

THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY
GLENER.

1854.

~~~~~  
WHERE HAST THOU GLEANED TO DAY?

RUTH II. 19.  
-----

VOL. IV. NEW SERIES.

=====  
LONDON:  
SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY, FLEET STREET,  
AND HANOVER STREET, HANOVER SQUARE.

~~~~~  
Two Shillings.

Illustrations.

	PAGE
Psalm lv. 23	1
Crossing an African river on calabashes	6
The Ado war-camp fired by its makers, the Egbas	13
A Goose-stand in Rupert's Land	19
Cutting down a conjuring pole in Rupert's Land	25
A Russian-Greek Priest	30
Russian Peasants	42
Calmuck Tartars	55
Crim Tartars	67
Tartars of the Crimea	81
Interior of a Tartar hut in the Crimea	121
New-Zealand Children	37
Spearing fish in winter, Rupert's Land	49
Bazaar at Constantinople	61
Chinese Reception Hall	73
Ancient Greek Cross in Circassia	85
Mounted Circassian Chief	102
Group of Circassians	109
A Thibetian family travelling	91
A great Abbot, and a high and low Lama, Thibet	97
Travancore Boatman, or Dandy	113
An Orissa Brahmin	127
Hunting the buffalo in winter, Rupert's Land	133
Eskimo man and woman	139

CONTENTS.

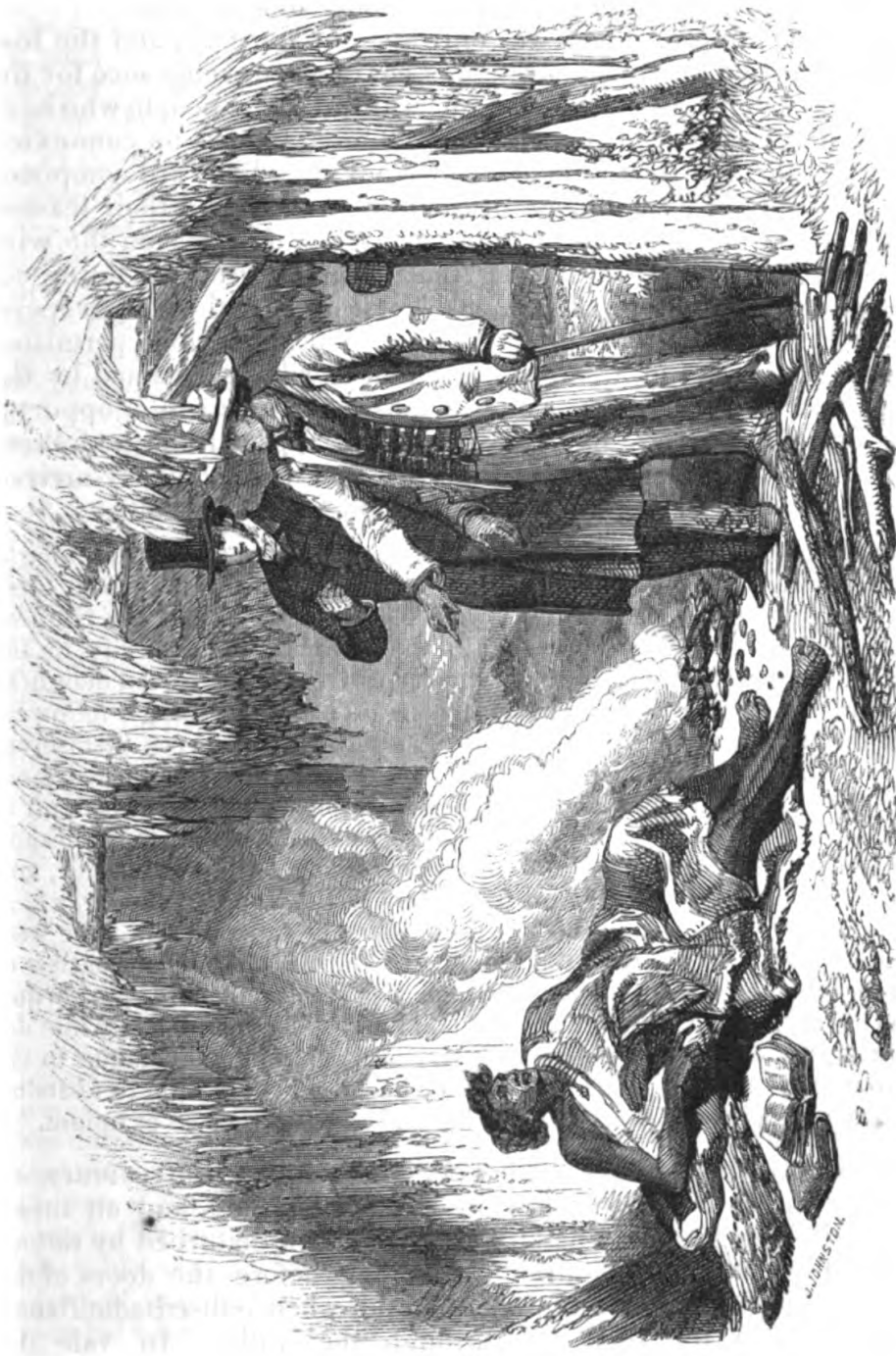
Missionary and Foreign Intelligence.

	PAGE	PAGE	
WEST-AFRICA MISSION.			
Missionary work in Sierra Leone	30	The privations of the Red Indians (with a Cut)	18
YORUBA MISSION.			
Modes of transit (with a Cut)	4	The Gospel rising on the ruins of Indian superstition (with a Cut)	25
"Blessed are the peacemakers" (with a Cut)	13	Gospel fruits	45
"What have I to do any more with idols?"	63	Ladies' working parties (with a Cut)	49
Confessions of an idolater	83	The new station at Church Missio- nary Point, English River, Ru- pert's Land	56
John Baptist Dasalu's mother, and his half-brother, David Oguntolla	102	Cumberland Station, Rupert's Land, and its branch stations	69
CALCUTTA AND NORTH-INDIA MISSION.			
The value of native helpers in the missionary work	15	Rupert's Land.—Fairford, Manitoba	78
The Tartars of the Himalaya	76	Prairies and Buffalos (with a Cut)	133
Thakurpuker	142	The Eskimos (with a Cut)	138
MADRAS AND SOUTH-INDIA MISSION.			
Remarkable Conversion of a Tinne- velly Shanar	104	MISCELLANEOUS.	
Travancore (with a Cut)	112	Modes of Transit (with a Cut)	4
CEYLON MISSION.			
Bright spots in Ceylon	43	Russian Christianity (with a Cut)	27
Gospel fruits in Ceylon	128	The Russian Peasant (with a Cut)	40
CHINA MISSION.			
Passing events in China	2, 21	Inhabitants of Russia (with a Cut)	54
Trials at Shanghai	108	The Crim Tartars (with a Cut)	66
NEW-ZEALAND MISSION.			
The murderer Rangiriuhau (with a Cut)	7	The Tartars of the Crimea (with a Cut)	80
New-Zealand children (with a Cut)	37	The Crimea (with a Cut)	121
Passing events and lasting conse- quences	87	The Circassians (with three Cuts)	85, 99, 109
A Tangi in New Zealand	105	The Karens	33
Leonard, of Rotorua	114	The Kamiboroi Blacks	52
"Patient in tribulation"	123	An example to imitate	60
New-Zealand Christianity	135	Constantinople (with a Cut)	61
NORTH-WEST-AMERICA MISSION.			
Missionary travelling in Rupert's Land	9	The Chinese (with a Cut)	73
		Chinese Emigrants at Penang	118
		Thibet (with a Cut)	89
		The Lamas of Thibet (with a Cut)	97
		The Two Loaves, or the Contrast	95
		Conversion of a Buddhist Priest of Birmah	116
		Orissa (with a Cut)	125
		Facts in human life	132

Home Intelligence.

Ireland	24	The Gospel Net	92
Precious Gifts	72	Our Financial Position	131

THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



PSALM LV. 23.—*Vide p. 8.*

PASSING EVENTS IN CHINA.

WE regret to say that China is at present in a sadly disturbed state. We shall place before our readers, in as brief a space as possible, the main facts communicated to us by our Missionaries on the coast.

On Sunday, the 18th of September, Shanghae was taken by a body of insurgent Chinese. There was only a slight skirmish, and the loss of one life. The chief magistrate was cut down, in vengeance for the oppression which had marked his government. The people who have possessed themselves of this city are supposed to have no connexion with the leaders of the grand army at Nanking. They are composed almost entirely of desperadoes of the lowest class, and their leaders appear to be ambitious men, who have taken up arms on the winning side, in the hope of serving their own interests by doing so. They plunder the public offices, levy black mail on the shopkeepers, and smoke opium. It is thought that they will not be long permitted to retain possession of Shanghae, and that it will be occupied by the national party, or recaptured by the Tartars. Meanwhile, opportunities for usefulness are not wanting, as will appear from the following intelligence communicated to us by one of our newly-arrived Missionaries at Shanghae, in a letter dated Sept. 20, 1853—

The English have been in no way molested, and are allowed to mingle with the rebel bands, visit their head-quarters, and even inspect their measures of defence and offence, with less difficulty than the Chinese themselves. Indeed, as we accompanied the bishop through the city, on the day after our arrival, we were more than surprised—we were even delighted—at the enthusiastic manner in which one of Tae-p'ing-wong's followers dwelt on the identity of views and interests subsisting between themselves and the English. The bishop himself could not have distinguished more clearly between Protestant and Romish Christianity; and it was enough to warm all our hearts to see his eyes glistening as he described to the bishop the demolition of idols and idol-temples now going on in the interior, and of which proofs are to be seen on the waters of the Yang-tze-kiang, which is continually pouring into the sea these relics of superstition. We were at the time standing outside the temple of Confucius, the head-quarters of the rebel chieftains, on the gate of which was stuck a placard, purporting to be from Tae-p'ing-wong, now at Nankin. This manifesto, while denouncing the oppressive Tartar dynasty, and claiming allegiance to the restored race of Ming, at the same time called on the people to abandon false gods, receive the Christian books, and give up the use of opium."

