

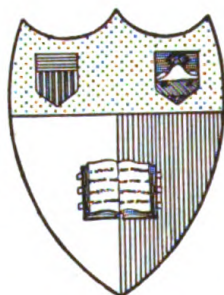
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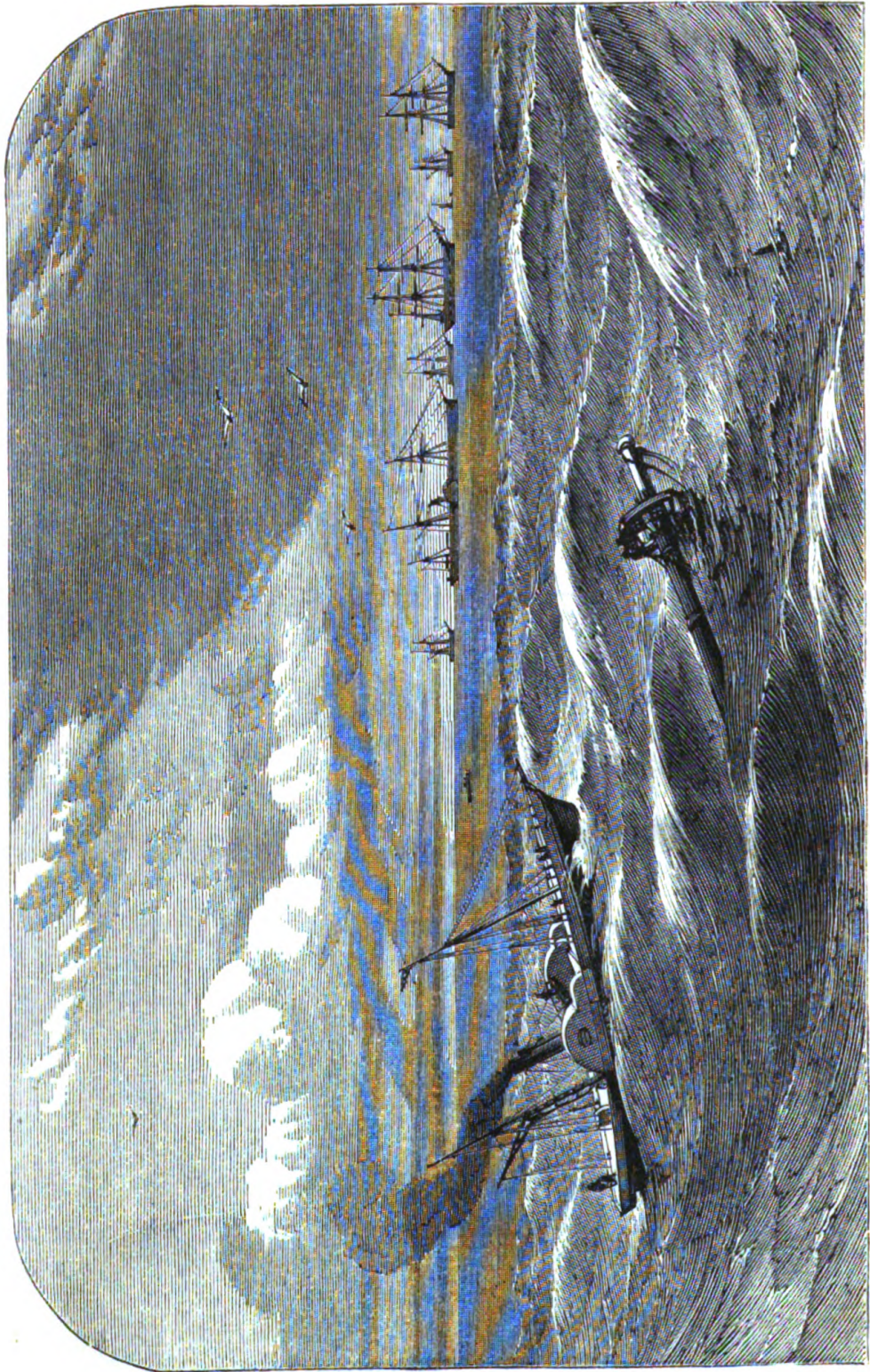
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THE LAGOS STEAMER GOING TO FETCH THE ENGLISH MAIL.

THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY
GLEANER.

1867.

~~~~~  
ASK YE OF THE LORD RAIN IN THE TIME OF THE LATTER RAIN;  
SO THE LORD SHALL MAKE BRIGHT CLOUDS, AND GIVE THEM  
SHOWERS OF RAIN, TO EVERY ONE GRASS IN THE FIELD.—  
ZEPHARIAH X. 1.

~~~~~  
VOL. XVII.

=====
LONDON:
SEEBLEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY, FLEET STREET;
CHURCH MISSIONARY HOUSE, SALISBURY SQUARE

~~~~~  
*Two Shillings.*

W. M. WATTS

W. M. WATTS, 80 GRAY'S INN ROAD.



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# THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

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## THE VOYAGE.

“ALONG the whole coast of the Bight of Benin, as well as on the rest of the western coast of Africa, wherever there are no harbours or bays, a heavy swell sets in from the sea, rolling the immense body of water onward to the land, where it breaks on the beach in one continuous line of dangerous surf, with a monotonous boom, broken, at times, by powerful thuds. This varies in force at various places; but, in all, accidents—many fatal—have taken place. At Whydah it is very strong; a little less so at Badagry; Quittah is perhaps the least so, or at the village of Lilly Coffy, to the southward. The heavy swell setting in to the land, and meeting with the rapid current of the waters of the Lagos river, rushing to discharge themselves in an opposite direction, has caused a huge bar of sand to be drawn across, and at some distance from the mouth of the river, over which the sea dashes in a fearful surf, again breaking at uncertain times and distances between this and the shore. Boats pass round the eastern extremity of this bar, where it ceases gradually and imperceptibly, and, if necessary, pull up between it and the sandy beach; and then, crossing a lesser bar, are immediately at the mouth, and enter the river. It will thus be seen that the river Lagos is only practicable for canoes or boats, or small steamers, and this not without difficulty and even hazard.”

Such is the description of the surf and bar at Lagos, which was drawn up by the late Dr. Irving, R.N., and published in the “Church Missionary Intelligencer” for June 1853.

How necessary it is that the navigator who would bring his ship safely into harbour should make himself acquainted with the tides and currents of the seas through which he sails, and the peculiar action of the winds, that he may know how to avoid difficulties, and avail himself of every favourable circumstance which may help to secure a favourable issue to his voyage. And this may be done. The winds and the waves are coming to be “so well understood, that the navigator, like the backwoodsman in the wilderness, is enabled literally to “blaze his way” across the ocean; not, indeed, upon trees, as in the wilderness, but upon the wings of the wind. The results of scientific discoveries have so taught him how to use those invisible carriers that they, with the calm belts of the air, serve as sign-boards to indicate to him the turnings, and forks, and crossings by the way.” There are *wind and current charts*, which need to be attentively studied. There are *sailing directions*, the results of varied observations and experiences, which the shipmaster should be careful to follow. They tell him, when in the doldrums the wind fails, which course he had best pursue to recover it speedily.

And are we not, as believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, pursuing our course over the waves of this troublesome world, and making for the  
January, 1867. B

haven of everlasting rest? Are we engaged in any enterprise for God? Would we desire to bring it to a successful issue? Shall there be no difficulties to contend with, no deceitful currents, no baffling winds? Are there no records of experiences to which we can refer? no book of sailing directions by which we may steer our course? Are favourable winds necessary to the sailing ship, and is the blessing of God less needful to us? Does it seem to have failed us, and do we lie becalmed, and are we not told how we may recover it? Is not prayer the sure resource of the Christian? Perhaps we are stationary; we seem to make no progress. Let us wait on the Lord in prayer, and we shall find that the pause in which we find ourselves is only as the calm the ship meets with as she passes from one system of trade winds to another.

Are there dangers in the wide sea through which the sailor is passing, and yet are there no warnings by which he may be guided? Are there no coral reefs and shoals which he knows not of? but mark the warning cloud which hangs over them. Every navigator who has cruised in the trade-wind region of the Pacific "has often turned with wonder and delight to admire the gorgeous piles of cumuli heaped up and arranged in the most delicate and exquisitely-beautiful manner that it is possible for fleecy matter to assume. Not only are these piles found capping the hills among the islands, but they are often seen to overhang the lowest islet of the tropics, and even to stand above coral patches and hidden reefs, a cloud by day to serve as a beacon to the lonely mariner." Gathered about the low coral island, they are preparing it for vegetation and fruitfulness. "As they are condensed into showers, one fancies that they are a sponge of the most exquisite and delicately-elaborated material, and that he can see, as they drop down fatness, the invisible but bountiful hand aloft that is pressing and squeezing it out."

And if, in our Christian course, there be dangers, how plain are not our sailing directions! what providential warnings are afforded us! what encouragements to trust in the Lord! what assurances that He will not fail us!

And when we have reached the termination of our course, when the shore is near on which we wish to land, shall we be alarmed at the surf which breaks upon the bar? Shall we distrust Him who has guided us thus far? Shall we not entrust ourselves with confidence to the Lord's promise, and say with Paul, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day?"

Let the new year commence with prayer, and day by day let that prayer continue to be offered; then, whether we live to see its end, or die beforehand, the issue shall be what the Lord wishes and therefore what we desire.

In this Number will be found a prayer, drawn up by one who takes a deep interest in the work of the Missions, and which our readers may find suitable and helpful.

## THE MARINER'S HYMN.

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner! Christian, Heaven speed thee,  
 Let loose the rudder bands! Good angels lead thee;  
 Set thy sails warily, tempests will come;  
 Steer thy course steadily; Christians, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow, breakers are round thee!  
 Let fall the plummet now, shallows may ground thee!  
 Reef in the fore-sail, there! hold the helm fast!  
 So—let the vessel wear! there swept the blast.

What of the night, watchman? What of the night?  
 "Cloudy—all quiet—no land yet in sight."  
 Be wakeful, be vigilant, danger may be  
 At an hour when all seems securest to thee.

How—gains the leak so fast? Clear out the hold;  
 Hoist up thy merchandize—heave out the gold!  
 There—let the ingots go! now the ship rights;  
 Hurrah! the harbour's near—lo, the red lights.

Slacken not sail yet at inlet or island,  
 Straight for the beacon steer—straight for the highland;  
 Crowd all the canvas on, and through the foam,  
 Christian! cast anchor now: heaven is thy home!

## ON LEAVING AN OLD HOUSE AND ENTERING A NEW ONE.

BY THE LADY SUPERINTENDANT OF THE NATIVE FEMALE INSTITUTION, SIERRA LEONE.

JANUARY 1865 found us struggling on still in the old house, wearied with long delays, discouraged by dilatory workpeople, overwhelmed with business, and sick in body and mind. January 1866 finds us in a very different case, thanks be to our gracious, allwise God! The old house is forsaken by us, and is undergoing necessary repairs for the reception of our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton: its occupants and its name will be changed truly, but it will ever be endeared to the hearts of those who belong to the Female Institution, and who lived together happily so many years beneath its roof. We were right glad to leave it, because its limited size greatly hindered our work: proper arrangements could not be made; plans for the improvement, civilization, or elevation of the children could not be carried out; there was no fit accommodation for any European assistant; and the fact that about sixty human beings daily assembled in a house built for the accommodation of a small family, is sufficient to convince every one that the change was very desirable; and now it seems almost impossible to believe that so many could have lived there so long with any degree of comfort. Nevertheless, comfort we had, and abundance of it at times, and blessings, mercies, lovingkindnesses, joys, pleasures in rich abundance; many good and perfect gifts daily showered down upon us from the great Father of lights; unnumbered answers to prayers; much joy, and peace, and rest in Jesus; many strivings of the Holy Spirit for victory over inner sin and outer darkness; much light and comfort from the presence of our

God and the reading of his word ;—all these, and much more, could we record, for his mercies were new every morning, and renewed every evening. Great was his faithfulness.

This is a bright picture of goodness and mercy ; but there were spent, also, in that old house, many days, weeks, and months, of sickness and weakness, pain and weariness ; there were many heartrendings, many discouragements, trials, and disappointments ; and many a hard battle was often fought against Satan and his kingdom of sin and darkness in human hearts. All this may be considered sufficient to obliterate the brightness of the above ; but the truth is far otherwise. The latter only adds to the beauty of the former, for in sickness and in weakness the Lord made our bed, and strengthened us thereon. His left hand was under our heads, and his right arm embraced us ; his banner over us was love, in weariness and pain, in trials and discouragements. He was still by us, as a hiding-place from the winds, a covert from the tempest, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land ; so as our days were we found our strength to be, and in the midst of tribulation we could sing aloud with heart and soul, "There is none like the God of Jeshurun, who rideth upon the heaven in thy help !" The eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms. This, again, is not all. In that old house, mingled with instruction, prayer was wont to be made : many, we hope, were answered. Much seed was sown, and appeared from time to time to take root downwards and bear fruit upwards. Some dear girls, who spent a time amongst us there, will remember that house with a peculiar feeling as the place where the Spirit first strove with and conquered their hearts, and no doubt will say, "Lo, I was born there." We may hope, also, such was the case with some who have been taken from this world, and that others, now living carelessly, may yet have some of the good seed of the word still in their hearts, though now smothered up in the dust and rubbish of this perishing world and its vain pursuits. This is our affectionate farewell tribute to the old house, its blessings, its joys, and its sorrows ; our tribute of praise and gratitude to the Lord God, the Lord holy and true, merciful and faithful ; but our hymn of praise and thanksgiving must be continued in this our new abode, where we were permitted to assemble as a family on the 28th June last, for He is still with us, to bless and to guide, a very present help in trouble, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

---

SAFDAR ALI.

WOULD our readers desire to know what it costs a native of India, of some position in society, to become a Christian, and publicly profess it before his countrymen? Then we can give them an instance, by which they will be enabled to form a judgment on this subject.

Three years ago a Mussulman of respectability, a Deputy Inspector of Schools, was led to embrace Christianity, and be baptized. But this was not done until after long inquiry and hesita-

tion. His father, a Mussulman of the Syud race, having experienced some reverse of fortune, had become resident at Agra, where his son, Safdar Ali, had an opportunity of attending the Government school. A strict Mohammedan, he had no greater object than to attain perfection in the faith of his fathers, and in the study of the sciences and the prescriptions of the Mohammedan religion he spent many years. He was led to acquaint himself with the religious books of the Hindus, and, extending his researches, entered on the metaphysics of the Greek philosophers, and even adventured to read the works of atheists and deists. Christianity, however, he did not examine. He had concluded, without examination, that it was false, and had shut it out altogether from his consideration.

The fact was, he was not satisfied; he felt that he wanted something. He practised austerities, but found they did not promote purity of heart and holiness of life. He sought after a guide, and waited upon a great number of sheikhs and fakirs, but they did him no good. He had thought of visiting Mecca, but was providentially prevented by family circumstances. In searching for some books he came incidentally upon two, which, although in his possession, he had never looked into—a portion of the Holy Scriptures and Dr. Pfander's *Mizan-ul-haqq*. These he determined to read, and, during three years, spent all the time he could spare in the study of the Mohammedan and Christian Scriptures, and works of controversy on both sides. At length, through the grace of God, the truth opened before him; all his doubts and fears were dispersed; and on Christmas-day, 1864, he was baptized at Jubbulpore by our Missionary, the Rev. E. Champion.

Now came the heavy trials, the domestic persecution, the being hated, cast off by those whom he most loved on earth, but who had now ceased to love him. His relatives, when they heard from him that he had been baptized, were completely astounded at the intelligence. His wife cast herself to the ground, and there remained for days, without speaking or taking food, nor would she speak one word to him; and when she did take food and recovered some strength, it was only to reproach him. She declared that she would no longer live with him. Day by day he besought her, but in vain, and at last, thinking it best to let her have her own way, sent her, with her father and his little girl, back to their home at Agra.

Nor was this all: the whole world seemed to turn against him. He had been esteemed as a learned Molwee, and every one had approached him with respect. Now he was denounced as a fool. His former friends, when they saw him coming, to avoid him, took a different path, and the common people scouted him. None stood by him but his Christian friends, and their sympathy and counsel he did not fail to have. Nay, more; the Lord stood with him and strengthened him, so that, like Paul, he received all that came to him, and taught them the things which concern the Lord Jesus.

But the fact that several Mohammedans had visited him for conversation on religious subjects raised the excitement to such a pitch that his enemies were overheard to say that nothing remained to do except to kill him; and this no doubt would have been done, but that God, in his providence, has given to Great Britain the rule in India, and the Queen's proclamation having guaranteed to all freedom of conscience, injuries to the person and property are not permitted.

Has his wife returned to him? It is now three years since she left him. Has she relented, and desired reconciliation? Let the following letter answer these questions. He had gone to Agra, in the hope that, after so long an absence, affection might revive, and the severed relations of husband and father be restored. And he tells us how he fared, and that so touchingly, and yet so meekly and resignedly, that it is impossible to read it without being moved.

*Aug. 27, 1866*—I have not replied to your letter till now, and in these days I have been in great tribulation, and I have been ill too. I have been suffering from that pain in my heart, and from cold, and a pain in my ear has given me much trouble also; and, more than this, my head became several times giddy, and a noise sounded in my ears. Now, through the Lord's mercy, I am better, and am taking medicine.

Seventeen days ago my mother and brother, and many members of my family, came from Dhaulpore. By God's goodness all are well.

My wife's heart is hard as before, or rather it gets daily harder and harder. I have explained every thing to her, and reasoned with her, and have hitherto displayed my affection for her in every way. I have besought her, have even joined my hands in my entreaty. I went so far as this, and said, "My coming is after four or five years. Now I ask thus much from you, that you will go to Jubbulpore, and remain there, and I promise you this, that, if you desire, you shall remain in one house and I will remain in another; and without your order I will not come into your house, no, not even to the door." But she does not agree to one word of this.

In this she is obstinate, and says—"If you will become a Mussulman again (in your heart hold what you like), but, with your mouth, before all own the truth of Islam, then I and all your family are with you, and what you say we will do. Otherwise between me and you there is no connexion. The world may be turned upside down, but I cannot be with you, nor have I any thing to do with going to Jubbulpore, and remaining there. If you like, don't give me money for my support, and don't write to me. I am not your wife, nor are you my husband. Why do you follow me? If you like, marry again." In a word, these are hard sayings; and she lives and dresses in all respects as a widow. But, Sir, how is it possible that I, leaving my God, should attend to the word of men, although there is at this time such terrible grief in my heart, that, as it were, every day my soul is expelled from my body. Those people who before were silent, and did not reproach me, now do such heart-breaking things, and all the beloved ones of my heart are to-day separated from



me for ever! I have had my last interview with them. My friends, my family, my wife and little girl, one and all are gone, and on this account I am in such heavy grief as never before had happened to me. But how can this be, that I should turn my face from my Saviour and forsake my Master and Maker, the most merciful Lord God? I will never do so. I am contented with whatever is the will of my most merciful Father. In happiness and sorrow, He is my helper. In this great tribulation He supports me, and ever will support. The comfort of his grace to me is unspeakable.

Oh, Sir, the substance of this is, that these have all gone from me, and there is no hope at all now of their joining me. My wife's object is just this—"One or two thousand rupees, if you like, spend on your house, which is half made. Send me money for my support. Marry your daughter where I like among the family, and let me remain here in Agra, and come again, just as you like; but continue no connexion with me. I cannot become infidel because of you. I cannot forsake my relatives. I cannot, like you, consent to be defamed by the world, and to be considered outcast. People say you are worse than other Christians, and they think you hateful. And if you don't help me, then my provider is another (her false god). As far as I am able I will labour and work for hire, but *with you* no connexion remains."

At first it was my wish to repair my house, lest if it should not be repaired this 3000 rupee house should fall; but now, seeing the hardness of my relatives' hearts, I think, whether it falls or stands, I will do nothing, but come direct to you. I commit all these to the Lord. What He approves is best, and enough.

We ask for the prayers of every one who reads the above. Many and effectual prayers, who can tell what a change they might be instrumental in bringing about? At any rate, we know this, that prayer on his behalf, that he may be sustained, will assuredly be answered.

---

#### A MISSIONARY PRAYER.

O most merciful Father, I [we] come to Thee through Thy Son Jesus Christ, to intercede on behalf of the benighted heathen. I [we] humbly pray for those who are perishing in their sins, living without a knowledge of Christ, and dying without a good hope of eternal life. Pour out Thy Holy Spirit upon them in Pentecostal abundance. Bring them to a knowledge of themselves as sinners, and Jesus Christ as their only and all-sufficient Saviour. Have pity upon those who have no pity upon themselves. Open their blind eyes, soften their hard hearts, and cause them to attend to the things which make for their everlasting peace. Give unto Christ, according to Thy promise, the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession. Let the everlasting Gospel have free course and be glorified in the salvation of many souls: may its joyful sound be heard in every land, be preached in every tongue, and its truth received into every heart. Send out Thy

light and Thy truth into the dark places of the earth, which are full of the habitations of cruelty. Hasten that glorious time when all nations shall call Jesus blessed, when his name shall be magnified in the earth, and when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ.

Awaken, I [we] beseech Thee, in this land and parish a more fervent zeal for Thy glory, and a tender compassion for the perishing heathen. Arouse many to a deeper sense of their solemn duty towards them. Stir up amongst us a Missionary spirit, and a love for the souls of men.

I [we] pray for Thy blessing to rest upon all faithful Missionaries and teachers, who are engaged in labouring among the heathen. Crown their efforts with abundant success. Bestow upon them wisdom, love, and zeal, and multiply upon them Thy grace, mercy, and peace. Especially I [we] entreat Thy blessing on the designs and efforts of the Church Missionary Society. Look with Thy especial favour upon each station established in different parts of the world.

O Thou Lord of the harvest, send forth more labourers into Thy harvest! Raise up men burning with a holy zeal for Thy cause, who shall go forth to preach amongst the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ. Put it into the hearts of Thy people to sow bountifully, that they may reap bountifully. Give to many a spirit of self-denial, of liberality, and a readiness to spend and be spent, that souls may live.

Finally, I [we] thank Thee, O God, for the success Thou hast given to the Missionary enterprise. I [we] praise Thee for the thousands who have been turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. Hear me [us], O gracious Father, in these my [our] imperfect prayers and praises, for the sake of Thy only-begotten, and well-beloved Son Jesus Christ. Amen.

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THE SEED FALLING ON PREPARED GROUND.

WHEN fallow-ground has been broken up by the plough, so that, instead of a hard surface, there is a soft and rich mould, then is the time for the sower to go forth. And this is the aspect which the province of Oude presents at the present time.

It had been but recently annexed at the time of the mutiny. The people were impatient of the British yoke; and when the Sepoy army of North India mutinied, they rose in insurrection. Every one remembers the Presidency at Lucknow; how for months a handful of Europeans, behind some slightly-constructed barricades, kept at bay the hordes of enemies which surrounded them. The Mohammedans of Oude had risen to the conflict, and hoped to sweep from the face of Oude the Feringhee, his religion, and his rule. But it was not so. The deliverers came—first Havelock and Outram, then Lord Clyde—and, broken up, the assailants fled discomfited. That was the ploughing-up of the hard soil. The effect produced on the minds of the population by these events is well summed up in the following words addressed by a Mussulman

of Lucknow to one of our Missionaries—"If God had not been for you, and against us, you must all have perished."

Immediately on the war having ceased our Missionaries entered Oude, establishing themselves at Lucknow as their head-quarters, and going forth from thence over the face of the country, preaching and teaching Jesus Christ. Are they well received? Are the people willing to listen? We know no part of India where the Missionary is more generally welcomed, and where natives of all classes appear so anxious to hear and understand. We have now lying before us a letter from one of our Lucknow Missionaries, the Rev. J. P. Mengé, to our Secretary at Calcutta, and we are tempted to introduce some portions of it into the pages of the "Gleaner," that our readers may judge for themselves whether we have given too hopeful a sketch of the state of affairs in this province.

In accordance with my promise I now send you a short account of my Missionary trip. We have been in camp for about eight weeks, during part of November, December, January, and February. Two native assistants accompanied me. They were for three months in camp (for one month they were by themselves). In Nurunbgunj, besides preaching many times to large and attentive congregations in the bazaars, I also visited all the pundits in and round about. Among them, Eyudzya, pundit, was the best read, and most pleased with our visit, and confessed that the Gospel was much better than any Hindu Shastra. I also visited the chief Mohammedan Zemindar here, whose near relative was a well-read man. He referred to Rev. xiii. 1—9, and remarked on it that this was a very improbable event. Of course I told him that these words must not be taken literally, but had reference to a prophetic vision vouchsafed to the apostle, &c. I paid likewise a visit to the Talook of Guddin, whose son is learning English, where I preached the Gospel to several, who had assembled in the verandah of his house. One day I entered the Jain temple, where, at first, I was asked to take off my shoes at the entrance, but I refused to do so; and after a few minutes' hesitation on their part, I was allowed to enter, and carried on a long religious discussion with the presiding priest. He listened attentively, and took a copy of St. Luke's Gospel and the Acts in Hindu from me with pleasure. About twelve Jains were present. There is a Government school here, attended by a good many boys. I visited it, and examined the first class. When leaving, the head master told me that he had read part of Butler's Analogy, but found it rather difficult to understand. In two houses, occupied by Khatries, who were sugar manufacturers, we collected a good number of persons, who apparently listened with pleasure to the glad tidings of the Gospel. In Darriabad we were very much encouraged, the people appeared to listen so willingly to the Gospel. On the 22nd of January went to Kaspur, where the Soubadur Sooraj Singh received us with much kindness. About thirty to forty came together, and I preached to them for more than an hour. On the 24th I went again to this village, accom-

panied by Mrs. Mengé, who collected about fifty women in the zenana, whilst I preached to a large congregation of men in the outer court. Three years ago we had visited this village, and some of the women recollected the short prayer my wife taught them at that time. On the 25th of January, went to the bazaar at Nuggur, about four miles distant from Darriabad, where we addressed about 150 attentive hearers. Among them was a pundit, who listened with wrapt attention, and afterwards conversed with me, and took with pleasure some tracts and the Gospel of St. John in Hindee which I gave him. He called the next day, and I was much delighted when I found out that he had read the tracts and part of the Gospel he received yesterday, and expressed his admiration for the Gospel, and admitted that the Hindu religion was not true. On the 30th of January I returned his visit. He resides in Nagpore, a village four miles distant from Darriabad. Here I met, not merely my friend, but also his father, who is likewise a respectable and very polite pundit. Whilst I conversed with them, another young pundit came; but when he began to talk in favour of Hinduism, he was silenced, to his extreme astonishment, by my friend. My visit to him was very satisfactory. He came twice after that to my tent in Darriabad, and has promised to pay me a lengthened visit in Lucknow. May the Lord in mercy touch his heart by his infinite love, and draw him to Himself! On my way to Nagpore I met about twenty natives, who were anxious to ask me a number of questions about Jesus Christ, and the Christian religion. They said that they had heard me preach in the Darriabad bazaar, and wished to hear something about this new way. Of course I was delighted to embrace this opportunity of holding up Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world. After I returned to Nagpore, I was visited by pundit Ram Churn (a good Sanskrit scholar) and a number of others, with whom I conversed for hours about the only way of salvation. This has been one of the golden days of my life. I visited the Government school twice in Darriabad, and was much pleased with the progress the boys had made. The head master, who had been educated in Benares in the London Mission school, visited me several times. I endeavoured to rouse his conscience, as he was well acquainted with the Christian religion, and he thanked me for it. The school pundit visited me several times, and carried on long discussions with me about the Nyaisastra, the Hindu religion generally, Vedantism, and Christianity: he appeared to be a thoughtful man, and I entertain good hopes of him. I also interchanged visits with the Talook of the place, a rich man, who gives 30,000 rupees rent per annum for his estate to Government. He has a house in the Kaiserbagh in Lucknow, and promised to visit me when coming into the station. Never before had I such a strong conviction that the time may be near when thousands will at once be prepared by God to embrace the holy religion of Jesus. On the 5th of February left for Ram Surrai Ghaut, where I visited Soobadar Runjeet Singh Bahadoor's village, but found him not at home, I am sorry to say. His brother received us politely, and soon about a dozen came together, with whom I conversed about the one thing needful, among whom was a man who had heard me preach in the Darriabad bazaar. On the 6th

of February, left for Bhujovia, into which village we went in the afternoon, which is chiefly inhabited by Brahmins. The pundit, to whom I had given a tract two years ago, was absent, as also the majority of the people. They had, I was told, gone to the bazaar at Udowli, about a mile and a half distant from Bhugovia. Accordingly we went there. On the road we met the above pundit, and I conversed with him a little. He said that he liked the books I had given him very much. In Udowli we collected a very large and attentive congregation, and afterwards gave a few tracts to those who could read.

We do not wonder at the remark of Mr. Mengé—"Never before had I such a strong conviction that the time may be near when thousands will at once be prepared by God to embrace the holy religion of Jesus."

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### MISSIONARY MEETING AT LAGOS.

*(From a West-African newspaper.)*

ON Monday night, the 22nd of October, there was a Missionary meeting at St. Peter's church, His Excellency the Administrator presiding. The Right Rev. Dr. Crowther, Bishop of Niger, and the Rev. J. C. Taylor, who has laboured for many years among the Eboes on the Niger, both made some very interesting statements respecting the progress of Missionary work in that interesting field. The bishop also referred to the encouraging prospect at Bonny, where, two years ago, a Mission station was established by him. The influence of the Mission work, he said, was evinced in a most marked manner by the neglect which the people had manifested for their juju house, a sort of temple literally festooned with skulls, strung together, of prisoners of war, who were sacrificed and eaten.

Three priests, who were successively appointed to administer the bloody rites, had died, and since the death of the last no one has attempted to repair the house, and dilapidation was fast ensuing: a platform standing near it, on which were heaped the bones of the unfortunate victims of their superstition and barbarity, had fallen down. Without any direct effort, but by the quiet influence of their Christian teaching, the people had grown ashamed of their abominable customs. They had other encouragements than the diffusion of the light of the Gospel. The civilized arts which the Missionaries carried there were adopted by the chiefs and great men, who had retained the carpenters and other mechanics they took with them for building houses similar to those of the Missionaries. They have been taught how to make mud walls, and to burn lime from sea-shells, which are very abundant. The worthy bishop made many other interesting statements, particularly respecting a journey of about ninety miles through an almost impassable country, which he (Mr. Taylor), and some other persons connected with the Mission, made to a king who was very friendly towards them. They were accompanied by a guide—a messenger from the king—who has the prerogative of plundering all whom he meets on his road. He attempted, in

a few instances, to exercise it, but in every case he was induced to make restitution. The conduct of the bishop and his people in this seems to have created in their behalf much good feeling. The other speakers were the Revs. Messrs. Sykes and Nicholson.

#### THE NIGER.

To this we shall add, for the benefit of our readers, a brief sketch of Bishop Crowther's last visitation of the Mission on the Niger.

The first place visited was the new station at the mouth of the Nun. Here there is enough to show that in due time we shall reap if we faint not. Already applications have been received from a place 150 miles distant, requesting that there also the people might have the benefit of Christian teaching.

The next place reached was Onitsha. Here the Bishop found our native Missionary, the Rev. J. C. Taylor, in a weakly state of health. It is not surprising. He has been, amidst domestic sorrow, carrying on an arduous work. The bishop immediately took him on board, that he might accompany him up the river to the Confluence; and we find by the above extract from the "Anglo African" that he has brought him to Lagos.

They then proceeded to Lokoja, near the site of the model farm, commenced at the time of the great expedition, and on the right or Yoruba side of the river. Gbebe, at the Confluence, was recently committed to the flames, during the vicissitudes of a civil war with which the country had been wasted, and many of the inhabitants, driven from their homes, had sought a refuge at Lokoja, the population of which had, in consequence, much increased. Here, on the Lord's-day, divine service was held, a large congregation attending, amongst whom were several Mohammedans, who, during the course of the bishop's sermon, nodded assent, and coming to him afterwards, expressing their wish to know more of these things.

The next day the bishop held his visitation. His clergy were not numerous—three ordained Africans, together with several native catechists. But who hath despised the day of small things? This is a laying of the foundation-stone, and the top stone shall yet be raised with shoutings of grace to it. The bishop's charge has been sent home, and will shortly be published. Our readers shall have some portions of it.

The next place visited was Iddah, on the same side of the river with Onitsha, and about half-way between that station and the Confluence.

They found the Attah absent from the town, having gone into the interior to quell some disturbances.

On the Lord's-day divine service was held. A large congregation assembled, fully 300 in number, and through his interpreter, Shidi, the first baptized native at the Confluence, the bishop told them of God's mercy in Christ to sinners of every nation under heaven.

On the next day the schoolchildren met together, and prizes were distributed—all contributed by Ladies' Working Associations in England. The church at Idda is called the Reading Church, identifying it with the Missionary zeal of our friends at Reading, and several of the Associations are mentioned who have helped the African work.

THE MAHAWELLI-GANGA, CEYLON.

THE road from Colombo to Kandy passes first through marshy plains, on an embankment, whose sides are shaded by long lines of teak. On either



VIEW ON THE MAHAWELLI-GANGA, NEAR KANDY, CEYLON.

*February, 1867.*

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side hamlets may be seen, surrounded by cocoa-nut trees. These, as the traveller gets more inland, are succeeded by graceful arecas. "But what most excites the wonder of a stranger are flowering trees which adorn the landscape." After leaving the picturesque rest-house of Ambepusse, about half-way between Colombo and Kandy, the road crosses spurs of hills, which descend from the mountains in the interior, and the aspect of the country changes from lowlands to the less cultivated highlands. "The forests become so dense, that troops of monkeys venture in sight, and flocks of plumb-headed paroquets romp and scream among the branches. Buddhist temples appear in secluded spots. Shaven priests, in yellow robes, and carrying ivory fans, plod on their errand of poverty, to collect food in the villages. The houses are surrounded, not by a grove of cocoa-nuts, but by a fence of coffee-bushes, with their polished green leaves, and wreaths of jessamine-like flowers."

During the last thirty miles the scenery is of great grandeur, as the road climbs hills, crosses torrents, and at last reaches its highest point at the pass of Kaduganawa, where it passes through a tunnel formed through an overhanging rock. From this point the road descends gently for eight or nine miles, "towards the banks of the Mahawelliganga, a part of which flows around Kandy, surrounding the city, as the Singhalese say, like a necklace of pearls."

Kandy is beautifully situated. It stands on the banks of a miniature lake, overhung on all sides by hills, from whence may be obtained "charming views of the city, with its temples and monuments. A road, which bears the name of Lady Horton's Walk, winds round one of those hills; and on the eastern side, which is steep and almost precipitous, it looks down into the valley of Doombera, through which the Mahawelliganga rolls over a channel of rocks, presenting a scene that, in majestic beauty, cannot be surpassed."

From Kandy to the sanatorium of Nuwera-ellia, a distance of fifty miles, the road is carried to a height of 6000 feet, passing through the mountain districts, where are the coffee-plantations. For the first twelve miles it runs within a short distance of the Mahawelliganga, crossing it by the bridge of Paradenia, which spans the river with a single arch of more than 200 feet, the crown of which is nearly seventy feet above the stream. At times the river is swollen greatly, and rushes with great force through the narrow channel. When, in 1815, the British occupied Kandy, they found the coffee-tree growing in the vicinity of the temples. Ten years after, so soon as the hill-country was thrown open by the formation of the great central road, the first coffee-plantation was formed by Sir Edward Burnes. "The mountain ranges on all sides of Kandy became rapidly covered with plantations; the great valleys of Doombera, Ambogamman, Kotmalie, and Pusilawa, were occupied by emulous speculators: they settled on the steep passes ascending to Nuwera-ellia; they penetrated to Badullah and Ovah, and coffee-trees quickly bloomed on solitary hills around the very base of Adam's Peak."

"A plantation of coffee is, at every season, an object of beauty and interest. The leaves are bright and polished, like those of a laurel, but of a much darker green; the flowers, of the purest white, grow on tufts along the top of the branches, and bloom so suddenly, that at morning



the trees look as if snow had fallen on them in wreaths during the night. Their jasmine-like perfume is powerful enough to be oppressive; but this lasts only for a day, and the bunches of crimson berries which succeed resemble cherries in brilliancy and size. Within the pulp, concealed in a parchment-like sheath, lies the double seed, which, by a variety of processes, is freed from its integuments, and converted into coffee."

These coffee-plantations are the locality of our Kandy Cooly Mission. The plantations are interesting; the Mission still more so. We are raising up there trees of righteousness. Our work is slower, but it will be enduring. The coffee-trees bear fruit useful to man; but heathen men and women won to Christ will bear fruit to the glory of God. Our labourers are few—one Missionary, and some Tamil Christians from Tinnevely; but the Lord works through their instrumentality. Let us desire that prejudice and ignorance, like the ancient forests, may give way, and Christianity, in its beautifying influences, spread itself over the Kandian hills and valleys.

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### THE BLOOD-STAINED BANNER;

OR, AN ECHOING WORD ON CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

BELoved BRETHREN,—It was a source of happiness to me to be present at a recent Missionary meeting, and not then having a fitting opportunity of expressing a few thoughts which occupied my mind in connexion with it, I take this method of giving utterance to them, in the hope that, by God's blessing, they may animate you to a more earnest attention to Missionary work, and a more ardent desire to give yourselves, in one way or another, to that most happy work which, begun by Jesus and his apostles, is alike honourable to angels and ennobling to men.

The appeals of Christ's servants at Missionary meetings are very often rendered less operative for good than they would be, through lack of afterthought and prayer on the part of those who hear them. Hence there is a continual need that our hearts and minds should be stirred up and reminded of those things which we have heard, that so we may hold them fast, and not let them slip. It may therefore be that this afterword may not be without its use in recalling to your memory what you have heard at past Missionary meetings, and in aiding you to bring them into practice, which is indeed the end of all reading, speaking, and hearing. Let it, then (through his blessing who can give it power with you), be to you a friendly echo of the living voices which appealed to you on behalf of Missions to the heathen.

There is a Society called "The Society of Jesus," whose main object is the upholding and extending of the power and supremacy of their order and the Roman Church. They are a most compact and thoroughly organized and disciplined body of men, sworn to the utmost fidelity to their vows and order, and their influence is co-extensive with the world. We do not belong to *that* body of Jesu-ists, but we do profess to belong to the body of Jesus, to be members of Christ, children of God, inheritors, in expectancy, of his heavenly kingdom. Should *we* not, then, feel that the vows of our Lord are upon us; that we, too, being lovers and followers of Jesus, should also unite, as one man, for the purpose of diffusing the

savour of his name in every place, for upholding and extending his church, and hastening his coming and kingdom? Let us manifest the same zeal, self-sacrifice, and devotion, *all for Jesus*, every one in our divinely allotted sphere, which they show for the aggrandisement of their church and order. We have been enrolled into the ranks of the visible church, named after Christ, and signed with his cross, that we should be his good soldiers, and "war a good warfare." Let us, then, expect to hear our Captain's call to occupy the positions which He in his goodness may assign to us, be it high or low, to stand in the forefront of the battle, or to guard some isolated and lonely pass, until He shall call us from the ranks to be captains of his militant host.

Should such divine call come to us—as come it will—let us not neglect or suppress, but cherish and stir up that heavenly gift, as a sacred deposit of his love, and diligently and faithfully use your entrusted talent for Him who gave it to our charge, and who will soon ask it at our hands. Let us, by prayer, meditation, and faithful testimony, by lip and life, show that we are not unmindful whose we are, and whom, by every claim of love and friendship, we ought earnestly to serve.

To some this gracious call to consecration to ministerial and Missionary work comes in very early days ; and should it come to any of you, be you like the child Samuel, who so willingly responded to the Lord's call, and who, from his childhood, was chosen to be his prophet ; and like the child Timotheus, who, early taught the Jewish Scriptures of the Old Testament by his good mother and grandmother, was eventually called to be a bishop in the apostolic church of Christ ; above all, like the holy child Jesus, who, at twelve years old, felt the call to be about his Father's business ; and be assured, that if you are not disobedient to the heavenly vision, and to the call of Jesus in your souls, He will lead you, step by step, in his own way, which is the way of meek attention, prompt obedience, and patient waiting. He may indeed keep you waiting for the outward call long after He has given you the inward call by his Spirit working within you ; but this is not the rejection of your desire, for to you He speaks as to David, "Thou didst well that it was in thine *heart*." Nor is it a permission to do nothing because the time is not yet come for the fulfilment of *all* you desire, but rather that you should in patience possess your souls till his full time be come, and that you should meanwhile show the sincerity of your Missionary spirit for more extensive labour, by here and there doing good, as you have opportunity, to all men. Your "cup of cold water" given to the thirsty pilgrim—your words of love and consolation to the weary, the suffering, and the dying—your Christian life, amidst those who dwell around you—will be seen and known of Christ ; and when He has prepared other work for you further afield, you will find that the discipline of patient endurance, earnest labour, and hopeful waiting, has really been preparing you for the more efficient fulfilment of the work which Jesus shall be pleased to assign to you. It will then be your joy to find that you have not waited a moment too long ; that the graces of humility, self-conquest, and dependence upon His power and wisdom, have been growing in the shade ; and that, having been faithful to your blessed Master in the few things of his appointment in a lower place, He has not forgotten to call you up

higher, to be thenceforth occupied more fully and openly in his service. It may be that you are yet destined to occupy the place of some captain in his great army, who, having borne the burden and heat of the day, has at length fallen asleep in Him; and how could you enter upon so weighty a post as this without having been first nurtured and trained by his hand in secret, unobserved of men, as were the ancient prophets and apostles, like Moses in the desert and Paul in Damascus. Therefore, think not that you are forgotten of Him, should your own home and neighbourhood be your first sphere of Mission work for Christ, but rather seek to use this office well: and as the apostle says in reference to deacons, so shall it be of you, you shall "purchase to yourselves a good degree and great boldness in the faith."

Is there, then, any one amongst you who may feel touched in heart by the grace of God, who hears his call to his work and kingdom, and desires to give willing obedience thereto in the present and future? Hold fast that call—that privilege; reverence that heavenly voice; it is the voice of Him who called the brothers of the Galilean lake, and made them fishers of men—of Him

"Who calls us o'er the tumult  
Of our life's wild restless sea,  
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,  
Saying, Christian follow Me!"

Only seek grace faithfully to follow that call, let it take you when it may, and as it may, as Christ's true Missionary servants have ever done, whether it guided them to India, Africa, New Zealand, Burmah, Greenland, or Abyssinia; or to labour at home in city, town, or country. Follow that call, and it will lead you in paths which you have not known; but they shall be, not only paths of suffering and self-denial, but paths of peace and joy. For some souls at least shall be your crown of rejoicing now; but specially when the harvest-home cometh; and come it will in its appointed season. How glad will you be in that day to have some redeemed souls then eternally safe, bearing the testimony, "Lord, thy grace enabled this thy servant to win me to thee by thy word. All glory be to thee!"

If any ask, How shall I in early days show my love for Jesus who thus calls me? I would say, By daily prayer; by obedience, love, and activity at home; and, by a life of meekness, gentleness, and faithfulness, bearing witness to those around you that such call is yours. Learn all you possibly can; embrace every presenting opportunity of following on after your hearts' desire; tell your wish to your mother, father, and minister; and ask your Saviour to open your way in due time; and thus you may indeed wait in hope, for He will give you your work now where you are, your work eventually on earth, and your work for ever in heaven.

May He so inspire your heart for his name's sake!

