

THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY
GLEANER.

1855.

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"LET ME GLEAN AND GATHER AFTER THE REAPERS AMONG THE  
SHEAVES."—*RUTH II. 7.*  
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VOL. V. NEW SERIES.

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THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



A CHIEF LAMA AND HIS HINDU TEMPLE SERVANT. — Vide p. 3.

## KUNAWUR.

KUNAWUR, a Himalayan province of India, lying on both banks of the Sutlej, as high up as the frontiers of Chinese Tartary, is a very singular region. High ranges of mountains, many of them covered with perpetual snow, close it in on almost every side. Other chains, or impenetrable forests, occupy the greater portion of its surface. It is only here and there, in the valleys and sheltered spots, which are to be found like oases in the desert, that inhabitants are collected. But these spots are very beautiful, and after traversing some rocky sterile tract, naked save a few decayed and solitary pines, it is scarcely possible to conceive how refreshing it is to come in sight of one of these pleasant places. Apricot gardens, rising above each other in high terraces, clothe the slopes. Avenues of silver poplars enclose each terrace. Far below in the valley are seen, along the margin of the stream, mills and green gardens of herbs. Watercourses, passing over scaffoldings from twenty to thirty feet high, convey the stream from terrace to terrace. One of these villages is thus described by Dr. Hoffmeister, travelling physician to Prince Waldemar of Prussia, who was subsequently killed while in attendance on the Prince at one of the battles with the Sikhs on the Sutlej—

Kanum is one of the largest villages which we visited among the mountains. The inhabitants of the remoter villages, far and wide, flock together here to make their purchases. Articles of gold and silver, boots, woollen shoes, beautiful carpets and coverlets, and tasteful and ingenious wood-carving, are the products of the industry of this place. It contains, also, one of the largest Buddhist monasteries, and two temples of considerable size; so that it may boast the dignity of a capital in Kunawur. The houses are built on terraces, like a flight of steps on the hill-side. We pitched our tents on one of these terraces, a hundred paces from the village, close beside the great temple. A multitude of the curious soon crowded round us, and all manner of wares were brought and offered for sale—Chinese silken stuffs, silver hookahs, cloth boots, knives, and poniards. All the different merchants began their dealings by making us a present, consisting of a sort of bad raisins handed on large brass dishes: the prices, however, which they asked for their goods were so exorbitant, that in spite of their raisins they were speedily driven out of our tents.

When the cool of the evening drew on, I ascended the hill to the village. The houses in the first row are very high, and constructed in a very singular and clumsy style of thick cedar stems: the streets leading up to the second and third rows are narrow alleys, dark and filthy, and, in many cases, closed above by the overhanging houses. Doors and windows are most sparingly introduced: the former are guarded by a couple of long chains passing through a hole in the second story, while out of the latter is often seen peeping, not the human face divine, but the head of a horse or of an ass. That portion of the building which calls itself the ground-floor is, in fact, scarcely ever more than the stone basement on which the house rests, and the first story contains the stalls for the

cattle. It is only by night, or during the winter season, that the human inmates betake themselves to the dark chambers of the interior. In summer the roof is their usual abode, and, indeed, during the warm months they even sleep there.

The population of these valleys consists of Hindus and Tartars mingled together, the former prevailing more to the south, the latter to the north, until in the most northern district, Hungrung, there prevails a pure Tartar population. Here there are to be found commingled Hinduism and Lamaism. The temples of the Hindus are called deotas: they are lofty buildings, towering above other houses in the village, having roofs after the Chinese fashion, and projecting balconies. Kali is the goddess in greatest repute.

The Lama temples are numerous. One of them is thus described by our Missionary at Kotghur, who has lately visited this district. It is at Sungaum, north of Kanum.

The Lama showed me the temple inside and outside, and here, too, as at Kanum, we kept our shoes on. The temple is very large: a hall round it has a row of prayer-wheels, several hundred, each about a foot or a foot and a-quarter long and six inches diameter, of wood, the scroll of paper containing nothing except the sentence, "um mani pad mi hung," repeated a thousand times, inside, sewn up in a cloth. Every passer-by gives a turn with his finger. Nearly all of them look very dirty where the hand or finger has touched them. All are put up on an iron axis, between two planks. The temple itself is very large. The first room contains several larger and smaller idols of brass, standing on a small altar. Besides, there are three huge figures of clay, all painted over in very gay colours, red and yellow. Besides these, many old dirty clothes, masks, &c. The huge figures were called by the Lama above mentioned, Dakfo and Tufa, and the third, one of their great Lamas. Whether they are representations of Buddha and his chief Lamas I could not settle, as these Lamas altogether are very stupid. All along here we have evidently a mixture of the Hindu mythology and that of Buddh, as some of the pictures near these figures evidently betoken. To the right and left side are smaller rooms, in which the praying-machine was pulled by an old blind Lama, repeating constantly, as he pulled, the holy sentence. By every turn a small bell was touched and rung. A very little light comes in from an opening in the roof, on which a round umbrella-shaped covering rests, and this darkness gives a peculiarly strange effect to the whole scene.

Our engraving represents a chief Lama, sitting and chanting as he beats the cymbal. A small bell stands before him on a piece of wood. He sits on a Yarkand carpet. His Hindu temple servant—for it often happens that the Lamas have Hindu servants—sits behind him, beating with a stick a long round drum.

Kunawur is another of those regions which, in the providence of God, has been brought under British rule, and which, being thus open to us, claims at our hands the gospel.

## DAHOMY.

It will be remembered, that, nearly four years back, Abbeokuta and the Missionary work there were much endangered by a fierce attack made upon that city by Gezo, king of Dahomey, and his army, in which, after a sanguinary conflict, he was defeated, and compelled to retire into his own land. It was generally supposed, that, on a favourable opportunity, that attack would be repeated, and Abbeokuta has never been wholly free from exciting rumours connected with this subject, more especially in the spring season of the year. We begin now to entertain the hope that it will never be repeated. Dahomey has been itself invaded, and we trust successfully. The Wesleyan Missionaries have entered the land, and have obtained Gezo's permission for the commencement of Missionary work at Whydah, the seaport of his kingdom. We know that in battle, when the enemy is about to bring his whole strength to bear on one particular point, nothing can more effectively help, at such a moment, than a flank movement, so as to distract the enemy's attention. That has ever been found to constitute a most powerful diversion. Now this is just that which our Wesleyan brethren are doing. Gezo's favourite object decidedly was to extinguish the rising light of Christianity at Abbeokuta, nor does he seem to have ceased to entertain the idea, and, at an unexpected moment, he might have appeared upon the scene, helping one party against another, and filling the country with confusion. The commencement of Missionary work in his own country, by Protestant Missionaries, is one of the surest modes which could be adopted of diverting his thoughts from such plans. We earnestly pray that the Lord may condescend to crown with His rich blessing this effort for the good of Dahomey; that a new and humanizing element may be introduced into this savage kingdom, until Abomey shall cease to be a Golgotha, or place of skulls, and the females of that nation be no longer trained into bands of ferocious soldiery.

The Missionaries, Messrs. Freeman and Wharton, with two Dahomian girls who had been under their care, reached Whydah on May the 16th. The first object which caught their view showed the sad effects resulting from the diminution of the squadron on the African coast. Two large canoes were seen skirting the breakers, others following in quick succession. They were directed to a point of the shore where was set up a Portuguese flag. To the same point a large and beautiful brig directed her course, and cast anchor as near the breakers as possible. Instantly swarms of men and women, without clothing, issued forth from the oil-sheds on the beach. There they were, "the poor, helpless wretches, with thongs fastened to their necks, driven along the beach to the place of shipment." That brig took away 650 human beings from the coast of Africa. Four of them had leaped from the canoes into the sea, preferring death to slavery. Between this date and June 14, one

thousand odd were shipped. Is the slave-trade extinct? Not so. It never will be extinct until, by the action of the gospel, the African mind becomes indisposed to it. But that change is already taking place to a considerable extent in those countries where there has been Missionary effort, such as the Yoruba country. As yet it has only been partially effected; and shall England prematurely withdraw her cruisers, or leave a squadron crippled and unequal to the duties to be discharged? Our fleets in the Baltic and Black Sea will be nothing the stronger by taking away from the African coast the vessels needed for the repression of the slave-trade. It is remarkable that the "Penelope," Admiral Bruce's flag-ship, which did such good service in the African seas, was transferred to the Baltic, and there disabled. She got ashore under the range of the enemy's guns at Bomarsund, and was with difficulty saved from utter destruction.

On landing at Whydah, the Missionaries had their attention directed to "the extraordinary number of Fetish women parading the streets, at almost every hour of the day, adorned with the barbarous paraphernalia of their craft, and chanting most dolefully in chorus as they went along." At this dark part of the coast, indeed, Satanic energy, both on sea and land, seemed in special activity. They entered the snake temple at Whydah, which they thus describe—

It consists of a small circular mud building, about fifteen feet in diameter, having three entrances and a pointed thatched roof. On entering this habitation of serpents, and looking above head, there were fifteen or twenty of these disgusting reptiles knotted around the poles forming the roof, whilst others were stretched at full length on the top of the wall.

As we were leaving, a Fetish woman entered, with one of these loathsome objects of superstitious worship coiled round her neck, supporting its head and tail with either hand. As she approached the side of the building, she elevated the head of the reptile, which stretched itself till it had gained the summit of the wall, where it speedily nestled itself among its compeers in veneration.

In approaching the capital, Mr. Freeman thought he could discover traces of impoverishment in the country since his former visit. There is no doubt that the Dahomian government has suffered much in its finances, in consequence of the failure before Abbeokuta and the suspension of the slave-trade. The royal palace was found nearly in ruins, the greater part of it having been recently destroyed by fire.

It was not a favourable moment at which they arrived, it being the season of the great annual custom, at which human victims are sacrificed. A platform, called the Ahtoh, is erected in the centre of the market-place, Ah-jah-ee, about 100 feet square and 12 feet in elevation, with a breast-high parapet. The market-place is crowded

by a naked mob, consisting of the king's caboceers, soldiers, &c., amongst whom, from the platform, he showers down cowries, cloth, tobacco, &c. But there is another gift they look for. They would not be satisfied without it. These are the human victims. They are bound hand and foot, and, dressed in clean white dresses, with a high red cap, are tied in small canoes or baskets. The foot of the basket is placed on the parapet. Immediately underneath is a band of ruffians, armed with clubs and scimitars. On a given signal the basket is hurled over the parapet, and death follows instantaneously, the head being severed from the body. In this way all the victims are dispatched. The platform had been erected, and was standing in grim preparation for this horrid scene, when Messrs. Freeman and Wharton reached Abomey.

They had several interviews with Gezo, who professed his anxiety for the abolition of slave-trading in his dominions so soon as it could be accomplished consistently with the national prosperity. We can understand his readiness to abandon that which is no longer practicable. There was little use in bringing in slaves, the results of predatory expeditions on other nations, if, when sent down to the coast, there were none to buy them. But should the slave-trade revive, of which there exists at present considerable ground for apprehension, we fear that the temptation will prove too strong for his sable majesty. He, however, readily consented to the commencement of Missionary work at Whydah, and this, we repeat, is the most hopeful intelligence we have as yet heard respecting that dark kingdom.

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#### THE RURAL DISTRICTS OF CHINA.

**THERE** is a peculiarity in Chinese customs which attracts our attention, and makes us desirous to know more of the habits of a people in so many respects diverse from ourselves; and undoubtedly Chinese life and its singularities are becoming better known to us as intercourse with foreigners increases. One Englishman, intent on scientific pursuits, has been successful in making long excursions into the interior, and has published a book full of graphic scenes of Chinese life.\* His familiarity with Chinese manners appears to have placed the observant spectators whom he met at the different inns completely at fault. They could not help suspecting him to be a foreigner, yet could not bring themselves to believe in the possibility of a foreigner handling the chop-sticks as adroitly as themselves.

One of these expeditions was from Ningpo across the Bohea mountains to Woeshan, the great tea-growing district of China. Various large Chinese cities and towns were passed; amongst others, Hokow, or Hohow, containing 300,000 inhabitants, and the great emporium of the black-tea trade, whither merchants come from all

\* Fortune's "Wanderings in China."





parts to buy teas and have them conveyed to other parts. "Large inns, tea-hongs, and warehouses, are met in every part of the town, and particularly along the banks of the river. The boats moored abreast of the town are very numerous. There are small ones for single passengers, large passage-boats for the public, and mandarins' boats gaily decorated with flags. Besides these, there are large cargo-boats, for conveying tea or other merchandise." From this commences the ascent to the mountains, for the transit of which a chair is used, expressly constructed for the purpose. "It has above the seat a light bambu frame, covered with oiled paper or glazed cloth. The seat has a back to it, formed at an angle of forty-five degrees; and as the chair itself, footboard and all, is generally about four feet long, the traveller can recline and sleep, if he chooses to do so. Some soft article, such as the wadded bed-cover in common use, is generally spread over the bottom and back of the chair, which makes it very comfortable."

The road soon becomes one of a highland character, now climbing a hill, now descending a valley, then surmounting a higher

ascent still, from whence beautiful views are to be obtained, and the eye looks abroad upon a land fashioned fair and fertile for the use of man, but where He who formed it is forgotten and unknown. Now and then are met long trains of coolies, laden with chests of tea, many of them carrying only one chest, which contains the finer teas. "The chest was never allowed to touch the ground during the journey; and hence the teas generally arrive at their destination in much better order than the coarser kinds. The single chests were carried in the following manner—Two bambus, each about seven feet long, had their ends lashed firmly to the chest, one on each side. The other ends were brought together so as to form a triangle. By this means a man could carry the chest upon his shoulders, with his head between the bambus. In the centre of the triangle a small piece of wood was lashed under the chest, to give it an easy seat upon the shoulders. The accompanying sketch"—see preceding page—"will give a better idea of this curious mode of carrying tea than any description.

"When the coolie who carried his burden in this way wanted to rest, he placed the end of the bambus upon the ground, and raised them to the perpendicular. The whole weight now rested upon the ground, and could be kept in this position without any exertion." The ordinary teas are carried two chests at a time, suspended from either end of a bambu laid across the shoulders. When the porter rests, they of course are set on the ground."

On the sides of the hills, and on the well-drained level ground, the tea-shrubs may be seen dotted about; but as the traveller ascends, these are gradually left behind. Mountain on mountain continues to rise, until, as the higher elevations are gained, the traveller sees stretched out before him a rocky ocean, broken into waves, the crests of which are the summits of the ranges over which he has passed. At the highest point of the pass by which this range is crossed are the celebrated gates or huge doors which divide the provinces of Fokien and Kiang-se. Thence the descent leads to the river Min, at first a mountain stream, but gradually increasing, until, at Fuh-chau foo, it becomes a noble river.

Our Missionaries also make their excursions, which they turn to profit by entering into conversation with the villagers, telling them of Him who came to save sinners, and giving them tracts. The following narrative, by the Rev. R. H. Cobbold, of one of these pleasant trips, is interesting—

*January 26, 1854*—Mr. E. having come down here for relaxation, I had agreed to go a short trip in the country with him, and as the weather had promised more favourably yesterday we had engaged a boat, and started this morning at about seven o'clock. Our course was by canal till noon, and then we were to be drawn over a lock and proceed along the tide river. As the tide was just turning, and would be against us, we determined on a walk, as far as our time would permit, towards the hills, which looked very inviting, about ten miles off. Our



walk at first was along the canal, and, save as conversation occupied our time, would have been uninteresting enough; but after about an hour we came to the foot of some of the smaller hills, and another hour took us to a small but bustling place, where there is a stone quarry, from which considerable quantities are brought into the city for the purposes of flagging the roads and of building. As we had yet some time before us, we did not stay here, but, leaving a book here and there where a shop or a respectable-looking person promised attention to its contents, we pursued a more rugged road in among the hills. The country here had all the qualities of fine scenery—a swiftly running and winding stream, simple boats, with stone or firewood rafts of bambus, speeding down with the current; hills on either side, covered with verdure, chiefly of the pine and bambu; and all backed by a fine range of hills, whose summits were quite white with the recent snow. This scenery, and the keen air blowing from the snow hills, made our long walk one of much interest. We had heard of a remarkable precipice, which we made now the object of our walk, and managed to reach it: it is called the Teen tang ngæn, and from the following circumstance—Among these rocks a class of monsters called iao-kwæ had their residence. The delight of these was to injure men, and one of them managed to get mastership of a chemist's shop at Hang-chow, and thus, by selling wrong medicines, caused the death of several persons. At length, Heaven (Teen) being displeased at the misdeeds of these monsters in human shape, smote (tang) them, and the name of the precipice (ngæn) is thus called the Heaven-smiting precipice. There are also other legends connected with the place, which we did not learn very accurately, nor was it worth while spending much time about these things. At a turn in the road we sat down to eat a bit of bread we had brought with us, and had some wayfarers soon gathered round, to whom we spoke of the glad tidings of a Saviour from sin, and gave them some books. After some little difficulty and delay, we procured a small boat, and returned by water to the place where the stone quarry is. The scenery by water was more lovely even than by land, and the constant turns of the winding stream, opening continually fresh views of hill, and rock, and wood, and distant snow mountains, quite rewarded us for our toilsome walk.

*January 27*—We had gone, through the night, up the river, till the influence of the tide was hardly felt, and the shallowness of the water told us that we were again nearing the hills. On awaking this morning, we found that we had stopped about two miles short of the place we had intended, the boatmen maintaining that there was not sufficient water to go higher up. We had early breakfast, and started for a long day's walk to some waterfalls, which had not been visited very often by Europeans. They lay about twenty miles off, in among the hills; and this formidable walk we made up our minds for, hoping on our return to get a raft, which we had heard might be hired where the water was swift, and so to save our feet part of the journey. We took nothing with us but a few books for distribution on the road, and a piece of bread and an orange for our luncheon, trusting to the mountain stream for drink. After about two hours' walk we came to a large place, where was much bustle, this being the last day but one of the Chinese year. At this place we saw a simple development of mechanical

power. The swift mountain stream was made to turn a wheel, by whose force large pestles were raised, and then, falling by their own weight, they bruised rice-corn in a large mortar. We had not seen any thing of the kind before in the country, though I had heard of the existence of such things. They used to be referred to by one of our teachers, when we would mention the mechanical powers of the West. This was the same man who pointed in triumph to a pair of very primitive candle snuffers as a proof of the progressive march of science in China.

A man here offered himself as our guide. He, however, led us out of our way a mile or two, which we did not afterwards regret, as we saw the different scenery of two routes: he led us over a plain filled with sand and stones, called *sô-di*, ("the sand plain"). This had suffered very much from heavy rains last summer. The part of it which had been reclaimed and got under tillage choked again with stones and sand. Since the summer, active labour had been employed to reclaim again parts, but it looked very desolate: the path, in places, it was quite difficult to determine, and the way was very rough. After we had crossed this plain, we came to the foot of a hill, which we wound round, and gradually began our ascent of the mountain, where is the celebrated waterfall, and also a monastery not far off. We reached the part of the hill where the monastery and the fall are about noon, and were sorry that our time would not allow us to go further; for snow-capped hills yet above us, but requiring a walk of four or five miles to reach the summit, looked very tempting for a walk. We found out the fall, called "the precipice of the 1000 feet." It was most precipitous, and we lay down and crept to the edge, not without a sort of fear, as a slip would of course be certain death. The water rushed through a small gorge, and was quite dissipated into foam before it had completed its first leap. It then collected again, and formed several small streamlets, which again bounded down, until they formed into one rocky stream below, whose course we could trace all down the valley, and see the water of confluent streams which it joined in the distance. Not satisfied with viewing the fall from above, we descended the hill about a third of the way down, and, by scrambling along the side of the hill through brushwood, we had a good view of the water as it fell over the cliff, and wondered how we could have ventured to the edge of the tremendous precipice which we now saw. We were told that about twenty le (five miles) further on there was another fall, grander than this; and at the back of the monastery, which we had not time to visit, we saw a small fall. The place had evidently beauties sufficient to repay a week's residence to a lover of fine scenery.

Our return was by a more direct road, and so we saved the rough walking of the sandy plain. On reaching the place where the water-wheels are, we hired one of the rafts in use in the place, consisting of bambus lashed together, and turned up at the end by the action of heat: these, only drawing so much water as the thickness of the bambu, are very convenient for the transport of goods. We passed a great number on our way down, which were returning, loaded with the produce of the market, to their several localities. Our journey down on the raft was very interesting, though the scenery was hardly equal to that of yesterday. A distance of about ten miles was thus saved to our feet, and we reached our boat by half-past five

o'clock. While waiting for this raft, I had a good opportunity of speaking to a crowd who gathered round; but there was too much of novelty in the foreigners' dress and appearance to allow of a very quiet or patient hearing. We started off in the evening, and reached home the following morning.

When shall there be found, amidst the pleasant vales and on the lofty hills of China, Christian churches, with their chiming bells warbling forth the invitation to united prayer and praise, and the paths be covered with a population freed from the degrading yoke of idolatry and superstition, and happy in the worship and service of the true God? "I the Lord will hasten it in His time."

ELIZA BEAR—A NORTH-AMERICAN-INDIAN CONVERT.

SURELY, and from diverse quarters, the great multitude is being gathered in, which at length shall stand triumphant before the throne. They come "from the east and west," from the north and the south, to "sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven." Various are the ways in which the elect of God are being brought in; but the wondrous procedure is going forward, and amidst the trials and difficulties connected with Missionary work, it is our great encouragement that the Lord does condescend to use our feeble efforts for the accomplishment of His purposes of grace and love towards those "who shall be heirs of salvation." It is our privilege to record another instance of this, as communicated by the Rev. A. Cowley, in a letter dated Indian Settlement, Red River, June 14, 1854.

One death of considerable interest has recently occurred, viz. that of Eliza Bear. Eliza had been afflicted, apparently with consumption, for about eight years. When the Bishop of Montreal visited the station, she was carried and assisted into church to receive confirmation and the supper of the Lord. She lingered till May 27th, when it pleased the Lord to relieve her by death. At our Easter communion she could not be present, but lamented it much; and it was not till long after that I became acquainted with her. At my first visit I obtained but little satisfaction respecting the state of her soul, owing to my speaking Ojibwa, and she Cree, and having no competent interpreter. At my next visit Settee went with me, and then I became satisfied that she relied for the hope of salvation only on the merits of our Lord, and had "no confidence in the flesh." I therefore agreed, at their request, to administer to her the holy communion of the body and blood of Christ, and Saturday the 27th was fixed for the occasion. In the afternoon of that day, Mr. Settee and I went up with the necessary preparations, and found several other communicants assembled together with her. I addressed them in English, and Mr. Settee in Indian, and we afterwards celebrated the holy communion, of which all but one present partook. Our poor patient was fast sinking in death, and it was evident she could not now long survive. Her senses, blessed be God! were still active and strong for such a state, and what we could gather from her expressions

showed, that, although death was at hand, it was disarmed of its sting and terrors. Her mind seemed fixed on Christ, and one cannot doubt her "acceptance in the Beloved."

I had not long reached my home when tidings of her departure were brought me, in a request for a little calico in which to wrap her remains. I gave a piece which happened to be in the house, and which I suppose had been sent to the station by some of the pious persons at home, who, in this way, so bountifully administer to our wants, and so effectively relieve the necessities of our poor people, and for whom we and they have so much reason to bless God.

But for the Church Missionary Society, in all probability Eliza Bear might never have heard that blessed name, by which, as I trust, she is saved. We buried her remains on the morrow, "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life," and in prayer that when we depart hence "we may rest in Him, as our hope is this our sister doth."

Surely this is another call to labour "while it is day," which seems also to say, "That thou doest, do quickly."

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REVIVAL.

As the summer leaves, when autumn's nigh,
Trembling, fade, and droop, and die,
When its cold bleak winds they whistle by,
So fades our life.

As the tints on the clouds at the close of day,
Ere the glorious eve has passed away
Look bright for a moment, and then decay,
So fades our life.

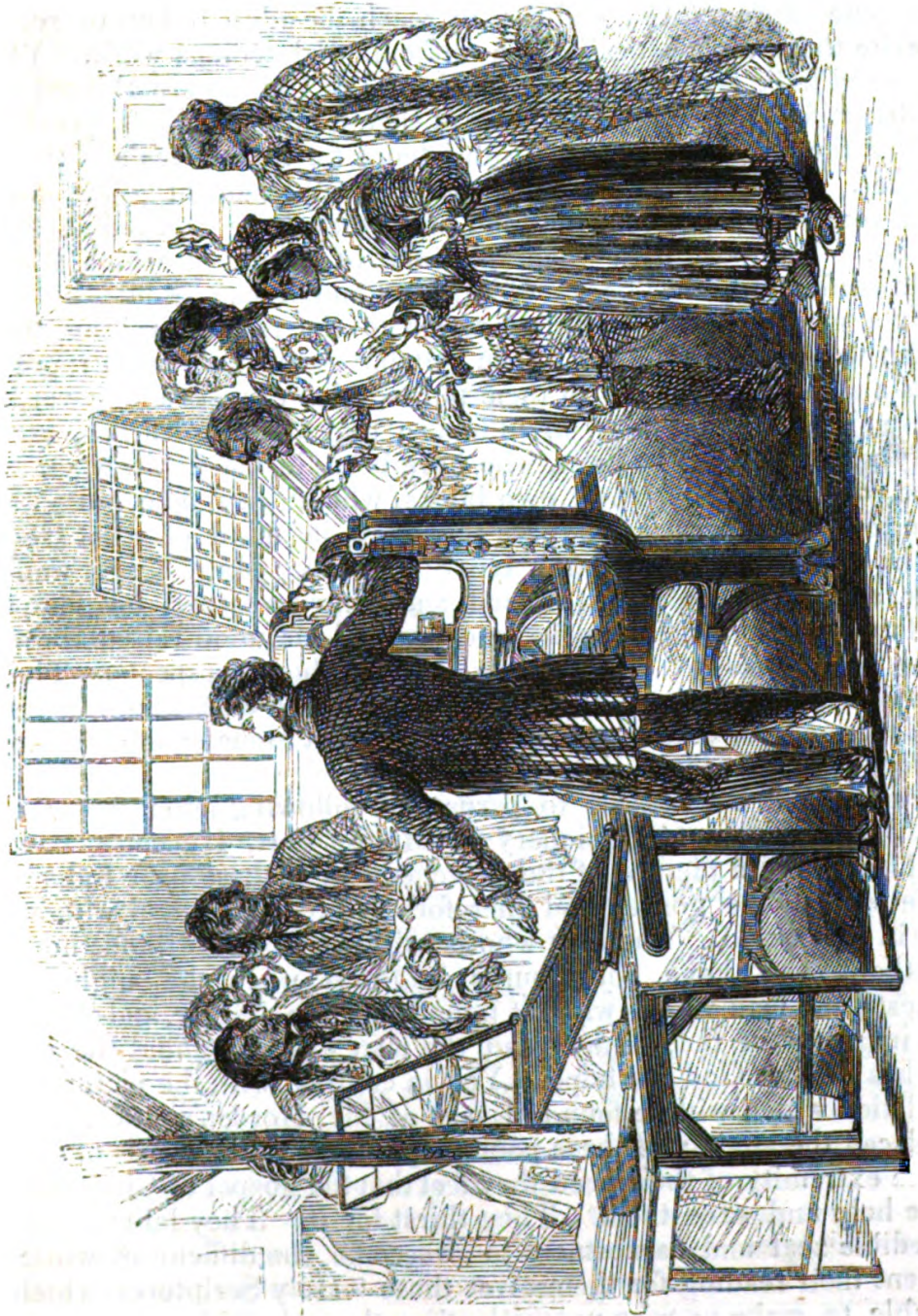
As the flower that blooms at dawn of day,
And gladdens the heart with its bright array,
Withers, and loses its colours gay,
So fades our life.

As the dream that we dreamt in the passing night,
Vividly painted before the sight,
Is forgotten and gone ere the morning light,
So fades our life.

Yes, emblems there are in these bright things here,
In these beauteous things to us so dear—
Emblems there are of our own decay;
And we too, like them, shall pass away.

But where shall we look for tokens here
Of that glorious time when the mourner's tear
Shall be wiped from his eye away?
The barren trees, when touched by spring,
A fresher verdure forth will bring;
And the morning tints again arise
With lovelier hues to deck the skies;
And the flower again, in colours gay,
Will gladden the eye with its bright array;
And the dream that we dreamt in the passing night,
Though it fade away from our transient sight,
Will usher us in to the glorious light
Of a life that never fades!

THE INDIANS OF HUDSON'S BAY AND THE PRINTING PRESS.
 THE American Indian languages are very peculiar in their construction. The words are bunch words. Word is added to word, until you have a group of words under the form of one word, and this complex word is expressive of a group of ideas. Take, for instance,



SURPRISE OF INDIANS AT MOOSE FORT ON SEEING THE PRINTING PRESS.

the Ojibway word, "paibaizhikögazhi." Here you have first the word "paizhik," which signifies "one:" repeating the first syllable with a slight variation, thus, "pai-baizhik," it denotes several. "Oskuzh" is the horny part of the foot of beasts: from hence the syllable "gazh" is added to the growing word. The final i is from "ahwaisi," "a beast," and the marked ö is a connective, the whole signifying "the animal with solid hoofs" (horse).

We might introduce many other instances, but this may suffice to show that the Indian words, when written full, present a very lengthened appearance; and that to teach the adult Indian to read or write them alphabetically is a difficult and tedious work. Yet they need to be taught soon and easily. The Indians are obliged to be absent for many weeks together at their hunting grounds, providing by the chase the means of subsistence for themselves and their families. They are then far removed from all means of grace, and need something to keep in mind what they have learned at the station. To have with them portions of Scripture which they could read, and other books of prayers and hymns, would be to them a great blessing. This has led to the plan of writing the Indian words, not in letters, but in syllabic signs. Each sign represents a syllable, and a few of them put together express a long word. These signs are not many in number; they are soon learned, and easily written by the Indians, who have been in the habit, when at home, of transcribing their own books, which they take out with them to the wilderness, and are thus kept in mind of what God speaks to poor sinners through His Son Jesus. Many a poor wanderer, amidst toil and want of food and wintry weather, has found comfort in these syllabic books, and has had his mind raised above pains and wants to better hopes and brighter prospects. The syllabic system, however, though useful, is not a substitute for the ordinary mode of writing the language. That alone enables us to transfer it to paper in its integrity.

We will ask our readers to peruse the following letter from the Rev. J. Horden, our Missionary at Moose Fort, Hudson's Bay. We have there a picture of the wretchedness of these poor Indians while without the gospel, and therefore without God, and without hope in the world. The man who is without God is without hope—without the hope that burns brightest when the night is darkest; the man who is without hope is open to despair, and all the evil impulses of the enemy; and the man who is without the gospel has neither God nor hope. Yet, in contrast with the picture of desolation which will be found in part of Mr. Horden's letter, is to be placed the anxiety of these poor people to learn the words of life. In the extremity of their need they feel that the gospel of Christ can alone help and save them. They thirst for it. They labour with incredible zeal and earnestness to overcome the difficulties which prevent their reading for themselves those "Holy Scriptures, which are able to make us wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

Hudson's Bay extends itself southward into a sound, which is called James's Bay, on the southern shore of which stands Moose Fort, a chief factory of the Hudson's-Bay Company, and whither, for the sale of their peltries, and the procuring of supplies, the Indians resort from an immense distance round. Of the Indian congregation at this, the central station, we have much, on a future occasion, to impart to our readers, of an interesting and encouraging character. But at present we select Rupert's House to speak of, an out-station occasionally visited by the Missionary, about 100 miles east of Moose. Here, in summer, the Indians congregate in large numbers, and here they find some willing to help them. The two daughters of Mr. Gladman, the gentleman in charge, having learned the syllabic characters from Mr. Horden, assist the anxious Indians in their efforts to acquire them. Thus there is much of interest and encouragement connected with this place, which our readers will at once perceive from the perusal of the following letter, dated July 3, 1854—

I started for Rupert's House on Tuesday, the 6th ult., accompanied by my lad Joseph and three Indians, and arrived there on the following Monday, having spent the Sunday at about twenty miles from the house. I found a large number of Indians at the post, scarcely one of whom I had ever seen before. Their appearance and manners greatly pleased me, when on going ashore they came to salute me. The men were neatly clad in blue cloth coats, and several of them in trousers and waist-coats, instead of the leggings which some time since were universally used, and were very clean. Soon after entering the house the females came to pay their respects: they were mostly clad in blue cloth gowns, headed caps, with kerchiefs over their shoulders: they likewise being very clean. Within half-an-hour the chief was announced, whose party occupied no fewer than eight canoes. I found him a very respectable man, very desirous of being instructed, and the father of as fine a family as I should wish to see. His sons were exceedingly well behaved and intelligent, and now every one of them above ten years of age can read very well. While on the subject of reading, I may say that the progress made by nearly every Indian at the place not a little surprised me. The Indians whom I now saw I had never before seen; for those whom I saw last year were the coast Indians, while those whom I now saw were the inlanders, the coasters not having been able to come in until a week after my arrival. Yet many of them were tolerably well acquainted with the syllabic characters, although I do not think that any of them had seen them before last summer, and that some time after I had taken my departure. I then took the precaution of leaving the characters, made very large, arranged on a large sheet of coloured paper. This was hung up in the room appropriated to the use of the Indians; and there, day by day, Miss Gladman, daughter of the gentleman in charge, instructed them, having become acquainted with the character herself during my stay: and not only so, but had caused several copies of hymns to be written, giving them to those among her pupils who had made a little progress.

During the whole of my time there the attention of all was quite

marked, and my labour of a heavy but very pleasant character. I received great assistance from my lad Joseph, and one of the Indians who went with me; in fact, during one portion of every day I could almost fancy myself in an English school. My pupils I divided into three classes, of which I took one, Joseph another, the Indian the other. Those conducted by myself and the Indian, after the first two or three days, read either Watts' Catechism, or portions selected from the Prayer Book; while the others, by Joseph, were exercised on the Syllabarium. But their desires were not limited to being able to read—that was by them considered but as a step by which they should obtain a correct knowledge of God's word, and obtain good advice when removed from their pastor. I met them four times daily, appropriating the morning and evening to prayers and preaching, the forenoon and afternoon to reading and giving more general instruction. Frequently, while addressing them on our unworthiness and the love of our Redeemer, tears filled the eyes of many of my hearers, who, after the service, informed me of the manner in which they had been affected by what they had heard. I think I may truly say, in considering every thing, that the Lord hath prospered my journey; and likewise I have been allowed to see far better than I had ever before seen that the syllabic system is the best that can be adopted for facilitating the progress of reading among the scattered tribes of this country.

But let me now show you the other side of the picture, from which you will see that at Rupert's House, as elsewhere, Satan has reigned, and caused his power to be felt in a most dreadful manner. During the winter before last no fewer than four persons were bow-strung, strangled, by their immediate relatives, either because they were sick or getting old—one woman by her son, another by her son-in-law. Formerly this was a constant practice at Rupert's House, several having so been put out of the way every year. I trust that the dreadful practice will be entirely discontinued now that they are well acquainted with the dreadful sin they commit by so doing. The man who killed his mother-in-law was likewise a noted conjurer, a regular Mahommed, and had a great influence over some of his brethren, whom he told that he had been to heaven and received directions how to act, and that he intended to buy a fine cloth coat, that he might appear respectable when he again went there. This man, who is a very energetic character, assured me that he would destroy his conjuring stick, and now that he did know better would endeavour to act accordingly. He exerted himself well to show that he meant what he said. It gave me a little trouble to manage correctly their matrimonial affairs, as a few of them had more than one wife; but I trust that every case that came under my notice has been satisfactorily arranged, and that the evil complained of will soon have no existence. Two or three would not come in, considering that their conduct would justly be strongly censured. One was a man who has three wives, whom he treats with great severity. Another, a man who had been guilty of a grievous crime, but whom I met on my return. You now see that much has yet to be done there, for we can scarcely be so sanguine as to hope that all these irregularities will be entirely abolished at once; yet I trust, and firmly believe, that great improvement will take place, and that, by the blessing of God, all will soon be eradicated.

To assist Mr. Horden and his Indians we have sent him out a printing-press, with syllabic types. Great was the surprise and delight of the poor Indians when they saw this at work, and that which cost them much time and labour to write out completed so quickly and so perfectly. Our artist has endeavoured to picture forth this scene in our engraving. The press has already rendered good service, no fewer than 1600 books, in three Indian dialects, having issued from it during the last winter.

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### THE FAKÍRS OF INDIA.

WANDERING fakírs abound in India. These are devotees, who seek to obtain a reputation for sanctity by imposing on themselves, or appearing so to do, the most painful austerities. Their personal appearance is very repulsive. Clothed in coarse hempen cloth, tied round them, with long shaggy beards and matted hair, hanging over their bare arms, they have a wild and ferocious aspect. They wander on from village to village, sure of being reverentially received by the simple villagers, who listen with credulous attention to the wily mendicant, who has his own objects in view, generally of a character which will not bear the light. They penetrate the defiles of the Himalaya mountains, and visit in succession the far-famed places of Hindu pilgrimage, where that vast system of idolatry which has flooded over the plains of India is supposed, like the Ganges, to have had its source. One of our Missionaries has recently visited the beautiful valley of Kashmír; and on his way up to this extreme point where Hinduism has extended itself, as well as in the valley itself, he met with specimens of these restless mendicants.

The following instance occurred at Thanna, a town in the hill country—

“ We went this afternoon to visit a fakír. He lives like a gentleman, and in one of the prettiest places imaginable—in the middle of a clump of trees, on a level piece of ground, which terminates in a precipice, with a little river murmuring along its shingle bed beneath, and the hills rising just on the opposite side. Behind the house is a much higher hill, partially covered with snow, and on the right hand a view of the valley, with a pretty little waterfall in the foreground. We found the fakír lying on his bed, covered with a handsome quilt, just opposite a low window, so that he could see and converse with every one through the window without the trouble of getting up. His house was as clean as any house in England: there was not even a straw lying about. The gentleman of the house was not, I think, in a very good humour to-day, for he would neither come out to see us, nor invite us in, nor even get up from his bed, so we could only have a little conversation through the window. He was a very eloquent man, or rather extremely verbose, so that no one else could hardly say a word, as he gave utterance to the praises of Krishna and Shiv, with his eyes half staring out of his head, and with rather vehement action. We left him before very long, after telling him the truth about his own religion and the true one. This gentleman is a padre also.

Yesterday we were speaking to the people, and asked a man opposite who he was. He said he was a padre of Ram. Just then two men in yellow dresses came past. We stopped them, to ask who they were, and they said they were padres of Nanak, so we are in the land of padres. There are padres of Ram, and Shiv, and Sita, and Nanak, and I doubt not of every other false Hindu creed besides, and plenty of them ; but padres of the true God, none at all."

At Sirinagur, the capital of Kashmír, our Missionary found a number of fakírs, some from Calcutta, some from Bombay, &c. There were twenty-four of them living together, who professed to have left the world for the service of God. But they would not hear a word about religion ; so much so, that one old surly man, wrapped in his piece of cloth, called out, " We don't want to hear you, Sir : we want neither you nor your books." Our Missionary has forwarded to us a sketch of one from amongst the number.



Passing another haunt of the fakírs at dusk, he heard the sunkli, or horn, and the cymbals, making a most discordant screeching noise in honour of the idol they were worshipping within. Enter-

ing into the garden before the house, he stood and looked at them. Instantly recognising him, for he had been often there before, they left their worship and crowded round him; but all soon left, two excepted, with whom ensued a very earnest conversation, the result of which was, that one of them, joining his hands with much apparent earnestness, begged the Missionary to pray for him, that he might be led to the true light, and know and worship the true God.

It is remarkable that the Christian Sikh, David, who has just been admitted to deacons' orders by the Bishop of Calcutta, before his conversion had been a fakír.

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ENCOURAGEMENT AT NINGPO.

IT is with regret we find our Missionaries in various parts of China, expressing in their letters much uneasiness as to the aspect which the revolutionary movement in that country is beginning to assume. They fear much lest, instead of being favourable to Christianity, it may degenerate into a dangerous fanaticism. One of the leaders, Yang, the Eastern prince, is putting forth new and blasphemous accounts of personal revelations from God, which may lead to sad results. We wait with anxiety for the issue, and entreat our readers to wrestle much in prayer with God, that the old serpent, with his usual subtilty, may not turn this remarkable movement to his own purposes. Meanwhile a blessing seems to rest on the simple teaching and preaching of God's word, as if He intended to remind us that His kingdom "cometh not with observation," but that it is "as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how."

A letter has been received from our Missionary, the Rev. W. A. Russell, at Ningpo, dated July 17, 1854, in which he states his conviction that the work of evangelization in that city is decidedly progressive and encouraging, and he grounds this upon a variety of facts which he enumerates. Some interesting cases of inquirers have occurred, which he thus speaks of—

The first of these is a native of this district, who lived a short distance from Ningpo, to whom some reference, I think, has been made in my last letter to the Society. He called at my house, for the first time, one Sunday evening, previous to my going to Shanghai, last autumn, to attend our bishop's visitation. On being asked by my servant the business on which he came, he replied, he came to request from Mr. Russell a copy of the Old Testament Scriptures. "Have you seen the New yet?" said my Christian servant to him. "Yes," said he, "I have read it very carefully, and part of the Old too, and am now very anxious to have a complete copy of the whole, if Mr. Russell can spare me one." On hearing this conversation from the head of the staircase, where I happened to be at the time, I immediately went down, invited the man into my Chinese reception-room, and entered into a lengthened

and most interesting conversation with him on the word of God, and the glorious truths it reveals to poor, fallen man. My conversation with him at the time was more one of inquiry as to the knowledge of divine things he had already acquired, than of direct instruction, such as is essential in the case of most Chinese visitors. The result of my investigation at the time was the discovery of the fact, that, whether or not really converted by the Spirit of God, through the instrumentality of His blessed word, he at least had attained to a most surprising knowledge, not only of the general facts recorded in Scripture, but also of those peculiar doctrines of Christianity which seem so mysterious and incomprehensible to the mere natural and unenlightened man. On parting with him that evening, I gave him a copy of the whole Bible, and begged him to call again when he found it convenient.

I saw him, however, after this interview but a short time, on one or two occasions, until my return from Shanghae, when he again made his appearance at my house. On inquiring into the cause of his absence, I learned from him that he had been very ill, as his delicate appearance testified, which illness seemed to have awakened in him a deeper interest as to his soul's eternal welfare. Suffice it to say, that, putting himself under definite instruction for a short time, Mr. Cobbold and I felt satisfied as to his fitness for baptism; and accordingly, on Easter Sunday last, we administered to him this appointed symbol of admission into the church of Christ, in company with six others, male and female; and that we have now engaged him to be a teacher of a day-school, in which capacity we trust he may prove very useful.

The second case referred to above, of a somewhat similar kind, is that of a native of this city, who, for the first time, called upon me on the 14th of this month. After a very lengthened conversation with him also, I was similarly struck, as in the above-mentioned case, with the very accurate and extensive Scriptural knowledge he had acquired, through a similar instrumentality—namely, the almost unaided, but attentive perusal of the word of God in his own closet, much, as he told me, to the wonderment of his neighbours, who often twitted him upon his fondness for the book of the red-haired men (our usual designation amongst the Ningpo people), to the neglect of the writings of his own Confucius, which were at least as good as any barbarian production. "But," said he, "this I quietly bore, for a something told me I had in my possession a book of precious value, from which, for the last two years, I could not bear to be separated."