At Ningpo appearances are very threatening, the country all round being, in September last, in an uneasy state, and an insurrection daily expected. The city itself has been disturbed by riotous bands of women and children assembling before the doors of the wealthy, demanding food or money; and, when refused admittance, breaking open the doors or through the walls. In vain the magistrates issued proclamations. The women, encouraged by their husbands, set at nought the threats they contained, and, roaming through the streets, besieged the houses of the rich, neither

smashed to minute fragments. Clothing of every description shared the same fate. A dozen men might be seen pulling a silk gown or coverlet in opposite directions, until reduced to shreds, which, in some cases, were afterwards thrown over the dead. Books and crockery, culinary utensils, and those parts of the house capable of being injured, were rendered altogether useless. Several thieves, who attempted to pick up a stray article, were beaten with great fury. One poor fellow was making off with a portable earthen furnace, and would not have been molested, but unfortunately he stumbled over a corpse, when he was knocked down, and the furnace broken on his hips. Happily the officer escaped before the rioters arrived, or his life would have been taken. A spectator, who had endeavoured to have something spared, was recognised as a friend of the object of their hate, and would have been killed but for the intervention of myself and others.

After the house had been thoroughly emptied, policemen undertook to disperse the mob, by preventing admission into the house of new comers; and, as night drew on, one after another quitted the place, and it gradually became quiet. Two of the injured were taken to my house for the night, and, on the following morning, the peace of the city was made sure by the magistrate giving from fifteen to thirty dollars to each of the sufferers and survivors, drawn from the fund lately subscribed for supplying the poor with rice. A Benevolent Society appropriated a sum to the priests of the temple for conducting a service, of three days' duration, for the repose of the souls of those who were there trampled to death. An indemnity, from the same fund, was also made to the policeman whose property had been destroyed by the mob. To prevent the recurrence of future disorders of the same kind, the plan was adopted of allowing the poor parties to send for rice, instead of requiring, as before, the attendance of every mouth which was to be relieved.

We cannot but fear that China has to pass through a season of lawlessness and tribulation. The so-called Christians in the insurgent camp are said to be not more than 10,000 in number. Their views of Christianity are very faint and dim. "China for the Chinese" is their political object, and in the prosecution of this there is no quarter for the Tartars. They are zealous image-breakers; but idols and temples may be broken, and the spirit of idolatry retain all its influence. They are, however, willing to hold free intercourse with the Europeans. There is thus the opportunity of labouring for their instruction.