Whilst speaking on this subject I may mention, for your encouragement, the example of two little schoolboys, who, many years ago, lived in H—, each of whom had lost his father, each of whom had the earnest desire of being a clergyman. When in their twelfth or thirteenth year, and occupied as teachers and learners at H— school, they found, as they conversed together in their walks, that the same desire was budding in each of their hearts. One evening they went alone, and, after prayer,

they mutually wrote a letter, which they each signed, telling their minister whom they loved, what they felt, and asking his counsel as to what they should do. He most kindly appointed an interview with them at his house, and, in the most sympathizing manner, went over the matter with them. The counsel which he gave them was briefly this—"Your desire, my dear boys, is a good desire, and one which you ought not to put away; but you have at present little prospect of surmounting the difficulties which stand in your way. You desire to go to college, and to be ordained clergymen. Have you the means of supporting yourselves at the University? Could your friends help you to do so, to the amount of several hundred pounds? I think your duty for the present is to go on diligently with your lessons, to be good boys at home and at school, and, if God has called you to this work of the ministry, He will in due time assuredly open your path. I am, however, glad that you mentioned your desire to me." Thus did this minister guide the steps of these two young schoolboys; and how true have been his words. In about a year after this, these companions were providentially separated: the path of both was directed to business, the desire for the holy ministry animating each of them. One of them was led to God from his early home, and, in his goodness and love, guided from place to place, and friend to friend. Again and again did the bright hope seem, in his case, about to be realized; yet its realization was as often delayed; until at length a call came to him, through the hands of a Christian brother, to leave England, and go to a Missionary college over the sea. How thankfully he received this providential call I can hardly tell you: suffice it to say, that after bidding affectionate farewell to mother, sister, brother, relatives, and friends, and the dear schoolmaster, clergyman, fellow-teachers, and the beloved schoolfellow of his early days, he went alone, in about his seventeenth year, on his voyage to that college home in which he was now to prepare for the happy work which he so longed to follow for life.

For several years the young student lived in that most happy college home, surrounded by fellow-students who had been gathered from many lands, and who spoke in many tongues, and who had, many of them, given themselves to Jesus, and were now training for the same holy vocation of a Missionary's life. Oh how happy did he feel in the prospect of soon being an ordained minister of Christ, and of going forth from that island of the sea, to tell the heathen of his salvation from day to day, and to proclaim to Jew and Gentile the glad tidings of a crucified, risen, and ascended Saviour, as God's gift to the children of men.

But this was not yet to be. After years of health and activity, a fever came and laid him low, disabling him in a great degree from further studies. How much he felt this great blow I need not tell you. But he still hoped and laboured, and God gave his paternal blessing, especially to efforts amongst the young. Then, after a season he had a call from a brother Missionary to go to a distant land and help him. He responded to this invitation, left the college, returned to England ready to go thither, made repeated efforts to that end; but the Society did not at that time appoint an assistant Missionary to that Mission. It was then indicated to him that he should engage in business,

and not study again, at least for a season. After a renewed visitation of illness, he acquiesced in the counsel, and engaged therein for a time; but his Missionary desire was still dominant in his heart, and, hearing of an opening for a reader in one of the populous districts of England, he offered himself, was accepted, and in the following week entered upon his labours. This was on Friday, September 1, 1854; since which time he has gone forward in that work: it has often been attended with trials and sufferings, but it has also been a pathway thickly strewn with God's mercy and lovingkindness. During this period he has often sought for ordination, but without avail. He has therefore gone forward in the way of present duty in hope, endeavouring by grace given to occupy that portion of the vineyard assigned to his care as a catechist in the church of Christ, bearing about him the same inextinguishable desire of his early days, for the attainment of which he had prayed, laboured, and waited.

Being conversant with the student and teacher, of whom I have given this narrative, I have been enabled to enter into some degree of detail concerning his life, in the hope that it may encourage any boy or girl, in whose heart this Missionary desire and purpose is divinely awakened, to faithful working, meek obedience, and hopeful waiting; and that it may also induce those who know of any such desire on the part of the young—parents, Missionaries, teachers, friends—to do all in their power to encourage, sustain, and guide it. This is the bounden duty and privilege of all ministers, parents, and teachers in their respective spheres; and were it kindly, judiciously, and perseveringly done, I feel assured that many a labourer for Christ would be added to the company of preachers at home and abroad—many a good soldier enrolled in this militant host—who now for lack of such seasonable counsel, encouragement, and friendly aid; are probably lost to the great work.

Let each one ask in earnest, Am I called to this work in any form or degree? Mark how God's call came in old time. Isaiah, in the temple, saw in vision Jehovah enthroned and surrounded by cherubim and seraphim, lauding and magnifying his holy name. He is convinced of his sin, which he confesses. A live coal taken from the altar by angelic hands touches his lips, and cleanses him from his sin. He then hears Jehovah's voice calling, "Whom shall we send, or who will go for us?" "Then said I, Here am I, send me. And He said unto me, 'Go.'" Paul, journeying to Damascus, was met by the voice of Jesus from heaven. Convinced of his sin, made willing to serve his Saviour, asking, "What wilt thou have me to do?" he is appointed apostle to the Gentiles. Even so now does God graciously, in one way or another, convince men of sin, lead them to Jesus, sanctify them by his Spirit, and call them to his holy ministry. Let us not, then, refuse Him who speaketh from heaven: let us rather exclaim with Isaiah, "Here am I, send me;" or with St. Paul, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and when we are told to go lovingly and do it. Then, wherever we are, shall we be truly Christ's Missionary servants, in our homes, by the wayside, in the school, amongst friends and neighbours, by the sick-bed, and in the house of mourning. Our "cup of cold water," given in the name of Jesus, shall not lose its reward even now, for our own souls shall be

watered; nor hereafter, for those precious lips, which poured forth grace and truth, shall say to us, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto *me*." And the sound of those divine words of approval shall echo sweet music in our heart for ever, when the sound of the strife of tongues and the reproaches of men have died away, as the noise of the waves when the ocean is at rest, and the bright sun and blue sky are reflected in the rippling waters.

You have heard at former Missionary meetings of the sad degradation of the poor unhappy heathen, and have had a little glimpse of the tortures which they endure in the hope of pacifying their idol gods. But how faint are those pictures compared with the *reality*, as seen daily by the Missionaries in those heathen lands, which "vex their souls from day to day," and make them sorrowful and sick at heart. You have heard of the example set the heathen by some Europeans, who themselves not unfrequently sink into irreligion; you have been reminded of the Saviour's command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature;" and of the prayer which He taught us to pray, "Thy kingdom come;" you have been urged to remember that the Church Missionary Society wants more money for Missions, more men for Missions, and an increase of love for Missions, that the work of Christ in their hands may go forward, bearing upon its banner, *Salvation for the lost, pardon for the guilty, and eternal life for whosoever believeth and is baptized in the name of the Holy Trinity*. Then let us earnestly consider how we may each help forward this good and great work which Christ ordained.

The harvest is great; the labourers are few; the Lord is at hand; the fields are white unto harvest; the word of God is not bound; the Spirit of grace is hovering over the darkness of heathendom; the conflict between good and evil, light and darkness, Christ and anti-Christ, is severe; the silver trumpet, sounding above the din of conflict, calls us to the battle; our Captain expects us every one to go forth in his might—the might of the all-conquering One—bearing upon our banner and upon our heart the Missionary watchword,

*O Jesus! I do this for Thee!*

W. J. H. Y.

January 1866.

### LIN-DAH'S DREAM.

NIGHT fell upon the lake's calm breast;  
The aged woman sank to rest,  
And closed her sightless eyes.  
She dreamed;—an Angel gently spoke;  
He said that when the morning broke  
She'd *see* with glad surprise.

The morning smiles across the lake;  
The gentle ripples flash and break  
Upon the peaceful shore.  
And can old Lin-dah's dream be right,  
Blind 'mid the early sunbeams bright  
That through the window pour?

“ Fear not,” I said, “ your dream is good  
 And true, if rightly understood;  
     Though yonder sun rides high,  
 ’Tis night still in the world of woe,  
 Nor know we yet as we shall know  
     In bright eternity! ”

“ And I, with seeing eyes, am blind,  
 And sightless all are all mankind,  
     And hidden their delight :  
 Sometimes, like lightning cleaving heaven,  
 A glimpse of joys to come is given,  
     Then falls a deeper night.

“ We cannot tell the way we go ;  
 God’s plans of wisdom who can know,  
     His justice and his love ?  
 We grope and stumble in the gloom,  
 And yet we hope beyond the tomb  
     To see, to know, above.

“ Jesus, the Sun of brighter skies,  
 We cannot see with these blind eyes,  
     Yet can we catch his glow ;  
 Can feel his love like sunbeams pour,  
 And hear, like ripples on this shore,  
     Life’s river softly flow.]

“ Fear not, the night will soon be gone ;  
 Methinks I see the blush of dawn,  
     His voice is on the wind ;  
 And you shall see Him as He is,  
 And greet, in that first flash of bliss,  
     The Healer of the blind.”

So spake we, and when prayer was done,  
 I left old Lin-dah in the sun,  
     Waiting for dawn of day ;  
 The hour when weariness and pain,  
 And darksome fears lest hope be vain,  
     With night shall pass away.

And, parting, as I gazed around  
 On towns and villages that crown’d  
     The margin of the lake.  
 I thought, old Lin-dah’s dream shall be  
 True, too, for us, and we shall see,  
     When heaven’s fair morn doth break.

As, when the battle roars at night,  
 We cannot see how goes the fight,  
     Which side begins to yield ;  
 But with the dawn, when comes our King,  
 The shout of victory shall ring  
     Through all the battle-field.

We, like sad sowers, blind with tears,  
 Go labouring on through doubts and fears,  
     All fruitless our employ;  
 But when God wipes the tears away,  
 At breaking of th' eternal day,  
     Then we shall reap in joy.\*

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 THE SHIPWRECK.

WE have most of us, no doubt, read of a gallant action performed, a few weeks back, by a clergyman on the coast of Kent. Amidst the recent heavy gales, a ship was driven, at Dungeness, into a most dangerous position on the rocks, a heavy sea breaking over her, while between her and the shore a fierce sea was raging, and a furious, blinding surf. She lay there, exposed to the full fury of the elements. Happily there were only four men on board: of these, three were soon washed away, and one left alone. He could not help himself: he was without strength, powerless to do so. What was to be done? Could nothing be done to save him? The danger was so great that men hung back. Prompted by a strong feeling of humanity, the rector of the parish determined to make the attempt himself. In vain the people tried to dissuade him: he was not to be deterred. Another volunteered to accompany him. They committed themselves to the foaming waves, and succeeded, through the goodness of God, in bringing the man safe to shore.

This solitary man may be regarded as a representative of the whole race of man; for there has been a great shipwreck. As to his original state, his creation-state, the state in which he came forth from the hands of God, man has been shipwrecked. The original state of innocence in which God created him was like a goodly vessel in which man went forth on the voyage of life; but in that he suffered shipwreck. There has been great loss in consequence: many souls have been lost, and the question was, whether any would be saved at all. The sinner was without strength: he could not help himself.

Under these circumstances, one volunteered. He was beyond the reach of winds and waves. His throne in heaven has been for ever and ever; but He came down from it; stripped Himself of his royalty, clothed himself with sorrow and humiliation (Phil. ii. 6—8), and plunged into the stormy sea, exposing himself to the malignity of Satan, the perverse opposition of man, the penalties of our sins, altogether a stormy sea, in order that He might bring help to those who were perishing, because in the midst of danger, and without strength to help themselves.

Nor did He merely risk His life—He actually died. As He Himself says, "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for

* The following portion of a letter from the Rev. A. E. Moule will explain the subject of the above lines, which are also written by him—"About three weeks ago I visited our out-station, Dao-kong-sæn, a town on the borders of the lakes, lying some twelve miles south of Ningpo. Here we have some six Christians, and among them is an old blind woman. On this occasion I asked her how she did. 'Pretty well,' she said, 'but I can't see yet. I dream every night that when morning comes I shall see.' 'So you will,' I answered; and then I talked to her about this dark world, and the land of light to which we are journeying."

his friends." We think much of a man who risks his life to save another. Recently two ships were driven on shore on the Welsh coast : a gallant fellow volunteered to throw a line on board these ships, whereby the crews might be saved. He watched the waves as they receded, and, running quickly after them, endeavoured to throw a line on board the ships. In one case he succeeded ; but in the other, before he could regain the shore, the tide overtook him and swept him out, so that he was seen no more.

But here One so great, of such value, laid down his human life to bring life to sinners. And yet how little is this love thought of—a love still more wonderful, when we remember that they on whose behalf He thus imperilled Himself had nothing to recommend them to his favour. They were ungodly. They had brought their trouble on themselves. They deserved to be left to perish.

Now the use of boarding a ship in distress is to establish a means of communication between the shore and vessel, by which the endangered persons may have an opportunity of escaping. This He has done. The way of communication is his atonement. God and man were separated. He has opened the way in which God can be both just, and yet the justifier of him that believeth on Jesus.

Now let us recur to the Dungeness wreck, and to the one survivor left upon its deck. Suppose that when that noble-hearted clergyman, at the risk of his life, succeeded in reaching the deck, and, rushing up to the poor despairing sailor, said, "I am come to help you, to save you," the man had pushed him away, and said, "I don't want you ; I won't have you ; I won't trust myself with you," what would you have said of such a man ? Yet is it not thus that numbers of poor perishing sinners deal with Him who came to seek and save that which was lost ? Now that, at so great a cost, having accomplished by Himself all that was needful to the salvation of sinners, he draws near with assuring promises, and says, "Oh man, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me see thy help,"—how many are there not that reject his proffered aid, who put it from them, and judge themselves unworthy of eternal life ?

There is no other way ; there is no other name under heaven given unto men whereby they may be saved except the name of Jesus Christ. Only by faith in Him can sinners be transferred from the wreck to the shore, from the place of danger to that of safety.

May the Holy Ghost convince men of the folly of such conduct, that at home and abroad numbers may be willing in this the day of the Lord's power.

BIBLE WOMEN IN INDIA.

It is very satisfactory to find that native-Christian females are being employed, in various parts of India, as Bible-women. We know the nature of this agency at home, and we are glad to find that it is being brought forward in our Mission-fields. It is a proof that Christianity has progressed much more than is generally thought, when it is able to furnish forth native-Christian women who are fitted for such a work as this. It is, moreover, good for native Christianity that it should be so used. It is only as it is active and com-

municative that it can maintain its ground in the midst of surrounding heathenism.

Amongst our Kishnagurh Christians a native Bible-woman is at work. She is usually accompanied by two or three other of the native-Christian females, and visits about from house to house. At first many trials had to be endured: it was something in India so new, so strange. But now she is welcomed, and not only do the women gather round her as she reads, but the men sometimes will condescend to listen.

In the North-west Provinces, also, Bible-women are being employed with considerable success, and that by Missionaries of different Societies.

From the Ambala report, we quote the following—

Martha, the Bible-woman employed in reading the Scriptures to the women in the Sudder bazaar cantonments, has been very faithful in the discharge of her duty. The women very civilly receive her at their houses, and they sometimes hold discussions with her on knotty points in religion. She has an average daily audience (excluding the men who sometimes join) of about six, making the total number of her sex, to whom she has read the Gospel during the year, very large.

From the Lahore report—

The woman employed in this work is the catechist's wife—a convert from Sikhism. She is gifted with excellent sense, and is one in whose piety much confidence is felt. She has laboured in two or three of the nearest villages, as well as the city. She speaks of ten or twelve places in the city visited with some regularity, her visits being always made in the morning and forenoon. The houses to which she has had most ready access are those of Pathans, certain Hakims, and Muzhabis. She has held conversations with Khatranis, also, at their bathing-places outside the city. Her plan is to read the New Testament and tracts, or to converse generally on such religious topics as are suggested by circumstances. No particular facts looking towards conversion have yet come to light. In some cases opposition has been experienced, especially from some men, whose interference, of course, cannot always be avoided. She has been positively forbidden some of the houses visited, and has found not a little to try her faith. Still she perseveres; and it must be hoped that her labours will not be in vain.

From the Dehra report—

A Christian widow, named Margaret, has been employed at Dehra, as a Bible-woman, throughout the year. She has found ready access to the houses of the poorer classes, and she seems to be doing a good work among them. In some cases marked interest has been manifested by native females in the word read and explained to them. Margaret's labours have not been confined to those immediately around the Mission premises. She has also visited several villages outside of the station. In these more distant visits she is usually accompanied by her sister, who is employed in the girls' school. We look with much interest to such labours as these, as the means of introducing Christianity into the zenanas. Until this is thoroughly done, the highest cultivation of men will be comparatively useless."

WANGAROA, NEW ZEALAND.

THE large perforated rock seen in our engraving stands near the north head of the harbour of Wangaroa, or Long Bay, on the eastern coast of New Zealand, and about twenty-five miles to the



ARCHED ROCK, WANGAROA, NEW ZEALAND. (From a Drawing.)

March, 1867.

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north of the Bay of Islands, so well known in the history of the Church Missionary Society's efforts in that country.

The entrance to this port is scarcely distinguishable to a stranger from the sea. The solid rocks which form the coast look as if they had been rent asunder by an earthquake, leaving a fissure of about 150 yards wide. Perpendicular rocks tower on each side, overhung by pohutukaua trees. This tree is one of the hardiest of timber trees, and is found jutting out in immense crooked limbs from every nook, however craggy, or on exposed headlands on the seaside, growing largely, although with an extremely scanty proportion of soil around its stem. Early in the summer its branches are clothed with large flowers, of a lake or crimson hue.

The harbour itself is very spacious and deep, possessing anchorage for the largest fleet, and being sheltered from all winds, for it is surrounded by lofty hills. On its western side, high towering rocks stand forth, having the appearance of ancient ruins; while many cascades, as they fall from the heights, are lost in the undergrowth at the base of the rock.

It was in this bay that the barbarous massacre of the crew of the ship "Boyd" took place in 1809; an atrocity so fearful as to delay for some years the commencement of the Mission. This has been so often introduced into accounts of the New Zealanders as they were of old, that it suffices to refer to it.

In July 1824 the "Endeavour" schooner was forced into Wangaroa by stress of weather, having on board Messrs. Tyerman and Bennett, engaged on a visitation of the London Missionary Society's stations. So soon as the vessel cast anchor the natives crowded on board, and began to pilfer. An altercation ensued, in which one of the natives accidentally fell overboard. Rushing furiously on the crew and passengers, the natives soon mastered and bound them. Their situation was perilous in the extreme. There was every reason to fear that, like the crew of the "Boyd," they would be all murdered, when the chief, George, came suddenly on board. He was the same man who had planned and carried out the massacre of the "Boyd's" crew; yet on this occasion he acted very differently, for through his exertions the lives of the Europeans were spared, and kindly feelings restored.

The following extracts from the Bishop of Waiapu's recently-published work, entitled "Christianity among the New Zealanders," recounts some other remarkable events with which Wangaroa has been identified.

Up one of these fertile valleys, not far from the spot where Captain Thompson (of the "Boyd") was killed, a Wesleyan station was established in the year 1823. It was most romantically situated upon a rising ground, looking towards the opening harbour on the one side, and on the other to the village of Kaeo, where the son of George and his other relatives were

still residing. His tribe, Ngatipo, had lived some years before in the Bay of Islands, and it was they who cut off the French navigator Marion, with part of his crew. Subsequently, in consequence of some domestic quarrel with their neighbours, they were driven away to Wangaroa. It seemed, however, that a retributive justice was still to follow them. They received the Missionaries to live among them, but they treated them so harshly, that for a time they were glad to take refuge in the Church Mission station at Kerikeri. The Gospel was taken to them, but they did not accept it. In the summer of 1826 this beautiful valley was teeming with the fertility of native crops, and the wheat sown by the Missionaries for their own support was now white for the harvest. Not so the moral field of the native inhabitants. In three weeks the restless spirit of Hongi, who had been annoyed by the misconduct of a near relative, stirred him up to undertake some expedition, no matter where, for the relief of his own excited feelings. A pretext was never wanting to a New Zealander. If there was not one of late occurrence, it might be sought for in the past generation. He went to Wangaroa with a body of chosen followers, and without much previous notice destroyed two fortified villages, while the natives who lived at Kaeo fled away to their friends at Hokianga. The Missionaries were thus left without native protection, and although Hongi had strictly charged his followers not to molest them, a straggling party went off without his knowledge, attracted by the prospect of plunder, and pillaged the Missionary premises, and then burnt them to the ground, obliging the occupants to fly for refuge to the Bay of Islands. The Missionaries had hitherto been kept from harm for the space of twelve years, and though continually living in the midst of dangers, they had never met with any serious obstruction in their work. There was a sort of reverence paid to them and to their object; but now a breach had been made, and those who had possessed themselves of the property at Wangaroa exulted in the act.

It was a mournful sight, when, on the 11th of January 1827, the large boat of Paihia was seen on its way from Kerikeri, with as many passengers crowded into it as it was capable of carrying. It contained all that remained of the Mission station of Wangaroa, Mrs. Turner, with her three little children, and the rest of the Mission party. Their clothes were contained in a few small bundles, which they had carried in their hands the distance of twenty miles. Arriving at Kerikeri, the natives would not allow them to remain, fearing that that place would be the next to fall. They were thankful, therefore, to proceed onwards to Paihia.

Hongi had led his tribe to many a scene of slaughter; but this was his last expedition. The tribe of George was indeed dispersed and broken up, but in doing so Hongi received the wound of which he died.

Two weeks after Hongi was wounded, he sent a request to the writer to visit him. It was somewhat dangerous at that time to travel through the woods, and the party of Mission natives who went in company requested that they might carry hatchets with them for their own pro-

tection. Night overtook the party in the dense forest, not many miles from Kaeo. We withdrew from the path into a secluded spot that we might not attract the notice of any straggling foe. When the day dawned, the tent, and whatever was carried by the natives in the way of baggage, was securely hidden in the forest, each one marking the spot where he had deposited his load, and then we proceeded towards Hongi's encampment. As soon as the valley of Kaeo opened, there were seen the abundant crops of Ngatipo, who had now forsaken the place for ever, and the natives began to regale themselves upon the water melons, which were lying about in great profusion. Suddenly a movement was observed among the foremost natives, which showed that there was an apprehension of danger. The rest all rushed forward, when five or six men, armed with muskets and hatchets, were seen among the bushes standing at bay, gazing silently on our party. It was soon known that these were Hongi's followers, and about 150 more presently came up, all armed. They had come to forage for the rest of the army. As we passed up the valley we saw the work of desolation on every side; the dwelling-houses were all burnt to the ground, and all moveable property had been taken away. But the sight of the late Mission station was still more melancholy. The black ashes of the wooden buildings and of the stack of wheat alone remained to mark the spot, while the grave of Mrs. Turner's infant had been disturbed, and the coffin broken open, in hopes of finding some relic of value. Hongi was encamped about five miles further on, within one of the pas he had taken. How different was the state of things a few weeks before, when its former inhabitants were dwelling in security. Not one of them was now remaining. Those who were not killed had fled for their lives, and it was in pursuing the fugitives in the woods with a very few followers that Hongi received his mortal wound.

FOUNDERING OF A SHIP IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

Two of our Missionaries, the Rev. E. Sampson and the Rev. G. Shirt, appointed by the Parent Committee to the Western-India Mission, embarked at Gravesend August 20th, on board the "Ulysses" for Bombay. That ship never reached Bombay, having foundered in the Indian Ocean on November 15th.

The following letter from Mr. Sampson, dated Bombay, December 28th, gives the details of their dangers and deliverance.

Doubtless by this time you have heard the sad news of the foundering of our ship, as a telegram was sent from here on December 21st. Surely the Lord has led us by a way that we knew not. Our voyage, on the whole, was a strange one. Our troubles commenced as soon as we reached the confines of the Bay of Biscay. We encountered a severe gale going through it, though it was only of about ten or twelve hours duration. After it was over, apparently, for the first time, the pumps were set going, and from that day (September 29) unto the day she foundered, the pumps had to be worked once every hour during the twenty-four; indeed, sometimes oftener. Seeing that such was the case,

I suggested that I might, if possible, be put ashore at Madeira, but the officers thought I was afraid, and answered that there was no room for fear. However, we soon got fine weather, and still the ship had to be pumped. I had grave misgivings about reaching Bombay in the unfortunate "Ulysses," although she was a clipper ship of nine years, registering 934 tons. She had 1100 tons of iron alone on board, as well as a general cargo. All went on after this fashion until we came to the Cape of Good Hope. Here we met with bad weather. We had one heavy south-west gale, the effects of which she never recovered from. As the latter bad weather was experienced just before entering the southern tropics, or meeting with the regular south-east trade-winds, we naturally conjectured that we were not done with bad weather. However, the Lord's ways are not as our ways. Although now in the steady trade-winds, yet the old but sacred proverb is still true—"The wind bloweth where it listeth." So it was on the evening of the 13th of November. We had a most extraordinary sunset. Scarcely had the sun fallen below the western horizon when the whole heavens were overcast with a very strange-looking appearance, and arrested our attention. The colours were truly magnificent, but very wild-looking. A very delicate fawn colour was visible towards the horizon, whilst above it appeared a beautiful mauve colour, and a brilliant rose colour seemed to cast its glare over both. We looked at it. We wondered what could be the reason of such a sunset in the tropics. Little, very little did we think that it was but a precursor of our coming doom. The following morning, Wednesday, the 14th, augured badly. It set in with a fresh breeze, which soon changed its position, and increased in fury every hour. Sail was shortened, and towards evening it was deemed advisable to lessen it still more, in order to relieve the ship, if possible, from the heavy strain which was upon her. But very little relief was experienced. She laboured very heavily. What alarmed me most was the sudden fall of the barometer. We knew that it never fell so low in the tropics— $29^{\circ} 65'$ —except when there was bad weather anticipated. Anxiously did we watch the glass, if we might see it ascend to its regular range— 30° —but the ship was doomed to sink, before it would again rise so high. We had a nasty short head-sea on, which was telling fast upon the ship. About ten o'clock the first officer reported that the ship was quite dry; and about eleven o'clock she received a great shock from a sea striking her on the fore channels.

About eleven o'clock, the first officer, fearing something had gone wrong, proceeded to investigate the hold, when, to his astonishment, he found fully four feet of water in it. The captain being informed of it, determined, if possible, to keep the ship afloat until daylight. Accordingly the pumps were worked incessantly, but faster than it was pumped out did the water come in. As it made its way into our cabins, it seemed as the messenger of death. But, thank God, it did not unduly alarm us. We knew it was the Lord's doings. As we were not fully aware of the ship's real condition at the time, Mr. Shirt and myself determined to try and get some rest, as we had scarcely any the two previous nights. The attempt was almost a fruitless one. Yet I managed to get a little rest for about thirty or forty minutes. But

waking suddenly, I was much surprised to find the motion of the ship, which was before lively, now heavy and lifeless. Immediately afterwards I found out that our ship was sinking as fast as possible. We thanked our heavenly Father that He had not let the water-flood overflow us, neither did He suffer the deep to swallow us up. Our position was bad, but it might have been much worse. We remembered that our blessed Saviour once watched the timid disciples when in the storm on the sea of Galilee. Although far away upon the mountain top, yet his omniscient eye saw them "toiling and rowing." So we were fully persuaded that even now our gracious Saviour was looking down upon us from his glorious mediatorial throne. He came not to us as to the disciples of old, in bodily presence, but He did come to us in the consoling and comforting power of his Spirit. We found that we, too, had the same blessed Saviour to deal with; for although we did not hear the audible voice commanding the winds and the waves to be still, yet it was apparent that the order had been given, for by half-past five the wind had died away almost to a calm. We prayed and prayed again and again. No sooner were we up from our knees, than we were down again and again. We knew that it was our only refuge. Accordingly, we besought the Lord to keep us afloat until daylight, in order that we might abandon the sinking ship in safety. I remember on one occasion asking the Lord impatiently to hasten the rising sun, as though his power was limited. It was fearful to think of all of us being engulfed in the sea in darkness. Oh! how we did long and wish for the breaking of the morning. Paul and his companions never wished for it more earnestly than we did. But the morning dawned at last. What a fearful spectacle the main deck, flooded with water, presented to us as the grey dawn of the morning appeared; ropes, pieces of wood, &c., from the cook's apartment floating about in all directions. Now that we had the daylight, no time was to be lost in launching the boats, for leave the ship we must, or go down with her. Soon the long-boat was launched, but not without much difficulty, and even danger. Then followed the life-boat and pinnace. The next thing was to get some water and provisions on board the boats; but this was found almost impossible, owing to the heavy swell which was on. But as the captain's gig, which was fast to the davits, was not yet lowered, we filled it with provisions, and succeeded in lowering it in safety. Mr. Shirt and myself, being the only passengers on board, wrought at the pumps, encouraging the men, and speaking a word to them about their souls' salvation. How happy we felt, knowing that, though all boats might fail, yet the ship of salvation would ride through all the tempest and foam. All the boats being now launched, there was no time to lose, but at once to get clear of the ship, as she was going down fast. Besides those in the boats, the captain's daughter was the first to leap into the boat; Mr. Shirt and myself soon followed; and about nine o'clock on Thursday morning, the 15th November, all were clear of the ship. The four boats lay to a short distance from the ship, to see what would become of her. We had not long to wait, for about ten o'clock she sunk to rise no more. Her disappearance was very sudden. As we were looking at her, she gave one heavy plunge, a dip, when a report like a cannon was heard, and in less than an instant not

an atom of the ship was visible, save a few pieces of wood floating on the smooth surface. It was a dreadful sight to behold, but the Lord in a wonderful manner sustained us. She went down in the Indian Ocean in lat. 18° S., and in long. 73° E. The captain believes it was a cyclone, but it was evident that we were only on the borders of it. The sea was very bad.

The boats now being arranged for sailing, we decided upon steering for the nearest land, which was the island of Rodrigues, about 600 miles distant, bearing south-west from us. As the gig was useless, it was sent adrift. In the life-boat there were the first officer and seven men, and in the pinnace the second officer and six men—twenty-nine souls in all. In the long-boat there was the captain, his daughter, Mr. Shirt, myself, and ten of the crew. The two former only had a compass. During the day all went on well, but when night came it brought many fears with it; but having the moon, we managed to sail up to one o'clock. Previously it was arranged that we should show lights to one another after the sun went down. Signals were several times exchanged, but, strange to say, the moon had hardly waned before we passed the second officer's boat. Since that time to the present no account has been heard of them. It being now rather squally, we lowered our sail, and lay-to until daylight. As soon as the day dawned we were under sail again, it being useless to make search for the missing boat. This day, Friday, November 16th, was spent crouched up in the long-boat, exposed to a vertical sun. In the morning we had prayer to our gracious God, to thank Him for preserving us during the night, and to pray Him to keep us during the day. Although we had fresh preserved meats in the boats, yet we could eat nothing. Being much worn out from want of rest, we grew very much down-hearted as night again drew on. We were in a sad state. The night had a wild-looking appearance. As I looked to the heavenly bodies shining in all their beauty, I felt how lonely we were. Will the Lord, I thought, forsake us? I wept in prayer to our blessed Saviour, as I looked upon the two little craft tossing on the mighty waters. As a matter of course, we were very wet, both from rain and salt water. Being very tired, we were able to sleep a little, even though the water was coming over us in all directions. We had many squalls during the night, but especially during the early part of the morning. During the night we assisted in baling out the boat, and in keeping the watch. At length the Saturday morning came, and you could see almost despair written on all our countenances. We were cramped and cold after the night; then when the sun arose we were half baked. We all felt very much dispirited. We were commencing to entertain very little hopes of ever reaching the island. But God's deliverances always come in the right time. Our extremity is his opportunity. So it was—just as we were in the act of desponding, a gallant sloop hove in sight. Oh what feelings and emotions swayed our hearts! It is impossible to describe them. Hope revived. We blessed God for such a token of his favour. So soon as the captain saw the course the ship was steering, he ordered the first officer to steer in one direction, whilst he steered in another, in order that either one or the other might fall in with the ship. But soon we discovered that the ship had left the life-boat far behind.

This indeed was a critical moment. There was every reason to fear that the ship would pursue her course without their being noticed. The captain now put the long-boat about, so as to send her in her course across the ship's bows; but even yet every thing depended upon their being seen. It was very early in the morning, and the captain, with his glasses, soon ascertained that there was one man only on deck, the helmsman, so that, in fact, their preservation depended upon this man's seeing them. Amidst the dangers which they had passed through prayer had been the great resource of the Missionaries, and earnestly and urgently did they pray now that the Lord would open the helmsman's eyes so that he might take notice of them. There were a few moments of suspense, the ship advancing on her course, and the boat yet far on one side, when suddenly the backing of the mizentop-sail showed that the ship was heaving to, and that they had been seen. Great, indeed, was their thankfulness and joy, and soon both crews were safe on board the "Braunstom," bound for Kurrachee, from London, by whose captain, officers, and men they were treated with the greatest kindness until they were landed safely at Bombay.

The time which was apparently lost in searching for the missing boat, was the means of their lives being saved: but for this delay they would not have fallen in with the "Braunstom." We shall never really lose by persevering in the path of duty, however inconvenient it may seem at the time to do so.

Our Missionaries have proved the efficacy of prayer. Throughout the difficulties of their Missionary course may it ever be their sure resource, until eventually, having faithfully discharged the measure of work appointed to them, they reach in safety the haven of everlasting rest!

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 POETRY FROM THE PEN OF KHUSHAL KHAN,

AN AFFGHAN CHIEF COTEMPORARY WITH THE TIMES OF OUR CHARLES 1ST.

LIKE the wind, every moment, life passeth away!

Let then every man have the remembrance of death before him.

Since the foundation of this life of his is based upon the air,  
 Upon existence such as this what reliance can be placed?

The dust of man is leavened with the water of mortality,  
 By the hand of Omnipotence kneaded in the space of forty days.

Both saints and prophets have alike gone down into the tomb—  
 Thou would'st say that they never existed at all.

If thou considerest it well, the term of life here is nothing;  
 No one hath attained in it the object of his desires and hopes.

If thou indeed seek life eternal, then I say unto thee,  
 War for ever with the infidels of the lusts of the flesh.

The prudent traveller, whose journey lies before him,  
 Taketh provision with him according to the length of the road.

Come, sever thine heart, O Khushal, from all extraneous things;  
 And in the hope of meeting Him, let it rejoice always!

And what might not this man have been, had he been enlightened with revelation, and enabled to discern who is indeed the desire of all nations. He lived and died in the darkness of Mohammedanism. Often in adversity, he knew the trials of life, but he knew not of that sunshine which can make even the clouds of adversity look bright. Diamonds and precious gems there are which have never seen the light; how many minds of great natural gifts lie buried in depths of heathenism and Mohammedanism, but which, if rescued from thence, would increase the moral riches of the world.

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### THE HILL PEOPLE AT SIMLA.

BY A MISSIONARY.

THE hill people are divided into castes, over all of which the priests exercise the same influence as the Brahmins in Bengal over the people there. They bring about the marriages of parties as well as perform the ceremony; and they conduct the funeral rites of the dead. Although the gods and goddesses are few in number, the objects of their religious worship are comparatively small, yet are they sufficient to brutalize and corrupt the minds of their votaries, and like those religious observances which prevail in Bengal, encourage and countenance the most degrading vices. The people have Kali, Siva, Ganesh, and Krishna, in common with the natives of Bengal, but some, unknown there, are also worshipped, such as Tara, Ingola, Pingola, Naroda, Sharoda, Naina, Jawala, &c. They observe a peculiar ceremony of tying a piece of red thread round the wrist for fear of being destroyed by the Daukinee, which is synonymous with the female monster. They adhere to this observance with an unparalleled pertinacity. They sacrifice goats, lambs, buffaloes, &c., to the gods, in the same manner as the people of Bengal do; in fact, their religion differs from the idolatry of Bengal only in degree, not in kind, as they venerate certain beasts, birds, &c., alike with the natives of Bengal. Their religion countenances the re-marriage of widows, and other practices which the Hindus, in spite of their religion, do not act upon, simply to avoid singularity, and the revival of customs which have not obtained for ages.

The people are not repulsive in their manners or in their outward appearance, as some of the up-country people of Hindustan, being most accessible, harmless, and open to remonstrance. They have a fair complexion and strong constitution, exhibiting in their make a manly appearance. The women are equally fair, and some are very handsome. They work with their husbands in the fields, and share the labour and burden of conveying corn, wood, grass, &c., with them: they are not soon fatigued and knocked up like the women of the plains.

The whole population is engaged in tillage, and the more wealthy, who do not feel the necessity of working personally, hire others to work for them.

The people are thinly located on the sides of the hills and valleys. Their dwellings are made of stone and earth, with sloping roofs of slate. They have no windows to their houses, but one small door for entrance and exit, in passing through which one must contract his proportions. Although the people are given to hospitality, yet the difficulties and

hardships which inseparably attend the progress of a stranger guest, are too dear a price for the pleasure of receiving an entertainment.

Among the hill tribes, dress is not so much an object of show as use. They clothe themselves, not so much to be looked at and admired, as to protect themselves from the inclemency of the weather when it is cold, and for purposes of decency when it is warm. Their women dress most conveniently, having a covering from shoulder to shoulder, and another over it, which comes down to their legs, of a coarse texture, very unlike the fine covering of the Hindu females of Bengal. They bind their hair into a tuft in the middle, and into a plait behind, like that of the Chinese.—*Calcutta Christian Observer.*

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#### EARLY RISING AND PRAYER.

WHEN first thine eyes unveil, give thy soul leave  
 To do the like; our bodies but forerun  
 The spirit's duty; true hearts spread and heave  
 Unto their God as flowers do to the sun;  
 Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep  
 Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should  
 Dawn with the day; these are set awful hours  
 'Twixt heaven and us; the manna was not good  
 After sun-rising; for day sullies flowers;  
 Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,  
 And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures; note the hush  
 And whisperings among them. Not a spring  
 Or leaf but hath his morning hymn; each bush  
 And oak doth know *I am*.—Canst thou not sing?  
 O leave thy cares and follies! Go this way,  
 And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

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#### BASHONTO.

##### A HINDU TALE.

THE following paper is copied from the "Calcutta Christian Observer." We have long felt how desirable it is that our readers should know something more of the habits of a Hindu family. If the reality was placed more vividly before us, we should all feel more compassion for them, and be more anxious to send to them the Gospel.

The writer of this paper seems to have been enabled to look within the *pardah*, and has interwoven with his narrative so much of this kind of information that we copy portions of it.

About ten miles beyond one of the suburbs of Calcutta—whether to the east, west, north, or south, it matters not—is a large village, indeed almost a small town, inhabited chiefly by high-caste families, dwelling in substantial brick-built houses. There many wealthy men have their

country residences. Availing themselves of one of the newly-opened lines of railway, they go every Monday morning to the city, and return to their families on Saturday afternoons. It is true they might, by using the same means of conveyance, go and return each day, but most Bengalee gentlemen have their city as well as their country-houses, and they prefer being near their places of business throughout the week.

The railroad passes within a mile or two of this village, but the pleasantest way to it is by a carriage. The road is very beautiful. Now you pass by a tank covered with the gorgeous blossoms of the crimson lotus, a flower so regal in its beauty, that it seems to deserve the name of the Queen of Flowers far more than does the blushing rose: on one hand you see a grove of mango trees, and if the time of the year be the cold season, each branch is tipped with the orange blossoms and crimson leaves of a wild orchid; farther on is a long range of bamboos, looking so beautiful, so soft, in the ever-shifting alternations of cloud and sunshine; then you come to a field of a kind of pulse, blue with innumerable flowers of the richest, deepest azure; a field of yellow mustard succeeds with its golden light, and its peculiar yet grateful fragrance. In the rainy season every bank and bit of old wall is marvellously adorned with ferns of various kinds. The *Adiantum lunulatum*, with its pale-green, crescent-shaped leaves, and its black, hair-like stems, beautifies every road. The maiden-hair, with its delicate feather-like fronds, mantles every half-hidden, secluded wall. The very ditches on either side the road are beautiful, for in them grow arums of singular loveliness. Some of these arum leaves are blotched with purple; some are veined with exquisite embroidery; and the most are of a rich uniform green. During a shower these beautiful leaves hollow themselves to receive the raindrops, and then the succeeding burst of sunshine lights them up with extraordinary radiance.

The bazaar is situated at the entrance of the village. There, in the little stalls may be seen all sorts of things exposed for sale. Here sits an old man with his stock of tiny looking-glasses, balls of thread, white and coloured, put up in bottles, little round wooden boxes fantastically painted, heaps of necklaces, or *malas*, as they are called, strings of beads of various sizes, and numberless bracelets of glass or lac. A miscellaneous collection of nails, locks, cow-bells, tin boxes, conch shells, &c., completes his assortment of goods. Further on is a pottery shop, with earthen vessels of different sizes and shapes, some of the shapes almost rivalling in beauty those of the famous Etruscan vases. Yet a little further on is a sweetmeat shop. Great plates full of parched rice, of *sondeshes*, *jellabies*, and a dozen other delectable preparations, are so arranged as to tempt the eyes of the passers-by. Beside it is a fruit shop, with bunches of golden plantains hanging up within, and an immense heap of green cocoa-nuts lying in front. And perhaps, next to this, is a stall for the flower garlands used in idol-worship. Here the worshipper, on his way to the river or the temple, may, for a few cowries, buy wreaths of white jessamine, crimson hibiscus, or any other of the beautiful flowers of India which may happen to be in bloom. Many other shops might be described, but let us pass on.

Leaving the bazaar, we come to scattered brick houses, each one em-

bosomed in trees. If the day is cool, we get out, and walk along the road. And what a walk that is! By one coming from the heart of the busy city the stillness is immediately felt as being most delightful. The air is fresh and cool, and "the voice of the turtle is heard in the land," for, stealing through the stillness, may be heard the sweet yet mournful coo of the wild dove. Sometimes, too, the hoarse croak of a raven may be heard, and occasionally the singular cry of a half-mythical bird, which no one professes to have ever seen, but whose nest, wonderful in size, is said to have been discovered.

In such a quiet and beautiful retreat was the homestead of Baboo Rajkoomar Bhattacharjya. He was a Brahmin, and a pundit. Sanskrit was nearly as familiar to him as Bengalee. Its polysyllabic words had a strange charm for him, and nothing delighted him more than to have pupils who partook of his enthusiasm. A refined, polished man, he was a perfect gentleman: conversation with him was a real pleasure, for with great intelligence he combined the most finished courtesy. He taught in one of the Calcutta Colleges, and had beside some private pupils. On this account he stayed in Calcutta from Monday until Saturday, going to Gopalpore, for so we shall call the place, for the day of rest. Verily the Sabbath is a blessing, even to those who have not yet received into their hearts the Lord of the Sabbath!

