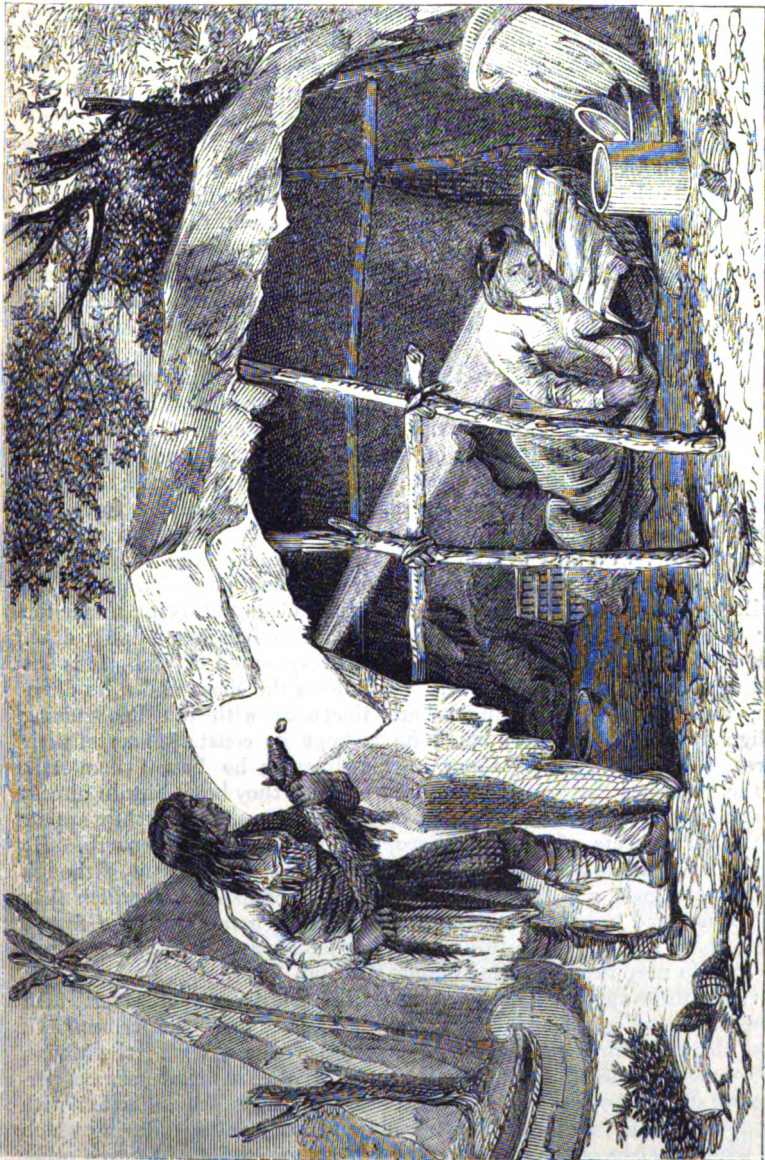
The following passage is from a work by the Dean of Gloucester, which a friend has pointed out to us—

Awake, arouse! be up, be doing. What! shall souls perish while you sleep? Shall hell enlarge its borders while you loiter? Shall Satan push on his triumphs, and you look on indifferent? Shall superstition thrive, and you be silent? Shall ignorance grow darker, and you care not? Forbid it, every feeling of pity, tenderness, humanity, compassion. Forbid it, every thought of a soul's boundless worth. Forbid it, all the unutterable wonders wrapt in the name eternity. Forbid it, every pious wish to snatch immortals from undying woe, and to upraise them to undying bliss. Forbid it, all your love to Jesus' glorious name—all your deep debt to his atoning blood—all your delight in his appeasing cup.* Forbid it, all your hope to see his face in peace, and sit beside Him on his throne, and ever bask in heaven's unclouded sunshine. Forbid it, your deliverance from hell, and your title-deeds to heaven. Forbid it, your constant prayer, "Hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done." Forbid it, your allegiance to his rule—the statutes of his kingdom—the livery which you wear. Forbid it, his awakening example—his solemn and most positive command. Forbid it, every motive swelling in a Christian heart. Up, then, and act. Soul-death meets you at each turn. The world in its vast wilderness perishes untaught. The spacious fields are neither tilled nor sown. The many millions are heathen, and therefore rushing hell-ward. Help, then, the Missionary cause. You may—you can—you should. The need is for men, for means. Can you go forth? Let conscience answer. If not, you yet can pray and give. Write shame, write base ingratitude, write treason to Christ's cause on every day which sees no effort from you for the heathen world.—*The United Tribes*, by Dean Law (p. 254).

* Matthew xxvi. 39. 42.

INDIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

WE have often read of, and wondered at, the cruel practices of the Red Indians of America; the stealthy way in which they carried on war; the sudden and horrible whoop; the indiscriminate slaughter of the weak



AMERICAN INDIAN SEER, CHARMING A GIRL WITH A RAY OF LIGHT.

and defenceless, as well as of the strong, who had fought to defend themselves; the scalping of the prostrate foe; the protracted tortures to which they were wont to subject their prisoners; but let it be remembered that the character of this portion of the human family has been thus painfully developed under the influence of a dark and gloomy superstition.

The Indians believe that the world was created by a supreme spirit, whom they call Monedo, or Maneto, and Ozheaud, "the maker." They apply to him, also, the terms of "Upholder of the World," "the Master of Life," and "the Father." They regard him as dwelling in the upper atmosphere, or Ish-piming, and locate him in the sun or moon. He is, in fact, to them a sublime abstraction, so benevolent and good, that it is not necessary to propitiate his wrath. He neither rewards good, nor does he punish evil; but commits the practical government of the world to demi-gods of every possible hue, malignant and benign, who fill the earth, the air, the water. The evil spirits range themselves under the power of Mudje Monedo, the great spirit of evil; while the good spirits are supposed to be under the chief spirit of good; but these latter are so good, so quiescent, that the malign spirits have the mastery, and rule all as they wish. To such the chief offerings are made.

Thus creation, according to the Indian notions, is filled with spirits, benign and malignant—some against him, some for him. These manitos are believed to be generally invisible and immaterial; but they can assume any form in the range of the visible creation, and even, when occasion calls for it, take their place among inanimate objects. In communicating with men they are supposed to assume the human form, and appear as giants, dwarfs, or cannibals. They take shelter, when it serves their purpose, in a bird or wolf, a turtle or a snake, and the mind of the Indian is filled with a succession of false hopes and fears from the cradle to the grave. In a word, he is spirit-ridden, and, being under the fear of an invisible agency of evil spirits, is in bondage all his days. This superstitious dread influences him in every action of life. It is his guiding motive in peace or war. He follows the chase under its direction, and his very amusements are tinged with it. Recognising malignant spirits on every hand, he is kept in constant fear of their power. He is visited by them in his dreams; he hears them talk in the tempests; he sees them in dark clouds; they beset him in almost every angry sound which the jarring elements can make; and they appear in the very insects of curious shape that crawl out of the earth. He attributes sickness and death to the power of these malignant, although subordinate gods, and thinks that there is no temporal evil which they are not suffered to bring. Fear is thus on every hand; and the forest, as he passes through it, is full of warning sounds and threatening signs. The Indian may thus be called Magor-Missabib.

It is of these superstitious terrors that the priests, or soothsayers, take advantage, and acquire influence and authority over the tribes. Of these there are three classes, the Jossakeeds, prophets, seers; the Medas, professors of medical magic; the Wabenos, whose orgies are always performed at night. To these associations candidates are admitted with great ceremonies, and after long trials and preparations, during which the secret charms of the members and fellows are exhibited to each other

in profound secrecy, and under solemn obligations. Some unite medical art with magic ceremonies; others rely exclusively on sorcery, and profess to foreshadow the knowledge of futurity, and the world of evil spirits. The Jossakeed goes poorly clad, retires to secret places to commune with the great spirit, and builds a high conical lodge, formed by stout poles wound about with skins. Thither the Indians come to him, and he pretends to foretell coming events, to say where lost articles may be found, or where the hunter may find the buffalo or deer.

The Meda is a professor of the arts of the great medicine dance. He exhibits various articles, which are supposed to have the power of curing the sick — magical bones, stuffed birds, skins of animals, and other articles of superstitious awe, which are kept in a medicine-bag. He is the magician and juggler of his tribe.

Can we wonder if, under such influences, the Indian is grievously injured; if he assimilates to that of the gods whom he dreads; if, as he supposes them to be malignant, he becomes the same, and his character develops itself after the treacherous and vindictive type? Can we wonder if the Meda is employed to practice hurtful sorceries against his enemy, and if he believes, that “even a beam of light introduced through an orifice in the wigwam can become the medium of casting a malign and deadly influence on the sleeping victim?”

MISSIONARY WORK AMONGST THE MALAS.

OUR readers may remember the case of Venkiah, a headman amongst the Malas, a low-caste people in the Telugu country. This man had become dissatisfied with the idols which, after the example of his fathers, he had been wont to worship and, feeling himself in the dark, longed for some light. That light was vouchsafed. He heard of our Missionary at Bezvara, the Rev. T. Y. Darling, and resolved to go and seek him. It was the time of the mela, when pilgrims and devotees, having assembled from various parts of the country, were performing religious ablutions in the river Kistnah. He sat down on the bank, and looked on what was going on. A Brahmin came up to him and asked if he were not going to wash and be clean. “No,” was the reply. “I have not come to bathe in the river, which cannot cleanse me from my sin, or ease my troubled heart.” “Oh!” said the Brahmin, “what you want is the Missionary: you will find him yonder, talking to the people about Jesus Christ.” Venkiah hastened to the spot, and, having first heard him, then followed him to his house, where he heard of the true God, and his compassion for sinful man, which led Him to “give his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” The good report from a far country was as cold water to his thirsty soul. He believed, and, being baptized, became a teacher of his people.

This work, so remarkably begun, is, we are thankful to say, progressing hopefully, as we are informed by our Missionary, the Rev. W. Ellington—

The work amongst the Malas in the villages has extended during the past year, and there seems to be every prospect of its continuing to do so. It is true, that some who promised well at the beginning of the year have gone back, but others again have stood firm. We have a small congregation at Pinapaka, twelve miles from Bezbara, but the largest is about twenty miles further on, at Raghapuram. There are at least nine villages now in which there are some residing who have either already joined us, or are desirous of doing so. A considerable number of those who assemble on Sundays at Raghapuram come over from five neighbouring villages. After each service an account is taken of the attendance, and the number of men, women, and children at present on the list is 130. Some of these have not yet been baptized; but they have, during the past year, been coming a distance of six miles to attend the Sunday services. About eight or ten miles beyond Raghapuram there are, I understand, nine families, living in three villages, who wish very much to be taught the truths of Christianity. I have not yet been able to visit these people myself, but I hope to do so soon. Our readers, however, go to visit them frequently, and bring back encouraging reports. Thus we are enabled to believe and hope that the Lord is working with us, whilst experience reminds us that we must rejoice with trembling. We dare not (and what Missionary would?) venture to say of those who have already joined us, that all are of the right sort; but we must be thankful for the reasons which we have for believing that some at least are.