May all these marvellous movements, in this once-slumbering empire, end in China, throughout its whole extent, being thrown open to Missionary labour! We regret that our last despatches inform us that our Ningpo Missionaries were at Chusan, whither they had gone after severe illness. The state of Fuh-chau we must reserve to a future Number. Meanwhile, let China be remembered in the prayers of our readers.

~~~~~

#### MODES OF TRANSIT.

CURIOUS and varied are the means adopted by men in different countries of crossing broad and rapid rivers, or other hindrances, such as deep

chasms, by which their route is interrupted. In Peru the mountains are often separated from each other by vast rents, the walls of which are perpendicular. One crevice of this kind is nearly a mile deep, and another is remarkable for a natural bridge, the sides of the chasm being united at the top by a part of the solid rock, fifty feet long, forty broad, and eight feet thick in the middle, the torrent rushing along below at a depth of 300 feet. Over these terrific apertures the inhabitants of Peru suspend pendulous bridges, made of the tough fibres of the agave, hanging in a gentle curve, and covered with reeds or canes, and sometimes bordered with basket-work. On this frail support the Indian crosses with a fearless step.

In Kunawur, on the upper course of the Sutlej, where it flows through a very mountainous country, the natives construct various kinds of bridges. One, called a *jhula*, or rope-bridge, consists of five or six cables, formed of a sort of grass named *munga*. These are placed close together, and above is half a hollow piece of fir-tree, secured by pegs driven through below, from which hangs a loop of three or four ropes, in which are seated the passengers. The block, with its freight, is then pulled across by two pieces of twine. As the travellers cross, their nerves are tried by the rapid rushing of the stream below.\* Besides the *jhula*, which is tolerably safe, there is another and inferior bridge, called the *suzum*. This is constructed of twigs, indifferently twisted into five or six cables for the feet to rest upon, with side ropes at a most inconvenient distance from each other, and occasionally so far asunder that a person cannot reach both with his extended arms. Sometimes the side ropes give way, and people are lost.

The smaller streams are crossed on wooden bridges called *sango*. These consist of two or three trees, with boards nailed across, or a round tree with notches in an inclined position, or a single spar, not a foot in breadth, thrown from rock to rock across a chasm ninety feet deep. The most usual are made of a couple of spars, with bunches of twigs or slates across, which are often slippery from the spray, and with a great slope to one side.

In the Punjab the natives cross the rivers in a different way. They use for this purpose inflated buffalo and sheep-skins,† the mouths of which are sewn up, and the legs made air-tight below the knee and hock-joints, so that the figure of the animal is somewhat preserved. A man, with his wife and family, may be seen in the middle of the stream, the father on a skin, dragging his family seated on reeds, their clothes and chattels forming a bundle for the head. Where the river Indus enters the level country, the amphibious population launch upon its surface, sustained by inflated skins, dried gourds, and empty jars.

In Western Africa long fibres grow downwards from the branches of the large trees on the banks of rivers, resembling hundreds of ropes of various thickness. These extraordinary fibres are sometimes thirty or forty feet long: they are tough, pliable, and of great strength. The natives cut poles of the smaller trees. These are tied to the long per-

\* An engraving of this kind of bridge is given in the "Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor" for Sept. 1850.

† And of this mode of crossing in the "Instructor" for June 1851.



pendicular fibres, and lengthened, if needful, by others being attached to them, until they reach the hanging fibres on the other side. Two lines of poles being thus arranged across, about one yard apart, short pieces of wood are set crosswise, and, small boughs being placed on the top, a suspension-bridge is completed.

In the engraving, our Missionary, the Rev. H. Townsend, Mrs. Townsend, and another person, are crossing an African river on



immense calabashes, propelled by men, who, supporting themselves by their arms on the calabash, use their feet as paddles. This occurred on the last journey into the interior. On Mr. Townsend's return from Ado, between the people of which town and the Egbas, who had been long besieging it, he had been happily instrumental in bringing about a peace, he proceeded northward to Ijaye, visiting several towns and villages on his road. The following extract from one of Mrs. Townsend's letters, dated Sept. 22, 1853, will enable us to understand his movements—

“Having visited Biolorunpilla—about two short days' distance from

Abbeokuta—we next visited a town called Awaye, a short day's journey from Ijaye, and then proceeded to Isehin.

“Isehin is about two short days' journey from Ijaye. The first day we reached the river Ogun, where a little village is built. Here we slept, and the next morning had to cross the river, not in a canoe, or in a tub,\* but sitting on a large calabash, conducted across by a man paddling in the water with his feet. The usual way of crossing is for two persons to stretch their arms around the calabash, then paddling themselves across; but this I was afraid to try, so I sat on the calabash and held fast by a man's arms behind me. As there are no houses on the opposite side of the river, we were obliged to have one of the tents erected for us to change our clothes before we could proceed on our journey. I hope it will not be long before this most inconvenient fashion of crossing a river is changed for a better. I am sure you would have been highly amused could you have seen Mr. Townsend, our servant-girl, and myself, all crossing at once, on three different calabashes.”

One of the most singular modes of crossing rivers is that sometimes adopted by the New-Zealand Missionaries. We have read of rivers being crossed on the heads of four men.

There are other hindrances to be crossed in life besides rivers, glens, and chasms. There are trials, difficulties, disappointments, temptations. How are these to be overpassed? Nay, more, there is the deep chasm of death between us and the heavenly inheritance. How shall this be so crossed that we fall not into the lake of fire that rolls beneath? There is one way, and that a secure way. To the eye of sense it may seem slender, and not reliable; but those who have tried it have found it to be strong. It is faith in Jesus Christ. Have we proved it in lesser matters; and have we reason to hope that we shall be able to trust it in greater matters, when they come?

---

#### THE MURDERER RANGIIRIHOU.

IN the year 1847, when there was much irritation among the natives of New Zealand, and some portion of them were disaffected to the British government, a fearful murder was committed on the family of a settler called Gilfillan, in the neighbourhood of Wanganui. Four members of the family, including the mother and eldest daughter, were killed, and others wounded, and the house was plundered and set on fire. So soon as intelligence of this outrage reached Putiki, the station of the Rev. R. Taylor, near the mouth of the river, a party of the Christian natives, one of them John Williams, a native teacher, volunteered to go in pursuit of the murderers, who were known to have come from a tribe higher up the stream. Having obtained assistance on the way, they succeeded in capturing five of the party, at a distance of fifty miles above the settlement, just as they had concluded themselves to be safe from all pursuit. Four of them were subsequently executed.

One of the murderers, however, named Rangiirihau, escaped the hands

\* “Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor,” April 1847.

of justice, and fled into the interior. Last year, in the month of August, our Missionary, the Rev. R. Taylor, proceeded to visit a pa called Tawitinui, on the river Wanganui, for the purpose of administering the sacrament there for the first time. It is a populous place, but had the character of being inhabited by the most turbulent natives to be found along the course of the river. At this pa he met the murderer, but under what changed circumstances will appear in Mr. Taylor's touching account of his interviews with him.

*August 7, 1852*—We had a very cold and frosty night. After service I walked round the pa with the kaiwakaako (teacher), to see the sick. I went into the hut of Rangiirihau, the murderer of the Gilfillans, who escaped being taken. I could not recognise a single feature, so completely altered was he since I last saw him, glorying in the horrid deed he had been guilty of. I then told him, that, though he might escape the avenging hand of man, he could not escape the eye of God; and afterwards I wrote him a letter, solemnly warning him to repent, and cry unto the Lord for mercy. This is now nearly five years ago: he was then a youth, not more than eighteen. How altered did I this day find him! Truly God's eye is upon the murderer. He was laid in a little shed, about half a mile from the pa, barely sheltered from the rain, and quite exposed to all the inclemency of the weather, two sides of the place being open. He was scantily clothed with an old Maori garment, his body covered with filth and blotches from lying so close to the fire to keep heat in him. The skin was rubbed off his fingers, toes, and joints. A more squalid object I scarcely remember having seen: his face was quite aged, and a terrible cough shook his feeble frame. God's hand was evidently upon him. I spoke to him of his spiritual state, and was rejoiced to hear him say that my letter had struck him with fear for his soul. From that period he had cried unto the Lord for mercy, and had not ceased praying to Him. The teacher confirmed his words, and pointed to a tattered Testament and Prayer-book, laid by his side, as an evidence of the truth of his words. I found, on further conversation, that he was placing all his trust in God: indeed, he had no one else to lean upon, as his companions and friends seem almost entirely to have deserted him. He expressed a strong wish to be baptized before his death, which cannot be many days hence. When I consented to his wish, and agreed to receive him to-morrow, a faint smile lighted up his countenance. I told him that Christ's blood was sufficient to wash even the murderer's stain away.

*August 8*—We were favoured with a very fine morning. Mr. Telford took the early service. After breakfast we walked to see Rangiirihau: a more striking case of squalid filth I never beheld. When I spoke to him, I found he had light, even in this wretched tenement. He spoke of David and his trials. We read the 51st Psalm to him: he appeared quite familiar with it. Though Divine justice is cutting short the days of this murderer, still the judgment is tempered with mercy to his soul. Christ's atonement has reached even here. How wonderful are the ways of Providence! We returned for the morning service.

The church being very small, not more than twenty-five feet long, they had built a kind of verandah to it, of nearly a similar size, and in front of

this a large space was enclosed with a screen of manuka branches: this was carpeted with the same, the verandah being matted, as well as the church: this space was quite filled with the congregation. After the service I arranged the communicants, in number 227, in it, and thence took about fifty at a time into the church, where I administered the elements to them. They then went outside, and were succeeded by another fifty, until the whole had communicated. The rest of the service I read standing in the door-way, between those within and those without. There was a propriety of behaviour during the whole service which was very becoming, and very satisfactory: there was no noise or confusion, and, during the sermon, the deepest attention, which surprised me, as I always consider this a stronghold of Satan. The only interruption was the incessant tingling of the Popish bell, the ringing of which seemed to constitute the chief part of their service.

In the afternoon service I baptized five adults and two children. Rangiiirihau was brought and laid before me in the verandah: he distinctly made all the responses. I gave him the name of Saul, who once consented to holy Stephen's death. May the true light, which beamed down from heaven on Saul, beam also into the heart of this poor, abject, dying creature, whose body plainly declares, "The wages of sin is death!"

Rangiiirihau died the following week. There are sins, from the consequences of which, so far as this life is concerned, he who commits them is never freed. The man under their effect is, as it were, lightning-struck. Mind and body are blasted and withered, and the unhappy victim of his own unruly passions is brought down to an untimely grave. How many the sins which re-act upon the man who is guilty of them in loss of health, character, and position in society! How many the moral wrecks of this kind which may be seen, a warning to others against presumptuous sins. Yet how wonderful that these worst of cases are not beyond the reach of gospel mercy; and that, through faith in Him who is able to save the chief of sinners, they who have no hope as regards this life, like the thief on the cross, or like the murderer Rangiiirihau, have left it with the well-founded hope of salvation from those extreme consequences of sin which lie beyond the grave.

---

#### MISSIONARY TRAVELLING IN RUPERT'S LAND.

IN previous Numbers of the "Gleaner" our readers have had placed before them some notices of a very interesting and important station of the Society amongst the North-American Indians at Moose Factory, at the extreme south of James's Bay, which is the southernmost extension of Hudson's Bay. Our Missionary, the Rev. J. Horden, has under his charge, not only the Indians at the central post, but scattered groups of them at distant points, such as Hannah Bay, 50 miles east; Rupert's House, 100 miles east; Albany, 100 miles north; and Kinoogoomissee, 250 miles south of Moose. These distant points require to be occasionally visited, not only at the