This man was anxious, before baptism, to have his mind settled on several points which presented difficulty to him; and Mr. Russell entered fully and freely into conversation with him respecting them. The questions which he put to our Missionary evidenced a mind deeply exercised on divine truth; and Mr. Russell is encouraged to hope that a spirit of inquiry is awakening amongst natives of education and intelligence.

(To be concluded in our next.)



WINTER VISIT TO THE INDIANS ON THE PLAINS SOUTH OF
THE KISISKACHEWUN.

THE winter season is constantly used by our Missionaries in Rupert's Land for the purpose of Indian-seeking. Then, when the rivers and lakes are frozen over, and the plains covered with the hard dry snow, the Indians hunt the buffalo or fur-animals; and then it is that our Missionaries go forth to seek out the heathen Indians who are wandering in the wilderness of sin, "having no hope, and without God in the world," if so be they may "seek and save that which is lost." The Rev. Henry Budd, our native Missionary, has commenced a new station at the Nepowewin, which promises to be one of much interest and importance. There, during the winter of 1853-54, he laboured most diligently in his efforts to instruct the groups of Red men who came in to barter at the Fort. But this was not all: he went in search of others. Amongst other undertakings of the kind, he proceeded, in March last, to visit, afar off in the plains, a group of Indians who were under the leading of a half-blooded Indian, George Sutherland by name. The description of his journey, and of his reception, will best be given in his own words.

Feb. 27, 1854—We were preparing for our trip to the Plains, to visit George Sutherland and his party; at the same time to see, if possible, the Carlton people. May the Spirit of God go forth with us, and follow our small efforts with His blessing, and make the Indians willing to hear His word!

Feb. 28—We started at an early hour—Joseph Turner, Benjamin, and myself—taking with us two sledges of dogs and a cariole. We strike out for the Plain quarter to look for George Sutherland and his family, who is two days above Fort Carlton; and we intend to try and find out Carlton from the Plains, and see the Carlton people on our return. The day was unusually fine for travelling, and we got on very well. We camped at the edge of a mountain at the further end of Water-hen lake. Though the snow was so deep, we went on very well, because we had the advantage of having a hard track; but when we had to clear away the snow, and make our encampment, we found it was scarcely practicable. After we had taken our supper, we committed ourselves to the care of our heavenly Father for the night.

March 1—We got up early and started again. Our road lay through woods, &c., and we have to go over the mountain, through lakes, woods, and willows. About four in the evening we came to a lake where we found some tents of Indians. They were the Nepowewin Indians, and had pitched there coming towards Nepowewin. We went into their tents for a few minutes, and then went on, to get to a place where we could find a spot for camping.

March 2—We got up in time this morning to get our dogs harnessed and under way by the break of day. We are to try to get to the edge of the Plains to-night, and from there to reach Sutherland's camp. Our road lay through woods and spots of plain: the day was fine for travel-

ling. We came to the last point of wood bordering on the plain, and camped there.

March 3—We commenced a very wide opening this morning before daylight. It was with much difficulty we could keep the road, as it was not discernible for some distance: our course lay through a wide plain, no woods to be seen before us, no living creature but wolves and foxes playing about us. All over, as far as the eye could reach, the snow heaped up here and there by the nose of the buffalo, and quite chopped up by their feet. Carcasses of buffaloes to be seen lying in every direction, having been killed by the Indians, and left there to be devoured by the wolves and crows. We struck right out to the wide plain, and nothing but the blue sky to be seen overhead, and a great sheet of snow below. Long after we had lost sight of the woods behind us, we at length discovered some wood before us, and, as we approached the same, we knew it to be a river, a branch of the Kisiskachewun, called the South Branch. When we reached the river the sun was quite low. We were glad to put ashore on a small island of wood, and take a cup of warm tea, which refreshed us much. We had to make another opening, but nothing like the one we had past.

We at length reached the old man's tent. Four large tents were standing in front of us: one of them was the old man's, and the remaining three belong to his sons. A little distance off were forty tents of Crees and Stone Indians, the rest of Sutherland's sons and sons-in-law. Men, women, and children came running out of their tents, and gazed at us while we were approaching them. When I was inquiring after the old man, they pointed to a tent, and told me that he was there. While I was making my way through the crowd, going towards George Sutherland's tent, the old man came out to bid me welcome in, and gave me a hearty shake of the hand; and calling me into his tent, and having spread a new robe for me, he bade me sit down. I had no sooner sat down than he told his wife to put on the kettle. She was soon ready with something cooked, a dish of good fresh meat and buffalo tongues. I thought that what she gave me was plenty for us all three, myself and my two men; but no, she put some more meat in another dish, and filled that of meat also, which she gave to the two men. Certainly we had plenty for supper. In the evening I told the old man that I wanted to have prayers before I laid down. "You are quite at liberty to do what you like," was the answer. The old man had prayers with us, and they all listened with much attention while I spoke on the words of our blessed Lord, St. Matthew xxviii. 19, 20. After the prayers were over, the old man and myself sat up to a late hour, speaking with him on religious subjects.

March 4—I sat with the old man in his tent most of this day. He has a very large tent, and he requires it. Besides the youngest of his own family, which could not be less than five or six little children, he has two sons-in-law living in his tent with their families, and two or three grandsons, who were grown up.

Indians from the other tents were flocking in, and filled the tent till there was no room, large as it was. The old man was busy having his tobacco-box full of cut tobacco and smoking weed mixed, and filling the big pipe of peace. The large pipe is filled, lighted, and the stem pointed

to the four quarters of the world, and then it is given to the oldest son, who gives it two or three sucks, and then hands it to another next to him, and so on till the pipe comes round to the old man. When the pipe was emptied, it had to go by the way it came, from hand to hand, until it reached the old man, who scarcely allowed it to get cool when he had to fill it again. We had it very quiet in the old man's tent; but in the forty tents at one side nothing but drumming, gambling, and singing, was to be heard. They were busy with their feasts and dances—a rite which they have to perform yearly in honour to the god Pahkuk for giving them plenty of buffalo meat. The old man's wife cooks for us regularly every mealtime, and it is surprising how fast she can cut up a joint of the buffalo. The old man still attended prayers with us this evening, and listened with astonishment to the word of life. The whole tentful sit quietly and are orderly all the time of prayers.

March 5: Lord's-day—After we had breakfasted, I asked the old man to call in his family into the tent. I wanted to have prayers, and I wished them to be present, in order that I might tell them something of the love of God and the salvation of their own souls. He sent a young man over, and now the tent was found far too small to hold all that came—a large tent of twenty buffalo skins: it was like a little church. The men only were allowed to come in, and buffalo robes were spread for them to sit on: the women were not allowed to come in: even those belonging to the tent were ordered out. I was very sorry, but I could not interfere. However, I learnt afterwards that the women had heard the sermon as well as the men: they seated themselves round the eaves of the tent, and, the tent being open, they heard every word distinctly. I believe there were far more outside than those who were in. There was no smoking going on, and not a word from any of them all the time of service. I spoke to them from St. John iii. 16, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." After the service the old man took the pipe again, and the same operation was gone through. They found one pipe too little, and now they must have two pipes going. As they were smoking, and talking over what they had just heard, one giving his opinion and another giving his, first one said that he thought it to be all true what he had heard. "Yes," said another, "I think it is all very good too." Would to God that they heard of the love of God in Christ often, and the way of salvation through Him! I am persuaded that if one was to itinerate among them, tent with them, preach to them of the love of God, of their own ruined state, and exhort them to "flee from the wrath to come," the word of God would soon take hold of their minds, and they would be led to fly to Christ for a refuge. I wish, from my heart, that I had the means of spending some few months with this camp of Indians in the course of a summer. I am led to think that it would not be time spent in vain. Even now, if I had not set out to go to Fort Carlton, and if I knew that the services could be kept up at home without me, I would not return, but send the men home with the sleds, and I would remain with the Indians alone, and go in with them some time in May. I would be sure of a congregation always, and of a church too, in the old man's tent. In the afternoon I read to them portions of the Cree translations of St. Matthew,

the Belief, the ten Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer, all in Cree; the old man interrupting me, asking some questions on the Commandments, wanting to know the meaning of them. The women did not leave their seats outside the tent until it was all over. We had some Stone Indians, too, among our congregation; but of course they would nor understand what had been said. They sat still, and gazed at us with astonishment.

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THE MYSTERIOUS ARMY.

We were but weak, our captain strong;  
Our deeds were dark, our weapons bright;  
With scattered ranks we swept the field,  
And won the victory by flight.

Though allies joined by closest ties,  
Our face was each from other hid;  
And though our work was seen from far,  
We saw not what we did.

One common enterprise we shared,  
Hind'ring each other's course;  
Fearful of those who feared us most  
Helpless against their force.

Pris'ners in bonds, we wandered wide;  
Foes to our land, yet free from blame;  
Though wise and crafty, yet in this  
The tools of others we became.

Countless the bearded heads that fell  
Before our march that day,  
Whilst vineyards, homesteads, olive-yards,  
In devastation lay.

We struggled hard, yet, strange to say,  
No stranger felt a blow—  
Our comrades our antagonists,  
Our chief our chiefest foe!

Our banner bright, that oft has cheered,  
Spread dire alarm where'er we came;  
Avenging one we ruined more,  
And added massacre to shame.

W. P. W.



JAPAN.

THE fact that our admiral on the Chinese station has been successful in opening friendly intercourse with the Japanese authorities, and forming with them some sort of national agreement and understanding, is one of



Courtiers.

JAPANESE.

Soldier.

Sailor.

those remarkable occurrences, which, in more tranquil times of peace, when we were happily free from the painful excitement of the present hour, would have commanded much attention and curiosity.

When the Jesuit Missionaries reached Japan, towards the latter end of the sixteenth century, Japan was an open country, accessible to all. They met with full toleration, and propagated, without hindrance, their paganized Christianity, until their converts were computed at 200,000. But Rome does not inculcate submission to the powers that be; nay, she has often taken upon her to release subjects from the allegiance they owe their princes, and encouraged them to rebellion, when the interests of the church so required it. We cannot wonder, if, under such auspices, the so-called Christians of Japan were found, after a time, arrayed in rebellion against the legitimate authorities, and civil wars ensued, which ended in the utter extirpation of Christianity from the islands, and the shutting up of the Japanese empire from intercourse with foreigners of every clime, Asiatics or Europeans, the Chinese and Dutch excepted, who were permitted to hold each one factory at Nagasaki, a sea-port near the western extremity of the island of Kiu-Siu; and so things have remained since the year 1640.

Between the empires of Japan and Great Britain, in situation and kindred circumstances several curious features of resemblance exist. Each consists of several islands grouped together into one kingdom; and as in Great Britain, so in Japan, one is superior, the island of Nippon, about 860 miles long by 170 in its greatest breadth. Moreover, the situation of Japan off the eastern coast of Asia, is similar to that of Great Britain off the western coast of Europe, and would seem to intimate that this insular empire is fitted, if raised by the healthful influence of Christianity, to exercise as powerful an influence on the affairs of Asia as our own country has exercised on the affairs of Europe. The extent of the sea-coast, the numerous harbours, and the proximity of the sea to every part of the Japanese dominions, indicate the future attainment of maritime preponderance. The country may be called mountainous, and the climate, far more severe than that of European climates in the same parallels, is calculated to brace the human frame with hardihood and energy. Thus, by the application of human industry, a country, often rugged in its aspect, is made productive, and labour and skill, overcoming every obstacle, render even the sterile rock fruitful. The sides of the hills are terraced, and sown with rice and planted with vegetables; so much so, that scarcely a foot of ground to the tops of the mountains is left uncultivated. The staple product is rice, used by all classes, from the emperor to the peasant; and in the middle and southern provinces it is yielded so plentifully as to supply the northern portions of the empire, where the cold is too great for it to thrive. Besides, they grow barley, buck-wheat, maize, and other grain, also peas and beans, which are much used. But, next to rice, the tea-plant has most care bestowed on it, and to such an extent is it prized throughout the islands, that, besides larger plantations, every hedge on every farm consists of the tea-plant. Domestic animals are few, and kept only for agricultural purposes; and fish, fowl, and venison, with submarine vegetables of various kinds, complete the culinary statistics of the Japanese.

If we look to their artistic and manufacturing attainments, our ideas of their energy and industry will not diminish; nay, they will be found in advance of the Chinese, whom we have been accustomed to consider as the most civilized of modern heathen nations. Their lacquer-work is unrivalled, and the estimation in which it is held in Europe is evidenced by the prices paid for, and the places assigned to, the very ordinary articles which reach these western countries: the few specimens of superior art which have escaped the vigilance of Japanese excise are deposited in the Royal Museum at the Hague. The varnish, the resinous produce of a shrub—*aerosino-ki*, or varnish plant—is tedious to prepare, and tedious in its application. Five different coats have to be applied, suffered to dry, and then ground down with a fine stone or reed. Although skilled in the use of mother-of-pearl figures, they do not understand the cutting of precious stones; but the want of jewellery is supplied by a beautiful metallic composition called *syakfdo*, resembling fine enamel, and used for girdle-clasps, sword-hilts, &c. In the tempering of steel they also excel, and their sword-blades are said to be so excellent, as to be capable of cutting through a nail or a European sword without turning or notching the edge. One hundred pounds value is not thought too much to give for a very fine sword-blade, while an old one of tried temper is considered to be beyond price. Their silk-manufacture is said to bear away the palm from that of China, and their porcelain is also pronounced to be superior.

If we look to the educational department, we find that Japan has long possessed the art of printing, and reading is the favourite recreation of both sexes. Their literature comprises works on science, history, biography, geography, travels, natural history, moral philosophy, poetry, &c. In astronomy especially they seem to have made extraordinary progress. They have learned the use of most European instruments, and, in imitation of them, Japanese artists are said to have succeeded in making good telescopes, barometers, and thermometers.

The Japanese are of the Mongol stock, but more comely than the generality of that race. They are said to be muscular and intellectual, well-made, alert, and fresh-coloured. Their ordinary dress is a national costume used by all ranks and classes, and differing only in colour and materials. It consists of a loose wide gown worn over other garments, with sleeves enormously wide and long, and fastened round the waist by a girdle. Those of the lower orders are made of linen or calico; of the higher orders, of silk, with the family arms woven or worked into the back and breast. In the bosom and girdles are placed such articles of value or convenience as they carry about their person, while the portion of the huge sleeves which hangs below the elbow, being closed, helps out the completeness of the pocket department. Amongst other articles dropped into this convenient sleeve, are clean, neat squares of white paper, being the Japanese substitutes for pocket handkerchiefs. The ladies' robes are after the same fashion, but of brighter colours, and bordered with embroidery or gold. Upon state occasions is superadded a cloak, and a singular pair of puckered trowsers. They are so made as to be distinctive of the wearer's rank. The higher orders also mark their superiority by wearing two swords on the same side, one above the other: others of less dignity wear one; while to the lower orders this appendage of nobility

is altogether precluded. Their shoes, if such they can be called, are most singularly inconvenient. They are soles of straw, matting, or wood, held on by an upright pin or button passing between the two principal toes. It must be very consolatory to the Japanese, that, when they enter a house, they divest themselves of these awkward appendages. The head-dress is that part of the costume which most strongly marks the distinction between the sexes. The men shave the entire front and crown of the head, and, gathering carefully together what remains on the back of the head and temples, form therewith a sort of tuft on the bald skull. The black hair of the ladies is left in its natural profusion, arranged in the form of a turban, and stuck full of pieces of fine tortoiseshell, about fifteen inches long, and the thickness of a man's finger, highly polished. Their faces are painted red and white, their lips purple, with a golden glow, their teeth are blackened, and their eyebrows extirpated. Every one, high and low, male and female, carries a fan. It may be seen in the hand or the girdle. It serves a variety of purposes. Visitors receive on their fan the dainties presented to them; the beggar the alms which are bestowed; and as the criminal of high birth stretches forth to receive a fan presented to him on a salver of a peculiar form, his head is severed from his body.

Are they civilized, this people? Let us pause before we reply. Their civilization is like their lacquer-work, glossy, but superficial.

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KASHMÍR AND ITS INHABITANTS.

IN our last Number we mentioned that one of our Punjab Missionaries—the Rev. R. Clark—had recently returned from an interesting visit to Kashmír and other countries north of the Punjab. The object of this tour was to preach the gospel as there was opportunity, and to ascertain what hopes existed of carrying forward permanent Missionary operations in that direction. He was accompanied by an experienced Christian friend and three members of the native-Christian flock at Amritsar—Suleiman, Shamaun, and Yakub, of some of whom accounts have been given in former Numbers of the "Gleaner." We think our readers will peruse with interest some extracts from the communications we have received from him.

Sirinagar, the capital of Kashmír, was reached on May the 20th, exactly a month after their departure from Amritsar. Mr. Clark thus relates their proceedings there—

On our arrival we were recommended to carry on our work for the first few days as quietly as we could, at any rate until we had had the interview which we desired with the maharajah, Goolab Singh. It was thought, that as Missionary work was almost, if not altogether, unknown in the country, our object would be thus in the best manner attained. In a day or two the interview took place, and we had an opportunity of introducing the subject of religion, and of mentioning generally the work in which we are engaged. We were enabled also, through the kindness of one of our friends in England, to lay before the maharajah a present, which was most kindly received. We had, up to this time, refrained from doing

more than holding conversations with as many people as we could get together, and distributing books in different parts of the city, but we now began to preach at once; and as the maharajah must be acquainted with our proceedings, we have, I believe, obtained the tacit permission to preach the word of God in the whole of his dominions, which extend from Ladak and Iskardo on the north, to Chumba and Jammu on the south. We have since had another interview with the maharajah, in which his favour was still more marked. Our three Christians have had also an opportunity to see him, and were called upon by him, before his whole durbar, to give an account of their faith, and the reasons why they were led to embrace Christianity. They seem to have well made use of the opportunity, and each, in turn, to have given a straight-forward, simple, and beautiful testimony to the truth. The maharajah was particular in his inquiries as to whether they had become Christians from conscientious motives; and when they assured him that it was so, his reply was, before all his people, that they had acted rightly.

For more than the last three weeks of our residence at Sirinagar—we remained there precisely a month—every morning and evening we preached in the city. We have also done the same since our return from Islamabad. We were numerous enough to divide ourselves into two parties, and thus to preach in two places both morning and evening, so that four parts of the city were visited each day, and at each of these four places, two of us addressed a greater or a less number of persons. In this manner almost every part of the city was visited. Two places, however, in two of the most populous parts, were especially selected, and at these we endeavoured to make more particular impression. At both of these places we hired a room opening into the streets, which, although too small to be used as chapels, were yet very convenient to hold conversations in, and also to distribute books. They thus became our headquarters.

The number of inhabitants of the city is estimated by Vigne at about 80,000 people. The same number was mentioned to me by Dr. Honinger, the maharajah's European physician; and from the very large size of the town, and from the dense population in particular parts, the estimate appears a probable one. By far the greater number are Mahomedans, and, interspersed amongst them, are many Kashmíri Brahmins and other Hindus. The Mahomedans here, as everywhere else, are exceedingly bigoted, and cannot endure the gospel. The divinity of our Saviour, and the ascribing of salvation to Him alone, is a stumbling-block which greatly irritates them. The result, therefore, of our preaching was, that in a few days we could not, in particular parts of the town, stand up to preach, without being at once opposed by a noisy crowd, who did every thing to hinder our work, and who not unfrequently would raise a noise almost amounting to a disturbance. The people, however, are naturally exceedingly excitable and irritable, and are also, from centuries of oppression, proverbially timid. At other parts of the city, where the Hindus were more numerous, we were almost invariably heard with respect, and generally also with attention.

Before we proceed further with these extracts we shall briefly sketch the personal appearance of the Kashmíríans.

The Kashmíríans are either Mussulmans or Hindus. The lat-

ter are known by the coloured marks on their foreheads; those of Siva's followers being horizontal, and of Vishnu perpendicular. Saffron is the principal colouring ingredient. The Mussulmans are known by the talism or device, a sentence of the Korán bound on the arm. Besides the forehead, they are distinguished by their mode of wearing the turban, the Hindu smoothing it over the right temple, the Mussulman on the left. In wearing the tunic, also, the Mussulmans tie it on the right side, whilst that of the Hindu is folded over the left breast. The Mussulman Kashmírian is not darker than southern Europeans: the Hindus are still fairer, which they ascribe to their eating less animal food than the Mussulmans. The features are large and aquiline, and wear a manly expression, which the character of the Kashmírian does not justify. The women possess the comeliness of their race. They wear "a red gown, with large loose sleeves, a red fillet on the forehead, over which is thrown a white mantilla. The hair is collected in separate plaits, then gathered together, and a long tassel of black cotton is suspended from it, almost down to the ankles. The Hindu women usually wear a white rolled cloth, tied loosely round the waist."



At Sirinagar the Missionary party was not idle: various and important efforts for the temporal and spiritual benefit of the strange people amongst whom they found themselves fully occupied them.

We had brought with us a large supply of books for distribution, but our stock was very soon exhausted. The Persian language is read here more than any other, and a large number of natives also write it. A plan was therefore formed and carried out by Major Martin for increasing the number of our Persian books by means of copyists. A considerable number of separate gospels, and also the Acts of the Apostles and Genesis, have thus been copied out very correctly, in beautiful clear manuscript, which have been executed for very moderate sums. The charge, for instance, for writing out St. Mark's Gospel was six annas, or 9*d.*; that of St. Matthew's Gospel, 1*s.*; of Genesis, and twenty chapters of Exodus, 1*s.* 6*d.*, &c. The funds for this and for other objects have been supplied on the spot by a kind friend, who placed 100 rupees, or 10*l.*, at our disposal for Missionary work in the valley. The advantages of this manner of multiplying copies, it is hoped, will be twofold, as it will bring the word of God directly before the mind of the writer, and perhaps before his family, as well as benefit the future reader. Two of the writers have already, of themselves, introduced the subject in conversation, and spoken to Major Martin concerning "the wonderful things" contained in the books which they were copying out; and the very serious and earnest manner in which they spoke has afforded peculiar encouragement.

A Kashmír relief fund has been set on foot also by Major Martin. A paper was circulated amongst the English residents, and about 30*s.* a month subscribed. On the first of the month about sixty persons were relieved, many of them blind, and crippled, and covered with disease and sores. There were also several lepers. The same amount is to be given away on the first day of every month, during the six months of the stay which visitors make in the valley. It is given in connexion with our Mission to this place, and it is hoped that the endeavours to impart relief to the body may lead some to pay more attention to the efforts made to benefit their souls.

The letter then proceeds to describe various cases of inquirers who presented themselves; but we must defer these to a subsequent Number.

THE FIRST CHRISTIANS.

AN approved writer, in describing the religious character of the primitive Christians, observed that when they gave themselves to Christ, they counted all things lost for Him and His salvation; and the surrender was an honest, whole-hearted transaction, never to be reconsidered, never to be regretted.

Hence, from the hour of their conversion, they made little account of property. If it was confiscated by government, or destroyed by the mob, they "took joyfully the spoiling of their goods," assured that in heaven they had a better, and incorruptible inheritance. When the cause required, how ready were they to lay all at the feet of the Missionaries.

Generally they were poor. A rich Christian! why, such a thing was hardly known. However it may be now, it was then "easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God." And if, as an act of special sovereignty, a man of wealth was converted, he seldom retained his riches for a long period; for such was his sympathy for the despoiled and suffering brotherhood, and such his solicitude for the conversion of the perishing, that his funds were poured forth as water. Yet, poor as were the first Christians, they were liberal to a degree seldom surpassed. We, from our much, give little. They, from their little, gave much. "Their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality." Baptized covetousness was the product of a later age.

They understood Christ to be in earnest, when, standing but one step from the throne of the universe, he said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." It was not, therefore, with them a matter to be considered, whether they should go or not go. The command was positive and peremptory; and how could they escape from the obligation? With us, to stay is the rule, to go is the exception. Wonder not that they accomplished so much—wonder not that we accomplish so little. They did not wait indolently for openings, but went forth either to find them or to make them. If defeated at one point, instead of returning to Jerusalem in despondency, and writing a book on the impracticability of Christian missions, they proceeded to another and more distant field, and then to another, until they had gone over the appointed territory. Their piety was enterprising: the spirit of obedience made it such.

[From the *Macedonian*.

NATIONAL REBUKE.

EARTH has its pageants, brilliant while they last,
 But evanescent—as the burnished hues
 That tint the evening clouds. They soon have passed,
 And we have sighs for tears, and griefs we would excuse.
 Thus there are endless changes. Sunny hours
 Prevail awhile, and then the tempest lours.
 The seas sleep calmly, till the winds arise
 And toss the troubled waters to the skies.
 Domestic life proceeds, a tranquil scene,
 Until to-day is gone, and then to-morrow
 Sickness and death and anguish supervene,
 And widows weep, and children pale with sorrow.
 And nations rise: their wings are burnished o'er
 With high prosperity. Aloft they soar,
 Ambitious of the sun, and men admire
 The upward flight which never seems to tire.
 All prospers for a time. Their name is great,
 Their riches manifold. Their high estate
 Beyond misfortune seems, and men grow proud,
 Think themselves strong, and vaunt themselves aloud.
 Their fleets—the mighty ocean owns their sway,
 And the huge war-ship, heedless to obey
 The winds and waves, perpetuates its course,
 Triumphant o'er them by an inward force.

Their armies—that magnificent display,
 Sparkling and glitt'ring in the light of day,
 Its country's boast, the terror of its foes,
 Is sure to scatter all that shall oppose.
 Thus, in their carnal weapons men confide,
 Strong in self-confidence, resolute in pride.
 Their weakness without God they will not own,
 Nor bow themselves as suppliants at His throne.
 Hence sometimes, even from a righteous cause,
 The Lord, displeased, His countenance withdraws.
 The bravest fall, long-cherished plans are crossed
 With strange calamities, great ships are lost,
 Unhealthiness prevails, diseases spread,
 And camps become the places of the dead.
 Stern winter, from the regions of the north,
 His ample stores of hail and snow brings forth.
 The soldier, cowering in his canvass tent
 O'er the small charcoal furnace vainly bent,
 Weak from defective food, intensely worn,
 Wonders why England leaves him thus forlorn.
 He ponders o'er the past, his home and friends,
 And boyish days; and faithful mem'ry lends
 Her strange renewing pow'rs to paint the scene,
 And fill his mind with what he once had been—
 A healthful urchin on the village green,
 A mother's joy, a thoughtful father's care,
 Both anxious their young charge for God to rear.
 And then remembrances of truths once heard
 And little cared for, in his soul are stirred—
 And thoughts of God arise: his soul awakes
 From its long sleep of death and silence breaks.
 He learns to pray, and, lightened of his woes,
 Rests in the Saviour's love, and finds repose.
 'Tis well! the trumpet sounds, the foe is near,
 He joins his comrades, gives one hearty cheer—
 A Russian bullet marks him as its prey,
 And, with his cheer, his life has passed away.

Thus suffering are thy soldiers! England, thou,
 Hasto thee to tear the laurels from thy brow!
 The cypress now befits thee. Thou shouldst mourn
 For thy lost children never to return.
 Put on thy mourning garb, and weep for those,
 Crushed by neglect, though victors o'er thy foes.
 Be wise, and kiss the rod; for should'st thou prove
 A stubborn people, He who reigns above
 Will give thee sterner lessons, till the proud
 And haughty spirit in the dust is bowed!

ENCOURAGEMENT AT NINGPO.

IN our last Number we introduced some extracts from a letter of the Rev. W. A. Russell, descriptive of the progress of Missionary work at Ningpo. We again refer to that letter, as making mention of other circumstances which afford to him encouragement.

The most prominent among them is the apparent interest on the

subject of Christianity, which seems latterly to have arisen amongst many of the female population of this city. Hitherto, at Ningpo, the sight of a female in our churches was quite unusual; and when one did make her appearance, it was only to take a hasty peep at what was going forward, seldom to be prevailed on to sit down and listen. Now, on the contrary, I am happy to say my little chapel is regularly attended by several respectable females, amounting often to thirty persons, who seem to listen to what is said with considerable interest and attention; and about a dozen of whom also regularly come to Mrs. Russell, on each Wednesday, for catechetical instruction. Now, my dear Sir, may we not hope for much, under the Divine blessing, when the leaven of the gospel is thus penetrating this portion of the population, which in China, as everywhere else, is not only more accessible to impression itself, but which also more readily communicates to others the impression it receives?

Again, in corroboration of my statement, I would refer to the unusually large and attentive congregations I have been latterly having in my chapel, which, from its situation, not being in a business part of the town, has hitherto been rather thinly attended.

Lastly, I would mention the constant application there has been to me, during the past half-year, on the part of parents, for the admission of their children into my day-school, which, if large enough to accommodate so many, might now number some hundreds, instead of forty, which the smallness of the room necessarily confines it to. And this, notwithstanding the fact, that half of the boys' time is exclusively devoted to the acquisition of religious truth—principally the commitment to memory of the Holy Scriptures in their own mother-tongue, through our alphabetic system for writing the Ningpo colloquial—and that the instruction that I myself give these boys is also almost exclusively confined to the same.

And here I would remark, that the present hopeful state of things seems to have grown up during a season of very considerable political excitement, which perhaps, to human calculation, would be regarded as the most unpropitious, but which nevertheless shows the importance of the advice, and verifies the statement of inspiration—"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

At present, indeed, politically, the state of things at Ningpo is most unsatisfactory, all sorts of evils lurking over the people from within and from without, and threatening every moment to come upon them with a tremendous crash. The authorities seem completely at their wits' end, not knowing what to do, or what to think. From within they are in momentary danger of having the city taken by a body of rebels similar to those at Shanghai, several of whom have been arrested on suspicion during the last few days; and from without they are in danger of a threatened bombardment of the city by a Portuguese corvette which lately reached this port, despatched by their governor at Macao to demand reparation for some real or imaginary insult asserted to have been offered to the Portuguese flag by certain Cantonese at this place. To show they were in earnest about the demand they made of a large

sum of money, and the threat of bombardment they issued in case of its refusal, on the 6th or 7th instant this man-of-war took up her position just opposite to the Salt Gate, the one nearest to our house; and on the following Monday, about two o'clock in the afternoon, fired several cannon-balls into the city, which, in addition to the destruction of houses and property to a great extent, also caused the death of several unoffending Chinese. Indeed, our own lives were placed in considerable danger thereby. Mrs. Russell and I distinctly heard a number of the balls whizzing past us, evidently in close proximity to our house. Thanks, however, to the kind care of Him who with an unseen hand defends His people from unseen and unexpected dangers, we escaped uninjured. Had the fire been returned from the walls of the city by the Chinese, which happily the energetic Prefect of the city was enabled to prevent, the consequences to natives and foreigners would have been most disastrous, especially to the houses and lives of our American friends who live in close proximity to the scene of action. But not only were we exposed to danger directly from the firing of cannon-balls in close proximity to us, but also indirectly from its influence on the minds of the people, naturally irritating them to a very considerable extent, as the following incident will show. On the evening of the 10th, the day on which the above took place, when the firing had terminated, and every thing seemed apparently quiet again, Mrs. Russell and I ventured out to get our usual supply of fresh air outside the city walls, which is so necessary after the endurance of the heated and vitiated air of this densely-crowded city during the day. On reaching the Salt Gate, our usual one of exit, and perceiving it closed, we inquired whether the gate might be opened for us from the bystanders, of whom a great number were present, having come to hear and see the result of what had occurred. Amongst them were two Canton men, who, on hearing us ask whether we might have the privilege of going out, immediately stepped forward, evidently excited to the highest pitch, and apparently but too anxious to find objects upon whom to vent their passion, and exclaimed aloud, so as to be distinctly heard by all present, "Whoever dares to open the gate shall immediately have his head taken off as the penalty of his daring." As this was a pretty plain indication to us as to what we might expect if we pressed our desire for fresh air, we thought it our wisest course, quietly, without taking any notice of what was said, to retrace our steps homeward; on perceiving which, these two fellows, not wishing, I suppose, to lose the opportunity for revenge which then offered, if not on the actual transgressors, at least upon some "red-haired men"—the usual title by which all foreigners are designated—and not being at the time in a state of mind to make minute distinctions, stepped forward, brandishing their swords about their heads, exclaiming, "Let us kill them! let us kill them!" And this I am inclined to think they possibly might have attempted to put into execution, had they received any countenance from the Ningpo people who were present. They, however, on hearing the language of the Canton men, and perceiving the danger we were in, actuated by feelings of friendliness towards us, or apprehension of the consequences should any thing serious take place, exclaimed all together, "Don't, don't!" at the same time holding up their hands to the Canton men in a warning

posture. This again we took no notice of, but kept quietly walking on in the direction of our house, accompanied the greater part of the way by both Ningpo and Canton men—the latter for the purpose of exasperating us, and, if possible, provoking a quarrel, which would give them some plea of taking their wild revenge; sometimes walking in our front, sometimes in our rear, brandishing their swords almost the whole time. By the grace of God giving me wisdom and patience for the emergency, I was enabled to restrain myself from either saying or doing any thing rash, which probably would have jeopardized our lives; and by His protecting care, who keeps His people from the violence of wicked men, we reached our home in safety, thankful for the deliverance we had experienced.

We desire to record our grateful sense of the support and protection afforded to Mr. and Mrs. Russell in such perilous circumstances.

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### MIRACLES OF BEAUTY.

“LET me put a spider into any lady’s hand,” says Dickens, “she is aghast. She shrieks, ‘The nasty, ugly thing.’ Madam, the spider is perhaps shocked at your Brussels lace; and although you may be the most exquisite painter living, the spider has a right to laugh at your coarse daubs as she runs over them. Just show her your crochet work when you shriek at her. ‘Have you spent half your days upon these clumsy anti-macassars and these Ottoman covers? My dear lady, is that your web? If I were big enough, I might with reason drop you, and cry out at you. Let me spend a day and bring my work. I have four little bags of thread—such little bags! In every bag there are more than a thousand holes—such tiny, tiny holes! Out of each hole a thread runs, and all the threads—more than four thousand threads—I spin together as they run, and when they are all spun, they make but one thread of the web I weave. I have a member of my family who is herself no bigger than a grain of sand. Imagine what a slender web she makes, and of that, too, each thread is made of four or five thousand threads that have passed out of her four bags through four or five thousand little holes. Would you drop her, too, crying out about your delicacy? A pretty thing, indeed, for you to plume yourself on your delicacy, and scream at us.’ Having made such a speech, we may suppose that the indignant creature fastens a rope around one of the rough points of the lady’s hand, and lets herself down lightly to the floor. Coming down stairs is noisy, clumsy work, compared to such a way of locomotion. The creeping things we scorn are miracles of beauty. They are more delicate than any ormolu clock, or any lady’s watch, made, for pleasure’s sake, no bigger than a shilling. Lyonet counted four thousand and forty-one muscles in a single caterpillar, and these are a small part only of its works. Hook found fourteen thousand mirrors in the eye of a blue-bottle, and there are thirteen thousand separate bits that go to provide nothing but the act of breathing in a carp.”

[From the Macedonian.]



## WEST-AFRICAN FETISHISM.

How miserable man becomes when without God! It is as though light were withdrawn from the earth, and darkness again brooded over it: as though the rich fertilizing rains were withheld, and lands, once beautiful and productive, were changed into the



A SCENE AT PORT LOKKOH, IN THE TIMNEH COUNTRY.—Vide p. 39.

parched and burning desert: so man, without God, alters fearfully for the worse, and sinks rapidly from one degree of wretchedness to another. In the darkness of his sin he becomes the victim of gloomy superstitions. It is remarkable in how many portions of our race, where all remembrance of that one and good God, in whom "we live, and move, and have our being," has been lost the worship of malevolent spirits has been substituted; and men, in continual dread of evil influences coming upon them, endeavour to propitiate the malice of these unseen agents by various offerings, and to protect themselves by various devices from the dangers they apprehend. Such is the condition of the West-African tribes, those scant portions excepted where the light of Christianity has penetrated. Sanguinary rites are still practised, and human sacrifices offered. Witness the horrid proceedings at the Hwae-noo-ee-wha, or great annual festival of the Dahomians. There is something consistent in the idea that cruel beings can best be pleased by acts of cruelty. To the same dread of injury from unseen agents may be ascribed the fetishism which so universally prevails. Thus, at Whydah, the snake is the fetish, or idol, and houses are built in various parts of the town for the accommodation of such reptiles, these houses being about seven feet in height, with conical roof, eight feet in diameter, and circular. The snakes are of the boa-constrictor species. It is said, that, if found at a distance from their shrine, they are forthwith conveyed back with all due respect: one native carefully raises the crawling thing, while others, prostrating themselves as it is carried by, throw dust upon their heads. Once taken up, the snake must not be put down again until placed in the fetish house. The injuring or accidental killing of one of these snakes is a serious affair; and in Duncan's "Travels in Western Africa" we find the following curious account of the punishment inflicted on some persons who had been thus guilty—

On this occasion three individuals were sentenced, as guilty of the murder of this fetish snake. A small house is thereupon made for each individual, composed of dry faggots for walls, and it is thatched with dry grass. The fetish-men then assemble, and fully describe the enormity of the crime committed. Each individual is then smeared over, or rather has a quantity of palm-oil and yeast poured over them, and then a bushel basket is placed on each of their heads. In this basket are placed small calabashes, filled to the brim, so that the slightest motion of the body spills both the oil and the yeast, which runs through the bottom of the basket on to the head. Each individual carries a dog and a kid, as well as two fowls, all fastened together, across his shoulders. The culprits were then marched slowly round their newly-prepared houses, the fetish-men haranguing them all the time. Each individual is then brought to the door of his house, which is not more than four feet high. He is there freed from his burthen, and compelled to crawl into his house on his belly, for the door is only eighteen inches high. He is then shut into this small space with the dog, kid, and two fowls.

The house is then fired, and the poor wretch is allowed to make his escape through the flames to the nearest running water. During his journey there he is pelted with sticks and clods by the assembled mob ; but if the culprit has any friends, they generally contrive to get nearest to him during his race to the water, and assist him, as well as hinder the mob in their endeavours to injure him. When they reach the water, they plunge themselves headlong into it, and are then considered to be cleansed of all the sin or crime of the snake murder.

Connected with this system are the fetish dancers. They are sometimes women, sometimes men. We have found the following description of a fetish woman—"On her head was a fore-and-aft hat, in the form of a naval cocked-hat, made of grass or rushes, manufactured like our rush baskets in England: a number of gree-grees, or charms, were suspended round her neck. Her lower garment, or official costume, was a thick coat of thatch of the long grass, one end plaited into a band about four feet long. This band is tied round the body, the loose ends of the grass hanging downwards, in the form of the Highlander's kilt, but not quite so good-looking. The fetish woman also wears, on these state occasions, a sheep or goat's skull on her forehead, outside her rush cap. She also carries two rude wooden batons, one in each hand. She dances to the music of her two batons, beating on each other, her motion being about as graceful as a haycock shaken on the top of a haymaker's pitchfork. Her body is whitewashed with a very fine lime, manufactured from the oyster-shell."

The curious scene which is the subject of our engraving occurred in the Timneh country, which adjoins the Sierra-Leone colony on the east, where our Society has had a Mission for some years, but hitherto, we regret to say, an unproductive one, so far as concerns the results which are visible to man. It is thus described by the Rev. C. T. Frey—

*Jan. 21, 1854*—At the conclusion of the prayer-meeting last night, I mentioned, that, since the Mission-house was completed, I would thank them for scrubbing and washing it out. This morning all the women belonging to class, six in number, with their servants, came to perform this no small task gratuitously: they also brought their own soap and brushes with them. It took them the whole day to finish the work; but they did it with much good humour and cheerfulness, singing now and then a verse from a hymn.

I myself went into the village while the washing of the house was going on, in order to pay my visit to the chiefs, and to deliver little presents to them. First I went to Ali Mami Dabo. He received me very friendly, brought a chair for me to sit down, and showed me his head wife. He speaks English, and now and then attends divine service. While we were conversing together, two masked dancers were introduced into the yard. They had a very large wooden monkey-shaped head over them, from which all round downward a sort of fine long straw was suspended, to cover the whole person beneath. In their



hands they had little calabashes, with which they made a terrible noise. I took no notice of them. They jumped and danced on, until, by an unfortunate turn, the mask of one flew off, and a great, almost naked fool stood there, to be laughed at. Sports like this occupy the attention and time of the poor Timnehs, and prevent them from attending to the glad tidings of the gospel.

Fetish celebrations usually end in riotous scenes. Lord, hasten the time when the darkness shall be dispersed, and "the day-spring from on high," without an hindrance, shall break forth on the mountains and plains of Africa!

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JAPAN.

WE pursue our endeavour to acquaint ourselves with that singular people, the Japanese. Jealously excluded as they have kept themselves from intercourse with foreigners, it is but little we can collect respecting them—scarcely more than gleanings; yet, because of this, not unsuitable to the character and intent of our little periodical. In the information respecting their national habits which we may be enabled to trace out, we may learn something that may be profitable to ourselves; above all, the great blessing of living in the light of Christianity, and of being thus preserved from innumerable evils, in which nations who are destitute of its happy influence are plunged.

How superior the glorious truths of the gospel, and the elevating and encouraging facts which it reveals, to the murky figures which are shadowed forth in the mist and haze of a gloomy idolatry, more resembling the confused and strange images which flit across the brain in the delirium of fever, than the thoughts of a sober, waking mind. And if such be the religion, what must be the character and habits, of a people? What ideas prevail in Japan under the name of religion? In China there is a court religion; but which, being too abstract for the popular mind, Buddhism has introduced itself, to complete the chain of evil influences, and has multiplied superstition, in every absurdity of form, throughout the land. So, in Japan, there is a court religion, but one too ideal for the popular mind; and therefore Buddhism, that most versatile of all superstitions, ever ready to add new idols to those already honoured with a place in its pantheon, has established itself in Japan likewise. The state religion is called Sinsyu, from the words Sin (the gods), and syu (faith), and its followers Sintoos. They have indeed "gods many, and lords many." It is remarkable, that, like the gods of the Hindus, they are all finite beings: they all have had an admitted commencement of existence, being emanations from an uncreated being, like the Hindu god Brahma; but who, being supposed to be altogether uninterested in human affairs, is lost sight of and forgotten. It would be a tedious process to take our readers through the genealogies of these creature gods, who, not thinking our world worth their notice, suffered it to remain in chaos, until at length one of them, who had condescended to enter into the matrimonial state, dipped his jewelled spear into the waters, and, as he raised it up again, the drops which fell from it congealed into Kiusiu, the largest of the Japan islands. Having then

called into existence eight millions of gods, he transferred the government of the whole to his favourite daughter, Ten-sio-dai-zin, the sun goddess, and the chief object of superstitious reverence among the Sin-toos. After a long reign—too long to trouble our readers with—she was succeeded by four other gods, the last of whom, marrying a mortal wife, left a mortal son, the ancestor of the mikados, the nominal sovereigns of Japan; yet only in name such, for if there be a slave on the earth, it is the mikado. A more pitiable victim of form is not in existence. He is the chief slave of the great tyrant of Japan—custom, form, ceremonial—that never bends, never deviates from the prescribed routine, let what will be the consequence. It enchains all classes, inflicting upon them the greatest miseries; but its chief slave is the chief of the state, the mikado. The shadow of a ruler—for all power has passed from him—he is in reality the most pitiable being in his dominions. He may not use the members of his own body: he may not walk, lest his sacred foot touch the ground: when he moves, he is borne on men's shoulders. Unholy eyes may not look on him; and therefore he is shut up within the enclosure of his palace. For several hours each day he must remain sitting on his throne, during which time he must not move, lest calamity befall his empire, whose tranquillity is supposed to depend upon his sitting still on his throne. It is the most determinate attempt we have ever seen recorded to reduce a living man to the condition of a lifeless statue. In some respects the statue would best serve the purpose of the Japanese: there would be no fear of its disturbing the repose of the empire by moving upon its seat. Again, whatever the mikado uses once, he may never use again. Cups and bowls, plates and dishes, must be broken after his meals; the clothes which he puts off must be burned; the surplus of food must be destroyed; and forasmuch as this daily process of destruction is an expensive one, it is rendered as little so as possible, by care being taken that the clothes, ware, &c., shall be of the cheapest, that is, of the coarsest kind, and the supplies of his table are regulated by the same economy. We cannot be surprised if the poor mikado, anxious to escape from a position so burdensome, not unfrequently imitates the example of his ancestress, the sun-goddess, and, abdicating in favour of a son or daughter, escapes from the bondage of royalty into the comparative freedom of private life, where at least he can use his own feet, and turn his head which way he pleases, without the fear of rudely convulsing the whole empire.