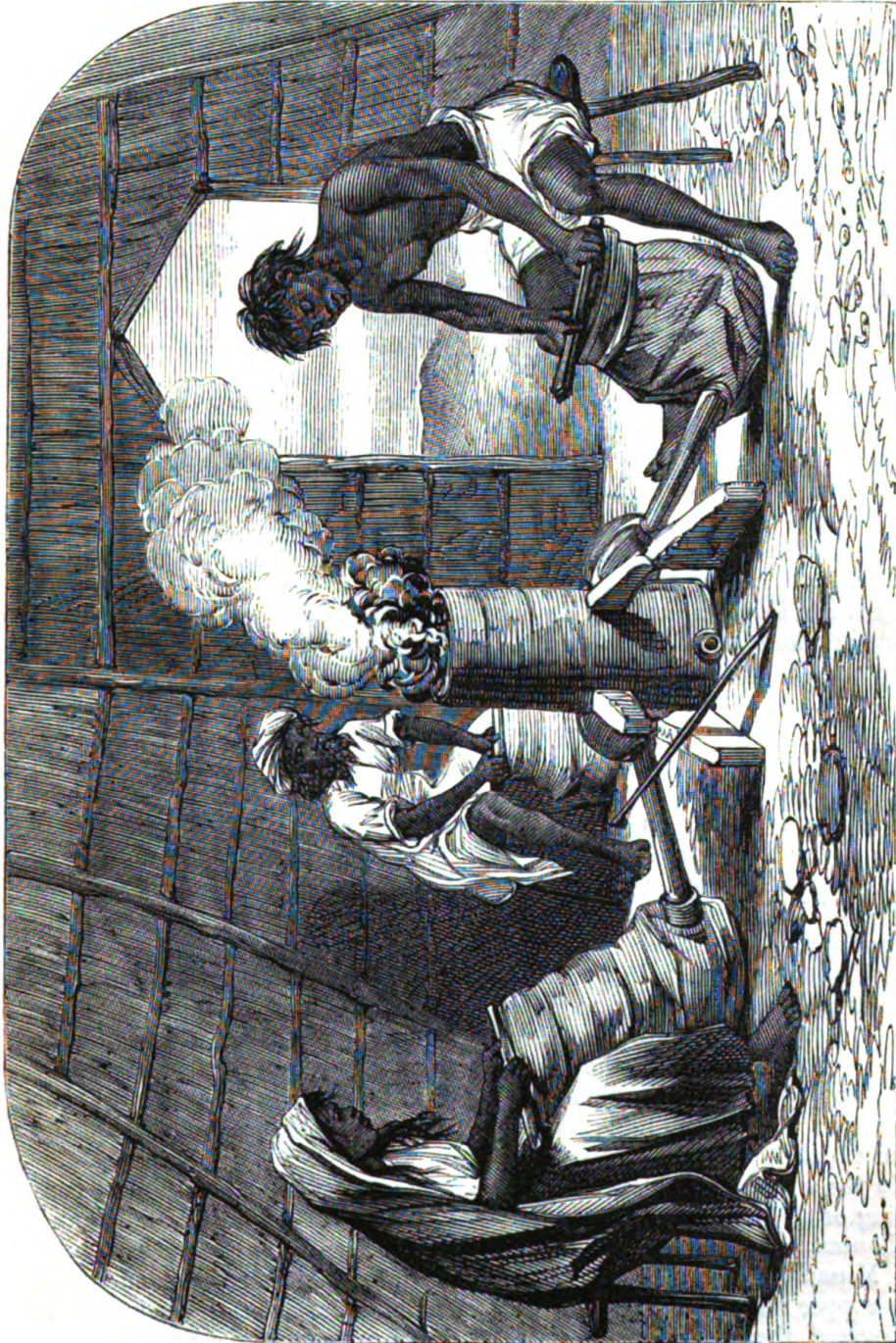
The pundit's household was not large. It consisted of his wife, Bamashoondari; his two sons, Premchand and Prionath; his daughter, Kamini; his brother Jodoonath, and his wife, Prosonno; and Boshonto, a young woman of eighteen, the widow of a younger brother, who had died a few months previous. An old aunt, Thakoormoni, and a servant, Herani, completed the establishment.

Bamashoondari was a very sweet-looking woman, very fair and very gentle. Her age might have been about twenty-six. She was tattooed on her chin and her nose, but these marks, the former resembling a *fleur-de-lys*, the latter a simple black line, seemed only to give to her face a more intellectual expression than it would otherwise have had. Her three children were her pride. Premchand was a queer little fellow of about twelve years of age. He had been carefully instructed, and was really very clever. Like all Bengalee boys, his Bengalee education commenced on the day he completed his fifth year. On that day his mother dressed him up like a little Babu, and sent him to the village *patshala*. There he learnt the multiplication-table, and the way to form the letters on strips of palm leaves. Naturally quick, he soon learnt all that could be taught him at the *patshala*, and then his father took him with him into the city every Monday morning. There he attended one of the large Missionary institutions, and made very rapid progress in every branch of education. English was speedily acquired, and so fond was the little fellow of the new language, that whenever he met with any one who could speak English, he preferred talking in it to talking in Bengalee. He even affected to despise the Bengalee language, and all Bengalee books. Such was the progress he had made in understanding English, that he could most rapidly, and most accurately, translate from English into Bengalee, and from Bengalee into English.

(To be continued.)

**MINERS IN KHETREE, RAJPOOTANA.**

We have only just begun our work in India. We are, in respect to Missionary efforts in that country, pretty much in the position of the settlers in North America some 120 years back, when the settled



MODE OF SMELTING METAL IN KHETREE, RAJPOOTANA.

*April, 1867.*

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portions of the colony of New York were confined to the four Atlantic counties, a narrow belt of country on each side the Hudson, and a few advanced neighbourhoods, while broad belts of the virgin wilderness—one vast expanse of woods—lay beyond. We have occupied a few detached spots, and there our success has been encouraging; but beyond lie the vast regions of unbroken heathenism.

The great Durbar held at Agra last November, at which the Governor-General of India met the native princes of the north-west, and conferred on some of them, who had been conspicuous for their loyalty in 1857-58, the order of the Star of India, brought out in a very forcible manner the deficiency of our efforts for the evangelization of India. Places were represented there which are as yet unknown in the records of Christian Missions.

For instance, there were present on that occasion many of the native princes of Rajpootana—the Maharajahs of Jeypore, of Joudpore, of Kishengurh, of Kerowlee, the Rajah of Ulwur, the Nawab of Tonk, &c. The capitals of these states are large towns, with considerable populations.

These are only a few of the states included within the limits of Rajpootana, an immense tract of country, inhabited chiefly by Rajpoots—a high-caste race of the Hindus, who took possession of this land at an early period—and yet throughout its vast extent we do not know of one Church-of-England Missionary; the only Missionaries we know of within its limits being Scotch Presbyterians, who occupy three points—Beawr, Nusseerabad, and Ajmere.

Beawr is in that part of Rajpootana called Mairwara, a mountainous tract, in whose fastnesses dwell the Mairs, a wild and independent race, about whom we may have, on another occasion, something to say. Thirty miles to the north-east is Nusseerabad; while Ajmere, lying still further to the north-west, is under direct British rule.

Beyond these points all is spiritual destitution, without any effort to relieve it.

Our engraving refers to one of these Rajpootana states—it is but a little one, and very probably most of our readers have never until now heard of it—Khetree, a little state, situated at the foot of the Arabullee range of hills, which, running south-west and north-east, separate Rajpootana into two portions, the fertile eastern states and the more desert western ones. The town contains about 1000 or 1500 houses, among which are a few wealthy families, the most notable of whom has constructed a large and magnificent temple at the entrance of the town. At the back of the town the mountain range rises precipitately and abruptly, bearing on its summit the hill fortress of Khetree, so that the mountain appears like a crowned sovereign looking down upon the town which lies in vassalage at its feet.

In these hills are rich mines of iron, copper, &c. The miners, consisting of the poorest of the population, are of two races—Hindus and Mohammedans. The Hindus work the alum and copper works, whilst the Mussulmans confine themselves to those which require smelting. The copper mines are owned by the miners themselves, whose ancestors discovered them in former times, and are managed by a punchayet on



behalf of the mining community. Each year, after the rainy season, the various branches of each mine are put up to auction by the panchayet, the miners themselves being the bidders. Each branch of the mine is jealously watched by the miner who purchases it, and who hires other miners as labourers. The ore is brought up in baskets, and is then put up to auction in the town of Khetree. The purchasers are Mussulmans, who conduct all subsequent operations. First, by heavy hammers the ore is broken into small powder. After three laborious processes of this kind, it is fit for roasting. The ore is then ready for the smelting furnace. For this, kombars, or potters, are employed. The potter builds and works his own furnace, supplies the bellows, in fact, extracts the metal. The furnace is built of pieces of slag, cemented with clay, the earthen tubes which form the nozzles of the bellows being built into it. After the furnace has been lit and well heated, the roasted ore is gradually introduced, alternately with charcoal and the refuse from old iron furnaces. After the ore has been smelted, the metal has to be refined, and the sulphur driven off. This is done by passing a strong current of heated air over the molten mass, and constantly skimming it. The ore is then taken to the mint for weightment and duty, and is wrought into coin.

What pains these men take! how laborious the process, and how poor the result! We who are engaged in Missionary enterprise have better material to work upon, which may be wrought up into results inexpressibly valuable. The Missionary who begins the work amidst the heathen population of a country, is as one who digs. The ore brought up out of the mine is like the portions broken off from the heathen mass which come under instruction; and how much remains to be done after this before these converts, bearing the Lord's image, can be put into Christian service among their countrymen, every one conversant with the details of Missionary effort well knows.

It is said that the spurs of the Arabullee range are rich in mines of iron, copper, alum, and cobalt, and perhaps other minerals, if only sought out; and, if only sought out, what numbers might be found amongst the masses of the heathen who would willingly receive Christian instruction. But the miners are so few. Men shrink from so laborious an occupation. Like the miners, Missionary agents have to work under ground, in obscurity, unnoticed, and that many do not like. And then our processes for extracting the metal have been rude, like those of the Khetree miners. Nevertheless, work has been done, and many, once heathen, are earnest and enlightened Christians, doing the Lord's work amongst their countrymen.

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A LETTER FROM A MISSIONARY IN THE NIZAM'S DOMINIONS.

*(Addressed to the Children of a City Sunday School.)*

Sept. 1866—I am not in Bombay, but a few hundred miles from it—more in the interior of the country. If you look at your map of India, you will find that the city of Aurangabad lies in longitude 76 east, and latitude 19·46 north; it was originally called Goorkha, but afterwards changed by Aurungzeeb, when Viceroy of the Deccan. It was then an extensive,

well-built town, abundantly supplied with water brought by aqueducts from the surrounding hills in the neighbourhood, almost every house having its tank or fountain. The city, situated in the centre of an amphitheatre of hills, strikes the eye of the stranger with an imposing appearance of solemn grandeur. The whole view is studded with mosques and ruins, having all the magnificence of exterior which the mind attaches to a city of the East, with also a due proportion of dilapidation, filth, and neglect, which a closer view but too generally reveals. The city is now going fast to decay, and the productions of more propitious times are greatly neglected; its aqueducts are broken, the tanks obstructed, and never cleaned out or repaired; the fine ruins of the palace have been appropriated to purposes of building, so that it is now almost impossible to form an adequate idea of its ancient splendour. A chaste and beautiful structure, erected over the remains of a favourite daughter, or wife, of Aurungzeeb, after the model of the Taj at Agra, attests the taste, magnificence, and piety of the founder.

The river Kowlah separates the city from its principal suburb. On the north it is bounded by marshy ground of some extent; and on the left you enter by a gate called the Delhi gate. In the neighbourhood of the city, or rather, I should say, wherever you turn your head, you observe Mohammedan tombs; consequently one may well call this place a City of Tombs. The Mohammedans pay great respect to their dead; so much so, that some of them are canonized, if I may use such a term. The Mohammedans do not profess to worship their dead, but they venerate them. The military cantonment of Aurungabad is situated in the immediate vicinity of the city, and about two miles distant from it in a south-westerly direction. I have my bungalow in the cantonment, where the European officers' quarters, a church, a hospital, and the lines of the infantry and artillery regiments are situated.

I have thus given you a brief description of Aurungabad, my head-quarters. Some years ago a Missionary's life was unsafe in the Nizam's dominions, where might is right, and the laws of justice are administered very badly. Even to this day a Missionary would not be safe in the city of Aurungabad; but, however, you must understand that my work is not confined to Aurungabad itself, but I move about in the villages around this place; and I am thankful to say they are numerous, and within short distances of each other. Since my arrival here, I have visited and preached the Gospel in about fifty villages. Our message everywhere has been the same, "Christ, and Him crucified;" entreating Hindus and Mohammedans, for Christ's sake, to be reconciled to God the Father. I am thankful to say that our message was everywhere received with joy. The lower classes of the Hindus listen to the Gospel message more attentively than those of the higher classes. To the poor the Gospel is preached, and they hear gladly; but the Brahmins scoff at our message, and say, "Is not Jesus the carpenter's son? How can He save us? If He be the Christ, how was He crucified? Why did He not come down from the cross and save Himself?" This is the wisdom of the world, and it is the same everywhere. In Christian England you meet with Brahmins also, who use the same kind of language, and would prefer that Christ should not be preached to them.

I must now tell you something about my travelling in these villages. I have a small tent. I send it on before me to a pretty large village, where I encamp, and stay a week or so. Before retiring at night, I set my alarm to awake me very early in the morning—say at about half-past four o'clock. I then jump out of my bed, put my clothes on, drink a cup of tea or coffee, and start on my horse, with my native assistant, to one or two of the nearest villages. We reach these villages about sunrise. We often meet the poor villagers, with their children, half naked, squatted round a large fire, which they make to warm themselves with, and smoke. We ride up to them, and make a salaam. There is a great stir in the whole village: men, women, and children all come out to see us, as if we were some wild animals. They stand or sit gazing at us. We introduce ourselves to them as teachers of the true religion, and tell them that we are their brethren and friends, and are come to do their souls good. They put their hands to their foreheads, and exclaim, "Very good, Sir: we are ignorant and poor. You have done us great honour in coming to our poor village." When we have gained their confidence, we begin preaching to them. They listen to us very attentively. When we tell them that they must believe in Jesus, and become Christians, and pray to God to make them wise and holy, they often plead ignorance, and the time-honoured practices of their ancestors. I must confess that the poor heathen in the villages of India are very ignorant and indifferent to the concerns of their souls. They must be taught line upon line and precept upon precept; but where are the labourers? The harvest is truly great, but the labourers are few. Will no one in England hear the Macedonian call from India, "Come over, and help us," and respond, "Here we are, send us." Do love India; pray for the sons and daughters of India, and stir up yourselves to do what you can for India. There is room here for your labour—there is room here for your prayers—there is room here for your love and for your mite. May the Lord give you grace and strength to make the holy resolution that you will not let a single day pass away without praying for me, my work, and the poor heathen among whom I live and sojourn. Thus I visit the villages right round my encampment, both morning and evening; and when we think that all the villages in that neighbourhood have been visited, we pass on to another neighbourhood, and follow the same plan. In the day-time we stay in our tent, where we spend the day either in reading or speaking to those who come to us. My itinerancies this year commenced rather late, and I had to put up with great inconveniences.

I will give you an account of a trip I just made to a village twenty-eight miles hence, and you will, no doubt, perceive the inconveniences we have to put up with. I left this with a Christian brother at four o'clock in the evening, in a bullock dumney, *i.e.* a coach of two wheels, drawn by a pair of bullocks. We had sent on our horses before us, to wait for our arrival. We reached this stage, where our horses were, at six P.M. We had now thirteen miles to ride. By the time we had got half-way it began to rain in torrents, or, as some say, cats and dogs. It became pitch dark; we could hardly see our way before us, and some parts of the road were so bad, that when I returned the next

day I was' astonished to see how we were preserved from falling into deep holes on both sides of bridges which had given way, and I could not understand how our horses kept in the centre of passages only three feet wide, for we had no control over them. Now and then we could make out that we were in the right track by the flashes of lightning that played about us. In the midst of this disaster, our horses now and then cocked up their ears, and became somewhat alarmed, as if danger were near. I have no doubt they must have smelt some wild animals about—a tiger, probably, taking his ramble in the dark valleys, or leopards, hyenas, or wild boars. What a situation for two helpless beings to be in! I could not but exclaim to my companion, who was riding behind me, "This is Missionary life!" He at once reminded me that there was one who had his watchful eyes over us. Truly I must say that our escape from falls and from the jaws of wild animals must be attributed to the care of our heavenly Father. You will, after hearing this letter read, lift up your hearts to God our Father in gratitude for his mercies to us. Often, in our peregrinations, we have to put up with the howling of wild dogs, jackals, the bites of mosquitoes, fleas, and other insects, &c., and not unfrequently, through the negligence of our servants, who select the spot where our tents should be pitched, we literally breathe in tainted air! Notwithstanding these inconveniences, we are compensated for our labours. How delightful the feeling when we witness the poor heathen listening to the message of salvation which we preach to them, and some giving proofs of conversion. On the 3rd of this month I admitted five into the visible church of Christ. Since my return to India, I have, altogether, baptized twenty-one. Is not this encouraging? It is worth the sacrifice of all that this world can give.

You will be glad to learn that at Aurangabad I have opened an Anglo-vernacular and a vernacular school. The difficulties I have had to encounter were great, but I am thankful to say I have overcome them all. I have now, in both these schools, about seventy-five or eighty boys, who hear the word of God daily. It is still the day of small things with us, but let us not despise it. It may yet, under God's blessing, prove the handful of corn on the top of the mountains, whose leaves shall shake like Lebanon. In the villages under my care there are about eighty or ninety baptized persons. These were all formerly heathen, but the sound of praise and thanksgiving may now be heard in their humble dwellings. They are very poor.

In conclusion, "Pray that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified" in India. Pray with *all prayer* and supplication, and watch thereunto, and for me, that utterance may be given to me, to make known to all about me the unsearchable riches of Christ.

May grace, mercy, and peace abide with you all, now, henceforth, and for ever!

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#### THE SECUNDRA ORPHANAGE, AGRA.

*From the "Southern Cross" of December 29.*

In common with the rest of the world, I visited Agra during the Durbar. While there, I went with a friend to see the establishment mentioned

above, where about 350 native orphans, the majority of them left destitute by the famine of 1861, are being brought up under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society. We arrived at our destination after a drive of about five miles on the Muttra road, passing on our way the famous tomb of the Great Akbar. Both tomb and orphanage, situated on opposite sides of the road, almost facing one another, may be visited conveniently at the same time, by those who are inclined to combine, according to the old saying, instruction with amusement. Having passed through the gate, we were received with great kindness by the superintendent, Rev. C. G. Dæuble, who himself went with us over the establishment. And, first of all, we were taken to the press, where the older orphans are being taught to print. The building itself deserves a word of notice by the way. It is the mausoleum of the Christian wife of Akbar, whose religion appears to have interfered with her being buried alongside of her husband. The actual tomb, or grave-stone (if it may so be called), is still to be seen on the roof of the building. Proceeding down a long passage, we came suddenly upon the scene of operations, where some thirty or more men and boys are employed, some expert hands, others merely learning their trade. Some were being initiated into the mysteries of placing English and Urdu letters in due order in a composing-stick, others were inking the types set up, others again taking off impressions; while at one end of the long gallery three or four were employed in binding what had been printed. The large majority of these were Christians: a few heathen are now and then called in to help, when there is a press of work. The superintendent told us that he was sometimes in considerable difficulty from an opposite reason: he cannot get a sufficiency of regular work to keep his press going. He has applied, without much success, to Government for patronage, and (which seems very strange) without as yet any result, to the Bible and Tract Societies of Allahabad. There is one lithographic press. At the time of our visit it was about to print off some illustrations, which had been very creditably executed, for a vernacular work on chemistry, by Dr. Valentine, of Jeypore. Several periodical publications issue from the Secundra press—a little illustrated magazine, in the Roman character, for native-Christian children; the "Secundra Messenger," a monthly newspaper for soldiers; and two other newspapers in the vernacular, and illustrated, intended principally for the heathen. Previously to the mutiny, there was a vast press on this spot, which had been originally established for the benefit of orphans of the famine of 1837, and which employed a thousand hands; but presses, buildings, books, and all, were indiscriminately destroyed in the mutiny, and the hands have since then migrated to Allahabad, where they found employment in the Government printing establishment.

From the press we went on to the carpenters' and ironsmiths' shop, which is principally employed in work required on the premises. Two or three of the orphans were apprenticed here. Then on to the paper-making department, which is a new branch of industry, and where as yet none of the Christian boys have become perfect at their trade; consequently the majority of the work is done by heathen; but they are fully employed at present in making paper for the press, while they

teach the Christian apprentices at the same time. The paper-making is one of the most interesting parts of the establishment, and certainly does not look easy to an outsider.

A massive door swung on its hinges, and we were again outside the manufactory. Here a number of boys were to be seen, some playing, others weeding, which latter seemed in their eyes as good or better than play, for the volunteers were too numerous for the work to be done. School was over for the day, for it was Saturday, and therefore a half-holiday. It may, however, be supposed that learning is cared for as well as play. The upper classes are taught English; but several of the best boys have been sent to the Mission Training Institution at Benares, there to be prepared to become teachers. Considerable attention is paid to singing (Germans are great musicians, and the organizing staff here is entirely German), and this the boys like so much that they constantly sing in chorus, for their own edification, after prayers in the evening. And very pretty it must sound, coming through the clear night air to the Mission houses, as they sing some of the hymns and tunes of which native children are so fond, *khushi kar*, *khushi kar*, or *khush ho*, *khush ho*.

Soon afterwards a visit was paid to the girls' side, and the young ladies we did find in school. Here was a German lady, superintending the school, teaching the pupils herself; and sincere were the expressions of praise which our party uttered on hearing that she was engaged nearly the whole day among them. "There is a cross in every lot," and one would be inclined at first to think that it was no small cross to spend one's whole time, away from European society, in the midst of a number of stupid, and by no means attractive-looking girls. But no, this lady thinks it a pleasure, and doubtless there are very few crosses borne for Christ's sake which do not become pleasures ere long. We "said stupid and by no means attractive-looking girls;" we believe this is attributable to their being mostly of the lower castes, who contribute the majority of the waifs and strays which are brought to orphan institutions in India. Those in the school, who were children of Christians, were distinguished at once by the greater intelligence of their looks, as well as their greater neatness; and yet their mothers were orphans just like these, such is the difference made by training and better habits and associations in one generation. There was one feature of particular interest in the school—a class of blind children, who had been taught to read the Gospel in raised characters, and who, after a little coaxing, exhibited their powers for our gratification. Nor is education here confined to book-learning: the girls are taught to sew every afternoon by the Missionary's wife; while both boys and girls are told off in turn to cook the dinner for their companions, which dinner, though very simple, is by no means to be despised, as we can testify by experience.

As we went in we saw on the grass a set of gymnastic apparatus for the boys, to exercise their limbs, and we believe there is to be one for the girls also. Further on is the pretty little church, built in a plain Gothic style, with tower and porch, which is quite filled with worshippers on Sunday. Within it is a novelty, in the shape of a baptistery for baptism by immersion, which is built by the door, and forms quite an orna-

ment to the church. Opposite this is a gigantic pulpit. There appeared to be room for the preacher to walk about in it.

We have yet to mention that the native Christians of the establishment, including several who have grown up out of the orphanage, live in a very neat little village of two streets, on the other side of the press—at least it looked very neat in the distance, with the punchayet house at the end of the principal street. We did not go into it. Further on is the cemetery, reminding us, with its graves, how each one of the workers in that busy scene, as well as each one of ourselves, shall one day go to give account to Him, who shall try every man's work of what sort it is.

As to the funds required for carrying on so large an establishment, it appears that a part is obtained from an endowment; that the Famine Relief Fund makes a small grant for each famine orphan; that a grant from Government is received in aid of the school expenses; and that benevolent ladies in England provide for several of the little ones. Hardly any of the expenses are provided by private charity in India. The press as yet barely covers the expenses: it ought to do so, but we have already noticed the superintendent's difficulty in obtaining work for it. This we would commend to the notice of literary and other printing personages: the specimens of Secundra typography which we have seen have been very neatly and creditably executed.

We have already seen that most of the boys, when grown up, are apprenticed to various branches of industry, while some are trained as teachers. The girls are, as it is perhaps hardly necessary to add, mostly married to the boys. The pupils of the former, or pre-mutiny orphanage, are now to be found in various parts of India, and working in various capacities: some are printers, some teachers, some domestic servants; one is a clergyman of the Church of England at Bareilly; another is ordained in an American Mission; but the majority are in the Government press at Allahabad. Let us hope that the boys of the present orphanage will be, we will not say equally, but still more useful as members of society; and further, that they may grow up in the fear of God, and be an ornament to the Christian name; and with this wish let us take our leave of the good superintendent, and his very numerous family of children.

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LINES ADDRESSED TO A MISSIONARY.

Be not weary, preach the Gospel  
 Where a living soul is found;  
 Christ commands thee; be but faithful,  
*Some* will listen to the sound;  
     And believing,  
     Christ receiving,  
 Will at God's right hand be found.

Be not weary, brother soldier,  
 Honoured champion of the Cross;  
 As the foe advances, bolder  
 Be thy courage, fear no loss;  
     Brave the danger,  
     Raise thy banner,  
 Stained with blood from Jesus' Cross.

## ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH, DURHAM.

Be not weary, though opposers  
 Meet thee in thy work of love ;  
 They alone will be the losers ;  
 Struggle on, and look above—  
     Never yielding,  
     Ever wielding,  
 Heaven's weapon, " God is love !"

Be not weary, light in darkness  
 Shall arise to cheer thy heart ;  
 Onward, though the way be sadness,  
 Manfully perform thy part—  
     Wrestling, praying,  
     On Him laying  
 All the sorrows of thy heart.

Be not weary, nor despairing,  
 When thy work seems all in vain ;  
 Time will ripen—by God's blessing,  
 On the former, latter, rain—  
     What thou sowest,  
     As thou goest,  
 For thou canst not sow in vain.

Be not weary, Christ before thee  
 Suffered, and endured the shame ;  
 Suffering will but yield to glory,  
 If thou suffer for his name—  
     Ever sharing,  
     Meekly bearing,  
 All the honour of that shame.

Be not weary ; toil and labour,  
 Thy reward shall come at last ;  
 God will grant his constant favour,  
 And, when all thy toil is past—  
     Gently sleeping,  
     All thy weeping,  
 Shall be turned to joy at last.

*Tauntor.*

R. P.

## ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH, DURHAM.

THE Anniversary Sunday on which sermons are preached for the Church Missionary Society forms the most prominent feature of interest during the year in St. Nicholas' Church, in the city of Durham. There are many members of that congregation who are warmly attached to the Church Missionary Society, who look forward with lively interest to the Anniversary, and contribute most liberally, according to their power. The sermons have generally been preached by some person of distinction, and the cause has been pleaded for six years out of the past nine, in that pulpit, by some bishop of our church. It is a singular fact, worthy of note, and probably unique in its character, that the Church Missionary sermons were preached in St. Nicholas' Church three successive



years by three successive Bishops of Durham, viz. 1860, Bishop Longley; 1861, Bishop Villiers; 1862, Bishop Baring. During the past nine years the collections after the sermons have amounted to exactly 500*l.*, or an average of a little over 55*l.* per annum, which has been a progressive course, commencing with 31*l.*, and advancing onwards to 60*l.* and upwards.

Owing to unforeseen circumstances, the sermons this year had to be preached by the Incumbent and his curate, the Rev. W. Hall, on the 10th February. The day proved very wet and stormy, but the joint collections amounted to 60*l.* 15*s.* 9*d.*, being more than an average of past years.

The Rev. G. T. Fox concluded his morning sermon with the following appeal, which we present to our readers as being a gratifying testimony at the present time from one who has had more than ordinary opportunities of judging of the character, spirit and working of the Society and its agents in its home administration:—

I must now conclude with a distinct appeal to you on behalf of the Church Missionary Society.

I would remind you that my appeal is not based merely on the fact that this is a Missionary Society, for there are other Missionary Societies with which we have no sympathy; nor that it is merely a Church Society, for there are other Societies connected with our own church with which we have no sympathy; but my appeal is based on the distinctive principles which it maintains in connexion with its evangelistic labours.

We have no desire to send forth men to the heathen whose minds are imbued with the crudities and superstitions which find acceptance with so many at home.

And it is because the Church Missionary Society is presenting an unbroken front to the superstition and infidelity which are at the present time ravaging our church, that I regard it as entitled to the warm sympathy of all who cleave to the old paths.

It might have been feared, seeing our Church has now for some years been so fatally affected by the inroads of heresy, that this bad leaven might have found its way even into the counsels and administration of the Church Missionary Society; for we know how error spreads in this evil world, and how prone men are to fall away from the plain scriptural doctrines of divine grace, when it is the fashion so to do. I am very thankful, however, to be able to certify to you that this is not so.

After a suspension of some years, caused as you know by ill health, I renewed my annual visit this year to the Conference of Secretaries in Salisbury Square. It pained me to miss so many old familiar faces around the board, whose places were filled by new and younger men. . . . Such is the changing, fragile, and fleeting character of human life; and we never more thoroughly realize it, than when we return to any place of abode or assembly after an absence of some years.

Missing, however, as I did, so many of the old standards of by-gone

days, it was gratifying to find that there was the same distinctive character about the Society, and the men who represent it now, as of old. There was no cause for doubt or uncertainty; nothing which could prompt the painful thought—"the voice is the voice of Jacob, but the hands are the hands of Esau."

On the contrary, there was the same clear ring of distinctive Protestant evangelical principle which has been the unvarying key-note of our Society from its commencement; and I returned home fully satisfied that the Committee and the Secretaries at head-quarters, who administer its affairs, as well as the Association Secretaries, who permeate the land, were a body of men sound as ever, and determined to uphold the great principles on which our Society was originally founded—those precious doctrines of grace by which alone a sinner can be saved, whether that sinner be a heathen on the banks of the Ganges, or a Christian on the banks of the Thames.

The Church Missionary Society still continues to send forth to the heathen the same pure unadulterated stream of Divine truth, by the agency of its Missionaries, now as of old; and hence to enjoy the same blessing from on high, now as ever; whilst it still forms the rallying-point at home for all those in every part of our land, who have been enlightened by the Spirit of God to know, understand, and love the distinctive truths of the Gospel of the grace of God.

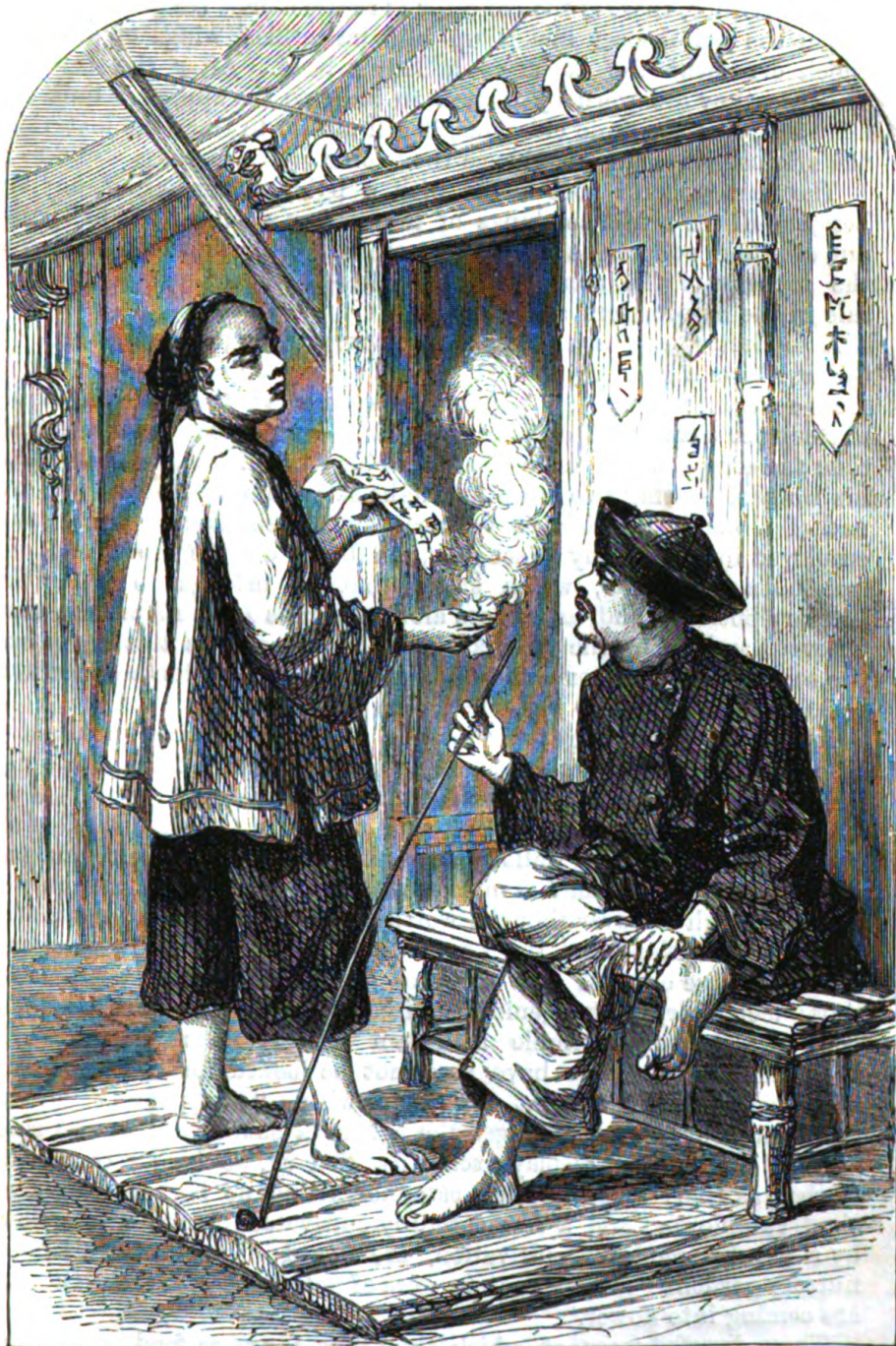
It is thus a great source of blessing and strength to us at home, as well as to the heathen abroad; and in a day of rebuke and blasphemy like the present, in a day of fickleness and change, in a day of apostacy and treachery like that in which our lot is cast, it gives us cause for infinite thankfulness that God should have so marvellously preserved this great Society pure from surrounding errors; and this gives it an additional claim upon our sympathies and liberal support. Very anxious am I, therefore, that the congregation of St. Nicholas', the embodiment and representatives of the evangelism of this city, should show by their large liberality, towards this Society especially, that they can discern between things that differ, that they have a warm attachment to the principles of evangelical truth upheld by the Church Missionary Society, and that they have hearts able to respond to such an appeal as I now make, and hence are willing to deny themselves for Christ's sake, determined, as far as in them lies, to send a pure Gospel, and nothing else, to the benighted nations of the world.

I am also confident that our collection this day will not suffer because I have been unable to secure, as usual, the advocacy of some distinguished stranger, and we are obliged to plead the cause ourselves.

If such inferior motives were capable of influencing your contributions, I should indeed set little store by them; but I am persuaded, brethren, better things of you, and believe that you will give this day according to your ability; yea, as the Apostle says of the Macedonian churches, beyond your power, to help on a cause, the characteristic merit and claims of which you recognise, understand, and love.]

CHINESE LIFE.

THE streets of a Chinese city present to the eye of a foreigner many strange figures of persons, in many curious ways endeavouring to eke out a livelihood. It must be remembered that the population of China is



A CHINESE BURNING PAPER TO APPEASE THE SPIRITS OF HIS ANCESTORS.

May, 1867.

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crowded very much towards the sea-board, so that while the western provinces have a moderate porportion of inhabitants, the eastern provinces, at least in the cities, are greatly thronged, and the poorer Chinese are obliged to bring their wits into play, and devise many singular occupations by which to get their daily bread.

For instance, there is the collector of refuse hair. He gathers the hair which the hair-dresser makes up into butterflies' wings of glossy hair which ornament the back of a lady's head. After the fashion of *chignons*, they are worn by women to increase the apparent bulk of the hair, and, like the same chignons, it will not do to trace the materials to the original sources from whence they come.

The hair-gatherer goes about with a light wicker basket, buying or begging all the refuse combings of the women's long black hair, and as out of these collections ornaments are made for female heads, so also the foppery of the men is ministered to by the queues which are for sale in the hairdressers' shops.

A collector of paper-scrap is another singular personage. The Chinese have a great respect for printed or written paper, and treat with great reverence all refuse paper. Every scholar keeps in his study a waste-paper basket, which, hung against the wall, receives from time to time the scraps which have been scribbled upon. The collector makes his rounds, bearing two large and light skips, affixed to one and other end of a bamboo, which he balances on his shoulder. Being usually employed by a company of scholars, he bears on the front end of the bamboo a little flag, which states that he belongs to the "Great Literary Society," and, as he goes along, he cries *King sih sze tsze*, that is, "Revere and spare the printed paper." So soon as this cry is heard, the scholar sends his servant to the door, and the contents of the study-basket are emptied into the collector's skip.

Again, the market-gardener may be seen going along, on the elastic bamboo carrying his stands, on which he has disposed for sale the plants which he has reared in his little bit of nursery-ground.

Gardens, in the true sense, are rare things in Chinese cities. In the city of Ningpo, "whose walls are five miles in circumference, and whose population numbers half a million of inhabitants, there are only two gardens which are ever thought worthy of a visit from foreigners. They belong to the Kang and the Le families, respectively. The larger and better of these consists of a piece of ground about ninety feet long by thirty feet wide, most ingeniously fitted up with rock-work and a tiny pool of water, to resemble mountain scenery in miniature.

Gardens such as we have, must not be looked for in Chinese cities. The poorer classes content themselves with a "few pots of flowers in the open court; and amongst the gentry a small yard at the side or back of the building displays some dwarfed fir, no bigger than a doll's Christmas tree; some gnarled camphor, rising no higher than a good-sized cauliflower, and a few carefully-cultivated plants, whose flowers, by a peculiar mode of cultivation, are forced into gigantic size." The nursery gardens "merely contain rows of pots filled with the plants which are coming into flower."

These dwarfed trees, of which the Chinese are so fond, are they not

emblems of the Chinese mind? How different would its growth be, brought under the elevating influences of Christianity!

It is a happy thought, that in the city of Ningpo there is a group of native Christians, some from amongst whom are very zealously engaged in spreading abroad, amongst their countrymen, the truths of the Gospel, and that thus their number is increasing from year to year. May the little one become a thousand!

Our picture represents one of these people burning paper money to propitiate the spirits of his ancestors.

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BASHONTO.

(Continued from page 36.)

This description of Hindu life was begun in our March number. It should have been continued in the next. Now we are afraid lest our readers forget the particulars respecting Rajkoomar's family. We must refer them to that number, where they will find that they have been already introduced to Rajkoomar himself, his wife, Bamashoondari, and their eldest son.

The second child of Rajkoomar and Bamashoondari was Prionath, about eight years old, a merry laughing boy.

Kamini, the youngest, a child of four, was a very sweet little girl. Very pretty did she look with her hair nicely tied up, and her tiny *sari* properly arranged.

Bamashoondari had three children alive, but she had lost four others when infants. This is the case with all Hindu women; indeed, generally speaking, for one they have alive, two are among the dead.

Jodoonath and his wife, Prosonno, come next. Jodoonath was a younger brother of the pundit. He was a young man, about thirty, without the abilities of his elder brother, yet, like him, quite a gentleman. He had a situation in one of the offices in Calcutta, and earned eighty rupees monthly. Prosonno was a young woman of twenty. She was very good-tempered, and very affectionate in disposition, and little Kamini seemed to love her quite as much as she did her mother.

The next member of the family was Boshonto. She was the widow of a brother younger than Jodoonath. She was only eighteen, but a magnificent woman. Her husband had died three months before, and her face looked very sad oftentimes.

The aunt, Thakoormoni, belonged to the old school. She was a very genial old lady, tall, dark, with bright eyes and grey hair. She always had a pleasant word for every one: the whole family venerated her, and her influence on the whole was good. The children were very much loved by her, indeed she indulged them too much. She was considered a very holy woman. She had been on pilgrimage to Juggernath, to Gya, to Kashi, to Brindabun. She ate only once a day, and much of her time was spent in her devotions. But the house was all the brighter for her presence, and the whole *parah* too. An old widow, she was able to go about among the neighbours; and whenever any sickness occurred, the pundit's aunt was sent for, and by her knowledge of many native medicines, which are really excellent, she was often able to give relief. In

the quarrels, too, she was often called in to arbitrate, and her decisions, sensible as they were always, were generally accepted.

The servant was a distant relative of the family, a Brahmini, and a widow. She cooked for them, brought their water, went to the bazaar and made their purchases, and did whatever else was wanted in and about the house. She was kindly treated, and provided with all she required in the way of food and clothing, in return for her services. And not unfrequently would the pundit tell his wife to give poor Herani a four anna bit, (sixpence) that she might have a few pice to spend on any thing she liked.

Such were the members of the family of Rajkoomar Bhattacharjya. Now for the house itself. It was a large upper-roomed pucca house, built in the shape of a double quadrangle. Entering by a doorway from the south, you might see on the right hand the *thakoorbari*, a large room, with a niche in the wall, and an ugly idol in the niche. The other three sides had a verandah running all round, and small rooms opening into the verandah. Opposite the doorway, on the upper story, were latticed windows, through which the women might look down into the courtyard at any festivities which might be going on. On the left side a flight of steps led up to the *boitakhana*, a large room extending along the whole of one side of the house, the side over the doorway. A dark passage beyond the steps led into the second court, and gave access to the women's dominions. Here there were upper rooms on only two sides of the square; the other two afforded terraces for walking upon in the evenings. Down below were the *pakshala* or kitchen, the cow-house, and two or three rooms which were used chiefly for stores. Herani had one where she kept her few possessions. A back door gave access to an enclosed tank, surrounded by a few flowering plants. The whole house was exceedingly comfortable, according to native ideas of comfort.

When the pundit and his brother were at home, much of their time was spent in the *boitakhana*, sleeping, or talking with their neighbours. This room was fitted up with mattresses and cushions, upon which they reclined. A few pictures hung upon the walls—old, worthless pictures, picked up in the curiosity shops which abound in Calcutta. A chandelier, which had seen its best days, hung from the roof, and was lighted up on grand occasions. The women very rarely penetrated into this outer court. Old Thakoormoni sometimes came and talked to her nephews, but generally even she kept within the inner court. The mornings were spent by the women in bathing, attending to their household affairs, helping Herani in cooking, and eating their mid-day meal. About one or two o'clock all the business was over for a while. Then they slept, or looked over their jewels, and the young women oiled and tied up their long tresses with numberless strings called *dori*, twisted by them out of their own fallen locks. About six o'clock the preparations for the evening meal commenced. By eight or nine o'clock it was cooked and eaten; and then on clear bright nights the women would sit on the terrace, and sometimes some of the neighbours, from the *parah* close by, would come in; and gossip, the delight of women, would be retailed in abundance, diversified now and then by a fairy tale. As sleep overcame them, one after another would

retire into the verandah, and lie down, just as they were dressed, and go to sleep. On cold nights the inner rooms were chosen in preference to the verandah. These inner rooms were fitted up with *toktaposes*, or wooden bedsteads.

Bashonto, the young widow, was, after a time, comforted by the birth of a son. The child was a pet with all. Native children, freed from the restraints of clothing, seem to grow and get the use of their limbs much more rapidly than English children. A primitive sort of swing was put up for him in the verandah of the inner court, a sort of coarse network fastened by two ropes to the roof. A mat was laid on this network, and a bunch of coloured balls hung above from the two ropes. In this mat the child was placed, and daily swung to sleep. He was soon able to kick about, and crawl, and laugh. He learned to know his mother, surprisingly soon, and would follow her about everywhere with his beautiful black eyes. Oh how poor Bashonto loved her boy! Her whole soul seemed absorbed in him. She was jealous of her child. Barnasoondari and Prosonno could not take him without her watching them most eagerly. Prionath was the terror of her life. He would often rush in, catch up the baby, and run away with him, just to annoy the mother. At such times Bashonto used to get very angry, and then the boy always took refuge with Thakoormoni. His mother would scold him, but Thakoormoni would invariably fold him in her arms, and then no one dared to say a word.

Every one loved the poor little fatherless boy. The Pundit, when he came home on Saturday evenings, used to carry him out into the village, when he went to have a little gossip with the neighbours. He had loved his brother, and in this child he saw his brother alive again. He told Bashonto he would always regard the child as his own son, and in every respect he should be on a level with Premchand and Prionath. And rarely indeed did Saturday afternoon come round without his bringing some toy for the little one, a bright red ball, or a brilliantly green sola parrot, or a fantastically coloured mud horse, or a rag doll, or any thing else he chanced to meet on his way home.

Six months passed, and the day for naming the baby came. It was quite a holiday. A Brahmin astrologer was sent for. The Pundit informed him of the day, the hour, and the moment of the child's birth. He then cast his horoscope. The paper was handed to the Pundit, the child's natural guardian, and the Brahmin received his fee, five rupees. Bashonto was naturally curious to know the destiny of her child. She hoped the horoscope would throw some light on her boy's future life. And great was her joy, when the Pundit told her that the astrologer predicted, from the conjunction of the planetary influences at the time of his birth, a life of happiness and prosperity. Relieved in mind, her heart partook of the gladness of the day. Again were the neighbours invited; again were great plates of sweetmeats made and bought. The little one was arrayed in gossamer clothes for the first time in his life. A chain of silver circled his waist, and little tinkling anklets were put on his little feet. A necklet of charms—Sanskrit slokes—enclosed in cases of gold, and a pierced gold mohur, were placed round his neck. On his head was a curious cap, resembling a fool's-cap among us. The Pundit

performed pooja, and then the child was fed with a little boiled *atub* rice—rice grown on an island near Saugor, and considered sacred. All the relatives and friends assembled, and each one presented the boy with a piece of money or some toy, and so they feasted. On this day the child received his name, Hurish Chundro.