And this suffices. If there be some genuine, loving disciples of the Saviour, then is there enough of vitality in this little patch of Christianity which has sprung up in the heathen desert to ensure its becoming reproductive. May it be watered by the dews of heaven from above! Then shall the little one "become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation." May the Lord hasten it in his time!

ABYSSINIA.

It is generally supposed that Christianity was introduced into Abyssinia in the beginning of the fourth century. It appears to have spread amongst the people, until it became the national religion. There is reason to fear that, even at its first introduction, it had lost much of its original purity. As it exists at present, however, it is Christianity only in name—the truth of doctrine is lost; the salt has lost its savour; and the Abyssinians are alike superstitious and demoralized.

Yet, such as it is, they cling to it with extraordinary tenacity. When Mohammedanism was spreading as a flood over the world, it sought to sweep Christianity from the mountain regions of Abyssinia; but although in some of the outlying provinces these efforts were successful, the centre of the nation remained unsubdued, and Mohammedanism, unable to prevail, desisted from the conflict.

In the sixteenth century came the Jesuits, hoping to win Abyssinia to the see of Rome. This Mission proved a failure, the Jesuit fathers being compelled to leave the empire. After a time, however, it was resumed,

father Peter, or Peter Pays, reaching Abyssinia in 1603. The empire was then in a disturbed state, and each of the rival candidates for the throne hoped, through the Missionary, to get succour from the Portuguese. On the termination of the civil war the new Emperor seemed disposed to hearken to the Jesuits, so much so, that the Abuna, or Metropolitan of the Abyssinian church, first remonstrated, and, finding this of no use, stirred up a rebellion. This, although put down,, was followed by several others, in which the Emperor was victorious, until interpreting his successes as a proof of the superiority of the creed of Rome to that of Alexandria, he avowed himself a Romanist. This was followed by a grand ceremony, in which Romanism was installed as the religion of Abyssinia. The whole country was now thrown into confusion. One rebellion followed after another. These, although crushed, caused great loss of life, and the slaughter of numbers in these wars so weighed on the Emperor's mind, that suddenly he issued a proclamation, restoring to the people the free exercise of the religion of their fathers. Dying soon after, he was succeeded by his son, by whom the Jesuit fathers were banished from the kingdom.

The Church Missionary Society commenced a Mission in Abyssinia in 1826. The circumstances which first drew the attention of the Society to this isolated kingdom are singular. The ecclesiastical language of Abyssinia is the Ethiopic, which bears a close affinity to the Hebrew and Arabic, and in this language the Abyssinians possess all the books of the holy Scriptures. But the modern language is the Amharic, and if the books of the Scriptures were to be adapted to general use, it was necessary they should be translated into this language. This was thus brought about. A M. Asselin de Cherville, French Consul at Cairo, had decided on translating into the Amharic some book, which, being generally known in Europe, might attract the attention of the learned to that language. No book was so well known as the Bible, and the Bible he decided it should be. In Cairo he found an old man who was a perfect master of the Amharic, and who had been the instructor of Bruce, the great Abyssinian traveller, and of Sir W. Jones—for in his travels he had penetrated as far as India—and this man he employed to execute the work. It occupied ten successive years. When the translation was finished, he had it copied in large quarto, and then, in order to excite attention to the work, distributed it thus—Genesis was sent to the Prince Regent of England; Leviticus and Numbers to the Pope; Deuteronomy to the French Institute; Joshua and Judges to the King of France; and a second copy of Genesis to the British and Foreign Bible Society. Eventually the British and Foreign Bible Society became the purchaser of the whole work, and by them it was printed.

The Rev. W. Jowett, the representative of the Church Missionary Society in the Mediterranean, in a book published in 1824, entitled "Christian Researches in the Mediterranean," proposed that a Mission should be commenced in that country, and in the year 1826 the two first Missionaries were sent out by the Church Missionary Society. Who they were, and what befell them, shall be told in another Number.

MISSION WORK IN THE KANDIAN DISTRICT, CEYLON.

A SINGHALESE congregation, of about 100 in average attendance, assembles on Sundays for Christian worship at Trinity Church, Kandy.

How happy and encouraging a reflection is afforded to every Christian congregation in this our fatherland in the remembrance, when it assembles for divine worship on Lord's-day morning, that it is not alone; that there are numberless other congregations similarly engaged, and that not only throughout the United Kingdom, but far off throughout the world, even to the very ends of the earth; that in the spiritual firmament there shines, not one isolated star, but countless others, dispersed abroad in every direction, and illuminating the darkness of the night, until the day break, and the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings.

This congregation is not selfish in its Christian privileges: it desires that others should share them likewise. It looks abroad on the dense masses of the heathen population, and heartily desires their conversion. With a view to this important object, the members of this congregation support a Singhalese catechist at an expense of 30*l.* per annum, for work among the heathen in the Kandian villages. To this, and other objects connected with Missionary work at the station, they give no less than 140*l.* per annum.

Our Missionary, the Rev. W. Oakley, in a recent report, makes express mention of one excellent Christian, a member of this congregation, who has, during the past year, entered into rest.

We have sustained a serious loss in the sudden removal, by death, of Mr. J. A. Dunuwille, who has been for many years one of the most influential and respected members of this congregation. Mr. Dunuwille was the son of a Kandian chief. His parents and their ancestors were Buddhists, and almost all his relatives are now Buddhists. Mr. Dunuwille was received into the Christian church by baptism in the year 1838, when he was seventeen years of age. The then Governor of Ceylon, the Hon. Mr. Stewart Mackenzie, and the Hon. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, being his sponsors.

From his earliest age Mr. Dunuwille gave promise of considerable ability. He had a retentive memory, and was a diligent student. Having turned his attention to the study of law, he early made up his mind to take a leading place among the members of the Bar, and in this he succeeded to the utmost of his most sanguine desires. At the time of his death he had attained a high position as an Advocate, and had recently received the appointment of Deputy Queen's Advocate for the Central Province.

Mr. Dunuwille and his family were regular attendants at the Mission church, in which he was a communicant, and we miss his voice in the responses in the congregation. The Mission has lost one of its most liberal contributors in Mr. Dunuwille. For some years past he had been in the habit of setting aside a certain portion of his income for religious

and charitable purposes. Out of this store the Church Missionary Society has of late years received not less than 30% per annum.

The accounts received from the Tamil Cooly Mission are also satisfactory and encouraging. The Tamil church in Tinnevely supplies the agents for the work, and that in sufficient numbers. Thus, if the Cooly population has increased, the agents by which the work of evangelization amongst them is to be carried on have proportionately increased, as also, through the liberality of the planters, the funds by which these workmen are to be supported.

The work is therefore being diligently prosecuted, and the Committee with thankfulness are able to state, for the satisfaction of friends in Europe and elsewhere, that "we find men and women, in the time of trouble and sickness, listening with deep attention to the only message of salvation which can give comfort to the heart, and divert the thoughts of an immortal creature to that everlasting rest which remains for all those that believe in Jesus. We find, also, that intelligent Canganies are often led from disputations to inquiries, and from inquiry to an acknowledgment of the truth. We find, moreover, in each of these districts, a certain number of professed native Christians, who are brought together through means of the catechist, on the Lord's-day, to hear God's word and to worship Him. But this is not all: it would seem as if more life and power had accompanied the word preached during the past year than in former years. During the past year forty-eight adults and twenty children were baptized, the former after diligent instruction and careful examination. This is considerably above the average number of past years. It is thus we are invited, by the providence of God, to send forth the best agency we can obtain to make known the Gospel in every district.

Interesting cases occur from time to time, of which the following is a specimen—

In one case a son brought forward his aged mother to be baptized, bowed down with age and infirmities. They had made a laborious journey over the mountains to accomplish this desire of their hearts. The poor old woman could only repeat portions of the Lord's Prayer; but her's seemed to be just one of those cases in which there is more of the Spirit's teaching than man's. Her feeble faculties would not enable her to repeat, word by word, a form of prayer; but her sorrow on account of sin, and her simple faith in Jesus Christ, were singularly clear and heartfelt. With her were baptized seven other adults. The whole service presented a scene which will long be remembered.

LOOK TO JESUS.

JESUS in thy memory keep,
 Would'st thou be God's child and friend;
 Jesus in thy heart shrined deep,
 Still thy gaze on Jesus bend.

In thy toiling, in thy resting,
 Look to Him with every breath,
 Look to Jesus' life and death.

Look to Jesus till, reviving,
 Faith and love thy life-springs swell,
 Strength for all things good deriving,
 From Him who did all things well.
 Work as He did in thy season,
 Works which shall not fade away ;
 Work while it is called to-day.

Look to Jesus, prayerful, waking,
 When thy feet on roses tread,
 Follow, worldly pomp forsaking,
 With thy cross where He hath led.
 Look to Jesus in temptation,
 Baffled shall the tempter flee,
 And God's angels come to thee.

Look to Jesus when dark lowering
 Perils thy horizon dim,
 When the world in terror cowering
 Shrinks and trembles, look to Him.
 Trust to Him who still rebuketh
 Wind and billow, fire and flood :
 Forward ! brave by trusting God.

Look to Jesus when distress'd,
 See what He, the Holy, bore ;
 Is thy heart with conflict press'd !
 Is thy heart still harassed sore !
 See his sweat of blood, his conflict ;
 Watch his agony increase ;
 Hear his prayer, and feel his peace.



THE MISSIONARY WORK IN TRAVANCORE.

THE kingdom of Travancore, as to its natural features, is of great beauty. In the back ground, as a protecting barrier, rises the lofty range of the western Ghauts, and the forest-clad hills sheltered beneath the higher summits, while far below are spread out the lowlands, with the extensive backwaters, studded with numerous islands, the distant shores being green with rice-fields or fringed with cocoa-nut and mango-trees.

The population of this kingdom is as diversified as its physical surface : there are the high and low, the haughty and the despised. There are the high-castes, including Nambouris, Konkania, and other foreign Brahmins ; there are the caste-people, including the Sudras, or, which is the same thing, the Nairs. These were formerly the servants of the high-castes, but now have themselves become masters, and may be regarded as the gentry of the country. Thirdly, there are the Syrian Christians, of whom a considerable portion were coerced in former days into communion with the Church of Rome, the others retaining their independence ; but the Christianity of these people is exceedingly corrupt, and far removed from the truth of Scripture.