expense of much fatigue and cold, but often amidst circumstances of very considerable danger. We think it desirable that the friends of Missions should realize as much as possible the actual situation of our Missionaries. When we know what they have to contend against, we shall better know how to sympathize with them. Their peculiar trials are as various as the climates in which they labour. One is oppressed by excess of heat, while another, in the absence of it, suffers from the intensity of the winter's cold. How gladly would one Missionary temper the sultry atmosphere of tropical Africa with some of that bracing cold which prevails northward; while another, as he experiences the difficulty of sustaining vital warmth in the frame, would gladly welcome to those cold regions some of the opposite influences which prevail southward. But it is well to remember that Christ is to His people whatever they need in their peculiar trials. To some He is a sun, to others a shade. "Out of the south cometh the whirlwind: and cold out of the north;" but He, who can stay the whirlwind, and by whose breath "frost is given, and the breadth of the waters is straitened," is a present help in south and north.

On the 11th of April last year, Mr. Horden set forth to visit the Indians at Rupert's House. His mode of travelling was in a sledge drawn by five dogs, two Indians accompanying him. An uncomfortable journey had been expected, as there had been some thaw; but these fears happily were not realized: there was no thaw, no falling of snow, no drifting, no thick weather, and scarcely any wind. As they travelled along, on the one side was the ice-bound sea, and about a mile and a-half distant on the land side the black pine woods and poplars; and the sun shone brightly, although it was a winter's sun—light without heat. On April the 15th their destination was reached, and a tolerably large number of Indians were found collected, who would have left next day if the Missionary had not arrived, but who now agreed to stay with him three or four days, that they might be instructed in the knowledge of God. He remained with them until the 27th, being diligently occupied in teaching them the syllabic characters, which are a short-hand way of writing the Indian language, by the help of which the Indian can write out for himself, in a comparatively short time, large portions of Scripture, to take with him, in this portable form, when he goes forth on his hunting expeditions. Mr. Horden was particularly struck with the manner of one of the women. On being asked, "Do you think you shall soon know your book?" she replied, "Yes, soon, if Jesus help me," the tears being ready to flow from her eyes as she spoke.

After the Indians had broken up, Mr. Horden set forth on his return journey to Moose Factory, of which he gives us the following description—

As it was not probable I should see any more Indians for a long time, and as there was every appearance of a continuation of winter, which would prevent my return at the time I had intended, I determined on returning at once by ice. I cannot leave without saying that to me this

visit has been of a most interesting character, and one which I trust will bear much good fruit. There is a steadiness about the whole place which is quite charming. The Sunday services have been well attended by the mechanics and apprentices; and evening prayers, when a chapter was always expounded, not less so.

Every thing being prepared, I started, with three dogs and two young Indians, at half-past ten P.M., night travelling at this time of the year being much better than day, as it is much colder, and the eyes are not exposed to the baneful influence of the sun, whose rays, falling on the snow, produces a glare which is very prejudicial to the organs of sight, causing snow-blindness. It was very cloudy when we started, but about an hour afterwards the clouds dispersed, and the stars shone brightly.

*April 28*—At two o'clock this morning we had crossed Rupert's Bay, and at five o'clock arrived at Cabbages Willows. At seven we came to an Indian tent, in which were three women and their children, their husbands being off hunting geese. One of the women immediately took a goose from behind her, and commenced plucking it, intending it for my breakfast. I desired her not to trouble herself on my account, as I had plenty of meat with me, and, moreover, time would not allow. Having breakfasted, I spoke to them of Christ, and besought them to bear in mind the instruction they had received when they saw me at Rupert's House. We knelt and prayed together. We then pursued our journey; and, about an hour afterwards, saw the husbands of the women running towards us. They had seen us while sitting in their stands; and, supposing it was me on my return, they came to bid me farewell. We pursued our course until eleven o'clock, when, feeling need of rest, and travelling not being very comfortable on account of the thawing of the snow, we went a little way into the woods, where we rested until nearly five P.M., when we resumed our journey. At eight o'clock we arrived at the middle of our walk, that being the east point of Hannah Bay. We had intended to pursue our course across the bay during the night, but most providentially we were prevented by the appearance of the sky, which appeared to betoken heavy rain. It was now quite warm, and thawing; consequently we again took to the woods. After supper, I conversed for a while with my companions, whom I found intelligent and reflective. While speaking of England, one of them asked me whether I had a father and mother living there; and, being told that I had not only a father and mother, but brothers and sisters, he appeared quite surprised that I should leave all, to come to such a cold country to instruct them. After some other conversation, and commending our souls to God, we lay down, and slept until half-past two on Thursday morning.

Our fears respecting rain had not been realized; and we set off at half-past three o'clock, the cold being rather severe, with a bleak cutting wind. Hannah Bay is about twenty miles across, and penetrates several miles inwards. Four rivers empty themselves into its bosom. The walking for some time was very good; but when we came near to the centre of the bay the ice was very much broken, and standing in high heaps. We were not, however, under much apprehension, as heaps are being constantly formed by the resistance which the waters of the river receive from that of the bay. We continued our course about three parts of the way across, when we perceived that further progress was impossible: the ice in the bay had broken

up, and water was visible, at no great distance from us, advancing. We then determined to return as fast as possible, feeling ourselves in danger. We were, however, forcibly reminded of the truth of our supposition, when, in a moment or two, one of my companions struck a small stick, which he held in hand, directly through the ice. We at first thought this to be the crust-ice, and that the body-ice was underneath: a second blow, however, from the same stick, undeceived us, and showed us our true position, which was one of imminent danger. A momentary fear came over me, and a prayer ascended to the throne of grace for direction and assistance.

The ice in the bay had broken up, and the spaces between the heaps had been frozen by the coldness of the preceding night. Once, on returning, the hinder part of the sled, which was drawn by the dogs, went through the ice. God's mercy was our guardian; and it was not His will that we should then be called to close our days upon earth. One or two remarks of one of my Indians greatly comforted me: one was, "Perhaps God is not pleased at your wishing to return so soon;" and another, "The Indians will be very glad to see you again." We arrived at the place whence we had departed in the morning, at near mid-day, and could then see how merciful the whole of God's dispensation had been. The threatening aspect of the heavens on the preceding evening had, to all appearance, rescued us from certain death; and the cold of the present day had prevented the weak ice, over which we had passed, from thawing under the influence of the sun's rays. God had too clearly shown us that man's appointment, even when there is a good prospect of success, may be defeated by Him; for here we had travelled between sixty and seventy miles, and forty only remained, yet that short distance was impossible to us. God's ways are truly unsearchable. We arrived near the spot where yesterday we saw the Indians, at three P.M. As soon as they saw us they ran to meet us, one of them immediately departing to let those at the tent know of our coming. When we arrived there, I saw that the women had done what they could. They had prepared a seat for me, placed clean brush in the tent, and kindled a fine fire in the middle. Having saluted them, I sat down, and took off my mocassins, which were saturated with water. They were instantly taken by one of the women, who took out the socks, and hung them up to dry: she then scraped and stretched my mocassins, and exposed them likewise to the warmth of the fire. In this tent three families resided, the men being brothers: all of them appeared to live in perfect harmony. The men had been out all day, sitting in their stands watching geese. As soon as they came home their game was delivered to their wives, whose duty it is to pluck it, and boil it. Their shoes and socks are likewise delivered to their wives, who subject them to the same process which mine underwent. While this is being done, the men take their pipes, and sit at their ease—an enjoyment, I thought, they richly deserve, after having been exposed during the whole day to a cutting north wind.

One of my Indians related to them what had happened to us; at the recital of which all were much affected. All knelt down, and I offered praise and thanksgiving to God for His unspeakable mercy towards us, and desired Him to continue His blessings. They responded with a hearty "Amen;" and by repeating, in a solemn tone, that beautiful exposition of our wants, the Lord's Prayer.

“BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS.”

WE regret to state that much disturbance exists at present in Yoruba. We could scarcely expect it otherwise. A serious aggression has been made in that quarter on the kingdom of darkness, and it is not surprising that “the god of this world” should attempt to meet and to



THE ADO WAR-CAMP FIRED BY ITS MAKERS, THE EGBAS.—*Vide* pp. 14, 15.



repel it. Nor are agents wanting for his purposes. The slave-trade has been put down, and the gains of many have been interfered with ; and in secret they sorrow over the loss they have sustained, and would gladly welcome the revival of the old traffic in man. Hence Kosoko, the ex-chief of Lagos, who has his sympathizers in various quarters, has been emboldened to make an attack on that town, and, although defeated in that attempt, is still offering resistance to the boats of the squadron.

In the midst of much that causes anxiety, it is encouraging to find that our Missionaries have been enabled to terminate a war, of some standing, which has been carried on between Abbeokuta and the people of Ado, a border town between Dahomey and Yoruba, and on the direct road from Badagry to Abbeokuta.

The Egbas had now been encamped during a year against Ado, and much suffering had been inflicted both on the besiegers and the besieged. The Missionaries having been at length invited to interpose as peacemakers, Messrs. Townsend and Crowther proceeded to visit the camp. On their way they met with many disabled persons, who were being removed home : some were borne on litters, and others had to halt on their wounded legs the whole distance of sixty miles, having no one to carry them.

The Missionaries were gladly welcomed by the Egbas, and the next step was to gain the confidence of the people of Ado, who knew very little of a disinterested European. In order to this, they pitched their tent midway between the camp and the town, that it might be understood they did not side with one party or the other, but desired to come between them to make peace. On the chiefs of Ado being informed of their arrival, four unarmed men were sent to salute them. These poor fellows came with trembling, as around the tent were collected many Egbas gazing significantly on these men, who for ten months had not dared to show themselves beyond their own walls, but now walked into the midst of them without danger of being molested.

After having heard the grievances of the Egbas, the Missionaries next entered the town, in order to have an interview with the chiefs. It witnessed to the miseries of war, that fearful scourge which the pride and ambition of man inflicts upon his fellows : it was in a pitiable state—only a few persons left, and those few the pictures of wretchedness : many houses were without inhabitants, and others had tumbled down. After some negotiation, the conditions of peace proposed by the Egbas were agreed to by the people of Ado, and the Missionaries, returning to the camp, announced the result to the basorun, or commander of the Egbas. Mr. Crowther thus describes, July 30, 1853, what followed—

Scarcely half an hour afterwards the camp was set on fire, and a dense smoke ascended into the clouds, which hundreds of the poor, long-distressed Ado inhabitants beheld with mingled feelings of inexpressible joy and doubt, and scarcely could believe the sight.

to be real; while, on the other hand, the Egbas were shouting and amusing themselves by doing the work of destruction to their own camp with their own hands, driving many loiterers out of their sheds with fire, as if they were smoking rabbits out of their burrows for their amusement. Some hastened with their little luggage to the bushes, others to our tents; and in about one hour nearly all the Egba soldiers had disappeared from the camp, leaving our solitary tent and three sheds erected by our people in the whole battle-field. We remained till Monday, because the next day was Sunday, in which we would not travel.