That night Bashonto, lulling her boy to sleep, had a bitter cry. She thought of his father, and of the pride he would have felt in his child on that day; and in the beautiful poetical language of the people she chanted between her bursts of tears: "O my Beloved, Sun of my soul, Star of my heart, Lord of my affections, why didst thou go away? Did I not make thee happy? Did I not love thee? Was I not always near thee to comfort thee when thou wast weary? Why then didst thou not stay to name thy little boy? His eyes, his mouth, his nose, his forehead, all resemble thine. But alas for him! he will never see his father's face." While she was crying, Prosonno came up and caressed her, but this made the poor girl's grief only the more violent. At length it sobbed itself to silence, and Bashonto fell asleep, holding her baby boy tightly clasped in her arms.

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PRAISES.

KING of glorie, King of peace,
I will love Thee;
And that love may never cease,
I will move Thee.

Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me:
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spared me.

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing Thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring Thee.

Though my sinnes against me cried,
Thou didst clear me;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst heare me.

Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise Thee
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise Thee.

Thou grewest soft and moist with tears,
Thou relentest;
And when Justice called for fears,
Thou dissentedst.

Small it is, in this poore sort,
To enroll Thee,
Even eternitie is too short
To extol Thee.

G. HERBERT.

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THE YOUCON INDIANS.

THE country which these Indians inhabit lies to the west of the Rocky Mountains, or considerably to the north of British Columbia. The Rocky Mountains may be considered as its eastern boundary, and from thence it stretches out westward, until it touches that portion of North-west America, which, until recently, was known as Russian America, but which has been sold by Russia to the United States.

Through these vast territories runs the great river Youcon, which, having its rise in the highlands, near the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and joined in its course by various great affluents, flows westward, until, passing the British boundary, it pursues its way through Russian America to Behring's Straits.



While yet far from the Russian boundary, where it is joined by the Porcupine river, the Youcon is three miles and a half wide, and two miles up the stream from this confluence, stands Fort Youcon.

The Youcon Indians are a fine race of men, and more numerous than the Indian races on the east, or Hudson's-Bay side of the Rocky Mountains. They first attracted the attention of our Missionary the Rev. W. W. Kirkby, at Fort Simpson, on the Mackenzie river, and he resolved to visit them. It was a long and difficult journey, more particularly at that portion of it, where, leaving the river and the canoe, he had to cross the Rocky Mountains on foot, consisting of not less than thirteen or fourteen ridges; and he had as his companion a Romish priest, who had joined him with the avowed intention of hindering him in his work, and, if possible, preventing the Indians from coming to him. On the way their provisions failed, and the priest's party, as well as that of our Missionary, were in a strait, when some hunting Indians arrived with some deer which they had killed, and, knowing our Missionary, presented him with a supply. He immediately cut in two the portion which he had got, and sent it to the priest as a free gift. "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

Eventually a young Missionary from the Red River, the Rev. R. McDonald, was placed at Fort Youcon, and laboured most assiduously among the Indians, visiting in their encampments, and going on long journeys for the purpose, sometimes in a canoe, or, if in winter, in a sledge drawn by dogs, or in snow-shoes. Suddenly his health gave way, and his return to the Red River appeared to be unavoidable. The priests were in great exultation. They expected now to have the Indians entirely at their disposal, and prepared themselves the moment he left to enter into his work, and appropriate it to themselves. Mr. Kirkby wrote off to us from Fort Simpson to tell us of this disappointment, and begging, if possible, that a Missionary might be sent to the Youcon.

About the time when this letter reached us, the Rev. W. C. Bompas had offered himself for Missionary work. This distant Mission was proposed to him as the sphere of his future labours, and he was willing to go. He left London, June 30, and, proceeding by way of the United States, reached in October the water-shed which divides the rivers which flow towards Hudson's Bay from those which run north to the Arctic Sea. Here a difficulty occurred. The Company's boats went no further, the season being considered too advanced. What was to be done? Anxious to press forward, he hired a canoe, and two lads to row it, and, pushing down the Clear-water, and the Athabasca river, reached Fort Chipewyan, but beyond this point it did not seem possible to go. In fact the ice had been collecting on the sides of the canoe and on their paddles as they went along. But as the waters had not yet quite closed, at the earnest solicitations of Mr. Bompas, the chief officer of the Fort furnished him with a canoe and three strong men, and the voyage was resumed. Before however the next Fort was reached, Fort Resolution, the waters had actually closed. They had to get ashore, place *en cache* the canoe and its loading, and make their way as best they could through the woods, although none of the party knew the way. They

wandered on for forty-eight hours, until at length, on the evening of the second day, the lights of the Fort were seen. At this spot Mr. Bompas had to remain, until the winter's snow and ice became sufficiently set to enable him to travel in snow-shoes, and so he at length succeeded in reaching Fort Simpson on Christmas morning 1865, just as the bell was ringing for morning service.

Great, as may be conceived, was the delight of Mr. Kirkby. He had no idea that help was at hand. The utmost he could hope for was that a Missionary had, perhaps, reached Red River, and would join him from thence when the winter was over. But Mr. Bompas's arrival was wholly unexpected. In fact, such a case had not occurred before; for after the waters are set fast by ice, all communications with Europeans are considered to be suspended until the tardy spring of another year arrives to unlock the icy barriers. "What a Christmas-box you sent me," exclaims Mr. Kirkby, writing to us the next June.

Mr. Bompas, on his arrival, learned good tidings and painful tidings. The good news consisted in this, that Mr. McDonald had recovered his health and was once more at the Youcon. The painful tidings consisted in this, that the autumn boats from the Red River had brought up with them the scarlet fever, and that this pestilential sickness had spread like a plague through the districts to the north, and even through the Youcon country, carrying off hundreds on hundreds of Indians. Numbers of them, however, through the instruction of the Missionaries, had hope in their death, for they had learned of him who came to seek and save that which was lost.

The last week has brought us good news from these distant stations. Mr. Macdonald, writing under date of September 3rd, tells us, that during the last six months he had the gratification of admitting to the visible church, by baptism, upwards of eighty adult Indians, and that many more were waiting for the administration of the ordinance.

Mr. Kirkby, in a letter dated Fort Simpson, November 30, 1866, speaks of trials and hopes—

"This year we have not a potatoe, all cut off by frost; and all our flour, as well as most of our other goods, were all left at Norway House. Mr. Hardisty helped us all he could, and even gave us a bag of flour, but that must be for the children, and it will only afford them a pudding or bannock on Sundays, poor things. For ourselves, fish and dried meat must be our share until we begin to haul.

"The work in the district is really advancing. Mr. Bompas is at Bear Lake, and whatever earnest prayer and devoted zeal can accomplish, it will be done by him. He remained with us last week, and worked earnestly at the language. He laboured indeed incessantly, as, by the time he left, I verily believe he could have taught me. By this time he is far ahead. Mr. McDonald is a new man in health, energy, and devotedness. His work at the Youcon is really a blessed one, and no journal more full of devoted, calm and marked success will go to the Society this year, than the one which I am now forwarding. Fancy his walking last winter, with a single native and dog-sled, up to Peel river and back (1500 miles), and making several other short trips besides."

A barren land it is, indeed, as to natural productions. May the spiritual blessing be proportionably rich, so that the dreary regions of North-west America may yield to the Lord a great harvest of souls!

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TWO SKETCHES FROM THE CHOTA-NAGPORE MISSION.

JOHN PRABHUDAYAL FRANK was the son of a Brahmin in Kashmir, and born in 1844. His father gave him the name Prabhudayal (the Lord is gracious), as if anticipating how gracious the Lord would be to him in aftertimes. When yet a child, his mother died, and, soon after, the father, with his family, emigrated to Sapro, a village near Hadaun, in the Punjab, where he became a temple priest. The boy was instructed in Hindi reading and Sanskrit grammar, but an event then happened which cut short all his endeavours to go on with his studies. It was the year 1857, when the mutiny broke out. His brother enlisted in a cavalry regiment, and Prabhudayal, not yet fourteen years old, went away with him. He saw many engagements with the mutineers: at last the regiment came down to Jagdispore in Shahabad. There Shankar, his brother, was cut down by Umarsingh's men, and the body, covered with wounds and blood, was brought back. John Prabhudayal said afterwards, "From that moment, when I saw my brother dead, and in such a state, a woe went through my soul. I took leave of the world, and thoughts of death and salvation filled my mind, and never left me again." Though still very young, he was allowed to take his brother's place; but he got no rest in his heart, and there was none to guide him to Christ. Soon afterwards the regiment was disbanded, and he had to look for another situation. As he found no other opening, he entered the 39th N. I. as a bugler. Most of the men in the band were nominally Christians, but all were very ignorant, and lived in great darkness about Christianity. No wonder that, with them, he found not what he sought. The regiment then was ordered to Duranda, Chota-Nagpore, and arrived here in November 1861.

One of the band soon found out the Mission, and began to attend the services at the church on Sundays. Soon another was drawn, and it was not long ere we had every Sunday all the Christian drummers at our service, some of them seeking instruction also during the week-days. By this the non-Christian drummers were roused, and, with them, the young Brahmin Prabhudayal. On the 15th of May he for the first time attended the Mission with a young Mussulman drummer, and the impression he received was so great and deep, that on the 18th he came again, and begged to be allowed to break his caste at once. The impression he had made on us was also such that we with great joy accepted him as an inquirer. From that day he gave himself fully over to the study of the word of God, and to communion with the Lord in meditation and prayer. On the 22nd June he was baptized, and named John Prabhudayal Frank, and on the 10th August was received, after confirmation, at the Lord's table, as a full member. He was protected by his superiors, but still had to suffer persecution and false accusations, which he bore with great patience. His desire then was to get his discharge, as he wanted to enter

the training class, to become a messenger of Christ among his countrymen. We, too, longed for his discharge, as we found that his lungs were no match for the bugle. But though he was very often laid up with pain in the chest and spitting of blood, his resignation was not accepted. He had to remain and bugle on, till at last his case became hopeless.

In November 1863, the regiment left for Gwalior. There, in July 1864, he got his discharge, and hastened back to us. We trusted that he would be spared to us for many years, as he looked so well and happy. But it was a delusion. Hemorrhage of the lungs soon set in, and at last he was obliged to give up his class and take to his bed; and though he was suffering very much, and his desire was not to die, but to prepare for work, the word of God was his comfort and support: the Holy Bible was always on his bed, and verses of the Scriptures, which especially took hold of his soul, he noted down in his diary. Many are there to be found which give a deep insight into his feelings, and which show clearly what a fine Christian character he was. On the day of his death, when his mind was much wandering, and he did not even know any of us, his soul remained in close communion with his Saviour.

Shortly before he died, he broke out in the following words—"O Lord, if in Thy holy book any sin of mine is yet written, blot it out in Thy great mercy, and make me clean through Thy holy blood. Prepare me for Thy heavenly kingdom, that after my death I may come to Thee. Hear my prayer, and give me more than I am able to ask and to understand." With the words, "The Lord is with me!" he passed away on the 8th July 1865, aged twenty-one years. He is a great loss to the native-Christian community and to the Mission, as he was a very upright, simple, gentle, and loving character, very zealous and fearless, and very confident in confessing Christ, caring for nothing but the glory of God and the salvation of souls. His place will not soon be filled by any of our young men.—*Calcutta Christian Observer*.

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#### MADAGASCAR.

THE large island of Madagascar is moored off the south-eastern coast of the great continent of Africa, from whence it is separated by the Mozambique channel. Having its mountain ranges in the interior and its lowlands along the coast, its climate is exceedingly diversified. Along the coast the heat is intense, while in the interior the climate is temperate.

It is inhabited by various races of people—the Hovas, the Sakalavas, the Betsiloos, the Betsimisaraka, &c. Of these, the Hovas are the dominant race, having reduced to submission the greater part, if not the entire of the island.

We have two Missionaries on the island. They were first stationed in the north-eastern districts, but recently have moved down the coast, to a place southward of Tamatave, and better adapted for their work.

One of the most popular festivals amongst the Malagasy is that of the new year, which commences with *fandroana*, or bathing. The manner in which this season is observed is thus described by our Missionaries—

This has been the day of cleansing for the Malagasy new year, which commences to-morrow. Every Malagasy is expected to make his house as clean and inviting as possible, by placing new mats on the floor and round the sides of it. If he should fail to do this, he fails wilfully to give proper honour and respect to his friends and relatives. As our house belongs to the Queen, the wives of the head officers have been at our house the whole day, and, by removing all the things in the house, and putting new mats everywhere, they have made our house into a new one as regards appearance. Many of these women, I am sorry to say, have scarcely visited us since they were here a year ago. They pass their time either at the rice-grounds, fetching water morning and evening, pounding rice, preparing the meals of the family, making mats, weaving "lambas"—of which they have two sorts, the cotton and the rufia—plaiting the hair of their friends, or at other similarly *res domesticæ*. They are wholly given up to the things of this life, seeking continually for the gratification of the moment—of the time being—whether lawful or unlawful, and never thinking of the future day of reckoning. A very few of them ever come to the services—only two or three besides the governor's wife. She is the only one that can read a little.

Yesterday evening nearly all the Malagasy went to the *rova* to bathe, according to the usual custom; and to-day they have been busily engaged in killing bullocks, for the purpose of mutually feasting each other during the coming week. The Hovas have given us a hornless one, which is considered unclean by the Sakalavas. The meat may be good enough, yet a bullock with horns would be much more acceptable, for by eating that which the Sakalavas abhor, we are not ingratiated at all into their favour. I think that perhaps it would be judicious not to accept of this kind of beef again, first, because the enemies of Christ take advantage of such a trifling thing in itself to weaken our influence among the people; and, secondly, because the great apostle of the Gentiles has taught us to please, as far as possible, "all men in all things," "not seeking," says he, "mine own profit, but the profit of many, that they may be saved." Our position among the Hovas and Sakalavas is in some degree similar to St. Paul's among the Jews and Gentiles, and we desire to give "none offence," neither to the one nor to the other."

Mr. Campbell and I have been able to do very little during the past week, either for ourselves or for the people. Many newcomers from the surrounding country have come in to chat with us; but most of the people of Amboanio have been excited—not in a fit state to visit or be visited. Our house is advantageously situated in the middle of the town, so that every thing of importance is heard or seen by us. In such seasons, however, as the Malagasy new year, our minds are disturbed by every heathenish and worldly affair that takes place.

Not near so many people have come to this *fandroana* as to that of

last year. There has been, I am happy to write, considerably less drinking.

The Arabs have rejoiced this evening, by firing several muskets on the cessation of a month's fasting. They have fasted each day till dark during the past month. Of the fasting from sin, however, they are ignorant, and they have a very insalutary influence upon the Malagasy.

*Lord's-day*—I have been weighed down with sorrow. Many of the few who have heard the word preached during the past year, and have promised better things, have spent this holy day in eating and drinking. It is sad to behold those, who never hear the Gospel, live on day after day unconcerned about Christianity; but it is far more sad to see those who often, or regularly attend the means of grace, walking as others who do not, and who have never heard the truth. The Lord has taught us to place no dependence on the professions of natives, or on our own feeble, and, in some cases I doubt not, sinful efforts. Not that we would decrease our efforts; rather would we abound more and more; but that our efforts may be more sanctified by real tenderness, compassion, and love for souls; that we may look for a blessing, not so much in the wind or in the earthquake, but in the "still small voice;" in short, that the Spirit of our Lord may pervade all we do, or say, or think. Sure I am, that if our Christian friends unite in prayer with us for an outpouring of the Spirit, the blessing we desire will be given, for it is not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

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#### COMMIT THY WAY TO GOD.

COMMIT thy way to God  
 The weight which makes thee faint;  
 Worlds are to Him no load,  
 To Him breathe thy complaint;  
 He who for winds and clouds  
 Maketh a pathway free,  
 Through wastes or hostile crowds,  
 Can make a way for thee.

Hope then, though woes be doubled,  
 Hope, and be undismayed;  
 Let not thine heart be troubled,  
 Nor let it be afraid.  
 This prison where thou art,  
 Thy God will break it soon,  
 And flood with light thine heart  
 In his own blessed noon.

Up, up! the day is breaking,  
 Say to thy cares, good night!  
 Thy troubles from thee shaking,  
 Like dreams in day's fresh light.

Thou wearest not the crown,  
 Nor the best course can tell;  
 God sitteth on the throne,  
 And guideth all things well.

Trust Him to govern, then!  
 No king can rule like Him;  
 How wilt thou wonder when  
 Thine eyes no more are dim,  
 To see those paths which vex thee,  
 How wise they were and meet!  
 The works which now perplex thee  
 How beautiful, complete!

Truthful the love, thou sharest,  
 All, all is well with thee;  
 The crown from hence thou bearest.  
 With shouts of victory,  
 In thy right hand to-morrow,  
 Thy God shall place the palms:  
 To Him who chased thy sorrow  
 How glad will be thy psalms.

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SENEGAMBIA.

THE engraving of this month refers to Senegambia and its people. It is so called because it lies between two great rivers, the Senegal on its northern boundary and the Gambia on the south.

The principal tribes found in Senegambia are the Jaloofs, the Mandin-



GROUP OF JALOofs.

June, 1867.

G

goes, and the Foulahs. The Jaloofs are near the sea-board; the Mandingoes in the interior; and the Foulahs, the most powerful of the three, have broken forth from their old homes, and, invading the negro tribes of Soudan, have inflicted on them untold miseries.

The Jaloofs are said to be the handsomest negroes in Africa. They have woolly hair, thick lips, and a glossy black complexion, but with lithe and graceful forms. Most of them have professed Mohammedanism, but without abandoning their heathen practices, so that their present religion is a strange mixture of Mohammedanism and paganism. It is said, however, that certain portions of them have never been induced to embrace Mohammedanism. They practice that demon-worship which appears to be the first wild suggestion of the human mind, and which prevails until superseded by some more elaborate system of error, such as Buddhism, Brahminism, or Mohammedanism; or it may be by the benignant influence of Christianity. The ideas entertained under the ruder systems of religion are, that God is indifferent to human affairs; and, having withdrawn Himself from them, has left them to be controlled by demons, who, capricious in their action, take pleasure in troubling men, unless they be propitiated by sacrifices and offerings; while, as a still further protection against their devices, the people wear charms, amulets, or greegrees; nor are these confined to the heathen, but are largely used by Mohammedans also.

The houses of the Jaloofs are small, and for the most part of a conical shape. Persons of respectability have, however, two houses, one in which they sit and sleep, while in the other the cooking is done. The dress of both sexes consists of two square cloths, one of which is worn around the waist, and the other is thrown over the shoulders. The Jaloofs manufacture cloth of better texture and of a broader web than most other tribes of the country. Their chief article of food is a dish called *kuskus*, made of pounded maize or millet and milk.

The Jaloofs are a stationary people, without the wandering propensities of the Mandingoes and Foulahs, and with little of their commercial enterprise.

The Mandingoes range over a far greater extent of country, and are more intelligent and enterprising than any other people in Western Africa. Their principal settlement is Jalakonda, near the sources of the Niger, and about 600 miles eastward from the sea-coast. From thence they have spread themselves, so as to be found in groups, more or less numerous, in all the countries between the sea-coast and Jalakonda. Small communities of them may be found around all the European settlements on the Gambia, at Sierra Leone, &c.

Their complexions are black, but not glossy like those of the Jaloofs. They are tall and slender; their lips thinner and their noses less flattened than is usual with negroes. "Their dress consists of a three-cornered cotton cap of their own make, a pair of short Turkish trowsers, over which is worn a sort of blouse, or a large square cloth, and sandals. The men always carry a short sabre in a leathern case, suspended from the left shoulder, and a small leather bag or pouch in front, in which are scraps of paper, with Arabic written upon them: these are valued as charms or amulets to protect them from harm."



Like the Jaloofs, they profess Mohammedanism, and yet retain their pagan rites. "They are, however, more zealous in propagating Mohammedanism than the Jaloofs. Many of them read and write the Arabic with ease and elegance, and they establish schools wherever they go, for the purpose of teaching the Arabic language and inculcating the principles of the Korán."

When located in the neighbourhood of a European settlement, they make sandals, bridles, whips, sheaths, and various other articles, and hawk them about the streets. "They are also extensively engaged in manufacturing amulets, which consist of scraps of Arabic writing sewed up in small leather pouches, which they sell to pagan negroes at very high prices."

It is very desirable that these people should be looked for in Sierra Leone, and Christianity brought to bear upon them. They are not surely impervious to the approach of the Gospel. If they have been proselyted to Mohammedanism, some of them may be won to Christianity; and if they propagate the principles of the Korán so far as they know them, surely the enterprising spirit of this people may be engaged in the service of the true faith. Mandingo Christians, acting as evangelists among the groups of their scattered countrymen, might fulfil a noble office. We commend these thoughts to the prayerful consideration of our native brethren of the Sierra-Leone church.

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#### SUPERSTITIONS OF THE CHINESE.

MAN, so long as he is without the knowledge of the true God, is the slave of superstition. Superstition is the dread of invisible beings, who are supposed, if not propitiated, to exercise a malign influence on man, and injure him, as opportunity presents itself, in his person by sickness, or in his property by calamities of various kinds. The North-American Indian is the slave of such terrors; and even the Chinese, who is so intent on this life, as that to him it is the only reality, carefully worships the spirits of his ancestors, that they may not hurt him.

Thus the richer Chinese have their ancestral halls, while others have a room set apart for the purpose, or at least a shelf or shrine. In this the tablets are hung up. The tablet consists of a board, called *shin chu*, i.e. house of the spirit, about twelve inches long and three wide, placed upright on a block, having inscribed on it the name, rank, date of birth and death of the person whom it is intended to honour. A receptacle is often cut in the back, containing pieces of paper with the names of the higher ancestors written upon them. Each day before these tablets incense and papers are burnt, the worshipper bowing at the same time, and offering up his family prayers.

In the early part of April there is a general worshipping of ancestors at the halls. The whole population hasten to the tombs, carrying with them cooked meat, candles, paper, and incense. The graves have been repaired and swept beforehand; and here the prescribed offerings are made, the spirits of the deceased being supposed to regale themselves on

the savour of the food, the substance of which, being in no degree lessened by the use which the ghosts have made of it, is carried back for the worshippers to feast upon at home.

These ceremonies are performed by children for their parents, especially for the father; but for infants, unmarried children and slaves there are few or no ceremonies. The bodies of such are buried without any show of affection, or regret in the family sepulchre: the poor are tied up in mats and boards, and laid unburied in the fields.

"The Chinese have a great dread of wandering and hungry ghosts, and, to disarm their resentment, observe a ceremony, which much resembles "All Souls'-day among the Romanists." "The streets are covered with canvas awnings, and festoons of coloured silks are hung across. At night myriads of lamps light up the scene. Tables are covered with eatables for the hungry ghosts to feed upon, and what they leave the mob carries away.

"There is another festival in August, called *shan i*, or "burning clothes," which pieces of paper, folded in the form of jackets, trousers, gowns, and other garments, are burned for the use of the suffering ghosts, besides a large quantity of paper-money. Paper houses, with paper furniture, and puppets to represent household servants, are likewise made; by such ministrations to their imaginay wants the ghosts are supposed to be propitiated."

But even so, although the prescribed ceremonies be punctiliously observed, the Chinese are not relieved of their superstitious fears; and therefore amulets are worn, as charms are hung up by people of all ranks. "Among the latter are money-swords, made of coins of different monarchs, strung together in the form of a dagger; and leaves of the sweet flag tied in a bundle, or a sprig of peach-blossoms; the first being placed near beds, and the latter over the lintel, to drive away demons. A man also collects a cash or two from each of his friends, and gets a lock made, which he hangs to his son's neck, in order to lock him to life, and make the subscribers surety for his safety: adult females also wear a neck lock for the same purpose. Charms are common: one wears the inscription, 'May you get the thrice *manys* and the nine *likes*;' another, 'to obtain long eye-browed longevity.' The three *manys* are many years of happiness and life and many sons."

Such is the state of "bondage to fear" in which this people live, and such the forms, costly, puerile, and endless, to which they subject themselves to obtain relief from that bondage. But the Gospel of Christ can alone emancipate them. Oh that there existed amongst Christians of Great Britain a more earnest desire to send the Gospel to the millions of ignorant and suffering people, to whom in China there is free access!

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#### CHEERING SIGNS.

THE following paper, from the "Spirit of Missions," the Missionary publication of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, may be read with interest in Great Britain; for here, also,

amidst much that is trying, cheering signs do appear which encourage hope.

Amidst the indifference and apathy that prevail in many of our churches in reference to the great work of foreign Missions, there are some cheering signs. There are some churches that are alive with a Missionary spirit, and some hearts that are warm with interest and devotion to the cause. It is cheering to know of these. They are a comforting off-set to the coldness we so frequently meet with in endeavouring to stir up the people to do more to help us to send the Gospel to the heathen.

We look for better days. We pray for the time to come when our church shall become thoroughly roused and awake to the duty of sending the Gospel into all the world—awake to the astounding fact that more than half of the entire population of the globe are yet in heathen darkness!

There are signs of a revival of the Missionary spirit, however, which we hope are but the dawn of a great day of Missionary zeal. There is a growing interest in some quarters of our Zion in the Lord's work among the heathen.

The monthly Missionary meeting becoming established in some of our parishes, is one of those cheering signs. We trust that this will soon become a general and fixed institution among us.

The growing desire for Missionary information is another hopeful sign of the times. The circulation of Missionary periodicals is largely increasing. Orders are sent from parishes in which nothing has heretofore been done for foreign Missions. A new idea seems to have seized them, and we hope it will never lose its hold. Perhaps it never occurred to them before that they could do any thing for this cause. There is not a parish in the land that cannot do something for foreign Missions; and if every parish, however feeble, would do something, we should have a great increase of our means. The best and the surest way for a feeble parish to grow strong is, for it to go to work for others, and cultivate the Missionary spirit, and engage earnestly in Missionary work. One earnest brother, in sending an order for the "Word to the Churches," thus writes—

"I think one of the best means to build up Missions, and to revive an old and decayed parish, is, to kindle a Missionary spirit among the people. When people begin to appreciate the duty of caring for souls in general, they will soon learn to care for souls in particular."

This is the true doctrine, and a safe one to work by. Another, whose heart seems to have been stirred by reading the "Word to the Churches," and who has been himself a Missionary for many years in the west, thus gives expression to the feelings of his earnest heart—

"I hope and trust our churches may be liberal in their contributions to your Society. It is a fact we cannot deny, that there is great apathy among our clergy on this subject. The parishes would willingly do more if the subject were properly presented before them. In many parishes it is never presented; and in many, where it is, it is done with so much

coldness and indifference that a chill seizes the liberal hand before it reaches the pocket, and renders it unconsciously illiberal."

This is rather strongly put, but we are not sure but it is "a fact that cannot be denied." Let those deny it who can—certainly the "fact" will not hurt any one to whom it does not apply: if any feel hurt, therefore, it will be an evidence that they need the spurring, and there is a sovereign remedy for all such wounds which can be easily obtained and readily applied. We hope this "fact" may not stare any in the face with a blaze of condemnation. Still, if it should, we can console ourselves that we are not responsible for the fact, and that it is the stirred conscience that makes the blaze, not the "fact." Any sort of life is better than a death of apathy. Even the storm, with its sharp flashes and thunderbolts, is better than an eternal calm.

Another brother, sending us his collection for foreign Missions, thus writes—

"I enclose in this twenty-five cents (tenpence) from a poor coloured woman, who brought it to me, saying that she had been reading in your late appeal to the churches of a lady working alone in teaching school, and she would like to do something to help her; at least she felt like sending her mite to the 'neediest place.' She had hoped it would be fifty cents, but could not bring that much, and would willingly give five dollars if she had it. Perhaps, small as it seems, it may carry with it a blessing."

There is no "perhaps" about it. It cannot fail to "carry a blessing with it." The great Master has a special care for all such precious "mites," and will surely follow them with his blessing.

We rejoice, therefore, in these signs of awakening, and we trust they are but the beginning of a great revival of the Missionary spirit in our beloved church.

A lady, the widow of a distinguished and prominent layman, in sending an order for the Epiphany tract, thus writes—

"There are twelve gatherers in our parish. This system has worked steadily with us, but it requires attention, and the diffusion of Missionary intelligence and arousing of Christian sympathies to make it prosper."

Yesterday a lady called at the office to pay for the "Spirit of Missions" for an invalid sister, who had not walked for fourteen years, and was acting as a gatherer! If this afflicted child of God can carry on this work of her Saviour, who is there that cannot? How many Bible-class scholars, and the older Sunday-school scholars, with health, and strength, and full enjoyment of Christian privilege, might engage in the same work for Christ, if they would, and help to swell the noble band of gatherers to a great army?

Another cheering feature of the times, indicating an awakening interest, is the fact that contributions are not only coming in from new sources, but those from the old sources are enlarged. Here is a noble instance. We have just received over one thousand dollars in gold from the Sunday-school of St. Paul's Church, Boston.

## BASHONTO.

*(Continued from page 54.)*

BASHONTO and her child had tasted joy, such as she had never experienced before. She was now, in connexion with this joy, to taste of sorrow, more bitter than she had ever before experienced. The child was taken ill and died. Who can describe the agony of her hopeless sorrow ?

For more than twenty-four hours she lay in the courtyard all huddled up : she would touch no food, nor allow a drop of water to pass her lips. Her hair was dishevelled, her face quite altered, swollen with weeping, and with dark circles formed under her haggard eyes. Her voice, too, became quite hoarse with continual crying. On the second day a heavy shower of rain fell : this forced her to get up, and go into the house, and soon sheer faintness compelled her to eat her joyless portion. By degrees she began to go about as usual, with her eyes streaming, and every now and then her bitter wail might be heard coming from some empty room. Or, sitting along with others, at unexpected times her anguish would find vent in a sudden cry, startling to those not used to it. With Hindu women every feeling finds outward expression ; the conventionalities of society teach us to "fold the robe o'er secret pain," to smile while the heart is breaking within : which is better ? Her books were neglected ; life became to her a burden. Sometimes she threatened to drown herself ; sometimes to fling herself down from the terrace ; but her instinctive love of life saved her in her hours of frenzy.

Ah, we to whom life and immortality have been brought to light by our Saviour Jesus Christ, we little understand the hopeless agony of a Hindu mother's heart ! When our darlings leave us, though our arms may ache to hold their little forms again, yet we are content, knowing that the good Shepherd has gathered our lambs in his loving arms. We feel they are better off with Him in his sweet and blessed fold, than with us in this world of darkness and sorrow. And we look forward with joy to the time when Christ will restore our loved to us, even as He restored her son to the widow at the gates of Nain. But when a Hindu mother loses her child she has no such thoughts to comfort her. The child was once her's, a part of her very self ; she rejoiced in it ; it is gone now ; all is completely at an end ; she will never see it any more. It is in every sense lost, lost never to be found. And so she tries to forget it, to forget as we try to forget some jewel which we once thought much of, but which was one day irrecoverably lost, stolen by thieves, or dropped by the wayside.

O God of infinite compassion, who didst pity Rachel mourning for her children and refusing to be comforted, pity the women of India, and let the light of Thy glorious Gospel speedily light up their darkness. And Thou, who didst yearn over Ephraim bemoaning himself in anguish when his brave sons were cruelly slain, let Thy heart yearn over the men of India, when they too mourn sadly and hopelessly over the destruction of their brightest hopes !

While in her deep grief, Bashonto was told of an English lady who was visiting the residences of the native gentlemen, and teaching

the native ladies to read and work, and that one of her neighbours had made so great a progress as to bring her husband a pair of slippers, and her father-in-law a cap, worked by herself. Bashonto thought much of this, and at length persuaded Thakoormoni to invite her to their house.

After a time the lady was seen approaching, followed by a long train of all the boys and girls of the place. "Come in, come in," said the women, and they led her straight to the upper verandah looking down on the women's court. Bamashoondari unceremoniously turned out the children, but admitted several women who came from the neighbouring houses through back ways. Twenty eager faces crowded round the fair English girl, and in five minutes she had won all their hearts. Little Kamini was admired and caressed; Prosonno condoled with on her childless condition; and the pitying look with which the story of Bashonto's suffering was heard went to the heart of the desolate widow.

Bamashoondari and Prosonno were full of questions. The work was exhibited. Beautiful slippers rich with glowing roses; caps brilliant with crimson cherries twisting round their borders; comforters soft and warm, the delight of Hindu gentlemen; rugs, hookah carpets, &c. And then the pictures! A photographic album was produced. The picture of the Queen elicited no end of questions. They were told how wisely she ruled her nation; how prudently she brought up her children; how devoted she had been to her husband in life, and now that he was gone, how she looked forward to meeting him again in a better land. The Princess of Wales was greatly admired. Her blue eyes, her hair, the flowers in her hair, and the diamonds round her neck, were all commented on. Picture after picture was shown to them, and something told about each. At length there came a little child sitting on a sofa, a baby of a year. "Whose child is this?" The question was answered, and the remark added—"The child is now in heaven." This remark, however, seemed to attract no one but Bashonto, and even she, though an eager light shone in her eye, and a question trembled on her lip, let it pass unnoticed. And so an hour passed away most rapidly and happily. Then the lady said, "I will sing to you." Great was their delight. She read to them a simple Bengalee hymn about the Happy Land and its glories, and then she sang. The women listened eagerly. One old woman wept as she heard the hymn. Bashonto pressed nearer, entranced. She never forgot some of the lines.

Then came the question, "Will any of you learn to read and work?" Prosonno volunteered, and told all she knew. She was encouraged. A copy of "Gopal Kamini" and a piece of canvas were given to her, and she was taught a simple stitch. Bashonto would not say any thing: it seemed to her improper to be busy and happy when her little boy was reduced to a heap of ashes. Some of the women from the other houses said they would learn, and spelling-books and pieces of work were distributed. And so the English lady went away, promising to come again in a fortnight. "Be sure you come," was repeated to her on every side as she left the door.

And so light began to steal into this dark heathen home.

**“TO THE RIGHTEOUS THERE ARISETH LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.”**

**THE** autumn of 1865 was a time of tribulation to our Missionaries and their native flocks in the wild districts of North-west America, through which the great Mackenzie pursues its course to the Arctic Sea. The scarlet fever found its way into these remote parts by means of the boats, which brought from the south the autumnal supplies; and the plague, being let loose, has struck down hundreds of the Indians on both sides of the Rocky Mountains. It is quite painful to read the journals of our Missionary at this particular date. Sickness and death prevailed on every side, although there is reason to believe that many of these poor people had found the Saviour before the stroke fell upon them, and found in death a happy transition to the presence of Him in whom they had learned to trust.

The pressure on our Missionaries was indeed great. Of the Rev. W. W. Kirkby's family, several were ill, and on every side the distress and suffering were great. Many of the poor Indians seem to have given themselves over to despair. In one tent we found ten huddled together, all sick, without either food, fire, or water, and without energy to make an effort to obtain them.

It is, however, graciously promised that no trial shall take his people beyond what they are able; and so Mr. Kirkby found it. A sudden light was thrown in upon the darkness. There were only two Missionaries in all this part of America, and these separated from one another by many hundred miles. A third Missionary was greatly needed, and the more so, as the priests were doing all they could to hinder their work among the Indians. The Committee in London had been enabled to respond to his request, and the Rev. W. C. Bompas, having left London the previous Midsummer, was already close at hand, but Mr. Kirkby knew nothing of it. The following extract from his journal will show us what a glad surprise awaited him on Christmas morning 1865—

*Dec. 25: Christmas-day*—How often in his dealings with his people does God show them that their extremity is his opportunity for making known to them afresh his loving-kindness and tender care! And how frequently, after a period of darkness and trial, does He, in an unexpected manner, put joy and gladness into their souls! Indeed, this very day is an illustration of the same principle. How long the world continued in darkness before the Sun of righteousness rose upon it! But “when the fulness of time was come, God sent forth his Son to be a light to lighten the Gentiles, and to be the glory of his people Israel.” But I have special reasons for writing these remarks to night. God has put a new song of gladness in my heart, and it becometh me to be thankful. The former pages of my journal will show how much of anxiety and

trial we have passed through since last August. Beyond those, there have been spiritual struggles, known only to God and myself; and never, since I have been here, have I had so much trouble with the European servants as I have had this autumn. Many of them are new comers, careless, ungodly men. I had spoken to them, individually and privately, several times, without any effect; and being pained by their open desecration of God's holy day, I publicly reprov'd them the Sunday before last. This stirred up their anger, and the week was an unhappy one. They not only declared their determination to continue in their sin, but affirmed that they would not enter my church again. Yesterday morning I went with a heavy heart, but firm intention of declaring my mission to whoever might be present. More were there than I expected; and after exhorting God's people to cleave unto Him, I felt constrained to tell them plainly that I was not sent for them, but for the Indians. What I did for them was in love to their souls; but if they despised their own mercies, the sin was theirs, and not mine: that whilst I blessed God for past services and happy Sabbaths, their present sins and dissensions pained me much; and unless a reformation took place, those who feared the Lord would meet together privately, and my services should be wholly given to the Indians. This had the desired effect. All were present at evening service, and a reconciliation took place. An address was given to those who were to partake of the Lord's Supper to-day. This morning, as I was preparing for service—indeed, had just been praying that the Lord would bless us with a holy, happy day—I heard the sound of sleigh-bells, and, looking out, saw a train with four dogs and two runners, coming to my house. Wondering who it could be, I went to the door, and saw that it was the packet-men returned from Big Island. But why should they come here? When all at once the mystery was solved by a dear brother Missionary jumping up out of the sleigh. It was a surprisal. I have not yet overset it. Our first act was to bend the knee in prayer to God, and then to tell of his love and goodness. I had longed for companionship, and therefore my joy was correspondingly full. It could not have come at a more opportune moment, and a happier day for his arrival my dear brother could not have had. In an hour afterwards we went to church. All were present, even the Roman-Catholic servants. After the service, eleven of us partook of the holy communion, which I was so glad to have administered at the first service my dear brother engaged in with us. After that came the Indian service, at which twenty-three were present. In this brother Bompas expressed much satisfaction and delight. The evening service my dear brother kindly took, and I am sure all found it good to be there. He gave us a delightful address from Luke ii. 10—14, the angel's message to the shepherds, and an earnest, I am sure, of that which he has come to proclaim to the benighted wanderers here. May the best and richest blessings of Jesus be his for ever! May the Saviour's presence ever be with him, and may many souls be given to him for his reward! It has been a blessed day, and a blessed message for him to begin with. How gloriously is God's word of promise being fulfilled. These poor people, who have long walked in darkness, have now seen a great light, and they that have long dwelt in the land of the shadow of



death, upon them hath the light shined. (Isaiah ix. 2.) And my heart's desire is that they may now be saved.

*Dec. 26*—An interesting day with my dear brother in talking over the events of his journey, the wishes of the Committee, and the instructions they gave him. It is quite marvellous how he managed to get here so quickly. The journey has never been accomplished in so short a time before, and might never be again; but every thing seemed to fit in to his wishes. At every stage he was just in time, or some opportunity occurred for him to accomplish the journey. In this we would fain see and adore the gracious hand of God. He tells me that Colonel Dawes wrote to me in June last, but the letter will not reach me until March. However, I can now well afford to wait for it.



## THE KIZILBASHES.

BY A MISSIONARY.

THE Kizilbashs are a peculiar sect, inhabiting principally the provinces of Sivas, Kharpoot, and Koordistan, in Asiatic Turkey. Their origin is not as yet fully ascertained, but it is generally believed that they are the descendants of Christian communities, who were compelled to embrace Islam by the Saracens and Turks at different times. They have a merely outward profession of Mohammedanism, while disregarding utterly its rites and ceremonies. They never go to the mosques except on the Bairam days, and then only for fear of the Turks. They pay no regard to the Mohammedan Namehram, or seclusion of the females when males are present. The women sit in the family, and when a Christian visits them he is received at once into the family circle. But when a Turk visits them the women all retire or cover their faces.

A very corrupt and obscure form of Christianity is secretly held by this people, which consists of the rites of baptism and the Lord's Supper, the sacrifice of sheep, and meetings for prayer, preaching and singing, which are held under the presidency of their sheikhs, at dead of night. At these times they always have guards round the house of meeting, for fear of the Turks. Their baptism is a general sprinkling of the whole congregation, inclusive of the new-born babes, and is repeated at certain intervals, like the Lord's Supper. The water is blessed previous to the administration of the rite. The communion consists of the distribution of cakes, made of flour and butter, and wine to the communicants, which include the men, women, and children, after having been consecrated by the sheikh with prayer. Their sacrifices are performed, by permission, in the Armenian convents, whither they resort to pay their vows, and from which they usually purchase the wafers for their communion. The prayers are extempore, offered up by the sheikh, the whole congregation kneeling. They do not acknowledge the authority of the Korán, nor believe in the mission of Mohammed, Abubekr, Omer, or Osman, as having any authority, but they profess to acknowledge Ali, whom they designate the beloved Son of God. There is good

reason to think, that under the name of Ali, which they used to deceive the Turks, they worship the Lord Jesus Christ, who, they believe, has offered himself a propitiation for their sins. Some of the Kizilbashs have Armenian names together with their Mohammedan names ; for instance, Ali, son of Mardiros ; Mehmed, son of Kir-kor, &c.

A very large number of these people (thousands it is said) profess Protestantism, especially in the neighbourhood of Sivas, from which town they have purchased a very large number of Bibles and Testaments, and carried them off to their villages. The open profession of some of them attracted the attention of Ali Agha the Mudir of Kagal, who persecuted them so severely that they were compelled to abandon their dwellings and take refuge in the mountains and woods, where they were supplied secretly with the necessaries of life by their brethren. This persecution raged from 1857 to 1860. Others still suffer much from the tyranny of the Mohammedans, and have several times sent deputations to the capital to solicit relief, but in vain. They have, on more than one occasion, applied for a teacher, or to be visited by a Missionary, and have continued, sometimes by letters and sometimes by one of their number, up to within the last four weeks, to entreat one or other of the Missionary bodies in Constantinople to grant them their desire.

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VERSION OF THE 137TH PSALM.

BY GEORGE WITHERS, ABOUT (A. D.) 1636.

As nigh Babel's streams we sate,  
 Full of griefs and unbefriended,  
 Minding Sion's poor estate,  
 From our eyes the tears descended,  
 And our harps we hang'd high  
 On the willows growing nigh.