The Brahmins and the Nairs are like the higher ghauts and the secondary hill ranges. Then come the low-castes, or Chogans, who, in the north, are called Tiers. These, next to the Nairs, are the largest class of heathen. The Nairs occupy the position of moonshees, pleaders, writers, accountants, and compose the whole police establishment; and it is a singular fact that the Rajah of Travancore is of the Nair, and not of the Brahmin caste. The Chogans are goldsmiths, blacksmiths, carpenters, stonemasons, toddy-drawers, boatmen, day-labourers, domestic servants, and farmers. But we have not descended to the lowest grades of the population: we must go down two steps further, to the outcasts and the jungle people. The outcasts, until the recent abolition of slavery in Travancore, were slaves, cruelly oppressed by their masters, and, until the leaven of Christianity had been introduced amongst them, exceedingly ignorant and degraded. The jungle people are the remains of various hill tribes, who, having their haunts in the forests of the mountains, have sunk almost into a savage state.

Amongst this strangely-mingled population our Missionaries have been at work now nearly these fifty years. The first idea was to reform the Syrian church, to repair the candlestick which had been broken down, and kindle again on it the light of truth. If this were done, then it was hoped that this church would become as a light in a dark place, and be competent to the evangelization of the surrounding heathen. But she would not be instructed. She declined the friendly efforts of the Missionaries, and, when they persisted, rudely closed the door upon them. That central position, therefore, which they would have gladly assigned to her, they were compelled to charge themselves with. Accordingly they commenced in the Malayalim tongue to make known the Gospel to all classes of the population, whether Brahmins, or Nairs, or Syrians, or Chogans, as opportunity presented itself; and, as converts were gathered in, they formed them into congregations, and gave them the Bible and the Church-of-England Prayer-book, translated into their native tongue, that they might have a pure form of worship; nay, more, in due time they gave them pastors, raised up from amongst themselves, and many of these men, good men, and thoroughly competent to their duties, are dispersed over the country in charge of these native Protestant congregations.

The Church Missionary Society has now in Travancore six European Missionaries, and ten native pastors, having under their charge a total of 10,447 persons, gathered out of all castes and classes of native society.

Now it is remarkable, that as the lofty summits of the ghauts are difficult of access to the foot of man, such have the high-castes proved to be to the action of the Missionary. They raise themselves aloft in their pride, and look down upon him contemptuously. The greater number of the converts in Travancore has been from amongst Chogans and slaves, just precisely as the lowlands around the backwaters are the most fruitful and productive.

The movement amongst the slaves is especially interesting. They were a very isolated class, shut out from intercourse with the rest of the population. A great part of Travancore is morass or paddy ground, dotted with hillocks: on these they lived, growing a few dry crops.

With the produce of this small tillage they maintained themselves, seldom coming in contact with the other classes except at sowing and reaping times. Indeed, so unclean and polluted were they thought to be, that they did not dare to present themselves on the public roads. If they saw a man of the superior classes approaching them, they were bound to cry out, like the leper of old, and run out of the way. They had this advantage, however, that they were not built into the hard concrete of Brahminism, but lay like loose *débris* at the base of the structure.

Religiously and morally their condition was extremely low. All their religious ceremonies were designed to keep off the wrath of malignant spirits; for this purpose they sacrificed cocks, and practised incantations and charms.

Amongst these poor and despised ones a movement for good commenced about six years back. Callous they had been, so much so as to seem hopeless. Now they began to be troubled about sin, and came to our Missionary, the Rev. H. Andrews, to inquire. A few began to meet in his school verandah, and, when the numbers increased, he put up a shed in the compound; and at the end of the year more than fifty were under regular instruction, "really thirsting for the living waters." He went in search of others, and his first preaching to some half hundred of them in the jungle, "their joy, their wonder, their various peculiarities, their deep ignorance," were most affecting. On August 11, 1860, fifty-six of them were baptized. Of the spiritual character of the work there could be no doubt: "sorrow for sin, an earnest desire to avoid it, a very vivid apprehension of God's love in Christ crucified, and a very marked dependence on the Spirit's help, formed, almost without exception, a living epistle in each slave inquirer." They were bitterly persecuted, but were enabled to stand fast. More came in, and their numbers increased. They left the jungle life, got together in villages, and began regular cultivation. Christian congregations rose up from amongst them, and they contributed of their means to pay for their own teachers, outstripping in this respect other congregations in Travancore of much longer standing, and composed of superior social elements.

These slave congregations are now to be found scattered about in the different Mission districts. Two years ago there were in the Pallam district ten congregations, six of which were composed of slaves. They are all active in raising funds to build their churches and support their teachers. They wish that Christianity should be strong amongst themselves, and that it should spread from them to the surrounding heathen.

"This year," writes the Rev. A. Johnson, in a letter dated last January, "I have had the pleasure to lay the foundation of a new slave congregation in this district (Trichur), by baptizing thirty-four persons belonging to this despised class, at a place called Nedawadie. They had been under Christian instruction about two years, during which period their diligent attendance at the prayer-house, and their earnestness in seeking to know truth, gave hope that they would continue to serve the Lord. On Trinity-Sunday I baptized them. There were nineteen adults and fifteen children. May they be endued with grace to adorn their new profession with a holy life, that men may see their good

works, and glorify their Father which is in heaven! About forty of their fellow-slaves are under instruction, and will, I trust, in due time be admitted into the church."

PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY IN THE SOUTH-SEA ISLANDS.

THE cocoa-nut tree grows on the margin of the sea. The briny surge, dashed high upon the shore by the force of winds, which so vitally injures other trees, not only does not injure this palm, but causes it to thrive and prosper. And so, close by the wave, it may be found flourishing and bearing its fruits throughout the coral islands of the South Seas.

And thus it is that its fruit, when ripe, falls into the waves, and is wafted across the ocean until it finds a resting-place on some reef, the commencement of a future island, which has just risen above the bed of the ocean, and there it germinates, and becomes a tree.

Thus from isle to isle, and from group to group, this palm has reproduced itself, until its presence is almost universal throughout the numberless groups of the South-Sea Islands.

It seems to typify the remarkable and interesting way in which Christianity is extending itself throughout these island homes of man, which are set in the midst of the great Pacific waters.

Elekana, a native convert, and a deacon of a native church at the Samoa, or Navigators' Islands, was driven to sea in a canoe, with eight companions, by a gale of wind in April 1860. After nine weeks of exposure, with great suffering, they were cast upon the island of Nukulaelae, about 600 miles north-west from the Samoas. Here they were treated with great kindness, and learned that the people, several years before, advised so to do by the captain of a vessel, had burned their idol and its sacred house, and were now, seemingly, waiting for some one to teach them respecting the true God. The ancestors of these people were from the Samoas. Elekana could easily make himself understood by them, and as soon as he recovered sufficiently from the effects of his exposure, he commenced holding religious services on the Sabbath, and soon started a school. He had with him three books—a Rarotonga Testament, a Hymn-book, and Notes on the Gospel of Matthew—and soon had many scholars, each one of whom must have a leaf from one of the books.

After a time Elekana found an opportunity to leave Nukulaelae, and at length, after many detentions, and visiting several other islands, he reached the Samoas, where he said, "I have come from a heathen island to beg Bibles and teachers from you." He was now placed in a Missionary institution to receive further instruction, while waiting for an opportunity to fulfil his commission and return to Nukulaelae.

The Missionaries at the Navigators' group soon designated one of their number to visit the islands, respecting which Elekana made such interesting statements, and which were called "Lagoon Islands," apparently because of their formation, each island, or cluster, being a coral

reef, with little islets upon it, surrounding a lagoon, as is the case with many islands of the Pacific. He sailed from Apia in May 1865, with Elekana and two other teachers and their wives, "bound," he says, "for the islands known on the charts as Ellice's Group, and other islands beyond these, known by various names."

The company reached Nukulaelae May 16, and found that, since Elekana left, Peruvian slavers had visited the island and taken away about two-thirds of the people, leaving a remnant of less than one hundred, most of whom were women and children. One of the teachers was left with the remnant of those who had been so wronged, and the company proceeded to another island of the range, Funafuti, about sixty miles distant, in lat. 8° 30' S., and lon. 179° W.

"The first words of the chief, when we called upon him, were striking and affecting. 'We are all in darkness,' he said, 'and are just waiting for some one to teach us.' The needful preliminary arrangements having been made, Matatia, one of our teachers, and his wife, Nazareta, took up their abode on Funafuti."

Leaving Funafuti, they went again about sixty miles, to Nukufetau, where, happily, the slavers had been in a great measure baffled in their attempts to carry off the people. Several canoes came off to us as we were making our way up the lagoon towards the anchorage. In one of these was the son of the chief of the island, a very interesting young man, named Taukie. Taukie has had a great deal of intercourse with foreigners, and understands and talks English amazingly well. When he learned that a Missionary and teachers were on board, his eyes sparkled with joy. He told us he had determined to go to the Fijis when an opportunity should offer, with a view to get a teacher, if we had not come. Thus we found here, as elsewhere, an open door, and had nothing to do but enter in. The movement which has led to the present state of things on this island is connected with the occurrences at Nukulaelae and Funafuti, already mentioned. They heard what had been done on these islands, and, following their example, destroyed their gods and renounced idolatry; and for years they have been observing the Sabbath, and keeping up some sort of public worship on that day. They have a chapel, a very decent place, about forty-five feet long by forty broad, which is kept neat.

"At Nui the first thing calling for special notice is the remarkable state of preparedness in which we found all the islands we have visited, for the reception of the Gospel. The three islands, Niutao, Nanomea, and Nanomaga, which were not visited, are in a very similar state to that of the others, having, like them, renounced heathenism, and being earnestly desirous to have teachers. These with the islands visited, eight in all, stretching over a space of from 300 to 400 miles, and containing a population of about 3500 or upwards, have all renounced paganism. Every vestige of idolatry is swept away, the idols are utterly abolished, and they are thirsting for something better than idolatry can supply.

Thus the Missionary efforts of settled churches, like the fruit of the palm-tree, are borne on the waves to new islands and new families of the human race, and Christianity is being rapidly reproduced throughout the numberless isles of Polynesia.

INDIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

In a previous paper we endeavoured to convey to our readers some idea of the gloomy superstitions in the midst of which the Indian lives, and by the influence of which his character is formed. We are surprised at



INDIANS SELECTING THE TOTEM, OR GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

November, 1866.