In the afternoon old Ikoko, the head of the Ado elders, accompanied by some others, and the messenger of the king of Porto Novo, came outside the walls to visit us. They could not express their gratitude enough in words. They moved about a little, and returned home toward evening. Many others from the town also visited the burnt camp, to pick up any thing the Egbas had left, as pots, millstones, wood, &c.

*July 31: Lord's-day*—A great number of people came out from Ado, men and women, to carry what they found useful to them from the camp. They were not amply rewarded this time, as in 1845, when the camp was deserted from fear of the Dahomians: the Egbas were then regardless of property, escaping for their life and liberty, and then they had been about five or six years there, and were more settled. At this time nothing but what was of little or no use to them was left behind: they had removed their utensils away before this, and many hundreds of earthen pots and pitchers were maliciously smashed to pieces, as they could not carry them away, and that the Ados might not possess them; but some, better disposed, told me they would not do so: they left theirs as they were.

As the people came to our tent they prostrated, with expressions of unutterable gratitude to their deliverers from distresses and death. To some of these superstitious people we appear as gods "in the likeness of men;" but we took care to direct their minds to God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, through whom alone we can be truly reconciled to God and our fellow-man.

"Blessed are the peacemakers!" It is indeed a blessed office. To do so is after the example of Him who made peace by the blood of His cross: and, as the apostle James writes, "the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace;" and so it has proved in the present instance, for both the people of Ado and the chief of Okeodan desire to have Christian teachers sent to teach them.

---

#### THE VALUE OF NATIVE HELPERS IN THE MISSIONARY WORK.

THANKFUL we are for the native catechists and helpers whom God has raised up for us throughout the Missionary field, now increased to the goodly number of 1600. May they be multiplied manifold!

Nowhere are their services more valuable than in India. How otherwise, amidst so dense a population, should our few Missionaries carry on the work? Few they are indeed, compared with the wants of India, few compared with the capabilities of England. Of the

number who go forth year by year from our Universities to various occupations and professions, how few there are disposed to enter on this service! How few Henry Martyns, prepared to give up prospects of advancement at home, because their Master's glory, and the necessities of their perishing fellow-men, require their presence abroad. We may not disguise from ourselves the very solemn fact, that, as a people, we are not coming forward to the Lord's work according to the measure of opportunity He has placed before us.

But in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining European labourers is the necessity for the native agent: the Missionary, who would otherwise have to deal single-handed with duties far too numerous, through their aid is enabled to multiply his labours. They have many admirable qualifications: more especially they understand the native mind, and know how, in their teaching, to adapt themselves to its peculiarities. Climate and language are no hindrances to them; and, those particular points in which they are most likely to be deficient being supplied by the superintendence of the European Missionary, the work of the Lord prospers in their hands. The following extracts from the journal of the Rev. C. B. Leupolt will show their aptitude to teach, and the light in which they are regarded by their heathen fellow-countrymen.

Speaking of the manner in which they are met by the people when they go amongst them, teaching and preaching Jesus Christ, Mr. Leupolt says—

Wherever we came this time in our visits we were received by the people with respect and kindness. They instantly supplied us with seats, and listened with attention. To show their goodwill towards us, they were always ready to supply us with plenty of milk. As far, therefore, as respect, attention, and good-will, go, we can have nothing to complain of. If we are very simple and plain, we are also understood; but we can never be too simple and too plain. This, however, is the case in cities also. For instance, I have often thought, How can I make the Hindus feel the absurdity of worshipping the creature instead of the Creator—the things of the world, such as trees, water, images, the sun, &c.—instead of the Lord of the world? I have never succeeded so well by mere explanations as by a simple parable which I learnt from Mohan, and which I have since often used with good effect. I had been arguing on this subject, and shown their mistake in supposing that that which they called God was the same which we called God. I had pointed out that the Hindus worshipped the creature, and we the Creator. When I had finished, Mohan took up the thread of my address, and said, "From what we have just heard, the difference of the Hindus and the Christians as to the knowledge of God is this—Both Hindus and Christians stand before the house of a great man. Both declare they know the master of the house, because he is their master, and they declare that they reverence him. The Hindus walk into the house, and at the entrance they see some water-pots filled with water (Ganges). Taking this for the master of the house, one walks up to it, exclaiming, 'This is the master of the house.' Another sees a light standing in a niche, and takes that for

the master of the house (sun). A third mistakes some playthings made of clay and stone (idols) for the master of the house. The last says, 'You are all illiterate fools,' walks into the centre of the room, lays his hand on his breast, and says, 'Ahan Bram!' 'I am God! the master of the house!' Do not all these clearly prove, that, though they have heard the name of the master of the house, they yet do not know him? Now, look at the Christian. He sees all these things, and admires them: he admires the noble Ganges, the peepul tree, the sun and moon, &c., but he passes them by, and walks up to the Lord. Instead of reverencing the things of the house, he pays his reverence to the master thereof, whom he loves and serves. In one word, instead of worshipping the creature he worships the Creator.

The following remarkable testimony from a heathen will suffice to show the estimation in which these men are held by the people—

When preaching the other day with Mr. Fuchs at Kashipura, we had some rather noisy people, but they were civil. After arguing a good deal, and preaching still more, one man said, "What can we do? Our religion is like a stately tree, large, strong, and beautiful, and rooted in the ground for centuries. You now come with the axe in your hand. You look at the tree and the tree at you, and it is helpless. The axe is applied, and, after a few strokes, the handle breaks. What is now to be done?" I replied, "Go home and get a new handle, then come back and renew the work." "Alas!" he said, "if you did so, all would be well; the tree would then have respite; for to go home—to England—and get a new handle would take time; but you do not do so. You look at the tree, and say, 'Well, I cannot cut it down, the handle is broken; but here is a nice branch, and down goes the branch: a new handle is made from the very tree, and the axe is applied with redoubled force. And the worst feature in the thing is, that the tree is full of branches, and supplies plenty of handles, and so you will destroy it finally by its own branches.'" "You are right," I said; and, pointing to Mohan, I continued, "Here is one of the branches cut off from your tree and shaped into a handle: let him now ply the axe." So Mohan stepped forward and continued to preach, and the branch was listened to attentively. The crowd was large, all evidently in the best humour, and the impression was general that the gospel will finally prevail, and all India turn to Christ.

According to this man's parable the axe is the gospel; the actors, the Society; the European handles, Missionaries; and the branches shaped into handles, native catechists; but whether the parable be correct or not, its application was well understood by the people.

May it please God to multiply the handles, and to assist His people to cut down this enormous banyan tree with its thousands of new roots formed into new stems, and with all its various and intricate ramifications; and may He grant that that glorious and beautiful tree, whose leaves are for the healing of the Gentiles, may soon spread its blessed branches over all Hindustan; and soon may all the inhabitants of India sit under its shade, and adore Him who planted this tree, and who alone is worthy to receive honour, and glory, and power, and praise, for ever and ever!

In that prayer we doubt not our readers will heartily join.

## THE PRIVATIONS OF THE RED INDIANS.

THE Indian of America, in his wild state, has no certain dwelling-place, and no certain means of subsistence. He lives in a tent, which is moved about from place to place, and subsists on the precarious support yielded to him by fishing and hunting. The industrial habits connected with tillage—the persevering effort pursued from day to day—the regular process of ploughing, sowing, and reaping—are all distasteful to him. He dislikes settled labour, and loves the wild excitement of the chase. Over the immense prairies of the Saskatchewan river he hunts the buffalo, herds of which roam over them in the summer season, feeding on the luxuriant herbage. Singling out his prey, the Indian rides boldly up until his horse's head is on a line with the neck of his prey, when he fires into the animal's side as near the heart as he can aim. If not mortally wounded, the enraged animal turns upon and fiercely pursues him; but, as its rage exhausts itself, he is again found at its side, and, with another wound, brings it to the dust. When the buffalo is abundant is the time of wasteful feasting with the Indian.

But in the winter season, when the buffalo and the deer have withdrawn from the snow-covered plains, over which the cold winds sweep with terrific power, the Indian is obliged to have recourse to other means of obtaining food, and displays, in doing so, an astonishing power of enduring the extremes of fatigue, cold, and hunger. At such times the fisheries become important; and through these the Missionary stations and fur posts in Rupert's Land obtain, during the winter season, their principal supplies of food. A series of holes, about fifteen feet apart, is made. A pole introduced under the ice, from hole to hole, carries with it a line, which serves to haul in a string of nets, properly buoyed and loaded. Each end of the net is made fast to a piece of wood laid across its respective hole, or to a stake driven into the ice. On the next day the nets are visited, the extreme holes opened, and the fish which have been caught removed. It is necessary that the fishermen, every second or third day, should take the nets out of the water to dry and repair them, otherwise the threads swell and rot.

The Indian often labours under the disadvantage of not being able to obtain sufficient twine for nets, and, after sitting all day at the angling holes, exposed to all the severity of the weather, is unsuccessful in obtaining enough food for his family.

As spring opens, and the snow begins to melt, a new source of supply presents itself. The wild geese, who, on the approach of winter, had gone southwards to more genial climates, are now seen winging their way northwards in wedge-like bands, hastening back, so soon as the swamps are uncovered, to feed on the stalks of the cotton-grass before they have opened into flower. During their passage plenty reigns in every encampment, and the Indian children run about with laughing, greasy faces, bearing in each hand some

portion of a dismembered goose. At such times the Indian is to be found, not at the fishery, but in the goose-stand, of which our Missionary, the Rev. J. Horden, gives us the following description—

*April 22, 1853*—This morning I paid a visit to “a goose-stand” on the ice, and about three parts across the river. At first I thought no one was in it; but, on nearer approach, I perceived the head of an Indian who was sitting there. The goose-stand, or sitting-place, as some Indians term it,



is constructed as follows—A large quantity of snow and ice is collected, and formed into a ring, about two feet in diameter in the interior, and eighteen inches thick at the base: this is built to the height of three feet, the thickness at the top being about a foot. A little pine brush is put into it to sit on; and, wrapped in his blanket, an Indian will sit here the whole day watching geese, and frequently without killing one. On one side of the stand his decoys, blocks of wood formed in the shape of geese, are placed, their position being altered on every change of wind, as they must always face it. As soon as a goose is seen, the Indian begins to imitate its voice, which he does admirably; and occasionally a single goose, or

even a flock, will approach sufficiently near to have a shot at them. An Indian, when sitting in his stand, is not content unless he has two guns by his side, so that he may be able to make the most of a flock, sometimes being so fortunate as to kill six or eight. While sitting in their stands the Indians employ their time in making nets, smoking, and, if they are able, in reading their books.