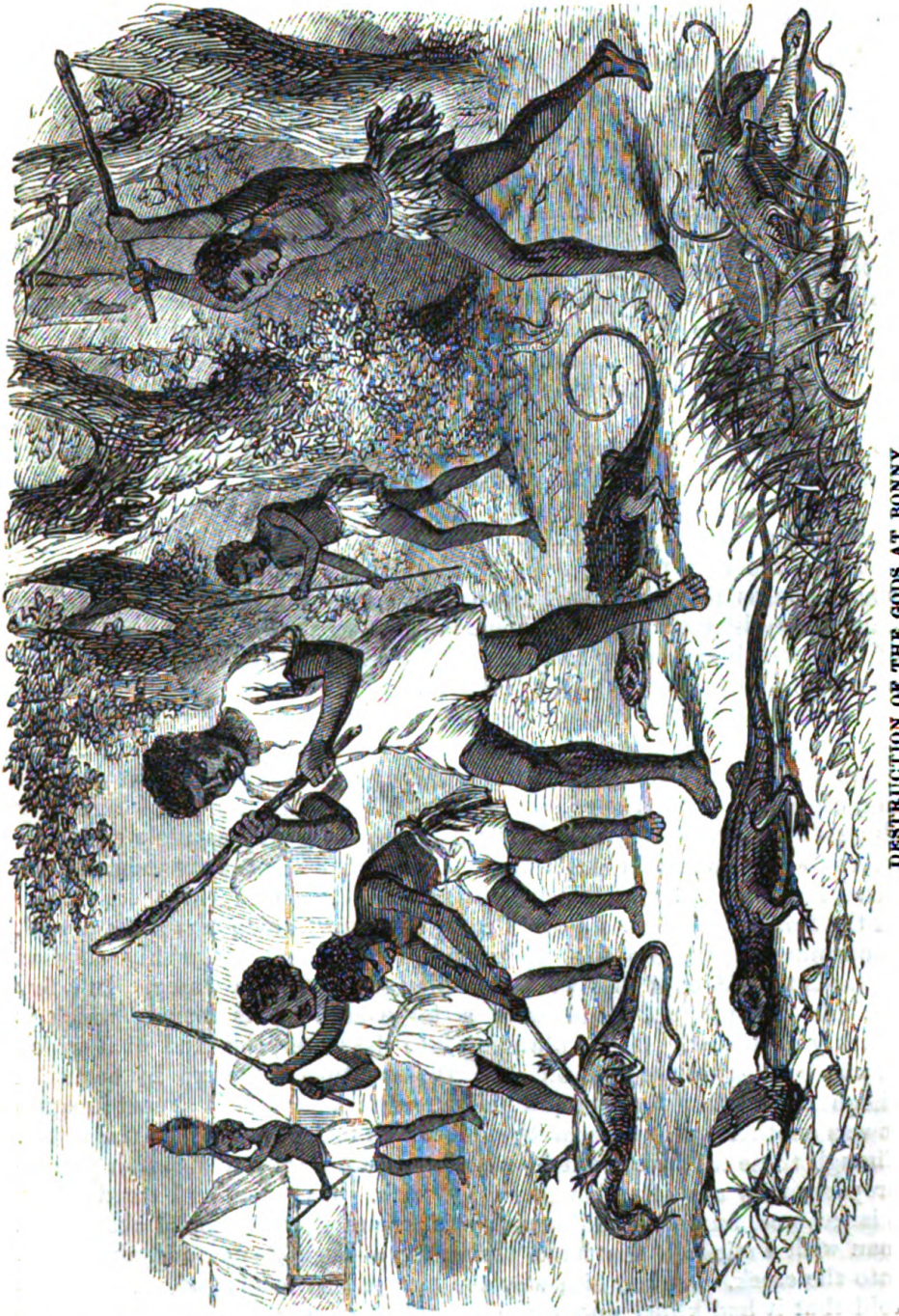
For (insulting on our woe)  
 They that had us here enthralled,  
 Their imperious power to show,  
 For a song of Sion call'd :  
 "Come, ye captives, come," said they,  
 "Sing us now an Hebrew lay."

But, O Lord, what heart had we,  
 In a foreign habitation,  
 To repeat our songs of thee,  
 For our spoilers' recreation?  
 Ah, alas! we cannot yet  
 Thee, Jerusalem, forget.

Oh, Jerusalem, if I  
 Do not mourn, all pleasures spinning  
 Whilst thy walls defac'd lie,  
 Let my right hand lose her cunning :  
 And for ever let my tongue  
 To my palate fast be clung.

**PUTTING TO DEATH OF THE NATIONAL GODS AT BONNY,  
DELTA OF THE NIGER.**

**KING PEPPLE, an African king, who was baptized some years ago  
in England, having applied to Bishop Crowther for a Missionary to**



**DESTRUCTION OF THE GODS AT BONNY.**

*July, 1867.*

**H**

instruct his people, and being found willing to contribute liberally toward the expenses, a Mission was commenced on one of the oil rivers, the Bonny, to the south of the delta of the Niger.

The following extract from a former letter of Bishop Crowther shows how degrading were the superstitions which had long tyrannized over this people.

A few yards distance from our temporary schoolroom in Bonny Town stands the great Juju house, in which are arranged upon the posts of the doors at the entrances, and on the walls, and on the upright posts in the centre of the Juju house, rows of hundreds of human skulls as decorations to the god's house: these are said to be the skulls of prisoners of war, who were offered to Juju in sacrifice, and whose flesh was feasted upon in vengeance on their enemies. Outside, in front of this great Juju house, was a platform erected of sticks, about six feet high, on which were piled up the bones of those who have been thus dealt with. But of late a change for the worse has been observed to be taking place in the Juju house, and in those things connected with it.

The sacred house itself is very much neglected, very much out of repair: it is out of its perpendicular position, tottering, and will soon be down unless propped up. None seem to take any interest in repairing these things, as far as I can hear just now. The young men are heard to remark, as they pass by, 'These things were not used to be so: there is a change taking place.'

There are also private Juju houses, and priests, and priestesses, in whose houses more or less human skulls are to be seen. These sacred houses may literally be called houses of human skulls. The ugly figures of wood which are set up to represent the gods are like those which may be met with in all other parts of Africa.

The reptiles called the guanas, of the lizard tribe, are worshipped, being sacred to the gods: these are to be seen in great numbers at the doors and outside the houses everywhere. Their sight is most disgusting, especially when their body is covered over with mud, in which they sluggishly crawl about, and, being so tame, they will scarcely make an effort to move when in one's way. I was sitting at the verandah of our hired house one day, observing the motion of one of these creatures: in the front of the house a small cask was sunk, which served for a well, containing about two feet of water. The guana sluggishly crawled towards the edge of the well, and plunged into the water. In a few seconds it came up again with a large crab in its mouth, which it quickly devoured. On its plunging into the water, the mud with which it was besmeared washed off, and the creature came up in beautiful chequered colours of green and yellow, so that one would almost imagine it was another creature from the one which had plunged into the water. Though these creatures are held sacred, yet when they trespass on private property they are often roughly dealt with. One day, as I stood under a large tree, buying building sticks for our new station, I observed a man with a stick in his hand thumping a large guana, and pushing it into the creek. I asked him why the man did so to his god, when I was told that it had killed and eaten up all the fowl and chickens the man

was rearing up. There was another large guana which had crawled on the tree near which I stood, apparently sick from severe beatings. Others may be seen crawling about with a stumpy tail, a part being cut off by some one in anger, whose property the guana had most likely destroyed. This will show how much private regard is now being paid to these creatures sacred to the gods, though no one dared say anything publicly against them.

As Dagon before the ark, so has this miserable idolatry fallen to the ground before the power of a faithfully-taught Gospel.

Bishop Crowther writes, April 22—

No sooner was the renunciation made, and orders given to clear the town of them, than many persons turned out in pursuit of these poor reptiles, which had been so long idolized, and now killed them as it were in revenge, and strewed their carcasses all about in open places, and in the markets by dozens and scores; fifty-seven were counted at one market-place alone, where they were exposed to public view as a proof of the people's conviction of former error, and that they were determined to reform in good earnest in this respect: everywhere one went the carcasses of the guana met the sight.

There was another decision made respecting the removal of the guanas: lest any should hereafter say he had not had some share in the extinction of the sacred reptile, it was decided that some of the blood be sprinkled into all the wells in Bonny town, to indicate that they all had concurred, not only in its destruction, but in its use as food. Many soon after began to feed upon the flesh, roasted with fire. This reminds me of the passage, "And he took the calf which they had made, and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder, and strawed it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it." (Exodus xxxii. 20).

It cannot be expected that all the people had the resolution of the king and his chiefs to act fearlessly: superstitious fear does not soon vanish away from the minds long held by it, consequently the wells of water were shunned from superstitious fear rather than from disgust. The water girls were instructed to direct their way to the Mission premises for a supply out of our well for their use. The girls poured suddenly upon us in great numbers, with their pitchers on their shoulders, many of them in a state of nudity. Here was an opportunity for me to correct the evil of such habits, which I could not do in the town. Now I have made it a strong rule that no one should be allowed to enter the Mission premises to draw water unless clothed: they have cloths at home to use, but the habit of going without from childhood has made them careless and indifferent. The poor girls were in a dilemma: the blood of the guana drove them from the wells in the town, and here they were driven back for want of clothing. The rule had the desired effect: the consequence was, a hasty share of handkerchiefs or wrappers with those who could spare some from their persons. From that time it was rumoured all about the town that no one could be allowed to get water from the Mission premises unless clothed. Since the last three days there was scarcely a case to be corrected: all came with their wrappers on.

Not only had the people suffered great losses by these reptiles devouring their chickens, but several persons had seriously suffered, either by being severely beaten or even put to death for hunting or unwittingly killing one of these sacred reptiles. Being thus protected by such severity, the guanas became tame, and ranged about everywhere, like domestic creatures, unmolested, and with this liberty they did much mischief, and thus became a public nuisance to all, but no one dared to say any thing against their sacredness. It was superstitiously believed that if any person should kill one of them, the vengeance of the gods would be felt throughout the country; hence every one was afraid to offend. Many civilized visitors have laughed at and ridiculed their foolishness for worshipping such creatures; but the reply which was generally given was, "Your country fashion be good for you, my country fashion be good for me;" so ended the matter. God, in his mysterious providence, seems to have made the late king Pepple's exile from Bonny for a time the means of paving the way for the changes which are now taking place here. When he was at Fernando Po, in 1854, at which time he first invited me to Bonny as a Missionary, one of the promises he made then was that he would clear the guanas from the town as being no longer juju. But the Lord's time was not yet come; King Pepple had it in his mind to do this when the Mission was actually established here, but he had many prejudices to encounter, which only time could remove. He died without accomplishing this, but it was left for his son George, who has succeeded him on the throne, to strike the blow.

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#### GATHERING AND SCATTERING.

THE work of the Church Missionary Society divides itself into two principal operations—gathering and scattering; and under these two heads may be ranged the whole of its great work at home and abroad. The attention of the public is naturally attracted to our Mission work in foreign lands, and information is sought as to the details of the work of scattering which is carried on through the the agency of the various Corresponding Committees, ordained Missionaries, catechists, and lay agents, now in active work at the 154 foreign stations of the Society. In and about these 154 stations are scattered the funds collected at home. They are employed in the multifarious details connected with a Mission station; the support of the Missionary; the pay of Native agency; the repairs of the Mission premises; and many other small expenses incidental to the carrying on of Mission work. Here, too, are scattered the lives of such as Martyn, Noble, and Völkner; and here, in and around these 154 stations, is scattered broadcast the seed of the Word, by men who are instant in season and out of season, sowing, often in tears, going forth often weeping, bearing precious seed, sowing beside all waters; content to sow, not over anxious to reap, but leaving the reaping time to the Lord of the Harvest. But while the interest of our friends centres around our Mission work abroad, it

is very necessary to direct attention to the home work of the Society, that portion of the work which comes under the head of Gathering. It is difficult to say which of the two operations, scattering or gathering, is the more important. Doubtless all the gathering is for the purpose of scattering; but, on the other hand, were there no gathering there would be no scattering, and an army without the sinews of war would be an inert, useless mass. Consequently, the vast importance of the mechanism by which the Society gathers presses on those who have to watch the ingathering.

A very remarkable feature of the gathering in of the Society's funds is found in the vast multitude of small helps which go to form the aggregate of the supporters of the Society. There are between four and five thousand agencies which are in connexion with the Society, Associations and Branch Associations in large towns and small parishes, and among these, sermons are preached and meetings held, at which the claims of Mission work are advocated. Notwithstanding this manifold agency, the total results are very miserable when compared with the vast wealth of our land. The income of all the Missionary Societies in England does not reach more than one million; a miserable result indeed when we remember that the sum might be contributed easily by our resident peers and commoners. Were every one to give a little, how different would be the result, not only in the income of the Missionary Societies, but as regards the spiritual condition of the nation? The home work of the Church Missionary Society is, to use the words of one who has tried it, "an invaluable link between pastor and people;" and it is where such a link is established that the largest proportionate results are obtained. In proof of this we subjoin the Annual Report of a small Parochial Association in one of our northern cities. The parish to which this Association belongs is a small poor parish, in which there are not more than five houses with rentals of 30*l.* each; and yet in this poor parish there are, for the last year, 305 subscribers, giving 46*l.* 15*s.* 9*d.* There are 85 holders of Missionary Boxes, who have collected 32*l.* 11*s.* 4*d.*; and there has been held a sale of work, which realized 38*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* One contributor to the sale was a carpenter, who worked late and early, before and after his working hours, to manufacture some articles, which produced 1*l.* Last, but not least, there are ten lady collectors who, by a personal canvass throughout the whole parish, have gathered in 38*l.* 13*s.* Over the whole work, stimulating and blessing it, is the spirit of deep and prayerful interest in the Church Missionary Society; but on this point let the Report and Address speak for themselves:—

MY GOOD FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS,—It is my duty to lay before you again our Annual Parish Missionary Report. We have, many of us, been very busy in our endeavours to obey our Saviour's last command

that we should preach the Gospel to every creature; and if we value and love the Gospel ourselves—if its blessed tidings have, through the Holy Ghost, brought peace and hope to our hearts—then our work has been our delight. There is true joy in the service of God.

Let me remind you that it is God who gives us the means of helping. It is God who puts into our hearts the desire to help. Therefore, let us first of all give thanks to God for the good success which He has given us this year. Our receipts show an encouraging increase from every source of income. "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name, give the praise."

I. First, our *Collections* after the annual sermons in the church have increased. Some of our friends feared that the gathering of subscriptions so widely would cause our church collections to be less. I am happy to say that this is not the case. Nor should we think it will be so; for giving is a Christian grace; it is a sign of love; and the love of souls is the very soul of love. This grace, like others, is strengthened, and not weakened, by exercise. The more we give the more we would give in a cause so glorious as this. "The liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand."

II. Next our *Missionary Boxes* have yielded a larger sum. We never had more of these silent friends asking for the family offerings of the Christian household. And they have not asked in vain. They seem, like the hand of God, ever open to receive the first-fruits of our increase. The sick child is restored, the ailing mother is strengthened, the father's health is mercifully continued, and there is the open hand ready to accept the thank-offering to God for His goodness. I should like to see a Missionary Box in every house in the parish, that some portion of our weekly earnings may find its way into the treasury of God. "Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase."

III. Our *Sale of Work*, too, has produced more than ever. Many, very many, busy hands have done the work. Not only women and children, but working men, have joined, and joined heartily, in this labour of love. One clever artisan has always contributed the fruit of many toilsome hours when his day's work was over,—articles which have added more than a yearly guinea to our receipts. Others, too, have been equally industrious. And what our female friends have done, I do not dare to say; but this I say, that the poor woman's mite, whether it be given in money or money's worth, is seen and owned by the Lord of all. My good friends, you will not lose your reward. "God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love."

IV. Again, our *Subscriptions* also have increased. The Collectors have continued their patient painstaking work. And work it really is. We have 305 subscribers. We have received, during the year, more than 1513 distinct gifts. In L— street alone, which contains 114 houses, 402 gifts have been gathered from 62 subscribers. We never gathered more subscriptions. Good friends, here is encouragement. Your labour has not been in vain in the Lord. Let no one say their little is not worth the giving. I only wish every family in the parish would subscribe a penny a month. The great ocean is made up of drops.



The richest harvest is formed of single grains. Let each one do what he can. God asks no more. Subscribers, will you try to stir your neighbours to help in this work?

My dear Friends, our watchword must still be—LET US GO ON: Our Master says, "He that putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of God." Nay, rather, let us work harder as time rolls by. Soon we shall be able to do no more. *Let us go on.* The Saviour commands us. The opportunity is before us. The time is short. But oh, see that you are right yourself. Be you on the Lord's side. Seek a deeper repentance, a livelier faith in Christ. This is the spring of all real Missionary effort: "The love of Christ constraineth us."

Lastly, pray. Pray without ceasing. I propose that we all remember the Missionary cause especially in our private and family prayers every Monday. Thus praying and working together, may God bless us in our work! I most heartily commend the good cause to you again.

Now what have been the results? Tested by the amount raised, we should say that complete success has attended the work; for from this small and poor parish the Society has received the following annual payments:—

|                                  |      |    |    |
|----------------------------------|------|----|----|
| Received in 1861-62              | £109 | 4  | 5  |
| Do. 1862-63                      | 109  | 6  | 11 |
| Do. 1863-64                      | 115  | 14 | 8  |
| Do. 1864-65                      | 126  | 17 | 10 |
| Do. 1865-66                      | 153  | 14 | 8  |
| -----                            |      |    |    |
| Making a total in five years of. | £614 | 18 | 6  |
| -----                            |      |    |    |

We would recommend the example afforded by this parish to all our supporters, more especially asking for that prayerful interest in the Society's great work which forms the chief feature of this Report; convinced of this, that while the regular annual subscription is not always a guarantee of prayerful interest in the cause of Missions, those who give us their prayers will give us also their money.

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CASES OF CONVERSION TO CHRISTIANITY AT THE CITIES OF LO-NGUONG IN THE PROVINCES OF FUH-CHAU, CHINA.

LO-NGUONG is about eighty miles distant from Fuh-chau in a north-westerly direction. It is situated on the sea-shore, and contains a very large population, the city wall being four miles in circumference. The inhabitants are very much given to the opium-pipe, and it is said that more than half the people are confirmed opium-smokers. Nothing can be conceived more calculated to stir up Christian compassion and zeal than the state of these Chinese cities, crowded with a population intelligent on every subject save one, the most important of all, and yet, on that, blind, foolish, and deceived, "groping in the dark without light."

This city was taken up by our Missionary at Fuh-chau, as an out-station, about two years back. We admire the intrepidity of our Missionaries. They are only two in number, while the city of Fuh-chau, in the midst of which is the Mission house, contains two millions of people. Had they confined themselves to this vast assemblage of people, and declined to look in the direction of the country districts, we should not have been surprised; but they have acted on a different principle. They say, "We are weak and feeble. We believe, however, that the more we extend the stronger we shall become." And so they find it to be, for if none come out from Europe to help them, the native Christians on the spot have their hearts stirred, and come forward to act as Evangelists to their countrymen.

Accordingly the city of Lieng Kong, about forty miles from Fuh-chau, was first taken up, a native catechist being placed there, and then Lo-nguong, in the same way, was occupied.

And here God has blessed the efforts which have been made, so that, during the past year, there have been six baptisms of a deeply interesting character.

One of them, a young man, before his conversion had been one of the most forlorn reprobates in the whole city. He had been guilty of breaking every one of the ten commandments. "Yes," as his father said, "and of ten more, if there be so many of them." So vicious was he, that, though an only son, his father thought of disinheriting him. This, however, had no effect upon him, and he seemed likely to drag the whole family into poverty and shame. He went to the chapel to laugh: God ordained it otherwise. The truth laid hold on his heart. His conduct became changed, to the surprise of the neighbourhood. They could not understand it, although they knew that it was brought about somehow by the religion of Jesus. This brought the people to inquire; and at that time no less than 2000 books and tracts were eagerly taken by the people. His father at first doubted: after a time he became convinced. Although a great idol worshipper, he did not oppose his son's coming to chapel, and several of the people came also. The young man now became anxious about his father's conversion, and on his knees he prayed to God for this. A spectacle wonderful it was to see this son kneeling down to pray for his father. And God vouchsafed the answer. The father was converted, and he and his son were baptized on the same day. The father is seventy years of age, hale, and strong, growing in grace, a man of strong faith and great prayer. He now outstrips the son. The latter was asked why his father was advancing more rapidly than himself. He answered, "Because my father is continually praying. When he goes home, he is always on his knees, like Jacob wrestling." This man is very earnest for the conversion of others. He spends his time in exhorting, and has succeeded in one or two cases. He is about to give up his business and devote his whole time to preaching Christ in the villages. The son is to be placed in the Preparandi class. We shall want two chapels in Lo-nguong.

The third case of baptism is also very interesting—a young man, whom to see is to love. He lives in a village twenty or thirty miles from Lo-nguong. The old man, accompanying a catechist, preached in

this village. The young man's heart opened, and in a subsequent visit he declared himself a Christian. He also is earnest for the conversion of others. He went about talking, and had prayer and reading of Scriptures in his house on Sunday.

The result was, that when the Catechist came again there were seven other young men induced to join in prayer, reading the Scriptures, and keeping the Sabbath. This alarmed the villagers, and then ensued a general persecution. This was too much for the other seven, and they fell off; but this young man has stood firm, and once or twice at the risk of his life. When the storm was at its height, he brought out his household gods and ancestral tables, and set fire to the whole in the presence of his astonished and horror-stricken neighbours, who expected every moment that some dire calamity would befall him. When they recovered from their surprise, they rushed upon him with one accord, and would have hurt him severely, had he not escaped by running off and hiding himself. His own mother dragged him from his room as he was engaged in prayer, and his wife scolds him bitterly for his apostacy from the gods of his fathers. But the more he is persecuted, the more he prays, and the more he is confirmed in the faith.

Our Missionary, the Rev. J. R. Wolfe, observes—"Intense prayerfulness is the most prominent characteristic in these Lo Nguong Christians." Like the dove, when the storm is high they have taken shelter in the clefts of the rock. By-and-bye, when the storm is over, they will come forth refreshed, to do the Lord's work. What a field for Christian service presents itself in China at the present moment! How is it that so few from amongst us offer themselves for this service?

"How is it," said a Chinaman to our Missionary the other day, "that if the doctrine which you preach be so precious, and if nobody can be saved except by Jesus, and there be no other Saviour but Him,—how is it you have been so late in coming to tell us? Why is it that there were not not one hundred of you, instead of one or two, to make known these things to us, without the knowledge of which you say we must spend our eternity in misery and woe?"

MISSIONARY WORK AT CALCUTTA.

WE have just received the Forty-second Annual Report of the Calcutta Church Missionary Association, and some gleanings from it may be interesting to our readers, in order that they may know something of what our Missionaries are doing in the city, where natives and Europeans, heathenism and Christianity, poverty and riches, evil and good, meet so remarkably together.

First, there is the Christian congregation, which must be regarded as the nucleus of the work of evangelization which is going on around.

There are also three instrumentalities referred to in the Report, by means of which the seed is sown—Domiciliary visitation, Preaching to the heathen, and Schools. We can only refer to one of these.

New preaching Chapel.

About six months ago a building was erected at the corner of the Mission compound for the purpose of preaching. Several considerations showed the importance of such a place. During the rainy season, preaching in the open air is often impracticable. Besides, as has been already stated, none but the poor people will stand to hear in the street: there was, however, a probability of persons of respectability coming to listen to the word in a comfortable room.

Hitherto we have had reason to feel that a blessing has rested on this proceeding. Very often there have been large congregations, and frequently a good proportion of the hearers has consisted of respectable and educated natives. In this respect, indeed, the result has been better than our hopes. We scarcely expected so many persons of this class would attend. Very interesting conversations have, after the preaching, been held with some of these, from which it has been evident that a hopeful impression has been left on their minds.

On one occasion a peculiar scene took place. A Baboo stood up and began to rail against Christianity, and to vilify the motives of Christians in their labours of love. He was evidently an exception to the rule. Another Baboo got up (he was a high-caste Brahmin), and in a calm, thoughtful way reproved the objector. He called upon him as a man of education, and upon the audience too, to examine into the claims of Christianity, and doing this, he remarked, it would be impossible for them to come to any other conclusion than that the religion of Christ was as superior to Hinduism as light is to darkness.

A case of singular interest occurred on another occasion. Amongst the hearers were two men who had that day come by the train on some business to the city. They happened to pass the chapel as the preaching was going on, and turned in to listen. They sat the whole time in wrapt attention. At the close, they came up to the preachers, and, with evident concern, asked several questions as to the subject to which they had listened. They declared that they had never heard the word before, and that what they then heard had given rise to great searchings of heart. The native brethren, after counselling them for a time, asked them to visit the Missionary and catechist on the morrow. The poor men came the next day. They spoke with the utmost simplicity and earnestness. So far as we could judge, the one inquiry of their soul was, "What must we do to be saved?" Each professed his full belief in Christ, and one of them even asked that there and then he might be admitted into the church. It was felt desirable to wait until they should be further grounded in the faith. They were urged to repeat their visit when they would return to Calcutta. We have not seen or heard of them since they returned to their village; still there is reason to hope that the seed so hopefully sown will not perish.

Street preaching.

This work has been continued as heretofore. Morning and evening has the word of life been proclaimed to crowds of hearers at the corners of streets around the Mission station.

It is a great mistake to under-rate street preaching. Jesus and his apostles were street preachers, and we do well and wisely in pursuing the same hallowed path. School-work is important. Our own college is a power for good. Lectures, zenana-teaching, indeed every portion of Mission agency, is important, and the proclamation of the everlasting Gospel to the wayfaring men of this vast city is surely not second in importance to other efforts. The friends of Missions cannot be too careful of adopting narrow and partial views of Mission operations. We should beware of crotchets in the Lord's work. If taste and special qualification give us a preference for a peculiar line of labour, we should by no means suppose that other modes of operation are not calculated to help on the great work. We should rather take a bird's-eye-view of the whole machinery in force; and in doing this, we shall see that every species of work carried on is needed; that there are "wheels within wheels," all working towards the one glorious end.

If attention to the message, and apparent interest in it,—if increasing acquaintance with the facts and doctrines of the Gospel amongst thousands of the artisans and servants of Calcutta,—be matters to rejoice over, then we may rejoice over these tokens of the value of street-preaching. There is no doubt that, through this means, the truths of our holy religion are being very widely disseminated amongst the lower classes of native society.

Of the results of these labours we can only speak partially. Much of the effects produced by labours such as these do not yet appear. This is the case in all countries, especially in India. The seed is in the ground, but it has not sprung. We must wait for the rain—the former and the latter rain—and perhaps need to have long patience; but "it will surely come; it will not tarry." Of the results which have shown, and which are as yet thin and sparse, the report thus speaks—

During the past year we have to praise God for thirteen new converts. Several of them heard the word of God first from one of our readers in the wards of the Medical College Hospital. Faith came by hearing. After their discharge from the hospital they came to us for further instruction; and ultimately, after a probation of at least three months, they were admitted into the church by the holy rite of baptism.

Three or four others were brought to Christ through the godly conversation of one of our poorest but best Christians.

One of the converts was an ayah in a gentleman's family. Her awakening was brought about through the agency of a reader. There are four readers, whose special duty it is to read the Scriptures to the native servants in European families. In this way about 800 domestics weekly hear the joyful sound, who, but for such an arrangement, would probably remain in utter ignorance of the truth.

One of the converts is a Brahmin of the highest caste. The finger of God has been singularly manifested in his conversion. He is the son of a Pundit of great influence and respectability at Santipore. He is not

able himself clearly to indicate the commencement of his religious concern. Some two years ago he became restless and uneasy. He could not assign any special reason for his disquiet; he only knew that he was not happy, and that he felt a yearning in his soul after peace. He was at that time a teacher in one of our Mission schools at Santipore. He threw up his post, and determined to go up the country. He thought perhaps a change of scene might do him good. He returned, after some months, still a stranger to peace. Once more he set forth on his wanderings. When passing through Cutwa he heard a Missionary preach in the bazaar. He disputed with the preacher in opposition to the Gospel. The Missionary patiently heard his objections, and answered them, and then affectionately urged him to study the word of God, at the same time presenting him with a copy of the Bible. From that time he became a diligent student of the Scriptures. By-and-bye the cause of his uneasiness became apparent. It was an undefined sense of sin. His convictions gathered strength. At last, to use his own expression, "the cross of Jesus rose before his view." It was radiant with light and hope; as he gazed, the gloom and unrest of his soul appeared to vanish: he heard a still small voice of peace within.

He then came down to Calcutta, where, after about four months probation, he was, together with his wife, received into the church.

We bless God for the encouraging tone of this Report. May a large blessing be poured out, and that soon, on the labours of our Missionaries at Calcutta, and everywhere throughout the towns and rural districts of great India!

FRANCIS DAVISON'S* VERSION OF PSALM XIII.

LORD, how long, how long wilt thou
 Quight forget and quight neglect me?
 How long, with a frowning brow,
 Wilt thou from thy sight reject me?

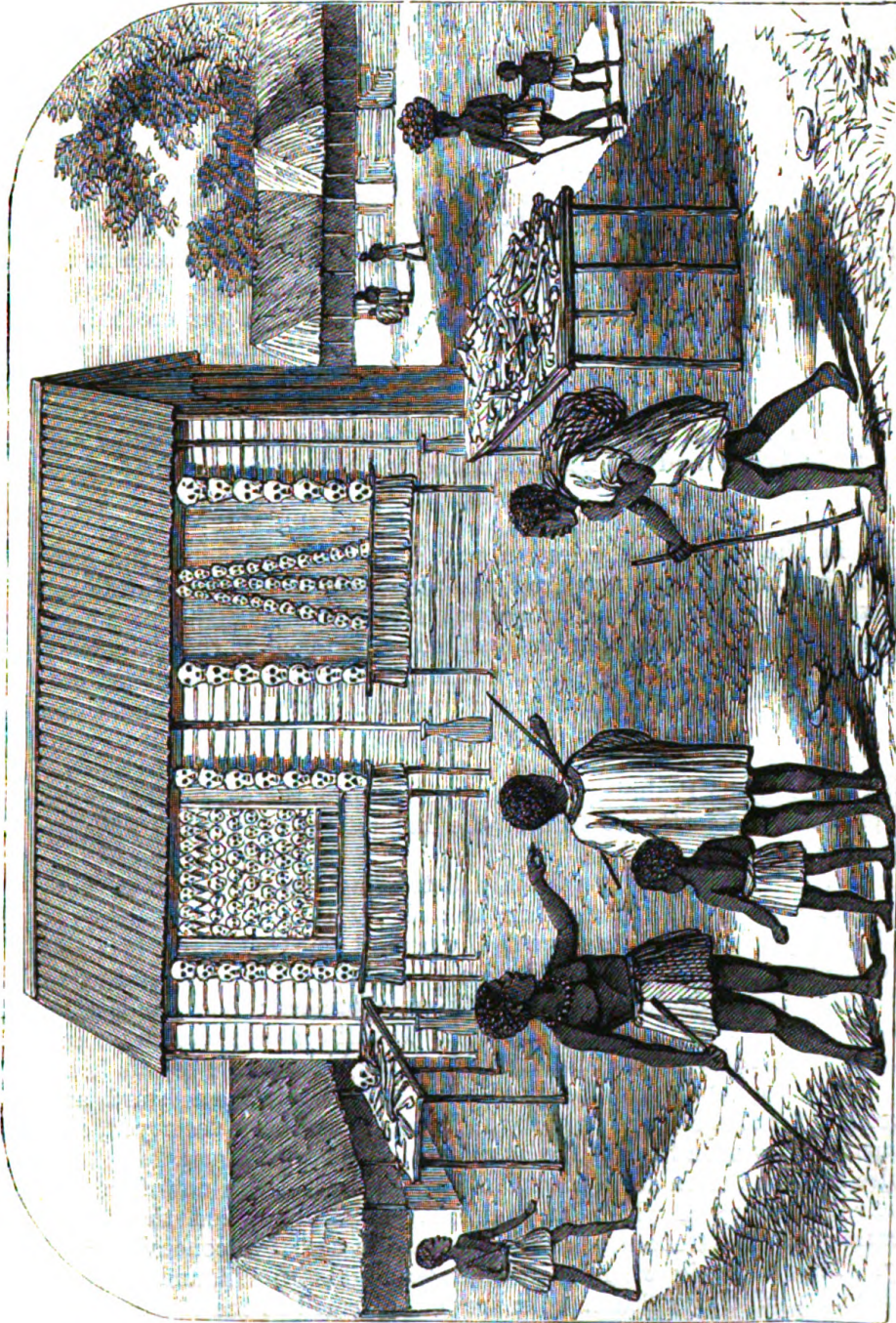
How long shall I seeke a way
 Forth this maze of thoughts perplex'd,
 Where my griev'd mind, night and day,
 Is with thinking tried and vex'd!
 How long shall my scornful foe
 (On my fall his greatness placing)
 Build upon my overthrow,
 And be grac'd by my disgracing?

Heare, O Lord and God, my cries;
 Mark my foe's unjust abusing;
 And illuminate mine eies,
 Heavenly beams in them infusing;
 Lest my woes, too great to bear,
 And too infinite to number,
 Rock me soone, 'twixt hope and fear,
 Into death's eternal slumber.

* He was fourth son of William Davison, Queen Elizabeth's Secretary of State.

THE JUJU HOUSE, BONNY.

IN our last Number we made our readers aware of the sudden destruction which came upon the iguanas, which had been so long, to the people of that place, the objects of superstitious veneration.



THE JUJU HOUSE OF SKULLS AT BONNY.

August, 1867.

I

We sincerely hope that their extermination will be followed by the pulling down of the Juju house.

We give an engraving of this temple of skulls. In 1865 it had fallen into a dilapidated condition, and the platform on which were wont to be placed the bones of the war-victims who had been killed and eaten, had tumbled down, and no one seemed sufficiently interested to repair it. But of late the idolatrous party has rallied around the old superstitions. The Juju house has been strongly rebuilt, and the skulls have been replaced. The roof now rests upon iron stanchions, or pillars, instead of wood, which soon decays: it is covered with galvanized corrugated iron sheets, while the body of the temple has been covered with plain sheets of the same materials instead of bamboo.

As Bishop Crowther says—"As to durability, it now looks down with contempt on our temporary schoolroom close by. The fallen platform, the receptacle of the bones and limbs of human victims, has been newly erected, and the scattered bones picked up and replaced on it; and to show that they were not beaten, an additional platform was erected, on both which are to be seen fresh bones of three human victims newly taken as prisoners of war, killed and devoured. These victims were, a man, a woman and her child, relatives of their opponents, caught from the opposite side of the river. Having been thus caught, killed and eaten, their bones and skulls were added to the trophies in the temple. Our native agents were eye-witnesses of these atrocities only a few months ago. The people made no disguise of the acts: they rather gloried in the deeds. A priestess was seen bearing one of the gory skulls in her hands to be prepared and deposited in its place, while the body was being prepared as an animal sacrifice among the members. That our agents were not only shocked, but frightened at the sight, may easily be concluded, but they could not interfere, for one may sooner disturb a lion at its prey. Several times I passed by the temple, and these fresh limbs caught my eyes. My heart was stirred to appeal to Him who has the power to turn the lion to a lamb, and the vulture to a dove. In the words of the Psalmist, 'Have respect unto the covenant, for the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.' Surely God will hear our prayer."

We can well conceive how painfully distressing atrocities such as these must have been to the African Christians who, at Bonny, are labouring to turn the people from idols to serve the living and true God. But it is well that these discouragements should arise occasionally, for they send us to our knees, and constrain us to cry, "I am oppressed: Lord, undertake for me." Then help is not far distant. It will come in some way, and perhaps when least expected. And if, as the bishop tells us, his heart was stirred to appeal to the Lord, that prayer has been heard and answered: for it is since then that the iguanas have been destroyed, and perhaps we may soon hear of the overthrow of the Juju house.

False religions often seem to revive when nearest their downfall. It is their last effort, in which they exhaust themselves, and then they are extinguished. Outward show is often made use of to conceal inward decay. Men talk big when their courage begins to fail, and they are apprehensive of discomfiture. We are not alarmed at the efforts which

corrupt Christianity is putting forward at the present day. It speaks as though it would tread under foot and utterly destroy the truth of God ; but its doom shall be this—"They have digged a pit, and are fallen into the midst of it themselves."

And here we may be permitted to say a word in explanation of African superstitions. The heathen African is enslaved to fetishism and demonolatry.

Fetishism, strictly speaking, is little else than charms or amulets worn about the person, or set up at some convenient place, for the purpose of guarding against some dreadful evil, or securing some desired good. They are called *greegrees*, or *jujus*, or *fetishes*. The fetish may be almost any thing, provided it passes through the consecrating hands of the native priest, so as to have imparted to it supernatural power.

Nothing surprises the European more, when he reaches the country of the pagan African, than the extensive use of fetishes. He steps forth from the boat under a canopy of fetishes, to prevent his doing any injury to the people. He finds them suspended along every path ; "at every junction of two or more roads ; at the crossing-place of every stream ; at the base of every large rock or overgrown forest-tree ; at the gate of every village ; over the door of every house ; and around the neck of every human being that he meets. They are set up on the barns, tied around the fruit-trees, and fastened to the necks of sheep and goats to prevent their being stolen." No one amongst us, who has not been in a heathen land, can form an idea of the superstitious bondage under which the people live. It may indeed be said of them, "they were in fear where no fear was."

But it is chiefly as a defence against evil spirits that fetishes are used. According to African ideas, God, having forsaken the earth, and no longer troubling Himself about its affairs, it is left to the control of spirits, some good, whose kind offices are earnestly sought, but more usually bad spirits, whose displeasure is propitiated by various offerings. They are far more particular about the worship they offer to the latter class than to the former.

The spirits are supposed to dwell in rocks, hollow trees, caverns, rivers, &c. These places are sacred, and no one ever passes by them without dropping some kind of offering. Sometimes they are supposed to take up their abode in animals, and such are considered sacred. On some parts of the coast the crocodile is sacred ; at another the snake ; at another the shark ; at Bonny the iguana was the sacred animal. These creatures, so well treated, become tame, and painfully familiar. The alligator will come up from his watery bed at a certain whisper, and will follow a man half a mile or more if he carry a white fowl in his hands.

To appease these evil spirits, human sacrifices are offered, especially in Ashantee and Dahomey. They are generally prisoners of war. It is with the bones of such victims that the Juju house at Bonny is adorned.

Witchcraft, as might be expected, is a leading superstition amongst the poor Africans. All the ills of human life, sickness, poverty, death, are ascribed to its agency. Nothing is more detested than this power, and to be suspected of it is the greatest stigma which can be affixed to a

man, and yet any man is liable to be charged with it. He has then to submit to the red-water ordeal. If he passes through it without injury, he is pronounced innocent; but if he becomes giddy and unconscious, then is he guilty, and dies amidst the execrations of the people. We lately published, in one of our periodicals, a very affecting account of a native-Christian woman at Onitsha,* who, suspected by her own sons of witchcraft, was compelled to swallow this mixture, and died in consequence.

Oh, how unspeakably miserable is the condition of unevangelized men! How is it that Christians feel so little for them, and make such feeble efforts for their deliverance?

BASHONTO.

(Continued from p. 68.)

THE point to which we have advanced in our abbreviation of this narrative is the interesting moment when an English lady was first introduced within the seclusion of the female apartments in the Pundit's house, and when the poor ladies, shut up there without any improving occupation, had the opportunity of conversing with one of their own sex, who, possessing all the advantages which influential Christianity imparts to the human character, was as a beam of light unexpectedly thrown in upon the darkness of their lot.

"She came regularly, that brave Christian girl." Yes, they are brave, those English ladies who give themselves up to such a blessed work as this, and bring the light of Christianity to bear on the unhappy of their own sex, whether at home or abroad.

And these poor Hindu ladies learned to write, and learned to read, and discovered that they had understandings, and by and by were to be led on, some at least, to a greater discovery—that they had souls, and could live to God. "It was pleasant of an afternoon to see them all sitting on a mat, in the verandah, with their books and work, Bashonto, as their best reader, reading aloud."

The Pundit and his brother were pleased that their wives should learn something. Spending so much of their time in Calcutta, they had been influenced in their views by the tide of reformation setting in there. Had they made any opposition, all would have gone wrong. In the hands of the men of India lie the destinies of the women of India. Would that all were ready to accept the change, and were eager to elevate woman to her true social rank and position.

But now on one of these poor ladies a great deal of trouble was about to come. Bashonto had her trouble—she had lost her boy; now Prosonno was about to lose her husband—not by death—he was about to take another wife. This is one of the heaviest sorrows which a Hindu woman has to bear. Prosonno was childless, and that was Judoonath's excuse; but, if without children, she clung

* "Church Missionary Record," March 1867, p. 76.

the more to him. He was her all, for she knew not God, to whom she might go, and find in Him her portion and very present help in trouble; and now this all, too little for a human soul, was no longer to be exclusively hers, but to be shared with another. When she was in the bitterness of her grief, the English lady came.

She noticed at once the cloud in Prosonno's usually bright and cheerful face, and asked what was the matter. She was told, "Yours is a hard case," she said, "but let me tell you two stories about men who had two wives."

And then she told of Rachel and Leah, and of Rachel's passionate desire for children, and how, when her desire was granted, her life went. And of Hannah and Peninnah; and of Hannah's prayer, and of God giving her the child for whom she prayed, and of the surrendering of him back to God. Prosonno listened very eagerly, and then said, "Pray for me, pray very earnestly that the Almighty would give me seven sons. And if He should do so, I promise you one to be brought up by you, and to be made a Christian, if you wish it." She was reminded of Rachel, and told that perhaps God refused her a child out of love. This was a new idea to the poor woman, one she could not readily grasp. It is only Christianity that teaches us that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." To us Christians alone is it given to see through the disguise worn by blessings when they come to us in the appearance of sorrows.

In due time, the preliminaries being arranged, the marriage was celebrated. The bride, a child of nine or ten years, was brought home to the Pundit's house.

The bride was enveloped in a purple silk *saree* which left nothing of her visible but her little ankleted feet. Thakoormoni received her, and led her into the women's court. There all the women gathered round her, for Prosonno even was not without curiosity. They lifted the *ghomta* from off her face, and made their comments freely. The poor child was frightened, and burst into tears. "I want to go home" was all her cry. They tried to soothe her, but it was long before the little one could be comforted. At last she fell asleep in the arms of the servant who had come with her. After an hour's sleep, she awoke more cheerful, and eat the sweetmeats provided for her, and looked at her box of toys. Every little girl possesses a box of toys. As she grows older, a larger box is substituted for the little one, and these boxes, with their miscellaneous contents, are treasured even by the grown-up married women, and much of their time is spent in arranging and re-arranging their possessions. In the course of years these possessions assume a peculiar character. In addition to the little dolls with which the boxes were stocked at first, there may be seen earthen imitations of fruits, winnowing fans, ovens, &c., bits of gay chintz, pieces of coloured glass, fragments of broken earthenware, in fact, every thing bright and pretty-looking which may have chanced to come in the way.

The bride was really very nice-looking. She had large bright eyes; her hair was nicely oiled and tied; and her jewels seemed quite to weigh

her down. Her pretty ankles were circled with silver anklets, and each of her toes had a silver ring. To these anklets and rings silver bells were attached, which made music as she walked. A heavy chain of silver was round her waist. A beautiful *chik* was round her neck, and below it hung a five-stranded chain of gold beads, called a *panchnoli*. Her ears had their usual complement of ear-rings, some of them very beautiful; her arms were covered with bracelets, the *narikel phool* conspicuous; above the bracelets were three kinds of armlets. On her head there was a beautiful yet peculiar ornament, called a *siti*, and in her nose was a large nose-ring set with a pearl and two rubies. All these were of gold, for silver is worn only on the waist and the feet. She was very different from our white-robed lovely brides, but yet she looked very pretty. She was very much petted during the days she spent at Gopalpore by all but Prosonno, and though, every now and then, she cried, and said she wanted to go home, she was tolerably happy on the whole. After nine days her father and two elder brothers came to fetch her home, and very glad she was to go with them. She was too young to realize that she would have to come after a time, and stay altogether with her new friends, and the husband of whom she knew nothing, and towards whom her only feeling was one of fear. Poor little Jogattarini, what a dim, hazy future lies before thee!

Yes—early marriages—these are another of the many ills which infest family life in India. It is not merely public life which heathenism has disorganized, but private life. In the very home of the Hindus it has planted baneful weeds which bear poisonous fruit. There are baneful customs which must be rooted out of Hindu life, if true happiness is to be introduced within its precincts, and this Christianity can alone do. May the glorious Gospel enter and purify the homes of the Hindus.

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THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.  
(From the *American Church Missionary Register*.)

I.

“A grain of mustard-seed—less than all the seeds that be in the earth.” (*Mark* iv. 31.)

ON the 1st of April 1799, a few clergymen in London met together for mutual conference. The result of that meeting was the formation of “The Church Missionary Society,” an organization which, by the blessing of God, has become a mighty instrument of preaching the Gospel among the heathen.

It is proposed to give a brief history of this Society, a statement of its principles, and a review of its work; subjects which are full of interest to the friends of the “American Church Missionary Society,” as both institutions are so similar in their inception, spirit, and design.