M

the cruelties which, without hesitation, he practises towards his enemies—the tearing off of the human scalp, the stealthy night attack on a slumbering town, the subtlety of the ambuscade, and the sacrifices, or if their lives be spared, the enslaving of prisoners captured in war—all these are revolting. But the Indians are such because, under the influence of gloomy superstitions, their character has become dark, distrustful, and vindictive. The only remedy is the light of Christianity. Let this break in, and the gloomy mists will be dispersed; and as the imaginary fears and delusions by which they have been enslaved pass away, and, in the new light, they begin to see brighter and better things, the Indian character will change, as we have found the character of other men change under like influences, and he will come forth a new creature in Christ Jesus. Abundant instances of this kind, exemplifying the transforming power of true Christianity, have been, from time to time, presented to our readers in connexion with the Missionary efforts which are being carried forward on both sides of the Rocky Mountains.

Every thing strange or wonderful, which he cannot understand, is ascribed by the Indian to the agency of spirits, or local gods, or, in his language, to the monedos. Manito is the term applied to God, and there are many classes of these gods, some good, some bad, some general, some local. Every object that possesses life, in any department of the universe, may be supposed to be inhabited by a manito, or spirit. Every remarkable creature has a peculiar god within it or about it, and the ills of life are believed to be due to the anger of these gods, while success is ascribed to their favour. The Indians do not bow down to their images as the eastern natives do, but do homage to their unseen power. They have nothing like the Brahma, Vishnu, or Siva of the Hindus, or the Gautama of the Buddhists; the manito shows himself in an animal form, or in thunder, lightning, meteors, stars, &c. And thus, whatever the Indian is engaged in, peace or war, business or pleasure, these mysterious influences are ever present to his thoughts. The bad spirits may cast a spell upon his hunting-place, and his mind is strained to discover how he may avert the evil influences, and secure that which is good.

In this he is professedly assisted by three secret associations or societies in the Indian tribes, which are supposed to possess superior knowledge, and teach occult rites, the prophets, or jossakeeds, the medas, or professors of medical magic, and the wabencos, whose orgies are always performed at night. They all use pictography as a help to memory. To these, candidates are admitted with great ceremonies, and after long trials and preparations, during which the secret charms of the members and fellows are exhibited to each other in profound secrecy and under solemn obligations.

It is not surprising that the native priesthood, whose gains and position are entirely dependent on the maintenance of the old system, should be amongst the most determined opponents of the teachers of Christianity. Nevertheless, many of them have yielded to the power of the Gospel.

One very curious and ancient mode adopted by the Indian tribes of securing themselves from the injurious influence of evil agencies is, to select a manito under some animal form, who shall be their guardian

spirit. Thus a bird or a turtle, a quadruped, or other form of animated nature, is adopted as the guardian spirit, or manito, and this is called the totem. All who use the same totem are linked together in a common brotherhood, even although there is no blood-relationship. For a chief or a warrior to say to his guest, "I am of the bear, the tortoise, or the wolf," is to remove all ceremony, and break the ice of Indian stoicism. Indians are as proud of their totems as English families of distinction of their heraldic emblems. They inscribe them on bark-rolls, on skins, and wood. A warrior's totem never wants honours, and the mark is put on his grave-post when he is dead.

They do indeed want a Saviour, to save them from their sins and gloomy superstitions. The Lord Jesus Christ is the true Totem. May the good news of his power and willingness to save be proclaimed far and wide, and the Indian tribes learn to trust in Him!

ENCOURAGING INSTANCES OF CONVERSION IN THE NORTH-INDIA MISSION.

At Azimgurh, a young man of respectable Mohammedan family has been added to the church, the first-fruits of the Mission school since its restoration after the mutiny. The case is an interesting illustration of the manner in which a variety of means co-operates in the providence of God in working out his purposes of grace. This convert had heard the Gospel some years ago, while yet a boy, from the lips of a Missionary in the province of Oude, of which he is a native. From him he received a tract on the ten commandments, and the way of salvation by Jesus Christ. It made a lasting impression on his mind. Subsequent intercourse with a Christian Moulvie, who had once taught him Persian, deepened this impression, and he seems then to have felt a secret persuasion that he should one day be a Christian. By the help of some of his Mohammedan relatives, he was sent to study English in the Azimgurh school. The Missionary was then absent on sick leave to the hills, but the native-Christian teachers readily embraced the opportunities they found of instructing the youth. He had attracted their notice by publicly taking the part of the Christian preacher in a discussion in the bazaar, silencing his opponents by an apt quotation from the Koran, with which he is thoroughly familiar. When Mr. Lockwood returned to his station, he found Hasan Ali well instructed, and desirous at once to receive baptism. After some satisfactory interviews with the Missionary, he was baptized in the station church on the last day of the year. As he is a good Persian scholar, he is likely to prove a useful labourer in the school.

The baptism of Hasan Ali has not affected the school, as it was feared it might temporarily have done. Not a single boy has been withdrawn in consequence—a proof of the growing confidence of the people that we will resort to no other than fair means in seeking their conversion to our religion.

Mr. Stern, of Gorruckpore, relates the baptism of a sepoy of the 26th Punjab Infantry, in whose case, also, it is interesting to observe that the

life and example of native Christians were instrumental in bringing about the final result of his conversion. A Hindu by birth, of the Rajput caste, Chand Khan had been early left an orphan by the death of his father (also a soldier) in the war in Afghanistan. The boy wandered about homeless and friendless, until a Pathan took pity on him, and gave him food and shelter. In his house he was made a Mohammedan. He afterwards escaped into British territory, and enlisted in the regiment to which his father had belonged. Here, while professing to be a Mohammedan, he seems to have had no great attachment to that creed. He met with native Christians, whose ways and mode of living pleased him better. While stationed at Allygurh he became acquainted with a native-Christian catechist, who often came into the neighbourhood for the purpose of preaching the Gospel. This acquaintance ripened into friendship, and the sepoy was much influenced by his new friend's exhortation to cast in his lot with the Christians. The opposition of his wife, however, held him back. On his regiment moving to Gorruckpore, Chand Khan was desirous of placing his son, a boy of twelve years, in the Mission school. His Mohammedan comrades endeavoured to prevent this, and urged that the boy should be subjected to the initiatory rite of their creed. On the father's refusal, they held a meeting to take steps to induce or coerce him. But the rough, honest soldier was proof against both bribes and threats; and, after due instruction, he, his wife and boy, were baptized. He holds the rank of a Naick in his regiment, and bears an excellent character. His commanding-officer showed his interest in his conversion by being present at his baptism, just before the departure of the regiment to Bhootan.

We have learned wisdom by the mutiny. There was a time when an officer, instead of countenancing a sepoy under his command in making a public profession of Christianity, would, in every way, have discouraged him; and, had he persevered, his case would have been reported to head-quarters, and the reply would have been an order for his immediate discharge and remission to his native village. It is well that the lesson has been learned, although at a costly price.

LUKE xxiii. 26.

"BEAR it after Jesus,"
 Whatsoe'er it be!
 Never cross was needless
 Laid by Him on thee.

Bear it in meek patience;
 Thou art not alone,
 Tho' to all around thee,
 All but Him, unknown:

Not in gloomy silence,
 Not in fever'd pride;
 'Twas not thus He bore it
 Who for sinner's died:

Not in weak desponding,
 Not because thou must ;
 But in meek reliance,
 Childish love, and trust !

Willingly He raised it ;
 Sing thy Paschal hymn ;
 Then thy lighter burthen
 Bear it after Him :

Inly, in thy spirit,
 Outwardly, in life,
 In the sick-room's silence,
 In the anxious strife,

Bend thee to receive it !
 He who knows it best
 Can send with it blessing,
 Strength, and peace, and rest.

He, too, bore it daily
 Through these shadows dim.
 Onward—well-lov'd spirit—
 Bear it after Him !

Derby.

A. B.

TINNEVELLY AND ITS SHANARS.

IN this article we wish to speak of a Mission field, not altogether unknown to our readers, of which they have often heard, and with which we wish them to become better acquainted—that of Tinnevelly.

We hope we shall not deal with them as the parrot is sometimes dealt with in that province. Now it so happens that the parrot is very fond of plantains ; there is also a cotton-tree growing in those districts which bears a pod very like the plantain fruit, so like, indeed, that the parrot sometimes mistakes it for his favourite food, and, perching himself upon the branch of an adjoining tree, waits patiently until the fruit having reached its full ripeness, he may appropriate the choice morsel. The expected moment comes ; the pod bursts, and, lo ! instead of fruit there is cotton. Hence the natives have had suggested to them the only word they have which is expressive of disappointment, and a man who is disappointed says, "I am like the parrot that waited for the cotton." We hope that our readers may not suffer in disappointment as they read this article, and, like the parrot, when they looked for fruit find only cotton.

The river Tambrapoorney, or Tamravarni, the "copper-coloured river," rising in the ghauts, passes between the native town of Tinnevelly, with its huge temple of Siva, and Palamcotta, the English capital. The word "Tinnevelly" is composed of three words, *tiru* (sacred), *nel* (rice in the husks), and *neli* (pro *neyli*, hedge, or enclosure) or "sacred rice enclosure," the town being so called because of the extensive rice-fields which lie between it and the river. The word, "Palamcotta," is our reading of *Paliangkotei*, from *palian* (a camp), and *kotei* (a fort). The distance between the two towns is about three miles, Palamcotta lying to the east of Tinnevelly.

From Palamcotta fort to the river the distance of about a mile, runs a road of considerable breadth, shaded by an avenue of trees, and bordered on either side by rice-fields, which for many months in the year present to the eye a most beautiful green. Beyond them may be seen on one side the clustering trees which adorn the banks of the river; while on the other side the ghauts may be traced ranging down towards Cape Comorin. On the left hand side of the road stands the Mission church, with its tower and spire 115 feet in height, and near it, on the same side, the Mission house. On the other side of the road is the second Missionary's residence, with the Palamcotta seminary in the same compound.

Let us climb the church tower, and look abroad on the districts which extend southward. Their appearance is very peculiar. Imagine "an undulating plain of the colour of fire, studded with straight, stiff, palmyra-trees, and diversified at rare intervals by belts of bright, rich green. These barren regions are called *teries*. A *teri* may be described as a gently-sloping hill, consisting entirely of red sand, and supporting no vegetation but the palmyra. Towards the lower part of this hill the water lies very near the surface, and thus the native is here enabled to cultivate a luxuriant garden of plantains, which relieves the otherwise desolate appearance of the country."

"The palmyra is a most useful tree, and exhibits the watchful care of God towards those whose lot is cast in a barren land. It grows out of the pure sand, almost without any care;" and although it can boast of no beauty in its outward form, it affords to the peasant a supply of almost all he wants. Its tall, stiff stem rises to a height of from sixty to ninety feet, throwing out no branches, and crowned with a plume of fan-shaped leaves. Its wood is used for beams and rafters; its young root is edible, and its fruit, when unripe, contains a refreshing and wholesome jelly." The leaves are used for thatch and for fences to the gardens; or they are split into oleis for writing; or, cut into still narrower strips, they are made into mats, or woven into baskets. Of the fibres of the stalk ropes are made and the coarser baskets. "But the most precious product of the palmyra is its saccharine juice, which supplies the whole country with food."