With means of subsistence so uncertain, it is not surprising if the Indian be not unfrequently reduced to extreme want. His feasts are often followed by painful fasts, which reduce himself and his family to the brink of starvation and of death. When the supply of food fails in the district where his tent has been pitched, it becomes necessary to go elsewhere, and the toil of the removal falls principally on the females. On their backs are borne the lodge and fixtures, sustained by a strap round the forehead. On reaching the new site, they have to clear away the snow, spread cedar branches for the floor, set up the lodge, arrange the moveables, collect wood, kindle a fire, and then, and not before, they may sit down, warm their feet, and dry their mocassins. Now it sometimes happens, when all this has been done, that there is nothing for supper. Should this be so, all strive to appear unconcerned: the children are the only part of the family who complain, and even they are taught, at a very early age, to suffer in silence. It is the business of the father to find food, and early in the morning he goes forth in quest of it: should he succeed in killing any game, however small, he immediately brings it to the lodge, to be cooked and divided amongst the different inmates. But sometimes he finds nothing. Days are spent by him on his snow shoes, with his gun in his hand, but no living thing comes within his reach, until at length, as has been known sometimes to have happened, he becomes so weak as to fall in his path, and freeze to death.

It is evident that their own improvidence is a source of much sorrow to the Indians, and for this and other evil habits there is but one corrective—that gospel which has the “promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come,” and which our Missionaries are labouring to make known to them.

How differently men are circumstanced! one amidst all the comforts and indulgences of an English home, another crouching for hours within a snow enclosure. “Who maketh thee to differ?” And shall not all to whom God has given sufficiency of food, and protection against the winter’s severity, co-operate gladly in that most charitable of all works, the dispensing far and wide of that precious knowledge of a loving Saviour, which is able to cheer and sustain the heart of man under the most trying circumstances? The charity which ministers to temporal necessity is good, and the present inclement season affords to such as have the means a blessed opportunity of exercising it. But the charity which helps to make Christ known to ignorant, perishing sinners is better. “This ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.”

## PASSING EVENTS IN CHINA.

IN our last Number we gave our readers some account of the present state of the Chinese cities Shanghai and Ningpo, the former in possession of an insurgent party, and the latter in a very unsettled and disturbed condition. We now come to the city Fuh-chau, containing with its suburbs a population of 900,000. It has a large Tartar garrison, and is a stronghold of the Imperialists. Here we have one Missionary, the Rev. W. Welton, the only Missionary who has ever succeeded in becoming resident within its walls, other Missionaries being compelled to remain outside, at the suburb Nantae. Mr. Welton, living amongst the natives, has special opportunities of observation. We have received from him a journal, in which he has noted down, from day to day, events as they occurred, and it exhibits with much reality the unsettled state of the Chinese mind at the present crisis—a state well described in these words of Scripture—“Men’s hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth.” We therefore introduce some extracts from it just as they have reached us. They will enable our readers to understand the position of a Missionary in the midst of a Chinese city, and the strange sights and painful scenes by which he is surrounded.

*April 11, 1853*—I visited to-day an interesting child, of a very respectable family\* in the city, in the last stage of consumption. Having candidly and plainly stated the inutility of medical means to the affectionate and intelligent mother, on retiring from the sick chamber I suddenly heard a great burst of lamentations and bewailings of a deeply-affecting nature. On entering the sick room again, to ascertain the cause, I found the mother, friends, and neighbours assembled, and joining in giving full vent to their regrets at the anticipated loss of the child, aged about eleven years. This lamentation is common in all cases of death, and is continued for days and weeks by the survivors. In passing along the streets, and sitting in our houses, we frequently hear them lamenting in this way the loss of friends, as those who mourn without hope. It is often deeply affecting. Sometimes, my teacher tells me, persons are hired to make lamentation; but this I believe is more generally at funerals. This illustrates what took place at one of the miracles of the Saviour, when He restored a dead person to life.

A proclamation of a private nature is being handed about, originating evidently from the chiefs of the insurgent chief Tien-Teik, that they have taken Nanking; that they are in league with the great English nation; and that they intend to visit and take Fuh-chau-foo, and will give a safe escort to such Tartars as wish to return to their country. Exercise at fire-arms is every day largely practised here. Many of the inhabitants are preparing to leave the city, and seek refuge in the villages around, and on the mountains: the valuables they generally bury secretly in the earth, in times of trouble and commotion like this. The people seem desirous of a change of rulers, if it can be brought about peaceably. Patients have been very numerous, especially females.

\* The child had small feet, and we take that as a correct evidence of the respectability of the family.



*April 18, 1853*—Several men have been arrested in the city, in the act of spiking the guns on the walls and ramparts. Strict watch and guard is kept at all the gates of the city, and no persons are permitted to pass in and out unless they be known, or can give satisfactory accounts of themselves. The number of Tartar troops in the city for defence is reduced to about 1700. Whenever the Tartar troops are defeated, it seems to be an invariable custom for all the surviving Tartar wives and females to destroy themselves, by hanging or otherwise. There are rumours, that, in the event of the city being attacked by the insurgent party, the Chinese population will fall upon the Tartars and destroy them. The insurgent chief has offered a reward for the head of every Tartar general.

*April 22*—Considerable alarm pervades all classes in the city, large numbers of the better class leaving, and tradesmen closing their shops. I greatly feared that a state of anarchy would ensue. Just at this crisis the viceroy put forth a proclamation, intimating that all such as closed their shops for business would have their property confiscated, and any persons spreading reports calculated to cause a panic would be severely punished. This had the desired effect, and restored confidence, and a return to ordinary business and quietude. A militia of village braves is being organized, of several thousands, for the protection of property against spoliation by a mob or rabble.

*May 5*—The mountain passes up and down the river are all fortified and strengthened. There has been much anxiety lest there should be a scarcity of provisions here, but the harvest of rice is gathered in July. An English schooner, while conveying twenty-nine Chinese junks to Ningpo, was attacked by nine pirate junks and an armed Portuguese lorcha. After receiving three shots, the schooner, being a fast sailer, left the twenty-nine junks in the power of the pirates. The schooner arrived here, and reported the matter to the consul, who sent a report to the English naval captain on the station. The pirates have detained the twenty-nine junks, and sent overland to their owners at Fuh-chau-foo for 10,000 dollars, as the condition of freeing them. They are detained in a bay sixty miles from the mouth of the river Min.

*May 20*—Her Majesty's steamer "Rattler," on the Amoy station, came into the river, having received the consul's report of the attack on the English schooner, and proceeded at once to the bay where the pirates were anchored, not having yet had time to obtain the ransom money. The steamer approached the bay in a dense fog. On nearing them, two of the pirate junks boldly went out and attacked the English steamer. By a well-directed shot, one was immediately sunk; and the other, having received a shell, blew up. One man only, of the two junks, was saved. Captain Mellersh, of the steamer, brought up the rest, and the Portuguese lorcha and sixty pirates, who were immediately handed over to the Chinese authorities. Large numbers of the pirates escaped ashore, and were pursued by the people. The second lieutenant and three seamen lost their lives in an encounter with the chief and a large body of pirates while attempting to escape. The villagers who brought the bodies of the dead and wounded on board were well rewarded, and felt deeply grateful for the service rendered to them in destroying so formidable a body of pirates, who had placed the villages ashore under an embargo.

*June 3*—I have been called to several opium suicides in the city, as

usual, and have felt much tried by the importunity of the friends of an opium suicide to adopt remedial means, although the poor elderly woman, the subject, was quite dead. As there was yet animal heat they thought that hope remained. They entertain the most unbounded confidence in the medical art of western countries.

A body of opium smokers at the port of Nantae made application to the Rev. S. Cummings, of the American Board of Foreign Missions, to ask me to let them have a supply of medicine to prevent and break off the practice of opium-smoking. I accordingly entrusted to Mr. Cummings a supply of the medicine, with full directions for its use.

A bank at Nantae, not being able to meet its notes, was attacked and pillaged by the people, according to their custom. The holders of bills to a large amount are presenting them to the principal bankers in the city, and a serious financial crisis is greatly apprehended: some of the bills are for one or two thousand dollars.

*June 6*—A great financial crisis in the city, and much danger is apprehended of rioting, &c.

*June 9*—A considerable body of troops has been despatched by the viceroy of this city to a city up the river towards the Bohea district, which has some time been threatened by a body of several thousand insurgents. Several spies sent by the insurgents have been taken and beheaded. Twenty-two more pirates,\* dispersed by Her Majesty's steamer, were executed to-day: among them was the chief, a very powerful, tall man, who had been a pirate fifty years on the coast. This event has excited much interest in the city.

*June 20*—Great panic in the city on account of three large bankers not being able to meet their bills by cash payment: they have been arrested, and are ordered by the viceroy to be kept confined until they dispose of their property and meet their bills as far as they can. A body of distressed countrymen applied to the authorities, and were relieved.

An engagement has taken place at Yeu-ping-foo, a city 100 miles up the river. A number of headless corpses have been seen floating down the river at Nantae. The population of this city is greatly reduced: half of the population seem to have left it. A proclamation issued by the viceroy, threatening any who closed their shops, has checked the emigration. Rumours from Canton are to the effect, that the people are ready to rise in the insurgent cause. The viceroy has urged the tea-dealers to carry their teas to the port of Nantae to dispose of them to the English and American purchasers. At the urgent request of my teacher I despatched my surgical instruments and valuables to an English vessel lying at the mouth of the river. Comparatively few apply for medical aid.

*June 27*—Other spies from the insurgents at Yeu-ping-foo have been arrested and beheaded; among them a female. Several banking establishments have been pillaged by the populace. By the energy of the viceroy a body of soldiers seized several leaders of the mob; among them two neighbouring respectable shopkeepers, who had seized property of the banks. Two of them—shopkeepers—were beheaded on the spot, others imprisoned. News has just arrived of the island of Formosa, contiguous to Amoy, being in a state of insurrection, Canton men being the leaders in the rebellion. Called to see a Manilla man, who died,

\* Thirty-eight having been executed on the 3d.

having been severely stabbed by a Chinese boy. I have just taken a short trip on the river, for the benefit of my health, in company with the vice-consul. We visited the fortifications on the river, and found them very poorly fortified and manned. We also visited a large Tartar village on the banks of the river, and met with great civility.

*July 5*—Financial difficulties have much subsided: four bankers are still in prison. Several American vessels have arrived in the river, chartered by an American house at Shanghai to carry teas to England: in consequence of the rebellion up the country, difficulty and doubt is felt in having them conveyed down the river to this port. The emperor has sent 80,000 taels, or ounces, of silver to the viceroy of Fuh-chau-foo, with the understanding that he must retake Amoy, and restore tranquillity. He has been degraded three degrees.

*July 15*—News has arrived that a body of the Nanking insurgents are besieging the city of Keang-soo, in the neighbouring province to this. Two thousand chests of tea have come down the river, from the Bohea district, in safety, showing that the rebellion has subsided somewhat there. We are suffering a protracted drought of nine or ten weeks' duration.

Of the improved feelings of the people towards him Mr. Welton speaks encouragingly.

The discouragements hitherto experienced by the opposition of the literary class and authorities, and the little apparent effect of Missionary labour at this port, would appear to be giving place to a better state of things in the increasing confidence of the people towards us. The greatest confidence is reposed in our word and promises, and credit will be given us readily by passing our word. The great shyness formerly manifested by the female sex towards us is rapidly subsiding, and married Missionaries readily obtain females to superintend their domestic affairs. We can travel from place to place in the suburbs and country without any molestation, except occasionally from boys. Our books are received readily, and coveted by nearly all. I have circulated religious tracts and copies of the Scriptures extensively in the country by invalids applying for medical aid.