But we must finish, as briefly as we can, this sketch of Sinsyu. The sun-goddess is too great to be approached directly by man, and therefore there are numerous mediators provided, called *kami*, some of them born gods, others deified men. Families and individuals choose one from amongst them to be their patron saint, pretty much after the fashion that prevails amongst Romanist and Greek Christians, keeping an image of the same in shrines and chapels adjoining the temple which they frequent. Some say that these images are not worshipped, and that the only objects in the temples, intended as aids to devotion, are, a mirror, in which the worshipper looks, and the *gohei*, or a number of strips of white paper, either blank, or inscribed with sage sentences. We would they had in their temples that true mirror which the apostle James speaks of, when he says, "If any be a hearer

of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass :” they would then see their natural state in the faithful mirror of God’s word, and their need of a spiritual cleansing, which their miserable superstitions cannot yield them.

Once a year a grand muster takes place of all the images. They are transferred to the mikado’s court, to pay their respects in person to the living representative of the sun-goddess, and to receive his counsel regarding their deportment throughout the coming year. It must be a highly-instructive conclave; and if the mikado’s tongue is more at liberty than his feet, he has before him an assemblage of quiet, if not intelligent, hearers. That month is known by a name which signifies “without gods,” the gods, like men, being deemed incapable of being in more than one place at any given moment of time, and the land being, therefore, simultaneously deserted of them, while they remain within the precincts of the dairi, or mikado’s palace. If the Japanese were not without the true God, they would have learned ere this that they were better without such gods.

THE LOST FRIEND.

THERE rides on the breast of the Winnipeg wave
The bark of a lone Indian boy.

All pallid and wan, he seems nearing the grave,
And Pity, while gazing, the labours would save
Which the hands of that poor youth employ.

Half-passed is the lake; far behind the abode
Where awhile he but lately did rest,
Where a sister’s affection had smoothed the rough road
By which death leads the wearisome pilgrim to God—
To the realms of the ransomed and blest.

But why does the youth cease to speed on his way?
And why is he pale with alarm?
Why turns he so quickly the boat in dismay?
What peril is this which his features betray?
Or what “friend” is in danger of harm?

Yes, a “friend” most belov’d, most endeared, has been lost,
And if haply that “friend” may be found,
The lake, though half-passed, is quickly re-crossed,
Nine days the lone boy on the billows is tossed
Ere his eager foot touches the ground.

’Tis the lot of his sister the news to impart
That his lost “friend”—the Bible—is there :
That Bible he clasps with delight to his heart,
And vows, nor in life nor in death he will part
From that “friend” with whom none can compare.

O God! let Thy church in her glory arise,
Let her “hold forth” the word Thou hast given;
That the heathen may learn their vain gods to despise,
And from idols on earth may in faith turn their eyes
To a reconciled Father in heaven.

J. M.

TARTARS OF KUNAWUR.

WE have from time to time introduced into the pages of the "Gleaner" some notices of this singular country, the Himalaya Switzerland, and its inhabitants. As the traveller ascends from the hilly country which lies nearest the plains, the Hindu race gradually becomes more and more intermixed with another race—the Tartars—one remarkably unlike them in physical appearance, language, and religion, until the Hindus disappear, and the Tartars, in the high mountainous valleys that lie under the shadow of the passes into Thibet, become the exclusive inhabitants. Our Missionary, the Rev. J. D. Prochnow, who has recently been in these regions, has forwarded to us the following sketch of a Tartar couple.



Their religion is lamaism, or the form of Buddhism which prevails in Thibet, and the darkness in which it leaves the people will be collected from the following description, by the same Missionary, of a lama temple in one of these Tartar villages—

I found the temple much enlarged since my visit in May 1845: another large room was built, containing three huge idols, and the temple servants would not let me enter. I told them that I had en-

tered and seen the prayer-wheel some years ago, but could not prevail on them: they said the great lama had forbidden it. I requested them to call the great lama, and tell him that I wished to speak to him. After a little while he came—a very fine figure, rather tall and portly, in a large red toga: one arm was free, in the hand of which he held his rosary, counting the beads and muttering his prayers. He was bare-headed, and wore rather long hair: a venerable-looking man, and, as it seemed to me, simple and unprejudiced. After the usual salutations, he asked the two temple servants why they had not allowed me to enter the temple. I did not understand the reply they made. He went before, and beckoned me to follow, which I did. We went through the first room, where the three huge idols stood, which had been added only during the last two or three years. The servants had gone before to put aside several things—I suspect eatables—that they might not be polluted by my presence. When we came to the door of the second room, in which the prayer-wheel was deposited, the chief lama put off his shoes—the servants had taken off their shoes before entering the first; and when he intimated to me to do the same, I refused, and remained outside. The prayer-wheel was set in motion: at the upper end of it were three small chairs, the middle one a little higher than the rest, for the lamas to sit upon on solemn occasions. The prayer-wheel was a large one, beautifully painted, about six or seven feet high, and three in diameter. The lama kept constantly muttering his prayers and counting his beads, when not addressed by me through an interpreter, as he could not talk Hindi. A large crowd had assembled by this time, when we were in the entrance of the temple, and I addressed them all. I was surprised that no one interrupted me, nor expressed any wonder. When I stated, at considerable length, the truths of our blessed gospel, the death of Christ for our sake, to wash our souls and purify them in His blood, that after death we may rise and enter heaven as He rose from the dead, all listened attentively; and the chief lama said that they all knew that the religion of the English would spread all over the country, in fact, all over the whole world.

Yes, that is our encouragement, our hope. “It shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light.”

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#### THE INDIAN CHIEF MANSUK.

AMIDST the many excellencies grouped together in the character of our blessed Lord, which peculiarly fitted Him for the accomplishment of the work which the Father had given Him to do, we find this mentioned amongst others—“He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till He have set judgment in the earth: and the isles shall wait for His law.” How necessary is it not that all who would do spiritual work on earth, and labour for the extension of that gospel which can heal the woes and miseries of man, should be endued with the same admirable qualification? The Lord’s work must be commenced in the face of opposition, sustained amidst continuous difficulties and discouragements, and persevered in, without flinching, to the end, in the full belief and persuasion, that, however unsuccessful our efforts may appear to us, they will in due time yield a glo-

rious issue. He who would do the Lord's work needs to possess a resolute spirit. But the personal excellencies and qualifications of Him who is our great Head are communicative to His people: He can gift them with that which is inherent in Himself, and enable them to gird themselves with a holy perseverance, such as Paul displayed when he said, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." And it is remarkable how frequently it has been that the efforts most discouraging in their commencement have issued in the most important results, and individuals the most determined to oppose have been the first to feel and submit themselves to the power of the truth.

In the facts connected with the commencement of a new station in Rupert's Land, the Nepowewin, will be found much that accords with the observations we have made. This place is situated about fifteen days' journey to the west of Cumberland, on the right bank of the great river Kisiskahchewun, and near the borders of the plains where the Indians are most numerous. It is called the Nepowewin, or Standing-place, because of its elevated situation, the Indians using it as a "look-out," to watch the boats in their annual passage up and down the river. Here our native Missionary, the Rev. H. Budd, was appointed to make a commencement of Missionary work. He was not a novice in such an undertaking. Just in the same way, in the year 1840, he had set forth from the Red River to plant the standard of the cross in a rude spot, 500 miles distant in the wilderness. There was, however, this difference: a cry for help from the perishing Indians had induced that attempt which issued in the Cumberland Station; but from the Indians of the Nepowewin had been heard only rough words and threats of opposition. The Rev. R. Hunt had visited that locality in June 1852, and had an interview with these Indians, which he thus describes—

About noon on Saturday we saw some Indian tents behind the south bank of the Kisiskahchewun. All the Indians said it would be dangerous to go ashore, as they were probably bad Indians. M'Leod said, "Bad or good, I should not like to pass without speaking to them:" so I determined that he and I would go; and presently the women and children made their appearance, and our Indians pronounced them to be Crees. We found that all the men were absent, having gone to fetch some fresh meat, the first they had killed for a month. Thus we were in a fair way to get a supply: indeed, we soon found ourselves among relatives; for when the men returned, one was a brother of our chief, and uncle to our youngest Indian lad. One of the women was half-sister to the other lad, and another was a near relative of M'Leod's Indian wife. They were seven families, with good leather tents and good horses: quite in comfortable worldly circumstances compared with our own dear wandering people, who are obliged to travel in canoes or on foot, and erect a tent of branches whenever they indulge themselves with a tent. But in spiritual things, alas, how discouraging! While a little

meat was boiling for us, I asked the men to sit down on the ground around me, and to let their women and children come also; but this they refused to do when they knew I was about to speak to them about God and their souls. One man, the chief—Mansuk—interrupted me, and said, that wherever religion came it drove the animals away, and they would not allow any Missionary to come nearer to them than the Pas and English River and Carlton. All his people had told him to inform Mr. Budd that they wished him to let them alone, and go back to the Pas, and if he would not do so, they wished him—the chief—to let them know, and they would all come and tell Mr. Budd the same thing; and if he would not go quietly, they would bind him, and put him into the boat, and send him home down the stream. I continued talking with this man for two hours or more. He is a shrewd, cunning, passionate man. His heart and mouth said, We want no God. He first disputed there being any certain knowledge of His existence: this granted, he denied His being a God of love, when I quoted, "God so loved the world," &c. "If He loves the world, why did He make the devil? or why does He let him live to plague the world?" It was vain to convince his judgment by reasoning from truths that he himself would grant when he could no longer deny them. He always returned to an annunciation of his own will, such as, "We are determined to have nothing to do with these matters:" "They have made a garden at the Fort, and they have spoiled the country: we want plenty of moose and buffalo." At last I made a personal application to his own heart and conscience, and this raised his anger. He held his scalping-knife in his hand, and said, his brother, Joseph Cook, had been among them from Lac-la-Ronge, and had told them that I was a good man; but if any one else had said such things to him as I had done he would have fought him as an enemy. I then asked him to listen to a little of God's word; and having read to him the substance of the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, and pressed upon him the danger of choosing the good things of this life in preference to those of the life to come, I rose and left him, for I was very hungry and faint. He was evidently softened and impressed, and followed me, and sat beside me while I ate my first good meal for five days. He requested me to take his furs to the Fort for him, which I promised to do; and upon leaving them I gave him a little present, "for his brother Joseph's sake," as I did also to our chief's brother, and a little tobacco to all, and a few gun flints, which were very acceptable to them. I bade them "what cheer," under the impression that they would reconsider their determination to have no Missionary near them, and that Mr. Budd would have nothing to fear from them.

Such is the first light in which old Mansuk is presented to us. The countenance is far from an amiable one. He appeared to be a hardened sinner, resolved beforehand against the gospel; but as we read his history we shall learn never to despair, even of the worst, or consider any as hopelessly placed beyond the reach of gospel influence.

And here we may take occasion to mention, that old Mansuk was not a pure Indian. He was the son of a white man, a carpenter named Twatt, who had married an Indian wife, and two sons were born, Mansuk and Wulluck, of whom the first, we believe, now rests



with Christ, and the other was at the point of death at the date of the last despatches, but without any softening of heart to Jesus as his Saviour. Should he have died in that state, we behold "one taken, and another left." In our next Number we shall continue to trace out Mansuk's history.

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THE THREE CHRISTIAN CHIEFS OF TAUPIRI, NEW ZEALAND.

THE Rev. B. Ashwell, our Missionary at Taupiri, has forwarded to us the following deeply-interesting account of three Christian chiefs, who, having maintained for many years a consistent profession before their countrymen, and laboured diligently in their day and generation, have recently rested from their labours. The letter is dated July 3, 1854.

It is with much sorrow that I have to communicate the deaths of three of the principal native teachers of this district. As their lives and deaths manifested the power of a simple faith in Christ, I think a short account of each may be interesting.

In the death of Thomas Rangiunoa, teacher at Pepepe, I have lost a most devoted fellow-helper; a man whose consistent conduct, cheerful disposition, sterling uprightness, deep humility, and unwearied perseverance in doing good, gained the esteem and love of all who knew him. He possessed, in a large degree, "the spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." I do not hesitate to say, that, during my twenty years of Missionary experience, I do not remember a brighter display of the grace of God than has been manifested in the life of this simple-minded believer in Christ, once a New-Zealand cannibal. He first heard the gospel from the mouth of Archdeacon Brown, at Matamata, about the year 1837, which was the means of inducing serious inquiry, and ended in his conversion. He was baptized by the Rev. R. Maunsell in 1839, and became a teacher of the Ngatiwauroa tribe, near Pepepe, in 1845. His wife, to whom he was greatly attached, was removed by death in 1848. She died happily. Two of his children died also in the same year. He felt deeply these heavy afflictions, but manifested a meek and submissive spirit. His only child, a little girl about seven years old, he brought as boarder to the school at Taupiri in 1849. She died most happily in 1850. The account of her death I forwarded at the time. Whilst she was ill, Thomas said to me, "If my only child is taken from me, what can I do? can I bear it?" "Yes," I replied; "Christ can strengthen you even for this bitter cup." His reply was, "Yes; He will, He does; but she is the light of my eyes." Never shall I forget his struggle at the time of her death. The strength of Christ was manifested in his weakness. He glorified God in this affliction. No murmur or complaint escaped his lips: his was a patient sorrow, and a firm trust in an unseen Saviour was his support. He said, "My great relief is prayer: it is my great comfort." Through his influence, in 1852 one hundred acres of land were given for a teacher's institution at Pepepe; and eventually he and other chiefs endowed that institution, and the girls'-school at Taupiri, with one thousand three hundred and eighty-five acres of land opposite to Pepepe. He now commenced cultivating the land. His industry has enabled me to continue both schools

to the present time, although the price of provisions has risen fifty per cent. : otherwise I should have had to dismiss nearly half of the children. A few years ago, a military officer, whom he accompanied to Auckland, was so struck with his conduct, that he said to me, "If there is a Christian in New Zealand, that is the man ;" and he never fails to inquire after "good" Thomas, the teacher. His freedom from selfishness was seen in little matters. I requested him to procure a native to fetch medicine from Auckland. He did not succeed, but said, "I will go myself." On his return, I offered him the usual payment, but he would not receive any thing, although I pressed him repeatedly. His reply was, "No ; your school is in debt : I will not have any thing." This is very different from the generality of natives, who are exceedingly avaricious.

As a teacher, he was unwearied in visiting the sick. Many times, after being employed in agricultural labours the whole of the day at Pepepe, he would visit the sick at night, and not return home till near daylight, especially during the late visitation of sickness, when numbers died from dysentery. I have repeatedly urged him to take care of his health ; but self was his last consideration. I do not know of any instance in which he gave way to passion, although oftentimes much provocation was given.

His word was so respected, that the affirmation of Thomas was sufficient for Europeans and natives. God only knows my great grief at my loss—irreparable to the eye of sense ; and not my loss only—a loss to the school, to his tribe, and to the church ; but I trust we desire to walk by faith, and not by sight. The particulars of his death are as follows—

June 17—At nine o'clock I received a summons to go to Pepepe, Thomas being ill. I found him in pain too great to be able to converse. I prayed with him, and left him rather better.

June 18 : Lord's-day—Tamati (Thomas) still in great pain. I could not refrain from tears whilst witnessing his great suffering : his groans were distressing, but he uttered no complaint. Whilst engaged in prayer with him, his hearty Amen, and the difficulty he had in repressing any expression of his anguish, prevented my attempting to converse with him ; but this I ascertained, that his mind was in a happy state, although his body was racked by pain. We prayed most earnestly for him and William Otapo in the chapel.

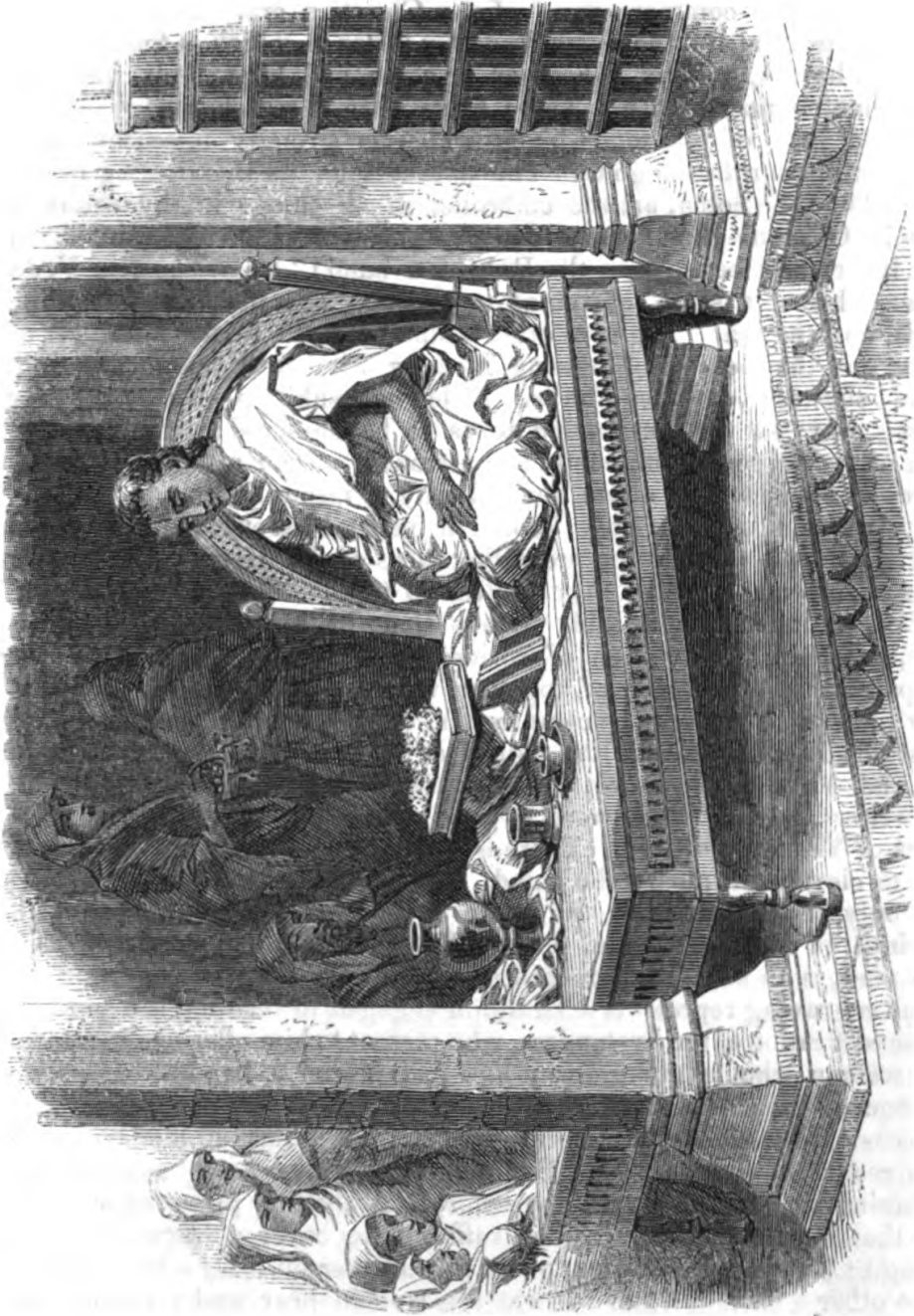
June 19—Tamati was better, but still in much pain. I reminded him of his Saviour's sufferings, and said to him, "If you had now to begin to seek for Christ, yours would be a sad case whilst suffering so much pain of body ; but you are no stranger to the Saviour. Whether you live or die, you are Christ's : the end will be well." "Yes," he replied ; "all is well. My pain is great ; but the end will be well." I now prayed with him, and read the fourteenth chapter of St. John.

June 20—Tamati entered into his rest just before daylight. He appeared much better, sat up in bed, asked for tea, and was cheerful. He then lay down, and we thought him asleep ; but as he appeared not to move, we looked at him, and found he was dead. No gasp or struggle warned us that the soul was about to leave its prison-house. His life was a life of holiness, and his end peace. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord : even so saith the Spirit ; for they rest from their labours."

(To be concluded in our next.)

SACRED BOOKS OF THE HINDUS.

THERE are various works which the Hindus in their ignorance consider to be meritorious, and by the doing of which they expect to obtain heaven. Such are, honouring, entertaining, serving Brahmins, and bestowing gifts on them ; repeating the names of the gods, and performing



A BRAHMIN READING THE PURANAS.— Vide p. 50.

puja or worship; visiting and residing at holy places; performing the shadhrū, or the rites for the repose of the soul of deceased ancestors; bathing in the Ganges and other sacred rivers; offering sacrifices; building temples; cutting roads and tanks; planting trees, especially sacred trees; setting up images; fasting; and reading or hearing read the sacred books.

These consist of the four vedas, six shastras, and eighteen puranas. The vedas are very ancient books, written perhaps some thirteen centuries before the commencement of the Christian era. Some of them have been translated—the Sama Veda for instance, which is found to be a heap of hymns, without coherency or sense, and lamentably destitute of doctrinal or moral truth. These hymns are those chanted when the fermented juice of the moon-plant, which is strongly intoxicating, is offered in libation to the gods. The hymns laud its intoxicating qualities: “Thou, O Soma, art the embroiler of all things in thy drunken frolics! O moon-plant! those drenched with thy sparkling juice, in their inebriating cups, slew the Rakshasa band!” &c. The Rig Veda consists also of a series of hymns to the sun, fire, the soma-juice, the clouds, and the sea. The two other vedas are said to teach the art of magic, and the method of injuring men by witchcraft and incantation.

The shastras embrace the six following subjects—The rules for reciting prayers; the accents and tones to be observed; ritual; grammar; glossorial comment; metre and astronomy, &c. : although treating of secular subjects they claim the authority of inspiration.

The puranas are the only books in general circulation, and from these are mainly derived the prevailing ideas of the Hindus on the wide range of subjects of which they profess to treat. They are eighteen in number, containing, it is said, no less than 1,600,000 lines of sacred verse, in which the creation of worlds, chronology, genealogies of gods and patriarchs, are treated of, together with crude attempts at history. They pretend to be very ancient books, but are far from being so; the oldest not being anterior to the eighth or ninth century of the Christian era, and some of them not being more than 300 or 400 years old. The writers, whoever they were, appear to be divided between the rival claims of Vishnu and Siva. There is no light in them: nothing calculated to elevate or purify the mind. Professing to guide the learner, they only lead him more and more astray, and leave him lost in a labyrinth of uncertainty and error. Yet to read these books, or hear them read, is an act of the greatest merit, extinguishing all sin.

Our engraving represents a Brahmin engaged in reading the puranas for the edification of the bystanders, who present to him offerings in return. The woman who is going away has just placed a handful of jasmine blossoms on the sacred books.

Occasionally rich men expend considerable sums of money in the mere recital of these books. Some auspicious day being selected, the Brahmins are entertained the day before. A shed is prepared, covered with thatch, and open on all sides, sufficient to cover a large assembly, having at one end an elevated place for the person who is to read, and at the other a curtain from whence the women hear and peep through the crevices. Mats are spread, and, on the appointed day, all take their places. The individual who is at the expense of all this, after bathing,

enters the assembly, and chooses the reader, around whose neck, arms, and head thick garlands are placed, and his breast and forehead anointed with white paint. He then begins to read one of the puranas aloud. Occasionally, as the feelings of the people are moved, he is presented with money. This is continued day after day for a certain time, until the book is finished. Sometimes the guests are feasted on the last day, and the Brahmins dismissed with presents. Rich men are said occasionally to have expended not less than 100,000 rupees (ten thousand pounds) at such recitals.

Hindus also, as an act of merit, employ persons to sing those parts of the shastras which contain the history of their gods, and which are often of a most abominable character, fitted to excite the worst passions, and pollute the whole population. When shall these foolish and wicked books be rejected by the Hindus, and committed to the flames, and the true revelation of God, which tells us of God's gift of His Son to be the Saviour of sinners, be substituted in their place; and, instead of Brahmins reading the puranas, there shall be spread abroad throughout the land those who shall read to listening assemblies the words of eternal life?

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VISIT OF THE BISHOP OF CALCUTTA TO JAY NARAIN'S  
COLLEGE, BENARES.

THE following account of the venerable Bishop of Calcutta's visit to this seminary, as communicated to us by the principal, the Rev. C. F. Cobb, will be read with much interest and gratification. The stirring sermon preached by the bishop at the Church Missionary Anniversary in 1846 is still remembered. It was an appeal which went to the hearts of God's people, and which has not yet lost its freshness; and it is with thankfulness we find him, at his advanced age, still enabled to visit his extensive diocese, and not only reach Benares, but, in the north-west provinces, meet our Missionaries from the Punjab, and admit to holy orders a Sikh catechist, thus carrying out with energy his plans for the evangelization of India. Mr. Cobb's letter, dated Nov. 8, 1854, runs as follows—

The notes which I should be jotting down in my journal of our dear and venerated bishop's visit to Jay Narain's college to-day, why should I not write off at once? Thus you will get them fresher, and my next report will be so much the less encumbered. Intense occupation must plead my excuse for rushing in *medias res*. We all breakfasted together at Mr. Smith's, and then adjourned to the college. I first took the bishop over our new building, with which he seemed much pleased, especially remarking that he thought the verandah which runs along the front of both buildings, and is continued between them so as to make a connecting corridor, must be the longest in existence. He was also much pleased with the centre hall and library of our present school-house. We held our examination in the library. Besides the Missionary party and his lordship, we had Mr. Blomefield, the bishop's chaplain, and our kind friends, Mr. Tucker, commissioner, and Dr. Leckie, civil surgeon. The bishop wished to have the

vernacular classes first; so we called up the three Persian-college classes, about forty boys. He had them read St. Luke xv., and Mr. Wilkinson, in whose charge that department is, put questions, or interpreted for the bishop. The conclusion of this was an earnest exhortation from the dear old saint to them, like the prodigal son, to cast away all their sin, lying, vice, idolatry, and turn to the only true God their Father. He dismissed them, as he did all the classes, waving his hand, and bidding them "Salam, Salam!"

Next I exhibited to him a map of Benares, just executed by one of my English school-boys, which is the most perfect one ever yet prepared, and, I should expect, will be lithographed and published. It is based on Prinsep's, with alterations and additions. The delineation is the boy's. The bishop was in ecstasies with it, and, calling up the boy, said—"I am greatly pleased: your name will become great." He was equally delighted with our general maps, executed by another boy, with the Devanagrí character, for the use of our Hindí department, and equally complimentary to the lad who had drawn them, to whom Mr. Tucker also advised a donation of ten rupees on the spot.

Next we called up twenty of the most advanced Hindí and Sanscrit students. These boys, and all the department, are in charge of Mr. Broadway. The Hindí boys proceeded to read St. Luke iv. Mr. Broadway questioned them. These boys are admirably taught in the holy scriptures, and, from early habit, read *ore rotundo*. This Mr. Colvin remarked when he was here, but the delight of the good old bishop was most cheersome and pleasant. Hearing them distinctly, he turned from side to side, his face beaming with pleasure, to express his gratification. In the course of the examination, one boy very earnestly and energetically answered about Satan, "that he had great power in this world amongst those who obeyed him." The bishop, when this was explained to him, was very anxious that they should all understand that temptation was *universal*; and, when the boy earnestly declaimed more on the subject, inquired, "Is he a Christian?" Hearing he was not, he exhorted him to become one, and then, through Mr. Broadway, warned them that Satan tempted every one of *themselves*, one to one sin, one to another.

Then we had up the three English-college classes, twenty-three boys. They read John iv. The bishop asked, "What does our Lord mean by the well of water?" First boy—"The Holy Spirit." "Very good. Can you show that from another passage in St. John?" This was only done with help. "What does the Holy Spirit do for us?" "He gives us knowledge, and guides us in the true way." "Very good. What do you mean by the Holy Spirit?" "The Spirit of God." I interposed, and said, "You mean the third person of the ———." The question passed one or two, and came to a Christian boy, who answered rightly. The bishop—"What has each of the persons of the blessed Trinity done for us?" One lad said, "The Father made us;" the next, "Jesus Christ pardons our sins." I interposed, "But how does God pardon our sins? on what account?" "Through the mediation of Christ." The bishop—"How can you be saved?" The next boy, a lad of whom I have great hope, "By believing on Jesus Christ." Bishop—"What do you mean by prayer?" The next boy, "*Addressing* God." I passed the question on. It came to a Christian.

He said, "*Wishing* from God." I objected to the English. He said, "Begging from God what we need." The bishop said, "Can you give a parable which encourages us to pray?" The lad gave it, after a little hesitation. "What is the parable of the unjust steward?" The boys had not read St. Luke lately, and so were at fault. The first boy gave that of the unmerciful servant by mistake. Bishop, "What great event happened in the reigns of Henry VIII and Elizabeth?" First boy, "The reformation." "What do you mean by reformation?" Second boy, "The corrupt state of religion was reformed." The bishop then proposed to them some historical questions. I said, "My lord, they are yet, most of them, very little acquainted with modern history." "Well, then, who was the greatest, Alexander or Julius Cæsar?" A nice, sharp boy stepped forward, and said, "Alexander, for when he conquered Darius he treated his mother honourably and kindly, and therefore he was benevolent." The bishop was pleased, and asked him how Alexander died, which he also stated correctly, and the bishop moralized on it. Another historical question about Demosthenes was well answered by the first boy, a clever young Brahmin; and then the bishop said, "Well, Mr. Cobb, is that all?" I said, "My lord, I have an indefinite number of classes, if your lordship wishes to hear them." "Oh," said he, getting up and turning away, "no, indeed: I have done quite enough: no indefinite number of classes for me."

We just took the bishop through the school. When we were among the little Bengali boys, he first noticed one little fellow with his smart scarlet and gold cap and scarf—as they all came in their best; and then, standing by one nearly naked little urchin, said, "See, he is quite afraid of me." So he walked all down the row, patting the little boys' cheeks. Meanwhile they all began their simultaneous chanting of the multiplication-table, which pleased him. When I had taken him through the centre hall, in which are ten English classes, averaging fifteen boys a-piece, and one wing with four Persian-college classes; and then, going out into the verandah, had led him through a long vista of little Bengalis, with their writing on leaves; and then, through two class-rooms, into another verandah, chokeful of small Hindí boys, he exclaimed with astonishment at our numbers. Then we went into a Sanskrit class, and the bishop asked the pundit—a man only with us a week or so—whether the Sanskrit was ever a vernacular? He said it was the language of the gods and pundits. "Gods!" said the bishop: "it's all untrue:" adding, half in English, half in Hindustaní, "There is only one true, almighty, everlasting God," &c. As the bishop went away, he said, "Put me down for another 200 rupees for your new building: you know I have given you one already." We had had a beautiful exposition in the morning from 2 Pet. i., in which the bishop, by plain and faithful warning as well as by most affectionate encouragement, stirred up our minds. It was truly a season of refreshment.

#### THE RUSSIAN PEASANT.

**RUSSIA!** how many thoughts that word awakens in the heart! A sanguinary war, which, short as the time has been which has passed over since its commencement, has already cost this country thousands of



valuable lives, and left wives widows, and children orphans. Who does not think of it? Who does not pray that the sword may soon be returned to its scabbard, and peace restored to the nations? How wicked the ambition which moves rulers and people to aim at universal conquest! How dread the fanaticism, which, regarding a corrupt and idolatrous Christianity, such as prevails in Russia, as the alone true faith, is prepared to propagate it by the sword! How stern the necessity which compels a nation like Great Britain, desiring to remain at peace, and cultivate the arts of peace, to employ its energies in war, for the protection of the weak and the coercion of the wrong-doer!

The ambition of the rulers, and the ignorance and fanaticism of the Russian peasantry, are the evil elements in which has originated the existing disturbance of the peace of Europe. The one acts upon the other. Through the priesthood, the government moves the people to its purposes, and in the millions of the Muscovites finds an immense material for war service.

The Russian peasantry are an ignorant and degraded people. They are not freemen, but serfs. The property of the Russian proprietor is valued, not by his acres, but his slaves—that is, the number of male peasants on his estate. A peasant has, on the estate to which he belongs, a house and portion of land, the rent of which he pays in labour, working three days in the week for his lord, and having the remainder of the time at his own disposal. But he is liable to great oppression. The laws which profess to protect the weak are not always enforced, and, by the influence of the noble, are easily set aside; so that, practically speaking, in remote and secluded districts the proprietor exercises uncontrolled power. A peasant, when convicted of an offence, is flogged, or sent to Siberia, or to the army. The yoke of slavery presses heavily on the poor Muscovite peasant. In the matter of his own personal liberty, in his relations to his family as husband and father, in the possession of any little property which he may acquire by his industry, he is never secure from the exercise on the part of his lord of tyrannical interference. In addition to many other sources of vexation, he is liable to be taken as a conscript. The proprietor is bound to furnish from the serfs on his estate the quota which the exigencies of the government may require of him; and there are certain qualifications which the conscript must possess. There may be three brothers in a family, and one of them must go as a soldier. There are few things which the poor Muscovite more dreads. Twenty years' service in the Russian army must be fulfilled before a discharge can be obtained, and how few survive that term, amidst the hardships and ill-treatment to which the Russian soldiery are exposed! Of the three brothers, one has a wife and children; the second is below the standard height, or is in some way physically disqualified; the third is a minor, and cannot as yet be compelled to serve. The father of the family must go, unless the younger brother volunteers; and most distressing scenes often ensue, of wife and children piteously imploring the younger brother to go, and suffer the one on whom so many are dependent to remain behind. When one from a family goes forth as a soldier, the others mourn for him as dead: they never expect to see him again.

How many scenes of suffering exist amongst the poor serfs of Russia!

Have they the consolations of the gospel? They are nominally Christians. True, but their religion is Christianity in name only: in reality it is heathenism. As an object of exclusive trust and hope in whom the weary may find rest, Jesus is unknown. He is eclipsed by a multitude of saints, whose pictures receive the superstitious veneration of the poor Russian peasants. Alas! brandy is their principal consolation, and in the indulgence of the destructive vice of drunkenness the serf forgets for a season his many miseries, and deprivation of all the rights which belong to man amongst his fellows.

The poverty of the Muscovite happily serves as a limit to excess, and in the absence of an intoxicating element tea is his favourite beverage. It enters largely into his consumption, and in large towns the infusion is sold, ready made, by itinerant purveyors. The tea used in Russia is of superior quality. On the Siberian frontier of China it is obtained in exchange for European goods, and, packed in chests covered with hides, by land and water carriage is conveyed to Nijni, the great emporium of Russia for that commodity.

Another itinerant tradesman, a cake-seller, is the subject of our illustration.



## JAPAN.

OUR last Number contained some notices of the state religion of the Japanese, called Sinsyu. There are a few more thoughts respecting it which we should like to introduce before we pass on to other subjects. The Sintoos, as its followers are called, have some vague notions that man does not die with the death of his body; that his soul still lives in a new state; and that he is either happy or miserable. But all their conceptions are indistinct. They are as one overtaken by mist upon a mountain summit, and who can only see a few steps before him. He knows not where the path lies, or what direction he ought to take; and perhaps, at the very instant when he thinks himself most safe, he finds himself reeling on the brink of a fearful precipice. How pitiable the condition of the dying heathen, who has no sure light to guide him, no heavenly hope to cheer him; who feels himself on the eve of departure from a world that he would fain continue in if he could, and going he knows not where! Surely Christians, to whom Jesus Christ has "brought life and immortality to light through the gospel," cannot realize the condition of the heathen, or they would make more self-denying efforts to help them in their need.

But again, emanations which issue from bodies partake of the nature of that body, and are imbued with its properties. Flowers yield sweet odours: the dung-heap, such as are offensive and overcoming. The sun sheds forth light: the low and marshy places emit unwholesome vapours. So from the truth of God comes light and comfort; but from the heart of man issues error, perverted notions on the most solemn and important matters which can engage the attention of man; prejudice against what is true, obstinate clinging to what is false and unprofitable. There are thoughts and ideas on religion which spring naturally from the human heart, as unwholesome exhalations do from the swamps and fens: they are thoughts which are full of error; but the heart clings to them because they partake of its own nature, and are imbued with its own darkness and corruption. One of these false notions is, that man can make satisfaction for delinquencies, on account of which his conscience condemns him, by acts of austerity and bodily mortification. The man is distracted between two influences, the indulgence of criminal passions, and the dread of punishment as their consequence. This notion enables him still to indulge the one, and yet escape from the torment of the other. He will gladly macerate his body, if he may indulge his sin. We believe that conscience works, more or less, in every man, but often in a very mistaken way. It is inactive when moral offences are committed, and scrupulous on formal and superstitious matters. But still, however erroneous it may be, every man has a law or standard in his own breast, for offences against which his conscience condemns him. And to quiet this, the man afflicts himself with various penances, &c., in the hope of making satisfaction. There is no more prevalent error than this, and it exists in Japan as well as elsewhere. The Japanese have their ceremonial law, by the violation of which they become unclean: for instance, if they partake of certain meats, or come in contact with blood or death, they are then unclean. To such an extreme is this carried, that if a workman engaged in erecting a temple chance to wound himself, and blood follows, he is sent away as impure, and, in

some instances, the temple itself is pulled down, as having shared in the defilement. But that which most causes uncleanness is the death of a near relative. The person then puts on the white dress, the symbol of mourning, and, while in this state, is precluded from access to the temples, or other religious acts. Fasting, prayers, and other prescribed forms, must be rigidly fulfilled before the impurity is removed, and the individual permitted to rejoin society.

But going on pilgrimage is the grand act of Sintoo devotion, and in the acknowledgment of its supposed value and meritorious character the Japanese identifies himself with the Hindu, the Mahomedan, and the corrupt Christian of Europe, as well Greek as Romanist. The Hindu has many shrines—Jagannath (Juggernaut), Benares, Nasik, &c. The Mahomedan has Mecca. The corrupt Christian, Jerusalem, Rome, &c. The Japanese, too, have many shrines—no fewer than twenty-two throughout the islands—amongst which one is pre-eminent, the temple of Tensiodaizin, at Isye, supposed to be the original temple, if not the birth-place, of the sun-goddess, to which every individual, of every rank, once at least during their lives, must perform the prescribed pilgrimage. Such as are more strict fulfil it every year. The approved mode of performing it is on foot, as a mendicant, the pilgrim carrying a mat on which to sleep, and a wooden ladle with which to drink; and the more of hardship is endured, the greater is the merit of the pilgrim.

Christians, too, are pilgrims—"strangers and pilgrims on the earth." They, too, seek a city, but one "which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." They, too, have their fasting: it is to keep themselves "from the evil." They, too, have their mortification: it is to mortify "the flesh with the affections and lusts." And as desiring "a better country, that is, an heavenly," they "seek the things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God."

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THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDER'S DREAM.

Suggested by an anecdote in Williams's Mission to the South Sea Islands.

I slept; and in my sleep I dreamed
 A hill before me lay,
 Which, like a mighty barrier, seemed
 To interrupt my way.

Its lofty summit touched the skies,
 Its base the shades below;
 And as I gazed, it seemed to rise,
 And still more threatening grow.

An icy stillness o'er me stole,
 And thrilled through every sense,
 While doubt and horror filled my soul
 With agony intense.

In sore distress I cried aloud
 To God in fervent prayer,
 And suddenly I saw a cloud
 Glide slowly through the air.

And out of it there came a drop
 Like blood of crimson hue,
 Which fell upon the mountain top
 As soft as Hermon's dew.

And lo! the mountain passed away,
 And vanished from my sight,
 Like wreaths of mist at break of day
 Before the morning light.

Beyond it lay a fruitful land,
 With rivers deep and wide,
 Which rolled upon the golden sand
 Their clear and crystal tide.

Beside them goodly trees, endued
 With healing virtue, grew;
 And flowers with ravished eyes I viewed
 Of every scent and hue.

And there his sheep a shepherd fed
 In pastures green and fair,
 And unto living fountains led
 With ever-watchful care.

Good Shepherd, well I know Thee now,
 With ardent voice I cried,
 Thou art my Lord and Saviour, Thou
 The Lamb, the Crucified.

The mountain was the load of guilt
 Which on my conscience lay;
 The drop, the blood of Jesus spilt
 To wash my sins away.

My guilty soul, O Lord, renew
 In that all-cleansing stream,
 That thus the vision may be true,
 And not a fleeting dream.

R. M.

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 MANSUK.

OLD MANSUK's threatening message was duly reported to the Rev. H. Budd. It did not lessen his determination to visit the Nepowewin, although it necessarily rendered him doubtful as to the kind of reception he might meet with. "I do not know," we find him saying, "how I may be received by the Indians of Nepowewin. Mansuk's message has only increased my desire to go and see him. May the Lord go forth with us, and may His blessing rest upon us and our humble efforts! I feel my own nothingness and insufficiency for so great a work which lies before me. What a contrast between the instrument employed and the object in view! If the Indians of Nepowewin are to be evangelized, surely it must be all of God. To God, then, I desire to look for grace and for assistance: *that* God who prepares His work through ages, and accomplishes it by the weakest means and instruments when His time is come. To effect great events by the smallest means—such is the law of God, that the glory may be of God, and not of men."

Such was the effect produced on Mr. Budd's mind. Mansuk's rude words threw him more on God, and in His strength he resolved to go forward. It reminds us of the women, when, early in the morning on the first day of the week, while it was yet dark, they proceeded towards the tomb, bringing with them the spices and ointments they had prepared for the purpose of embalming the body of their Lord,

and as they went along they bethought them of a difficulty—"Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" It was indeed a difficulty, for the stone was "very great." But anticipated difficulties ought never to turn us back from the plain performance of a duty. It will be sufficient when they actually occur. Let us go forward until we come breast up to them, and then, far beyond all our hopes, we shall find a way opened. Thus it was with the Israelites. The Red Sea lay before them, and further advance seemed to be impracticable; but the command to the people was that they should "go forward," and the sea divided, and they went over on the dry land.