And this introduces us to the people who inhabit those plains, and whose chief occupation is the cultivation of the palmyra-trees. They are called Shanars. The palmyra trees are, so to speak, the dairy cows of the Shanar, which he has to milk every day. The process, however, is difficult and dangerous. An English farm-servant would look aghast if, instead of his milch cows, he had palmyra-trees set before him, and if, in order to get his bread, he had to do what the Shanar does. "Every day the Shanar labourer arms himself with a staff, surmounted by a small horizontal piece of wood projecting on each side of a pail made of a palmyra-leaf, some tools and small earthen pots, in a bag attached to his waist." He puts his feet into a long loop, woven from the fibres of the leaves, whose roughness catches the slightest unevenness of the trunk, so as to assist him in his ascent, or save him from a fall. Sometimes he arms his chest with a breast-plate of leather, and then, having placed his staff against the tree, he stands on the top of it,

and, clasping the stem, moves himself up, using his hands and feet alternately. Habit makes him expert, and very quickly he gains the summit. There he finds, among the fan-shaped leaves, several long sheaths which contain the flower-buds. Bruising or cutting the stem, he ties under it one of his earthen vessels, and forthwith there oozes out from the wound a sweet juice called *Puthaneer*. He then descends, leaving it to flow on until he comes again. Ordinarily it suffices to repeat the visit in the evening; but if the weather be extremely hot, he must ascend twice or thrice, else the pail will overflow, and the juice be lost, or fermented, and be spoiled. The Shanars are usually thus employed from three or four o'clock in the morning till noon, when they return home to rest during the hottest part of the day, and go to work again from three or four o'clock in the afternoon till nine or ten at night, and this day after day, for eight months in the year, at the rate of some fifty trees a day.

When he descends from the tree with the juice which it has yielded, his wife and children receive it from him, and boil it down into a thick syrup, which she pours into cocoa-nut shells, or holes scooped in the sand, where it hardens into a coarse, black kind of sugar, called by the natives *kuripekutti* (black lump), and by Europeans, "jaggery."

"If the poor woman can find a margosa, or other spreading tree, she gladly avails herself of its shade; but these are very rarely to be met with, and she generally has to stand over the fire, exposed to the burning rays of the sun, from the morning until six or seven in the evening. Her work is not yet ended: she must boil the rice for her husband's supper, and, when he returns, must bathe and shampoo his limbs, to remove the stiffness, and prepare him for the next day's work."

Such is the business life of the Shanar, one sufficiently laborious. In the plains of Tinnevelly, as elsewhere, we see how the sentence has taken effect—"In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread."

We have now introduced him to our readers. In our next Number we shall endeavour to become better acquainted with him. Meanwhile the fruit has not yet reached its maturity, and it is too soon for our readers to know whether they are to have cotton or fruit.

HOW THE WORK OF EVANGELIZATION GOES ON EXTENDING ITSELF IN TINNEVELLY.

ONE reason why their work spreads is that our Missionaries are not contented with what has been done: they look abroad, and, while thankful that so much has been accomplished, they see that it is as nothing when compared with the prevailing destitution, and they desire to do more. They cannot rest contented unless they are endeavouring to push forward, and thus they form new centres. Some particular locality arrests their attention. The lack of Christian privileges and the dark and degraded state of the people move them to compassion. Then some unexpected opening occurs which encourages them to go forward, and, leaving the more settled flock in charge of the native pastor, the European Missionary breaks up from his old quarters, and forms a new

station. Let our readers peruse the following letter from one of our Missionaries, the Rev. W. P. Schaffter, addressed to the Secretary of the Corresponding Committee at Madras, and they will at once be enabled to understand the whole process.

The Gospel has been preached in the Suvishapuram district for more than thirty years, and the Lord has blessed the labours of his faithful servants to such a degree, that there are now nearly 4800 Christians in this district. But of this number, 4000 belong to the east of Suvishapuram, and only 800 to the west. As regards the area of the west, its population, and their influence, it is much larger and greater than the east.

Every one of my predecessors has deeply lamented that the Gospel did not take root in these parts, and they did their utmost for the spread of the Gospel, but with very little success. When I took charge of this district I had but three congregations in the west, containing about from 260 to 300 souls.

I at once determined, with God's help, to set to work and do all I could to batter down the strongholds of Satan there, and raise the Gospel standard on its ruins. Accordingly I strengthened the staff of my itinerators in those parts, and, monthly, once, sometimes twice, or even three times, they and I would go together to every village and hamlet, and preach the Gospel from door to door. Within the first six months a great stir was caused among the heathen landlords. They, witnessing our renewed efforts, began to warn their servants not to listen to us, as we were a very cunning set, &c. But, nothing daunted, my native helpers and myself persevered, and now, through the mercy of God, instead of three Christian congregations, we have fifteen, and the 300 Christians have increased to 800.

But what is this compared to the seventy or eighty villages and petty towns, with their 9000 or 10,000 inhabitants? Although a small inroad has been made amongst the heathen, yet it is my firm belief, that unless a Missionary resides in the west for some months in the year, the people will not gain confidence enough to embrace Christianity. In general they are most ignorant and dependent. Open-air preaching is always useless; they cannot understand it. Suvishapuram is too far off for them to feel the Missionary's influence. What this people requires is, that a Missionary, with his wife and family, should reside in their midst, who would be to them as a father, a friend; be at hand to advise them, teach them, reprove and strengthen them; and, with God's blessing, I feel certain that, within a very few years, the Gospel will have achieved as much there in the west as it has in the east. This is not only my firm conviction, grounded on experience and a thorough knowledge of the character of the people, but also the unanimous opinion of all my catechists who have laboured in the west.

A rich Christian Nadan at Parapadi, in the west, came to me about eight months ago, with a stamped document, properly filled up, making over to the Mission a piece of land close to his village. In putting the document into my hands, he said, "Sir, please to accept this, and build a bungalow on this ground, and come and live amongst us; for I feel

certain that the Lord will bless your stay amongst us to the conversion of many." Two months after this he came again, and said, "I have raised thirty-five rupees towards the building of a bungalow: do write, and ask the Committee to have pity upon me and my people, and to build a house for you, Sir, and your family, to come and live amongst us."

Such being the ignorant, heathenish state, and such the future prospects of the western part of my district, I would entreat the Committee kindly to take this matter into their prayerful consideration, and allow me to build a small bungalow for myself and my successors at Parapady, on the piece of ground the above-mentioned Nadan has made over to the Mission. Parapady is about twelve miles to the west of Suviseshapuram. It is central. The whole village, with about 234 souls, is Christian. About a stone's throw from it to the south-east is another large village, Ilankullam, partly Christian, with about fifty-three souls under instruction. Due south from Parapady, about a quarter of a mile distant, is Parpanathapuram, with about eleven Christians. Besides, at Papankullam, Tamarakullam, Alancullam, Puthukullam, villages, all within a mile or a mile and a half from Parapady, there are eight Christian families, or twenty-eight souls, and as soon as it is known that a Missionary is to be stationed at Parapady, the greatest part, if not the whole of these villages, will place themselves under Christian instruction.

During the year myself and my family will reside there for at least three or four months. Suviseshapuram itself will remain the headquarters of the district; and as Mr. Matthurenthiran will be able to superintend the east of the district, I shall be able to turn my special attention to the west, and devote my time to the heathen. During my residence here at Parapady, I shall be well able to superintend the whole of the district.

A bungalow, with three rooms, olei-roofed, with a verandah and out-houses, will cost, in these parts, where palmyras are scarce, about 1000 rupees. As soon as the Committee have decided on the matter I am prepared to begin work at once.

This is not a fond plan, invented to suit my fancy and caprice, but one, as I have above mentioned, well matured, grounded on experience and a knowledge of the character of the people.

I think, therefore, that the Committee will never have to regret this step if they take it, for I fully believe that it is for the glory of God and the extension of his kingdom.

We think that our readers will be in a position to understand another point—how unavoidable is the increase of expenditure year by year on the part of the Society, and how impossible it is to sustain a growing work with an income which scarcely grows at all.

DISTRIBUTION OF REWARDS AT COTTA.

COTTA is a populous village, about six miles north-east of Colombo, and situated in a well-peopled district. It was first occupied by our Missionaries in 1822. They found themselves in the presence of a

population, by name Christian, in heart Buddhists. For political reasons these men had submitted to baptism, and had assumed the Christian name, but of Christian truth they neither knew nor cared to know. One day a man was asked of what religion he was, and the answer was Buddha's. "So then you are not a Christian?" "Oh, yes! to be sure I am a Christian; and of the Reformed Protestants, too:" a name and pretence comprising all that which he deemed to be required of him by Christianity.

It is impossible to conceive a more difficult population to work upon, so as to bring about genuine results, than one which had been thus familiarized with insincerity. Buddhism was interwoven with their daily and domestic life. When a child was born, they consulted the astrologers; when it was sick, they hung charms around its neck. After the child's baptism they gave it a heathen name, and set aside the Christian name. When sick, they sent for the devil-dancer; and when they died their graves were decorated with the leaves of the tree sacred to Buddha, and cocoa-nuts and rice were piled around as food for the departed. Such were the Christians which were fabricated under the Dutch rule and teaching; and here our Missionaries have ever since been at work, labouring to raise up a firm foundation in the midst of this deep yielding slough of insincerity. We think they have succeeded, and have got together a body of sincere Christians who hold Christianity as the alone true faith, and are entirely separated, in heart and practice, from the surrounding heathenism.

Amongst the many means employed, for the purpose of bringing the people under the influence of the Gospel, are schools. These schools are called jungle schools, being scattered about amidst the villages. The school-buildings generally are nothing more than dwarf mud walls and open cajan (cocoa-nut leaf) covered roofs. In these schools there are not less than 1000 children, under 73 school-masters and mistresses.

In November last there was a gathering of these schools for the purpose of distributing rewards. A description of this day and its proceedings has been forwarded to us by the Rev. J. H. Clowes, and as we think it will interest our readers, we give it a place in the pages of the "Gleaner."

It may be interesting to those of our friends, who were unable to attend, to see a short account of the gathering at Cotta of the Church Missionary Society's jungle schools in the Cotta and Talangama districts.

In collecting so large a number together—for there were very nearly 1000 girls and boys present—the weather naturally caused some anxiety, many of the children having to go seven or eight miles to their homes at the end of the day. They were, however, particularly favoured in the day being fine, though there was rain the night before, and a heavy thunder-storm the evening after, which would have sadly marred the day's pleasure had it occurred on the 30th.