~~~~~  
IRELAND.

At a Missionary meeting held in B—— the chair was occupied by one of Her Majesty's Lord Justices, who intimated his intention of reserving any remarks he had to make till the close of the meeting.

Some interesting statements were made by the deputation relative to the progress of Missionary work, and the doors of usefulness which were being opened on all hands for further exertion.

When the different speakers had concluded, the Judge stood up, and spoke as follows—

“After the interesting details and stirring appeals which have been made by our friends, I shall not trespass on your time by a long speech, but shall rather confine it to *one* word; and, at the risk of your calling me horse-leech, that word shall be “Give, give, give.”

Next morning the Secretary received a letter from the Judge, enclosing a donation of 50*l.*, and the Secretary of another Society, who was present on the same occasion, soon afterwards received another, enclosing a cheque for 25*l.*, from the same individual.

THE GOSPEL RISING ON THE RUINS OF INDIAN
SUPERSTITION.

IN our Number for January we related the extreme danger to which our Missionary, the Rev. J. Horden, was exposed in endeavouring to cross Hannah Bay, on his return from Albany to Moose Factory. Our readers will remember the hospitality which he experienced



"ONE OF THE MEN . . FELLED IT WITH HIS AXE."—See next page.

VOL IV. NEW SERIES..

D

from the poor Indians, who had run down from their goose stands in the morning to bid him farewell, and in whose tent he spent the night after his merciful preservation. When the giving way of the ice had compelled him to turn back, the Indians who accompanied him remarked, "Perhaps God is not pleased at your returning so soon." Certain it was that work remained to be done, and first at the Indian's tent where he found shelter. What occurred there is thus described, and it is to this that our engraving refers—

April 29, 1853—After supper I left the tent for a little while, and, while out, my attention was attracted to an erection similar to a cross. The upright piece was about twelve feet long, and the transverse six. On the top was fastened the branch of a tree, decorated with the feathers of the white owl. The cross was ornamented somewhat tastefully with small bones, the hair taken from the breast of the deer, feathers, claws, and pieces of red cloth. By its side was a spear, decorated in a similar manner. Seeing me examining these articles, the eldest of the party came to me, and informed me that the cross was their "mistikokan," or conjuring pole, which they used prior to my coming into the country, but that now they made no use of it. The spear was formerly used by his father in deer hunting. On entering the tent, I told the inmates that I should be glad to see their conjuring stick destroyed; for although they might not use it themselves, yet persons could scarcely avoid believing they did, as long as it was allowed to remain. We then had singing and prayers; after which I delivered a short address on the uncertainty of the fulfilment of human intentions, to which they paid the greatest attention. Our temple was an humble one, composed of a few poles and a little birch-bark; but the holy God "dwelleth not in temples made with hands," but in the hearts of His people, to some of whom I trust I have addressed words of peace this evening.

April 30—I rose at four, had prayers and breakfast, and then prepared to resume my journey. I had the pleasure, before departing, of witnessing the destruction of the conjuring pole. While I was standing near it, one of the men came and endeavoured to pull it down, but, being unable to do so, felled it with his axe, and cast it aside. A blow indeed to Satan's power! One of the others showed me his drum, which was very neatly made, and about two feet in diameter by nine through. "This," he said, "we use just as Europeans do their musical instruments: it has nothing to do with conjuring; but if you desire me to destroy it, I will, as we will not keep any thing of which you disapprove." I said I would not have him destroy it then, but wait until I should again see him, when I would speak to him about it. Having shaken hands with the whole of them, we departed. It was snowing and blowing, but it did not much affect us; and after a few hours' walk we found ourselves crossing Rupert's Bay. At half-past two P.M. we arrived at Rupert's House, where I was congratulated by Mr. and Mrs. Gladman on my safe return. Great and marvellous is thy mercy, O Lord!

From this gentleman and his family Mr. Horden experienced great kindness. In the success of his labours amongst the Indians they evinced deep interest; and two of Mr. Gladman's daughters, having made themselves acquainted with the syllabic characters,

have decided to occupy a portion of their time in teaching, through this means, the truths of the gospel to the poor Indians. Opportunities of usefulness are talents entrusted to our care. It is to be feared there are many unprofitable servants who bury their talent in the earth, instead of employing it, according to their Master's wishes, in acts of usefulness on behalf of their fellow-men.

During the remainder of Mr. Horden's stay at Rupert's House several pleasing incidents occurred, which were encouraging to him.

May 8: Lord's-day—I was much gratified this evening, on leaving the house for a short time. The wind was blowing coldly from the north, the twilight had scarcely given way to night, when the noise of singing attracted my attention. It proceeded from a tent not far distant, in which were a widow, with her son and daughter. They were singing, in their own tongue, "Lo, He comes," &c. I listened until they had finished, and then heard the language of prayer proceeding from the lips of the son, who appeared to be the leader of the family devotions.

May 14—During the week several Indians have come in, with whom I have been exceedingly well pleased. I had seen the whole of them before, and given them reading books; but I expected that, as they could read but very imperfectly, they would forget a great part of what they had learnt. I was, however, agreeably deceived, as, by the system of mutual instruction, several of them had much improved. Their stay was short, but well improved.

May 15—I administered the Lord's supper to ten persons at the English service. In the evening I ascended the hill at the back of the house, whence I obtained an extensive sight of the sea—a sea of ice: neither angry billows nor peaceful flood was visible, every thing being yet clad in its winter garb. The trees, with the exception of the pines, are bare: the banks of the river are covered with snow, while its surface is bound with thick ice. The wind must blow, and the sun shine, before the feathered songsters of spring will warble their melodious notes, the trees become covered with verdure, the bay and the river open their treasure-house to supply food to the wandering Indians, and the paddle and the sail be called into requisition to take them to their places of destination. Fit emblems of the human heart: how dead, how cold, before the operation of the Spirit of God!

RUSSIAN CHRISTIANITY.

THE form of Christianity which prevails in the Russian Greek church is of a very corrupt kind. Let the reader judge for himself of its state, from the following description, in Dr. Pinkerton's "Russia," of one of the churches in that kingdom, as it appeared during the time of divine service—and that not in some obscure country district, but in the capital itself—

Let any one, on his first arrival in Petersburg, enter the church of St. Nicholas, for instance, on a holiday, in the time of service, and, placing himself in a corner, calmly contemplate the scene before him: he might easily be led to the conclusion, that the Russians are to be

counted among the most ignorant and superstitious of nations. The splendour of the building, with its gaudy decorations; the sumptuous dresses of the clergy, composed of bright-coloured brocades, covered with embroidery and bespangled with gems; the vocal music; the odours of incense ascending before the sacred pictures, from the golden censer waving in the hand of the officiating priest; the great number of pictures covering the walls, overlaid with gold and silver plates in the form of robes, studded with pearls and precious stones, before which some hundreds of wax lights and lamps of different sizes are burning; the people of all classes standing and worshipping—for none sit there; some turning to their respective tutelary saints, and prostrating themselves before them in various acts of humiliation; others bargaining for tapers at the stalls where they are sold in the church, then lighting them, and with many crossings and ceremonies placing them before their favourite pictures, as an offering, and a symbol of the sincerity of their devotion—having beheld these, let him turn his attention from the almost confounding splendour and stupefying effects of this crowded scene, more minutely to contemplate its parts, and mark the peculiar dresses, and looks, and attitudes of individuals. He will see much to excite his feelings of compassion and sympathy. Here the aged sire of fourscore, devoutly crossing and slowly prostrating himself before the picture of his tutelary saint, his legs and arms trembling beneath him, ere his forehead and hoary locks reach the pavement: what must it cost such a feeble old man to perform this most fatiguing act of his devotion, perhaps forty or fifty times in a morning! There the devout mother, with her babe in her arms, teaching its infant hand to make the figure of the cross, by touching, with the thumb and first two fingers united, first its forehead, then its breast, next the right shoulder, and afterwards the left; and to lisp the *Gospodi Pomilui*: and when the priest brings out the crucifix, at the end of the service, to bestow the benediction, behold, she presses forward in the crowd, and devoutly embraces the feet of the image of the suffering Saviour, and the infant follows her example!

The services are very long, and to expedite them the priests and readers either read two parts at a time, or read with such a rapid tone that it is impossible for the people to understand: in addition to which, the language—the Slavonic—in which it is expressed, although to a certain extent modernized, is not such as the mass of the community is conversant with. Candles and lamps are not only lighted at every service, but are kept continually burning before pictures of the Saviour and the Virgin, and the patron saint of the building.

We have introduced, on page 30, the engraving of a Greek priest, but one rather in a superior position. The village clergy are badly paid; so much so, that they are obliged to cultivate the ground with their own hands, in order to earn a subsistence for themselves and their families. They have therefore no time for study, and are not only poor, but ignorant. Such being the condition of those whose “lips should keep knowledge,” what

must be the condition of their flocks? Let the following description of the home of a Russian peasant answer the question—

On entering the cottage, a large oven, built of brick, from six to eight feet square, five feet high, and level on the top, is always seen occupying a prominent part in the dwelling. Part of the family always sleep upon the top of it in the winter season, for regular bedsteads are not yet in general use among them. They spread down their mats and sheep-skin coats in any place that best suits them—in summer very frequently in an outhouse, or in the open air. A common fir table, near to the small glazed or unglazed window; benches placed along the sides of the apartment; a few earthen pots, in which the food is cooked in the oven, for they have no other fire-place for cooking; some wooden trenchers; a salt-box, and spoons made of the same material; a wooden vessel or two for holding water; a trough cut out of the trunk of a tree, in which to wash their linen; with a chest to hold their clothes—these simple articles compose the whole amount of the furniture of a Russian *izba* or cottage. The poorest hut, however, is always supplied with one or more small pictures of their tutelary saints: sometimes, also, among the more wealthy, one observes the pictures of the Saviour and the Virgin; and not a few possess a representation of the Holy Trinity—the Father appearing seated on a throne as the Ancient of Days, the Son on the one side, and the Holy Spirit, in the form of a dove, on the other. These small pictures are hung up in the corner of the hut, facing the door; so that they catch the eye of every one who enters, and remind him of his duty. The stranger having passed the threshold, and shut the door behind him, stands mute, bows before them, crosses himself several times, repeats a few words of ejaculation, and then, and not till then, turns to the inhabitants of the hut, with the salutation of “Peace be with you!” “Jesus Christ be with you!” and after this he states the errand on which he comes.