Mr. Budd left Cumberland on August the 24th, 1852, and reached the Nepowewin on September the 8th. The tents and camps of the Indians were pitched all round the Fort; and no sooner was the boat perceived than there was a bustle, and men, women, and children came running down towards the river's bank in order to have a good view of the new comers. Some of the Indians ran to meet them as they touched the bank, while the rest, wrapped in their buffalo-skins, remained standing on the bank. The reception which Mr. Budd met with was far better than he expected, for, instead of rudeness or displeasure, the Indians began to help the crew in carrying up the goods. On landing, Mr. Budd was careful, going amongst them all, to address to them the usual salutations, and then inquired for Mansuk's tent. He found him in great suffering, very sick, and lame in one of his feet. His ferocity seemed to have left him. "Mansuk," says Mr. Budd, "began to tell me some long stories, and not a word of his driving me away. He spoke very familiarly to me, and very kindly too. I expected, in every sentence he spoke, that he would mention the message that he had sent down to me, but he did not even hint at it in this interview."

The next morning the boat and crew left, on their return to Cumberland, leaving Mr. Budd and two men to pass the winter as they could amongst these Indians. Our Missionary followed them with his eyes as they rounded a distant point and disappeared from sight. We cannot wonder. He had left behind him at Cumberland his wife and children, and it is not surprising if human affection went a little with the boat. His thoughts were interrupted by one of the Indians coming up to him and saying, "So, your boat is off, and your men have left you standing here. Why do you not go with them?" "I do not mean to go back with them now," was the reply: "I came to winter here among you." "Ah!" said the Indian, "but you will repent of that, even before the winter is begun. Stop till a large party of the Plain Indians comes in, and they do what they please, and take every thing you have from you: you will repent then that you allowed your men to leave you." "It may be so, but I have no choice now: I must stop, whether I will or no, and make the best of it I can. I hope the Plain Indians are not so bad as to take every thing I have, without any provocation." "You will see that before long," persisted the Indian, "You will not be able to keep any thing, neither horses nor cattle; and when you sow any thing they will reap the fruits of your labour, and leave you nothing." "This is certainly very hard," responded our Missionary, as this amiable and encouraging prospect was thus placed before him; "but there is no remedy: I am in for it now, and I am determined to try my chance."

It was not long before Mr. Budd had conversation with Mansuk, or Maguis, and his younger brother, Wulluck, or William, on that great subject which was most dear to him, and most needful for them. Wulluck was full of objections. He said he did not think he should ever become a Christian, because then he should have no chance of ever meeting with his relatives or friends who had gone before to the other world. His opinion was, that the white people had their religion, and the Indians also that which was peculiar to them; that they were alike from God, and that each one should keep the religion which God had given him. Such are some of the notions with which the natural mind is found to be prejudiced against the gospel; so that when an evangelist commences his work he is like one who has to make his way through a dense jungle, all matted and tangled with thorns and briars, and it is only as he clears a path for himself, step by step, that he makes way.

Old Mansuk himself was not much less discouraging at first than his brother Wulluck. "Mansuk," says Mr. Budd, "is very shy of the praying religion. He can sit and hear any worldly talk, but he has no ears to listen to any thing respecting his soul. At first, when invited to come and join in worshipping, he shook his head, signifying, No." He and his wife, however, thought better of it, and came, and were very attentive the whole time during service. Afterwards, Mr. Budd sought him out at his tent and asked him why he was so shy of the word of God, by which alone they could know the right way to please Him. "My friend," replied the old chief, "if you had made a large kettle of broth with your flour, all the Indians would be ready to come in when you wanted them; but as you merely speak to them about the praying religion, they feel no inclination to go, without seeing something to go for." So blind is man: he labours "for the meat which perisheth," while that "which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man" has given, is despised and rejected, as of no value.

Such was Mr. Budd's commencement of labours at the Nepowewin. To human judgment it seemed as though he had commenced to scatter seed upon the frozen ground. But the word is powerful, "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."

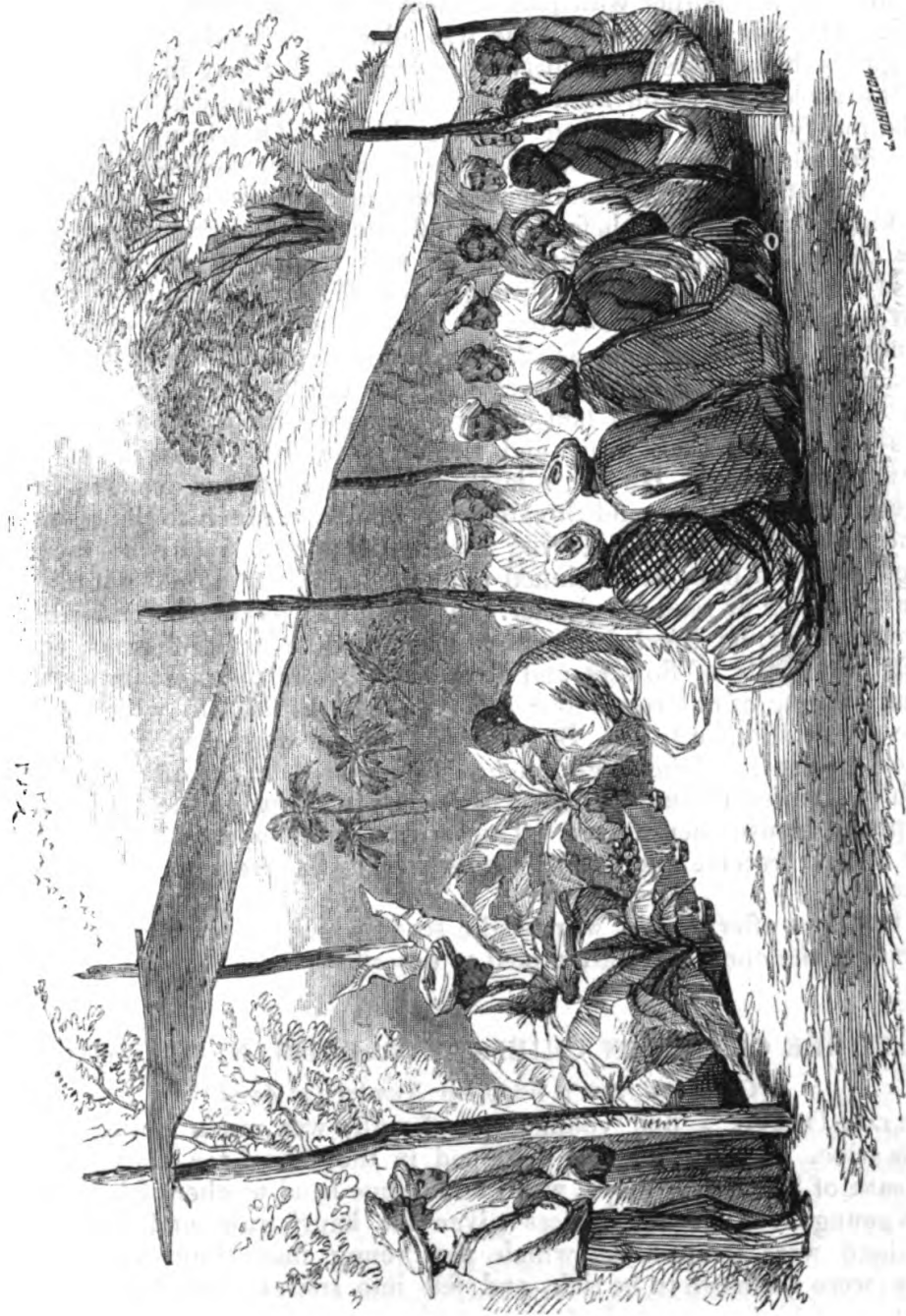
#### WHAT CHRISTIAN ENERGY CAN ACCOMPLISH.

DR. CAREY, without early classical training, brought up to manual labour, and who did not enter on his work as a Missionary till he was somewhat advanced in life, learned thirty-eight languages, that he might translate the Bible into them. In the house which he occupied at Serampur are still to be seen, in manuscript, his Sanscrit dictionary, in five folios of 700 pages each, and his Bengali dictionary, and other large works, any one of which is enough to give an ordinary man a world-wide reputation. The oriental characters, as written by him, are so perfect that it requires a close examination to be convinced that they were not printed. Besides his appropriate work as a Missionary, he acted as a professor in the government college, and as a translator for the government, and superintended an indigo plantation—all that he might obtain the means for supporting the Mission.



## MÍRUT, NORTH INDIA.

WE are indebted for the larger engraving of this Number to the kindness of Mrs. Medland, the wife of the Rev. A. Medland, one of our Missionaries at Mírut. It has been accompanied by a



*SOCIAL HEATHEN SERVICE AT MÍRUT.*

counterpart, which will appear in our next Number. Mr. Medland has forwarded the following explanation—

My chowkidar—a watchman who guards the premises at night—gave an entertainment to his friends, but previous to this a kind of religious service was held. About eight o'clock in the evening a slight awning was erected on high poles near my compound. At one end of this a small square platform, or altar, about five inches in height, was erected, decorated at each corner with plantain leaves, and lit up with a few oil lamps. On this a shapeless stone was placed, concealed by flowers. The guests being assembled, between twenty and thirty in number, a pundit arrived, and commenced the service. He began by uttering a few words, purifying the altar, and the chowkidar. This being done, he seated himself on the platform. The chowkidar then confessed his sins, upon which the Brahmin commenced reading one of his shasters, the chowkidar still kneeling before him, and the guests being seated in a circle behind. Understanding that he was reading a description of one of their deities, I asked, through Joseph, my schoolmaster, if I might be allowed to say a few words. Permission having been obtained, I commenced; but as soon as the Brahmin discovered the drift of my discourse, he objected to my proceeding, saying he would himself call upon me, and hear what I had to say at another time. Joseph afterwards read aloud Acts xvii. and St. John iii. 16. This made the Brahmin very angry. He immediately got off the platform, declared that he would read no more, and threatened to go away, much to the dismay of the assembled party. Having assured him that we by no means wished to offend him, he continued amongst them, but would not again mount the altar or read his shaster. A small fire having been kindled before the altar, he directed the chowkidar to make some offerings, consisting principally of flowers and fruit; but by far the most important was an offering of one rupee four annas (about 2s. 6d.), to which most of the guests added a little. Some flour and dāl were then distributed to those present, and the Brahmin, having gathered up the offerings, and carefully counted the money, departed with it. Thus do the leaders of this people cause them to err. They are “blind leaders of the blind.” They neither receive the gospel themselves, and those who would they hinder.

A few days afterwards I witnessed a scene which presented a striking contrast to the one I have attempted to describe.

#### THE THREE CHRISTIAN CHIEFS OF TAUPIRI, NEW ZEALAND.

(Concluded from p. 48 of our Number for April.)

WILLIAM OTAPO, a fine young man of rank, was much looked up to by his tribe. He and his wife remained in the school for one year, till the death of Samuel Wahapa, when he became head teacher of his tribe, the Ngaungau. The high prices given for kauri gum and wheat at Auckland were temptations which few young men could withstand. Many were in haste to be rich, and fell into snares; but William, by the grace of God, remained steadfast, and was a most efficient teacher. He was exceedingly regular in his attendance on the means of grace, the Lord's supper, and our monthly Missionary prayer-meetings. His

respectful and courteous manners were noticed by many Europeans visiting the station; and his attention to the outward decorum of public worship was a great help to his minister. He was exceedingly conscientious in all his dealings, and thoroughly trustworthy. The last time he went to Auckland, with a large party of his tribe, to carry kauri gum and wheat, he very faithfully warned them against being carried away by the excitement of trade. His words were, "My friends, let us remember the caution of our minister, 'Do not make a god of wheat or money: do not worship mammon.'" The reproof was needed; it was a word in season. Soon after his return he was seized by dysentery, caught in attending to his sick brother, who died, and William was brought by his tribe to Tukopoto, the pa opposite the Mission station, a few hundred yards distant from us.

*June 26*—I visited William, and found him very ill. I said to him, "William, do you fear death?" He replied, "The truths of God are my only boast." "Yes," I said, "but you have sinned oftentimes and grievously, in thought, word, and deed." He replied, "That is true; there is nothing good in me; but Christ has died. He alone is my salvation—no other name. Jesus is my trust." I then asked him if he was happy in the prospect of death. "Yes; great is the light of my heart." I then prayed with him, and read the fourteenth and fifteenth chapters of St. John's Gospel.

*June 27*—Seth Tarawhiti, the teacher from the school, who is related to William, went to see him. He said to him, "What hope have you for salvation?" He replied, "Christ alone." Seth then asked, "Are your sins numerous?" William replied, "More than I can count, and deep, deep, deep in the heart." The question was asked, "How are you to obtain pardon?" He again replied, "Through the blood of Christ. This is my prayer—O my God! great and numerous are my sins. I have no power to blot them out. The blood of Thy dear Son cleanses from all sin. Wash me in His blood, for He died for me."

*June 28*—I found William worse. I read to him and prayed with him. He told me he was very happy. Seth visited him again in the evening. William said, "I am sinking fast." The question was put, "Who now comforts you?" The reply was, "God, the Holy Spirit." Seth again asked, "Who is now taking care of you?" The reply was, "Christ is nigh to me." "Do you know him to be your Saviour?" He replied, "Yes; I do." These were his last words. He died shortly afterwards.

Broughton Te Rongo Poto, teacher of the Ngatihini, was the first of his tribe who was baptized. This tribe is the most troublesome on the Waikato River—still rough and difficult to manage. About twenty have been lately baptized, and I trust the leaven of the gospel is still working. Broughton laboured diligently among them. He was a very consistent native; and when, in 1846, his tribe was engaged in the war at the Ihu Taroa, he accompanied them to the fight, to act if possible as peacemaker. His only weapon was his Testament; and when his nephew was shot at his side, he knelt by him, read a passage from the gospel of St. Matthew, and prayed God to have mercy on his departing soul, for the Redeemer's sake. Broughton attended the Lord's supper at Rangiriri on the eleventh of June, which was the last time I saw him. He was shortly after seized by dysentery, and suddenly carried off. On the twelfth of June his illness assumed a serious character.

One of the monitors asked him if he was happy. His reply was, "I am quite happy." On the thirteenth his tribe assembled about their dying teacher, when he said, "My last words to you all are, 'Hold fast your faith in Christ. Be strong, be strong for Christ.'" This was his last effort, for he died immediately afterwards. He was own brother to the chief of the tribe. I trust his farewell charge will be blessed to them.

As regards these my fellow-labourers, who have so joyfully entered into their rest, whilst rejoicing that they have been enabled to be faithful even unto death, I am almost ready to say, with the prophet, "I only am left." Of this I feel persuaded, a gracious God will raise up others in His own time. I cannot but think that this dispensation has been sent to stir up each Missionary to commence an institution for native teachers in his respective district, and to make it, if possible, self-supporting. A little assistance for the first two or three years will ne necessary. One has already been commenced at Pepepe, and I trust the blessing of God will be given: it then must succeed. It is true I have been severely tried, from the removal by death of my teachers, especially by the loss of Tamati; but every work which is of God must be tried, to prove its character, and call forth our faith. At this present time I may say, "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair . . . cast down, but not destroyed." Earnestly do I entreat an interest in the prayers of you, my respected fathers in the gospel, that I may persevere unto the end, and at last be made a partaker of that crown of glory which these our departed brethren in Christ are now enjoying.

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 "SO RUN, THAT YE MAY OBTAIN."—1 COR. IX. 24.

ONWARD, for the glorious prize,

Onward yet!

Straight and clear before thine eyes,

In thy homeward pathway lies,

Rest is not beneath the skies—

Onward yet!

Onward till the dawn of day,

Onward yet!

Tarry not, around thy way

Danger lies; Oh, fear to stay:

Rouse then, Christians, watch and pray—

Onward yet!

Stay not for the flowers of earth—

Onward yet!

What are hours of idle mirth,

What are fading treasures worth

To a soul of heavenly birth?

Onward yet!

Linger not through coward fear—

Onward yet!

Though thy way be dark and drear,

Is not Jesus ever near,

Still to bless, to guide, and cheer?

Onward yet

of an inferior description, is passed over the forehead, and falls down behind lower than the waist. They also wear lappets, covering the ears. These are woollen, fastened to the hair, and edged with brown or black fur.



It will be observed that the dress of this people is ordered with especial reference to warmth. This is necessary, for perhaps a climate more trying to the human constitution is seldom to be found. In summer the days are burning hot, the nights piercing cold. The difference between the extremes of summer heat and winter cold is also very great. The air is so dry as to parch every thing. The quantity of rain and snow is astonishingly small. In the more elevated districts some drizzling rain falls for an hour or two about three times a year. Snow is more frequent, but never more than six inches in depth. It is the great elevation of the table-lands of Ladak and the surrounding districts, and the consequent rarity of the atmosphere, which cause the great extremes of heat and cold. The rarer the atmosphere, the greater will be the difference between the heat by day and the cold by night. It is remarkable, also, that Ladak has alternating day and night winds, the wind during the daytime being from the south, with various degrees of modification, and during the night season from the north, with similar variations; the one augmentative of heat, the other of cold.

Ladak is one of those dark regions of our world where Missionary operations have hitherto been unknown. One of our Missionaries from the Punjab has lately visited it, and on some future occasion we shall present to our readers the result of his observations.

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JAPAN.

THE knowledge of the true God is a liberating principle. He who knows God as his reconciled God and Father in Christ Jesus is a free man: all other men are slaves. "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." Where this greatest of blessings has not been received, the man is in bondage to that which is hurtful to him, and must surely lead him into the midst of trouble and danger. He is the slave of sin and superstition. His passions are not under control. They rule him, instead of being kept under and constrained to submission. His understanding, unenlightened with the true knowledge of God, is filled with superstitious notions which cause him much groundless uneasiness; so that of persons in this condition it may be said, "There were they brought in great fear, even where no fear was: for God is in the generation of the righteous." Like a man whose sight is imperfect, and who mistakes the objects which meet him as he goes along, so the simplest occurrences of every-day life, and trifling accidental circumstances, are invested in their eyes with a supernatural aspect, and bear some mysterious meaning, which they distress themselves in trying to discover. The enslavement to sin of the Japanese we shall speak of on another occasion. In this paper we shall confine ourselves to the subject of superstition, and the powerful influence that it exercises over a people who are considered to be the most civilized of the modern heathen.

Captain Golownin, of the Russian navy, who was a prisoner some time amongst the Japanese, draws a curious comparison between the popular superstitions of Russia and Japan. It will serve to show us that the influence of superstition, like that of sin, is not confined to heathen countries, although it may be most powerful there; that corrupt Christianity, such as prevails in Russia, does not protect from it; that in such a murky gloom it prospers and prevails; nay, more, that Christianity, although of the purest kind, if it be not seated in the heart, and exercise from thence a holy influence on the life, does not protect from it; and therefore that in our favoured country, also, popular superstitions, as well as popular vices, find room to dwell. "The people in general," writes Golownin, "are not only extremely bigoted, but very superstitious. They believe in sorcery, and love to converse on miraculous stories. They put great faith in amulets of all kinds. To keep off all distempers and misfortunes from their families, they place a monstrous picture over their doors of a human figure covered with hair, with a sword in each hand; also dragons' and devils' heads, with large mouths wide open, huge teeth, and fiery eyes. In some cases the branch of a sacred tree is hung at the door, or long slips of paper, with necromantic characters supplied by the priests. . . . According to Russian superstition, thunder kills with a stone arrow: in Japan it is a cat which is hurled down by the lightning. In Russia, when you praise any one, you must spit three times, lest he should fall sick; and if you hand any one salt at table you must smile, to avoid quarrelling afterwards. In Japan nobody



goes over a new bridge, for fear of dying, till the oldest man in the district in which the bridge is situated has been conducted over it. Among us, the ends of wax tapers, which are left at the morning mass on Sunday, are a protection against lightning: among the Japanese, peas, roasted in a pan, which they eat at a great winter festival, and of which they preserve a part for the summer, possess the same virtue. They affirm, that if, during a thunder storm, some of these wonder-working peas are thrown against the walls of a house, the lightning cannot enter, and consequently every thing in that house is safe."\*

Thus we see that in neither Russia nor Japan is there any lack of superstition; and this is the element on which priestcraft feeds. It takes advantage of the fears of the people, and has a variety of objects at its disposal, such as the scapular amongst the Romanists, the charms of the Mahomedans, the wax tapers of the Russians, and the peas of the Japanese. These vanities are sold, and the priesthood is enriched by the produce, and thus priestcraft thrives on the ignorance of the people. Hence, when the gospel comes in to give light to a dark land, the priests of false religions are usually found to be amongst its most bitter opponents, because it interferes with their worldly interests, and, in dispersing ignorance and superstition, dries up the sources of their gain.

Local deities, in Japan as in China, have been indefinitely multiplied by the credulity of the people. Every mountain and hill has its presiding genius; and at every place thus invested with an imaginary sanctity the traveller must pause to utter the "vain repetitions" called prayers. As these consecrated places are numerous, and the prayers long, the journey might in consequence be very seriously retarded, had not the Japanese, with much ingenuity, devised a way of abbreviating the proceedings. Posts are set up, on which are inserted flat round iron plates, which turn like sheaves in a block. On each plate is engraved a prayer. Turning the plate round once is equivalent to saying the prayer, and as often as the plate revolves, so often is the prayer supposed to be repeated. Thus the traveller, as he passes by, has only to give the iron plate a strong impulse, and, as he goes forward on his way, it will not fail to discharge on his behalf the debt of prayer which he owes to the presiding deity of that particular spot.

In the temples prayers are repeated three times a day: they are preceded by much ringing of bells. In front of the temples are basins of stone or metal, filled with water, in which the Japanese wash their hands before they enter. Before the images which Buddhism has introduced into the temples lamps and candles are kept burning, and offerings of natural and artificial flowers presented, together with money, fruits, rice, &c.; but, not content with these, the priests traverse the streets and villages requesting offerings, carefully consigning to a sack, which they carry on their shoulders, the gifts which they receive.

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A WORD OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT FROM A FAR-OFF MISSIONARY IN RUPERT'S LAND TO THE CHRISTIAN LADIES OF ENGLAND.

It appears that there is a growing number of Christian Ladies in the British nation, in ones and twos and "working parties," who intend,

* Golownin's "Japan and the Japanese."

not exactly to "turn the world upside down," but to convert its magnificent, omnicircling crystal dome into an "Exhibition of Industry for all Nations." I have sometimes thought that England's prince and England's merchant princes had the honour of the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, in return for the honour they so justly and appropriately paid to God by that dedicatory inscription upon their Royal Exchange, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;" which, as it were, wrote 'Holiness to the Lord' upon the forehead of the building, and on the gold and silver, and the merchant flags of Britain. "Them that honour me I will honour."

The day of that great exhibition is over, and "the gorgeous palace" has vanished, whether to be reconstructed in greater glory and beauty, we, in this far-off part of the new world, do not yet know; but we are sure that the Church Missionary Society's Exhibition of Industry for all Nations has not "melted into air, into thin air," for this north-west meridian of the exhibition has lately received a liberal supply of the useful products of its industry, and we hear that more are coming. Christian friends, in happy, highly-favoured England, honoured by these deeds, that praise her at these almost utmost gates of the building, we gratefully thank you. At this moment, when we are experiencing cold about forty degrees greater than you felt last winter, our school-children are rejoicing in the warm garments you have sent them; and many a poor Indian is lying on the snow in comparative comfort, "warmed and clothed" by your charity, after the station has been benefited by the able-bodied doing some work for their clothing, to the improvement of their habits, as well as their circumstances. My dear wife has written personally to thank those whose addresses we know; and to thank them and the other kind friends, I take this means kindly offered me by one of the Secretaries of the Society.

Dear Christian friends, we are exhibiting your patient industry and self-denying liberality in the useful and profitable manner I have alluded to. We have also formed and organized a little "brigade" of Indian working girls, who might formerly have taken a degree in something below a "ragged school:" you have clothed them in red and blue stout flannel livery. We give them each their daily appointed work about the station. Some of them are little maids in the Mission servants' houses and school, &c.; two of them we have advanced to our kitchen, and clad them in the garb of European servants; and all of them are employed with great benefit to themselves. Most welcome as are stout, warm, durable clothes to our dear poor people, thankful as we ourselves feel for them, more grateful still are we for the kind, warm sympathy and prayers that accompany them, and so opportunely and refreshingly cheer our hearts and strengthen our hands.

Dear friends, we do not forget that yours is an Exhibition of Industry for "all Nations;" neither do we wish to have all your prayers; but these we do wish to have always: clothes for our dear people we want as often as you can spare them, but your prayers we absolutely need unceasingly; and the more you give us of these, the richer you and we all shall be. And for all these works of charity and industry the great exhibition day is coming, and it will be eternal. The Prince Himself will present you each with tokens of His favour, and I have His permission to show you beforehand some of the gracious expressions

which will fall from Him. Our "God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love, which ye have showed toward His name, in that ye have ministered to the saints, and do minister."

"I was naked, and ye clothed me."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

I am your faithful servant,

ROBERT HUNT.

Rupert's Land—Missinipi, or English River, Jan. 1, 1855.

We have only to add, that this communication from Mr. Hunt is, at the present moment, most appropriate. We have reached the season when the proceeds of work intended for the Rupert's Land stations require to be collected, in order that they may be duly forwarded to that distant Mission-field. We trust they will be such as to prove that none have grown wearied of this good work, and that time has been found for the discharge of these Dorcas efforts, which are productive of so much benefit to our Missionaries, and are not overlooked by Him who has promised that even a cup of cold water, given in the name of a disciple, shall not lose its reward.

CONVERSIONS IN INDIA.

WE have recently met with the following notice of conversions in connexion with the Missions of the Free Church of Scotland—

Two young men, Mahomedans by birth, but brought up in the Roman-Catholic faith, well educated as physicians—one of them having gained a silver medal by an Essay on Fever—have renounced what they found to be "their half-heathen state," and joined the Church at Madras.

A woman, who seems to be savingly taught by the Spirit of God, has renounced heathenism at Puna, and been received into the Church, of which her husband has been a member since 1851. "I know nothing," said she; "I am as dull as a clod; but I embrace the feet of Jesus, and clasp them to my breast." Hindu women are in the habit of singing when engaged in their avocations, but their songs are almost always idolatrous, and often licentious. This convert keeps up the practice of singing, but how changed the strains! The following is the commencement of one of them, as written down by her husband at the request of the Missionary, as she poured it forth extempore while at her work—

To my poor house a stranger has come—
Even King Jesus, the darling of heaven.
I run to bid Him welcome.

With gods of stone what more have I to do?
I clasp my Saviour's feet:
My soul clings to Jesus.

The Lord of all is my Father now;
Jesus is my brother now;
I shall not want.

Since I clasped Thy feet to my bosom,
 Rich, rich am I, O Jesus!
 Oh, leave me never!

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 MANSUK.

It is probable that most of our readers have remarked how slow the trees have been this season in putting on their beautiful robe of green. How tardy the bud has been in resigning its hidden treasure, and making our eyes glad with the bright fresh foliage. Very gradually the process has been going on, and trees that commenced to bud weeks ago are not in full leaf yet. There have been ungenial influences abroad—cold winds by day, sharp frosts at night, while the grey clouds which have drifted along from the north-east have brought no rain. Still, however, there is progress, and when the south-west wind brings up the rain, and the refreshing showers, having saturated the arid soil, are followed by a warm sun, summer will burst forth in all its rich beauty, and we shall enjoy the change the more because of the harsh season which preceded it.

Human hearts are often just as slow in opening to the knowledge of God and faith in Jesus Christ. They have endured a long and dreary winter of ignorance, and, when the gospel comes, they do not at once open beneath its influence. They have much to contend with: old habits and associations, the fear of man, and the love of sin, which ever now and then, as if unwilling to let go their hold, put forth increased efforts to prevent the heart from opening to receive the truth. They, however, who labour to win souls to Christ, must not be “weary in well-doing.” Let them look up to God for help, and continue, in dependence on Him, to make mention of the name of Jesus, and wondrous changes shall be produced, very slowly and imperceptibly it may be, but still, in God’s time, they shall take place, and the most prejudiced and apparently discouraging and hopeless, under the influence of gospel truth, will be found to yield and open and break forth in the manifestation of gracious affections towards God.

It was very slowly indeed that gospel truth acquired influence over old Mansuk. He had many hindrances. During a long life spent in darkness, he had formed his own views about himself, and they were just what we might suppose the natural heart, which is deceitful beyond measure, and desperately wicked, would have suggested. Gravely did he assert that he was not a sinner. Once, indeed, he admitted that he had very nearly committed one sin, that of poisoning a woman with bad medicine at the instigation of another, but his mother had prevented him. To have entertained the thought of such a crime, and consented to it when suggested to him, of that he thought nothing. He had not carried it into execution, and that was enough for him. In fact, the discernment between what is sinful and what is not, except in matters of great and glaring wickedness, is unknown among the heathen. “The term ‘sin,’” says Mr. Budd, “as we understand it, is not used by the heathen Indians: it is made use of by the Christian Indians only. Astonished at the reply of the old man, I asked him, ‘What do you call sin? When an Indian murders another do you call that sin?’ He said, ‘Yes.’ ‘But when an Indian steals, and speaks bad words, is that not sin?’ He said,

'No; we say of such a man, "he is not wise," but we do not call that sinning.' When I told him that every thing that the Indian does which breaks the holy law of God, and hurts his neighbour in any wise, is sin, and that all mankind, as well as the Indian, have broken the law of God times without number, and committed more sins than the hair upon their heads, he did not reply, but looked quite astonished, wondering how he could be such a sinner."

Mr. Budd, however, was not discouraged: he persevered. As opportunity offered, he still brought the blessed truths of the gospel to bear on the dark mind with which he had to do. Nor were the opportunities few; for although his tent was on the other side of the river, and he had a swollen foot, still old Mansuk managed, every third or fourth day, to get across the ice and place himself in the way of instruction. It was evident that his prejudices were lessening, else he would have kept away. This was contrary to the advice his brother Wulluck had given him when, in the autumn season, he was going away: he had cautioned Mansuk not to come near the praying people, nor think at all about Christianity. No doubt Satan suggested that message. He hates the light, because it disperses the darkness in which consists his power: and if he can only persuade his slaves to hate it, and to keep at a distance from it, he feels secure they will continue such. But, happily for himself, the old man did not follow this advice. "Tell my brother Wulluck," he said to some Indians who were going to him, "that I cannot keep from going to the praying people's place: I am there almost every day. I attend their services and worship every Sunday. I find nothing bad there."

There are many in our land who neglect the means of grace, who turn a deaf ear to the Church bell on the Sunday morning, and hurry by its open door. Little do they think of the injury they are inflicting on themselves. They are doing all *they* can to render impossible their conversion and salvation. Why should they be unwilling to go to the house of the Lord? They will "hear nothing bad there." Nay, they will hear of the great good, of the gift of God to sinful man, of Jesus, and His love and willingness to befriend them. Let them consider seriously whether it be not the object of the great enemy of man to keep them far from every means of instruction, and whether, in thus estranging themselves from every opportunity of improvement, they are not pursuing the very path which he has marked out for them with a view to the ruin of their souls.

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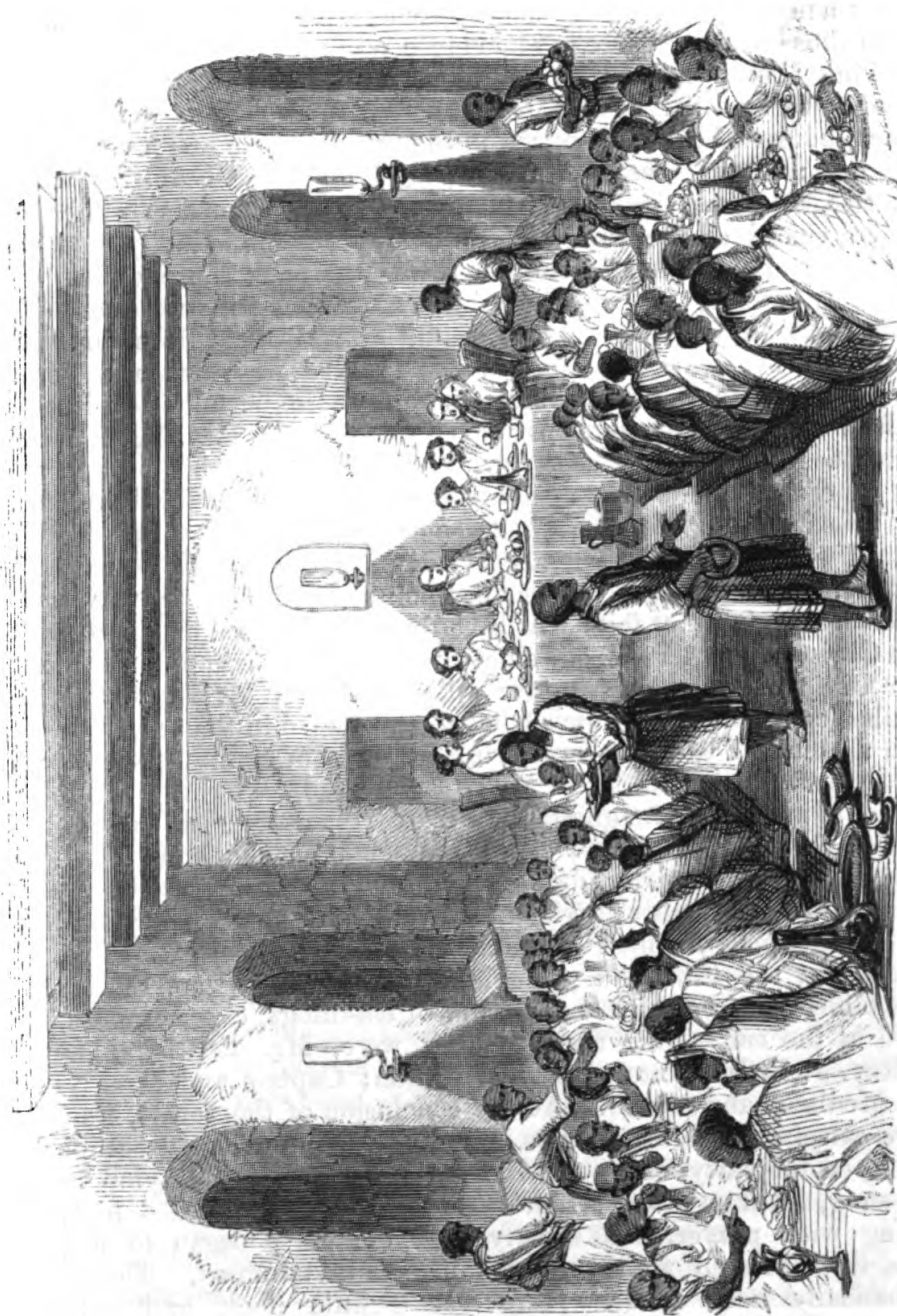
#### "THE FOOLISHNESS OF PREACHING."

THE inspired writers, in seeking utterance for the truths of revelation through the imperfect medium of human language, often use expressions which seem, at first view, strange and paradoxical. The ideas of God, of eternity, of the spiritual relations of man, which it is their office to convey, can be no more than shadowed forth by the ordinary forms of speech. To interpret such expressions, therefore, by the mere literal meaning of the words, is to miss the true meaning. These are the mere outward shell, designed, by the very difficulty which it presents, to rouse the mind to pierce through it to the kernel of divine truths within.

*[From the "Macedonian."]*

MIRUT, NORTH INDIA.

WE now present the account promised in our last Number. The sketch from which our engraving has been made was sent, with the one given last month, by Mrs. Medland, so that our readers may depend upon its accuracy. Mr. Medland thus describes the scene—  
 The close of the old year and the beginning of the new were inter-



NEW-YEAR'S TREAT TO NATIVE CHRISTIANS AT MIRUT.

esting seasons with us. On the Sunday before Christmas-day we had eight baptisms—three adults in the morning, and five infants in the afternoon. On returning from our Mission Chapel in the morning, for the first time since our arrival here, we were particularly struck with the devout and orderly behaviour of the little flock, who were awaiting the commencement of Divine service. Several of them were reading their Bibles and Prayer-books, and appeared to be collecting their thoughts, thus preparing themselves to wait upon the Lord, to hear what “He would say unto them.” In this respect there was a marked difference compared with not a few of our congregations at home, where many come late, and some of those who are early in attendance occupy their time principally in looking about, rather than gathering their thoughts, and preparing themselves for the holy duties in which they are about to engage. Of the three adults who were baptized in the morning, one was a very interesting case: it was that of rather an aged man, the brother of Paul, our head Catechist. This man, some years since, when his brother became convinced of the truth and importance of Christianity, and was baptized, severely persecuted him, and was the chief cause of his wife and family refusing to live with him, which they still continue to do, and are to this day residing at 200 or 300 miles’ distance from him. By degrees, however, his prejudices began to give way, when a severe illness led him to think seriously, and desire to be admitted into the church of Christ. After some period of probation, the Rev. R. M. Lamb, my brother Missionary, consented to his being baptized, which was accordingly done, as I have before mentioned, on the Sunday before Christmas-day. He is called Peter. I have since engaged him as my munshí, and read with him, more or less, every day. He frequently accompanies our catechists and readers on their preaching expeditions, by this means publicly professing that faith which he formerly despised and persecuted.

On Christmas-day, Paul, our chief catechist, gave his annual treat to the native Christians; and on New-year’s day the Rev. R. M. Lamb gave them a similar entertainment, which I have represented in the accompanying rough sketch. The party, numbering upwards of eighty, assembled in our Mission school-room. All things being ready, Paul asked a blessing in Hindustaní. The guests then seated themselves on the ground, on either side of the apartment, in true oriental fashion, and then began eating their portions of rice, dál, chapaties, &c., with much evident satisfaction. Mr. Lamb also provided tea, fruit, &c., for the elder and more respectable women, which they considered a great treat. I should explain that the European portion of the assembly were seated at a large table, covered with a profusion of tea-things, cake, oranges, &c., placed at the end of the room. They were, Mr. and Mrs. Lamb; the Rev. J. E. W. Rotton and Mrs. Rotton; Captain and Mrs. Nixon; Mrs. Medland and myself. At the conclusion of the repast, Paul, the native catechist, and the readers, who had been previously occupied in waiting on the party, assembled in front of our table. A hymn having been sung, Paul gave a short address; Mr. Lamb succeeded him, concluding with prayer, and shortly after the party began to disperse, not a little pleased with their evening’s entertainment. These were emphatically holy feasts. Here was a little flock gathered from amongst the heathen, uniting with their temporal enjoyment the worship of the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent.



## JAPAN.

IN our previous Numbers we have endeavoured to give our readers some information respecting the religious state of the Japanese. It is a very meagre outline; for so imperfect is our knowledge of that singular people, that it is like seeing an object through a dense mist: it is but dimly and indistinctly visible. Before we proceed to review the social condition and habits of these islanders, we would introduce into our pages a sketch of a Japanese town which we have found in the pages of the American "Missionary Herald" for March 1855—the town of Hakodadi, on the southern coast of the island of Yesso, and one of the two ports which have been recently opened to American traffic. It is a place of considerable native commerce, and contains about 8000 inhabitants, living in 1000 or 1100 houses, stretching along for three miles in one main thoroughfare, near the sea-side, with two or three parallel ones higher up the hill. Behind the town are groves of pines, maples, and fruit-trees, which invest it with a pleasing aspect. As the gentleman who gives the description—Mr. Williams, of the American Canton Mission—was himself an eyewitness of what he relates, our readers may rely on the fidelity of the sketch presented to them.

The buildings are of one story, with an attic or loft of different heights, occasionally making a commodious upper chamber, but usually forming only a dark cock-loft, where goods are stored or servants lodged. The height of the roof is seldom over twenty-five feet from the ground; the gently sloping sides are covered with pine shingles, not much larger than one's hand, which are kept in their places by bamboo nails and long slips of board, and over these are laid rows of cobble-stones, sometimes so thickly spread as to cover the entire surface. One object in using these stones, it was said, was to hasten the melting of the snow from the roofs. This heavy covering is supported by a framework of joists and tie-beams. The singular appearance which this tiling gives the houses is increased by the tub of water placed on the gable-peak, which, rising above the porch, fronts the street in Dutch style. The tub has a broom or two stuck in it, with which to wet the house in case of fire. A foreigner landing and seeing these for the first time, however, thinks that he has at last reached the end of the world, and has fairly got to the land where the witches take their nightly rides on broomsticks, perched up here for their convenience. In the street, the many rows of buckets and tubs filled with water near the houses, with a small fire-engine and hose seen here and there, showed the dread of fires, and the precautions taken against them. Fire-alarms, made of a thick piece of plank hung under a little roof on posts at the corners, to be struck by watchmen, exhibited the mode of arousing the inhabitants when a fire broke out; while the charred timbers and heaps of ashes still lying about, where a hundred houses had stood only a few months ago, proved the need there was of all these precautions.

A few of the better houses, and the temples, are neatly roofed with brown wedge-shaped tiles, laid in gutters like the Chinese; while the poor are content to shelter themselves in thatched hovels. The thatch, in many cases, is covered with a crop of vegetables and grass, growing

from seeds planted by crows and other birds, and presenting sad evidence of the poverty or unthriftiness of the inmates. The abundance of crows flying about the town reminds one of Bombay and other places in Southern India. Other birds were seen in great variety, both land and sea fowl, but not in large numbers, except gulls and sparrows.

The raised floor, which occupies nearly the whole area of the house, is covered with stuffed mats, and can be partitioned off into two, three, or more rooms, by sliding panels and folding screens, according to the wants of the inmates. In the centre is a brick fire-place, about three feet square, tiled around the edge and filled with ashes: the charcoal and wood are commonly brought in thoroughly ignited, and then burned on a brazier or handiron in the centre of this fire-place. There is not much smoke when it is burned in this manner; but in the cottages the annoyance from the smoke is almost intolerable. In a few houses, a hole in the roof or side allows the escape of some of the smoke; and then cooking is carried on in the same place. It may easily be imagined what gloomy abodes these are in rainy, wintry weather, having no glass windows to admit light, or chimneys to carry off the smoke, and the wind whistling through every crevice and panel upon the shivering inmates. The poor spend much of their time in winter cuddling around the fire-place, while the rich are unable to make themselves comfortably warm with it, and lade themselves with clothes to protect their bodies from the cold. In the largest establishments there are small open courts between the rooms, sheltered from the wind, by which a dim light can be admitted through the windows; but the best houses in this town are cheerless abodes, compared with even the glazed, warm, comfortable cottage of an English peasant; and one is surprised to see, among a people who have carried many arts to a high degree of excellence, so little progress made in the art of living comfortably. Connected with the greater part of the dwelling-houses is a yard, either in front or rear: in many of them a kitchen or stable is seen: it is also used for storing wood, for rearing vegetables, or cultivating a few flowers: sometimes a kitchen-garden, with fruit and shade trees, indicated the greater taste as well as wealth of the occupant. In the houses of the officers there was an arbour or fancy rock-work garden at the entrance, which showed invitingly to the passer, and did credit to the tenant.

The shops along the main street are often connected with the family residence in the rear, but quite as frequently with a mechanic's room. The goods in shops are packed in boxes or drawers as much as possible, only the coarsest pottery, grains, sandals, and other common articles, being exposed. The ceiling is about seven feet high, and the beams are hung with a large part of these articles. Besides the shops are numerous warehouses, built higher and with more care, and made as nearly fire-proof as possible. Their walls are two feet thick, faced with stone, and made of mud or rubble-stone, securely tiled on top, and entered only by two or three large doors. Some of them have a loft. The window-shutters are of plank sheeted with iron. Some of them are entirely covered with fine plaster instead of stone on the outside, and their substantial appearance stands in strong contrast to the unpainted, flimsy, pine-board dwellings near them.