Those who know the dislike which the natives have to any thing out of the usual order of things, will appreciate the difficulty of persuading the parents to allow their children to be out so late in the evening as their not leaving Cotta until five in the afternoon rendered unavoidable, and would see the care necessary to ensure that a bright moon should have well risen before sunset, to light the several parties to their homes throughout the district. As we were anxious to give every facility for friends in Colombo to be present, we were obliged to postpone the hour of dismissal (which in former years was about half-past two) to five o'clock, and were sorry to find, that after carefully avoiding the shoals of a council-day, so often fatal to Cotta gatherings, we had fallen into the quicksand of an English mail-day. This proved to have been the cause of the absence of many, who had otherwise hoped to have come, and it hindered His Excellency the Governor from being present on the occasion. The district, which is generally known as Cotta district, though originally but one, has now for the last ten years been divided into two, the one known as the Talangama district, and the other the Cotta district, the whole presenting an area of about ninety-six square miles as the scene of the Church Missionary Society's operations in the Cotta and Talangama districts.

The special feature of the day, that which distinguished it from ordinary gatherings, was, that the girls of the Cotta district alone had formerly assembled, but this year, not the girls only, but the boys of both the Talangama and Cotta districts, were collected together in the station church, which, with its approaches, was prettily decorated with flowers for the occasion; so that at one time the visitors saw the children of all the Church Missionary Society's schools in these districts. Owing to the absence of one or two schools, and sickness amongst the children, the numbers were not quite so large as had been hoped; but the exact numbers present run as follows—Talangama, girls, 148; boys, 209; Cotta, girls, 388; boys, 225: total, 970.

The children are not all of Christian parents, but many of them are the children of Buddhists. All receive a sound religious training, Scripture lessons forming an important part of their daily course of instruction. The schools began to assemble as early as twelve, though the nominal hour was one o'clock. The intermediate time, until three, was employed in resting, and disposing of the provisions supplied for them, viz. of plantains and cakes, whilst a large tub outside, full of water, served all the purpose of boiling cauldrons, and the array of tea-pots and jugs, usual at an English school-treat. About three o'clock visitors from Colombo began to arrive, when the distribution of prizes commenced; but owing to the want of proper information as to the sizes of the different children receiving cloths and jackets, the distribution proceeded slowly, in spite of the ready help offered by ladies present. A recurrence of any such delay will be guarded against another time. At half-past three o'clock Lady Robinson arrived, and expressed her surprise at the large number of children present, as did many others, for they not only filled the whole of the station church, but the two deep verandahs on either side. It is possible that those unaccustomed to seeing

native schools scarcely appreciated the arrangement of half boys and half girls, as boys and girls, when closely packed, cannot be easily distinguished, though it must be admitted that the latter did not fail to indulge in their usual display of ornaments. After a cup of coffee, the whole party, with the children, adjourned to the compound, to see (to the natives) the novel sight of the ascent of a small fire balloon. It was amusing to see the interest excited, and to hear the questions asked; and it is not unlikely that the spirits used for inflating the balloon were regarded as some subtle mixture endowed with magical power. This concluded the proceedings, as the parents were beginning to express uneasiness at the lateness of the hour. The children quickly broke up and went away in the motley assemblage of bullock bandies, hackeries, &c., ready to convey them to their homes. It is much to be regretted that at present every effort to introduce singing into our schools at Cotta has (with the exception of the Institution students) failed. It would have added much to the interest of the day if the children could have offered something more than mere dumb show to those who were enough interested in them to come out from Colombo. The Singhalese are not, in our sense of the word, musical. Still it is to be hoped that the object in view has not been lost, viz. that of exciting in those present additional interest in Mission work, and of providing them with facts, of which they themselves have been eye-witnesses, as answers to those who disparage all Missionary efforts. Should any who are wishing more thoroughly to investigate the state of the schools, desire to visit them, either of the Missionaries will be ready at any time to accompany such friends into their districts.

THE MARTYR'S HYMN.

FLUNG to the heedless winds,
 Or on the waters cast,
 The martyr's ashes watched,
 Shall gathered be at last;
 And from the scattered dust,
 Around us and abroad,
 Shall spring a plenteous seed,
 Of witnesses for God.

The Father hath received
 Their latest living breath,
 And vain is Satan's boast
 Of victory in their death:
 Still, still, though dead, they speak,
 And trumpet-tongued proclaim,
 To many a wakening land,
 The one availing Name.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

ABOUT four years back a group of travellers succeeded in penetrating from the British territory of Rupert's Land through the ravines and passes of the Rocky Mountains into British Columbia. They left the Red River



SCENE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

December, 1866.

on April 3rd, and succeeded in reaching Kamloops, on the Thompson River, on August 28th. The state of their raiment bore evidence to the hardships they had endured—their clothes in tatters; their feet covered only by the shreds of mocassins. They had passed through desolate regions, the journey having lasted two months, during the last five weeks of which they had not seen a human being. The dangers of the way were great. Now rivers had to be crossed, which, after some abrupt descent from the heights above, appeared raging and boiling fiercely round the great rocks. Now the path lay around the base of lime-clad hills, the snowy peaks of the mountain ranges rising thickly around. Great trees lay across the path, tangled and interlaced on every side. On the western slope the descent was rapid and continuous, and the vegetation assumed a new character. The cedar and the silver-pine appeared: the timber was of larger growth, and occasionally their huge trunks, lying prostrate, barred the way. The scenery was superb. "At the bottom of a narrow rocky gorge, whose sides were clothed with dark pines, or, higher still, with light-green shrubs, the impetuous Frazer dashed along. On every side the snowy heads of mighty hills crowded around, while, immediately behind us, a giant among giants, rose Robson's peak. This magnificent mountain is of conical form, glacier-clothed, and rugged, . . . its pointed summit of ice, glittering in the morning sun, shot up far into the blue heavens above, to a height, probably, of from 10,000 to 15,000 feet.

These vast regions were void of inhabitants. There was no sound of the woodman's axe, no evidences of man's industry and enterprise, subduing the powers of nature to his use. One trace of man they found, and it was a solemn one. At the foot of a large pine was discovered the corpse of an Indian: it "was in a sitting posture, with the legs crossed, the arms clasped over the knees, bending over the ashes of a miserable fire of small sticks. The ghastly figure was headless. . . . The clothes, consisting of woollen shirt and leggings, with a tattered blanket, still hung round the shrunken form. Near the body were a small axe, fire-bag, large tin-kettle, and two baskets, made of birch-bark. In the bag were a flint, steel, and tinder, and an old knife, and a single charge of shot, carefully tied up in a piece of rag. One of the baskets contained a fishing-line of cedar bark, not yet finished, and two curious hooks, made of a piece of stick, and a pointed wire; the other, a few wild onions, still green and growing. A heap of broken bones at the skeleton's side—the fragments of a horse's head—told the sad story of his fate. They were chipped into the smallest pieces, showing that the unfortunate man had died of starvation, and had prolonged his existence, as far as possible, by sucking away every particle of nutriment out of the broken fragments.

And so it has been with these Indian tribes—they lost their way amidst the dark mountains of error. Wanderers from God, they had gone astray. They were famine-stricken, not by a famine of bread, or a thirst for water, but a famine of hearing the word of the Lord. This man may be regarded as a type of the race, for, like him, they have become shrunk up and emaciated. Their vain superstitions could no more sustain them than the poor substitutes for food which were found beside the shrivelled corpse could sustain it when in life. Without the knowledge of the true God

they were without those energies and habits which would have enabled them to compete with the difficulties of their position, and so rapid was the process of depopulation, that, but for the advent of the Christian Missionary, they must have perished from the land.

Our Missionaries have gone forth to help them, and, by the blessing of God, to rescue them from such a fate. These good men may be found in localities more remote from civilized life than even the dreary regions traversed by the party of which we have spoken. They are to be found around the cold, dreary coasts of Hudson's Bay; and the banks of the great Mackenzie, whose waters they traverse in their birch-rind canoes, until they reach the Esquimaux at the Arctic sea; nay, like these travellers, they have crossed the Rocky Mountains, although at a point far away to the north and near the shores of the icy sea, and, reaching the great river Youcon, as its waters flow on to Behring's Straits and the great Pacific Ocean, have there pitched their tents, amidst the Indians of that remote land.

How very strange it is, that the gentlemen composing this travelling party, so sharp-sighted in other respects, should permit themselves to be so hoodwinked on this subject, as to pen and publish the following sentence—"The Romish priests far excel their Protestant brethren in Missionary enterprise and influence. They have established stations at Isle à la Crosse, St. Alban's, St. Ann's, and other places far out on the wilds, undeterred by danger or hardship, and, gathering half-breeds and Indians around them, have taught, with considerable success, the elements of civilization as well as religion; while the latter remain inert, enjoying the ease and comfort of the Red-River Settlement, or, at most, an occasional summer's visit to some of the nearest posts." Now really this is too bad. Why, the Protestant Missionaries are as far beyond Isle à la Crosse as Isle à la Crosse is beyond Red River. Far, far away to the north-east, north, and north-west, they are to be found. Should the "North-west passage by land" reach a second edition, we do trust that this, and some like passages, will be expunged, and simply for this reason, that they are *untrue*.

INSTANCES OF CONVERSION IN THE NORTH-INDIA MISSION.

AMIDST a general barrenness of result our Missionaries at some of the stations in North India have been cheered by a few cases of conversion of much interest, which the Lord has graciously vouchsafed to them, until the expected rain descends in abundance, and the seed which, although so largely sown, has as yet yielded only a few sparse blades, springs abundantly. For these we have not room in the pages of the "Record," within the limits of which it becomes every year increasingly difficult to condense the numerous details of our expanding Missions. We transfer these notices, therefore, to the pages of the "Gleaner."

BORODA, OF CALCUTTA.

BY THE REV. J. VAUGHAN.

ONE case of special interest has been the conversion of a young man who belongs to a native family of considerable respectability. He is the

nephew of Jadunath Ghose, whom I baptized five years ago, and who is now a student in Bishop's College. I have little doubt that his uncle's influence has had much to do with Boroda's decision. He came to me about six months ago, and opened his mind. It was evident that he had read the Bible in private, and had got tolerably familiar with the leading truths of the Gospel. He appeared particularly modest and diffident, and had a strong sense of his sinfulness and need.