The Church Missionary Society had its origin in the darkest and coldest period of the Church of England. So apathetic were both ministers and hearers, that not only were the heathen in foreign lands neglected, but very little was done for the almost heathen at home. In addition to this, there was a positive opposition to the extension of

the Gospel. In the West Indies 700,000 slaves, by opinion and practices which had the force of law, were absolutely precluded from the light of truth. Not until the year 1813 was a Christian teacher permitted, as such, to enter the Indian empire. He had no legal right to exercise his vocation. He was effectually barred out.

It was at this period, when they beheld an opposing world and a slumbering church, that a few earnest men said, "Nevertheless, if God be willing, we will go forth in this undertaking. He has sent us, and in his name we will awaken this endeavour." Noble words! Go forth they did, manfully and courageously. In the face of the opposition stirred up by the enemy of souls, and by the cold indifference of the church, they persevered until their labours were crowned with an abundant reward.

Who were these valiant men? To mention their names is to recall some of the highest stars in that dark night of England's church.

The Chairman was the Rev. John Venn, of Clapham, a man of such wisdom and comprehensive judgment, that the rules he then laid down have ever since formed the basis of the Society.

The Secretary was the Rev. Thomas Scott, whose name, as associated with his Commentary, is a household word.

The Treasurer was Henry Thornton, Esq., well known to the Christian world by his admirable book of Family Prayers.

To these must be added the honoured names of the Rev. Josiah Pratt and the Rev. John Newton, whose good report is in all the churches. Until 1812 the Society had no President: and for the first ten years seven names stood without addition at the head of the list of officers as governors. Admiral Gambier, Charles Grant, Esq., Sir Richard Hill, M.P., Henry Hoare, Esq., Edward Parry, Esq., Samuel Thornton, Esq., M.P., and William Wilberforce, Esq., M.P. Mr. Wilberforce was one of the most earnest and devoted friends of the infant Society. He fought its battles against the world, the Parliament, and the India House, and in every thing that related to the cause he rendered essential service.

These were the men who, moved by the Holy Ghost, laid the foundations of the Church Missionary Society. They laid them deep; not upon the shifting sands of worldly expediency, but upon the rock. And "that rock was Christ."

The beginning was small indeed. The first four or five years were apparently fruitless. The difficulties seemed insurmountable. The opposition was tremendous. For the first ten years the Society had no President. For the first fourteen years *not a single Missionary was sent out*. For the first forty years but very few bishops gave it their sanction; out of eighteen whose names had appeared as vice-patrons, two thirds had already been enrolled as members before their elevation to the bench.

But all this was only a repetition of the great fact, that God's work is never done without difficulty, never without trying the faith of those engaged in it, never without discouragements enough to drive away the timid and faint-hearted. Disappointment and delay only taught these men to exercise more faith and patience. "You may depend upon it," wrote the Rev. Mr. Scott, in 1799, "that our new Society is not need-

lessly losing time. We cast anchor for a time to avoid running on the rocks; but we mean to go on. And we would wish not to make more haste and worse speed." The "mustard-seed" was sown.

## II.

"But when it is sown, it groweth up, and becometh greater than all herbs."—*Mark iv. 32.*

From the period in which the Society was thus wisely and prayerfully commenced, despite the unpromising beginning, there was a continuous and steady increase in all its departments. The funds were multiplied. Friends were added. Missionaries were sent out. Catechists, teachers, converts, Mission stations, schools, churches, communicants, were increased, until the grain of mustard-seed has become a "great tree," and "the fowls of the air lodge under the shadow of it."

In the year 1842, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York united with the Society. And in 1848 the list of Vice-Presidents included thirty bishops of the united churches of England and Ireland. A further proof of the growing importance of the Society is to be traced in its income and work. In 1813, fourteen years after its commencement, it had but one Mission on the coast of Africa, and the income was only 14,155 dollars. In the next year, however, it rose to over 50,000 dollars, and in the year following to more than 75,000 dollars. Encouraged by this unexpected supply, the Society explored new fields of labour. Early in 1814 the first Missionaries were sent to India. In 1815 Malta became a station. The income continued to increase. In 1819, the twentieth year, it was over 135,000 dollars. In 1829, the thirtieth year, it reached 265,000 dollars. In 1843 the gross receipts were 565,500 dollars.

The Society has now reached its sixty-eighth year. It numbers among its supporters the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and forty-nine bishops of the Church of England. In 1865-66, the income was over 730,000 dollars. There were 154 stations, 276 ordained Missionaries, 29 unordained Missionaries, 1823 teachers—a total of 2128 labourers. The number of communicants reported was 14,339. The Missions of the Society are in Sierra Leone, Yoruba, Niger, Turkey, Greece, Asia Minor, Palestine, Bombay and Western India, Calcutta and North India, Madras and South India, Ceylon, Mauritius, Madagascar, East Africa, China, New Zealand, North-west America, and the North Pacific. Truly the grain of mustard seed has become a great tree. Well may we say, in view of such a history, "What hath God wrought!" E. A.

## THE NILE AND ITS SOURCES.

GREAT geographical problems have been solved in our day. Some of us, whose hair is turned grey, and who can say, "I once was young and now am old," can remember the time when the course of the Niger was the great mystery. People knew whereabouts the source of one of its great branches, the Quorra, was to be found, but where it entered the sea they knew not. Well, that question was settled by the Landers between thirty and forty years ago. Now we know that the Niger is formed of two great branches, the Quorra from the north-west, and the Tshadda

from the east, and that these, uniting at a point about 300 miles from the sea, form the Niger, which enters the ocean in the Bight of Benin, and along the banks of which we have now our Missionary stations.

Well, the next question was the source of the Nile, and this is a very old question, older than the Christian era. Kings and princes have sought to find it out, and yet it has remained a mystery, until within these few years.

People could not forget the Nile, for every year it forced itself on their attention. Every year it had its flood, and that in the months of July and August, when European streams are at the lowest by reason of the summer heat. But for this provision Egypt would be a desert. The productiveness of the land depends on the annual inundation of the river, and if this failed, Egypt could yield no support to its people. Yet year by year the waters came down, no one knew whence: they came through the midst of sandy deserts, where they lost much by evaporation, and gained nothing by the contributions of tributary streams, not even of a brook, and that throughout a course of 1500 miles. Yet still the inundation came, a blessing to Egypt, never failing, flooding even in the driest season, and under its fertilizing influences the land has yielded its grain harvests with a wonderful productiveness.

But the more important and singular the results, the more interesting became the question, Whence comes the Nile? whence are its sources? and what causes its annual rising?

It is very singular how the discovery was made. The Church Missionary Society sent out some Missionaries to East Africa, a new and untried field of labour. The spot selected was on the mainland opposite the island of Mombas. Here they fixed their head-quarters, and, in order to acquaint themselves with the native tribes, and the prospects of usefulness which lay before them, they took journeys into the interior. On one of those explorations they discovered a snow mountain, the Kilimanjaro. We published an account of this in one of the Society's periodicals, "The Intelligencer;" but the scientific men of England refused to believe the statement, and turned it into ridicule. The Missionaries, however, not only persisted in their testimony, but, after a time, added to it the discovery of a second snow mountain, the Kenia. Much discussion arose as to the existence of these mountains. However, after a time, other persons having seen them besides the Missionaries, and their statements being thus confirmed, people could no longer be incredulous.

But our Missionaries had something further to communicate. They informed us that the natives reported the existence of a great inland sea, and they sent home maps framed after the reports which they had received. At length the Royal Geographical Society determined to send out an expedition for the exploration of the new country, and accordingly two great lakes were discovered, the Tanganyika, and a much larger one, north-west of the Tanganyika, which was called by Captain Speke the Victoria Nyanza.

As, however, the discoverers only touched the southern portion of this sea, a second expedition was sent out, which, reaching it from the south, penetrated through the countries lying along its western shore, and succeeded, after great hardships, in reaching (July 1862) the northern

projection of the lake, a little north of the equator, from whence they found a great stream of water flowing, and this they concluded to be the Nile.

They were not able, however, to trace the river along its course: they had been obliged to diverge from it just at the point where, on leaving the lake, it turned westward, and did not rejoin it for a considerable distance. Now the natives stated that during this westerly course it fell into another large lake, which came from the south, and that the river, immediately on entering it, left it again by its northern extremity, and continued its course northwards.

Mr. (now Sir Samuel) Parker, who had come up from Cairo to meet and relieve Captains Speke and Grant as they emerged from the savage countries through which they had to pass, set out in search of this new lake. After great difficulties and trials, they at length sighted the lake, in March 1864—, “there like a sea of quicksilver lay, far beneath, the great expanse of water, a boundless sea horizon on the south and south-west, glittering in the noon-day sun; while 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.”

They also saw the river flowing out of the northern extremity of the lake, and, as the first lake had been called Victoria Nyanza, so this was called Albert Nyanza.

This second lake is a vast depression, far below the general level of the country, bounded on the west and south-west by great ranges of mountains, from five to seven thousand feet above the lake level. The first lake, at a higher level, is the first reservoir, then comes the second lake, with an additional provision; and these great reservoirs are the feeders of the Nile.

In these equatorial countries there are heavy rainfalls, commencing in April, and by these the volume of the Nile is raised to such an extent, that, in July and August, Lower Egypt is inundated.

Let us admire the providential arrangements of our God, how an elevated land, lying thirty degrees south of Egypt, collects the waters, which are designed to fertilize that narrow strip of lowland, and sends them down with unfailing regularity to produce those grain harvests, which, by the Mediterranean Sea lying close at hand, may be distributed to other countries as they stand in need of them.

Here, then, are new countries, not desert lands, but populous. New races are laid open to us, which claim our attention and commiseration; and we wish, in a subsequent paper, to describe the condition of these long-secluded races, how pitiable it is, and how much they need the Gospel.

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#### METLAHKATLAH.

THE following account of the Bishop of Columbia's visit to this Christian settlement, and of the baptism of several Indians, is extracted from the journals of the Rev. R. A. R. Doolan, who happened, just at that time, to have come in from his advanced post on the Nass River.



*May 14, 1866*—Started for Metlahkatlah.

*May 15*—Arrived about nine A.M. at Fort Simpson, and saw in the distance the smoke of a large vessel. On landing, I found it was a man-of-war, H.M.S. "Sparrowhawk." The bishop, together with the captain and doctor, had landed at the Fort, where I met them. Travelling all night in the rain had not improved our appearance. I urged the captain, as there was much liquor being sold at Nass, to proceed there, as his presence would produce a very beneficial effect among the Indians; but being pressed for time, he declined doing so. This was sad to hear. The better-disposed Indians will be sorry, while the others will rejoice. I hurried on to Metlahkatlah, anxious to see brother Duncan; but we experienced very heavy weather. We were eight hours paddling seventeen miles. Arrived at prayer-time, and found all well.

*May 16*—I see great improvements here since my last visit in the autumn. The boarders are in all respects much improved. They seemed glad to see me. Disappointed in not meeting our new brother and sister. They arrive, please God, in about a month. The man-of-war returned from Fort Simpson. Went round seeing the sick with the doctor, and gained some medical knowledge. The last two days we have been engaged examining candidates for baptism. Some answers returned were very striking, showing how very deeply they felt their sinfulness in God's sight; and I trust many, if not all, have experienced that great change without which none can see the kingdom of God. One said, he had been bad all his life; he had made a mistake: now he throws away his old ways. As long as he was in his sins and in darkness he did not know God's way. Very miserable in his own tribe. Jesus has come to save us from our sins. He prays to be able to take hold of the hand of Jesus. Another, a very old woman, and niece to the old chief Simeon Kitlahu, said it was not good for her to lose sight of her uncle, not good for her to miss her way. She believes her end is just before her, and wishes to go to God. Always praying: her daily work is prayer. She cannot look back: no happiness. All happiness looking towards the new village God has provided. Another, who is married to a very good Christian woman, had long opposed the truth, sometimes tearing up and throwing his wife's books into the fire. Another had a child lately born to him, and, according to heathen custom, a name ought to be given and a feast. He said to the people it was good to give the feast, but no name. He wanted God to give his child a name. (This happened, of course, while he was a heathen.) The child soon after died, and the father said he had held his child as he ought to have held God, and God cut his hands.

Many others gave very good answers to the bishop's questions. I was in hopes he would have come to Nass, as many would have liked to have seen him, but time did not permit.

*May 20: Lord's-day*—After morning communion I went on board the "Sparrowhawk," and held divine service. A most orderly ship and a fine crew. They were very attentive, and the captain showed me a good library, in which were many religious books for the benefit of the crew. The captain and doctor accompanied me back. Service began soon after our arrival, and I had the privilege of seeing thirty-one men and thirty-

five women admitted into Christ's visible church. It was a pleasing sight when two aged relatives of the good old chief, Simeon Kitlahu, came forward. I was much struck with the remarkably peaceful look of one of them. The other, from age, was nearly blind. My heart ascended in prayer to God that He would ever watch over and keep them. After afternoon service, we proceeded to the house of a poor man, long anxious for baptism, but unable, from rheumatism, to leave his bed. His days seem to be numbered. A very happy day.

*May 21*—As the "Sparrowhawk," if all is well, leaves to-morrow, we kept the Queen's birthday. The village looked very gay, as the captain kindly lent us some large flags, which were displayed to great advantage. In the morning the bishop baptized seventeen children; and at noon a salute of twenty-one guns was fired from the man-of-war. Some of the guns were of very heavy metal, and the ground shook under us from the reverberation. I think my little boys at Nass were rather frightened when they heard them. Then the children, after singing some songs, were regaled by the bishop, and the canoe racing commenced. As they had to paddle round an island some little distance off, we filled up the time till they returned by different sports for the boys, such as running in sacks, &c. It was very pleasant to see the men from the ship and the Indians join together in foot-racing. After the canoes had returned, the women tried their powers, three canoes starting, and they rowed very well. In the evening we all assembled in the large house, and, after the captain and bishop had spoken a few words, most of the councillors replied, and the day closed with the exhibition of the magic lantern.

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THANKFULNESS.

My God, I thank Thee, who hast made  
The earth so bright;  
So full of splendour, and of joy,  
Beauty and light;  
So many glorious things are here,  
Noble and right.

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made  
Joy to abound;  
So many gentle thoughts and deeds,  
Circling us round,  
That, in the darkest spot of earth,  
Some love is found.

I thank Thee *more* that all our joy  
Is touched with pain;  
That shadows fall on brightest homes,  
That storms remain;  
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,  
And not our chain.

For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon  
Our weak heart clings,  
Hast given us joys, tender and true,  
Yet all with wings,  
So that we see, gleaming on high,  
Diviner things!

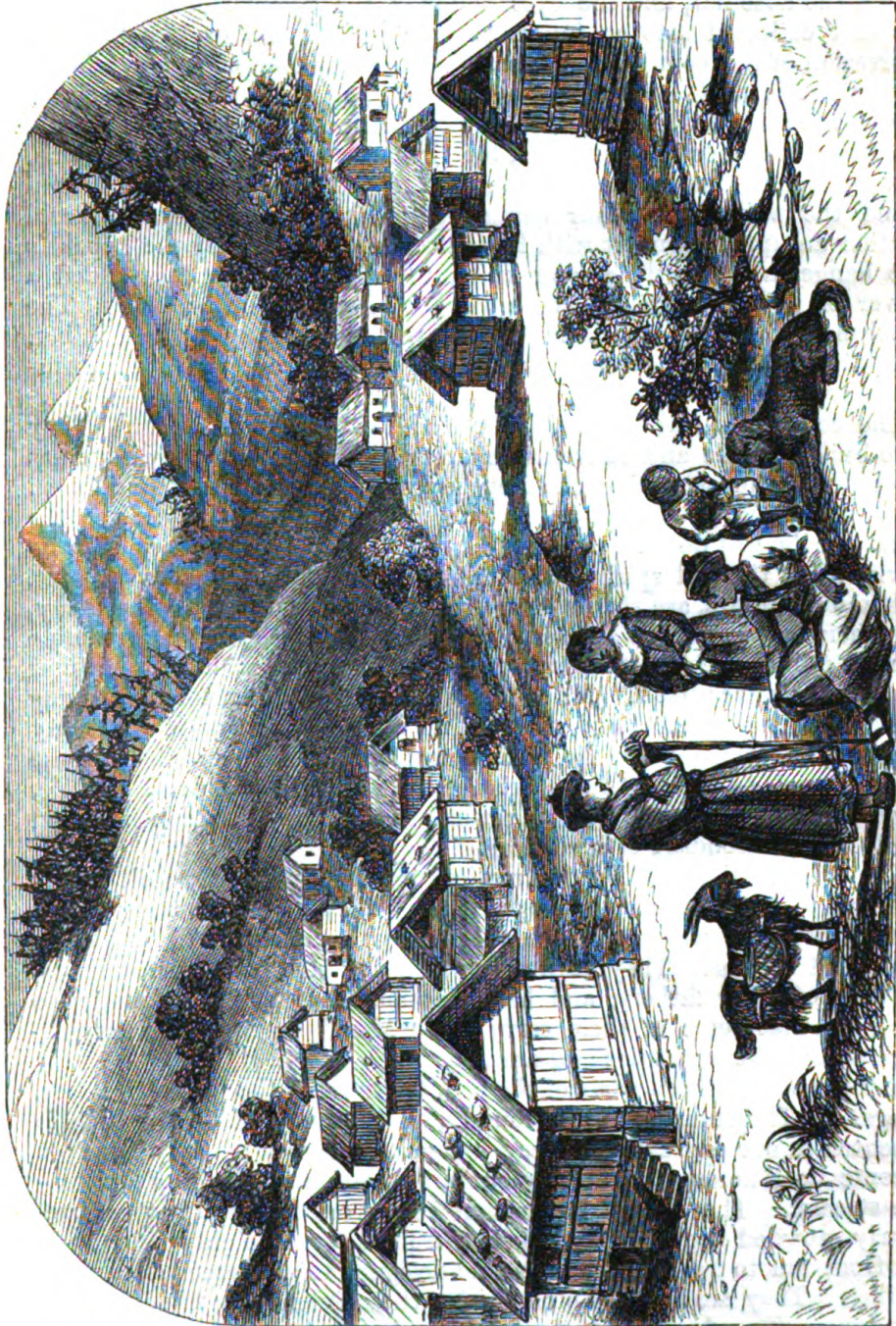
I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept  
The best in store;  
We have enough, yet not too much,  
So long for more;  
A yearning for a deeper peace,  
Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,  
Though amply blest,  
Can never find, although they seek,  
A perfect rest—  
Nor ever shall, until they lean  
On Jesus' breast!

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SIKKIM AND ITS PEOPLE.

SIKKIM is a pretty native state, having Nepal on its west, Thibet and Bhootan on its north and east, while its south frontier touches the British Presidency of Bengal. Indeed, Darjeeling, now a British sana-



THIBETAN VILLAGE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

September, 1867.

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tarium, some thirty years ago belonged to Sikkim, and was purchased from the Rajah by the British authorities.

The aboriginal inhabitants of the country are called Lepchas, a Tartar race. They are of short stature, rather broad in the chest, and with muscular arms, but with small hands and slender wrists. The face is broad, the nose flat, and the eyes oblique; the complexion sallow, and the hair collected into an immense tail, plaited flat or round. The expression of the countenance is mild, frank, and even engaging. Their disposition is said to be amiable and obliging, and their morals far superior to their Thibet and Bhootan neighbours. Their dress is scanty, consisting of one cotton vestment, loosely thrown round the body, which, leaving one or both arms free, reaches to the knees, and is gathered round the waist, the colour being white with blue stripes. In cold weather an upper garment with loose sleeves is added. By the Lepcha's side hangs, in a sheath, a long knife, to which is sometimes added a quiver of poisoned arrows, and a bamboo bow slung on his back. The Lepchas are fond of ornaments of different kinds, brought from Thibet, and attach to their necks or arms curious silver and golden charm-boxes, containing little idols.

The country is full of Lamas, the Buddhist monks of Thibet. They have built temples and convents in every direction, but they have not succeeded in proselytizing the Lepchas, who are only half Buddhists. They believe in good and bad spirits. Of the former they say, "the great spirits will do us no harm," and therefore to them they offer no service; but the bad spirits, who are supposed to dwell in every cave, rock and mountain, are the objects of their dread, and to these they pray, that their malice may be averted. In this sort of religion they resemble all rude tribes. This is the form of superstition into which the natural mind first resolves itself. Man's forgetfulness of God leaves him a prey to superstitious terrors, and to these he is in bonds; nor is there any escape from them except by turning to God. And this is the purpose of the Gospel, to make known Christ as the way, the truth and the life, by whom the sinner is invited to return, that he may be reconciled, and freed from the bondage of such fears.

Like the Indians of North-America, the Lepchas believe all bodily ailments to be caused by evil spirits, and they also have their priest-doctors, who are supposed to be able to cast them out. These priests are called Bijooas. They have very much departed from the dress and customs of their fathers, and have become more like the Lamas; so much so, that some of them carry the "Mani," or revolving praying-machine, and wear rosaries and amulets.

In the more northern parts of the country towards the Thibet frontier, villages of Thibetans are to be found, and it is one of these which is presented in our engraving. They are usually placed where a flat spot presents itself among the steep mountains, and on the bank of a mountain stream. The village consists of about one hundred houses, irregularly crowded together, each being from forty to eighty feet long, and from ten to twenty feet high, and designed to accommodate several families. They are built of pine planks, the chinks being filled up with Yak-dung. The door is at the gable end, opening with a latch and

string, and turning on a pivot. The only window is a slit, closed by a shutter. The roofs, which are low-pitched, are covered with shingles, kept in their places by stones. The public buildings consist exclusively of convents and temples, some of them with square roofs, containing rows of praying-cylinders, turned, some by hand, others by water, by the use of which the worshipper may turn over, if not in his mind, yet in the machine, many prayers, in a short time, all which he concludes to be meritorious, and available to his account. The larger temples have their walls ornamented with slabs, on which the sacred words, "om mani Padmi om" are carved, and these it is meritorious to repeat over and over again.

The village paths are narrow and filthy, and the inside of the houses is of the same character, dirty and slovenly. In the largest of the few apartments there is an open fire on the hearth, or on a stone if the floor be of wood. The furniture consists of earthen and copper pots and teapots, a bamboo churn for the brick tea, wooden and metal spoons, bowls and platters. The brick tea makes a sort of soup. A portion of it being broken off is churned up with salt, butter and soda, boiled and transferred to the teapot, from whence it is poured scalding hot into each cup. After their tea they use their pipe of brass or iron, with an agate, amber, or bamboo mouth-piece.

Of the domestic animals in use among this people, the yak is the most singular. The yak is bison-like in his form, with large and beautiful eyes, spreading horns, long, silky hair, and a grand bushy tail. He is tame and often handsome, generally black in colour, but sometimes red or white, &c. He is of great value to the mountaineers from his strength and hardiness. Loaded with bags of salt or rice, or with planks of pine-wood, he will travel twenty miles a day. His rich milk and curd are in great request, while the hair is spun into ropes and coverings for tents, or gauze shades for the eyes in crossing the snowy passes. The bushy tail forms the well-known "chowry," or fly-flapper of the plains of India. Its flesh, when killed, is used for meat, that of the young yak being richer than veal. The yak is not annoyed by insects: he climbs the mountains beyond their reach, loving the steep places, and delighting to scramble among the rocks.

There are some Protestant Missionaries at Darjeeling. The native Christians gathered in by their efforts were, four years ago, 184 in number; but we have no information respecting them.

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### DEATH OF MRS. WHITE, OF OTTA,

WIFE OF THE REV. J. WHITE, NATIVE MINISTER AT OTTA, NEAR LAGOS.

COMMUNICATED BY HER HUSBAND.

By this time the melancholy intelligence will have reached you of the death of my beloved wife, Mrs. White, who departed this life on the 29th April, at half-past four o'clock A.M.

The circumstances attending her death are so striking and affecting that, on the relation of them to Bishop Crowther he requested me to transmit the particulars of it to you. She gave birth to a daughter on

the 27th March. A few months before, she complained of not feeling well. She appeared oppressed and debilitated, all which we attributed to her then state, and we thought that, after child-birth, all these complaints would vanish away. For a fortnight after her confinement she appeared to get on well, though she was still weak. After this she complained again of not feeling well, but could not describe the nature of her complaint. She requested me to get her some medicine from Lagos, which I did, and which she said greatly benefited her. We gave her every encouragement, and flattered ourselves with the hope of her getting all right in a few weeks. There was nothing of a serious nature to justify the conclusion that her dissolution was approaching, until the evening of Saturday, the 27th of April: it was then that we began to be alarmed. On the morning of that day she had walked about the yard herself, and even went beyond the gate of our premises. About nine o'clock P.M. she was sitting on the sofa in the parlour, when I perceived her to be looking rather wistfully, and when I asked her whether there was any thing the matter with her, "Yes," she said, "I feel rather sick. I have the palpitation again." This is a complaint to which she was subject for the last twelve years, and although she had gone through various courses of medicine, European and native, both in this country and Sierra Leone, yet all tended to afford her but a temporary relief. I asked her whether she wanted any medicine, or whether I should call any one to her assistance. "No," she replied. Shortly after, her babe was crying, and as she continued serious and thoughtful, I endeavoured to divert her mind, by saying, "There is your child crying." "Let them bring it to me," she answered. It was brought to her by the woman who was assisting to nurse it, and she took it. Feeling, however, too ill to attend to it, she gave it back to the woman, saying, "Take it. This child is yours. God has given it to you. Take good care of it." You cannot imagine how thunderstruck we were. A few minutes afterwards she said, "Come and sit close by me." I did so. Then said she, "Will you look into my box, and get me out my white dress, &c. Get them in readiness, for these are what I desire to be buried in. Take good care of God's work. Endeavour to be faithful to the end. The Lord be with you." "Do you really intend to leave me?" I said. "It is not I," she replied, "and you have done your best. It is not for any lack of care on your part to preserve my life. I must go. Can you bear to see me suffering? I am sure not." "I used to think," said I, "that I should die before you." "Don't you think," she replied, "it were better for me to go before? You can pray and come after me. If you were to go before, I and my children must have to suffer; but you can take care of them in my absence. I have one more request to make, and that will be the last service I require of you. Will you keep by me to my last breath?" I promised to do so. She then reclined with her back on the sofa, and, clasping her hands together, with closed eyes, she offered short ejaculatory prayers. I heard her distinctly saying, "Lord, be with my husband. Make him faithful. Bless and protect him. I commend him and my dear children to Thy gracious keeping, &c." After repeating these prayers, and others which I could not distinctly make out, she fell into a sound sleep till

Sunday morning, when she was startled out of her sleep by the morning prayer bell. Then with great amazement, she said, "What! am I awake in this life? What a disappointment! What a disappointment! Lord, grant me a speedy release. Lord, I am a miserable sinner; but, for Jesus' sake, pardon me. Lord, receive me to Thyself. Lord Jesus, come quickly." Then she repeated the words of the hymn "Just as I am, without one plea."

The whole of that Sunday she spent in prayer, and in repeating the same hymn, occasionally bursting forth with emotion, "I long to go to Jesus. I long to be with my Father." At another time, "Jesus has not yet made his appearance. I have not yet seen Hannah;" for Hannah was one of our converts, and a great favourite of hers, who fell asleep in Jesus some two years ago. I disturbed her, and said, "You seem rather importunate in your wish to die. Don't you think you ought to wait God's own time?" She paused awhile, and then said, "O yes! I ought. His time is the best." She knew the voice of every convert who visited her, and she would rise up and shake hands, and was ready to answer every question that was proposed to her. To one of our people, who asked whether she was praying, she replied, "And what else have I to do but to pray." To a convert who expressed to her a wish that she would recover, she replied, "That is your wish. But do you really love me, and would you gratify my desire, then you should pray that the Lord would be pleased to hasten my departure." To another, who asked with whom would she leave her children, she replied, "Hath not the Lord said, Leave thy fatherless children, and I will preserve them alive, and motherless children too?" To an irascible female convert who visited her, she said, "You are so fond of quarrelling;" then moderating her tone, as if she was too severe in her reprimand, she smilingly continued, "Try to serve God better." Then, concerning the head of the female converts, she said, "Why has not Sarah brought the women to pray with me?" During divine service, she sent for Mr. George, our Scripture reader, from the church, shook hands with him, and said, "Good-bye, Daddy George, we shall meet again in heaven." In the afternoon she asked whether the women were ready to come and wash her. Then, again, she asked me whether I had got her coffin ready. About six o'clock P.M. she said to me, "Who are those strangers? They are outside: go and see them." She then fell into a sound sleep till midnight, when we found that, although her pulse was going on and her body was still warm, yet she appeared to be motionless. Symptoms of death soon made their appearance, and at half-past four of the clock on Monday morning she breathed her last.

She was born in the village of Gloucester, Sierra Leone, about the year of our Lord 1825, and was brought up in the Church Missionary Society's school in that village. In 1849 she was appointed Government schoolmistress of the Liberated-African children at Charlotte, my native place, where I became acquainted with her, and noticed her good qualities, and particularly her godly conversation. She was a great lover of the Missionary work, and was in the habit of contributing whatever she could afford to support its cause. Her last offering previous to her becoming a Missionary herself was a few Bibles, which she and a few

of her companions of a like mind with herself had bought, and which they delivered to the late Rev. J. Beale, for the Yoruba Mission. In 1850, when I was appointed to this Mission, I thought I could not make a better choice of a companion and fellow-labourer in the Gospel than one who was already a Missionary in heart, before she was engaged in the work. I therefore offered her my hand in marriage, which she accepted. But there was a difficulty in the way of both of us, and this was, tribal feelings. Her parents are of the Ibo tribe, and my parents of the Yoruba, and the difficulty was not so much on the part of my family as with hers. Then tribal feelings predominated, notwithstanding the influence of the Gospel. But she paved the way herself, and, by God's help, every difficulty was removed. Finding that she could not bring the subject before her parents herself, she had recourse to this expedient. She went to her minister, the Rev. J. Warburton, unbosomed her mind to him, and requested of him to undertake to speak to her parents on the subject, which he did most successfully. Thus encouraged, she one day thus accosted her mother, who had gone to visit her at Wilberforce, where she was living with Mrs. Rhodes, the wife of our late Missionary—"Dear mother, do you remember that in former times it was required of the people of God that the first-fruits and the first-born, both of man and beast, were to be devoted to God?" "Yes, I remember," said the mother. "How many children have you?" she continued. "Seven," replied the mother. "And where are the seven?" she continued. "They are all alive," was the reply. "Would you think it hard to offer one of them as a sacrifice to God?" "Why do you talk to me like this?" replied the mother. "Because," said she, "Mr. White has been appointed to go and labour among the heathen. He has offered me his hand, and I am anxious to go with him. But as I cannot do so without your consent, and as I anticipate you would raise objections, I thought I should reason with you on the subject. You see, I am your eldest daughter. I would beg of you, therefore, to offer me up as a sacrifice to God. I speak to you in particular, because I know that if you were to give your consent, there would be no difficulty with my father." And so it was: both of them consented, and our marriage was consummated in 1850, immediately after which we embarked for the Yoruba country.

Between the years 1850 and 1856, there appeared to be an ebbing in the tide of her zeal and devotedness. Then her high temper, which was her peculiar failing, but which generally was of short duration, exercised its fullest sway, and she exhibited an inordinate fondness for the fashion of this world. Then it was that the Lord, in his infinite wisdom, saw it proper to employ one of those methods to which He often has had recourse in bringing back to Himself his erring and backsliding children, which, in her case, proved most efficacious. This was his rod of correction. In September 1856 she gave birth to a daughter, upon which she fell sick. Her illness assumed such a serious aspect that she could not attend to her child, and she and everybody despaired of her recovery. Her sickness was rather a protracted one, during which period it appeared that she was passing through a refining process, for she came out afterwards bright and



shining as gold tried in the fire. Upon her recovery she became quite an altered character. She laboured most arduously to mortify her propensities, and to cultivate those Christian graces and virtues which shone so conspicuously in her afterwards, and she progressed from one degree of perfection to another, till the Lord saw that she was ripe for glory, and took her to Himself. Among the virtues with which she was endowed were humility, hospitality, humanity, generosity and true piety. Being humble, she always formed a low estimate of herself, whilst her hospitality and generosity can best be attested to by travellers of all descriptions, European and native, high and low, who came in her way. Her piety was deep, for she was a sincere lover of God, and of all things belonging to God. Her strict regard for the Sabbath, for the house of God, and all the ordinances of religion, was remarkable. Besides our general family prayers—between four and six o'clock A.M. is the time for our private devotion, so as not to be interrupted by the intrusion of visitors. Then the Scriptures, "Bogatzky's Golden Treasury," "The Mind and Words of Jesus," and other religious works, were alternately read by her and myself; after which prayers were offered by us in turns. Not contented with these, it was habitual with her to retire into some private apartment of the house, where I have often found her in a kneeling attitude, offering up prayers to God. Before and after her confinement, she was often seen entering our spare room for the purpose of holding communion with God, and that in the dead of night. Nor will she ever be forgotten at Otta for her humanity to the sick, the distressed, the outcast, the hungry, and the naked. To the tenderness of a female she added the courage of a man in cases where life was concerned, and where any thing might be done to save the life of a fellow-creature of whatever tribe; for with her tribal distinction had no place, and to her, several individuals of both sexes are indebted for the use of their limbs. She was often reproached by the heathen as generous to a fault, "for," say they, "kindness ought to be shown only to those from whom we may expect a return, either personally from themselves or from their relatives, nor ought they to be shown to strangers with whom we are not acquainted; and the question generally put was, "And who is to thank you?" We had therefore to show them that we are all the children of one Father, the great God, who made heaven and earth; that it is on his account that these charitable offices are performed, and that it is from Him we expect our reward. Several unfortunate individuals, cast out into the public street by those whose patience had been exhausted in their care and attention during lingering sickness, or from other unfavourable circumstances, and who might have perished from want and inattention, have been picked up, brought home and taken care of by her, many of whom, upon their recovery, have returned to their homes. The last individual of this kind who came under her charitable treatment and attention was an old Ijaye woman, who, on the destruction of her native town by war, drifted about from place to place, till at last she came to Otta. Here nobody would receive her into his house, and she was obliged to seek shelter under a tree, where she lay awaiting her end. Naked, and almost starved to death, there was scarcely any thing left of her but skin and bone. In this wretched and forlorn state Mrs.

White found her two years ago, as she was going out on a visit. Approaching her, therefore, she asked her how she came to be there? The only reply was a simple move of the head, and a look at the person who thus accosted her. Mrs. White asked whether she would go home with her, but no answer could be obtained. She had to return home, and bring a cloth, which she cast over her, and then proceeded on her visit. On her return she again found her naked, having been stripped of her new covering by a thief. She had her conveyed to our yard, provided her with a lodging, food, clothing, and physic, for two full years. A few days before her death, her daughter, a young woman, who was afterwards found to be in Lagos, was sent for. She came; but so unnatural was she, that she kept aloof, and refused to perform the last kind offices for a dying mother: on the contrary, she left the whole burden on Mrs. White, and ran away to Lagos. The mother died in her absence, and was buried by us only two months before Mrs. White. Unfortunately she was one of those desperate characters whose adamant heart neither the force of argument nor the influence of Christian benevolence could move. She visited the house of God when she was well enough to do so, but it was by constraint; and, in spite of all our efforts, she died a heathen, as we found her.

Dwelling in the midst of a heathen population as we do, what was said of Lot (2 Peter ii. 8) may with propriety be applied in my wife's case—"For that righteous man, dwelling among them, in seeing and hearing, vexed his righteous soul from day to day with their unlawful deeds;" and of our Lord, in Mark iii. 5—"Being grieved for the hardness of their hearts." She often talked of getting tired with the world, and often expressed a wish of soon joining that blessed company of the church triumphant in that land of spotless purity where she would be able to render a more perfect and acceptable service to her God; for her daily complaint was, that she had not been able to serve God as she should. Her death is universally lamented here, and her loss is not only deeply felt by me, and those immediately connected with her, but it is considered a public loss to the Otta population. The chiefs, to testify their deep regret and concern, brought me ten yards of Croydon, in the name of the whole town, to be used for her funeral. The female converts threw into her coffin each a white handkerchief; whilst the heathen women, knowing no other way of testifying their sorrows, made loud lamentations by her corpse; some showing their fingers, which had been nearly cut off by the whitlow, some their feet, and others their clothes, for the use of which they acknowledged that they were indebted to her.

I had the painful task of committing her remains to the earth on the 30th of April. Her valuable qualifications as a faithful and affectionate wife, a competent associate, an able assistant, a tender mother, and, above all, a devoted and conscientious Christian, have left for me an aching void, which none but God can fill. I cannot, therefore, help grieving for her loss, which, to me, is so great and indescribable. Her amiable disposition rendered her beloved by most men, although her straightforwardness and faithfulness in reproving vice exposed her to the dislike of a few. She was,

indeed a mother, in the strict sense of the word—a mother to her household, a mother to the Otta church; nay, the heathen themselves style her the mother of all Otta. Our loss is her great and eternal gain, having gone to receive the kingdom and the crown which is in reserve for every true Christian conqueror. I murmur not, being confident that, severe as the affliction is, it is done out of love and mercy, both to the deceased and to me, the bereaved. I regard it as a token of his love, "For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." May this affliction be sanctified to my soul, and may I be able to glorify the Lord by patient resignation to his most blessed will!

*P.S.*—Whilst closing this letter, I was summoned by the nurse of our little infant girl. On entering the room, I found that the poor thing was seized with a fit of convulsions. I had just time to baptize it, and it expired shortly after. This happened at eleven o'clock P.M. on the 10th of June.

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#### THE STRANGERS' HOME.

HAVE our readers ever heard of the "Strangers' Home?" Then is it our fault if they be strangers to it, and it is full time that they should be told something about an Institution that opens its doors to receive poor wanderers from various parts of the world, men of other races, who, brought to London in various ways, principally as sailors on board the shipping, find themselves in the great city like men shipwrecked on a desert coast, without friends and without a home. During the ten years of its existence no less than 3490 Asiatics, Africans and South-sea Islanders have been sheltered, and their every need supplied, in this Institution; besides thousands visited outside the Home, on board ships in the docks, or at outports.

During the last severe winter a soup kitchen was set on foot, and daily, for three months, four hundred and fifty quarts of soup with bread were distributed to the destitute poor of the neighbourhood, where the Strangers' Home is situated, several of the Asiatic and African inmates of the Home assisting in the distribution. A gentleman, in a letter to one of the daily papers, thus speaks of the Strangers' Home soup kitchen:—

When paying a visit to the soup kitchen at the Strangers' Home in the West-India-Docks Road, I saw that charity doled out by volunteers from the 'ends of the earth'—by a Chinaman, a Madrasse, a Singalese, a Central African (captured from a slaver), and another African who assisted Messrs. Grant and Speke in the discovery of the Upper Nile, in the capacity of cook, &c. If England's greatness is on the wane, we may take comfort in this sight—sympathy from those we have attempted to rescue from destitution, and who are now volunteers and philanthropists in every sense of the word. The praise of men can scarcely reach them, most of them not knowing a word of English, and yet, with a little direction, nearly 3000 portions of soup and bread are dispensed weekly by them.

The following extracts from the Missionary's journal have been

published in the Annual Report of the Home, and we think they are better calculated to make our readers acquainted with the nature of the work, and to excite their interest, than any remarks we could ourselves make—

*Work among the Asiatics of London.*

In taking a review of my work among the Asiatics of London, I thank God heartily that He ever put it into my head to study the language they speak, and that He ever put it into my heart to engage in such a work and that I have been privileged to carry out the object of the Home respecting these foreigners wherever I can find them. I have invariably been well received by them, and believe I have been of much service to many, both in temporal and spiritual things. The following case will illustrate the amount of temporal good and the opportunities for spiritual good that continually occur among this class of people—

“Sereepa, a Javanese, was observed standing about the doors of the Home, and on inquiring what he wanted, he said he had heard of the Home and desired to lodge there. He further told me that his captain had his money and his discharge. On the following day I visited the captain, who made kind inquiries about the Home, and manifested an interest in it. He gave me Sereepa's discharge, and called the next day at the Home, and paid in 12*l.*, the balance of wages due to the Javanese. There was a time when a man like this was picked up by his apparent friends, but who were really his enemies in disguise, and all his money and hopes gone in a single night. But this evil is connected with the past. Sereepa's money was preserved, and an attempt made to make him happier, not only for time but also for eternity. But on board of Sereepa's ship was another Javanese, not discharged. I first saw him seated on the gunwale of the ship, observing what was passing, but for the want of an English tongue, he was a silent observer. I called to him in his vernacular which immediately attracted his attention, and the broad smile that spread over his face indicated the pleasure he anticipated in speaking freely. I had no difficulty in reading a portion of God's word to him, and speaking of the Saviour.”

*Southampton.—Conversation with a Sikh.*

My work, however, calls me more or less out of London every year, sometimes to superintend the embarkation of passengers at Southampton, and at other times to collect the destitute at the outports, &c., to form crews in London.

The constant arrival and departure of Orientals to and from Southampton make that port the subject of much interest to us. Few of those noble steam-vessels belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company leave that port, or arrive there without Asiatic men-servants and ayahs on board. In the spring of this year I accompanied a Sikh to Southampton, to see him safely off. He had come from India on a visit to His Highness the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, and knew nothing of English. We passed a night in the town, and, entering his room early the succeeding morning, I found him looking out of the window across the Southampton Water. “Padre,” he said, “I have been

watching for the sun. We Sikhs always like to pray to the sun as it is rising. It has been dull this morning, but I have just seen it shining out beautifully, and now you have interrupted me in my prayers." "Shall I go, Baba?" I asked. "No, don't go now; I want to talk with you." "But why do you pray to the sun?" I asked. "Look at its beauty," he said; "look at its greatness. It is the greatest thing we know. Then look at the advantages we gain from it—life, light, food, heat." "Yes, Baba, you are right," I said, "the sun is all that; but think, it is yet only a created thing—only one of the choice things my heavenly Father has made. And if these be so great, what must He be who made them all? The sun can neither hear nor see you; but God can and will, if you pray in the name of his Son Jesus. I never pray to created things, but to the Creator." My companion remarked that Englishmen were wiser than Sikhs. The sun at this time shone beautifully, reflecting itself clearly in the slightly ruffled water. I told him, though it was so splendid, as a created thing it was doomed to perish. "The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the great and notable day of the Lord come." "*They* (in heaven) need no light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light." The Sikh produced his book of prayers in Gurmukhi, and read some of them; but I endeavoured to show him that his system was without a Saviour, and that without a Saviour fallen man will be lost. The ship in which he was to embark lay some miles out of dock, these large vessels being unable to enter dock at low water. By means of a small steamer we got on board it at an early hour, and, having seen his papers all correct, and all his wants supplied, I left him with the steamer's return. The Sikh watched me from the head of the vessel till nearly out of sight, when he gave me a last farewell by waving his turban in the air, and I returned it with my hat till I lost him in the distance.

*Labour at Liverpool.*

One Sunday evening when returning from Egremont, on the steps of the Custom-house at Liverpool I saw a figure gathered up in the smallest possible compass, who seemed to be settled for the night. I took him to be one of the men to whom I ought to pay attention, so I aroused him, and saw in the pale glimmer of the night that I was in company with a South-Sea Islander. He was, indeed, a native of Tahiti, and, I should say, a Christian man, so far as I could glean. I mentioned the names of some of the Missionaries of that island, whom he knew very well, and seemed gladdened at the mention of their names. I repeated the first portions of the Lord's Prayer in that language, so far as "E to matou Metua i te no ra," when he took it up, and went through with it, convincing me that he was no stranger to Christianity. Our means of communication were imperfect, but I understood that he had been in the Missionary school, and that he loved the Saviour. He had been robbed by a crimp and turned out destitute. Thus Missionaries had gone from England to Tahiti to instruct him in Christianity, but he had come to Christian England, and fallen among thieves. I made him understand that if he could reach London he would find a home and food, and Christians to give him a warm welcome. "Where is London?" was his inquiry. I told him he must walk and walk for two weeks before he would get there. Springing to his feet, he assured me he would go. "Is it there?"