The shops in Hakodadi are stored with goods, mostly of a cheap sort, such as a poor people require. Coarse, thick cottons, common earthen

and china-ware, lacquered bowls, cups and stands, durable silks, cutlery, and ready-made clothes, constitute the greatest portion of the stocks. Furs, leather, felted cloths, glass-ware, or copper articles, are rarely seen; nor are books and stationery very common. The provision stores contained rice, wheat, barley, pulse, dried and fresh fish, sea-weed, salt, sugar, saki, soy, charcoal, sweet potatoes, and flour, with other less necessary articles, and to all appearance in ample quantities. There is no public market, as neither beef, pork, nor mutton, are eaten, and not many fowls, geese, or ducks: vegetables are occasionally hawked about. The artisans are chiefly blacksmiths, carpenters, barbers, shipwrights, lacquered-ware makers, potters, and stone-cutters. The signs of the shops are written on the paper windows or doors in various well-known devices and cyphers: some were in Chinese characters, and others in Japanese, or a combination of the two.

The streets are about thirty feet wide; and wooden fences, thrown across them at intervals, with gateways, divide off the several neighbourhoods. No wheeled carriages are seen in them, and they are kept commendably clean, sprinkled and swept frequently. The yards are surrounded with board fences, built close and high to conceal the interior: hedges and stone walls are occasionally substituted. The streets present a remarkable contrast to those in Chinese towns, indicating less energy and traffic. No vociferous coolies or stalwart chair-bearers here thrust the idler aside; no clamorous dealers claim the preference of the passer-by for their wares and viands; no busy peddlers cry their goods, or industrious craftsmen work their trade along the side of the way; but a quiet reigns through all the streets, broken now and then by a stout horse-boy hallooing to his unruly beasts, an official attendant crying out to the people to prostrate themselves to the great man coming, or the clang of a busy forgerman in a neighbouring shop. Yet the general impression is made upon the visitor, that Hakodadi is a town of considerable wealth and trade; and the droves of pack-horses passing through the streets with their produce, the hundred junks at anchor off the town, their boats and fishing smacks passing from ship to shore and about the harbour, the tidy streets, and gentlemen with two swords riding through them on horseback, all tend to increase and strengthen this impression.

The people are stout, thick-set, more sturdy than those of Simoda, and, if any thing, not so fawning or immoral. Their average height is about five feet three inches: heavy beards are very common, but none are worn. They are mostly engaged in trade and shipping, depending on their importations for their supplies of bread-stuffs. The harbour contained more than a hundred junks, though it was the dullest season, as the south wind had not yet begun to bring vessels up, and the authorities regretted they could not supply what we wanted.

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INQUIRERS IN KASHMÍR.

WE promised, in our Number for March, to place before our readers some of those interesting cases of inquiry which occurred while our Missionary, the Rev. R. Clark, was in the valley of Kashmír. They will be found in the following extracts from his letter, dated Srinagar, June 30, 1854—

We have met with two professed inquirers, both of whom came to us at Srínagar. They have each of them been with us nearly a month, living with the native Christians, and taking part in our daily religious services. We have endeavoured to take advantage of their willingness to learn, by paying as much attention as we could to them as long as that willingness remained. They have both of them made considerable advancement in knowledge, and have at times seemed to have some impression made on their minds. One of them is a fakír from India, and not an inhabitant of this country. I have not noticed any thing remarkable in his case. He seems to be diligent, candid, and to be struck with the beauty and manifest truth of many parts of the gospel, which he has been carefully reading. I have sometimes had hopes that he is a true inquirer, and has already set out on the way to heaven, but I cannot yet speak at all decidedly respecting him.

Mr. Clark adds, concerning this man, at the end of his letter—

July 5—You will be glad to hear that one of the inquirers, the fakír, has gone to Amritsar for further instruction. He left this morning, in company with Shamaun, our Christian reader. It has been thought desirable for Shamaun to return to Amritsar from this place, as he seems to be hardly strong enough for the long journey before us, and the fakír has taken the opportunity to accompany him. May he indeed become a faithful follower of the Saviour!

The second inquirer is a native of Shupeion, a town two marches from Srínagar, on the road from the Pir Punjal. He is apparently about 35 years old, and knows both Persian and Kashmírí, and also a little Urdu. The former, namely Persian, he reads fluently. He is by birth a Mahommedan. His manner is naturally somewhat disagreeable, but he has outwardly manifested from the first a remarkable desire to study the word of God, and in a short time attained considerable knowledge. He was then extremely earnest in desiring to become a Christian at once. He brought forward the command of Christ to baptize all nations; and also, the practice of the apostles to baptize their converts at a very early period, and frequently within a very few days. He declared himself willing to leave his wife and family, and every thing, if it were necessary; and, in the fulness of his zeal and courage, wished to go to his native town, and be baptized there, publicly, before all his friends. In the time of trial, however, he has found himself weaker than he believed himself to be. On our arrival at Islamabad, where many of his relatives live, he was ashamed to confess his convictions before them; and declared that he was only in our service. The real reason of his presence with us was, however, discovered by them; and although he had withstood some trials of a similar kind at Srínagar, his friends at last succeeded in alluring or frightening him away. He promised to follow us to Shahabad, but did not do so. On our return to Islamabad, however, he came at once to see us. He declared that he sincerely believed in Christ, and in Christ alone; and that he looked to Him for salvation. He wished to go with us to Ladak, for further instruction, but said that he thought it right to remain. He has a wife and three little children, together with an aged mother, who are all dependent on him. In his absence, they would not only be deprived of the means of support, but would be subject to the cruel persecutions of the Mahommedans, who, on his account,

would injure them in whatever way they could. There seemed to be no other course for him to pursue than to remain with them. We could do nothing more than leave books with him, and endeavour to strengthen him in his faith, and commend him in prayer, body and soul, into the hands of Him on whom he believed. He says, that on our return he wishes to be prepared for baptism, together with all his family. He is still, however, but weak in the faith; but we have reason, I think, to have some hopes of him. He is now single and alone in the midst of dangers of every kind. May he mercifully be preserved! We shall use every effort to visit him on our return.

We have had much encouragement, also, in the intercourse which we have had with several other natives. Some have visited us who have appeared eminently qualified to teach, and to exert much influence over others, should the grace of God bring them to the acknowledgment of the truth themselves. I will mention but two instances—one of a Brahmin pundit, and the other of a Mahommedan moulaví, both of them men of considerable talent and education. The pundit was a man of remarkably gentle manners and pleasing address. He stated, that, after many years' strict investigation of his own religion, he had been forced to the conclusion that it was untrue. He then had studied the Mahommedan books, but their religion seemed to pertain merely to outward forms and observances, and consequently was also false. He was then, he said, neither a Hindu nor a Mahommedan. He had practically left Hinduism, but could not receive Mahommedanism. His habit was, he said, to cull from both religions, and from all books, whatever seemed to himself to be beautiful, and worthy of the Deity, and this was his religion. At his first visit he brought forward three questions of a philosophical nature, the true answers of which he had been unable to obtain, and he manifested much research and thought in the long discussion which followed. The next day, however, he stated that his three former questions were merely of a tentative nature, to find out what we knew, and whether we could establish our claim of being worthy of being teachers of others. We had several further conversations with him, and on one occasion he afterwards accompanied us to the bazaar, and stood by us the whole time that we were preaching, watching every thing with great seeming interest. The report, however, was spread abroad that Pundit Tota Ram had become a Christian; and to our great regret we saw nothing more of him. His employment consisted in the daily instruction of about 20 or 30 boys and young men, some of whom occasionally accompanied him, and appeared to belong to a very respectable class of society.

The moulaví was a native of Kishtewar, a hill town on the other side of the Pír Punjal, to the S.E. of Srínagar, in the direction of Chumba. His complexion was almost as fair as that of an European; and his expressive and finely-formed features seemed to pourtray his character at once. He appeared to be well read in both Persian and Arabic; and also, like the pundit, could converse in Urdu. He said that he had thoroughly studied his own religion, and felt a very great desire to become acquainted with Christianity. His object, he said, was to read our books, and compare them thoroughly with his own. We at once gave him the Persian gospels, and also a copy of the Mizan-ul-Huqq; but his Mahommedan friends took them away from him. He then requested, that, if such a thing were possible, we would make arrange-

ments for him to travel in our company, in order that he might be at a distance from other Mahommedans, and might have the constant opportunity to converse about whatever difficulties he might meet with. I at once offered to take him as a Persian munshí. He accepted it, and I dismissed the one which I had had for some little time previous. The arrangement made was, that he was to join us the evening before we left Srinagar. When the time, however, arrived, he did not come. Sulaiman and Yakub went, together with a sepoy, who showed them the way, to see what was the reason of his absence. When they came near to the place where he was staying, they were mobbed at once, and escaped with difficulty, and the sepoy was beaten, and lost his sword. The Mahommedans had no doubt heard of the moulaví's object, and determined to prevent it by force. Such instances, however, of inquirers in the higher and educated ranks of society are peculiarly gratifying. It is to such men, when their hearts are renewed by the Holy Spirit of God, that we must, after all, look, humanly speaking, for the propagation of Christianity in these countries. May many such be raised up in answer to our church's prayers!

Independently of these, we have had repeated visits from others, especially from pundits, many of whom have manifested considerable interest. One case at Islamabad gave us much pleasure. We were preaching in the bazaar, and the whole crowd around us had just been forcibly driven away, and stood at a little distance hooting, as they often did, and shouting out, all together, their kalma—"There is but one God, and Mahommed is the prophet of God." We were left alone, when a pundit came up to us, and sat down at our side, and entered into very friendly conversation, taking the book into his hands, and reading out to himself the passage from which we had been preaching. He afterwards followed us to our tent, and we presented him with a book for himself. The next day he came, like Nicodemus, at night, bringing with him two Mahommedans, who, he said, also wished to learn; but who were afraid to come by day. We talked with them for a long time, and they promised to return on the following evening, but did not come. On our return to Islamabad we called upon him. A crowd at once assembled around his door, and he seemed a little confused, but sent a man with us to bring another book which we had promised him. We then went to our boats, which were lying in the river, about a mile and a half from his house. We had no sooner arrived there, than we saw the pundit himself, who had only waited for the crowd to disperse to follow us, and had come the whole way on purpose to see us again. He then told us the reason why he had not before come to us, as he had promised. His own account is, that the Mahommedans, to the number of 200 or 300, came together to his house, as soon as they had heard that he had brought two of their number to us, and were nearly proceeding to violence. This was why he could not perform his promise. "But yet," said he, "in spite of them all, I *will* read the gospel, which I like very much indeed."

Many other most pleasing opportunities have been given for conversations. Frequently, on the carpet in the native house, or under the magnificent plane-tree, with the most delightful prospects of wood and valley, and snow-peaked mountains, and streams of water on every side, we have sat cross-legged on the ground, and talked, and listened, and gone away with every cause for the greatest joy.

What a state that is, to be groping out the truth, like a man in a dark cave trying to find his way into the light, and welcoming, with eager joy, each faint glimmering that presents itself! But how great the advantages of those who have Christian truth presented to them so soon as the understanding is capable of receiving it! and how proportionately great their responsibilities! And let our readers estimate the greatness of the difficulties with which the inquirer has to contend, when he is convinced that Christianity is true, and that Jesus is the only Saviour. What opposition of friends, what contempt and scorn of the world, what pecuniary sacrifices, what ties to be broken, what pleadings of natural affection to be resisted! What strength of grace is requisite to overcome such hindrances and discouragements, and that on the part of those whose eyes have only just been opened to the light, and who as yet see but indistinctly! What conflicts must take place, what sufferings of spirit! What earnest prayers should we not offer up on behalf of all such! And there are many of them throughout the world.



RIPE FRUIT IN THE JAFFNA MISSION.

THE northern portion of Ceylon, inhabited by a Tamil-speaking population, during the year 1854 has been grievously wasted by cholera—to such an extent, indeed, that at one time all Mission work at our station of Copay, the Tamil Institution excepted, ceased for three months. The people would neither attend meetings nor send their children to school, whole families having been cut off, old and young. Amongst others who have been removed during this awful visitation has been one of our scripture readers, named John Abraham. Our Missionary at Copay, the Rev. R. Bren, has given, in a letter dated March 8, 1855, the following account of him—

He was one of the very few of whom we can say that we believe they have “received the truth in the love of it.” He was born of heathen parents in 1817. Little is known respecting his early life. The first twenty-five years he was a staunch devotee, frequently attending heathen temples and festivals. Often had the truths of the gospel been sounded in his ears; but before they sank into his heart he was ever ready to ridicule what he had heard, and even tore up the tracts which were given him to read. He hated Christianity and Christians, and determined to adhere to the religion of his forefathers. The Rev. W. Adley sent a catechist to Copay, and opened a school for the benefit of the people; and as Kathenodin—for that was his heathen name—was considered somewhat clever in Tamil, he was appointed schoolmaster. His parents were respectable, and he had much influence in the village, so that he was soon able to collect a large number of children: indeed, his regular attendance upon his duties, and the way in which he brought the boys forward, obtained a name for him in the surrounding villages, and boys came from a long distance to learn under him. But his opposition to Christianity remained unabated. He still attended the heathen temples

and festivals, and when service was held in the school he would neither kneel himself, nor allow his boys.

He was not, however, permitted to remain long in this state. A light from heaven broke suddenly upon him, humbled him to the dust, and caused him to exclaim, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" He felt the burden of his sins, so that he could say, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this state of sin and death?" He sought succour from the right source, and found it. He was now changed: the Saul had become Paul. The meetings for religious instruction and prayer were regularly attended, and the Bible became his constant companion: that which before he had loved, he now entirely abhorred, and cast off heathenism with all its concomitants, such as caste, &c.; and in December 1842 was received into the church of Christ. The father, on hearing that his son had obtained baptism, was very violent, and tried by all means in his power to bring him back to heathenism. When he found all was in vain, he adopted the plan usual in such cases, namely, to abuse both the catechist and his own son, and break off all connexion with him. But the anchor was cast within the vail, sure and stedfast, and nothing could move it. Abraham stood firm, and advanced rapidly in the knowledge of divine things. And so soon as he had "tasted that the Lord is gracious," he felt deeply for the state of his friends and fellow-countrymen. He wept over them, prayed for them, and conversed with them on religious subjects, and tried his best "if by any means he might save some." On one occasion, when he was ill, his father, as is customary, made a puja at the temple, and brought some sacred water, telling him it was medicine; but when Abraham found out what it was, he threw it away, and scolded his father for trying to deceive him.

The Rev. W. Adley removed him to Nellore, where he married a poor Christian girl, much to the disappointment of his relatives, who had been persuading him to marry a rich heathen. He and his wife laboured at Nellore until our arrival at Copay, when he came to assist us in obtaining a girls'-school, and to aid in the schools generally. By his persevering efforts and prayers, he was the means of bringing his father and mother, and two or three of his relatives, to a knowledge of the truth; and although he did not succeed in fully turning several others before his death, yet by his forbearance and Christian love he had disarmed their prejudices, and given them a most favourable impression of the truth of our holy religion.

Many members of his family, and one of his own children, had died before the visitation fell upon himself. To aid and comfort them, he was up night and day, and we fear in some measure injured himself. Both himself and wife were attacked on the Wednesday, and died and were buried side by side on the Saturday. We administered medicine, which for a time seemed successful, but he gradually sank from exhaustion. I visited him soon after he was taken ill. Upon seeing me, he remarked, "My father and wife are crying: I tell them not to cry: I have no fear. This body is nothing but dirty sand: why care about that? My soul is safe in the hands of my Saviour." I visited him frequently, and, so long as he had the power to speak, he was ever ready to finish any text or sentence which I began to repeat to him.

On the Sunday morning I preached from Matt. xxiv. 46, and I trust that we all felt it a solemn and profitable season. Would that we had a few such native helpers! His death is a great loss to us. The Lord alone can, and we trust will, in His own good time, raise up many such assistants.

(To be continued.)

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MANSUK.

In the autumn of 1852 old Mansuk left the Fort, having engaged to guide the Company's fishermen to the fishing lake. But this attempt to cast off the infirmities which had come upon him only made them press the more heavily. His foot had swollen greatly, so that for some time he was unable to sit up or walk about. In the good providence of God, afflictions are often combined with the action of the word to bring careless sinners to repentance. "I will dig about it, and dung it." He was thus obliged to remain within the reach of daily instruction. When the Indians were going off to the plains to live on the buffalo, one of them, Mansuk's step-son, said to his mother, "Mother, you have frequented the praying-people's house for the one-half of this winter, and you have attended their services regularly, as one of themselves: do not let us hinder you and my father to do as you like. If you like to join them, you can do what you please: I will not love you the less for that. It is evident," he went on to say, "that the religion which they teach will prevail." Such is the impression produced on the minds even of those who continue heathen, that they are constrained to admit the glorious issue that awaits the gospel.

In June 1853 Mr. Budd left the Nepowewin for Cumberland, where it was arranged that he should meet the bishop and receive Priests' orders. He did not return until the latter end of August. Old Mansuk was still there, the lameness continued with him, and he was obliged, as during the preceding winter, to remain at the Fort. Thus frequent opportunities were presented of deepening the impressions which had been already made, and they were diligently improved. Long and interesting conversations ensued on religious subjects, and the old man became more and more decided in his own mind as to embracing the faith of Christ. When pressed upon the subject, he would say, "I am always thinking about it, and I intend to join you soon in good earnest. I am waiting to see some snow fall on the ground, and then I shall openly confess the praying religion." The snow, however, came: it fell fast, and the ground was covered with its wintry garment; but Mansuk still delayed. Again Mr. Budd reminded him, when he said, "I have fully made up my mind to get baptized now, any time you think best. But I am troubled about my old woman, who has not quite made up her mind yet to get baptized just now, because her son-in-law had told her not to get baptized this winter yet, but to wait till

the next winter, and then she might get baptized if she liked. This is what is troubling us just now, for I should like that she would get baptized with me." It appeared that the old woman was anxious to make her profession of Christianity before all the Indians; but on further consideration this idea was given up, and Lord's-day, Jan. 1, 1854, was fixed upon for their baptism. This, to Mr. Budd, deeply-interesting occasion, when he was permitted to gather in the first-fruits of the Nepowewin, is thus described by him—

*Jan. 1, 1854: Lord's-day*—Early this morning we had our morning prayer: all our people were present. At the usual time we made ready to go across to the Fort, for the morning service there. All the people of the Fort, and even the heathen Indians, were attending. I addressed the people from St. Luke xiii. 6—9, the parable of the fruitless fig-tree. Mansuk, his son, and the Crane, who arrived yesterday, were present at the morning service. When we went over to our side of the river, those who had been present in the morning came over with us for the evening service, when I entered into the church by baptism the old chief of the Thickwood Indians, Mansuk, with his old wife, and another old woman, who has been with us since my first coming here, and her grandson, a little boy, who has been at our school since the commencement—four of the first gathered from among the heathen. May the Lord grant that these may be only the first-fruits of the many gathered into the fold of Christ in this Mission!

On their baptism followed the marriage of the old couple.

*Jan. 3, 1854*—To-day being the day appointed for marrying the old man and his wife, the old pair accordingly came over, when I solemnized the marriage between them. The marriage-service being all in Cree made it doubly interesting to them. When the service was over the old man said to me, "I loved my old woman before, but I think that I shall try to love her even more, after what you have told us about loving each other." I supplied him with some flour and grease, and a little tea and sugar, for which he was very thankful; and, on leaving, the old man asked if he was at liberty to invite any one he liked to his supper. "You are at perfect liberty to invite any person you choose to invite." The old man went away quite pleased.

*Jan. 4*—Maguis Twatt, for so is old Mansuk's name now, is over at our house every day. He is exceedingly diligent, seeking to be instructed in the things which make for his peace. He is not satisfied to get some instruction in our house every day: he goes to the other houses, and asks of something which he does not quite understand, so anxious is he to hear of the new religion he has adopted.

Thus we see what patient labour in preaching and teaching Jesus Christ can at length accomplish. Let us take example from this Missionary fact, and never despair of any, even the most apparently hopeless, but persevere, "line upon line, precept upon precept," remembering that the God whom we serve in the gospel of His Son is one "who quickeneth the dead, and calleth those things which be not as though they were."

## THE GAME OF POLO.

THE singular national game to which our engraving refers, is the favourite amusement of the people of Ladak and Balti, countries lying on the Indus, to the north-west of Kashmir. One reason why it is so popular is, that all parties, from the highest to the lowest, can take part



THE GAME OF POLO.



in it. It is called Polo, and is played in a field four hundred yards long and eighty broad, walled round for the purpose with a stone dyke. On each side are some twenty players, all mounted on ponies. They are provided with sticks about four feet long, and hooked at the lower end. The goals are formed of two upright stones placed about twenty-five or thirty feet apart. The ball, being thrown up in the middle of the field, is struck, as it descends, towards one or another goal, each party trying to urge it towards the one opposite to them. When a goal is won, the victorious party cheers, and the musicians make a lively din. The game is a spirited one, and affords opportunity for active horsemanship. It was once common in India under the name of Chaogan, but in that country is forgotten. Vigne calls it hockey on horseback : Thornton, cricket on horseback.

#### INTELLIGENCE FROM NEW ZEALAND.

A KIND friend has forwarded to us some extracts from a letter received from the Rev. Arthur Stock, who is one of our Missionaries at Otaki, in New Zealand. They are in many respects interesting. The first extract presents to us a specimen of the dangers and hardships connected with Missionary travelling in New Zealand. A Missionary there must be an itinerant, for the people are dispersed over a large tract of country, to the extent of which their numbers bear but a small proportion. Moreover, so rugged is the country, that these journeys must usually be performed on foot, and the Missionary soon finds himself no stranger to fatigue, glad, after the day's long march, to rest his wearied limbs under the hospitable roof of a brother Missionary. Yet the present is a great crisis in the New-Zealand Mission: the natives are in danger of losing their "first love." Some time back they were, as a people recently awakened from spiritual death, most anxious for instruction, and desirous of learning more and more of the Lord Jesus, that they might serve Him. Since then, riches have increased, and they are tempted to set their hearts upon them, to the neglect of the "durable riches and righteousness" which Christ has to give. The good seed is being choked in the hearts of many by "the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things," and they have grown cold. In some parts of the island, drunkenness is increasing among the natives to a great extent, and the grog-shops which the white men have opened are much frequented. The New Zealander, who, as a heathen, was abstemious in this respect, is in danger, as a professing Christian, of becoming a drunkard.

We trust, therefore, that our Missionaries throughout the island will persevere in those labours which have been, in times past, so eminently blessed. We would they had all the energy and vigour of former days; but we have to remember that many of them have grown old, and are no longer capable of the same amount of active effort. That strong and active men are necessary for New-Zealand work will appear from the following extract—

*Jan. 1855*—Since I last wrote I have had to take a journey to

Wanganui—thirty-six miles the first day, and thirty the second—there and back, carrying ten pounds and a half there, and fifteen pounds and a half back. It was very fatiguing, as the road lies along the beach, and the sand was sometimes hard, often very soft, with nothing to see except a desolate range of sand-hills stretching on and on, behind and before. All the water was hot, and the sun scorching. When I got to Mr. Taylor's my lips were thrice the usual size, and my face unbearable; but a kind reception made all square. The first day I was caught in a violent thunderstorm. I crouched under a bank, for I was the only object for the lightning. After this storm was over there was another, four miles from me, and, judging from the frequency of the lightning, it was the worst I have yet seen. Again and again I counted six flashes in two minutes, and many of these were triple. The lightning all day long—for the clouds were all around me—was straight as a dart. I was thoroughly wet, and glad enough to get shelter. The only amusement in this journey was Fright's—my little dog—eagerness to catch all the gulls. Coming back, it blew very hard from the N.W.: the foam was blown inland in large balls. I shall leave for Wanganui in a month. On my return I had to cross the Manawatu, with this gale blowing in and the tide running out, so there was a pretty swell on. I told the ferryman I must cross, and his answer was not encouraging—“That depends on yourself: do as you choose.” He asked me if I could manage a paddle, and, giving me one, placed me in the bow. I was most thoroughly drenched, as every wave broke right over me, and I was afraid of being rolled out. The canoe would have floated had we upset, so I could have clung to that; but I was very glad when my paddle touched the ground.

At this crisis in the history of the New-Zealand Mission, when there is much to fill us with anxious solicitude, much to forewarn us that, if we were to slack our hand too soon from this work, a retrograde movement might ensue of a most painful character, the Lord, by fearful earthquakes, is reminding man of his dependent state, and of the celerity with which, if he be found careless and backsliding, sudden destruction may come upon him. New Zealand has recently been visited by very solemn dispensations of this kind, of which the following extract from the pen of the same Missionary will enable us to form some conception—

*Jan. 23*—The natives say that Taranaki was once close to Taupo, the centre volcano. They quarrelled, and Taranaki, in dudgeon, walked off to Cape Egmont, scooping out the Wanganui river on its way. This is doubtless true. A lake called Taranaki is in the centre of the island. When the centre mountain sunk, forming this lake, Taranaki arose at Cape Egmont, while an earthquake cut the bed of the Wanganui river.

I had written thus far, when I was interrupted by a most fearful earthquake. I have to thank God that I and all of us are well this morning. Every one here says they have never known a worse. At a quarter past nine, P.M., I was thrown out of my chair into the middle of the room, and the house began to heave fearfully. My chimney came into my room and that of the boys, not touching any one. Mr. Baker was with me,

and we both rushed to the door. After the chimney was down the only danger was lest the heavy beams over our heads should fall, so we stood at the door, ready to run at the first warning. The first shock lasted in its violence four or five minutes. It was impossible to stand without holding. The motions of the earth did not cease for half-an-hour, and from then up till now—eight o'clock—we have had at least 250 shocks, some very sharp. At one time of the night, as soon as one had ceased, we could hear the warning rumble of another. The earthquakes are still going on, and we may have another as violent any moment. I never wish to pass such another night. At eleven o'clock I went round the village, speaking to a few of the natives, and endeavouring to quiet some of the white people. The shocks came from north-west by west; but at two o'clock they seemed to be right under our feet, and to change the direct movement for a twisting one. In this house one tall chimney is down, and another has two deep cracks. The chimney of the oven and the oven are down. The chimneys of my house, Mr. Hadfield's, Martyn's, and Tamahana's, are down; and I think 300*l.* will not cover our loss. It is most marvellous, but I have lost nothing. One tumbler alone fell, but did not break. The room is full of dust and bricks, &c., but that is nothing. The school chimneys have fallen, and filled both the rooms, but no one has been hurt, and for that we cannot be too thankful. May God give me grace to serve Him more heartily for this His care over us. The ground is rent in every direction. We have had fine hot weather for a month. On Monday it rained. Tuesday, at a quarter past nine P.M., the earthquake began, and the sky immediately cleared: at eleven o'clock it was fine and starlight. All the afternoon of Tuesday it blew a heavy gale from the north-west, and at six began to rain very heavily, but, as I said, all this ceased when the earthquake began. It made me and many others feel very sick. It is a fearfully unpleasant sensation to feel the earth lifting under your feet. Had it come twelve hours earlier, I and five Maori girls must have been killed, for I was teaching in the room now filled with rubbish. I shuddered when I saw it. Had London been where Otaki is, I do not think one house would have remained standing.

*Jan. 25*—Slight earthquakes are still going on: we have about 100 in the twenty-four hours. To-day I have been all over the country: it is fearfully torn. Although I felt the shocks, yet from these rents I know what their force was. Many of our drains are choked up. In one place the cracks reached to water, which seems then to have boiled up. Our beautiful church is unhurt, as it is all of wood. Last night I counted nine shocks, from nine to ten o'clock: each begins with a dull booming noise, like a gun fired at sea. On Sunday we are to have a thank-offering, and to-day twenty-four potato-baskets have been sent. One man was killed at Wellington by a fit brought on by the fall of some bricks on his foot; and in one place the road between us and Wellington is destroyed. One teacher, after service, told me that our river's bed had opened, and for some little time the river was dried up; but I do not quite believe this, as the Maoris almost always exaggerate.

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JAPAN.

WE have endeavoured to introduce our readers to some knowledge of the Japanese. We have seen that in many respects they may be

deemed a civilized people. In manufactures they are superior to other heathen nations. Their sabres and daggers are of superior workmanship. In the polishing of metals, and their silk manufactures, they excel. Their best porcelain is superior to the Chinese. They paint, engrave, and print. Nearly every individual is able to read and write. Captain Golownin, who was detained for some time a prisoner in Japan, mentions the following fact as an evidence of the degree of knowledge which prevails among the inferior classes. "A common soldier, who was one of our guard during our captivity, one day took a tea-cup, pointed to it, and asked me whether I knew that our earth was round, and what was the relative position of Europe and Japan; pointing out, at the same time, pretty accurately upon the cup the respective situations of both countries upon the globe. Several other soldiers showed us geometrical figures, and inquired whether these methods of measuring and dividing the earth were known to us."

In their houses the floor is covered with clean and handsome mats, over which carpets and cloths are often spread. The interior is adorned with arms of different kinds, porcelain vessels, and curiosities: the walls covered with coloured or gold paper, and, in the houses of the rich, inlaid with various kind of rare wood, curiously carved and gilt. In their gardens may be seen dwarf trees, reared in flower-pots, and others as curiously enlarged beyond their natural dimensions. They are a well-dressed people; persons of moderate means wearing silk dresses, and the rich, materials still more costly, the common people generally being clothed in cotton. On the chauri, or state dress, the family arms are embroidered on the sleeves, breast, and back. In their bearing to each other they are painfully polite. In the streets, when they meet, they move as if intending to kneel; and if it be a person of rank whom they have met, they so bend the knee as to touch the ground with their fingers. Many are the bows and inquiries that are interchanged.

But the Japanese are heathen, and therefore cannot be civilized in the true sense of the expression. Their civilization, like their lacquered ware, which has its polish on the surface, is superficial. If we look into their domestic relations we shall find this to be the case.

A Japanese can only have one wife, who, in the upper classes, must be of the same rank with himself: but he may multiply concubines. Besides, the husband may put away his wife at pleasure. Either there can be no real attachment, or else extreme misery under such circumstances of married life. Infanticide is practised among them, according to Golownin, more particularly in the case of weakly and deformed children. Children of both sexes and all ranks proceed to school, the children of the upper class advancing from those of an elementary to others of a superior description. The girls are educated in needlecraft, embroidery, the management of a household; the boys in the details of Japanese etiquette, a thorough knowledge of the almanac, that they may distinguish between lucky and unlucky days. But most especially they are taught the mystery of the hara-kiri, or happy despatch, that peculiar mode of suicide, abdomen-ripping, by which a Japanese is compelled by their social customs, under certain conjunctures of circumstances, to put an end to his life. If he falls under the displeasure of his superiors, or is in danger of disgrace, whether deservedly or otherwise, he has recourse to the hara-kiri. The fearful act is perpe-

trated sometimes privately, in the family circle, or publicly before assembled friends. Sometimes a splendid entertainment is prepared in a temple, to which relatives, friends, and priests are invited. It terminates with the bara-kiri, which is regarded as such an honourable death as to remove from the reputation of the deceased, and from his family, any disgrace which might otherwise have attached to them. Sometimes the death is concealed, if it be in any way for the advantage of the family, and is then called nayboen. When the necessity for this ceases, and the time comes for the acknowledgment of the death, all screens and sliding-doors throughout the house are turned upside down, and the garments inside out. The family remain in solitude, friends charge themselves with all the details of such a time; one remaining at the street-door to receive the visits of condolence, which are paid outside the door, lest impurity should be contracted by entering the house of death.

Christianity is the alone civilizing element, because it deals with the heart. In the purifying and elevating influence which it exercises within, it enables a man to act as God would have him, in the various domestic relations. It penetrates the laws of a nation and pervades its customs, so as to discountenance vicious and cruel practices, and distinguish and recommend the pure morality of the gospel. There is a national standard of right and wrong; and, although men may continue to do wrong, yet they do so under the condemnation of their conscience. A man in England may be guilty of suicide—unhappily such instances do occur—but he does so in a secret, hurried manner, as knowing it to be an act of gravest criminality, from which he will be prevented should he be suspected of such a desperate intention. How different from the Japanese, who glories in it, while his friends stand round, and, so far from endeavouring to prevent him, honour him for the act. In heathen lands evil is called good. In lands like our own, blessed with gospel light, evil is called evil. National sanction encourages crime in the one, national reprobation discourages it in the other.

CONDITION OF WOMEN IN HEATHEN AND MAHOMMEDAN COUNTRIES.

WHEN we cast our eye over the yet unevangelized portions of the earth, we are constantly reminded of the punishment which God pronounced on Eve, namely, that her's should be a state of subjection and of servitude; and we see the fulfilment of it, just as we see in Africa the fulfilment of the prophecy which, uttered as a punishment on an ungrateful and undutiful child, contained in itself the germ of all the misery and moral degradation which thenceforward became the distinguishing mark of his posterity—"Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren." But as, in the one case, we see the blessed effects of the gospel in raising the children of Ham from this state of servitude, so that, instead of tyranny on the one side and slavery on the other, the people of Christ in Europe and Africa by love serve one another; so, in the other, we find the gospel raising the daughters of Eve from the state of degradation and utter worthlessness in which, in heathen countries, it finds them, and placing them in a position to glorify God, and with patience and humility, to endeavour to advance the cause of that Saviour to whom they owe so much. In Him "there is neither Jew

nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female," for "all are one in Christ Jesus." In order to awaken in ourselves more of zeal in His service, let us consider the state of the female part of the population in heathen countries.

Whether in Asia, Africa, America, or Australia, wherever heathenism prevails, we find woman equally degraded. In Australia, "while the men walk along with a proud and majestic air, the despised and degraded women follow behind them, crouching like slaves, bearing heavy burdens on their backs, with their little one astride on their shoulders. They are the drudges in all heavy work; and after their lords have finished the repast which the women have prepared for them, these despised creatures sit contentedly at a distance, and gather up the bones and fragments which the men throw across their shoulders, as we should throw meat to a dog." In Caffreland it is the custom actually to sell them for cattle. In India they are treated as slaves. They are expressly permitted by law to be beaten: they are by system deprived of education: they are debarred from religious instruction: they may not join in religious worship with their husbands, and are considered by the laws as irreclaimably wicked. In China—denied the rudiments of learning; cut off from the sympathies and social intercourse of their nearest relatives; having no grounds of happiness, either present or future—the unhappy creatures not unfrequently take refuge in suicide, which is a common crime among the female population of China. Among the North-American Indians their women are said to serve as domestics, tailors, peasants, and oxen. They till the ground, carry wood and water, build huts, make canoes, and fish, and are looked upon as mere beasts of burden. The same sad tale remains to be told of the natives of the Indian and Polynesian Archipelago, and so on through the whole range of heathen and Mahommedan countries. The heart sickens at the thought of so many human beings, in the midst of present misery and unhappiness, unsustained by one bright hope for the future. The gospel is the only means of rescuing them from this position: civilization will not do it, for the Chinese are comparatively civilized. Yet the Chinese ladies, with good intellectual powers, are considered unworthy of the smallest instruction. The most favourable sentiment with regard to this point, in the writings of their philosophers, is this, that since "monkeys and parrots had been taught, women might, no doubt, be instructed, if their husbands were disposed to make the experiment."

The gospel, which is "mighty through God to the pulling down of the strongholds" of Satan, can raise these poor creatures from this state of degradation in which they are, by showing them what great things Christ has done, even for them, and then, how wonderful is the change! It is like that spoken of in the book of the prophet Isaiah, where it is said, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose." Many examples of this blessed change we have in our different Mission fields, examples which should quicken us to more of earnest effort in spreading the gospel. It was the power of grace that gave fortitude to our female converts in Abbeokuta, when they set the example of unflinching courage in persecution, and refused, in the hour of trial, to deny the Saviour whom they had found. It was this grace that strengthened

Rasalama, the female martyr in Madagascar, so that she could say, when the queen's messenger came to arrest her, that she "was not afraid, but rather rejoiced that she was counted worthy to suffer for the name of Jesus;" and afterward, having committed her soul into the hands of the Redeemer, submitted calmly to a death of torture. Surely instances like these should stimulate us to imitate the example of Him who "made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant," to "deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

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MANSUK.

MAGUIS TWATT—such was his name now—did not think that, because he was baptized, he might rest in peace, as if there were nothing more to be done. Mr. Budd writes—"He is exceedingly diligent in seeking to be instructed in the things which make for his peace. He is not satisfied with getting some instruction in our house every day. He goes to the other houses, and asks about what he does not understand, so anxious is he to hear of the new religion he has adopted." "Maguis Twatt and another Indian remained at our house till a late hour, listening to one of our little girls reading the Cree translation of St. Matthew." "Maguis always waits after prayers to get our little girls to read to him." "Maguis is still very regular in his attendance on the means of grace. I have scarcely seen his seat vacant once since he was baptized three weeks ago." Mr. Budd means, that his seat had been filled, not only on Sundays, but *every day* at evening prayers.

Nothing remarkable is mentioned for some time after this, but on the 4th of May Mr. Budd remarks that Maguis was coming to live nearer to him, on the same side of the river, that he might make a garden, and be nearer for prayers, &c. Before this, the old man had been obliged to cross and re-cross the river every time he visited Mr. Budd. The garden made good progress, as the chief was "very industrious." In their heathen state the Indians disdain to become "troublers of the earth," and it is therefore one of the hardest things imaginable to induce them to settle down as farmers. On the 19th of May, however, Mr. Budd writes of Maguis—"I went over to see the old man's farm. He has his potatos planted, and his garden seeds all in."

A few days after this Mr. Budd left the station, to take charge of Cumberland, on the departure of Archdeacon Hunter for England. On the 23d of June Mr. Budd sent a native teacher to the Nepowewin, that the poor Indians might not be left to themselves. The men who took this teacher to his station returned on the 10th of July, and very sad news they brought. Mr. Budd writes—

"To-day the two Indians who had taken up Peter Erasmus to the Nepowewin have returned, with the mournful intelligence that old Maguis Twatt, the chief of the thick-wood Indians at that place, has died since we left the Mission. He was sick not more than six days, and died on the 12th of June, about three weeks after we had left. Joseph Turner informs me that 'he was very quiet all the time of his sickness, and died peaceably.' His death is a great trial to me, as I always looked up to him as the main pillar of the Mission. God only knows what will become of the Mission now. It is, however, a comfort

to know that God is able of these stones at the Nepowewin to raise up another Mansuk. But still, his death is much to be regretted for several reasons. He was the first Indian who embraced Christianity. He countenanced our proceedings from the beginning, and did all in his power to assist me in my first attempts to form the Mission at the Nepowewin. He was very diligent in setting the Indians a good example; very constant and attentive to the means of grace, and diligent in his little farm. His influence would have prevailed at last with his large family on the side of Christianity. Another cause for much regret is, that the prevailing notion of the heathen Indians, and one which keeps them firm in their heathen ways, will be confirmed—that Christianity and civilization only kills the Indians, and does not benefit them. God never intended Christianity for the Indians—white people. Hence it is that the white people are benefited by it, but the Indians die as soon as they embrace it.”

We can well understand the feelings by which Mr. Budd was actuated when he wrote these words. The Lord's people are often so circumstanced—their cherished plans interfered with, and their hopes suddenly blighted. We are tempted to say, like aged Jacob, “All these things are against me.” But they are not so. Our minds are in conformity with the divine mind as to the coming of His kingdom; but His mode of procedure is very different from ours, and often seems strange to us. To reconcile us to submission, He says, “What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.”

Meanwhile the first-fruits of the Nepowewin have been gathered in. The sickle has been put in, the first sheaf reaped in, and waved before the Lord. This forerunner, we believe, of many others was the most unlikely of all—one who had grown old in Indian ways, and who was, to all appearance, stubbornly prejudiced against the gospel. How often has it not changed its most violent opponents into its choicest friends. How true it is, “Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the king's enemies; whereby the people fall under Thee.” These are glorious victories. Blessed, indeed, it is to be among the vanquished; the arrows of conviction with which the prosperous one wounds are life-giving arrows, and He takes men captive that He may set them free.

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#### RIPE FRUIT IN THE JAFFNA MISSION.

*(Concluded from p. 93 of our last Number.)*

NOR has it been only in the season of mature life that death has been found powerless to harm, because his sting has been taken away by faith in Jesus Christ, but amongst the younger members of the flock a like experience has not been wanting. The following account of two of the school-girls may be appropriately connected with that of Abraham—

Two of the girls in Mrs. Bren's school died very happily, and, although they had not been received into the visible church by baptism, we have good reason to hope that they were members of the invisible church—the body of Christ, and that they are now gathered into the heavenly garner, and numbered with those “who have washed their robes,

and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." The name of one was Kuty. She had learnt in our girls'-school for about four years, during which time she had made great progress, and stood well in the first class. She was also a regular attendant at the Sabbath-school and the house of God. She had a very genteel appearance and manner, which attracted the attention of all who saw her: indeed, we had expressed a wish that her parents would allow her to come and live with us, to take care of our own little girl. She seemed to have more honesty and uprightness than the natives generally, and, being favourably impressed with the truth, she tried to make it known to her parents and others. Whenever she visited a neighbour's house, and they began to ridicule her for receiving the Christian *vatham* (*i. e.* Christianity), she would with meekness silence those who opposed. She was glad of every opportunity she could obtain to converse with her teacher on religious subjects. When she was attacked with cholera, she told her father to go and inform myself and her teacher, and thank us for the favours she had received. Her father took ashes and margosa leaves, and wished her to make a vow to the heathen gods, but she refused; and when he tried to put the sacred beads round her neck, she seized them and threw them to the other side of the room. When asked if she was going to die, she said, "My God, who made me, knows all things." Her friends say she died in our religion, for she would have nothing to do with heathenism.

The name of the other was Püthu Nächan, a niece of Abraham's, who began to learn as soon as the school was commenced, being then about five years old. Her diligence, and attention to all the duties of the school, were quite an example to all the others, so that for the last two years she was called "the queen of the school," and well sustained her character. She had such a kind and amiable disposition that she was loved and respected by all, both in the school and out of it—by Christians and heathen. The latter looked upon her as a prodigy of learning, so astonishing was her progress, for her age. This is accounted for by the fact that her books were her delight and constant companions. She not only learnt correctly all the appointed lessons, but many others also of her own accord. And having learnt her lessons before coming to the school, she often assisted the master in teaching the lower classes. So great was her love for her school, that she would always go if she could walk, even though she were not well: the pain given to the mind by being absent from school was greater than the pain of her body, and oftentimes, when her parents begged her to stay at home, she would entreat, with tears, that they would let her go. One day she had fever and headache, and her mother told her she must not go to school. She replied, "As you are my mother it is my duty to obey you: I will therefore stay at home." But her mother soon perceived how sad she was, and that she would not eat, and gave her permission to go. Her answers, both in the day and Sabbath-schools, showed that the truth had taken root in her tender mind. Private prayer and reading the Scriptures was a daily practice. Once, when a Brahmin had been called to perform some family ceremony, he gave sacred ashes to all, but she refused to take any, saying, "I am not a heathen, like these, that I should rub ashes." Upon hearing this, her father grew angry and beat her. She patiently endured it, and said, "My father, although you punish me, I cannot do what is contrary to the will of God." By her kind and

humble manner she gradually won upon the affections of her parents and others, so that they not only ceased to ridicule, but admired her simple walk and conversation. One day she was telling her father how God would punish the wicked, and urged him to pray to Him. He replied, "I do not know how." "Then," she said, "let me teach you;" and immediately repeated the Lord's Prayer. She also began to teach him to read. She was also earnest in telling her other relatives that their foolish ceremonies were of no use, and that notwithstanding that she often met with ridicule and reproach—*e. g.* "Your God was only a carpenter." Before her sister was old enough to come to school, she had taught her the first Catechism and short prayers. For some months previous to her death she used to take her olla to church, and write down the text. Very often she came to me, urging me to baptize her. I agreed to do so, if her father would consent; but he refused, saying she was a little girl, and might obtain baptism hereafter.