No sooner had the father been apprised of his son's state of mind, than he became deeply distressed. The conversion of Jadunath had been a severe blow to him; but that his own child should become a Christian was a grief too great for him to bear. The poor man became almost frantic with misery. He tried threats and persuasions with the youth, but all in vain. He came to me in a most excited state, threatening me with a prosecution if I sheltered him or baptized him. I assured the father, that so long as he suffered his son to abide in his house I would not receive him, and that his baptism would not take place for several months to come. Boroda continued to avail himself of every opportunity for visiting us; and the father, finding that his son's faith and resolution daily grew stronger, became, if possible, more wretched still. I could not help pitying the man, for the trial evidently rested upon him with a crushing weight. One day, when the youth was sitting with me in my study, the father rushed in like a madman, and, foaming at the mouth, seized his son, and, with furious imprecations, dragged him away. After this the father determined to remove Boroda from our influence. He sent him off into the country. The young man was kept for about two months in the house of some of his relatives, who undertook to leave no stone unturned to pervert his mind. Various expedients were tried in the hope of distracting his thoughts, and turning him from the truth. Several times were learned pundits brought to reason with him, and restore him to his former faith. By God's grace he was kept firm and immoveable. All the arguments urged were lighter than a feather in the balance.

At length he returned, and immediately came to see us. It was with no small delight that we welcomed him; for, during the whole period of his fiery trial and absence, we could do nothing more than commend him by prayer to a faithful God.

The father gradually settled down into a sort of sullen despair. He bitterly lamented that all his efforts had failed, and that, sooner or later, his son must be a Christian. But he loved his boy ardently, and therefore still kept him in his family, hoping at least to defer the dreaded event. After Boroda had been about five months under probation, and finding that we had every evidence of a humble believer in Jesus, I felt it would not be right any longer to hesitate in fulfilling his longing desire for baptism. Immediately after the service I despatched a party of our Christian men to take Boroda to his father. I directed them to tell him that his son was now a Christian, and that he was to say whether or no he would still suffer him to abide under his roof. When they reached the house the gate was opened, Boroda was dragged in, and then the door was shut in the faces of the Christians. They heard no more. We remained quiet until the afternoon, when, finding that the youth had not

been permitted to come to church, the party again went to the house. The gate was fast closed. Jadunath, the Christian uncle, began with a loud voice to call out to Boroda, exhorting him to be steadfast and unshaken. Hereupon the Hindu members of the family grew angry, and, losing all control, threw open the gate, rushed out, and made a furious onslaught upon the Christians. These good men were severely beaten, but they had grace to bear it without once giving blow for blow. But the finger of God was in this whole affair. Whilst the whole of his male relatives were engaged in the assault upon the Christians outside, Boroda found means to burst his bonds, and, rushing out through the open gate, made the best of his way to the Mission compound. He had already reached that asylum before his friends ascertained his escape. We found that he had been, in the first place, implored to cloke his religion: they tried to compel him to promise that he would no more enter the church, and that, if he remained a Christian, he should be a secret one. Boroda utterly rejected the proposal. As a last resource, it was resolved that at midnight on that same day he should be conveyed to some unknown place, there to be shut up and dealt with as might seem best to his persecutors. To this end a guard of men was fixed upon to carry him off, and in the mean time the young confessor was kept securely bound.

Had this plot succeeded, it is possible that we might never have seen him again. But God frustrated the design, or rather He permitted the foes to thwart their own purpose. Our Christian men forgot their bruises in the joy of the young man's deliverance, and their faith in God as a hearer of prayer was strengthened by the circumstance. I have every hope that Boroda will grow up an earnest devoted Christian, and a useful member of the church.

HASN ALI OF AZIMGURH.*

BY THE REV. A. LOCKWOOD.

SAYUD Hasn Ali came to Azimgurh in the early part of August 1865, from Sultanpore in Oudh, avowedly with the intention of learning English. He took up his residence with the Persian writing-master, a bigoted Mohammedan, and applied himself to his new study with great diligence. His bitterness against the Bible was, for some time, extreme. He openly stated his objections to Christianity to his teachers, and had these been Mohammedans or Hindus instead of Christians he might have been confirmed in his unbelief; but God was graciously guiding him, even then, out of his Mohammedan darkness into the clear light of Christ, and had directed his feet to a place where he could be rightly instructed in the truth. Finding him an intelligent and, according to the Mohammedan method, a well-educated man, the head master placed him in the third (first) class during the Bible lessons. In about two months Hasn Ali gave an unmistakable sign that the truth as it is in Jesus had made him a captive. The catechist was preaching in the bazaar, when a learned Mohammedan stepped forward, disputing certain

* This, and the following notice of Chand Khan were briefly alluded to in our last Number. Since then we have come across fuller accounts, and therefore present them to our readers.

statements he had made, and quoting largely from the Korán in support of his objections. Hasn Ali chanced to be in the crowd. Seeing the catechist hard pressed, he stood forward as the defender of Christianity, quoted from the Korán (with which he is well acquainted), and confuted the objector, who walked away. His subsequent conduct has shown that what he did on this occasion he did in obedience to an impulse which he could not resist. He soon began to visit the head master and another teacher, but, like Nicodemus, by night. Unlike Nicodemus, however, he had received much spiritual light. He felt himself a sinner, and that it was only by embracing the Gospel he could hope to be saved. Often he was in extreme distress of mind, and, according to a statement he once made, about this time it appeared that he was awake two whole nights on this account. He could not sleep because the thought of his sinfulness disturbed him. The Holy Spirit was working effectually upon his heart. Some time after this he had an interview with Mr. Leupolt, who chanced to be on a visit here. At the close of the interview Mr. Leupolt expressed his opinion that he was a sincere man. He had now left off accompanying his Mohammedan friends to prayer, on which account they (and amongst them our Persian writing-master) told him he "had better go and live with the Christians." His defence of Christianity in the bazaar was not likely soon to be forgotten by them, and his every action almost excited their suspicion. They little knew that he had actually formed the intention of becoming a Christian. He only awaited my return from the hills to receive baptism. Meanwhile his position was a most painful one. All throughout the school he was believed to be a Christian in heart, and was frequently charged with being so by his fellow-students, while his Mohammedan friends were incessant with their taunts.

On the 23rd of December we returned to the station, and, during the following week, Hasn Ali came to see me, bringing a note from the head master, in which he recommended him for baptism, expressing, at the same time, full confidence in the sincerity of his motives. Hasn Ali entreated that he might be baptized on the following Sunday, but I refused, on the ground that he ought to receive further instruction. I promised, if he continued steadfast in his purpose, to baptize him after a few months. At this he seemed greatly distressed, but as I knew nothing of his previous history, I could promise no more. Further conversation showed that he already possessed a considerable knowledge of Christianity, and his whole manner impressed me with the belief that I had before me no ordinary case. Still, caution prevailed, and, after a long interview, I told him I must abide by my decision. He had told me that he had been five months at school, and that for the last three months of that period he had regularly received private instruction from the head master. It was late in the night when Hasn Ali left me, and I felt very unhappy lest I should have done any thing to discourage him, and frequently, during the night, I felt constrained to go and fetch back this inquirer after truth from his Mohammedan associates, promise to baptize him, and shelter him in my house until the event should be over. The next morning I ascertained his history as I have related it, and I need not say that I at once acceded to his wish to admit him into the church of Christ by baptism. I baptized him at the station church, in the

presence of the English congregation, in Hindustanee, on the last Sunday of the old year. I would have baptized him at the Hindustanee service held in the Mission school in the city, but a disturbance was feared. It required some tact to get him away from his Mohammedan friends without exciting suspicion, but this was effected. I shall not easily forget the calm determination he evinced as he entered the church, and when the moment for his baptism arrived, though, as he knelt at the font, I could perceive how much his determination had cost him, for he shook with agitation. At the close of the service I sent for him into the vestry, when I spoke a word of encouragement, and urged him to perseverance in the Christian course on which he had entered. He was full of joy, and well he might be, for he had obeyed his conscience. He had confessed Christ, and Christ gave to him of the abundance of his peace. The occasion proved one of much refreshment to myself, and to my fellow-helpers, who were all present. I was thankful, too, on their account, that this convert had been given during my absence, as in him they had an instance of how God would bless their efforts if they were faithful. Two youths of the first class were at the church to witness the rite, and I could not but inwardly pray that they might some day be led to follow their fellow-student's example. How they came to know that he would be baptized on this day has puzzled me, but nothing escapes them.

This is the first-fruits of the harvest of souls to be reaped in this Mission. Whether more will be granted in our day we cannot tell; but we must go on sowing the seed, assured that a goodly harvest will be given in God's own time.

I have narrated so much only of Hasn Ali's history as relates to his connexion with Azimgurh, and, in doing this, I have very much departed from the brevity I had at first intended. I would nevertheless add a few particulars in connexion with his history prior to his admission into our school. He is a native of Lucknow, where he would seem to have lived until the annexation of Oudh, up to which date his father held the office of Tahsildar, under the late Nawab. After the annexation, the family removed to Sultanpore, where, some years ago, he for the first time heard a Missionary preach the Gospel. This was in the bazaar. He appears to have retained a vivid recollection of the circumstances, and also of the personal appearance of the Missionary, but his description of him does not remind me of any one that I know. From him he received a tract on the ten commandments and the way of salvation by Jesus Christ. He was then only a boy, but he read it, and though he is now unable to relate much of its contents, it made a lasting impression upon his mind. After this, when, I think, on a visit to Lucknow, he met with the Moulvie who had formerly taught him Persian. This Moulvie had embraced Christianity, and now gave his former pupil an account of his new religion, exhorting him at the same time to follow his own example and embrace it too. This he was unwilling to do. Family ties, and other associations, kept him still in the bonds of unbelief; but his old preceptor's exhortations had laid a firm hold upon him. He often felt uneasy; but he had no further means of acquiring a knowledge of Christianity until he came to Azimgurh. The consistent Christian example of a magistrate at Sultanpore seems, however, to have

made a deep impression upon his mind. The reason of his coming to Azimgurh would seem to have been solely to learn English. A relative, perceiving his desire, promised to support him during his residence here, and this he continued to do up to the time of his baptism. Hasn Ali has told me that his *irāda* (resolve) to become a Christian he had formed *bahut dinar se* (a long time ago), but this I doubt. His demeanour when he came certainly did not betoken such a resolve. I think what he calls a *resolve* was rather a *secret persuasion* that one day he would become a Christian—a persuasion that was constantly gaining ground in an unwilling mind. But the truth he had received from the tract in the first instance, and afterwards from the Moulvie, was the truth of God, and, as such, it was powerful, and was designed, in his case, to be effectual. To our school was vouchsafed the privilege and the honour of further instructing and guiding him to its final acceptance. But the seed was sown by others, and the dew of the Holy Spirit upon his heart caused it to germinate. The Missionary who sowed the first seed he never saw afterwards, and perhaps that servant of God has, ere this, gone to his rest. But here is the fruit, and in the day of Christ he will see it. An instance like this should encourage us to sow beside all waters, assured that, if not in ourselves, yet in our successors, we shall reap, if we faint not.