he asked, pointing to the north ; and hearing he was not right, he pointed in the opposite direction, asking the same question. I pointed in the direction of London, wrote on a piece of paper, to aid him, "Strangers' Home, Limehouse, London ;" and having relieved his wants, I wished him God speed, telling him I hoped to see him again in London. With a nimble step he disappeared in the dark in the direction indicated.

At Liverpool I found the Turkish frigate "Ruseed" in dock, with 450 Egyptians on board, together with some few Arabs, but the officers were Turks. I had with me a good supply of Turkish and Arabic tracts and Scriptures, but I asked myself "Will these Moslems, under the eye of their officers, accept them?" I determined to try. There was a long gangway leading from the shore to the deck, guarded by an Egyptian with fixed bayonet, and a notice was posted up, "No admittance except on business." Still I determined to make the attempt, and asked God to clear away all difficulties. I passed along the gangway, but was met by the guard, who held up his hand in a forbidding attitude, and then pointed me to the notice referred to. I presented him with a book, and called out in Arabic, "Arabic books." In a moment the musket was grounded, and the book was seized. Others near the gangway accepted of the same offer. My work increased till the guard was lost in the numbers that surrounded him, and an officer was attracted to the spot. He came with all the air of a zealous Moslem, seized the books right and left, and declared that they were prohibited. He then attempted to thrust them back upon me. I knew enough of Arabic to say to him in that language, "These are the Psalms of David, and the Psalms are *not* prohibited." I then inquired for the captain. How mysterious are the ways of God. An interpreter was brought to me. It was no other than my old friend Quadir, who had himself passed through the Strangers' Home. We shook hands, and conversed freely in Hindustanee. I was now introduced to the captain, to whom I presented the papers of the Home, and informed him, if he had men he wished taken care of we should be glad of them in London, or if he wanted men we should be happy to supply them. He exclaimed, 'A Home for Mohammedans in the Christian capital!' The fact interested him, which led me to ask him if he had a home for poor Christians in Constantinople, but he replied with a shrug of the shoulders. Having thus far interested him, I asked permission to visit the ship, which was given without hesitation ; and Quadir was told to attend me as interpreter. Now the Lord had opened the way. The books and Scriptures were circulated by me all over the ship in a very short time. The officer who opposed my visit accepted the book of Psalms. What a pleasing sight it was ! Seated on guns, coils of rope, and blocks of wood about the ship, were officers and men perusing Christian works. But they were not all supplied ; and an invitation was given me to come again on Friday, as this would be their day of rest, and they would then be glad of another visit and more books ; an invitation, I need scarcely say, that met with a suitable response on my part.

It would be a disgrace to the Christian people of Great Britain if so admirable an Institution were not well supported. And yet we find, that on the first day of the current year there remained in the hands of the Directors a balance of no more than 39*l.* 8*s.*

**THE TRIBES OF THE WHITE NILE.**

THE Nile has its sources in two great lakes, or inland seas, one the Victoria Nyanza, discovered by Captains Speke and Grant ; the other the Albert Nyanza, discovered by Sir S. Baker. The first of these is on the



**THE MURCHISON FALLS ON THE WHITE NILE.**

*October, 1867.*

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higher level, being 3300 feet above the sea ; the latter only 2720 feet. The Nile, rushing out of the Victoria by the Ripon Falls on the north shore, flows in a north-westerly direction, by a succession of rapids, until it reaches the Albert towards its northern extremity, where it is covered with a mass of vegetation, about three feet thick, and so tough and firm that a man can walk upon it, merely sinking above his ankles in the soft ooze. Beneath this scraw the water is extremely deep. The Nile enters the lake quite sluggishly, between banks of reed. In the channel, about half a mile wide, there is not at that point the slightest current perceptible. About eleven miles distant, however, from the lake, the channel contracts to about 250 yards, the reeds having been left behind, and the water becoming clear and deep. Soon a slight current is perceptible. As the stream is ascended, the channel grows narrower, the current increases, and the roar of a waterfall is heard. At this portion of the stream the crocodiles are numerous. On one sand-bank there were counted twenty-seven of them, of large size, lying like logs of timber close together. The banks on either side had grown precipitous, rising to a height of 180 feet.

“ Upon rounding a corner a magnificent sight suddenly burst upon us. On either side the river were beautifully-wooded cliffs, rising abruptly to a height of about 300 feet ; rocks were jutting out from the intensely green foliage ; and rushing through a gap that cleft the rock before us, the river, contracted from a grand stream, was pent up in a narrow gorge of scarcely fifty yards in width : roaring furiously through the rock-bound pass, it plunged in one leap of about 120 feet perpendicular into a dark abyss below.

“ The fall of water was snow-white, which had a superb effect as it contrasted with the dark cliffs that walled the river, while the graceful palms of the tropics and the wild plantains perfected the beauty of the view. This was the greatest waterfall of the Nile, and in honour of the distinguished President of the Royal Geographical Society I named it the Murchison Falls, as the most important object through the entire course of the river.”

Above the falls, at some distance, lies the island of Patooān, about half a mile long by 150 yards wide. It is a mass of grey granite rock, from the clefts of which beautiful forest trees grow so thickly that the entire island is in shade. In the midst of this secluded spot lies a considerable village, thickly inhabited by refugees who had fled from the troubles of the mainland, and sought a refuge in the river islands.

It is remarkable that the tribes on the north side of the river, in the direction of Gondokoro, are far more degraded than those on the south side, so much that the river “ appeared to be the limit of utter savagery.” This is easily explained : the countries to the north are harrassed by the razzias of Turkish slave-dealers. The atrocities of the White-Nile traders are dreadful. The tribes are at variance between themselves, and plunder each the cattle of the other. A tribe, in order that it may prevail over another tribe, brings in the Turks as allies, and they come and plunder both. Side by side with the cattle razzias flourishes slave-hunting, with its accompanying murders.

To the south of the river the tribes are clothed, which is not the case northward. The improvement in this respect is marked. Not only are



they decent in their clothing, but they have their manufactures. Their blacksmiths are exceedingly clever. They have also their earthenware. They do not, like the more savage tribes, confine themselves to the use of the gourd, but, using it as their copy, make extremely pretty earthen bowls and bottles. "Their huts are very large, almost twenty feet in diameter, made entirely of reeds and straw, and very lofty, looking in the interior like large inverted baskets, beehive-shaped, very different to the dog-kennels of the more northern tribes." Speaking of Unyoro, the country immediately south of the river, Sir S. Baker observes—"They are particularly neat in all they do; they never bring any thing to sell unless carefully packed in the neatest parcels, generally formed of the bark of the plantain, and sometimes of the inner portions of reeds, stripped into snow-white stalks, which are bound round the parcels with the utmost care. . . . . The natives prepare the skins of goats very beautifully, making them as soft as chamois leather: these they cut into squares, and sew them together as neatly as would be effected by a European tailor, converting them into mantles, which are prized far more highly than bark-cloth, on account of their durability. They manufacture their own needles, not by boring the eye, but by sharpening the end into a fine point, and turning it over, the extremity being hammered into a small cut on the body of the needle, to prevent it from catching."

The country is described as "thickly populated, and much cultivated with sesame, sweet potatoes, beans, Indian corn, and plantains," &c.

But amongst these southern tribes, although less degraded, there is no rest. Wars are continually occurring: murders are so frequent, that they cause no sensation: they are a matter of course.

The tribes of the White Nile are indeed in a pitiable state: it is a portion of the world where Christianity has never penetrated.

When shall they have light?

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#### MISSIONARY WORK IN THE NIZAM'S TERRITORY.

AND who is the Nizam, some readers of the "Gleaner" may be disposed to ask, and where are his territories? His territories are in India, and in that portion of it which is called the Deccan. The Deccan is properly the peninsular portion of India, which is divided from the North-west Provinces and valley of the Ganges by the high tract known as the Vyndhya chain.

The Nizam is the dynastic name given to a succession of princes, who, during the last 150 years, have ruled over a portion of the Deccan. The founder of the race, Nyam-ul-mulk, had been a minister of one of the Mogul emperors. When that kingdom fell into decay, the Nizam set up a kingdom for himself, and his descendants, now tributaries to the British Government, continue to exercise this kind of limited sovereignty to the present day.

Aurungabad is one of the cities in the Nizam's territories. It is situated near the north-western frontier, where it touches the Bombay Presidency. The river Doodna, a tribute of the Godavery, flows past the town. As the traveller approaches from the east, the view is pleasing,

trees being interspersed among the houses, and a tall mausoleum rearing its dome and minarets above the other buildings. This structure, resembling in some measure the famous Taj Mahal of Agra, although greatly its inferior, was built by Aurungzbe, to receive, it is said, "the remains of a favourite daughter. The town is supposed to contain some 60,000 inhabitants."

Here we have a Missionary stationed. His principal work is among some villages, at various distances from Aurungabad, where a spirit of inquiry has shown itself, and some few converts have been gathered in. It is as yet but a day of small things; but it is the first movement in favour of Christianity which has shown itself in this part of India, where millions of people have long been sitting in darkness, and in the shadow of death. Small beginnings, if carefully tended, with God's blessing on the means used, not unfrequently lead to great results. At any rate it is our duty to do the best we can with them, for it may be truly said, that he who despises a little opportunity is unworthy of having a great one placed before him.

One of these villages is called Budnapur, twenty-eight miles east of Aurungabad, where, including children, there are sixty-one baptized persons. Another village, Ambelohol, lies twelve miles to the west of Aurungabad, and here there are twenty-four baptized persons. At Valoonj, and the villages in its vicinity, lying south and south-east of Aurungabad, there are thirty-three baptized persons; and at Saigaum, eight miles from Budnapur, there is a recently gathered congregation of twenty-three baptized persons.

The classes of people from whom the converts have been gathered are the Mhars and Mangs.

There are to be found dispersed throughout India, and more especially in the forests and mountains of the country, fragments of aboriginal tribes, who have never been proselyted to Brahminism, or, at least, have been only partially so. The condition of these tribes ought not to be a matter of indifference to us, for, as has been urged by an eloquent writer, "whatever tends to render our acquaintance with any portion of our species more accurate and profound, is an accession to the most valuable part of our knowledge."

In the Bombay Presidency, and adjoining it, are to be found, of such tribes, the Waralis, Katodis, Nayakadias, Kolis, Bhils, the Mahars or Parwaris, the Mangs, &c.

Connected with all the villages and towns of the Maratha country, but generally residing outside the walls, are to be found families of Mahars. They are the attendants of the Patel, or headman of the village; they are the messengers of the township; they wait on strangers, and clean the Cheewari, or place of public meeting, and perform many other menial offices.

In return for these services certain fields are given them to cultivate, and, claiming all dead cattle as their perquisites, they eat the carcasses, even of the cow and buffalo, when not much injured by disease. They are a stronger and taller people than the Marattas, but not so cleanly in their persons. In some respects they resemble the Pariars of South India, and although not so degraded, yet do they turn aside on the

public roads to let the Brahmin pass. Although they worship some of the Hindu gods in their lowest forms, they are not allowed to pass the threshold of the temples. They are generally supposed to be the remnants of some once-powerful aboriginal tribe. When disputing with Brahmins, they have been heard to say that the whole of the country was once their own.

They are quite accessible to Missionary operations, and several families of them have, from time to time, embraced Christianity.

The Mangs are to be found in the eastern and southern borders of the Maratha country. They are in somewhat similar circumstances to the Mahars, but take a lower rank in the social scale. That they are not altogether without compunctions of conscience when they do evil, appears from the following anecdote, related by Dr. Wilson of Bombay—

“My friend Mr. Mitchell of Poonah and I had both preached, on one occasion, in the streets of a village on the banks of the Godavery. When we had retired to rest, after the labours of the day, our attention was loudly summoned to the front of the shed where we were lodged by mournful cries of ‘Sahib! Sahib! Sahib!’ We found there a young man in great distress of mind, who cried, ‘I am lost! I am lost! You have been speaking all day about sin, and I am a great sinner.’ ‘What sin have you committed?’ After exacting from us a promise of secrecy, he said, ‘I am the Mang leader of this village. About two years ago I ordered out my men to —, where we attacked a Bhil, and I cut off his head with a bill-hook. Oh, I am miserable, miserable! what shall I do?’”

Two leading members of the little church at Budnapur are employed as itinerating lay agents. They are both of good repute among their countrymen. As they visit the different villages, and, as they have opportunity, speak of Christ, the people gladly listen to them. The natives of these districts are fond of listening to their spiritual teachers, when the subject is intoned or sung to the notes of musical instruments. This is a national institution among the Hindus, and promises to prove effectual, under God, to the making known of Christianity, as it attracts the people in large numbers, and keeps them seated for hours, listening to the truths of the Gospel. Our Missionary, the Rev. J. Wilson, has purchased a few of these musical instruments, and given them to the converts at Budnapur.

Some of the little centres are provided with schoolrooms, where the native Christians assemble for devotional purposes; but at others there is nothing of the kind, and the Missionary and teachers have to meet the people in the open air, or under the shadow of a neighbouring tree. This has been the case at Valoonj, and the difficulties of the work have been, in consequence, much increased.

The Missionary has with him some valuable native agents—the catechist Bhowanee, who entered on his work three or four years ago, and Ramchandra Pant, the Scripture reader, who, notwithstanding his age, makes himself useful, both in the Secundra school and in bazaar preaching. But the number of such men is unequal to meet the demands of the work, and, to improve the various openings for usefulness which present themselves in the vicinity of the capital, many more are required.

A Missionary meeting is held once a month, on the Monday following

the Communion Sunday. This is attended by all the agents, and some of the native Christians who come for the Communion. Very interesting conversation at times ensues, and a good deal of information is obtained. Each one gives a report of his labour during the month, the villages he has visited, and the success he has met with. One or two engage in prayer. The meeting lasts about an hour and a half. It is an admirable way of fanning a little zeal into a flame, and it is well that the native Christians should thus meet together, to provoke one another to love and good works.

Our Missionary itinerates amongst the people. He thus describes the mode of proceeding adopted by him—

“I encamp at a larger village, having a number of smaller ones in its vicinity. I rise early in the morning, at the stroke of my alarum, and start on horseback, accompanied by Bhowanee, to one or two villages. In the evening I do the same. We preach to those we happen to meet seated in the chowdee, or village inn, or in front of an idol temple. Our message is everywhere the same—Christ and Him crucified—and we entreat men to be reconciled to God. We have had no reason to complain of ill-treatment or abusive language in any of the villages. In some of the villages we met with such a cordial reception, and such attentive hearers, that the villagers have asked us to visit them again. Questions on the divinity of Christ, and the atonement, have sometimes been put to us. The Mohammedans in a few of the villages, such as Dowlatabad, Rauza, and Ragdipoora, strongholds of Mohammedanism, have been very civil to us. I was struck with the amount of ignorance prevailing in all the villages about this place.

“In March last I visited the great place of pilgrimage at Pyton during the season of the annual festival, and enjoyed many opportunities of preaching to the people. Thousands from great distances attended the festival. If there were a dozen Missionaries instead of one, we all might have had ample occupation throughout the day. May the Lord of the harvest send forth more labourers into this part of his vineyard!”

May a good Lord protect and defend our Missionaries, and make them a blessing to the poor benighted people of India!

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THE WARRIOR'S REST.

“SERVANT of God! well done;
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.”
The voice at midnight came.
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame.
He fell; but felt no fear.

Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him in the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.
His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment at command
Through rock and steel to smite.

The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease,
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ! well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

THE HILL TRIBES OF THE WESTERN GHATS.

THE Deccan, or "land to the south"—that is, to the south of the great valley of the Ganges—is a triangular-shaped table-land, from 1000 to 3000 feet high, supported by two vast mountain-ranges, skirting the sea-coast on either side, and called the Eastern and Western Ghats. Of these, the western range is the most distinctly marked, and the loftier, some of the summits rising as high as from 9000 to 10,000 feet, the more southern portion running between the province of Tinnevely and that of Travancore. This accounts for the dissimilarity between these two portions of India, Tinnevely being generally dry and sandy, while Travancore is richly luxuriant. The western ghats cause the difference. The clouds which come up on the wings of the south-western monsoon, arrested by the mountain-tops, pour down the largest portion of their moisture on the western province, reserving only a residuum for the districts east of the mountains. Thus at Bombay the amount of rain in the four months of June, July, August, and September is 80 inches; on the mountain-tops, which overhang Bombay, 280 inches, and on the table-land beyond from 25 to 30 inches.

In the mountains between Travancore and Tinnevely are to be found wild races of Hill people. These have been approached from the Travancore side, and efforts to afford them Christian instruction have been made with considerable success. On the Tinnevely side, although we have there by far the largest body of native Christians, no organized and persistent attempt has been made as yet to introduce amongst them the light of the Gospel. Occasionally these sheep without a shepherd have been visited by one of our Missionaries, accompanied by a few of the native Christians; and enough has been seen to show how miserable and degraded these people are. We have now before us a narrative of one of these explorations, carried out by the Rev. N. Honiss, of Surandei.

Nov. 5—From the favourable representations of some of the catechists, I was induced to visit the Hill-tribes living in the mountains in the vicinity of Pavanasam. Monday morning was cloudy, and promised to be favourable for the expedition. Starting from Kaliyanipuram in the grey dawn on Monday morning, we soon came in sight of the white-washed tower of the Pavanasam temple. It is often remarked how little taste the natives possess for natural scenery, but we must acknowledge that their sacred places are always most picturesque and beautiful. This is perhaps the most lovely spot in Tinnevely, and, as its name implies, is regarded as the grand place for the expiation of sin. As I had to wait some little time for the arrival of my coolies, I had a conversation with some Brahmins about Pavanasam. Their ideas of sin and its guilt were so very inadequate, that it is not surprising that they should think a pleasant bathe, and the other little ceremonies connected with the place, as sufficient for its expiation. Our road first led us up and down, and then up again, an infinite number of stone steps, roughly

placed on the side of the hill. After this we had almost level ground, grassy, and covered with low trees. We met here two men carrying a black bear, which had been shot through the head by a native the day before. A few miles more brought us to the Tamburavarnie river, where we sat down, sheltered from the sun by some noble trees, on which numbers of monkeys were engaged in a morning chat. The river was running clear and deep at our feet; some bright-winged birds sat perched upon the rocks ready to pounce down upon their morning meal; peacocks we could hear in the distance, and jungle-fowl were plentiful.

Our next halt was on the bank of a river which we had to cross. It looked deep, and was fully a hundred yards in breadth. One of the tallest coolies made an attempt, and returned, protesting that it was impassable. To satisfy myself, however, I jumped in some little distance higher up, and drifted with the current in the centre, with my legs downwards, hoping to meet with shallow water, which, the coolies seeing, soon found out a practicable passage for themselves, of which they were, no doubt, aware before. On we went, through dark passages, overshadowed with foliage, and made vocal with many birds. Frequently the scenery opened into cleared grassy plats, encircled by large spreading trees, which gave the appearance of an English park; but the majestic hills right and left, and the burning sun overhead, reminded me that I was still in Tinnevely. Arriving at the place where the tribes were formerly located, we had the mortification of finding their habitations deserted, and there was no one to tell us whence they had migrated. The coolies put down their loads, and we dispersed in various directions, screwing our way through the narrow, tortuous passages of the jungle, pushing on, and stopping again and again to disentangle our clothes or skin from the persistent attacks of sharp prickly creepers.

Nov. 6—In the darkness of the night we made the discovery which had eluded us in the day. A few little flickering fires on the hill on our right discovered the retreat of the mountain tribes. In the morning we could discern, at the top of the hill, places where the jungle had been cleared. Starting in that direction, we soon came to a stream, across which there was fixed a long cane from bank to bank, evidently a ferry for rough weather. At an elevation of about 3000 feet we found three little groups of huts. On approaching the first, I saw a man crouching over a stone, on which he was sharpening some iron instrument. A narrow strip of rag passed between his legs, and, fastened behind and before to a string round his waist, formed all his clothing. His hair was cut short round the borders, while from his crown hung numbers of small curly and matted locks, which danced and bobbed before his face as he bent over his work. "How do you do?" was my first salutation. He grinned a reply. We made him understand that we wished to see all his friends; but there was no necessity to call them: our arrival had been noticed, and was immediately communicated throughout the settlement. Numbers of little black forms were now seen threading their way through the bushes down the hill in all directions. These were not the people the catechist had seen before, and they did not show the slightest disposition in favour of Christianity. It was most difficult to

keep their attention. While I was praying they were smoking. I was astonished, on rising from my knees, in which position I had been but two minutes, to find most of them with their extemporaneous cheroots, and their comical heads enveloped in smoke. I tried the simplest anecdotes and illustrations, but all seemed to shoot over their heads. The catechist met with very little better success. When they made out what we wanted, the headman protested against making any change in their religion. Their forefathers had walked in their way, and they would do the same. They knew nothing, and did not want to know the ways of the plains. The tigers, or "cruel mouths," as they called them, were under the control of their local gods, so that, if they adopted a new religion, they would certainly some day be all gobbled up.

Poor and ignorant as they are, they are full of pride. "The pride of thine heart hath deceived thee: thou, whose habitation is in the rock, whose habitation is high." Their chief worship does not differ much from that in the plains; their great delight is to obtain arrack, and dance to the devil. They have no feast-days, but an infinite number of childish ceremonies, in cases of sickness, childbirth, marriages, and death. The first marriage is always performed in childhood; the great advantage of this plan being, as the headman told me, that, in cases of domestic quarrels, the wife will not run back to her parents. Their houses are made of sticks and bark, roughly tied together, for the walls: windows are unnecessary, for daylight may be seen in all directions: the doors are formed of bamboos, ingeniously fastened together, and the roofs are well thatched with grass. In their habits they are altogether slow and lazy. Smoking takes up a great part of the day, and children are made to do a good share of the necessary work. They undoubtedly live better than the majority in the plains. The morning meal, which I happened to see in one house, consisted of some very nice-looking grain, with curry stuff, fish and potatoes. They became more friendly with us after a time, and sent for the people of another settlement about two miles distant. Afterwards they guided us to a shooting lodge belonging to the sub-collector. From this place I sent for the people belonging to another settlement with whom the catechist had some hopeful communications. They came, and we had a long talk in the hut. They made no objections, but asked a few questions, which discovered a gleam of intelligence. A few things were made clear by constant repetition, and, I trust, impressed on their minds, that there is but one God, who is holy, yet merciful; that man's nature is bad, but may be renewed, and he saved through Jesus Christ.

We long for the time when, filled with holy zeal, our Tinnevelly Christians shall rise up to the work of evangelization on the right hand and on the left.

ZENANA MISSION WORK.

A GREAT change is passing over Hindu society. Until recently the females of the better ranks were carefully secluded from inter-

course with European ladies. They lived in pitiable ignorance, their intellectual powers becoming contracted from the want of exercise, and the whole character being thus dwarfed and stunted.

But the Hindu Baboo has discovered the disadvantage of all this. He has himself received an English education, and he finds an ignorant wife a wearisome companion. He learns, too, that if she be ill-tempered, one reason is because she is left without any improving employment, and that, if he is afraid to trust her with freedom, it is because she has been left destitute of the principles which would dispose her to make a right use of it.

It has become, therefore, in the eyes of the Hindu gentry, an urgent necessity to improve the tone of the female character, and accordingly the doors of the zenanas are rapidly opening, and European ladies are invited to enter in and impart instruction. We learn that at Calcutta alone there are not less than 360 Hindu ladies and children under instruction, scattered through more than 100 zenanas; and our Missionary, the Rev. J. Barton, has declared his conviction that the number might be tripled, quadrupled, if there were only the means and the agents, both European and native, to carry on the work. In a letter to a friend he observes—

Scarcely a week passes now without some reference to the work on the part of the native newspapers, showing that if they do not yet value the religious instruction which we wish to give, they are at least sufficiently alive to the advantages of having educated wives, and this is a wonderful advance on the past. I cannot better illustrate these remarks than by quoting an extract from one of the last numbers of the "Indian Mirror," one of these native newspapers. After urging at considerable length the peculiar advantage of zenana education, as contrasted with mere schools for little girls, the writer concludes thus.—"We would also solicit the assistance of the numerous respectable European ladies residing in this country, in the great work of zenana reform. They ought to remember that they have a mission to fulfil here, and for the use of their opportunities they are accountable to God. They are placed in the midst of millions of unhappy and degraded sisters, whose interests they are bound to further to the best of their ability. Following in the footsteps of that noble and devoted band of their countrywomen, who went about doing all manner of good to suffering humanity, and impelled by that charity which is the glory of Christian men and women, let them, with self-sacrificing devotion, strive to deliver their Hindu sisters from ignorance, and its concomitant evils. The influence which they are likely to exercise on their own sex, both by their natural tenderness and their superior acquirements, it is impossible to exaggerate. We sincerely hope, therefore, they will spend at least their leisure hours in visiting native families, and imparting gratuitous instruction as far as possible. Such visitation will be productive of the best results, as many a Bengali home which has been benefited by the same will testify. Disinterested philanthropy

always does immense good; and is thankfully appreciated Those who have Christian hearts within, and feel a moral Governor above, must fling off apathy and selfishness, and devote their energies to the amelioration of the condition of native women." Such an appeal, coming from one still outside the pale of Christianity, is, I think, one of the most remarkable testimonies I have ever read to the exalted character of Christian philanthropy.

Means and agents are needed. Let, then, ladies at home take up this special work, and exert themselves to find both one and other. It belongs to them: surely they will not shrink from or evade it: it is not only the poor Hindu lady that would be benefited, but the English lady who engages in it would be benefited also. She would find it to be an ennobling employment. There would be no time for frivolous pursuits. A Christian enterprise would occupy the thoughts, and time that used to move so heavily would be employed usefully, and pass delightfully. How much might be done by a few zealous ladies prayerfully resolving to take up this work; first, reading about the Zenana Mission, and furnishing their minds with information on the subject, and in conversation bringing it forward in an attractive way, and so interesting others; then forming little parties to work the Zenana Mission, to converse about the zenanas and their inmates, until some perhaps among them, whose circumstances are such as to leave them free to do so, offer themselves for this peculiar service.

A valuable Missionary left us some few months, back on his return to India in recovered health, and with every prospect of much usefulness. But it was ordered otherwise. The cholera broke out on board the ship. His own ayah was taken ill with others. There were several young Missionaries on board, but he would not let them be endangered. He tended the sick himself, caught the disease, and died, and, three weeks after leaving England, his body was committed to the grave of the deep sea.

A widow on the shores of India, his bereaved partner has consecrated herself to the zenana work, and remains there to carry it on.

A MISSIONARY PICNIC IN AMERICA.

As the children's Missionary meeting held near Wilmington, Delaware, on the 25th of May, differed somewhat from those in other places, our readers may be interested in a short account of it.

The spot selected was a wooded hill near the Brandywine, in the midst of lovely scenery. The schools present were those of St. Andrew's Church and Calvary Chapel, Wilmington, and Christ Church, Christiana Hundred. The number of children was about five hundred, and that of the grown people not far below it.

The first exercise was the opening of the dinner-baskets, which were filled only with plain, good fare, because we thought the luxuries so often lavished upon "Sunday-school picnics" quite inconsistent with an earnest Missionary spirit. The spare intervals were filled up with lively games, and rambles after violets and buttercups.

Then came the great business of the day. The speakers occupied an ample platform of square basaltic rock, the front of which was draped with the American flag, and wreathed with flowers. The ground sloped gently down on every side, and the rocks afforded many seats for the audience.

The anthem, "Suffer Little Children," was sung, and the meeting opened with a few words from Bishop Lee, and prayer by Dr. Newton. A hymn, written for the occasion, was then sung—

Gather, gather, children,
In the leafy wood ;
Heaven is smiling o'er us,
God is kind and good.
Flowerets of the spring-time
Carpet all the sward,
And the Rose of Sharon
Opens in His word.
Hear the mission trumpet
Calling from afar,
Range you in the battle—
Gather for the war ;
We're a band of brothers,
Fighting for the right,
Missionaries are we,
Bearing forth the light.

Many heathen children
Clustering we see
Round a darksome idol,
Bending low the knee ;
Bear, oh ! bear the Bible
To their homes of gloom ;
Open ranks, ye soldiers,
Tell them there is room.
Soon, so soon, the victory
Shall be won and o'er,
Then we all shall gather
On the heavenly shore ;
Weaving brightest garlands
By salvation's tide,
Singing songs of triumph
With the glorified.

The children were then addressed by Mr. Parvin, on "*the little steam-engine*" inside of every child, which so often impels the pouting lip, the doubled fist, and the wicked word, and which ought rather to move the head and hands and tongue and feet in willing labours for the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Saviour, like a shepherd lead us," followed, and Mr. Rising had a pleasant talk with us about the Children's Church Missionary Society. He shewed a number of letters from children, enclosing money to make them members; and at this point the bishop lifted on his shoulder a curly-headed three-year old, a new-made annual member.

Next in order was a hymn, written by an old friend of the Wilmington children, "Hark, a Voice across the Ages;" and then came one of Dr. Newton's happiest speeches. After which Mr. Latimer made a short address on the three words—"GIVE, GET, GAIN."

The last hymn, "Whither, Pilgrims, are you going?" was now sweetly sung by the boys and girls alternately and in chorus, and the meeting closed with doxology and benediction.

A. B. (American).

THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED OF EAST AFRICA.

THE discovery of the great lakes which are the sources from whence come the waters of the Nile, has opened out new fields for Missionary labour. Captains Speke and Grant and Sir S. Baker, in their enter-



PEOPLE OF UNYORO, EASTERN AFRICA.

November, 1867.

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prising researches, carried out amidst great difficulties and dangers, have discovered not only the lakes Tanganyika, the Victoria Nyanza, from whence the Nile has its birth, the Albert Nyanza, into which, after its descent at the Murchison Falls, it enters, and there receives new supplies to fit it for its long journey to the distant Mediterranean, but they have opened up new tribes and populations, lying in a condition of pitiable degradation, all debased and sunk, in some cases so brutalized, that we could not venture to introduce a picture of them. To these, evangelists must go. They are not beyond the wide circumference of the Lord's command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." That is the church's responsibility. There is a responsibility laid upon her to preach the Gospel; it is one that may not be neglected.

In our engraving we have selected the most presentable of those natives through whose countries Sir S. Baker passed. To his volumes we must refer such of our readers as desire to know more of these new countries; in our little periodical we can only refer to them.

We stated that the countries to the north of the Somerset Nile, as the river is called in its descent from the Victoria to the Albert lake, are much more degraded than those to the south, owing to the raids of the Turkish slave-dealers, and the confusion and misery that follow in their train. Unyoro, to which country the people in our engraving belong, are on the south side of the river, and therefore are in a superior condition as to clothing and other necessaries of life. The women are neatly dressed in short petticoats with a double skirt, many of them wearing a piece of bark cloth, arranged as a plaid across the chest and shoulders. This cloth is the produce of a species of fig-tree, the bark of which is stripped off in large pieces, and then soaked in water and beaten with a mallet: in appearance it much resembles corduroy, and is the colour of tanned leather; the finer qualities are peculiarly soft to the touch, as though of woven cotton. Every garden is full of this species of tree, as their cultivation is necessary for the supply of clothing. When a man takes a wife, he plants a certain number of trees, which are to be the tailors of the expected family.

"The huts are very large, about twenty feet in diameter, made entirely of reeds and straw, and very lofty, looking, in the interior, like huge inverted baskets, bee-hive shaped, very different to the dog-kennels of the more northern tribes. Of the cleanliness of these dwellings, not much can be said. Goats and fowls share the hut with their owner, which, being littered with straw, is redolent of man and beast. The natives sleep upon a mass of straw, upon a raised platform, this at night being covered with a dressed skin."

The natives use milk, but not until it has been curdled. This is soon done if the milk be placed in a vessel that had previously contained curdled milk. As it is esteemed a beauty in native ladies to be extremely fat, the king's young wives are "compelled to drink daily about a gallon of curdled milk, the swallowing of which is frequently enforced by the whip." Plantains grow in abundance, but a ripe plantain is rarely to be had, the natives using the fruit while unripe, and preparing it for food by boiling. The ripe fruit is used for brewing plantain cider.

“Throughout the country of Unyoro, plantains in various forms are the staple article of food, upon which the inhabitants place more dependence than upon all other crops. Flour of plantains is remarkably good. Like all other articles, it is packed in long narrow parcels, either formed of plantain bark or of the white interior of rushes worked into mats. The fibre of the plantain forms both thread and cord. The natives are exceedingly clever in working braid from the plantain fibre, which is of so fine a texture that it has the appearance of a hair chain.”

Beads are much valued—the white opal, the red porcelain. The small beads used for working screens in England are much esteemed, and are worked into pretty ornaments, the shape of a walnut, and worn about the neck.

In witches and witchcraft the king and people place implicit reliance. A war with a neighbouring tribe having broken out, the king and his counsellors were occupied with daily sacrifices and soothsayings, deducing prognostications of coming events from the appearances of the entrails of birds which had been slain. The sorcerers wore witch-like chaplets of various dried roots: some had dried lizards, crocodiles' teeth, lions' claws, tortoise-shells, besides their charms and amulets.

In this war many villages were burned, the men slain, and women captured. The old women, who could not walk fast enough, were killed on the road, “being beaten on the back of the neck with a club.” In one shed were fourteen women, whose “well-shaped and beautifully soft hands showed them to be women of high degree, who had never worked laboriously. They were for the most part remarkably good-looking, of soft and pleasing expression, dark-brown complexion, fine noses, woolly hair, and good figures.” They were all much dejected.

Such is a glimpse into savage Africa. May his coming be hastened who shall rend in sunder the covering cast over all people and the veil spread over all nations. When Jesus shall reign, the people shall be blessed in Him!

WILLIAM DOHERTY, THE NATIVE CATECHIST OF ISHAGGA.

BAHADUNG, king of Dahomey, following the example of his father Gezo, invaded, in 1862, the Yoruba kingdom, with the avowed object of destroying Abeokuta. Once before, in 1851, that city had been impetried. During the eleven years which had elapsed the native Christians had become numerous, and it was against Christianity, its teachers, and professors, that, as there was reason to believe, the anger of the king was specially directed. Much sympathy was felt in England on behalf of the endangered city, and its population, heathen and Christian. An invitation to prayer was addressed by the Parent Committee, to the friends of the Society throughout the country, in which they were reminded, not only of the valuable Missionaries in the city, but of the fact that there were then in Abeokuta forty native helpers, male and female, together with 1500 native Christians. The appeal proceeded thus—“Are these valuable? Oh, how much so! Shall they be delivered up without an effort to the cruelties of Dahomey? This vineyard, which the hand of the Lord has planted, shall the boar out of the wood waste it, and the wild beast of the field devour it?”

“What then is to be done? There is no arm of flesh to lean upon; but there is One on high who is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea. He who, of old, said to the proud Assyrian, ‘He shall not come into this city, nor shoot an arrow there, nor come before it with shields, nor cast a bank against it,’ can arrest the proud African in his war path, and so deal with him, that by the way that he came, by the same shall he return, and not enter into this city.”

Christians were therefore invited to pray that the Missionaries and their flocks might be preserved—that the Dahomians might be restrained and compelled to return to their own land, if it might be without bloodshedding, and under such humiliating circumstances as might lead to national repentance, and an abandonment of their sanguinary slave wars.

That invitation was widely circulated and extensively acted upon. Let it be remembered how the prayers which were offered up, not only in the United Kingdom, but in Switzerland and Syria, were graciously answered.

On March the 7th, 1863, the Dahomian army approached Abeokuta. They came there stained with blood, having in the preceding spring perpetrated an act of great cruelty. This was the capture of a Yoruba town, called Ishagga, lying westward of Abeokuta, and near their own frontier, where they had slain one-third of its population, and carried the remainder into captivity; and, amongst the rest, William Doherty, our native catechist, and his little flock of native converts.

The approach, therefore, of these sanguinary plunderers roused to effort the whole population of Abeokuta; the walls were manned, as an immediate assault was expected; but, instead of this, the Dahomians halted at a distance of six or seven miles, and encamped at a place called Ipara. There they remained inactive for a fortnight. There were, indeed, continual alarms. The defenders of the town were on the alert, the Christians taking their place with the rest. The Christian women did what they could; they wrestled with God in prayer. One woman poured out her heart in words like these—“O Lord Jesus, lift up thine arm; lift up, lift up, O Lord, Lord Jesus our Redeemer, lift up thine holy arm, and deliver us from the cruel Dahomians. O Lord Jesus, remember what they have done to thy saints in Ishagga, how much innocent blood they have shed. O Lord, Lord, deliver us, that we may not fall into their hands.” These, and many other similar entreaties, were repeated twice or thrice, as is the case when prayers are offered up in agony.

On Sunday, the 22rd, there fell a heavy rain, lasting a considerable time. Shortly after, a great stir was observed in the enemy’s camp, and now it was thought that the crisis had arrived. The day passed in suspense and watchfulness, but the day and night passed away without the expected onslaught being made; and on the next day, when the morning mists had cleared away, the Dahomians had gone.

That answer to prayer ought to be had in remembrance, and it is therefore that we retrace these events. It ought to be had in remembrance, that when a new crisis arrives, the same weapon of defence may be used, and we may remember that “God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.”

And now, if ever, a time has come when it should be used. The enemy has come in like a flood; the citadel of our national Protestantism is assaulted, and they who honour the Reformation because it vindicated the Christianity of the Bible from the corruptions of men, have to defend it strenuously. Amidst the intensity of the conflict, some falling away, others engaged in the defence of our home Christianity, there is danger lest the work of foreign Missions suffer loss; and so we find it at the present moment. The funds of the Church Missionary Society are so insufficient to meet the necessary expenses of a growing work, that the Parent Committee has been compelled to the painful alternative of detaining five Missionaries, who had been appointed to various portions of the Mission field. They are needed abroad, and they are willing to go; but they cannot be sent forth without an outlay, and this cannot be incurred in the present straitened state of the finances.

It is a time for urgent prayer, not only for the Society, but for God's truth in this land. That is the element on which the Society floats. As the tide is full, the Society is borne aloft, and as it ebbs, and the waters become low, the Society is left like a ship aground, waiting for the influx that it may move on.

But to resume our narrative. The Ishagga captives were carried away by the retreating Dahomians, and soon a Dutch merchant brought an account of the treatment they met with. The Dahomian king has an annual custom, at which human victims are sacrificed. This was the fate for which they were reserved. This gentleman stated that, being at the king's capital, Abomey, at that time, he saw the body of poor Doherty crucified against a large tree, and that he witnessed the barbarous slaughter of sixty other captives. Great was the sorrow felt for our catechist and his fellow-sufferers.

And yet, after a time, rumours were spread abroad that Doherty was yet alive, although a captive in Dahomey. As these became more prevalent, measures were taken to ascertain, if possible, their truth. No certain conclusion, however, could be arrived at. It was still said that he was living, but all attempts at recovering him proved unavailing, and, if living, he was beyond our reach.

The last mail from Africa has, however, brought us the following letter from our Missionary, the Rev. J. A. Maser. It is dated Abeokuta, August 30th—

"I rejoice with you on account of the liberation of William Doherty, of Ishagga. The same Lord who delivered Daniel out of the lion's mouth has also delivered him. We have heard also nothing more than the bare fact that the party arrived safely at Lagos. Samuel Doherty has been up here to fetch his mother and two sisters down, who lived at this station. We had, after service, a meeting of thanksgiving to the Lord for his kindness. May his name be praised by all his people! Our faith has been strengthened. He has shown to us that He has not cast us away. You know we believed that Doherty was crucified, because Mr. E——, a Dutch merchant, had seen him crucified at Abomey. That was in 1862. When the Dahomians were defeated before Abbeokuta in 1864, an Ijesha man told Mr. Wood that Doherty was still alive; and this year a runaway captive said the same. It was commu-

nicated to His Excellency the Administrator; and he sent a deputation, consisting of Mr. Tickell and Doherty's son, Samuel, to Dahomey. It seems, soon after their arrival at Whydah, Samuel Doherty saw Uriah, one of his father's former boys, who had also been taken captive, and who had now been sent by the king to Mr. Sharp, the Wesleyan Missionary at Whydah. Through him he informed his father of his coming to Dahomey. The youth was also instrumental in bringing about a meeting between old and young Doherty in the night. A spy informed the king of what had taken place, when Doherty, sen., Uriah, and all the Christians, were imprisoned for two months, it seems. Uriah could afterwards be seen no more. This was no doubt providential, because now the king could no more say to the deputation, as he had said to Mr. Sharp, that Doherty was dead, and there on the tree were his bones dangling in the wind. It seems true that one of the Christians, Moses, had been crucified, and another, Abraham, had been put up in an erect position, with a book in one hand and a burning light in the other, and that these two victims had slept with Doherty in one room on the night of their execution, hence every one had supposed that Doherty had been crucified. But I suppose it was known to some of the chiefs, if not to the king himself, that it was not so. How good has the Lord been to the Society in redeeming their servant, who abode with his flock as a good shepherd when the wolf came. I heard the other day that Doherty had concealed himself on the ceiling of his house until the afternoon of that dreadful day in March 1862, when he was discovered by a Dahomian. The king inquired after the white man, Mr. J. Smith, who had gone to Europe, and then asked Doherty to read to him from the book he had with him. This was the Book of Exodus, and Doherty read the 20th chapter, until he came to the words, 'Thou shalt not kill,' when the king stopped him, in the manner of Felix. It seems that the king is still threatening to destroy Abeokuta."

Besides Doherty, two more men, one by name George, a slave of Mr. Robbins, of Abeokuta, and the other a native of Badagry, have been recovered.

Mr. Tickell states that he received the best of treatment from the king whilst in Dahomey.

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY ANNUAL MEETING AT WALLINGFORD

THE following particulars of the Wallingford Association's recent anniversary have been forwarded to us. We gladly give it a place in our pages, and only wish that we had many more of such notices, brief and interesting. It would help much to encourage supporters in one part of the field to know what friends are doing in another.

On Monday last the annual meeting of the Wallingford Association of the Church Missionary Society was held. The chair was taken by E. A. Reade, Esq., C.B., and the meeting was addressed by him, by Lieut.-Colonel Martin, of the Punjab Mission and late of the Bengal army, and by the Revs. Canon Payne Smith and G. B. James, the Hon. Association Secretary.

The report was read by the Rector.

Colonel Martin gave a most interesting account of the introduction of the Gospel into the Punjab by two American Missionaries, who waited patiently for a long time at Loodianah till they could pass into that country in the wake of our army. The Colonel next told how the Church Missionary Society was led to commence its work there, and stated that at the close of the second Sikh war the officers who were brought safely through its dangers subscribed 60,000 rupees to found a Mission amongst the people whom they had conquered, and being conversant with the work of the Church Missionary Society in various parts of India, they applied to its Committee to accept their gift, and found a Mission in the country of the five rivers.

Then we had particulars of the founding and progress of the Mission at Peshawur, which is the key to India from the side of Central Asia, which Mission the gallant Colonel was very instrumental in establishing.

Canon Payne Smith gave an account of the conferring of an honorary D.D. degree by the University of Oxford upon the native Bishop, Samuel Crowther, and also an outline of his history from the time when he was rescued from a slave ship, brought into Sierra Leone, and placed in the Church Missionary Society's school, to the time when Oxford thus honoured him with her highest divinity degree, and he went forth to his important charges on the banks of the Niger and in the Yoruba country.

The Rev. Mr. James confined his remarks to China, and chiefly to the one station of Fuh-chau and its neighbourhood. The interesting labours of the Rev. J. R. Wolfe in this promising field were detailed, and it seemed evident that a great work is beginning in that region so long locked against the Gospel and its blessings.

A short and sparkling anecdote from Colonel Martin for the special benefit of the young people present, a few words of solemn application of the great subject by the venerable rector; and then the doxology and blessing brought this interesting meeting to a close.

The collection at the doors amounted to 8*l.* 5*s.*; and 11*l.* 4*s.* was the result of the sermons on the previous day. The sum total transmitted to the Society during the year was 140*l.*

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II SAM. XXIV. 24.

LORD ! in all I offer Thee,  
 Let this rule my guidance be ;  
 It must cost me loss or pain,  
 Else Thou wilt not deem it gain.  
 'Tis not meet that first my wealth,  
 Time and talents, heart and health,  
 Should be all on self bestow'd,  
 Thence to overflow to God.  