She was ill several weeks with fever, during which time she was very patient, and said she was not afraid to die. I visited her one afternoon, and spoke and prayed with her, and said a few words to her relatives. She seemed in a very happy state of mind. We considered she was getting better, and would soon be well. The next morning she told her teacher she was very glad I had been to see her, and hoped he would come and read and pray with her every day. She still expressed a great wish to be baptized, and to be called Mary; but her father again put it off, saying, "You can be baptized when you are better." I should have gone and baptized her had I known that she was growing worse instead of better; but I was not aware of it, until one morning we heard with surprise that she was no more. Sad to relate, the parents and all the other children have been cut off by cholera.

The Jaffna district has hitherto been a barren and unproductive soil. Such gracious manifestations are therefore the more precious, as they are rare. But do they not rebuke our unbelief? for that which God has wrought in these encouraging instances, He is able to accomplish in many others also. Only let us be prayerful, and, sooner than we could have anticipated, the wilderness may become a fruitful field, and tardy Jaffna yield its harvest.

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#### CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCES IN NEW ZEALAND.

LAST year, we regret to say, was one of extraordinary sickness, tribulation, and death, amongst the natives of New Zealand. Measles, hooping cough, and influenza, have grievously wasted them. The Lord does not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men. These afflictions are not causelessly sent: they are intended to work out good. The New Zealanders are a people of excitable temperament, and very much of this temperament entered into the rapidity with which they embraced a profession of Christianity; so that, while many were moved by divine impulses, others were moved by mere natural impulses. A new excitement has now arisen, in the opportunity which presents itself of becoming rich, in consequence of the increased demand for provisions of all kinds in the Australian colonies, and the high prices which they obtain for their agricultural produce. Many, therefore, of whom better



things had been expected, have grown cold and inattentive to the means of grace; and many who appeared prepared to attach themselves to Christ have gone back, and walk no more with Him. Perhaps, therefore, these afflictions are seasonable. They come in time to check this immoderate excitement. May it work for good!

But when a season of affliction comes upon a land, the Lord's people are not exempted from it. It comes, indeed, with a different message to the worldly and the godly. To the one it is a warning, and a solemn call to repentance. To the faithful it is a weaning and a ripening process: and at such a season the Lord gathers in many of those who are His own from this far-off place of trial to be with Himself. It has been so in New Zealand. The Rev. B. Ashwell mentions, for the edification of the church at home, the peaceful manner in which many of his Christian people have gone to sleep in Jesus.

"I rode," he says, "after dark to a place a few miles distant, to see the sick, with one of whom, Jeremiah, I was much pleased. He said he now felt how vain were earthly hopes and joys. His words were, 'The only great thing is the salvation brought by Christ. I have no goodness of my own. Christ alone is my Saviour, my righteousness, my all.'

"I visited Joanna, a woman of rank. Whilst suffering from the fever occasioned by the measles, she bathed in the Waikato, which brought on inflammation of the lungs, which in a few days proved fatal. I was pleased with her state of mind. She told me that Christ was her only dependence. As she had been exceedingly regular in her attendance at church and the Lord's table, I feared lest, unknowingly to herself, she should depend upon these outward ordinances. She said, 'I am wicked and sinful, but Christ, and Christ alone, is my leaning post—that is, dependence: my only hope.'

"I called upon another woman, Priscilla. I said, 'You are very ill: are you happy? What is your comfort?' She replied, 'Christ is my only comfort.' 'Do you pray?' She said, 'Yes.' 'What do you pray for?' She then gave me the following prayer—'Oh, my God! send Thy Holy Spirit to change my heart, that I may listen to Thy words. I cannot listen without Thy Spirit. O give me Thy Holy Spirit to turn my heart, for the love of my only Saviour Christ.' I used to think this poor old creature very ignorant, especially as she could not read her Testament."

We add one more. "I visited poor old Martha, the widow of Wesley Te Pake, the account of whose happy death I forwarded in my journal of July last. I asked her what hope she had. Her reply was, 'I have no hope but in the one salvation of Christ my Saviour.' I said, 'Martha, after your husband's death you wished some of his things to be tapu—sacred.' 'Yes,' she said, 'it is true. It was wrong. Great was the sin: I am dark about it.' I asked her if she prayed. She replied, 'Yes: this is my prayer—O God! mine is a native heart. Give me Thy Holy Spirit. Change my heart. Forgive my sins in the blood of Jesus. Strengthen me, take care of me, for Jesus' sake.'"

So goes forward the transfer of human life, from time into eternity. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

“IN PERILS IN THE CITY.”

WE have recently received from our Missionary, the Rev. J. S. Burdon, of Shanghai, an account of a visit made by him and a brother Missionary, Mr. James H. Taylor, medical Missionary in connexion with the Chinese Evangelization Society, to two islands of the great



THE MISSIONARIES BEFORE THE MANDARIN.—Vide p. 99.

river the Yang-tze-kiang, and also to a city on the north bank, about 100 miles distant from Shanghae. We propose to bring before our readers some of the facts which this narrative contains. They may serve to exhibit the great need of China's vast population, living and dying without God and without hope, and the possibility of communication being, to some extent, opened with the dense millions which lie beyond the consular limits, that, by preaching and the distribution of books, something may be done to make known to them the name of Jesus. It is true that they who undertake this office must prepare themselves for rough work ; but the difficulties and dangers connected with it will only bring out more clearly the Lord's gracious care of those who go forth evangelizing as opportunity presents itself, not knowing what shall befall them.

On April the 17th Messrs. Burdon and Taylor sailed down the Woosung river, on which Shanghae is situated. This river, which is only a tributary to the Yang-tze-kiang, is as broad at Shanghae as the Thames is as at Greenwich. What, then, must the parent stream be ? After four hours and a half they reached Woosung, at its mouth. Here, opposite this town, lie the receiving-ships, that is, the armed vessels, belonging to British merchants engaged in the opium trade, whither the boats of the native smugglers come to purchase opium, the store of the drug on board the receiving-ships being kept up by continued supplies from Hong Kong. Men, who ought to know better, for the sake of gain feed a vicious propensity, which has become the master-sin of this unhappy nation, with a pestilential drug which is destructive to the physical, intellectual, and moral health of those who use it. The merchants have a large per centage of gain, the Chinese a large per centage of misery : must not such misery, sooner or later, re-act on such gain in the way of righteous retribution ? Woosung, as might be expected, was full of opium shops and opium smokers, and the smell from the one was as disgusting as the appearance of the victims of the drug was piteous and deplorable.

Next day the island was reached. Formed of mud deposits, it is flat, but in soil beyond measure rich, and the whole under cultivation ; its length from E. to W. being upwards of 50 miles, and its breadth from 15 to 20 miles. Some interesting occurrences took place here, which we must reserve to a future Number ; and therefore, passing by for the present this island, we must ask our readers to accompany the Missionaries to Tong-chow, on the north bank of the Yang-tze-kiang, which they reached on the 26th. This is a Chow city, one of the second order in China ; and the Missionaries were forewarned that adventuring themselves into this city in their foreign dress could not be done without much hazard. The native teachers who accompanied them tried to dissuade them ; the boatmen advised them to desist ; but, commending themselves to God, they resolved to go on. Their servant then prayed that he might be excused from following them, as he was afraid of the kiang-yoon, or soldiers. At length they set out, through rain and muddy roads, in barrows, which squeaked unceasingly as they moved along. As they approached their destination, the possibility that they might be rudely dealt with, and perhaps injured, crossed their minds ; but prayer to Him who has promised to be with His people in the discharge of duty,

and never to leave or forsake them, comforted and encouraged them. Scarcely had they reached the gate, when a fierce, powerful kiang-yoong, the more formidable from being partially drunk, rushed, with a tremendous shout, on Mr. Burdon, and nearly knocked him down. In an instant they were surrounded by a dozen or two of the same sort, and, amidst the most fearful shouts and horrid countenances, were roughly dragged along they knew not where. Wrenching himself from the grasp of the man who held him, Mr. Burdon so far outstripped them by running as to keep a-head of them, but his companion was most unmercifully dragged along. Our Missionary, having got somewhat a-head of his tormentors, endeavoured to make the most of the dubious liberty still left him, and, as he went along, distributed his books; but the soldier, with the most violent gestures, snatched the books away, and called for manacles to prevent this being done. Happily none were forthcoming. "The books," writes Mr. Burdon, "I had under my arm, and my carpet-bag they attempted to seize, but in vain. I held on to both successfully. As we were hurried along, I began to suspect they had no intention of taking us to the magistrate, and tried to ask some respectable men whom we passed the way to his office. The majority shrank from me as from a wild beast, but one or two pointed out the direction. We were taken through all sorts of back streets, and occasionally there was a quarrel amongst the soldiers themselves which way they should lead their victims. Whilst going along, one of the soldiers maliciously whispered in my ear, 'You are no foreigners;' by which he meant that I was one of the rebels belonging to Tae-ping-wang in foreign disguise, and of this my unshaven head was a proof. At last, almost fainting with exhaustion, our tongues cleaving to the roof of our mouths from thirst, and covered with perspiration, it was the greatest relief I ever knew to find ourselves near some place, which appeared like the Ya Mun. As we were kept some time waiting, I got up on a step and addressed the people, many hundreds of whom were within hearing. They astonished me by their quietness and attention, and there I preached Jesus to them, and briefly told them the object of our visit."

After considerable delay they were conducted in chairs to the principal place of business, and Mr. Burdon describes how pleasant a change it was from the hands of a rude soldiery into the presence of a courteous Chinese gentleman. By him they were kindly treated,\* and permission given them to distribute their books, of which he took copies himself, an escort being sent with them to protect them from further injury. In this manner they walked through the city; and, so soon as it could be done without further violence, were ushered out by the very same gate which had given them entrance. Mr. Burdon expresses his hope that they had not entered this vast city for nought. Copies of the Scriptures and tracts had been distributed, where, according to the magistrate's testimony, no foreigner had yet been, in a city containing not less than half a million of inhabitants. How dense the population of China! We have as yet only had a peep into the interior, yet how boundless the field of labour that it presents!

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\* *Vide* Frontispiece.



## A MISSIONARY THOUGHT.

God forbid that I should ever look upon the contempt of men for the gospel as a personal offence. Let me not be angry on account of it. Their sin is against the Saviour—Him only. It is enough that they are exposed to the “wrath of the Lamb.” Let me pity them, and love them. Nothing else does any good. Christ saw His disciples go to sleep while He prayed, on the Mount of Transfiguration, and in Gethsemane. And His love did not fail. I had a feeling yesterday, as though I wanted to be away from this crew. But shall I find other men more favourable to my gospel? No; and if God sees fit that I should spend my life among these men, let me joyfully submit. *God* is to be with them all through life. Think of that, my soul. He does not give Himself any relief. He follows them day and night with His mercies, year out, and year in, till they are hid away in the grave.

[“*Extracts from a journal kept at sea,*” printed in the “*Bombay Guardian.*”

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 RUPERT'S LAND—HOPE IN DEATH.

THE Lord is gathering together His own elect, and bringing in from the midst of various tribes the great multitude, which shall stand triumphant in its completedness before His throne. They of whom it shall consist are often from amongst the poor and despised amongst men—individuals whom the world has never heard of, who have lain concealed in their insignificance, but, through the preaching of the gospel, they have been brought in humble faith to Jesus as the alone Saviour, and have become in Him heirs of glory. One of these we may read of in the following extract—a poor Indian from the wilds of North America, but one to whom Christ was precious. And such are the Lord's precious ones, of whom He says, “They shall be mine, in that day when I make up my jewels.” We are indebted to the Rev. Henry Budd for this simple record of Christian experience.

“*July 26, 1854*—In the evening one of the schoolboys came over to my house, saying that one of the old men of the Christian Indians was brought here by his family in a very low state of health, and the old man had sent him over to ask me to go and see him. I went over to him immediately, and found him in the lowest state of weakness, his appearance like that of a mere skeleton, but still retaining the full powers of his reason. He knew me at once, and immediately reached out his hand to take hold of mine. I asked him, ‘How long is it ago that you have been so weak and so low?’ ‘I have been,’ he said, ‘in a weak state of health this long time, but I was able all along to move about; but since four days ago I have been quite helpless and unable to move, or even to taste any thing. I was going after my son, who is gone hunting the moose deer; but when I got so bad, I thought of returning at once. I wish to see all our friends, the Christian Indians: I want to tell them the state of my mind; and, while I am able to speak, I want to tell them that I am not afraid to die; and this sickness, and even death itself, does not frighten me in the least.’ He had to rest several times before he made all this out; and on my asking him why he was not afraid to die, ‘My Saviour is strong,’ he said, ‘and has all power. I have fled to Him; I have

taken shelter in His mercy; and now I have nothing to fear.' I still exhorted him to look to his Saviour, and trust in nothing short of His merits, and endeavour to prepare himself for eternity. He asked me to pray for him, and joined us all in prayer.

"*July 27*—Anxious to know the state of the old sick man's mind, alluded to yesterday, I went over to see him again this morning. I found him very quiet and composed. Reaching his hand and taking mine, he said, 'I am very glad you are come to see me again, and I feel quite happy when any of the Christian Indians come in.' On my asking him how he felt this morning, and what was the state of his mind, he said, 'I feel much the same as I felt yesterday, and my mind is collected and peaceful. I trust in my Saviour, and look to Him alone for pardon and peace, and how can my mind be otherwise than peaceful!' I exhorted him to continue trusting in his Saviour, and look up to Him alone for pardon, and a peaceful resignation to the mind and will of God. When I arose up to go away, he asked me, 'Are you going already?' I told him that I was going over to the other side of the river, to see a young lad, one of the schoolchildren, who I hear is also very low. He gave me his hand, and said, 'You will come again soon to see me.'

"*July 28*—When we had finished the evening prayers in the school, I went over to hold prayers in the house where the old man lay. The people soon filled the house, and joined us in prayer. I asked the old man what he was thinking about. He said, 'Heaven only: this world is nothing.' A very nice subject for me to speak from—Heaven only: this world is nothing. To contrast the vanity of the world with the hope of the dying Christian that he is going to the presence of God, where 'there is fulness of joy,' and to His right hand, where 'there are pleasures for evermore.'

"*July 30: Lord's-day*—At 7 A.M. the school was full for the morning prayer, and the school list was also high. Nearly all the Indians are now at the station. Before we went in for the morning service I went over to see how the old man was getting on. He was very quiet, and his mind appeared to be at rest. 'I am very thankful,' he said, 'that I am permitted to see another Sabbath-day upon earth, though I cannot expect to see many now. While I am able to speak, I will tell you beforehand that I wish to be laid toward the east side of the churchyard, at the end of the other graves; and should any of my family die, you will lay them there, alongside of me.' I asked the old man again if he had any fears of death now. He said 'No; not in the least.' His family was sitting there at his side. The old woman told me that she was not afraid to see him in this state, because she was much supported by the hope that he would only be out of the reach of misery, should he leave the world.

"*July 31*—Raining the whole of this day. In the evening I went over to see the old man again, and found him still more weak. His tongue is so swollen that it was with much difficulty that we made out what he said. He asked me to pray for him before I went out. We immediately sang one of the hymns, and went to prayer, the old man trying to join us. After prayer, I exhorted him to look to the Saviour for help."

MISSIONARY EFFORTS AT PESHAWUR.

TIME was when the commencement of Missionary effort amongst the natives of India was discountenanced by those in authority. It was considered that any interference with the religious prejudices of the natives would be prejudicial to British interests. No idea could be more mistaken: it was a grievous misapprehension. But yet men so persuaded themselves, and in the decision to which they came, that it was expedient to discourage all attempts to convert the natives, they showed how little of reverence they had for the command of Christ, and how little compassion for the souls of their fellow-men. Christ's commandment, that His gospel should be preached universally, was to be set aside, and the heathen suffered to continue in ignorance and superstition, rather than the hazard be incurred of prejudicing English interests. As we have already said, no greater misapprehension ever existed. On the contrary, we feel persuaded that a providential enlargement of influence and power has been permitted to England in order to afford opportunity for the wide preaching of the gospel; and that no surer method of diminishing England's power could be adopted, than the nation taking up a position that should in any way interfere with this great purpose of God. Whatever hinders the onward progress of the great work of evangelization must be taken out of the way. It is therefore a cause for unfeigned thankfulness that a great change in this respect has come over men's minds, and that influential men, in high positions, instead of looking coldly on Missionary operations, and discouraging, if not obstructing them, admit their importance, and frankly sanction them. Men, whose character and position alike command respect, hesitate not to avow their conviction that England's duty is to encourage and protect all judicious efforts which may be made for the evangelization of the heathen within her jurisdiction, or bordering on her territories; and British residents in India have become so aware of this, that many of our Indian Missions have been commenced on their representations and entreaties.

Amongst others may be mentioned the Punjab Mission, one of the most important and interesting of the present day. This country was entered by our Missionaries about three years ago, and a little congregation has already been gathered together at Amritsar, with an ordained Sikh placed over it as native pastor. But our friends there were anxious we should push on still further, and that Peshawur, beyond the Indus, on the frontiers of Afghanistan, and the door into Central Asia, should be occupied. They therefore convened a meeting at that place on Dec. 19, 1853, at which resolutions were drawn up expressive of the convictions of the residents on this subject, and an earnest appeal forwarded to the Church Missionary Society, entreating the commencement of Missionary effort in that quarter, and promising pecuniary support to the amount of 30,000 rupees. Regarding this as an indication of the path of duty to be pursued by them, the Committee hesitated not to respond to this appeal, by sending out, as soon as they could be procured, additional Missionaries to the Punjab, so as to render the occupation of Peshawur possible; and three Missionaries—the Rev. Messrs. Pfander and Clark, and Major Martin—reached this advanced post in February of the present year.

Immediately on their arrival a second meeting was convened, the object of which was to afford the residents an opportunity of pledging themselves, as a Christian community residing on the spot, to assist and encourage,

by every means in their power, both those who had come to labour in that distant sphere, and also the Society which had sent them forth. The meeting was well attended, the numbers present being considerably greater than at the meeting which had been held the year previously. The chair, as on the previous occasion, was taken by Major Herbert Edwardes, C.B., Commissioner; and the meeting was commenced by reading the 55th chapter of Isaiah, and by earnest prayer, offered up by the chaplain, the Rev. E. Sharkey. The chairman, in his address, recapitulated the leading events relating to the Mission—the meeting in December 1853; the appeal to the Church Missionary Society; the answer, in the Missionaries then actually present with them. He then referred to the Pushtu, the language spoken by the Affghans, and the necessity not only of having Missionaries who should be able to preach in that language, but also Pushtu versions of the Holy Scriptures, which might be put into circulation. In the year 1818 the Pentateuch and the New Testament had been translated into Pushtu, under the superintendence of the Missionaries at Serampur; but of the edition which was then printed it could not be ascertained, even after application to Serampur itself, that any copy still remained. After much unsuccessful correspondence on the subject, the thought occurred to Major Edwardes, that many years before, in the Derajat country, he had himself seen a copy of the New Testament in Pushtu, in the hand of a Puthan chief. It had been given him by a Missionary at Hurdwar, and had been most carefully preserved by him, as he said, from fire and water, with the secret conviction that the English power would one day advance onwards to his own country, when it was his intention to produce it. This copy Major Edwardes wrote to procure. It was at once sent to Peshawur, and its place was supplied by a Persian Bible; but the old chief died the day before the latter arrived. Thus was a native chief, Muhamed Ali Khan, of the Sundapur tribe of Puthans, in the Kolachi country, made instrumental in preserving one copy of the Pushtu Scriptures, until the time arrived for making known the gospel among the Affghan tribes. He was then led to send it where it might be reprinted, and copies multiplied for their use, and immediately afterwards he died, as if the work for which he had been prepared and preserved alive were then finished. It was also remarkable that Major Edwardes himself had been led especially to notice this book in Kolachi as far back as 1848, in order that by his means it might become available, in 1854, for the benefit of Peshawur, where the providence of God had called him to occupy the position he now held. It had been from this book—although another copy was afterwards found and sent from Serampur—which had been thus remarkably preserved, that reprints have been made. Application was made to the Agra Bible Society, who engaged to print, for the use of this Mission, the Gospels of St. Luke and St. John, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistle to the Ephesians. The letters peculiar to the Pushtu were cast at the Church Missionary Station at Secundra, and it is hoped that St. Luke's Gospel will be very shortly completed.

These facts are full of hope, for the heathen, for India, for England. They show that among her distinguished men there are those who are not ashamed to honour God, and who, in the hour of difficulty and danger, will not be left without that wisdom which is "profitable to direct," and which cometh from Him alone.

ON THE DEATH OF A MISSIONARY.

He is gone, he is gone to the land of the blest,
Where the troubled find peace and the weary find rest ;
His warfare is ended, his trials are o'er,
He hath crossed "the dark river" to cross it no more.

Shall we mourn that he's gone ? Shall we mourn for him now,
While a bright crown of glory encircles his brow ?
Shall we mourn that the angels rejoiced when he came,
And all heaven anew praised Immanuel's name ?

Shall we mourn that he dwells with the angels of God,
And all who the path of the righteous have trod ?
That he worships the Lamb with the heavenly throng,
And triumphantly joins in the seraphim's song ?

Ah, no ! not for this, not for this do we grieve,
For life were as death, not for heaven to live ;
But we mourn for the dear stricken ones that remain,
We mourn that our circle is broken again.

The husband, the father, the brother lies low,
And the once cheerful home is the dwelling of woe !
Be still, ye vain thoughts ! Be silent, despair !
That home is as heaven, for Jesus is there !

He hath gone to the grave, who came hither to tell
The "glad news" of salvation from sin, death, and hell ;
The fountain of grief—ah ! who bids it be dry,
When millions of heathen have reason to sigh ?

That voice is now silent, which often was heard
Proclaiming salvation through Jesus our Lord ;
And the poor dying heathen still utter the cry,
"Come over, and help us ! oh, come ere we die !"

Ye sorrowing pilgrims, who mourn for the dead,
Look upward to Jesus, your glorified Head ;
Pray, labour, and hope : ye shall have your reward
In the presence, and glory, and joy of your Lord.

Tocat, February 20, 1855.

LIFE ENDANGERED, YET SECURE.

WE think our readers will be touched by the perusal of the following very affecting narrative, from the "Western Episcopalian," of remarkable preservation in the midst of most imminent danger.

Cincinnati, Feb. 5, 1855—On Thursday morning, Jan. 30, Bishop M'Ilvaine started for Cincinnati, on his return from a visit to Louisville. He took the steam ferry-boat at Louisville for the purpose of crossing the river, and taking his seat in the Jeffersonville train. The day was bitterly cold, and the Ohio was full of running ice, going down in large fields to the Falls, which lie just below Louisville. The boat became fixed, in the middle of the river, in a large mass of solid ice, and could neither advance nor recede. Instantly she was at the mercy of the current, and began to move towards the Falls. The imminence of the danger became at once apparent. There were about 200 passengers on board—men, women, and children—besides omnibuses, waggons, horses, and their attendants. It now seemed almost certain

that all must be lost. Under Bishop M'Ilvaine's care was a daughter of Bishop Smith. The Rev. Mr. Sehon, a methodist minister of Louisville, and his wife, were also on board. It seemed impossible that a soul could survive if the boat should be wrecked upon the Falls. The current, the cold, the breakers, the eddies, the ice breaking over the Falls, would have rendered escape, even for the strongest and hardiest swimmer, impossible. Help from either shore could not be extended so long as the drift continued. Nothing could reach the boat in time to rescue a single person. Inevitable and speedy death was all that the most fearless and confident could see before them. The boat and passengers were given up on shore. Where was help to come from? Some there were on board who did know where to look, and did look there, where all true help is found in time of need. The bishop then said to Mr. Sehon that he would go into the room where the women were, and draw their minds to prayer. They went together; but, though the utmost caution was used to prevent alarm, the word "prayer" was no sooner uttered, than the lamentations and cries made it impossible for prayer to be heard. After endeavouring in vain to calm these poor people, some of the calm ones, Mr. and Mrs. Sehon, and Miss Smith, gathered close around the bishop as he offered a brief and appropriate prayer. After this there was more composure. And now the hand of the Lord appeared. Man could do nothing. The boat was drifting on to its apparent inevitable wreck; but—was it not God's guiding, in answer to prayer?—*she struck the hidden reef* at the commencement of the rapids! That was the salvation, though it was then not known or recognised as such. How long the boat could hold that place against the pressure of the current and the prodigious momentum of the acres of ice, which constantly struck and ground against it; how soon she would be pressed over, or lifted up and turned over, or crushed under the accumulating mass of ice where no help could reach her, no one could say. Each new onset of ice was watched with intense anxiety. But that which was terror to those on board, proved to be one of God's instruments for their safety. As the ice struck against the boat, it formed such a mass that it rested on the rock beneath and formed a breakwater; and the more violent was the onset of the ice, the more strong and massive did it become. The boat lay, as it were, under the lee of this hill of ice, though some of her length was still unprotected. In this passive resistance to the assaults of the current and ice the boat lay about two hours before help came.

Meanwhile the passengers could not see that any movements for rescue were being made on shore. They were too far off to see what was doing. From the Louisville shore they were distant half a mile, and on the Indiana shore there were no inhabitants. During this time high rewards were offered, on the Louisville side, to any one who would attempt a rescue. The clerk of the "Jacob Strader" had a son in the stranded boat, and offered a large price for his deliverance. The life-boat of the "Strader" was launched, and three men came out in her, and took out the youth, and two young women connected with the officers of the "Strader." It took the boat an hour to get back. In the course of another hour some four or five boats, capable of containing each from four to five persons, came out from either shore. Meanwhile, the women had become quite composed. Many of them behaved in a

very exemplary way throughout the whole period. As soon as these skiffs came near to the boat the determination seemed unanimous that the women should all go first, and this determination was carried out. The coloured women were as kindly cared for as the white: whoever came first, entered the boats first. The last woman that came was a white woman. Such as had husbands were allowed to have them with them. The Rev. Mr. Sehon went, as was proper, with his wife, in the second boat, and to him Bishop M'Ilvaine consigned the care of Miss Smith, and bade them farewell. Our good bishop was strongly urged, by those in the skiff and on the boat, to go with the lady in his charge; but he resolutely refused to avail himself of the privilege which all seemed anxious to accord to his age and character. One or two coloured men were allowed to go in skiffs with their wives. Not a word of interference or remonstrance in reference to this arrangement was uttered. "Remember the Arctic!" was heard as the women were put in. All the while the ice was crushing against the boat, and none knew how soon she would be driven where no boats could reach her. At length the last woman, as it was supposed, had been put on, and the boat was not full. At the urgency of those who were most active, Bishop M'Ilvaine consented to get into the skiff. But before it had pushed off another woman was found, and he at once called to her to come and take his place. The next relief was a flat-boat, given by Messrs. Gill, Smith, and Co., of Louisville, to whoever would take it. It was manned by a gallant crew, who knew that such a craft *must take the Falls*. Two Falls pilots came in her: one steered and the other commanded. Capt. Hamilton, a cool and intrepid man, took the command. On her flush deck, which was even with the sides, and covered with straw, about fifty men, of whom Bishop M'Ilvaine was one, were placed. As there was not room to stand, because of the oars, nor room to sit, they were compelled to kneel. By this time the boats which had put off had been carried down, and were just able to reach the island at the head of the Falls, where there was much suffering from cold, and whence the women were with difficulty got to the Kentucky shore. As the crew of the flat-boat started for their fearful trial of the Falls, Capt. Hamilton ordered silence. "Let no man speak to me," said he. He ordered the draught of the boat to be measured. The answer was, "It is fifteen inches." He answered, "It is a poor chance," and evidently thought the case very desperate. He had not expected that the boat would be loaded so heavily. His effort was to reach a particular shoot of the Falls, as that which alone afforded any hope of a passage. All this had occupied but a minute or two. The powerful current had brought the flat almost to the spot where, in another instant, she was to be wrecked, and all lost in the breakers and ice—or they were to be safe. There was perfect silence. What a solemn moment! How appropriate was the kneeling position which was maintained! The Lord saw those hearts that were before Him in a corresponding attitude of prayer and faith. Our beloved bishop sheltered a poor shivering coloured boy under his cloak, and commended himself and his fellow-voyagers with composure and confidence to his covenant Lord and Saviour. In the crisis of passing down the shoot the boat struck. It seemed then that all was lost. The silence was unbroken. Grating over the rock, she was a moment free, and then struck again. Again

she was free, and again struck. Her bottom grated on the reef. Not a word was spoken: the boat floated on. The captain cried out, "Try the pump!" "No water," was the answer. God had delivered them. The gentleman who kneeled next to the bishop heard him solemnly murmur, "The Lord be praised for His mercies!" Now the fearful eddies and breakers were a danger not to be thought of, after what had been passed. Three miles below Louisville, at Portland, the passengers were landed safely, with a great sense of gratitude to the intrepid pilots and their brave crew, and most deeply indebted to the mercy of God. They had been about four hours on the water. After this successful passage, a larger boat, capable of holding more freight, and without too much draught, took off the remaining passengers, and passed the Falls safely. The ferry-boat, with the omnibuses, waggons, and horses, remains on the rock; and the last news speak of her as being, at present at least, in a position of safety.

While reading the above account various thoughts suggested themselves to us; and first, one which presents itself most prominently—the blessed security of those who, being reconciled to God by faith in Jesus Christ, enjoy peace with Him, and are enabled to exercise a holy confidence in Him. When the time of danger comes, how great their superiority! While all is in peril, they are safe; while others are in fear, they are calm and hopeful. Of how much do we not deprive ourselves when we remain estranged from God, and refuse to draw nigh by Jesus Christ, that we may receive forgiveness at His hands! How blessed to stand upon a rock in the midst of the storm, and, when the waves are dashing round, to be able to say, "None of these things move me." He who has a good hope through grace, and who can say, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him," in the time of danger can afford to be unselfish, and to think of others more than of himself. Such a man, in urgency of danger, instead of disregarding his fellow-sufferers in his efforts to save himself, can wait while others precede him in laying hold of the way of escape presented to them.

It teaches us, also, the value which men place on their lives when they perceive those lives to be in danger, and the intensity of effort which they make for their preservation. And if the life of the body be thus valuable, what shall be said of the life of the soul? As regards that, all men are naturally in danger. The whole human race is like the vessel held back by a slight tenure from utter destruction—a slight tenure indeed, which may give way at any moment. How gladly the trembling passengers, who hung suspended on the verge of death, grasped at the means of escape which were afforded them! And to perishing sinners there is held out a great salvation, and the promise of mercy in Christ Jesus is brought near, that they may lay hold on it and be rescued; for "whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." Why is it neglected by so many? Why has the

Saviour cause to say, "Ye will not come unto me that ye may have life?" Because men are not sensible that their sins have placed them on the verge of ruin. Yet the position of the ferry-boat on the edge of the rapids was as nothing when compared with the peril in which he is placed who is without Christ. He is indeed in danger—fearful danger, soul-danger, danger of being lost for ever. If sinners were only sensible of this, how earnestly and undelayingly would they not fly for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before them. May all who are careless be so awakened, that the cry for spiritual help may be more loud than the anguished cry which rose from the imperilled ferry-boat.

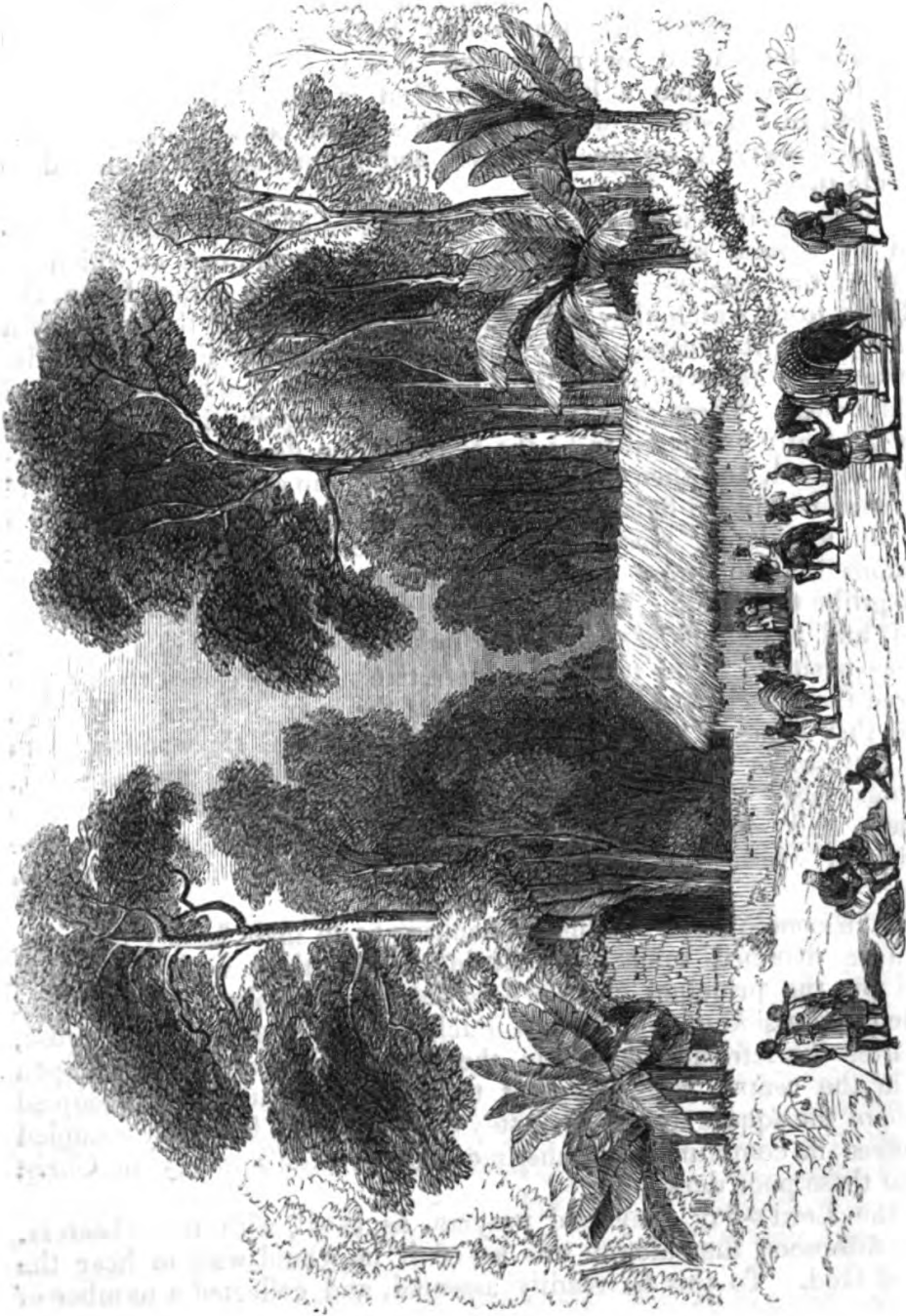
And again, because human life is valuable, men who are safe adventure themselves voluntarily into the midst of danger, if so be they may save those who are in need of help. What a risk was that which they underwent who manned the flat-boat, knowing it must take the Falls! What a crisis was that, when, as the shoot was being made, the boat struck! And shall Christian men be less willing to undergo danger in the great work of being instrumental in saving souls? Shall souls be helped only when it can be done without risk to ourselves, and no Mission work be persevered in that is accompanied with danger? That was not Paul's spirit, when he said, "I am ready, not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." It was thus He acted, who said, "I lay down my life for the sheep." O that there may be poured out on all the Lord's people more love for souls, more devotedness to the great work of bringing help to those who are drawn to death. How many a piteous cry might be heard from the unevangelized millions of our world! how many a suffering sinner appeals to us, like the man of Macedonia, "Come over, and help us!" Shall we delay? Alas! each instant that we do so places thousands beyond the possibility of help. Philanthropists occupy themselves in carrying out many plans for conferring temporal benefits on man; but the great act of philanthropy, that of making Christ known to those who need Him, how few there are who are willing to engage in it!

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READY FOR EITHER.

ON the seal of the American Baptist Missionary Union is a touching little picture. There stands the faithful, patient ox—he belongs not to himself, but to his master. On either side of him are the plough and the altar. He knows not whether it is for service or for sacrifice that he is brought thither, but he is "ready for either." Oh, what a lesson of reproof may that little picture give to many who are called the followers and servants of Jesus Christ! They are not their own, but bought with a price, even with the precious blood of Christ. Yet they are too often like the ancient people, of whom the prophet complained—"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." [*The Macedonian*.

## THE IJEBU COUNTRY.

THE late Dr. Irving, R.N., accompanied by the Rev. D. Hinderer, succeeded, not long before his death, in penetrating into the Ijebu country, lying to the south-east of Egba, where our Missionaries are located. Their destination was Ofin, the residence of one of the Ijebu



GATEWAY OF IPARA, IN THE IJEBU COUNTRY.



kings, with whom they had an interview. Their route lay through towns and villages hitherto unvisited by an European, and the fine appearance of the country, with the abundant cultivation, showed not only a fertile soil, but a people willing to labour that it might yield them, in due season, its welcome fruits. But this industrious tendency was sadly interfered with by the insecurity as to property and life which here, as in most African countries, unhappily prevails. The agitation consequent on the slave-trade, and the feuds and wars existing between tribe and tribe, compel the inhabitants to leave the fine open country, and collect themselves in towns rudely fortified by mud walls, with towers, and loop-holed for musketry. Nor is it wonderful that peace should be absent from a land where God is unknown, and idols are worshipped in His stead; where the spirits of the dead are invoked, as if they were powerful for good or evil, and human sacrifices offered to propitiate them.

We have received a very interesting narrative of this journey, accompanied by several sketches from Dr. Irving's pencil, one of which we present to our readers: it is the gateway of a town called Ipara, the first Ijebu town which they reached. They approached the town by a wide and straight avenue, with high bush at the side. From the midst of it arose some tall white mast-like Oro-trees, which had been stripped of their branches. These groves are sacred to the superstition called Oro. Oro is generally supposed to be the spirits of the dead: these are occasionally evoked, and then Oro appears as a man in a strange masquerade dress, carrying in his hand a singularly-fashioned piece of wood, which keeps up a whirring noise. It is on the occasion of Oro's midnight excursions that the trees are stripped of their branches, and are left standing like tall masts. In these groves human sacrifices are frequently offered, and the skulls of the victims may be seen nailed, in some conspicuous position, to the trunk of a great tree. At the end of the avenue appeared the thatched gateway and wall of the town of Ipara. This, as soon as they came in sight, was instantly closed, and the wooden gates made fast, while over the walls, and at the loop-holes and crevices, numerous faces were seen peeping. After a brief parley they were admitted, and entered the first Ijebu town they had yet seen, the majority of whose inhabitants had never looked upon a white man before.

Here, in consequence of some difficulties as to their further progress, they were detained some days, during which they were hospitably treated by the principal chief, whose intelligent looks and mild yet dignified expression of countenance much interested them. His house, built, after the African fashion, in the form of a square, with an open court in the centre, was placed at their disposal, and they occupied one side of the square during their stay at Ipara. And here they occupied themselves in communicating the message of God's mercy in Christ Jesus to these poor dark souls.

On the Lord's-day they had prayers, as usual, with their bearers. In the afternoon the balogun was asked if he would wish to hear the word of God. To this he readily assented, and collected a number of the headmen and elders within an inner compound, surrounded with piazzas and open to the sky. Mr. Hinderer read several prayers

selected for the occasion—the confession of sin, prayer for the king and government, introducing the names of the two Ijebu kings, Acaibo of Ofin, and Awoyade of Ode; also the balogun of Ipara, and other baloguns and elders of the Ijebus. After prayers he read a portion of the Sermon on the Mount, and then, addressing the people, proceeded to explain the purpose for which they had come, and what Christianity was, and what it was designed to do for man. He was listened to with much attention; and various expressions of approval were given, not only by word, but by a peculiar chucking noise, which is generally used to express surprise and approval.

There are few events more deeply interesting than the first declaration of gospel truth in a dark and heathen land, when the death-like stillness of ages is at length broken, and God, through the gospel of His Son, speaks in accents of mercy to poor benighted sinners. Angels rejoice—nay, He to whom angels are subject rejoices; while Satan trembles, because that voice of gospel truth presages the downfall of his kingdom. Strange, indeed, it sounds at first to unaccustomed ears, and men long plunged in darkness and superstition are slow to understand; but gradually their eyes become accustomed to the light, the blessed work of conversion begins, and the true God is no longer left in that land without the testimony of grateful hearts. Christianity thus introduced becomes the seed of national regeneration; and by a gradual, almost imperceptible, yet wondrous process, nations are upraised out of misery and degradation, and the elements of social prosperity increase. Blessed, indeed, are the people that know the joyful sound.

Nor was it only in the morning that Mr. Hinderer had a congregation. In the evening he walked outside the compound, and, leaning against a broken-down fig-tree, with gnarled, bent branches, was soon surrounded by a crowd of curious visitants. He commenced by asking them what they most wished for: the immediate reply was, “A peace!” It is this, indeed, poor Africa needs; for there is no peace to him that goes out, or to him that comes in, but great vexations are upon all the inhabitants of the countries; and nation is destroyed of nation, and city of city. There is no security for life or property. He who sows knows not whether he shall reap. So intense has the tribulation become, that they are earnestly looking and longing for something that will bring peace to the land. “Peace,” then, was the answer to Mr. Hinderer’s question. “And whence comes peace?” was his next inquiry. “From the Oibo”—the white man. That is the persuasion of these poor Africans; and therefore they long for his coming, and are prepared to welcome him. But the Oibo can only give peace by directing them to Him who is “the author of peace and lover of concord;” and that was the purport of Mr. Hinderer’s address. He directed them to Him who is the God of peace; who has sent His Son to be the great peacemaker; and who can give, not only peace to their country, but peace to their consciences. They listened with serious attention, and, when afterwards questioned, showed by their answers that they had comprehended what he said.

What interesting fields of labour these intelligent tribes of Africa present to us! May the Lord give us the men and means to press forward to their help! We long to see them occupied by faithful and devoted Missionaries, who shall teach and preach Jesus Christ, and

thus introduce amongst them the only element which can give them peace and prosperity.



### JWALA-MUKHI.

WE have a very interesting station at Kangra, in the hill country, northward of the Punjab. It has not been very long commenced, and we wish to give our readers a brief account of it.

Kangra contains a population of upwards of 7000 souls, chiefly Hindus, the rest a few Mahomedans and Sikhs. It is separated from the snowy range by a valley about sixty miles long by ten broad, one of the most fertile spots in India. It is studded with villages, containing populations of from 100 to 1000 natives, chiefly Hindus, the majority of them being Rajputs, a fine, intelligent race of men. But the baneful influence of heathenism upon them may be traced in the extent to which the awful crime of female infanticide prevailed amongst them until about three or four years ago, when English legislation interfered to save the poor babe from the hands of the pitiless parent. The Rajput boys, when asked if they have sisters who would attend school, continually reply that they have none above three or four years old. The older ones had been killed in infancy, there being no prospect of proper matches being found for them. Generally the father, sometimes the mother, deprived the child of life by giving it opium.