After his baptism the native brethren generously took him in, and with them he has since lived. The servant whom he had brought with him from Sultanpore abandoned him on the same day. His friends, with whom he had lived in the city, refused to send him his things, and repeatedly sent messages entreating him to go and see them, as they had something to say to him; but he refused, knowing what this meant. The Persian writing-master at once wrote and informed his family. His father had died before the intelligence reached them, so that it found them in mourning. I need not say that it added much to their grief. His mother despatched a friend, a former boon companion of his, to induce him to recant, and, if possible, to return to Sultanpore. He replied that he could never give up Christ, but that, as his mother desired it, he would go to Sultanpore, if I advised him. I advised him to go, but to postpone his visit for the present; meanwhile, to keep up a regular correspondence with his family, and inform them fully of the motives which had induced him to become a Christian. To this he consented; so, after remaining here some days, his friend returned without him. He has since had an attack of small-pox, but has recovered. During his sickness he was provided with a separate house and a nurse. Since his recovery I have had a good deal of conversation with him in reference to the future. Before his baptism he evinced the sincerity of his motives by refusing pecuniary assistance, though several times offered him, on the ground that the Mohammedans would say he had embraced Christianity for what he could gain. Since his baptism he has observed the same consistent course: he has positively refused to receive any thing for his subsistence.

CHAND KHAN, OF GORRUCKPORE.

BY THE REV. H. STERN.

As one of the Lord's mercies, we would especially record the addition we

have received to our church by the baptism of a sepoy of Her Majesty's Indian army and that of his family. Chand Khan, the individual alluded to, was originally a Hindu, and by caste a Rajput. His family lived somewhere near Mynpoorie, but he himself was born in camp, his father being a soldier. The father met with his death in the Cabul war, leaving his son an orphan at the age of between eight and nine years. Being friendless and homeless, he wandered about in Cabul, begging for his bread. A Pathan afterwards took him in, and kept him for household duties; but when he refused to eat the bread of the Mussulman, he was threatened with death unless he became a Mussulman. The distress of his circumstances caused him to change Hinduism for Islamism, without ever being instructed in the mysteries of that creed. For six years he remained with the Pathan, but afterwards fled to Loodiana, where the regiment of his late father was then stationed. In this regiment he found an old acquaintance of his father, by whom he was induced to enlist in a regiment of cavalry, in which he remained for three years and a half. Having served afterwards in the 5th Regiment for eight or nine years, he subsequently enlisted in his present regiment, the 26th Punjab Infantry, which had just been ordered to join the expedition against Bhootan.

It is now some eight or nine years ago that he began to feel dissatisfied with himself, being neither Hindu nor Mussulman. He had had several opportunities of seeing native Christians, whose ways and mode of living pleased him better; and being persuaded that God had made the Christians masters of India, and seeing that all his officers were Christians, he reflected it would be much better for him to become a Christian, without, however, knowing what Christianity was. When his regiment was stationed in Aligurh, he became there acquainted with a native-Christian catechist, who often came into his neighbourhood for the purpose of preaching the Gospel. This acquaintance soon grew into friendship, the catechist often urging upon the sepoy to become a Christian. He was much inclined, but his wife was opposed. In the mean time the regiment was removed to Gorruckpore. Here the Mussulmans of his regiment pressed him hard to have his boy, twelve or thirteen years old, circumcised. To this he strongly objected, being determined that the boy should be sent to the Christian school, rather than become a Mussulman. When thus his leanings towards Christianity were discovered, and that he was firm in his resolution not to have his boy circumcised, he was remonstrated with, and warned against becoming an infidel; and, after calling a meeting together, they consulted as to what was to be done. He was asked whether he was in want of money, and he was offered from 200 to 300 rupees if he would accept of the bribe, and desist from his intention of joining the Kafirs. His reply was firm, that he did not want their money, and that he was determined to become a Christian. His boy was, in the mean time, sent to the Mission school, and at this period I became acquainted with him.

As soon as I was convinced that he was sincere in his intentions, I took him under regular instruction, with a view to prepare him for baptism. For the last six or eight months he came to me almost daily for instruction. It was a great pleasure to

me to explain the Scriptures to him, inasmuch as he received the word with joy, giving, at the same time, the most satisfactory evidence of the word taking root in his heart. He took a pleasure in learning, and his countenance often beamed with joy whenever he discovered, to his satisfaction, that he had again learned something fresh. Once he told me that he had been like an ox, and indeed, at first, he could hardly comprehend what he was taught: it was with difficulty he could be persuaded that he was a sinner; his soldier pride would not submit to this humiliating doctrine; but gradually, his heart becoming more impressed with the truth as it is in Jesus, his understanding also became more enlightened, and he himself wondered that he could now understand matters which he could not by any means comprehend at first, and he thought the Gospel made him quite another being. In the mean time his wife also declared in favour of Christianity. She was won over chiefly through the instrumentality of her boy, who used to read the Gospel, which he received in the school, at home to his father and mother, by means of which the latter became acquainted with its contents. At the same time she also received instruction, which was, however, often interrupted on account of a long and painful illness, which was ascribed by their co-religionists to their changing their religion. During all this time they had heavy trials to pass through. They felt they were despised and hated in the regiment, chiefly by the Mussulmans, who, by threats and all kinds of annoyances and promises alternately, tried to persuade them to remain faithful to Islam, offering, shortly before their baptism, as much as 500 rupees if they would desist. However, it was of no avail. They remained stedfast, and, at their own urgent request, were baptized on Sunday, 17th September, in the presence of Major and Mrs. Williamson, the commanding-officer, who, throughout, had shown the warmest interest in this instance of one of his men, who is a Naik, and had always borne a good character, embracing Christianity, affording every facility for its being accomplished. Chand Khan received the name, chosen by himself, of Abraham; his wife was called Sarah, and his boy Isak; and I have every reason to believe that they are true followers of the faith of Abraham, the father of believers. About four or five weeks after the baptism, the regiment got ready for the march to Bhootan, and also Abraham had to leave. Before he left, we had a short meeting of prayer together, and, after having made over his wife and son to my care, he left with his regiment, on the 25th October, for Bhootan.

CASHMERE AND LADAK.

THE following extract from a private letter gives the writer's impressions of Cashmere and Little Thibet, or Ladak, which he had visited for the first time. We desire particularly to direct attention to the idolatry which prevails there—Buddhism, one of the most deadening of all false religions; and also to the dreary aspect of the country—mountains rising around in utter barrenness, shadeless valleys, scorching suns in summer, drifting snows in winter. How

much the poor people who live there need the comforting truths and bright prospects of Christianity to cheer their lot; and yet the Maharajah of Cashmere, which is the door of entrance into Ladak, both being under his rule, does all he can to hinder the action of Missionaries in the valley, compelling them to leave it in the winter. The Lord open the way for the light of truth to shine on those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death.

For the first six days my route lay up a valley, branching off the main valley of Cashmere, richly wooded, and such an one as one sees in Switzerland. Then I crossed a pass 11,000 feet high, and the character of the scenery changed, giving place to immense wild and arid yellow mountains, and a country where not a blade of grass grew, except at long intervals, in carefully terraced little plots of ground, where they could be irrigated. Then my way lay onwards, and ever onwards, over passes 13,500 feet high, with vast mountains, eternally snow-clad, rising 26,000 feet around, and so I came into Thibet. I penetrated several hundred miles into that country; in fact, two days' marching beyond Ladak, or Le, as it is commonly called by Europeans, the second capital of the country. The whole country is full of the greatest interest. The inhabitants are a hideous race, with much of the Chinese type, wear pig-tails, are very dirty—I do not think they ever wash—but they are simple and hardworking.

I visited all the principal monasteries in that part of the country; some of them of immense antiquity, and with immense wealth. In one is a brass idol forty or fifty feet high; in others some other extraordinary things. At the biggest of all the convents, with some 250 monks, I saw a sacred dance performed, a strange sight—weird—grotesque masks and dresses of gorgeous Chinese silks.

Words are wanting at times to describe the grandeur and magnificence of the scenery, the last in the world that you would choose to live amongst, for all the soft beauties of foliage and cultivation are wanting, but it is glorious to see and pass through. It is impossible to convey an idea of the vast size of these stupendous and rocky mountains, rising in wild, sublime confusion all around, where never a blade of grass springs up, where it looks as if the world had burnt itself out, and you were walking on its ashes, where there seems nothing breathing all around, and you are yourself the only living thing in a solitude of gods. Sometimes one was frozen with cold, sometimes burnt with the scorching sun, that struck with tremendous force down in those shadeless valleys. I returned by another and a more difficult route, one of the passes 16,000 feet high, during one long day of several hours, and over a large glacier full of crevasses—sometimes over the boiling torrents roaring and foaming down below. One has to cross the rope bridges peculiar to this part of the world. The ropes are made of twigs only: there are two for the hands, and one for the feet. It is rather nervous work at first, as you swing backwards and forwards in mid-air, and know that one false step, one slip of hand or foot, and certain death awaits you; but you get used to it, and what was its horror at first becomes its charm when you feel the excitement it gives. These are rather alarming, it is true, and, after

them, the common plank bridges of part of Thibet and all Cashmere are mere nothings. They never affect me in the least : however, some people are seized with vertigo in passing over them, and one unfortunate young Englishman this year fell off one in consequence, and the boiling flood swept him off like a straw in a mill race. I only returned yesterday, after nearly seven weeks' absence. I only had my Indian servant with me, and had not seen an Englishman for weeks. I had a tiny tent that just held my bed and a little table : four coolies—men who carry every thing—sufficed to carry my baggage, whom I got from day to day as I went on.

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HYMN FOR A MISSIONARY MEETING.

OH, holy, gracious God !  
 Be present with us here ;  
 In each Thy love now shed abroad,  
 And bless with filial fear.

To us Thy word has come .  
 With saving power and grace,  
 To guide the wandering footsteps home  
 To heaven, Thy dwelling-place.

We praise Thee for Thy love,  
 We magnify Thy name ;  
 O let Thy Spirit from above,  
 Our hearts with joy inflame.

But make us feel for those,  
 Who still in darkness lie,  
 And, under sin's enthralling woes,  
 For light and mercy cry.

Redeemed, O Lord, by Thee,  
 And objects of Thy care ;  
 O let them Thy salvation see ;  
 Save them from Satan's snare.

Through every idol land,  
 Thy Gospel quickly spread ;  
 And daily, by Thy powerful hand,  
 May those who preach be led.

Give them, O Lord, Thy grace ;  
 Endure them with Thy might ;  
 And prosper them in every place ;  
 Uphold them in the fight.

Stir up Thy church to pray,  
 Impart the will to give,  
 That those who're wandering far astray,  
 May hear Thy word and live.

Thy blessing from above,  
 In richest streams impart ;  
 And may the message of Thy love  
 Subdue each heathen heart.