 Not the refuse of my field,  
 Nor the worst my flock may yield,  
 Are the offerings I should bring  
 To the great and glorious King.  
 Rather be my gifts supplied  
 Out of luxuries denied :  
 Out of pleasures I might take,  
 But refuse for Jesus' sake.

## THE BEDOUIN ARABS.

EAST of the Jordan are to be found the encampments of the Bedouin Arabs, those tent-dwellers in the wilderness, who have no settled home, and drive their flocks from place to place. In the hot season they approach the Jordan, and, often crossing it, plunder the peasants of Palestine of their crops; when the cool season comes they plunge into the depths of the Arabian desert, and disappear for months.

These wild people have attracted the attention of our Missionaries, and they have on various occasions visited them. They have invariably been well received, and have been made partakers of Arab hospitality.

Our Missionary at Jerusalem, Dr. Sandreczki, visited one of these wandering tribes, the T'aamirah, in November last. Having procured a camel to carry his luggage, consisting of a small tent, bedding, canteen, and some provisions, he set out having as his guards two T'aamirah. Advancing into the wilderness—

We arrived at the foot of a high promontory-like mountain, and having crossed an intervening, saddle-backed ridge, we soon came to the summer camp of Sheikh Ismain el Hamdan, some forty or fifty low, black tents, of goats'-hair cloth, pitched along the sides of an oblong hill, on the opposite slope, or head of the Wady Aliyeh. When the Sheikh heard of our coming, he came to meet us outside the camp, mounted on a beautiful white mare, and when we were near each other, both he and we all alighted and exchanged salutations. The Sheikh is a young man still, perhaps thirty years old; not tall, but a chieftain in aspect from head to foot, with stern and intelligent features. He immediately assigned us a good place for our tent, near the camp, and soon after left us to make other arrangements. As soon as all our tent-life chattels were put in order, we went to the camp to pay our visit to the Sheikh, who received us with all the politeness of an independent Arab, and conducted us to the seat of honour, a very slightly-raised bank of earth, along the curtain which separates the harem from the reception apartment, and covered with a thick carpet of sheep-skins. As these tents are not encumbered with much furniture, they are spacious enough; and although, when we were seated, at least twenty men squatted down around the fireplace (a very shallow depression in the bottom for the ashes) in front of our seat or couch, as many more would have found sufficient room. Some of the men were tall and athletic, none very dark; nay, I observed a good number of men and children with light-coloured hair, which is the more remarkable, as the whole tribe of the T'aamirah emigrated (forty in number) from the Wady Musa (Petra)—when they could not tell me. But the "admuni" ("ruddy," 1 Samuel xvi. 12) attributed to David, may be referred to his hair, as well as to his cheeks, and all over Palestine and Syria a fair complexion is not so rare a thing.

The younger brother of the Sheikh is the khatib of the camp; but, as the Sheikh said, he does not pray much, scarcely once a day, instead of five times. Mr. Müller had once given him a Bible, and we found he

had not entirely neglected the reading of it, and so I could now give our conversation another turn. I spoke on the necessity of praying from the heart, and of giving thanks for all blessings. The khatib said he had lost his Bible, that is, another khatib from beyond the Dead Sea had carried it away with him. As this young khatib has an aversion to the washing of the dead, and praying over them, they employ for these functions the khatib of Bethlehem, who receives for each funeral service a sa'a of corn. They bury their dead near the tomb of Rachel, *i.e.* at a distance of more than six miles from their summer camp; and as they gradually descend during winter to the lower parts of their valleys, and finally to the shores of the Dead Sea, a burial is not an easy task for them. Since the last spring it had of late rained just enough to loosen a little their parched tillage-grounds, and they were now ploughing and sowing barley and wheat (chiefly barley), which grow thin and weak on such an arid soil. At present not a drop of milk was to be had, as their cows, sheep, goats and camels must subsist on the scantiest possible pasture. And yet they would not exchange their poor, but free and roving life, for all the comforts of our own villages and towns. The Sheikh is their king: the Sultan, and his rapacious Pashas, &c., do not interfere with them much, as they never intermeddle in the management of their affairs, and the tribute paid by the Sheikh Ismain's subjects does not amount to more than 15,000 piastres, *i.e.* about 125*l.*, a sum which the Sheikh himself stated to be inconsiderable. Barley-bread (wheat is a luxury), onions, milk, sweet and sour, and melted butter, constitute their nourishment; meat seldom falls to the share of these Arabs generally, and of the poor among them but exceptionally.

The following extract from a more recent letter of the same Missionary informs us that he has obtained permission to open a school amongst them, and was making preparations for its commencement.

On the 30th August 1867 I was able to visit the camp of Sheikh Ismain, this time a little further from Bethlehem, in the valley of "the mother of the Scorpions."

I told him I was ready now, in consequence of his permission, to open a school—a migratory school. "Very well," said he; "I'll propose the question to the elders, and let you have the answer as soon as possible." I spoke once more of all the advantages of such a school, and he and his chief counsellor—others were not admitted to the conversation—seemed much in favour of the proposal. A few days after this interview, his chief counsellor, Ibrahim, called on me in town, and told me that the Sheikh had conferred with the elders about the matter, and that they now want to know whether I intend to appoint a Christian teacher. Some would object to this; others are indifferent; and others again think a school to be a luxury. I said, "The teacher I appoint will certainly be a Christian;" and he allowed it was quite right for me to appoint whom I pleased; he and the Sheikh would not oppose. I added, "Whenever I visit your camp, it is to preach to you the Gospel, and hitherto you and many others seemed to be pleased with that. If I open a school for your children, I do so as a preacher of the Gospel,

&c." Some days afterwards he called again, and said the majority were against a Christian teacher; whereupon I declared I could not appoint a Moslem: the teacher must be under my control, and thus I should be obliged to look out for other people who would better appreciate the gift I am authorized to offer. In the course of our conversation it appeared all at once that the Sheikh's people thought the school would be a compulsory one, into which every parent would be obliged to send his children, *nolens volens*. I was very glad to have discovered this misapprehension in time, and requested him to explain to the people that our school was destined for the children of those only who would send them quite of their own accord. He seemed glad at this explanation, and promised to bring an answer within a few days, at latest on September 19. The day passed without any answer; but on Friday (next day), about noon, the Sheikh's brother, himself a khatib, made his appearance to tell me all was right now, and the school could be opened any time I pleased. I thanked God from all my heart, who had again heard my humble prayers.

Next week, then (D.V.), I will go to make the few preparations required by so simple an establishment—the word is not quite pertinent—and to introduce the teacher, a young man of Bethlehem, my former out-station, who knows the Scriptures pretty well: he is a Protestant, has some Missionary spirit, and has hitherto been unblameable in his conduct. My trust is in the Lord, and to Him do I pray that He will bless the children, and turn the minds of their poor ignorant parents into the way which would bring them peace and everlasting happiness. Amen.

The following account of a marriage amongst the Arab peasantry, or fellahin, will give our readers an insight into their manners and customs. It is extracted from a letter written by the Rev. F. A. Klein—

Last week I was invited by a Mohammedan Sheikh of a large village about five hours north from here, to be present at the marriage of his sons. He being a very influential man, and having connexions with many of the Sheikhs of the surrounding villages, I considered this a good opportunity of forming new acquaintances, and speaking a word in season to any who may be willing to engage in religious conversation.

The village is called Mazzaa, and thither the schoolmaster of Ramallah accompanied me as a guide. The day was fearfully hot, and the way rugged and fatiguing. From a distance we heard the frequent reports of guns, which announced that the marriage rejoicings had already begun. We soon reached the village, surrounded by thousands of olive-trees, the chief resource of the people of this district. As soon as the Sheikh, already busily engaged in making the preparations for the feast, saw me, he came to meet me with many compliments and sweet words, and led me to the mosque, an old, dirty building, blackened by smoke, where most of the invited aristocracy of the neighbourhood were already seated on mats and carpets spread on the floor. Before entering this reception-hall, I passed a group of women, to whom notice was given that I was one of the honourable guests, and in consequence of this they

began to welcome me by the shrill tones always to be heard at Arab rejoicings. Seated on the floor I found the seven bridegrooms who were to be married that day, with silk turbans round their heads, and new cloth cloaks on, partly adorned with gold lace. Five of them were brothers, and two near relatives; the youngest about nine, and the oldest about twenty-five years old. Near them I found some of my friends from Jerusalem, who had also been invited; among them two members of our native congregation. After the usual lemonade and coffee, I began to look about me, and to engage in conversation with my neighbours. Sheikh Chsein Samchan, also a famous and formerly powerful chief, came to welcome me; two of the bridegrooms were his grandsons, and his face consequently beamed with joy. Frightful shooting went on till night, and was especially noisy whenever a new party arrived. In the afternoon the whole assembly, with the bridegrooms on horseback, with a party of primitive drummers and fifers to lead the way, went to some distance under the shady olive-trees, where the young people amused themselves for about an hour and a half by shooting at a mark. The gun is not so much required now as formerly, when the fellahin were in constant feuds among themselves. Those days of feudal government are passed now. Sheikh Samchan told us of the many battles he had fought with his faithful fellahs, and allied Bedouin riders, and how he once routed several thousand enemies, with forty Bedouin horsemen and about 1500 of his own people and men from Ramallah, who were his allies. He said he did not regret having lost his chieftainship, but only wished now to be left quiet by Government.

Towards evening, dinner, or rather supper, was served to the guests invited on that occasion. The Sheikhs and ourselves were served on the terrace of a house from which we could observe what passed below in the market-place, and on the roof of the mosque. All was full of fellahin, settled in groups of ten or twelve persons, and rice, meat, and bread were set before them in large wooden bowls, from which they eagerly ate with their hands. Women carried these bowls on their heads in various directions, and the father of the bridegrooms was standing on the top of a wall with his shirt-sleeves tucked up, reaching them to the women. After dinner I had a conversation on the Korán and the Gospel with an Effendi from Jerusalem, a very nice man, who spoke with the greatest respect of the New Testament, and said his only objection to it was that it taught that Christ was the Son of God. After sunset began what they called, "Nekood," i.e. the giving of money by the invited guests, instead of other presents, to the bridegrooms. This is done with great ceremony and noise. A man with a Stentor's voice gets up and calls out the name and the amount of money paid by each guest, so that the whole assembly may hear it, the women applauding by their shrill cries. After a variety of other rejoicings, which lasted till eleven o'clock at night, the bridegrooms were accompanied to their respective homes, and every one retired to his night quarters, and I to the corner of the roof where I had spread a mat and carpet, covering my face with a handkerchief for fear of the night dew, which is very injurious to the eyes, and often causes ague; but though my bed was as hard as a stone, I scarcely remember a night when I slept so soundly.

### THE MISSION SCHOOLS OF ALLAHABAD.

THE following extract is taken from the "Southern Cross," a newspaper in the English language, edited by natives of India, and published in that country. As the testimony of a native to then ative-Christian flock at Allahabad, it will command the more interest—

A source of great interest to those who have at heart the conversion, education, and improvement of the native population, are the schools and other institutions connected with the native Christians.

At Allahabad there is a village near Trinity Church, containing about 400 of these people, employment for whom is provided by Government. They have their own pastor, one of themselves, a man highly esteemed, and worthy to be so; they have their own service in the church, conducted in their own tongue; and on Sundays, twice during the intervals between the English services, may be seen coming out of church, with their books, all neatly and cleanly dressed in the native costume, and with a remarkable intelligence and brightness in their faces, taken as a whole, which appears to lift them into another atmosphere from that of the natives generally.

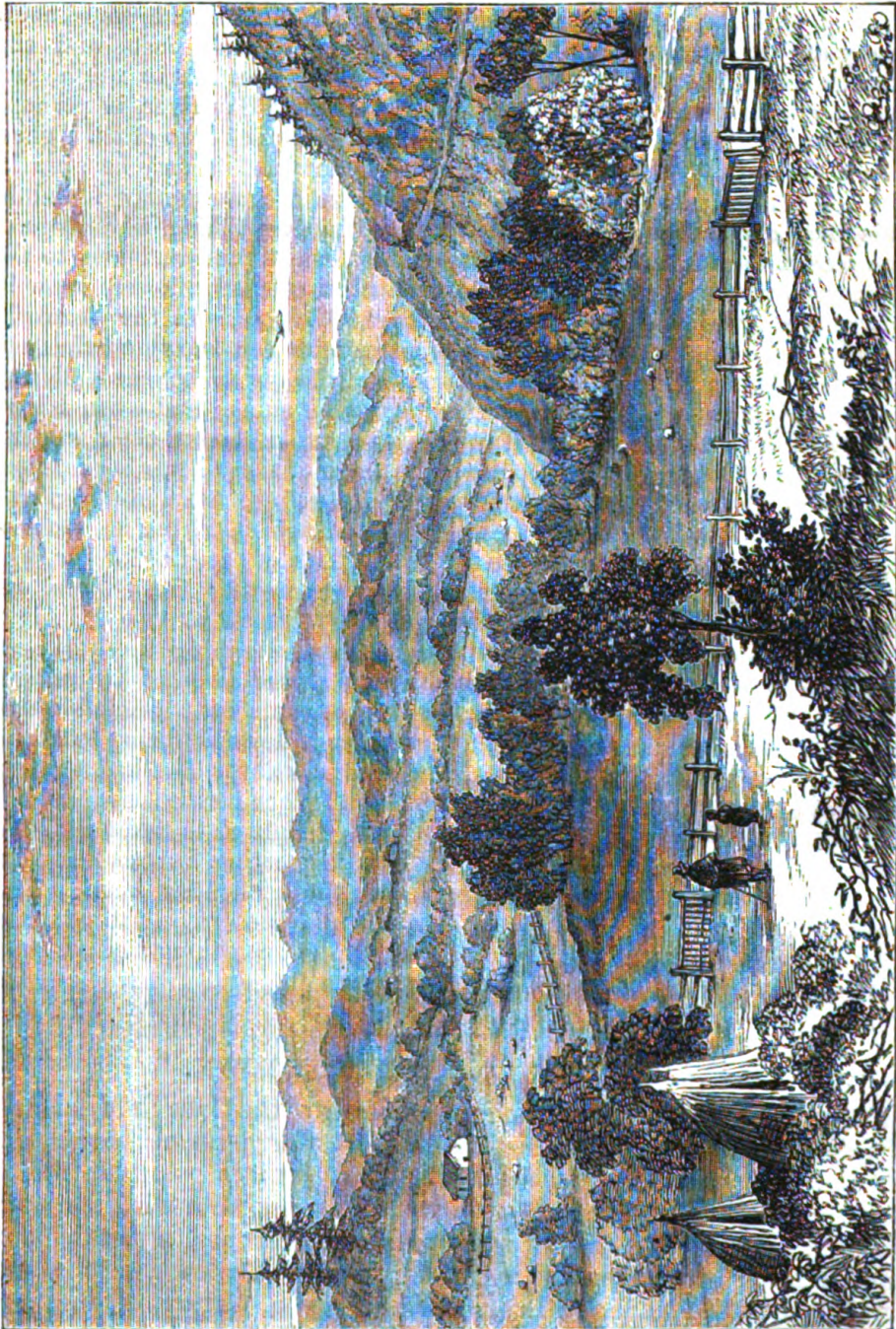
Like their English brothers and sisters, these children have their school-days and holidays, and enjoy both in a similar manner. We were present at the examination and distribution of prizes at the native-Christian schools a day or two ago. They are taught every thing in English, and this is made intelligible to the earlier classes by an immediate translation of each word into the vernacular. Thus all spelling-lessons, or recitations, except for the elder boys and girls, are double—"a colloquial sandwich," as a facetious correspondent describes it. Some of the children are extremely quick, and by no means confine their translation, in either tongue, to a stereotyped word or phrase, but show that their minds are at work, by betraying no slight knowledge of words and their meanings. We may sum up their studies by saying that prizes were awarded for proficiency in every thing, from spelling to the first three books of Euclid amongst the boys, and for sewing, amongst other things, to the girls. Some got prizes for two subjects, and especially there was a reward given for good conduct, which, though we have named it last, was with right judgment bestowed first.

To us there was much of interest in the whole proceedings. All the children, with the exception of four, were Christians, born of Christian parents. The native pastor, who presided with so evident an anxiety and pleasure over them, numbered some of his own children amongst these little ones of his flock, thus evidencing the primitive simplicity and unity in which he and his people live.

The teachers are natives, and we must say that their quiet and modest deportment, the pleasure and sympathy with which they rejoiced with the prize owners, their sensible adherence to the native dress, and the absence of all affectation among them, made us wish that more self-asserting native teachers elsewhere, could see and learn from what we saw.

MAL BAY.

DURING the great heat of the summer holidays, July and August, visitors of all ages crowd the many steamers bound to various watering-places on the banks of the Saint Lawrence. One of the nearest villages chosen



VIEW NEAR LAKE OF ST. AGNES, CANADA.

*December, 1867.*

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for a change of residence is Mal Bay, ninety miles from Quebec, opposite to Kamouraska, another watering-place, fringing the shore with white habitations, looking silvery and placid across the broad shining waters; but in point of scenery the mountains of the north shore claim the chief attraction, and the visitor frequently returns to the winding lanes and hills of Mal Bay, year after year, in search of health and amusement. Many are the pleasant drives to be taken in country carts and the French *calèche*, to the different lakes and pretty sites in the neighbourhood: one in particular, on the banks of the Mal-Bay river, is perhaps the most interesting; winding valleys lead to the quiet lake of St. Agnes, bounded by the St. Lawrence range of mountains, as may be seen in the sketch taken on the spot. Indian huts are constantly found in this part of the country, the half-civilized natives taking advantage of the season to sell their neat baskets of bark, white pine and ash, to the numerous visitors. Along the roads clusters of showy flowers grow in luxuriance; the golden rod rears its bright blossom, and the beautiful *calmia*, from hues of pink to rich crimson, with the snowy everlasting, and the Michaelmas daisy. Children are always to be seen offering baskets of strawberries or raspberries for trifling sums; and when I have bestowed upon them presents of religious tracts and books, their surprise and delight I remember with pleasure. Some of these little books, from Paris and Brussels, with coloured-paper covers, are most inviting, and they contain much of interest, as well as instruction, giving accounts of lovely characters of juvenile lambs of the flock of the Lord Jesus, who have trod the narrow path that leads to everlasting life. Upon one occasion, while standing at the door of our cottage at Cap à l'Aigle, looking down on the broad St. Lawrence, and watching the steamers, and vessels, with their sails set, gliding by, I was accosted by an aged woman, who advanced slowly and humbly towards me. She addressed me in French, and craved a boon; the object of her visit being to obtain from me one of those little books I had given away. She had nothing, she said, to give me in return but one wild pigeon which she held in her hand, and begged me to accept. I felt delighted to find that I had one pretty book left, which I gave her, requesting her to keep her intended offering. Her joy at receiving the wished-for boon I shall never forget; she looked as happy as if she had been made the possessor of a valuable treasure. Before I had time to enter into particulars relative to her history, she vanished from my sight, and I never saw her again.

E. S.

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 A LETTER FROM REGENT'S TOWN.

REGENT'S TOWN! Who among the friends of the Church Missionary Society is ignorant of the history of this Sierra-Leone parish, and of the interest which attaches to it. And yet it is possible; for the old generation of friends, who were cotemporary with its early history, are rapidly passing away to a brighter and a better land, and another generation has sprung up, which only knows of the commencement of the Sierra-Leone Mission as a history of the past, which has been handed down from others. But we would recom-



mend for parochial libraries the memoir of the first Missionary to Regent's Town, the Rev. W. A. B. Johnson.

Regent's Town was a spot selected by the authorities of early days as the future home of some from amongst the many poor negroes, who, having been liberated from the slave-ships, were set on shore at Sierra Leone. It was then called Hog Brook, from the multitude of wild hogs frequenting the beautiful stream that flows through it. Miserable they were, these poor Africans. Full of grovelling and malignant superstitions, greegrees, red-water, witchcraft, devils' houses, without any knowledge of God, and under the power of evil,—they were indeed the most abject of the human race.

It was not a promising wilderness to reclaim, but Johnson trusted in God, and went to work with the means the Lord had bid him use. He did not come amongst the negroes as Augustine among the Anglo-Saxons, who, with his companions, came, as Venerable Bede records, "bearing a silver cross for their banner, and the image of our Lord and Saviour painted on a board; and, singing the Litany, they offered up their prayers to the Lord for the eternal salvation of themselves and of those to whom they were come." "They wrought," it is added, "many miracles," and then was introduced into this country that intermingling of heathen customs with Christianity which has been followed by so much mischief. Pope Gregory ordered that the temples of the idols in England should not be destroyed, but the idols only; but, for the purification of the buildings that were to be turned to Christian uses, he added, "Let the holy water be made and sprinkled in the said temples; let altars be erected, and relics placed."

But Johnson neither used a silver cross for a banner, nor the miracles, so-called. He did lift up a standard, but it was by voice. He taught and preached. He told them of a Saviour, who had come from heaven to seek and save that which was lost, and who had died to save sinners. There are some who say that ignorant men cannot understand about Jesus and his work. There is nothing that, if simply told, with such facility enters the dark mind. It is as a ray of light—"The entrance of thy word giveth light, it giveth understanding to the simple."

On December 7th, 1818, was held the first anniversary of the Missionary Association of Regent's Town. Several Missionaries attended, and a great number of the Africans from Regent's Town and Gloucester. Several of the natives, who had come under the power of Christianity, spoke. One said, "I have great reason to thank the Lord Jesus Christ for his goodness and mercy, when I think of the sin and misery I was in. My father die, my mother die, and I had nobody to take care of me. Then they sell me; but it pleased God to bring me here. Afterwards I hear that Jesus Christ came to die for sinners. I feel it; and it pleases God to

enable me to hear it now. We cannot save the souls of our countrymen; but we can give coppers to send Missionaries, as there is no way to be saved but by Jesus Christ. Stand not still and say 'We can do nothing;' but try, and pray, and send Missionary."

Those were precious times, the first dawn of the morning on the shores of Africa, bright, and fresh and glorious. Fifty years nearly have passed since, yet the sun which rose then has not set; nay, it is still climbing to its noon-day height, from whence, when reached, it will never set; nor has the work, so well begun, died out in Regent's Town.

Regent's Town is no longer a Missionary station. The Missionary work is finished, for the people are all professing, and many of them intelligent and earnest Christians, and the Missionary work has ripened into pastoral work. Regent's Town is one of the parishes of the Sierra-Leone Church, and the parochial clergyman is the Rev. George Nicol. He was once one of our Missionaries, and received his maintenance from us. Now the church of which he is one of the pastors supplies to him what is requisite; the fund out of which such payments are made arising from the contributions of the African Christians themselves, who prove that they value the ordinances by meeting the expenses connected with them.

Some few years ago Mr. Nicol was in this country, and stirred up the hearts of Christians in England by his addresses at many meetings. The writer of this little paper stood side by side with him on the Church Missionary platform at Norwich, and listened with deep interest to his testimony to the reality of the work done in Africa. By many friends at home he is affectionately remembered, and some places keep up a continual intercourse with him, and send him various little helps in the way of contributions of books and clothes. How much he prizes such expressions of sympathy will appear from the following letter addressed by him to a friend at home, in which we have tidings of what continues to be done at Regent's Town—

*June 14*—Many thanks for your last. The box has come safe to hand, and Mrs. Nicol and I were much pleased with the contents. It seems that the box was opened at the Mission house, and the contents of a smaller case from another friend added before shipment. I suppose the long shirts come from you. They are very useful. It is funny to see on a Sunday one or two of the poor old people coming to Church in their long shirts. The needles, scissors, &c., and unbleached cotton, are all useful in Mrs. Nicol's sewing department. This is just the kind of help we need. Our day school is increasing in numbers. Mrs. Nicol's sewing girls number about thirty. Without your aid, and that of some of my friends, it would be difficult for us to procure materials, needles, thimbles, &c., for such a large number of children. They do not bring these things with them to school. We always remember our neighbouring parish, when we have any to spare. When you are able to

help us again, please put in some cheap or common pocket-knives for rewards for the boys; and pens and holders, and some note-paper and envelopes. What you sent me were useful, and came just in time. Our Sunday school is also progressing. Many of our old people, who thought that they were too old to learn, have, at the eleventh hour, commenced the A B C. The school is under the superintendence of a young man, named John Morgan. You may have seen his name in the "Green Book." I thank God that He has raised up one so thoroughly devoted to the good work in this parish; it is such a comfort to a minister. Any second-hand books for Sunday-school teachers will be acceptable. We have just had our annual meeting for the Pastorate. Our special efforts amounted to about 230*l.* This does not include the class receipts throughout the colony, which average about 600*l.* yearly. The Colonial Government has given us an annual grant of 500*l.* We have taken up two more districts into the Pastorate, making eleven in all. The Church Missionary Society retains the two churches in the city. The Lord is owning the work of his servants.

You have, by this time, heard of our Jubilee celebration last year. The Colony subscribed 800*l.* as a thank-offering to the Church Missionary Society. My own parish raised 30*l.* My annual meeting was numerously attended. The large church was quite full: about 700 people were present. By previous arrangement, all the survivors of Johnson's converts, numbering about twenty in the parish, were placed in the front pews. Three of the oldest—John Smart, John Thomas, and William Buck—addressed the congregation, in their own simple, but earnest, style, carrying us all back to the time when the sainted Johnson laboured among them with great success. It was a deeply-interesting meeting; and all separated thankful to God for what our eyes have seen.

How thankful ought our people to be, as I told them from the pulpit on Sunday morning, that they have the pure Word of God preached to them by the Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, and pastors trained up by them in the same old path. Our pastors, thank God, preach nothing but Jesus, and Him crucified. They know of Ritualism, and High Church, and Broad Church, and Low Church, only in the English papers. Some come to me to explain the meaning of these terms. Pray that the Lord may continue to smile upon us, and keep us still under the wings of the Church Missionary Society.

How are our dear friends at the Rectory? I hope well. It is curious, that in a box sent me by a dear friend, containing old books and maps for my parish, I found a little book containing sermons, very plain, for children, published by the estimable Rector of your parish. You may imagine with what pleasure I read it. Give all my best respects. How is your Sunday school? I think of the dear children with much interest. I suppose you have all new faces. But there may be some to remember an African who addressed them in 1862. May the Lord bless them all!

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A CONTRAST.

THE following facts, communicated to us by one of our Missionaries at Peking, the Rev. W. H. Collins, do present a very

remarkable contrast between the poor heathen, who in the day of trouble call upon gods that cannot save, and the Christian, who knows that true God, who is at such times a "very present help."

The country round Peking has been suffering for several successive years from drought. The quantity of rain in each year has been much below the average. Last year and this, the wheat crop has been an entire failure. The consequence is, that flour has so much risen in price as to be above the reach of the mass of the people. Hitherto there has been an abundant supply of millet and Indian corn, which are always largely used, and are regarded as a tolerable substitute for flour when this is unobtainable; now, however, both the millet and Indian corn, which have been recently sown, are threatened with destruction. The Emperor has put forth repeated proclamations calling for prayer for rain. I subjoin a translation of the two latest edicts, and, by way of contrast, an account of the simple yet fervent and effectual prayer of three native Christians.

Extracts from the "Peking Gazette" of the third and fourth days of the fifth month—(June 4th and 5th).

"Edict. Because in the district round the capital from the spring to the commencement of summer the gift of rain has been slight, we have already several times erected an altar and prayed, and have ourself gone to the 'great high temple.' Although we have obtained the gift of heaven and received refreshing showers, they have not been universal. Now that seed-time has come, and the matter is still more urgent, we ought again to worship and make earnest supplication. We ourself will, on the 7th day of this month, go to the 'great high temple' and prostrate ourself in prayer. We send Prince Chwun to worship and sacrifice at the altar of heaven, and Prince Koong to sacrifice and worship at the altar of earth. The Prince Choong will reverentially sacrifice at the temple of the year; the Prince Soo will proceed to the temple of 'awakening life;' the Prince E to the 'dwelling of the black dragon;' at the 'Palace of the Seasons' will be the Prince Hwuy; to the temple of the imperial ancestry the Prince Le will proceed; the Prince Jwuy to the temple of universal benevolence; to the 'temple of combined harmony' the Prince Yue is ordered to repair and burn incense. All are, for the time appointed, to remain day and night, beginning at the seventh day. The Taoist priests in the 'great high temple' must all pray; the Buddhist priests at the 'temple of awakening life' must all chant prayers, and offer incense day and night by courses. The officer Wang-da and his people must worship earnestly, and thus invite the gentle breezes and refreshing rain. We relieve Kwang Yue, who was originally sent to worship day and night, and send in his stead Yue Ching. The Prince of Chung to go forward to the city Mih-yuen, to burn incense at the 'dwelling of the white dragon.' All must perform the ceremonies ordered, and the Board to which it appertains must reverentially and diligently repair. Respect this."

"Edict. The Censor, Lin-ping-hou, has memorialized, inviting us to re-establish a benevolent plan of government, and so call down the gentle wind and refreshing rain.

"This year the season of rain is already come. We have already

prayed diligently and humbly, but have not obtained abundant rain. It is clearly needful to re-establish the benevolent system of government, that so we may greatly influence the high heaven. Recently, during the dispersion and disorganization of the rebels, the poor refugees have lost their dwelling-places : still worse, many have been killed in mistake by our soldiers : thus the harmony of heaven and earth has received a grievous wound.

“The Governor-General and the Superintendent of each province must commiserate, and not suffer the soldiers to kill and destroy. Moreover, our brave soldiers have lost their lives in defence of their country, and their families have no dependence. We ought greatly to pity. Each Governor-General and Superintendent must diligently seek out the orphans and the desolate who have no dependence, and at once set on foot some plan of feeding and clothing them.

“Amongst the people there have been those who in time past have destroyed their children. This we have long ago strictly forbidden ; but now that the people are driven from their homes, it is difficult for them to avoid this sin, so houses for the maintenance of infants must be established. In the places of the defeat of the rebels the dead soldiers have not been buried, but lie on the surface of the ground. The Mandarins to whom this business appertains must at once bury them, that the bodies be not exposed to wind and rain.”

Extract from a letter of the Rev. C. R. Mills, American Presbyterian Missionary, Shantoong.

“The summer of 1865 will not soon be forgotten in this province. It was a time of fearful drought. The millet, beans and corn were nearly all ruined, and the people were thrown into great distress.

“During the prevalence of this drought the poor heathen were constantly going in procession to the temples to plead for rain.

“At that time three members of the Baptist Church in Tung-chow were living at no great distance thence in the country. Two of them, men of moderate means, lived on their little farms near a market-town twenty miles from the city ; the third, a poor woman, lived at a small village five miles from the city. It happened on one occasion that these three Christians had come together for some purpose. As was very natural, they talked of the drought. While thus talking, one of them said, ‘We are doing very wrong. These poor people, our neighbours, are constantly praying to false gods for rain. Of course it is all in vain. We worship the God who can give rain, and who has promised to hear prayer. We ought, before this, to have met together and spent a day in prayer to the living and true God for rain.’ The others assented, and it was agreed that the three should meet at the village of the Christian woman to pray for rain. On the day fixed the two men came to the house of the Christian woman. From the house they went out into the principal street of the village, and, having collected a crowd, announced that they were about to pray to the Christian’s God for rain, and invited any who were willing to join them. At first, the majority of the villagers were disposed to do so, but most of them soon turned away, and hooted at the Christians for worshipping the God of the foreigners. Some eight

or ten persons, however, went to see the service. The Christians chose a service that seems to us very singular. They went up to the top of a mountain at about four in the afternoon, and spent the whole night in fasting and prayer. At sunset and afterwards they read the Scriptures and prayed together; at midnight and at daybreak the same, spending all the intervening time in private prayer. They continued their exercises until the next day, having abstained from food about twenty-four hours. They then went and took some dinner with Mrs. Hong, the Christian woman; after which, one of the men returned home. The home of the other man being too distant to allow him to reach home that evening, he spent the night in the village. He started for home next morning, and was thoroughly drenched before he could reach it. The people of the village were convinced that the Christians' God gave the rain in answer to the prayers of his servants, and at first insisted on burning incense as a thank-offering.

"The conduct of these three Christians was entirely spontaneous. So far from suggesting it, the Missionaries knew nothing of it till some time afterwards."

THE PASSOVER.

LINES WRITTEN BY A CRIPPLE, SHORTLY AFTER HIS CONVERSION FROM ROMISH ERROR TO PROTESTANT TRUTH.

THIS young man was intended for "office" in the Romish priesthood, but while preparing, he was visited with a severe affliction, which obliged him to return to his parents in Dublin. While there, the family were visited by two Scripture readers of the Irish Church Missions Society to Roman Catholics; and though this young man at first refused to hear their instruction, looking upon them (he afterwards confessed) as "two devils," because, as laymen, they attempted to explain the Scriptures, yet by their Christian perseverance and attention, his prejudices were overcome: he listened to their words; "the Lord opened his heart," and soon he was a rejoicing believer in the Lord Jesus Christ as his only Saviour. He constantly attends the Mission church in Dublin of that Society; and, though painfully crippled, he never omits, when present, to receive the Lord's Supper, though to do so is attended with great pain, owing to the posture in which he is obliged to place himself.

EXODUS XII.

When Israel's sons in bondage were,
 Beneath great Pharaoh's power,
 The Lord Jehovah, by His arm,
 Did free them in that hour.
 For after causing many plagues
 On Egypt's sons to fall,
 He smote by His avenging arm,
 The firstborn things of all.
 But Israel's children were the Lord's,
 And, wishing them to save,
 A mark by which they might be known
 He to His children gave:
 "Thus saith the Lord, Take ye a lamb,
 Which kill, and with the blood

Strike on the doorposts of your house,
 I am the Lord your God.
 To smite in wrath proud Egypt's sons,
 That I intend to do;
 But when I look upon the blood,
 I will pass-over you."
 Thus all the world lies dead in sin,
 Judged and condemned by God,
 But true believers He will pass,
 Because He sees the Blood;
 'Tis even Jesus' blood He sees,
 Which Jesus shed so free,
 And if I'm sprinkled with that blood,
 God will pass-over Me.

AN ACCCOUNT OF G. KRISHNAYYA'S CONVERSION.

By the providence of the Almighty God, I was born on September 15, 1838, at Ellore, a town nearly fifty miles inland, north-north-west of Masulipatam. My father is a lay-Brahmin, of the Smartava sect, more inclined, however, to the Vaishnava than the Saiva system of faith. Being himself a man of piety and devotion, according to his own religion, he took great care in training me up in the faith of Vishnu, and in forming me an orthodox Brahmin. Accordingly, he performed at an early age my upanayanam, or the first Vedic rite that initiates a Brahmin youth into the ceremonies enjoined by his religion.

He also bestowed great pains on my education, sending me to competent teachers to teach me the first elements of Telugu, and a few of the most important Suktas of the Rig-Veda; and also to a Mohammedan school, that I might learn some Hindustanee, the common language of our country.

It was with a view to qualify myself for some respectable Government post that I was sent to an English school at Ellore, belonging to the A. E. L. Mission, in charge of the Rev. C. W. Gronning, about 1849. But this school was soon abolished, and I had no place to study English or to receive any Christian instruction. Some English and German Missionaries, however, used to visit Ellore, either on their way to other stations or in their preaching tours. I used to take great pleasure in visiting them, being drawn to them by their very civil behaviour, their Telugu talking, and their neat printed Telugu tracts. I remember with much thankfulness how greatly I was benefited by the conversations I had with them, for they always warned me to flee from the wrath to come, and awakened me from my spiritual sleep. And although the good impressions I had received from Mr. Gronning and other Missionaries used often to wear away, yet I trust it was about this time that the word of God took some root in my heart.

In 1852 it pleased God to put it into the heart of His servant, Captain C. Taylor, to send me to Mr. Noble's school at Masulipatam, and also to defray my expenses at that place. I was admitted into the fifth class of that noble institution in June the same year, but owing to Messrs. Ratnam and Bushanam's conversion, my father took me home to Ellore, lest I also should become a Christian. I returned to school, however, in January the following year, and studied, besides other lessons, the Holy Scriptures with Mr. T. Howley, a very pious and valuable teacher under Mr. Noble at that time. Dear Mr. Noble's morning prayers at school, and his earnest and impressive exhortations from the word of God, were great means of grace to my soul. With Mallayya, whom it pleased God to call to the faith of his dear Son at the same time He called me, I was almost inclined to say, with respect to Mr. Noble's morning addresses, "Did not our hearts burn within us while Mr. Noble affectionately invited us this morning to follow Jesus?" But, alas! all my warmth of feeling, and all my love for the dear Saviour used to pass away like the morning cloud and like the early dew, and I used to relapse into my former love of the world, coldness to the Saviour, and indifference to my spiritual welfare. Add to this, Satan troubled me

with doubts as to the reasonableness of the Gospel plan of salvation, the sovereignty of God, and the responsibility of man. After this, again, my utter unworthiness of divine favour, and how it could be possible for a God of infinite holiness to acquit me from condemnation, and whether the great Redeemer would indeed love and save *me*, who hated and despised His very name, not to think of my other daily and innumerable transgressions ;—these questions troubled me long. By the great goodness of God, and by the help of his Spirit, I trust I came to some satisfactory conclusion on these points. A little book of the Religious Tract Society's, entitled "Jesus showing Mercy," was of very great use to me at this time. Last of all, I had some heartrending struggles in separating myself for life, not only from my caste and countrymen, but also from my dearest parents and brothers, and thus putting these to the greatest grief, and rendering myself lonely and helpless. But, thanks be to God, who gave me faith in His only-begotten Son and in His word, which assured me of His care for me, and of His rich and eternal reward for what little I may now lose for His name's sake. Our Christian teacher advised me at this time to read the "Pilgrim's Progress," and it proved a great blessing to me ; yea, it quickened me, by God's grace, to despise shame, and, like the blessed Faithful, count it all joy and glory to suffer for Christ ; and I was enabled to confess Christ openly by joining Mr. Noble on the 26th March 1855.

From the above date to the end of 1861 I had the inestimable privilege of living in Mr. Noble's house, and of studying, with him and his assistants, portions of the Holy Scripture, some English and Telugu literature, science and mathematics, some Greek, and a little Sanskrit. It is to Mr. Noble, under God, that I owe my education and my knowledge of the way of life. He was indeed a father to me.

Now it was dear Mr. Noble's wish that I should enter the ministry, but a concurrence of circumstances rendered it desirable that I should become a teacher in the first instance. In accordance with my long-cherished wish to bear my testimony for Christ to my countrymen in my native town, I was sent, in January 1862, to Ellore, to be the assistant Christian teacher of the Church Missionary Society's Anglo-vernacular school in that town. Here, for three years, in conjunction with Messrs. Alexander and Goodall, I had the blessed work of teaching the Gospel, in Telugu and Hindustanee, with some English lessons, to the Mohammedan pupils of that seminary. The last year, however, Mr. Noble transferred me to his own school, being in urgent want of Christian assistance to teach the Gospel to his increasing numbers, and I had the sweet though melancholy satisfaction of being present during the illness and death of my dear father in the Lord.

The Madras Corresponding Committee are pleased to re-appoint me to the Ellore school. May the Lord enable me to live and die in the service of my Saviour, after the glorious example of my father in Christ !

In conclusion of this short account, "I know that in me (that is in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing." If there be any thing good, and any work of grace in my heart, as I trust there is some, I owe it all "unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father. To Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

TWELVE NOTES FOR A MISSIONARY TREE.
ON CHARITY.

Earthly cares are fleeting fast,
But Charity will ever last.

Isaiah xl. 8; 1 Timothy i. 5.

Lovely alike the hope, the aim,
To spread afar the Saviour's name.

1 Chron. xvi. 24; Isaiah, liv. 13.

Perfumed thoughts are those that sigh,
Breathing of thee, sweet Charity!

Psalm cxli. 2; 1 Peter iv. 8.

Come then with me, and lend thine aid,
Dispelling gloom from error's shade.

Romans x. 15.

A flower there is of varied hue,
There's perfume in its name;
It seems to say, when friends are few,
Jesus is still the same.

Oh! who can doubt His charity?
So loving should his people be.

2 Cor. ix. 9; Romans xvi. 6.

To busy hands that swiftly ply
Cheerful skill with industry;
Yes, thou art dear, sweet Charity,
Lent to earth, never to die!

Proverbs xxxi. 20. 25.

Spurn the broad road, and tread the narrow way,
With Faith, and Hope, and lovely Charity.

Proverbs ii. 20, 21; 1 Cor. xiii. 13.

Hearts and hands are welcome here;
Sorrow, dry thy falling tear,
Sweet Charity can soothe each fear!

Psalm xxxiv. 3; Psalm cxxvi. 5.

Think of the destitute when Hope has flown,
The name of Jesus, Lord of all, unknown,
And cheer with kindly aid the sufferer lone!

Isaiah lviii. 10.

Seek ye to bid the heathen world rejoice,
Ye who have heard and loved the Saviour's voice.

John x. 27.

When all things fade, and health and strength decline,
There brighter still our Charity may shine!

2 Cor. xiii. 8; Colossians iii. 14.

There is a shining spot where hovering angels bend,
Supporting lovely Charity her path to wend,
And there true faithful hearts their energies may lend.

Daniel x. 18; 1 Cor. xiii. 7.

E. S.

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THE TAMIL COOLY MISSION.

THE central districts of the island of Ceylon are very beautiful, As you leave Colombo with the intention of visiting these districts, you travel by the Great Central Road, which passing through the rice-fields, so widely spread in the low country, begins after a time

to cross the spurs of hills, which descend from the mountainous districts in the south-centre of the island. Below are seen the plains stretching far to the west, while the onward path seems to be blocked by rugged mountain masses.

Southward from Kandy lies a tract of exceeding beauty and magnificence. A few years ago the flanks of the mountains were covered with dense forests. But the coffee planter came, and the forest ground was cleared to make room for his plantations, where, at an elevation of from 1500 to 4000 feet, they have both shade and shelter from sun and wind.

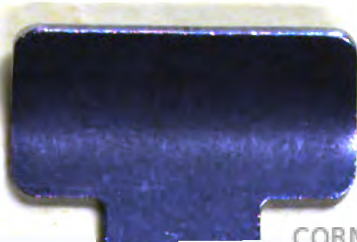
The people employed in this cultivation are not natives of Ceylon, but Tamils from South India. Of these there are not less than 200,000 employed on these coffee estates. For the Christian instruction of this mass a Mission has been formed. This was done at the wish of the planters, who are English gentlemen, desiring the temporal and spiritual good of their people. The Church Missionary Society supports one European Missionary, and under his superintendence there are employed as catechists and Scripture readers a number of Christian Tamils, sent forth by the native church in Tinnevely, whose salaries are paid by the liberal contributions of the planters. The work commenced in 1854, and it has gone on increasing from year to year, and, by the blessing of God, will, we trust, continue so to do. We find that there are now more than 1000 professed Christians, of whom 146 are communicants. During the past year 21 catechists have been employed in the pastoral superintendence of the native Christians, and in extending the knowledge of the Gospel amongst the heathen coolies.

The extent of territory is very great, and the native Christians are broken into little groups, widely separated from each other. It is deeply interesting to observe how the truth lays hold on new materials; how the fire spreads, and more souls are won to Christ.

Some years ago a man of good caste came over from Tanjore, and worked as a cooly in Lower Hewahette. He knew nothing of Christianity. The occasional preaching of catechists of this Mission was the means, under God, of giving him an earnest desire to be a Christian. He was baptized by Mr. Hobbs, and soon after expressed a wish to be employed as a catechist. He was told this was impossible, as he was not instructed sufficiently. "Then," said he, "send me to the Preparandi Institution at Palamcotta, that I may learn." "No," was the answer, "you do not know enough to be admitted as a student." The man, however, would take no denial; he resolved to go to Tinnevely, if necessary, at his own expense, and there his earnestness after a while gained him admission into the Palamcotta Institution. After two or three years he returned here, and has now for three years been a catechist employed by the Mission. He is one of those stationed agents to whose diligence and laboriousness the testimony of planters on the spot is readily given.







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