But Kangra is of importance, not only because of its resident population, but from the number of pilgrims who resort there. In the vicinity is the shrine of Jwala-mukhi, sacred to Deva or Kali, one of the innumerable deities of Hinduism. The temple, which is not more than twenty feet square, is built on a spot full of apertures, from whence issues an inflammable gas. This being ignited, is always burning in the temple. Hence the name, Jwala-mukhi, from the Sanskrit *jwala*, "flame," and *mukha*, "mouth." Kali's head is said to be buried at Jwala-mukhi, and the body at Kangra; so these places are thus rendered objects of superstitious attraction. Thousands of pilgrims proceed to visit them from all parts of Hindustan, even from Southern India, arriving in April and September. The multitudes consist not merely of the poor, who have only a few annas to present to the goddess; but amongst them are frequently to be found rajahs, and their numerous trains, who often come from considerable distances, and spend thousands of rupees in their pilgrimage. Not only Hindus, but also large numbers of Sikhs, come and make their regular pujahs, like Hindus. When asked why they, who acknowledge no idols, were coming to worship Kali, they usually replied, that they got blessings for their families and fields from these visits. The pilgrims travel in parties more or less numerous; and very affecting it is to observe them, when they come in sight of the gilded cupola of any of the shrines, breaking forth, old and young, into the shout of "Hail to Kali!" and uniting to sing her praises.

Oh, when shall Christ be made known to these suffering tribes? They feel they need something, they know not what. They neither know the true nature of their necessity, nor where relief is to be found. They are uneasy and disquieted; they go on pilgrimage, but find no rest to their souls. When shall they be made acquainted with Him

who is everywhere present to the exercise of faith, for "the Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him."

Kalí is worshipped almost everywhere in the hills—Kalí, the ferocious goddess, who is supposed to delight in human blood—who is pleased when her worshippers offer of the blood of their bodies to her. The great Devi of Kangra exercises a very extensive influence. Distant places are occasionally presented with small fac-similes of her image. These idols of course remain her vassals, and are from time to time brought from their respective dwelling-places to pay their respects to her. Thus the shrine is much resorted to, and our Missionary occupies a central position of great usefulness, which brings him into communication with many souls from various parts of India. May the good seed be sown in many a heart, and bring forth fruit to eternal life!

Our readers will rejoice to hear that the work of conversion has commenced at Kangra, and a first-fruits been gathered in—a respectable young Brahmin, formerly teacher of a school at Jwala-mukhi, who, after due instruction, appearing earnest and sincere in his profession, has been baptized.

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TRIALS OF YOUNG CONVERTS IN INDIA.

OUR Missionary schools in India are attended by many heathen youths. They come, knowing that they will be instructed, not only in secular, but in Christian knowledge. Yet they come willingly, and in considerable numbers, and the opportunity of giving them light, and bringing the truth of the gospel to shine on their dark minds, is diligently improved by the Missionaries. With many the understanding is enlightened, and the judgment is convinced of the truth of Christianity, yet they remain heathen; but with others it is more than this. The heart is brought under the power of the gospel, the conscience is stirred, so that they can no longer remain heathen, but desire openly to profess the faith of Christ. Then comes a season of great trial. The parents and friends are alarmed at the prospect of their making an open profession of Christianity. They endeavour, first by remonstrances and persuasions, to prevent them; but if these prove unsuccessful, they scruple not to have recourse to violence, and affecting cases are continually brought before us of great sufferings endured by these youths; nor can we be surprised if, in some instances, the trial prove too great for them, and they be withdrawn from the Missionaries, for a time at least. One instance of this kind is mentioned by our Missionaries at Amritsar, in the Punjab—

One sore trial has befallen us, in the case of a dear boy—Isāi Dās—who has been lately drawn away by his friends to the village of his father-in-law, eighteen miles from Amritsar.

He was baptized as a scholar in our school last March, after the most vigorous efforts of his relatives and friends to prevent him; and he continued with us until about a month ago—one of the most intelligent, loving, and devout Christians we have ever seen, whether at home or in this country. He was so remarkable an instance of the power of divine

grace, that we frequently thought of writing an account of him for the Committee and Christian public. His friends continued to come to him from the day of his baptism, and he was as constant in his efforts to do them good. We have seen and heard him entreating his father to turn to God—and it was a deeply affecting and cheering sight—but, alas! he has stumbled. The untiring efforts of his family have been at length partially successful: his wife's family have taken him away, and, as we understand, secured to him 700 rupees and other property with his wife, and he is now living with them. We have ourselves gone or sent native Christians to him three times, and, upon each occasion, succeeded in gaining interviews with him, but he cannot as yet break through all bonds and gain a perfect victory. It is clear that he went away partly in momentary displeasure, and partly in the hope that he could do them good. He said, in the last interview our people had with him, he never could forget the word of God, and in such a manner, that the people who surrounded him that instant looked aghast, and took him away; but he has yet to overcome Satan and the world in this their new assault, and we daily pray he may soon prevail. We trust that, in God's mysterious ways, this circumstance may be the means of carrying the gospel to many in that village, as well as of convincing the people of Amritsar of the mighty power of divine grace through the gospel. He was a Sikh, the son of a man in very comfortable circumstances, and all eyes are looking to the issue.

Often it happens, however, that the bitter trial is sustained, and, through grace, the young convert comes off victorious.

March 26th of this year was a joyful day to the teachers of our Masulipatam English School. Two intelligent Brahmins, each about seventeen years old, together with a superior young Mussulman, about the same age, all came in the evening to break caste and renounce error. One Brahmin had been five years under Christian teaching; the other more than two and a-half; and the Mussulman more than two. Though all are poor, they have been diligent, regular, and exemplary; and their answers at morning reading and prayer have often been very encouraging and good.

Scarcely had they come, when the trial of which we have spoken broke out in all its bitterness. The evening prayer had just closed—it was about half-past eight—when the bitter wail of the aged mother of one of the Brahmins, upwards of sixty, broke upon the ear. She and her elder son were invited to come in, and the interview that followed was most heartrending; so much so, that, to use the language of one of the Missionaries, “nothing but a deep sense of man's perishing state while alienated from God, of the awful realities of eternity, and the infinitely superior claims to obedience which God has over parents, can fortify one to go through such painful scenes.” The next morning the aged father, perhaps eighty or ninety years old, came with the mother and brother to see the youth again. The mother's violence was gone, but her grief was the more affecting. The lad showed great affection towards his parents, embraced them very warmly, but retired apparently unshaken in his resolution to follow Christ.

These three young men have been "carried safely through the surf, and are well afloat on their Christian voyage. They were all baptized on Sunday, May 20th. May the spirit of Jesus unite them to Him! No outward bond of iron even, or brass, or silver, or gold, will suffice." We have another affecting case of the same kind, which we reserve for a future Number.

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### THE FEEJEE ISLANDS.

(From the "*Madras Christian Herald*.")

THE Feejee Islands were discovered by Tasman in the year 1643. Captain Bligh passed through a part of the group in the "Bounty's" launch in 1760, and again in the "Providence" in 1792. They form in all a cluster of about 154 islands, of which 100 are inhabited, and the rest are useful at particular seasons for pasturage and for the gathering of the *bêche-de-mer*. They range in size from a few miles in circumference to that of an English county: two of them especially extend throughout a large portion of the group, and have an area equal to that of Devonshire. The entire population is estimated at 300,000.

To the eye of the naturalist or the poet these islands present features of unsurpassed attractiveness. Sometimes an islet spreads itself out in gentle beauty a little above sea-mark. More frequently they may be seen rising in basaltic peaks, or needles, to the height of several thousand feet, and covered with the most luxuriant foliage to their very summit; the decomposed volcanic matter forming a rich soil, to which plants cling with their picturesque fringes, and in the most unlikely positions. Down to the very shores, and even within high-water mark, vegetation and beauty extend their dominion. The *hibiscus*, with its rich yellow blossoms—the *erythrina indica*, with its scarlet flowers—the *ixona* and the *bolkameria*, with their constant fragrance, convert even the shore into a garden; while the mangrove is seen starting from chinks and cracks in the coral, and waving its fantastic arms above the foaming tide. The flowers, indeed, form a natural calendar to the people, by which they divide their year into its eleven parts, and the blossoming of a certain vine regulates their operations of husbandry.

Excellent roots abound in these islands, some flourishing the most in dry, and others in wet seasons, and therefore never leaving the natives without food: the banana, the plantain, the cocoa-nut, the pine-apple, the orange, and especially the bread-fruit tree, are to be found in great variety: even the fruits of the temperate grow beside those of the tropical zone. The cotton-tree raises its tufted head in many regions. In one island a magnificent species of the chestnut sheds such a fragrance when in bloom, as to fill the whole air with the scent of the violet, and even to send its odours far out to sea; while birds of endless variety and gorgeous plumage inhabit these fruitful forests, and share the teeming abundance with man. The shores are strewn with shells of such elegance and delicacy of tint as would reward the enthusiasm of the most ardent conchologist; while over all spreads a midnight sky, in which the southern cross and the clouds of Magellan dispute the palm of glory with our own familiar Orion and Pleiades, and planets shine with the lustre of little moons. Such was the aspect of external nature

in those garden-islands, when, in the month of October 1835, Messrs. Cross and Cargill, Wesleyan Missionaries, who had come from the Friendly Islands, first landed on their shores—and what was the aspect of man?

The dark photographic picture which Paul has drawn of heathenism in his Epistle to the Romans might be given as the answer, and even in its most hideous and revolting pictures the resemblance would hold. The people were indeed found to be ingenious in some of the useful arts, as in the formation of mats, in basketwork and earthenware; and a certain elegance of design and skill in workmanship were visible in the chequered cloths which they wove from the bark of some of their palms, placing them in these respects many degrees above the natives of the Friendly Islands; but their moral condition only admits of being partially unveiled, “for it is a shame even to speak of some of the things which were done of them in secret.” The Missionaries found them to be strongly addicted to stealing. Falsehood was so common, that to “speak as a Feejee man” was an expression equivalent to speaking lies. Covetousness so raged in their bosoms, that they would glare with savage eyes upon a stranger, or a native of another tribe, in order to discover whether there was any thing about his person for which it was worth while to destroy him; and, on a slight temptation, a deadly stroke from the murderous club would lay the victim at their feet. Infanticide prevailed in its most revolting forms; the self-immolation of widows on the death of their husbands was common; the old, the decrepit, and even those who seemed to be afflicted with lingering sickness, were unscrupulously put to death. War was a pastime, and was considered the noblest employment of men. The warriors stood next in rank to the chiefs, and as each island, and even tribe, had its own separate chief, the spear and the war-club were almost never at rest, while the ferocity and treachery with which war was pursued more than doubled all its natural horrors.

But the crime which of all others stood out as the most prominent feature in Feejeean wickedness, giving those islanders a ghastly pre-eminence even among heathen nations, was cannibalism. So completely had this crime intermingled itself with all the customs of the people, that a human being was sacrificed and eaten on every remarkable occasion. A house could not be built, a canoe launched, or an important voyage undertaken, without a human sacrifice. Cannibalism was not more prompted by revenge than by an appetite for human blood. Not only were the victims obtained in war reserved to be eaten, and often roasted alive in their horrid ovens, but persons of the same tribe have been slain by stratagem to satiate the inhuman lust; and when such deaths have occurred, a whale’s tooth\* has been considered by the relatives of the dead a sufficient compensation for his life. It was estimated by one Missionary, that, in the space of four years, 500 persons were put to death, and eaten, within twenty miles of Vewa. Cannibalism was in truth a part of infant education in Feejee. Mothers have been seen to rub a piece of human flesh on the lips of their children, that they might be imbued from the first with a taste

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\* Probably the tooth of the narwhal is meant.—Ed. C.M.G.



for blood; and among the games of Feejee children nothing was more common than the imitation of a cannibal-feast, with all the horrid mimicry of slaying the victim, carrying the body in procession, and the cannibal song, followed by the repast. When we add that death by natural means was one of the rarest occurrences, and that an old person was scarcely ever seen in those islands, it will be understood why the Missionaries were disposed to place Feejee in the "lowest deep" of heathenism, and, witnessing from day to day the orgies of hell amid the scenery of Eden, wrote of those islands with sickened hearts, as emphatically "dark places of the earth, full of the habitations of cruelty."

And the religion of the Feejeeans was in keeping with their morality. It is true that they generally professed their belief in a supreme god, Ove, whom they described as the creator of mankind, and as inhabiting the heavens or the moon; but there is no evidence that any worship was rendered to this deity. Their homage was spread over a multitude of inferior gods, with limited powers and narrow spheres, some of them the children and grandchildren of Ove, and others the spirits of departed ancestors, to whom they ascribed the presidency over particular districts or tribes, and whose numbers they were continually multiplying. Images of their gods were kept in their temples, but merely as ornaments; so that, in the usual sense of the words, they could not be charged with idol worship; but these gods were believed by them to inhabit particular shrines, such as stones, trees, vegetables, and even animals, and they unscrupulously rendered homage to them. The gods were communicated with by the priest, who, along with certain seers, that pretended inspiration and predicted future events, were in concert with the chiefs, and together swayed the people. These false gods of Feejee their worshippers endowed, as in the case of all false religions, with their own evil qualities, exaggerated and magnified, freely ascribing to them fornication, adultery, war, and even cannibalism, and only too faithfully, as we have seen, exemplifying the law by which man assimilates to whatever object he adores.

The belief in immortality is common among those islanders, but is unaccompanied by that belief in a "judgment to come" which is necessary to arm the doctrine with moral power, while it is associated with, and degraded by, the strange imagination that the inferior animals, vegetables, and even stones, share the glory with man; and a natural well is actually shown in one of their islands, across the bottom of which runs a stream of water, in which, they say, may distinctly be perceived the souls of men and women, beasts and plants, of stones, canoes, and houses, and of all the broken utensils of this frail world, swimming along into the regions of immortality! There is even to be found among some of the tribes a belief that the earth is to be burnt and renovated by fire, in which we seem to recognise the broken fragment of a primeval revelation. But the most remarkable traditionary fragment of this kind is that of the universal deluge, which has found its way to these isles of the Pacific, like one of those flowers from remote lands, which the tide sometimes casts upon their coral shores. Not only is there the general account of the deluge, but the building of the ark by the carpenter Rodoka and the eight persons who were saved, identifying the story with the Noachic flood, and adding another

instance to the rich store of evidence which Faber and others have accumulated of the universality of the tradition.

*(To be continued.)*

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SIAMESE MERIT-MAKING.

THE Buddhists in Siam, as elsewhere, make it the great business of living, so far as their religion is concerned, to acquire merit. By this they do not mean living pure and moral lives, being good parents, children, neighbours, speaking truth and doing right at all times: they mean, performing certain acts which may be done by very bad men, as most of them are. An American Missionary at Bangkok gives the following specimens—

“The Buddhist priests of Siam are accustomed to go out every morning to gather their day’s food. They do not beg, but pass around and present themselves with their rice-pot and satchel in front of the people’s houses, or boats, or markets, and there remain in silence until those who are so disposed give to them, which nearly all are inclined to do. Siamese mothers appear to be very particular to instruct their children in the work of feeding priests; and I have seen them, before their little ones were able to walk, force them to make their little contributions. They tell them if they do thus they will get much merit and be happy.

“It is no small tax upon the people to support their priests, but they do it with a willing heart. When I was once at the old capital, I saw a woman, from her own stock, feed more than fifty priests, who each came to her in his turn, and received his portion. She gave to each a cup of boiled rice, some curry stuff, a little betel-nut, and a cigar. This, I suppose, she was in the custom of doing daily. If I had asked her why she thus spent so much of her living, her answer would have been, ‘To make merit.’

“One who travels in Siam will often see a shelf fastened up on a tree or a post, in front of the Siamese houses. If he were to ask the dwellers there what these shelves are for, the answer would be, ‘To feed crows upon.’ And when he further asks, ‘And why do you feed the crows?’ the answer comes, ‘To get merit, to be sure.’ So when a Siamese has thrown out some fish, or rice, to the wolfish dogs that throng the land, he feels an inward satisfaction, flattering himself that by this act he has added to his store of merit. Missionary physicians here are accustomed to treat those who are sick, and desire their help, without charge. The natives in turn seem almost to envy our situation, and, instead of feeling much obligation to us for the services we may have rendered them, congratulate us because we have the means of making merit so fast.

“The Buddhist religion teaches that it is sin to destroy animal life, and that whoever is the means of saving or prolonging it has done a meritorious act. A few months ago I caught a serpent of the poisonous kind near my back door. The natives say that its bite will produce death in thirty minutes. My old teacher urged me to set this serpent at liberty, as I had now a good opportunity to get merit. They hold that the only acts which produce merit to any great amount, are those put forth unselfishly. The man who feeds his elephant because he carries burdens for him, or his dog because he watches his house, or his buffalo because he ploughs his ground, gets no merit, because he does it selfishly. But

if he feeds an elephant, a buffalo, a dog, or a crow, from which he can expect no favour in return, then his act becomes highly meritorious. To set at liberty a serpent whose bite is not poisonous is of little account, but to liberate one that is evil and deadly to mankind is pure merit."

[*The Macedonian.*

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### JEWELLERY VERSUS MISSIONARIES.

THERE is jewellery enough in Christendom to sustain all our Missionary operations, on their present scale, for a whole generation. Could not some of it be spared to send the gospel to the perishing? With what alacrity did God's ancient people pour their golden ornaments, their precious stones, their fine linens and peltries, into His treasury, when it was signified to them that these articles were needed to furnish the tabernacle in the wilderness! "They came, every one whose heart stirred him up, and every one whom his spirit made willing, and they brought the Lord's offering to the work of the tabernacle of the congregation, and for all His service, and for the holy garments. And they came, both men and women, as many as were willing-hearted, and brought bracelets, and ear-rings, and rings, and tablets, all jewels of gold," &c. (Exod. xxxv. 21, 22.) So great was their liberality, that the officers came to Moses, saying, "The people bring much more than enough for the service of the work, which the Lord commanded to make." And Moses was obliged to issue a proclamation commanding them to desist. "So the people were restrained from bringing. For the stuff they had was sufficient for all the work to make it, and too much." (Exod. xxxvi. 5—7.) Would that we might see another such collection in our day! Let no one say that such offerings are not needed now, because the sanctuary God is now raising is not a material, but a spiritual one. It is true these rich gifts are not to be beaten into golden censers, and candlesticks, and sockets, and knobs, and made into vestments for the priests to wear. But they are needed, nevertheless; for they can be transmuted into what is of far more value than these—into light for those who sit in darkness; into rivers of the water of life for thirsty souls, and spiritual bread for those who are famishing. By such offerings as these, Missionaries may be sent into heathen lands to proclaim the glad news of salvation; the Bible may be printed, tracts distributed, the ignorant instructed, and souls, by the blessing of God, may be converted to Christ and gathered into churches, to become living stones in the spiritual temple that is going up in the earth. This is the true science of alchemy. The gospel of Christ has revealed the secret to the world, by which we may transmute what is now valuable, not into gold merely, but into what is far more precious; and then scatter it, as the leaves of the tree of life, for the healing of the nations.

Will any one say that such offerings are not needed, at such a time as this, when the wants of the foreign field are so urgent, and the treasuries of all our Missionary Boards are overdrawn? Oh, how timely would they be, and how refreshing to the hearts of those who are toiling at the work. What a new impulse would it give to the cause at home, and what joy and gladness would it send to the isles that wait for His law, and to the ends of the earth, if the people of God, "both men and women, as many as are willing-hearted," would again pour their offerings into the treasury of the Lord for the service of His temple, till our

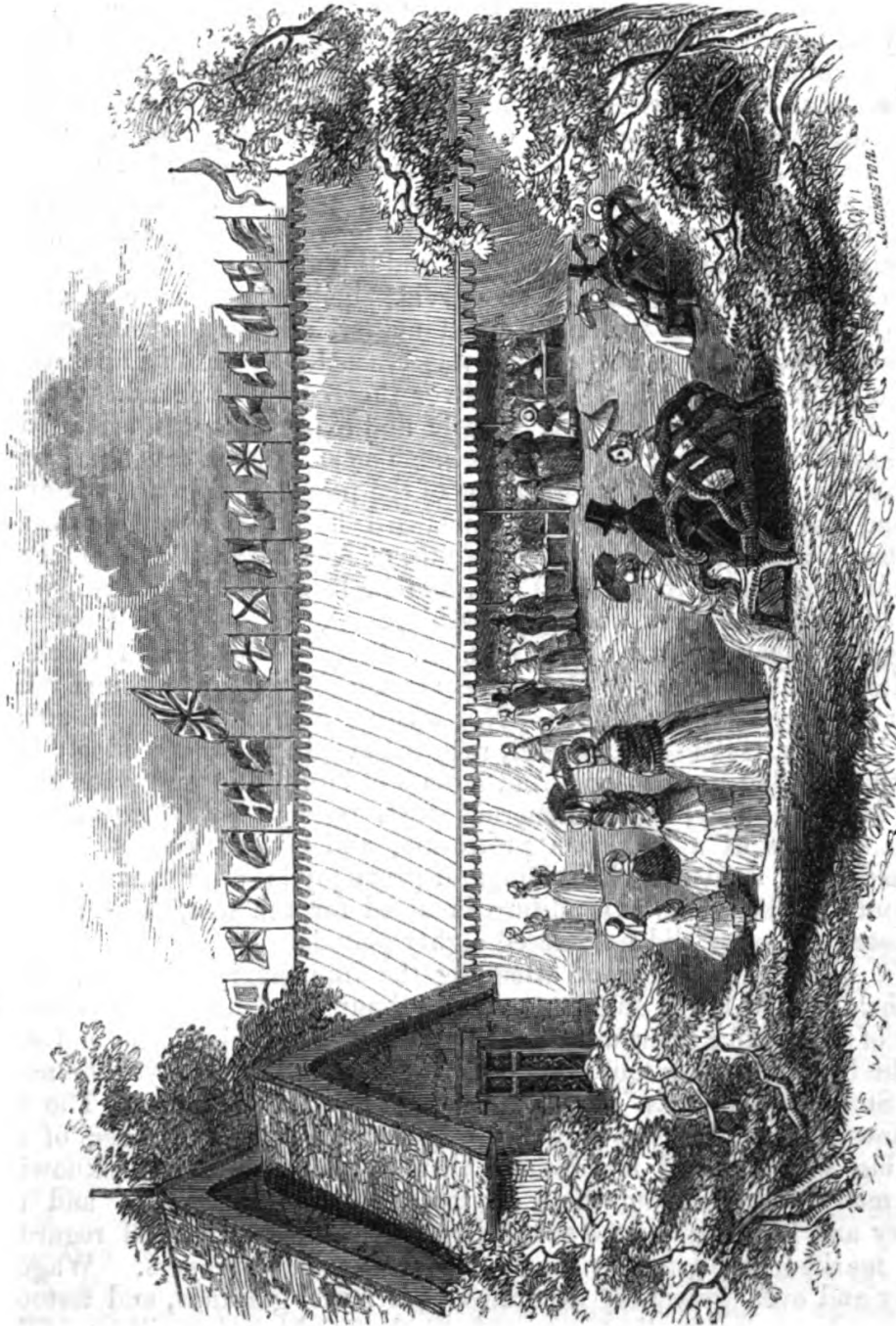
officers should be constrained to say, "The people bring much more than enough for the service of the work, which the Lord commanded!" Shall the church never see that day under the dispensation of the gospel? Were all the diamond rings, and breast-pins, and ear-jewels, and bracelets, that now adorn the persons of Christ's professed followers, brought together and dedicated to His service, what a goodly sight it would be! Why, there are not a few Christian disciples, from whose persons, individually, there might be jewellery enough taken to send out a Missionary, and to sustain him for a long time in his work of recovering lost souls to Christ. And as much, even then, might be left, as would be decorous for an humble follower of the self-denying Saviour to wear. All ornaments are not to be despised. Some are worn as tokens of affection, and others as mementoes of departed friends, and others are useful as well as comely. But, making all due allowance for these, too often do they serve no other purpose than to make a vain show, and gratify the vanity of the wearer. Might not the disciple of Christ better testify his sense of the value of the gospel to those who are perishing in their ignorance by casting these costly jewels into the treasury of his Lord, than by wearing them as ornaments on his person? Might he not more truly honour his divine Master by aiding to bring lost sinners to behold Him as their Saviour, than by attracting to himself their envious gaze by the glitter of his shining diamonds? Oh, would not those ransomed souls that might be recovered by his offerings, shine more brightly in his crown of rejoicing in that day, than all the brilliants he can heap upon his own decaying body?

Oh, Christian! you who daily pray, "Thy kingdom come!" and whose chief business it is to labour for the promotion of that kingdom—contemplate the condition of a lost world for which the Saviour died, and ask yourself what more you can do than you are now doing to give it the gospel. Is there no sacrifice you can make? Have you no jewels, costly and precious it may be, that you can offer to this work? Can you best honour your Lord, and exhibit your devotion to Him, by wearing what you have? Take them off and look at them. Open your casket, and bring out those that are laid so carefully away, to be exhibited only on special occasions. Bring them all together, and lay them down before you. Estimate their value; first to yourself, in setting off your person; and then to those who know not the Saviour, in supplying them with the means of salvation. Kneel down and ask the blessing of Him, to whom you have consecrated all you have, upon your decision of this question; and may it be such as to bring joy and peace to your own heart, and glory to His name!

These thoughts have been suggested by a plain gold ring, that has come into the hands of the writer as the first offering of a school-girl, who has just found her Saviour. Like Mary, she would bestow upon Him some precious token of her love. While away from home, and struggling with scanty means to get an education, it has pleased the Lord to touch her heart and claim her as His own. Besides the surrender of herself, she has little else that she can bring. Such offerings are precious in the sight of Him who scans the heart. What recompense more sweet than His benediction, "She hath done what she could?" May the Lord bless both the giver and the gift; and may many others be encouraged to go and do likewise! [Albany, in "The Macedonian."

THE STONHAM ASPAL MEETING.

IN the county of Suffolk, a few miles from Ipswich, is situate the village of Stonham Aspal, a quiet, sequestered little spot, which has for many years past displayed a zeal and energy in the cause of the Church Missionary Society which might put to shame many wealthier commu-



THE STONHAM ASPAL MEETING.

nities. In fact, were other places in England to contribute as liberally in proportion to their population, that division of the kingdom alone would subscribe *five millions* annually for the conversion of the heathen. Nor can it be said, large as is their offering, that it is a burden to the inhabitants. What is given is given cheerfully, as unto the Lord, and no inconsiderable portion of the sum is derived from thank-offerings, the givers of which are known only to their minister. These have now increased from three or four pounds to between thirty and forty pounds. They had their origin in a question of conscience continually urged from the pulpit, that it is not becoming in Christians to acknowledge their mercies in words alone. In the hope of interesting many in the cause of Missions, and of giving Christians of all classes the opportunity of joining in a social repast, it was determined, six years ago, that a tea-party should precede the annual meeting. The measure of success attending the movement exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its promoters; and this meeting is looked forward to with pleasure on all sides. To provide shelter for so large an assemblage was, even at the first, no small matter, and in the end proved a great difficulty. A large booth was erected, the materials of which had to be borrowed or bought wherever they could be found. At last, with a view of saving all this trouble and expense, it was proposed to purchase a tent by small subscriptions. The suggestion was acted upon by the Rev. Charles Shorting, rector of the parish, and in a few months he had received such support as justified him in contracting for it. The tent was built by Mr. James Smyth, of Aldeburgh, in the county of Suffolk: in length it was 120 feet, and in breadth 28 feet, and, when erected, its appearance was very striking. A long line of flags was flying on the top, with every national device—the Union Jack of England in the centre—"God save the Queen" at one end, and "Go, teach all nations," at the other. Nor was the interior wanting in attraction: flowers, tastefully arranged, met the eye in every direction; here and there a flag peeping out from a mass of laurel and evergreen had a very pleasing effect; while numerous texts reminded all present of the responsibilities of a Christian profession, and of our Lord's positive injunction to send the glad tidings of great joy to all "them that are without." The whole expenditure incurred for the tent, flags, and all necessary expenses, did not exceed eighty pounds.

We had the privilege of attending the anniversary this year, which was held on the 1st of August. As the hour fixed for the commencement of the meeting drew near, the church bells—remarkable far and wide for the beauty of their tone, and from which the village derives the name of "Stonham ten bells"—sounded forth a cheerful welcome. The day previous the weather was most unpropitious, but the promoters of the meeting were enabled to continue their preparations in faith, knowing how many were bearing them in their hearts before God; and the beauty and loveliness of the succeeding day could not but be regarded as a marked and gracious answer to those many prayers. Wagons neatly and even gracefully decorated with laurel-garlands, and festoons of roses, began gradually to arrive from the neighbouring villages, filled with visitors, young and old, all clothed in their Sunday attire. Every countenance wore a happy look; and the object for which the assembly was held may be allowed to prove that the pleasures of country-folk

are not always, in England, as we fear is the case in Popish countries, the mere "crackling of thorns under a pot." Over the entrance of the grounds in which the tent had been erected was suspended a large banner, with the appropriate text, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." For three-quarters of an hour the company continued to stream in, until above eight hundred had been admitted, and it was necessary to refuse at least two hundred who had neglected to provide themselves with tickets. In the tent itself perfect order prevailed, all necessary arrangements to accommodate so large a party having been made by Mr. and Mrs. Shorting. It is but right here to observe, that the parishioners, in the most kind and hearty manner, co-operate with their minister in this work, and seem to take real delight in holding up his hands, and bidding him God speed in his labours of love.

At four o'clock a hymn was sung, a few words of hearty welcome addressed to all present, and the tea-meeting had commenced. We do not intend to tell our readers how many acres of bread and butter, and columns of cake, were consumed. A better idea of the amount may be formed, when it is known that there were sixty-five tea-makers, each of whom had some twelve or thirteen guests to attend to. To every one of these ladies a Missionary box was given, and she was requested to dispose of it to one of her party. Very many were taken, to the prospective benefit of the Church Missionary Society.

When tea was over, and the tables cleared, the meeting was addressed at some length by Mr. Shorting, who affectionately called upon all present to examine into their own state before God, suggesting a few appropriate questions for this purpose, illustrated by interesting anecdotes. He urged them to consider what advance they had made since the last anniversary in spirituality of mind; whether they were growing in humility and in brotherly love; whether their graces were visible; what kind of hearers of the word they themselves were; whether they heard with a personal application to their own souls. He pressed on them a favourite maxim of the late Rev. Charles Simeon—

"Talk not about myself.  
Speak evil of no man."

He urged them to consider whether they were separating more and more from the world; warned them of the danger of mixing in it, and the certainty, if they did, of their silver getting tarnished and their God dishonoured. He expressed a hope that there were not such religious curiosities amongst them as he had lately been reading of, viz.

1. Professors praying with great fervour that God would convert the world, yet never giving a farthing to Missionary Societies to help the work.

2. Professors who have a periodical headache returning each Sabbath morning.

3. Professors who dared not expose their health by going to church on a wet Sunday, but who are quite strong, and not at all afraid of weather, on Monday, though it rain never so hard.

And he concluded with a few solemn remarks on the final account that we shall all have to give, when it shall be said to us, "Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayst be no longer steward."



The Rev. F. Storr, vicar of Brenchley, Kent, and formerly residing in the neighbourhood, then addressed the meeting, and was received with the warmest applause and most affectionate greeting. Many had come from a distance to welcome one who had been their spiritual father, or their most faithful, devoted, laborious pastor. We unhappily do not possess any notes of his loving and interesting address.

The Rev. J. C. Ryle followed, and spoke with even more than his wonted power and eloquence. He expressed the gratification he felt at meeting his friend and brother, Mr. Storr, on the present occasion. This was the kind of work of which they would never need to be ashamed, and he trusted both would continue doing such work to the best of their ability until they met in heaven. He congratulated his beloved brother, Mr. Shorting, on the successful issue of his labours in the matter of the new tent in which they were now assembled. He always regarded a tent as a most apostolic meeting-place. It was recorded that the Apostle Paul was a tent-maker. It was a cause for great thankfulness that the Religious-Worship Bill, which had passed the House of Lords, would remove all doubt as to the legality of such meetings as they were now holding. He trusted that such meetings, and many others too, for religious worship, would now multiply rapidly in every part of the country. He next desired to remind all present what it was that had brought them together. It was the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. That was the great loadstone which had drawn them from so many different parishes to one common centre. They were assembled, not merely to drink tea and to eat cakes—not merely to meet friends and to see strange faces—not merely to have a merry-making, and to enjoy themselves—no! they were assembled for a far higher purpose—to promote the spread of the gospel of Christ all over the world. He entreated all to remember this. The gospel was the grand cord of union among men. He rejoiced to think that not a few Nonconformists were present among them. He was glad of it. If they really hoped to sing the praises of the Lamb together in heaven, it was hard indeed if they could not agree to work together for the cause of the Lamb during the short time they were on earth. The more they worked for Christ, the less would they quarrel and fall out by the way. They would soon find there was so much to be done, and so many enemies to oppose, that there was room enough, and to spare, for all real labourers, and no time for quarrelling and falling out. As the gospel had called them together to-day, he hoped they would all feel pledged to spread the gospel. The very tea and sugar, and the cake, were all so many remembrances of the need of heathen souls. Tea came from China, and in China there were 350 millions of people. Sugar came from many parts of the world, and not least from the East Indies. In the East Indies there were 150 millions of people. The currants in the cake came from the Mediterranean. There, also, were many millions of people in utter darkness about eternity. He earnestly entreated them to remember this. He begged they would all go away feeling pledged to spread the gospel of Christ. But he would ask them one thing more. He would ask them all to live the gospel, as well as to spread it. He implored them to remember that those who laboured to make the glorious gospel known to others were especially bound to adorn that gospel by their own lives. If they did not so, they would pull down faster than they built. Justification

by faith, without the deeds of the law, and salvation by free grace—these doctrines were the crown and glory of Christianity—the strength of the minister and of the message—the secret of our embassy—the stamp and mark of a really flourishing church. But he solemnly charged them all never to forget that there was another doctrine which must always be linked and tied to justification by faith, and that was the doctrine of holiness as the inseparable companion of saving faith. It had sometimes been disputed whether justification or sanctification were the more important doctrine. For his own part he would ever hold and trust that both were important. That blessed man of God, Rowland Hill, was once asked which he liked best, justification or sanctification. He replied, that he should give the answer of the little girl who was asked whether she liked her father or her mother best. It was this—“I like them *both* best.” But he hoped they would all make a practical application of this that very night. He entreated them all, if they professed to value the gospel, to behave so as to let men see that they found the gospel a sanctifying religion. Many eyes were upon them. The enemies of all vital religion were watching for their halting. Let no one that day give occasion to the enemies of the truth to blaspheme. Crowds were always in need of warning. Temptations were always near when large bodies of people were gathered together. There was one present that afternoon who took no ticket, and had not been invited—one whom they would gladly keep out if possible, but they could not—one who crept into the garden of Eden and marred the happiness of paradise—and that was our great enemy, the Devil. Let them be on their guard. Let them take heed to their ways and to their behaviour that night, and not give place to Satan. Let them return home with the recollection that God’s eyes were always upon them, and that there was no darkness with Him. An infidel once said to a little boy, “Tell me where God is, and I will give you an orange.” The little boy replied at once—“Tell me where God is not, and I will give you two.” That was a wise and good answer. Well would it be for them all, both minister and people, if they would learn every year to live more and more under an abiding sense of God’s presence. Happy was that man, woman, or child, who did all as to the Lord, and in God’s sight. His heart’s desire and prayer for them all was, that they might feel, daily and hourly, “Thou God seest me.” Then indeed would there be an increase of gospel spreading and gospel living. To walk with God as Enoch did—to walk before God as Abraham did—this was to be a thorough servant of Christ, and a really useful disciple.

At six o’clock the party broke up, the doxology having been sung, and hundreds perambulated the rectory gardens and grounds till the meeting in the church, which took place at seven o’clock, and in which the objects and claims and operations of the Church Missionary Society were ably advocated. The church was crowded in every part, and very many were unable to gain admission. At the opening of the meeting that beautiful and appropriate hymn was sung, “Let there be light,” and was followed by a selection of prayers from our admirable liturgy. After a few introductory remarks, Mr. Shorting read the report for the past year—a report calculated to call forth deep thankfulness to that gracious God who had inclined the hearts of many

to give so liberally, and in so touching a manner. In the face of heavy taxation and expensive necessaries of life, this village has increased its contributions. It certainly is a remarkable fact, that, with scarcely a resident gentleman, a rural population, hardly exceeding 800 souls, should raise for Missionary purposes a larger sum than many towns of twenty, and even thirty thousand inhabitants. To God be all the praise! May other places be excited to a like liberality! The meeting was then powerfully addressed by the Rev. R. H. Groom, rector of Monk Soham, in a very striking speech, followed by Mr. Storr and Mr. Ryle. At the conclusion of the meeting a collection was made amounting to 28*l.* 12*s.* 2*d.* And many and many a thankful heart left this meeting with the feeling, "It is good for us" to have been here. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name!"

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A FRAGMENT.

I WENT this morning into the bush in search of good timber for my church roof. At a considerable distance from the town I crossed a clear little brook, and the people told me its name was Majewoffa. The meaning is, "Do not suffer the person in pawn to die." Thereby hangs a tale of sorrow with a thousand branches, that is, stories occurring every day. A poor person gets into debt in some way or other, but more frequently through country priests dictating to him to make such and such a sacrifice. There is no money for it, and the poor person is to put himself, or a child of his or her's, into pawn; that is, a man lends you so much money on condition that you work for him two days out of three, or as it may happen to be, until you have paid the money back, which is a hard matter; for how will a woman, or even a man, be able to lay money by to pay a debt, if he has only one day out of three to earn his own living? There the poor iwoffa—person in pawn—labours and toils day after day, and month after month, and year after year too, far away in the farms, among forests. There is a little brook, where the thirsty and exhausted iwoffa can refresh; and in his exhaustion, as he approaches the refreshing rivulet, he exclaims, "Ma-je-iwoffa-ku"—"Don't let the iwoffa die!"

Oh, thou poor negro, pawned out for centuries past into the service of Satan, come to the river of life, and exclaim, "Ma-je-iwoffa-ku!"

[Rev. D. Hinderer, Ibadan.]

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YOUNG CONVERTS IN INDIA.

IN our last Number we referred to the bitter trials which young converts to Christianity have to endure in India; and some instances of this were introduced, which we trust may have served to call forth the sympathy of our readers, and in their prayers to "remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them, and them which suffer adversity, as being yourselves also in the body."

In the report received from the Burdwan Mission for the year 1854 a similar instance occurs—a young convert cruelly treated by his own father, because he would not act against his convictions, and remain a heathen. The narrative of his sufferings is related by himself. Let our younger friends, whose Christian parents,

instead of hindering them, encourage them to give themselves to Christ, compare their own position with that of this poor suffering youth, and be thankful.

“On the 27th of December 1854 I went, with the Rev. B. Geidt and two native-Christian brethren, Thomas and Boigunda, to preach the gospel to the heathen; and on our return I wished to see my sick parents, who had often desired me to come, and promised solemnly nothing whatever should happen to me: at the same time I wished to see whether my wife would be willing to come to Burdwan. I took, therefore, leave of my pastor, who, for precaution sake, advised the two native Christians to accompany me. Having arrived at my native place, we heard my father had gone out; but being desirous to see him we remained there three days. Many people came to see us, to whom we made known the gospel. As my father did not return, we wished to leave for Burdwan, but my eldest brother and others confined me to the house, and drove away the two dear Christian brethren. Now my father came home, and I saluted him friendly, and asked him, ‘How are you at present?’ He answered in a furious manner, saying, ‘You have no need to ask me any thing, because you are not my son, and you have no relation with me.’ After this he slapped me in my face repeatedly. Then my mother, who loves me, sent me to the house of my brother-in-law at Gopaulnogore, with a guardian and my youngest brother. Having an opportunity, I ran off early in the morning, desiring to reach Burdwan; but my brother-in-law pursued me, with others, and brought me back to his house. On receiving this news, my father came, shaved me, cut off my hair, and forced a poita on my shoulders, which I tore off immediately. About this he was very angry, took me back to his own house, and beat me severely again. He then put another poita around me, which I did not take down at once, on account of their rude conduct. Two days after this four Christian brethren came, sent from Burdwan, to see me, but I could only see them from the verandah. They asked me whether I had remained faithful, and whether I would return with them. I answered, ‘I am not only willing to go with you, but I am willing to give my life for Christ’s sake.’ On saying these words, seven or eight persons forced me into the house, ill-treated me, and confined me. Then I tore off again the poita, and allowed them no more to put another around me, though they much persecuted me. I was very sorry not hearing any thing of what had happened to the Christian brethren\* in the tumult before the house. That very night my father sent me to a village called Jogoria, where I was kept for a week like a prisoner. Then my father took me back to his house. Sometimes he beat me, and sometimes he caused others to teach me Hinduism; and when I would not follow their advice, they used very abusive language towards me; but being regardless of those things, I spoke to them of the Saviour Jesus Christ. After a few days had thus passed by, one influential man of our relatives came, who much persuaded me to forsake Christianity, and remain with my father; and when I would not consent, both my

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\* They were very ill-used, and driven by force from the village, and even persecuted in other places. No one was allowed in the neighbourhood of Paul’s village to sell them any thing, or to give them a shelter.

father and eldest brother did beat me, and kick me, and slap me in my face. After this they hanged me, fastening ropes about my hands and feet, and keeping my face downward, and again and again beat me with a hammer on my elbows and knees, all which I bore quietly, and prayed for them to the Lord Jesus, who gave me strength to suffer without murmuring. This enraged them more, and they were now ready to drive nails into my hands and feet, and to make me lame; but the man who guarded me snatched the nails from them, and made me free from the persecution of that day. A few days after, the jamadar of Joypur came and asked me, 'Is your name Horinaraion Chokrobutty?' I answered, 'Yes.' Then he said, 'The Missionary of Burdwan has written to the magistrate of Bancoorah to send you there. If you are willing to go, I came to make you free.' I answered, 'I am willing to go.' I had some hope to be delivered; but soon all hope was over, for he took a bribe from my father, and left me bound behind him. My father beat and kicked me again on that day in such a way that I got a boil on my forehead; and though I suffered now very great pain, he continued beating me. In the midst of that distress another burgundaz was sent from Bancoorah\* to make me free, and conduct me to Bancoorah. When it was night we reached Bolgooma, and they put my legs in stocks.† The next day I went to the magistrate, who was kind. He asked me many things, and fined the jamadar who had taken the bribe; and the next day he sent me to Burdwan with a man. I am not sorry that I suffered so much: I rather bless God for His mercy and love which He has granted me."

Our Missionary, the Rev. B. Geidt, adds—

Paul has hitherto been so diligent and well-behaved that he now receives a scholarship in the English school.

May this poor youth experience the truth of the Psalmist's expression of hope—"When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

#### THE CONQUESTS OF THE GOSPEL.

To islands of the ocean send forth the written word,  
And let the gospel trumpet in thrilling tones be heard;  
Till every island people shall own Jehovah's sway,  
And His shall be the conquest—"A nation in a day."

Where Gunga rolls his waters, dark, onward to the sea,  
Plant now the cross of Jesus; let that the standard be:  
And India's dark pagodas shall crumble to the dust;  
Her sons renounce their idols, the Christian's God to trust.

Let chilling plains of Lapland, where endless frosts abound,  
Be waked to join a chorus, Messiah's name to sound;  
And countless sons of China, a proud and scornful race,  
Come bending with the lowly, subdued by sovereign grace.

Let serfs of distant Russia, and vassals of the East,  
Moved by the cheering story of Christ the Prince of Peace,  
And Afric's swarthy children, from Atlas to the main,  
From degradation waken, and swell the mighty strain.

\* I had to write a second letter to Bancoorah, which had the desired effect.

† As if he had been a thief.

Then shall the Hebrew nation, gathered from every clime,  
 From their own vales and hill-tops raise notes of praise sublime :  
 From Zion's holy city shall clouds of incense rise,  
 From Mount Moriah's temple, a holy sacrifice.

Then from each mountain fastness dark error shall be driven,  
 And find no secret covert beneath the arch of heaven.  
 Thrice blessed, happy era ! from far we hail thy light !  
 Break, break, thou wished for morning, dawn over error's night !

ANNA.

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THE FEEJEE ISLANDS.

(Continued from p. 118 of our last Number.)

THERE were few communities in the heathen world in which the fragments of a primeval faith less abounded than in the Feejee islands, or in which the popular belief presented fewer points of contact with Christian teaching. The belief in the inspiration of their priests might indeed prepare the natives for comprehending the true inspiration, and their practice of sacrifice for understanding the atonement. But their sacrifice was unaccompanied by any proper sense of demerit : even their supreme divinity was without providence, and their immortality without retribution ; and their deep moral debasement, and torpid human sensibility, seemed to raise a mountain-barrier against the pure and spiritual lessons of the gospel ; while their indifference to human life, and the numerous reports of white men who, welcomed with treacherous smiles, had perished on their shores, seemed to warn the Missionaries that they could only hope for protection, among such a people, by a special miracle. Yet, in the face of all these discouraging signs, these evangelic heralds sailed from Tonga, the capital of the Friendly Islands, over a stormy ocean of 300 miles, and landed on these islands of murderers and man-eaters, at the date we have named, to "sow in tears," and, with a rapidity and to an extent that exceeded their very dreams, to "reap in joy."

And it is interesting to notice the means by which a shield was, at the beginning, placed by Providence over the heads of these friendless and unprotected men. It came, not from the presence of British warships, or from friends suddenly raised up to them ; but from the fears and superstitions of the people themselves, by which God "made the wrath of man to praise Him." Many years before, certain mariners, two of whom resembled, in appearance and dress, Messrs. Cross and Cargill, had been shipwrecked on one of their islands, murdered, and eaten. Shortly after, a dreadful distemper had broken out on the island which had been the scene of the murder, as well as on contiguous isles, accompanied by excruciating agonies, and spreading death with the rapidity of a plague. The natives, concluding this to be a punishment from God for killing the white men, continued lenient to foreigners for a number of years ; and though of late the restraint had been relaxed, and many whites had been sacrificed, yet the recollected resemblance between the Missionaries and the men who had been murdered previously to the plague leading them to conclude that they, too, must have been Missionaries, held back their murderous hands ; and these restraints continued until the number of the Christian converts, and the involuntary respect which the character of the Missionaries gradually inspired, surrounded them with other and surer defences. A consid-

rable number of persons, Tonguese, or natives of the Friendly Islands, were to be found at Lakemba and other isles of the Feejee group; and, as the Missionaries were already familiar with their language, their first attention was turned to them, and among these they gathered their first-fruits. Meanwhile, they were endeavouring to master the Feejeean dialect, and, by means of converted Tonguese, to hold intercourse with the natives: an alphabet and a vocabulary were formed by Mr. Cross, and thus the first foundations of civilization laid; and, in the course of a few years, the New Testament was produced by the same apostolic Missionary in the Feejee tongue. In light canoes, and in perils by the deep, and perils by the heathen, the Missionaries passed from island to island, teaching and exhorting, leaving here a native evangelist, and there a native teacher—schools were founded—some of the chiefs began to *lotu* (worship) and were followed by many of their tribes. In the measure in which the gospel extended, war, infanticide, cannibalism, and impurity, waned, the naked islander became clothed, and the stalwart and ferocious man-eater sat at the feet of the Missionaries, docile and tractable as an infant. But we cannot, in a mere sketch, trace, step by step, the progress of the Feejeean Mission from year to year. We shall imagine ourselves, after an interval of twelve years from the first landing of the Missionaries in 1835, visiting the station in the Wesleyan Mission-ship, along with the Rev. Walter Lawry, in 1847, and glancing at some of the richest fruits of this gospel vintage.

It may serve to give some notion of the extent to which Christian Missions had already extended in Feejee, to mention, that, to visit all the stations, required a voyage of 700 miles. Some of the islands were found to have already become entirely Christian. This was the case with the gem-like Ono, in which, with a population of 474 persons, there were 310 church-members, while all the children were under instruction. The earlier history of Christianity in Ono was found to be associated with a fact of singular interest. Above six years before the time of Mr. Lawry's visit, the few converts who were then on the island were violently persecuted by their heathen neighbours. Their numbers, however, continuing to increase, they at length determined that they would take up arms against their enemies. They did so, and the heathen fled before them to a strong fortress on the mountains. The Christians followed, and, with little bloodshed, took the town. But instead of putting the vanquished to the sword, they fell on their necks and wept over them. Affected and subdued by this extraordinary treatment, the heathen warriors fell on their knees, and *lotued* at once. They knew that aforesaid they would have been eaten, instead of being preserved alive and wept over by their conquerors. Thus did Ono become Christian: love bowed the hearts of the people as the heart of one man, and Christ was glorified alike in the conquerors and in the conquered.

In other islands, again, such as Lakemba, Mr. Lawry found the majority of the population still heathen, but the leaven of Christianity quietly and rapidly extending. Amidst a population of 1500, there were already 250 Christians; while, from the summit of a mountain in this island, he could look around him upon clusters of islands, with the delightful assurance that there was scarcely one of them in which there was not already some form of Christian agency, and some measure of

Christian success. As he steered his way onward in the midst of coral reefs and sunken rocks, which strew those islands with so many wrecks, he was cheered, amid all the thick darkness that brooded over so many parts of Feejee, with the unequivocal signs of evangelic progress, constraining even hostile chiefs and people to acknowledge, "This *lotu* is a great thing." At one place the intelligence reached him of a whole town that had unexpectedly cast off heathenism in a day; at another place, he found a chief complaining that he could no longer send persons to the heathen dances, for nearly all his tribe had become Christian. A school was visited by him in one island, in which the bearded chief and his queen led the procession of the scholars, and repeated along with them the prescribed lessons of the day; while, in other places, his heart was warmed by being present at the prayer-meetings, and listening to the simple and often strangely eloquent prayers of the native Christians. "Lord, help us," said one of these worshippers — "help us to bear our cross; and, if it be heavy, help us to move on still, bending slowly! Untie the load of our sins. If this load were tied round our loins we could untie it ourselves; but as it is tied round our hearts we cannot untie it; but Thou canst. Lord, untie the burden now."

(To be concluded in our next.)

DEATH OF A YOUNG CHOCTAW.

It is very painful to a Missionary to lose his native brethren. He needs them all, and many more, indeed, than he can ever expect to gather about him, to assist him in his labours. And if the brother who is taken has unusual qualifications for the Master's service, if he gives high promise as a fellow-worker unto the kingdom of God, the trial will be greatly increased.

Such a trial has fallen upon one of our Choctaw stations. The Missionary family at Lenox have been much comforted and assisted, since they began to reside at that place, by Ellis Wade, a young man of "rare talents, lovely disposition, buoyant spirit, and agreeable manners." He was educated at Fort Coffee, where he became savingly interested in the doctrines of the gospel, as his exemplary life, and triumphant death, have clearly showed. He was a very efficient helper in the Missionary work, and his loss is severely felt by his people.

His death-bed was eminently peaceful and happy. In speaking of his last hours, Dr. Hobbs writes as follows — "When told that we all desired and prayed that he might recover, but would try to say from the heart, 'Thy will, O God, be done,' he said, 'Yes, yes, yes. Thy will, O God, be done. I am young. I should like to do more for my family and country. But if my heavenly Father wishes me to go now, I am satisfied. It is right and best.'" His love for the Choctaws called forth the following message — "Give my love to all my people, and tell them to receive the gospel, believe in Jesus Christ, and be good Christians."

His farewells will never be forgotten. To his wife he said, "We shall meet again. You will not always live in this wicked world. You will come soon to the happy world. I shall look for you; I shall look for you." "I am not afraid to die. I am going home." Waving his

hand, he said, "I bid you all farewell. Christians, be faithful to the end; and we shall meet in the blessed world above." Surely it is not a vain thing to engage in a work which brings forth such fruit!

[*Boston "Journal of Missions."*]

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THE BÂLE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THIS Society, one of the most ancient on the continent, was founded in 1816. Its Missionary Institution is one in every respect dear to us, yielding to us year by year a supply of valuable candidates for Missionary work, and thus reinforcing the ranks of the Church Missionary Society, as well as supplying the wants of that Society with which it is immediately connected. Some of our most valued Missionaries have come to us from the Bâle Institution.

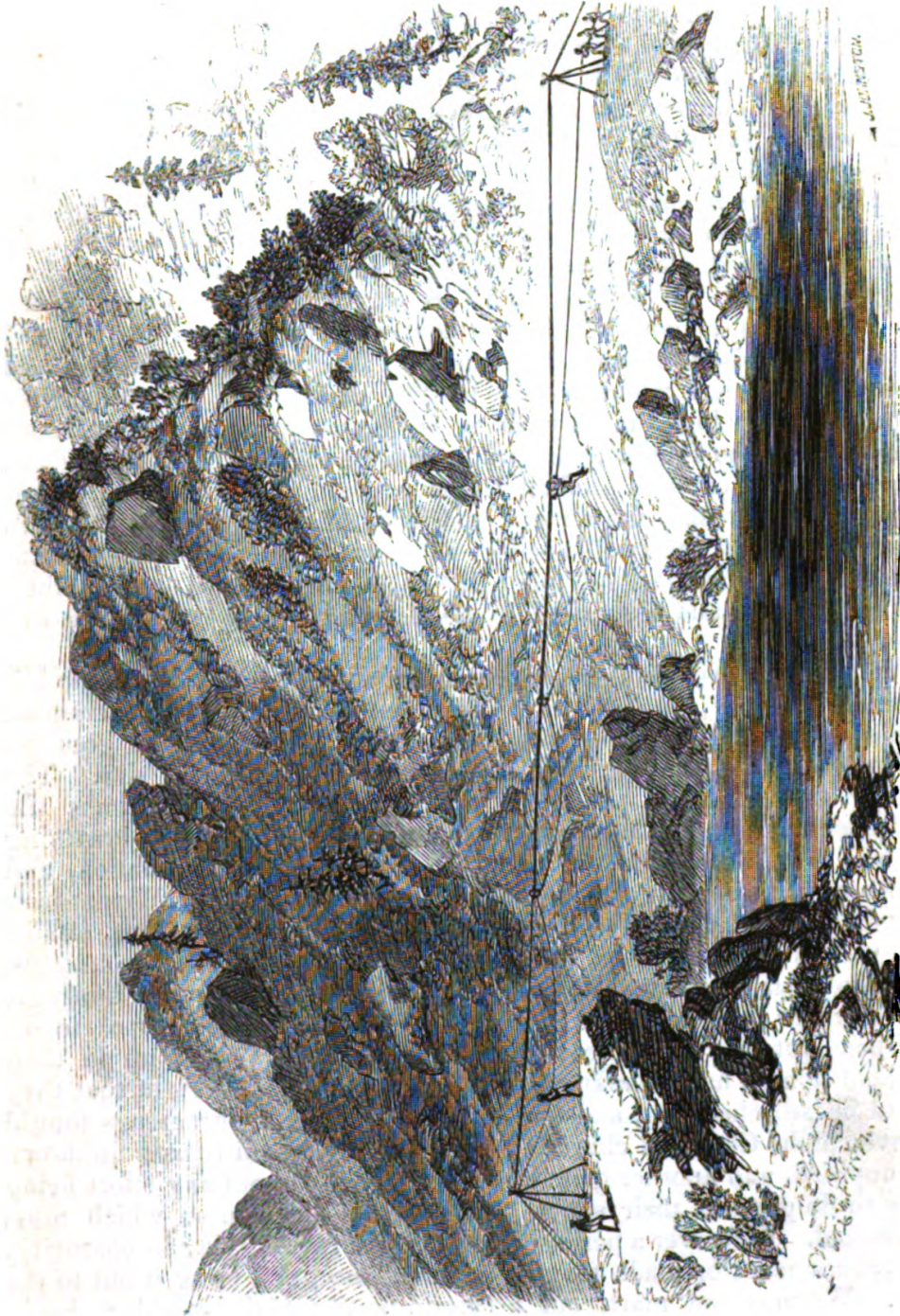
The financial position of the Bâle Society has become of late one of much difficulty, and an appeal was put forth in the spring of the present year, calling on the friends of Missions throughout Germany for increased efforts on its behalf. This has already produced about 4000*l.*, and some truly interesting instances of individual liberality have refreshed the hearts of those engaged in the direction of the work. At the late anniversaries at Bâle some of these facts were mentioned by M. Josenhans, the Principal of the Bâle Institution.

A pious woman in a rural part of Würtemberg, having made a little profit by selling about sixty florins' worth of wine, brings forty of it (3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*) to her pastor, as an answer to the Bâle appeal. Another woman of the same country had emigrated to America, seen all the members of her family die, and received the consolations of the gospel through the instrumentality of a Bâle Missionary: the President of the Society soon afterwards received from her a note for a thousand dollars (about 200*l.*), the fruit of her economy through a long period, and this rich "widow's mite" reaches Bâle at the moment of the greatest distress. But here is something finer still. Pastor Schaufier, also of Würtemberg, had two sons, both of whom he devoted to the Mission. The elder left for the Gold Coast, in Africa, and soon found a tomb under that deadly climate. The younger was still at the Bâle Institution. What does the father do? He writes to his youthful son—"Thy brother is with God: it is time that you thought of Africa. Go and ask the inspector to permit you to fill up the vacancy left by your brother." And the young Christian obeys with joy. The father also writes to the Committee—"Do not abandon the Gold Coast, even although the graves of Missionaries should fill it with the dead like the trenches before Sebastopol. Resting on the promises of God, we are more sure to carry the African fortress than the allies to conquer the Crimea."

The question had been agitated, "Will Christians make still greater efforts, or is it necessary to restrict the field of labour?" With such facts before them no one could counsel a limitation of the work, and the unanimous decision was, "Forward."

## MOUNTAIN REGIONS.

MOUNTAIN regions are full of torrents, which find their way through the valleys, until, gradually meeting, they form rivers. The higher the mountains, the more powerful are these torrents, and the mightier the rivers which at length issue forth from the mountain barrier to water



SWINGING BRIDGE IN THE WESTERN HIMALAYAS.—*Vide* p. 135.



the thirsty plains below. In this we see the gracious providence of God, "He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills." What would India be but for the lofty mountain ranges which bound her to the north? The rich plains of the Ganges would be a frightful desert, like the Sahara of Africa, the "ocean without water," as the Arabs call it. But amidst those lofty mountains noble rivers have their spring and birth-place, and, gradually increased by innumerable contributions, break forth into the lowlands, to water them and make them fertile. "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches."

The work of our own Society is like the course of a mighty river. It carries with it the gospel of Christ, and as it flows along it reclaims the desert, and the face of the earth is renewed. But the great stream of Christian love is made of many prayers, many efforts, many offerings, coming from those who lie hid from the world's eyes, like the deep valley and wooded glen through which a little tiny stream, not deep enough to reach the ankles, finds its way. It has trickled down from the peaks above, which are covered with eternal snow; and who would despise it because it is small? It is one of a multitude; and without the feeders where would be the great river in which they all unite, and which, mighty as it is, is dependent on these small beginnings? The Hindus, who are carnal and gross in all their ideas, aware that India owes its productiveness to the mighty rivers which flow throughout it, worship the stream, and fancy that the mountain region whence it comes is the dwelling-place of the gods. Hence Gungotra, at the source of the Ganges, and other like spots, are reckoned amongst their most holy places, and are visited by numerous pilgrims from the sultry plains below.

Our Missionaries, also, from the more advanced stations in the hill countries, and the Punjab, have been entering into those mountain regions—with very different objects in view. The Hindu goes on pilgrimage to do penance, and make satisfaction for his sins. The traveller from Europe penetrates the hot valleys, and climbs the lofty passes, where the atmosphere is so rarefied as to make breathing difficult, that, as a scientific man, he may acquire information, and put others in possession of what he has seen himself. Our Missionaries enter these difficult countries to seek out man. They know that, amidst those valleys and deep glens, overshadowed by the everlasting mountains, men have their dwelling. They are a part of the great human family, to each member of which the Saviour commanded His gospel to be preached; yet they know not of it. They have been shut up in their highland homes, and no man cared for their souls. It is right that they should be searched out, and that the results of those journeyings should be given to the Christian church: otherwise, they would remain unknown and unpitied, and another generation pass away without any effort being made to do good to their souls. And this is the course which must be pursued. Wherever a portion of the human race is lying in obscurity, endeavours must be made to give it prominence, and bring it out to the light. We may not mark out a certain portion of the world, a chosen field, and say, "Now let us attend to this first, and until we have finished our work here let us not look beyond, lest our attention be

distracted." Nay, we must lift up our eyes and behold the fields, for they are already "white unto the harvest." Limited views stunt the work. Enlarge the view, and you enlarge sympathy, and exertions for the good of others increase proportionably.

Travelling in these regions is difficult, as might be expected, from their high and broken character. The roads generally consist of narrow footpaths, skirting precipices, overhung by great rocks, which threaten to come down with every gust of wind. Sometimes the path leads over smooth stones, slanting towards a frightful precipice, in which, to help the traveller, small niches are cut, barely enough to admit the point of the foot. Sometimes deep chasms cross the road, over which the traveller must leap, and where there is the greatest danger lest the rock which receives his weight give way with him. Again, hard beds of snow rise steeply before him, to ascend which steps must be cut with a hatchet, and which are best descended by sliding down them. Now the road lies across rude scaffolding along the perpendicular face of a mountain. Posts are driven horizontally into the clefts of the rocks, and secured by a great many wedges: on the outer sides is no support. On these the planks are laid; and over this frail support, which shakes with the force of the mountain torrent that rushes underneath it, the traveller must pass. These torrents are so quickly swelled by showers, and rush down with such rapidity, that a bridge of some kind or another is necessary to cross them. These bridges are singular structures, and the prospect of crossing them, to the inexperienced traveller, is far from pleasant. Some are wooden bridges, called *sungu*, and these, occasionally, are strongly and substantially built of poplar spars laid touching each other. Sometimes they consist of a single spar, thrown from rock to rock across a chasm, some ninety feet deep: two or three trees, with boards nailed across, are common. Again, there are the *chug-zam*, or suspension bridges. This kind of bridge is formed of two stout ropes of twisted birch trees, about the thickness of a man's arm. These ropes are suspended side by side; and from these depend the side ropes, of birchen twigs, to which the roadway is attached, which also consists of ropes, of the same size with the suspension ones, laid side by side: a close wattling of wicker-work, connecting the side ropes, affords security.

But the most singular is the *ghulu*, or swinging bridge, represented in our engraving. This consists of five or six cables placed close together, on which rests a hollow piece of fir tree, secured by pegs driven through below. From this hangs a loop of three or four ropes, which serves as a seat for passengers, and also a receptacle for baggage; and this is pulled across by cords. Sometimes a forked stick is made to traverse the cables, to the ends of which is attached a slack rope, on which the back of the traveller, wrapped in a blanket, rests, and he then warps himself over with his hands and feet.

Difficulties and hindrances there are in the way of Missionary work. May the providence of God prepare a way by which they may be passed over, and the gospel go forward on its appointed message to the tribes and nations of our world!



### THE GREAT STUMBLING-BLOCK TO CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA.

IF we were asked what is the greatest stumbling-block to the progress of the gospel, we should at once say the inconsistencies of professing Christians. "Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." The mind of man is of itself sufficiently indisposed to the reception of spiritual religion, and, in the inconsistencies of its professors, finds, as it persuades itself, a justification of that indisposition; so, when the servants of the Lord would press the world to consider the claims which God's message of mercy in Christ Jesus has upon their consideration, it escapes from the difficulty by pointing out the inconsistencies of its professed friends, and insinuating that a tree which bears no better fruit cannot be of much value. Therefore it is said, "Woe unto the world because of offences!" They strengthen it in its unbelieving rejection of the gospel, and so bring upon it woe. But how great the guilt of those who place these stumbling-blocks in the world's path; and how fearful the judgment which must at length re-act upon them! The difficulties of Missionary work are often much increased by such hindrances, and our Missionaries, when they would place before the heathen the excellencies of the gospel, are met by arguments such as these—"If your religion be so excellent as you describe, why are your own countrymen guilty of such and such practices? Why does it not make them act otherwise than they do?" In no part of the heathen world are our Missionaries more exposed to painful objections of this kind than on the coast of China, in consequence of the prosecution of opium smuggling by English merchants, and the miseries which that drug inflicts upon those who become addicted to its use. This our readers will gather from the following fact, which is related by the Rev. W. A. Russell, our Missionary at Ningpo, in a letter recently received from him—

*April 7, 1855*—Visited Sæn-tscih-z, a small village in the neighbourhood of Z-kyu, close to which are several country-seats of wealthy country gentlemen. After breakfast the catechist and I went into the village, and addressed about 300 persons under the shelter of a leáng-ding, a kind of shed on the road, resting on wooden pillars, usually put up by rich Chinese, as a meritorious deed, for the accommodation of the poor to take shelter from the weather. When we had finished our addresses here, and distributed a few tracts among the people, we went next to another small village close by, where we spoke a second time to another assemblage of about the same number. Just as we had concluded, a respectable-looking man came to tell us that a Mr. Tong, a man of great wealth, who lived a short distance from the village, would be glad to see us at his house. We accordingly accepted the invitation, glad of the opportunity of bearing testimony for our Master in the presence of those who are so seldom accessible. The crowd whom we had been addressing in the village, with many others who subsequently collected together, accompanied us to Mr. Tong's house. On arriving,

it was immediately apparent that curiosity to see one of the ong-mao-nying—red-haired men—was the principal, if not the only motive in sending for us, as we found a table and two or three forms placed for us in the court-yard in front of the house, where we were received, evidently with the view of giving all in the house a good opportunity of seeing us, both from the door and windows, which we soon discovered were crowded with earnest gazers. I determined, however, not to mind the slight of not inviting me into the house, but to do the best I could, under the circumstances, in promoting the object I had in view. Accordingly, after sitting for a few moments, and exchanging a few ordinary remarks with the individual who received me, I mounted one of the forms, and first addressed myself to the larger crowd who had already congregated in the court-yard before me, commencing with some humorous remarks about my own person, with the view of leading them to see that, after all, I was not some wonderful creature who had suddenly dropped from the skies, but a man in all respects like themselves. Then, turning to the ladies and gentlemen, young and old, who were gazing upon me from the interior of the house, I ventured to appeal to them whether such was not the case; which being assented to by a couple of old ladies more prominent than the others, I then went on to tell them of the object of my coming amongst them, and the great blessings I was commissioned to bring to them. Having spoken there for more than an hour, and taken a cup of tea, we returned to our boat, when the following strange scene took place.

As I was standing on the front of the boat, after our return from Mr. Tong's, talking with some twenty or thirty persons who were on the bank of the canal close by, I suddenly observed a man, respectably dressed as a teacher, hurrying towards us, apparently having something important to communicate. On reaching the bank close by our boat, he was flowing with perspiration, and quite out of breath. Before speaking a word, however, to us, he first, to our astonishment, doffed his hat and placed it on the bank, and then brought forward a large volume from the interior of his dress, which he also laid on the ground beside him; after which he dropped down on his knees by the water edge, and commenced drinking with an avidity which indicated his appreciation of the value of a good drink of water, not usual amongst his countrymen. Having fully satisfied his thirst, and also applied copious supplies of water to his face for the purpose of cooling himself, he then quietly put on his hat again, and having adjusted his raiment, and taken up his book, he addressed us for the first time as follows—

“You pretend to come here to instruct us in the principles of religion. Know you that the first element essential in the propagation of religion is, that you first exhibit an example of its power in the reformation of your own lives. If the words that you speak, and the actions which you perform, are inconsistent with each other, then rest assured that you are wasting your time and strength in vain. As long as you foreigners deluge our country with the opium drug, which is so destructive to the lives of the people, and so ruinous to the best interests of the nation, don't imagine that you can beguile us into the belief that you are sincere in your professions to benefit us either temporally or eternally, or that the religion you come to propagate amongst us can possibly be good, while



it produces such fruits as you manifest. Allow me to give you some wholesome advice from the sages of antiquity, which it would be well for you to apply to yourself, and also convey to your own people." Here he commenced reading from his book, at the very highest pitch of his voice, what appeared to be selections from the Chinese classics, occasionally stopping to enlarge on those points which appeared to him condemnatory of our double-dealing, in offering them opium with one hand and the gospel with the other, frequently appealing to the crowd, who by this time had assembled in large numbers, for the approval of his statements. When he had gone on in this way for a considerable time, and not knowing when he was likely to terminate, the catechist and I thought it time to interpose, and to request permission to say something in self-defence; but to this he demurred, vociferating so loud that all might be sure to hear him, "that traders in opium could not possibly have any thing to say in vindication of what was so abominable, and that he was determined we should not have the opportunity of attempting to say a single word in self-defence;" upon which he went ahead with his reading in a still louder, and, if possible, more rapid strain than before. "Well," said I, after a little, "won't you allow me at least a few minutes to reply to you?" "Not even a single sentence," he exclaimed, again reading away with as much spirit as ever. "Well, even a sentence or two," said I. "Well then," said he, "just one sentence, but not a single word more." Here the catechist wanted to come forward, but I thought it better that the matter should be left between us both, so I commenced, "Suppose we were, as you say, traders in opium, which we are not, but, on the contrary, abominate the opium trade as much as, possibly even more, than yourself; but even supposing we were, remember in every trade there must be two parties, the buyer as well as the seller: now take away the buyer, and——" "Yes," said he, interrupting me, "I know all about it: you mean to say that we are just as bad as yourselves," and off he started again with his Confucian maxims, which, read in the literary style, were to a great extent only intelligible to himself. Feeling it was hopeless to do much with him, we thought it better to let him go on, which he did for another half hour, greatly to the amusement if not the edification of his hearers. At length he suddenly came to an abrupt conclusion, put down his book on the bank, doffed his hat as before, and then dropped on his knees for another draught of the cooling beverage. When he had satisfied his thirst, and again properly adjusted himself, he slyly threw out the hint that as he had done so much, and walked so far, he felt rather hungry. "Come then," said the catechist, "to our boat; the rice is just ready, and we shall be very happy to have you to take share of it with us." So he coolly accepted the invitation, and after a long conversation with the catechist, which I hope did him good, and a hearty dinner, the worthy gentleman took his departure, entertaining, as I trust, clearer views of our objects and kindlier feelings towards us.

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TRANSLATION OF THE FOUR GOSPELS INTO KURDISH.

AN interesting communication has lately been received from Kurdistan. An Armenian Protestant, who was educated by the American Missionaries, and is labouring under their direction on the borders of that dis-

trict, has been for some time past employing a portion of his time in translating the four gospels into the Kurdish language. This language, which is spoken by all the Kurds, and by many Armenians who reside among them, is said to be totally distinct from any other language of Western Asia. It has no literature of its own, and, in fact, has never been a written language. The proper Kurds are all Mahommedans by profession, though, from all accounts, many of them are quite favourably disposed towards Christianity. As they have no written character of their own, and as there are many Armenians in their vicinity who speak only the Kurdish, it was thought best to use the Armenian character in this translation of the gospels. The work is now completed, and the MS. has been sent to Constantinople to be printed, at the expense of the British and Foreign Bible Society. It is an interesting enterprise, and we hope that in this way the news of Christ's salvation may be carried to a people who have hitherto been entirely neglected, but among whom there have appeared of late many signs for good. One of the American Missionaries in that part of the country was lately visited by five or six Kurdish chiefs, some of whom spent several days with him, and they all most cordially invited him to visit them in their encampment (for they are nomades), promising to furnish him abundantly with milk, and butter, and *yoghoort* (soured milk), as long as he would stay among them, if he, on his part, would preach to them the gospel! He was making his arrangements to go and spend ten days in their tents. How wonderful! Surely the present is a time when the people of God in Britain and America should send up strong cries to the court of heaven in behalf of this land. [Correspondent of "The Rock."]

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#### INFANTICIDE IN INDIA.

(From the Boston (U.S.) "Journal of Missions.")

THE Rev. A. H. Seeley, a Missionary of the Presbyterian Board, returned from India, has published an article in the "Foreign Missionary," upon female infanticide in India, which presents facts of painful interest. Not in India alone are the heathen found to be, too often, practically "without natural affection;" but the custom of destroying daughters has probably been carried to as great an extent in some districts of Hindostan as in any portion of the heathen world.

"The birth of a son," says Mr. Seeley, "is regarded by both Hindus and Mohammedans as an occasion for the greatest rejoicing. The event is celebrated by the firing of cannon, and expensive festivities, among the rich; while the report of a single matchlock of the poorest peasant proclaims the honour that has been conferred upon his family. At the birth of a daughter there is always much less rejoicing, and often none at all. No friends assemble to rejoice with the parents, or to offer their congratulations. By some the event is regarded with seeming indifference; by others, as a calamity and a disgrace. An English gentleman, writing upon this subject, says—'Among the tribe of Rajputs, and especially among the rajahs of that class, the birth of a daughter in their house was considered disgraceful.'" In multitudes of cases this feeling of aversion to daughters leads to murder. "In the districts of Kach and Kattiawar—in north-western India—it has been found, after the fullest and most elaborate inquiry, that the greater part of the inhabitants put their infant daughters to death without the least

remorse. In these provinces, containing 120,000 people, from the investigations of Colonel Walker we learn that at least 4000 infant children are annually destroyed by their parents." The same bloody custom is traced to the Jats and Mewats, and in the provinces of Gujarat, Jaipur, and Jamedpur.

A report by an excellent officer of the British government, the late Mr. Wilkinson, exhibits some definite statistics as to the extent to which this custom is carried. He states that an excellent Rajput chief, in conversing with him, gave it as his opinion that not fewer than twenty thousand infants were annually destroyed in Malwa and Rajputana. In several small districts where a census was carefully taken, startling facts were elicited. Mr. Wilkinson says—"The aggregate result given by these censuses is 632 sons to 225 daughters. This is at the average rate of 36 daughters to 100 sons; in other words, out of every 100 of the females born, on the supposition of the equality of the sexes, 64 have been cruelly destroyed by their parents, or, in round numbers, about two-thirds destroyed, and only one-third preserved."

Among the Sikhs also the practice prevails, it would seem, to an equally fearful extent. "Of eleven villages in the districts of Jaipur and Udupur, he found, after the closest inquiry, that the aggregate numbers of boys under twelve years of age were 369, and of girls only 87. This shows that 282 girls, or more than three-fourths of all born, were destroyed in these villages in the brief period of twelve years. In one of these villages there were only 4 girls to 44 boys; in another, 4 girls to 58 boys; and in a third, with a large proportion of boys, no girls at all, the inhabitants freely confessing that they had destroyed every girl born in their village."

Inquiring for the causes which have introduced, and carried to such an extent, a custom so unnatural, and so revolting to every feeling of humanity, Mr. Seeley says extensive inquiries have led to the general conviction that it "does not arise from sheer cruelty, or from a destitution of parental affection." "The great mass of Hindu mothers possess as strong a love for their children as the mothers of any other people." Instances are known, and doubtless thousands of instances have occurred, in which the earnest entreaties of the mother have induced the father to spare the female infant. In thousands of other cases these pleadings of the mother have been in vain; and when the mother assents, and perhaps herself acts the part of the executioner, we are not to suppose that it is always with no pang of maternal grief. The real causes of the custom are supposed to be—"1st, The difficulty of obtaining suitable matches for their daughters were they allowed to grow up, coupled with the supposed disgrace of their remaining unmarried. 2dly, The difficulty of defraying the marriage expenses which have been sanctioned by immemorial custom."

Pride, in one or another of its modifications, has thus much to do with all this child-murder. "The tribes that practise it believe that they are the descendants of the sun and moon; that they can trace their ancestry to the commencement of that fabulous era of the golden age, upwards of three millions of years ago;" and therefore, "under the predominant influence of excessive pride, the lordly aristocratic Rajput, rather than brook the fancied disgrace of unequal alliances, and thereby break the line by contaminating the blood of so noble a descent, will quench the

very instincts of his nature, and doom to death his unoffending offspring."

It is now more than fifty years since the attention of the British government was called to this subject; and "during this time, ardent, zealous, and Christian men, sustained by the Christian government of India, have laboured to root up and destroy this cruel and degrading custom. In the year 1795 a regulation was passed by the supreme government, to the effect, that, within the British territories, infanticide must be judicially dealt with as wilful murder." But so great are the difficulties attending the detection and conviction of the guilty, that such efforts, and such laws, have accomplished far too little: the statute is believed to be, in great measure, a dead letter. "The civil officers of these districts have used all their authority and influence to induce the chiefs to enter into the most solemn engagements to discountenance and destroy this barbarous custom, and in many instances they have succeeded. But it has been found far easier to induce them to enter into such engagements than to make them fulfil them. They have seldom been found sincere in their professions. Some of them have put their infant daughters to death only a few months after the most solemn pledge to abandon the practice, and to exert all their efforts to put it down among their people." "This revolting and inhuman crime," says Mr. Seeley, "cannot be stopped by laws and enactments, by promises or pledges. Nothing but the elevation of the people by moral and religious training will cause them to look upon their present practices with disgust, and forsake them for ever. The remedy is found in the gospel, and in the gospel alone. Oh! when will it be applied? Let the Christian church in America answer this question."

Nay, still more, we would add, the Christian Church in England—England, to whose guardianship and care India has been specially assigned.

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THE FEEJEE ISLANDS.

(Concluded from p. 131 of our last Number.)

BUT perhaps there was no spectacle that more struck the mind of this enterprising visitor than when he looked up to the foretop-gallant-yard of his own ship, and recalled the history of the man who was looking eagerly down among the reefs, and seeking out for the ship a safe entrance as she drew near to some familiar but perilous shore. The name of this man was Elijah Varani. Not long before, he had been the chief of Vewa, unmatched alike for his terrible exploits and for his ferocious cannibalism; the human butcher of Seru, the superior chief of Bau. Such had been his strength and courage, that he had been known to encounter the shark in his native element, and on many an island his name had borne as great terror with it as that of Africaner had done in the deserts of Namaqualand. But the gospel, after many a season of conviction and resistance, had subdued his savage heart; the deadly war-club had been broken; and when some of the higher chiefs sought to tempt him back to war by the offer of very large gifts, his reply was, "This is not now possible: I am the servant of the King of Peace. Besides, I love every one, and cannot destroy any more lives." As Varani sailed over the scenes of his former murders, many a Feejeean wondered at the mysterious power of the *lotu*, and predicted its final

triumph; and the Missionaries beheld in him an argument against all despair.

On looking at the statistical table appended to Mr. Lawrie's visit, we find that there were already 37 chapels in Feejee, 23 other preaching-places, 9 Missionaries and assistant Missionaries, 38 catechists and other paid agents, 68 local preachers, 117 day-school teachers, and nearly 4000 persons in attendance on public worship, including members and scholars. We sympathise with the reflection with which Mr. Lawrie records these moral triumphs, and gazes on whole islands that have been transformed within twelve years—"This effect would not have been produced by legislation at home or abroad, nor by any bulls from Rome, nor by all the dancing-masters of France, nor by counting of beads and mounting of crucifixes; no, nor even by preaching the necessary efficacy of the sacraments, and the sacredness of those who are said to be the successors of the apostles. But the word of God—the simple preaching of Christ—has accomplished this moral miracle—this mighty revolution in Feejeean manners."

Since the period of Mr. Lawrie's inspiring visit, the word of the Lord has continued to grow and multiply. The vast majority of the population are still heathen, but everywhere the empire of darkness is on the wane, and even the priests own that the God of the Christians is a mighty God, and confess that their time is short. Even where the gospel has not yet achieved its highest and peculiar triumph, the presence of the Missionary and the evangelist acts as a powerful check upon self-immolation and cannibalism, and every year saves many lives. It is not the least remarkable fact in the history of Missions in Feejee, that, while the Missionary has so often stood forth as an intercessor and a protector between the ferocious pagan and his victim, whom revenge and appetite alike prompted him to destroy, not a hair of the head of a Missionary has been injured; and in the unconscious restraint that has held back the hand of the man-eater from these devoted men, while so many whites have, during the same period, been mercilessly immolated, it almost seems as if their savage natures, restrained like the lions when the prophet was cast into the midst of them, had heard the command, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm."

Among the latest intelligence, we learn that Tumbou, the chief town of Lakemba, has recently been adorned with a large and beautiful place of worship; that the older stations, such as Ono, are in a healthy state; that Totoya's four towns are now wholly Christian; and that the Moulans, as a whole, are now learning the ways of the Lord. In the Nandy circuit the people in general maintain their profession, and twenty heathen villages are visited for the purpose of affording Christian instruction, in addition to the eight places which form the circuit. "Religion increases much in Feejee," says a native teacher in a recent letter; "and there are many small islands in the group on which all the people have *lotued*. There are also many chapels and many people who have embraced religion in Novitileva and Vanualeva, two large islands." The Old-Testament Scriptures have just been translated and sent to press, and an English and Feejeean dictionary finished. The picture is shaded by the intelligence of the murder of Elijah Varani, the Christian chief of whom we have already spoken, with two brothers and four of his people, and of persecution and malignant obstruction to the

Mission, in other parts of Feejee. But scarcely had the Missionaries ceased to weep over Varani's grave, when they were astounded by the intelligence that the great Feejeean king Thakombau had publicly embraced the gospel, and that hundreds of the people of Bau, the royal island, walking in procession, and headed by their priest, had followed the example of their king, and bowed their knees in worship of the true God. Thakombau had threatened to kill Varani at the time of his *lotu*; to which Varani had meekly replied, "Very well, but you will soon *lotu* yourself, and then will the thought follow you, 'I killed Varani because of his *lotu*.'" The first part of this prophecy of the Vewan chief was now verified, and with this a new day dawned on Christian Missions in Feejee. In the presence of his children, wives, sisters, chief women, and numerous male attendants—in all about 300—Thakombau announced his renunciation of heathenism, and his profession of the faith of Christ. "Our hearts were glad," writes the officiating Missionary. "I thought I could not have gone through the service. It was like the beginning of good days—like a dream when one awaketh; yet a blessed reality. 'Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things; and blessed be His glorious name for ever!' Evil practices, of long standing and fearful magnitude, are done away with at a stroke; an effectual hindrance to the spread of the gospel removed. Feejee's brightest, best day! long to be remembered! A foundation of great, extensive, and everlasting good!"

Thus is the gospel rapidly extending its triumphs in Feejee, and narrowing the domain of darkness, crime, and death. What it has done for Ono it is able to accomplish for the whole island-group—it will yet accomplish for the whole world. It is one of the sublime fancies of geology, that, through the labours of the coral insect, and the outbursts and upheavings of the volcano and the earthquake, vast coral platforms shall rise above the bosom of the Pacific, knitting and cementing those numerous isles into one spacious and blooming continent. But the greatest and best of moral revolutions meanwhile advances at a far more rapid pace. Already many a serene and smiling Patmos lifts its head above the waves, and is the home of those who converse with God; and every year the Mission ship is gliding among its islands, and leaving new evangelists to gather new and early triumphs. As cannibalism and infanticide disappear, population will increase, and colonists, attracted from New Zealand, and even Australia, by the fruitful soil and fragrant climate, will add their multitudes to the native tribes, and, by intermarriage, trade, and commerce, elevate and expand their minds. Christianity will adjoin this island-group to her blessed empire, and enable Feejee to add to the scenery much of the sanctity of Paradise. "The multitude of the isles shall be glad thereof. They shall lift up their voice, they shall sing for the majesty of the Lord, they shall cry aloud from the sea. They shall glorify the Lord in the valleys, even the name of the Lord God of Israel in the isles of the sea."

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#### TURKEY—DEMAND FOR THE BIBLE.

THE following facts will be perused with interest and thankfulness by our readers, as evidencing the increasing demand for the Holy Scriptures among the Turks. They are communicated in a letter

from Mr. B. Barker, in correspondence with the British and Foreign Bible Society.

On one occasion, some Turks calling at our *dépôt* for *Ingils* (Testaments), not only readily paid the price asked for them, but observed that those books were invaluable, and deserved a *bakshis* besides their cost. Another time, on the Rev. Mr. Spencer's (one of the Scripture readers) presenting Testaments to two Turks, when they saw what books they were, they kissed them, and placed them in their bosom, thanking Mr. Spencer over and over again for them. One day, when a Turk bought a Bible from our *dépôt*, he observed, "This book belongs to us, for we took possession of it when we took Constantinople: we then cared nothing for it, and the English have since printed it." This, I suppose, he intended as an excuse for purchasing a Bible in the presence of Christians. A Turk who is persuaded of the truth of the gospel, but dares not avow it publicly, expressed a wish to open a shop to sell the Scriptures, and other Turkish religious publications, in a quarter of Constantinople entirely inhabited by Turks, and applied to the American Missionaries for books for that purpose. These brethren have taken into consideration the courageous proposal of this Turk, and will, no doubt, give him a helping hand to put his project into execution, provided they can feel confident that no serious harm will befall him.

It is a remarkable fact, that years ago our Society possessed only a small obscure *dépôt* in Galata, which was opened only twice a week, and where the Turks never put their foot in, and the Christians entered it rarely, and by stealth. Now, besides the great *dépôt*, which is kept open all day long in a most frequented street in Constantinople, leading to the principal bazaars, the Society's books are exposed for sale in the grand street of Pera, at the Scripture-Readers' Depository and Reading-room at Galata, at the London Jews' Society's stores at Constantinople, and last, not least, they are hawked about the streets of this vast capital by colporteurs, and may be met with on the great floating bridge, and other parts of the city, taken there by vendors of books. This, indeed, is a sign of the times, and all praise is due to God, who has brought about such wonderful changes. Italy, Spain, Portugal, &c., may truly blush to see the inveterate enemies of the cross countenancing the circulation of the Scriptures, whilst they, who avow to be the champions of that cross, studiously and energetically shut up all avenues against the promulgation of the words of our blessed Saviour, the precious founder of our redeeming faith. But theirs, alas! is a wooden cross, without life or spirit to kindle in their bosoms a sacred flame of pure vital Christianity.

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#### A HINT.

THE plan of halfpenny-a-week contributions to the cause of Missions is rapidly extending in Switzerland, Alsace, and the south of Germany. By this means, in the space of six months, nearly 13,000 francs were secured; and a small Missionary periodical, transmitted to each in return for his subscription, has been placed in the hands of 25,000 subscribers. It is a fact worthy of notice, that this effort numbers thirty subscribers among the poor prisoners in the Bâle jail, where a gratifying revival of religion has been recently enjoyed. [Macedonian.]