To supply the peasantry with sacred pictures, which are generally painted upon wooden boards, and crosses, old men travel about the country bare-headed, and barter or exchange them; for, according to their ideas of their sanctity, no price can be put upon them, and therefore they are never sold. Nor are they ever burnt or destroyed. When too old for use, the sacred picture is given in charge to a running stream, which carries it away from the view of its former possessor; and whosoever finds it returns it again to the waters, until it is seen no more.

To this we add one more extract—an account of a picture procession at Pleskoff, as given by Dr. Pinkerton—

I went to see the Cathedral Church of St. Sophia, in the Kremlin; where I found the archbishop officiating, amidst a crowd of worshippers, on occasion of the annual procession of one of their sacred pictures, denominated “The Virgin of Pestschera” (the Virgin of the Cave).

After the mass was over, the whole clergy, except the archbishop, with a great concourse of the inhabitants dressed in their best clothes, carried the sacred picture above mentioned, in solemn procession, amidst loud psalmody and the ringing of bells, around the outer wall of the city. It was a truly humbling spectacle, to behold thousands of the ignorant and superstitious inhabitants of this city and neighbour-



hood crossing and prostrating themselves before a black ugly female portrait, as it passed by, decked out with gold and gems! What but the light of divine revelation can dispel this heathenish darkness, and point out to the inhabitants of modern Plescovia the only object of worship, and the only Mediator betwixt God and man! This image of the Virgin is very old; and is here "on a visit for a few days," as they express it, collecting money for the monastery to which she belongs.

The lower orders of the clergy were seen among the crowd, pleading for "alms to the Queen of Heaven"! Of what vast importance is it, then, to put the Bible into the hands of a people like this! for where it is unknown, or little known, spectacles like these must prevail: such has been the tendency of human nature, in all nations, and in all ages.

MISSIONARY WORK IN SIERRA LEONE.

ABOUT four years ago, a group of mountain villages, a few miles from Freetown, and then in a very neglected and ignorant condition, was taken up as a field of Missionary labour by the Society, and

placed under the care of the Rev. H. Rhodes. The time has been short, and yet already evidences of improvement present themselves, of a very encouraging character. In four out of the five villages places for Christian worship have been erected, to the building of which the people have willingly contributed according to their power, and peace and order, and regard for the Sabbath, are on the increase. At one of these villages—Aberdeen—a new school-house was opened for public worship in June last. It was an interesting event to our Missionary, and we trust that the perusal of his account of it, in the following extract, will encourage our readers to give their continued aid to the Missionary work, and help it forward by their prayers and contributions—

June 10, 1853—Being a little detained in crossing Cockle Bay, I was rather late in reaching Aberdeen, and was met by some of the communicants, who were coming to look out for me.

On entering the school-house, and proceeding between the rows of benches on each side, I was so surprised to see every seat occupied, all decent and orderly, that I could scarcely refrain shedding a tear of joy at the interesting sight. All joined heartily in the different parts of the service, and listened eagerly while I addressed them from the words, “Arise, shine, &c.” Isaiah lx. 1; after which we collected 15s. 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. towards defraying the extra expenses of 5l. or 6l. above the sum of 90l. granted by the Society. It is a frame building on a stone foundation, 40 feet by 24, with a shingled roof, and will seat at least 200 persons. It is but just to observe that our church members volunteered three days’ labour in turn while the work was in progress; besides which, they brought over nearly 1500 stones from the opposite side of the bay, and carried all the boards, scantlings, &c., from the wharf: the women and schoolchildren, too, lent a helping hand by fetching sand from the beach.

Nor are they only general indications of improvement which are perceptible among the people. The work is of a deeper character, and is blessed to the conversion and salvation of individual souls. Many proofs of this are scattered throughout Mr. Rhodes’ journal, from which we select two. The first is that of a man of the Bournu nation, a people occupying the centre of that vast portion of Africa which lies north of the equator, and of the Mahommedan religion—one of the 200 different nations scattered over the face of Africa who have representatives at Sierra Leone. Mr. Rhodes’ account of this man is as follows—

Sept. 5—I examined two applicants for baptism from Charlotte, one of whom, of the Bournu nation, had been formerly a Mahommedan. The history of this man, which he briefly glanced over, is interesting. Before his birth, it was agreed by his mother and friends that, if the child were a boy, he was to be brought up in the Mahommedan religion, or to “follow book-fashion,” as he called it. Thus early initiated in error, he became a bigoted follower of the false prophet. When taken as a slave, he lost his book; but being rescued by British cruisers, and located in the colony, he purchased another from a Mahommedan in Freetown, for which he paid a dollar, determined to follow up his former profession.

While speaking, he began to unfold a curious-looking document, apparently well handled from its complexion, which he placed in my hands, assuring me that he had now done with all such fashion, and wanted to pray to God. "And what of all the prayers you have prayed these many years? will they avail you nothing?" "They all go for nothing: they no help me one day." I then asked him how it was he had kept on so long, in the midst of gospel light, and his wife a communicant. He replied, his "heart no agree then. Now he come an old man, and must soon die, and he no feel right. This time he want to serve God and save his soul." Thus at the eleventh hour—for he is already grey-headed—has this poor man been mercifully released from the bondage of Mahomedanism. Believing him to be sincere, I received him as a candidate.

The other individual to whom we refer is one of the singular race called Krus, or Grebos, natives of a part of the coast between Cape Mount and Cape Palmas. They migrate to all parts of the coast in search of employment, all with the object of returning to their own land again, to which they are strongly attached. In Sierra Leone they are the boatmen, labourers, out-of-door servants. Unlike the other tribes who have entered Sierra Leone as liberated Africans, they have come of their own accord, and endeavour to get together all they can, so as to return to their own country, and purchase a number of wives, in which consists Kru respectability. Scarcely an instance has been known of a Kru marrying while an absentee from home, and the converts to Christianity from among them have been but few. They are generally a tall, well-made, vigorous, and active people. Their external mark is a broad black line running from the forehead down the face, along the ridge of the nose, and continuing through the upper and lower lip and chin, together with the barb of an arrow on each temple. They are very fond of adopting English names of rather curious selection, such as, "Pipe of Tobacco," "Flying Fish," "Bottle of Beer," "Mashed Potatoes." Many of them are to be found on board of our cruisers engaged in putting down the slave-trade. They have not scrupled to serve on the other side when opportunity presented itself, although on their own account they have not thus trafficked, this being contrary to their laws. It is of one of this people that Mr. Rhodes gives us the following account—

Aug. 11—Last evening, having occasion to go to Lumley, I called at the house of a Kruman who is apparently suffering from consumption, and in whom I have long felt an interest. He is an exception to his countrymen generally, being a married man, and in other respects a hopeful character. He asked my opinion about his sickness, when I told him that in my country it is common, sometimes ending quickly, sometimes continuing one or two years; on which he looked thoughtful, assuring me that "he no trouble any more for this world: only his soul he think for." I spoke to him of Christ as the only Saviour of sinners, of which blessed truth he was not ignorant, and told me, without hesitation, that he looked to Him alone for the pardon of his sins.

Sept. 16—I was hastily called to visit the Kruman, and, though

feverish and weakly, I rode down to see him. On approaching his bedside, I found he was very low, but quite conscious. I asked if he recollected my last conversation with him. He said, "Yes." And whether he was still trusting in, and praying to, Jesus. He again replied, "Yes." Perceiving him to have a difficulty in replying further, I baptized him, according to his earnest wish, when we all knelt down in prayer on his behalf. Before I left the house, and to the surprise of all of us, he suddenly, yet gently, breathed his last. Then his wife and friends recollected his words just before I entered, "No more I wait for master."

I cannot refrain from adding a few particulars respecting Thomas Fisherman, the Krumen. He came to this colony in Governor Findlay's time, and was employed for many years on board the men-of-war on the coast. He had also been to, the West Indies. He afterwards settled down at Lumley, and married the daughter of the person at whose house we used to keep the lecture. There are many Krumen living in that neighbourhood, near the beach, but he was the only one who sought acquaintance with our schoolmaster. From the first he seemed in earnest about better things, taking no liquor, behaving steadily, and being regular in his attendance on the means of grace, so long as he had strength to walk. His diligence in applying himself to read the Primer was truly gratifying. The sentences, such as, "To die is the lot of all," "Sin is the way to woe," &c., arrested his attention, and he would go to the schoolmaster in leisure hours to have them more fully explained. When so far advanced in reading as to teach a class sometimes, he did not fail to repeat these explanations to his scholars. He was consumptive, and, the disorder gaining upon him, he went to the Sherbro country to try a doctor there he had heard of, but he soon returned, weaker than before. His friends urged him to try some "country-fashion," but he would not hear a word of it. I have alluded to his patience and submission to the will of God, which I firmly believe was the result of true faith in Christ. He would himself pray earnestly, in such words as these—"Lord Jesus, receive my soul"—"Take my soul to you, Jesus, for my trouble too much in this world." Feeling worse on the morning of the day of his death, he sent for the schoolmaster, and told him that he was going to Jesus, and wanted nothing more from us than to be baptized, of the nature of which ordinance he was not ignorant. With this his last wish I readily complied. Considering the generally unpromising moral character of the Krumen in the colony—for I am told there are only six of them married—one cannot but thank God for the riches of His grace to this poor man, in enabling him to come out from his ungodly associates, and seek that true peace and happiness which the world can neither give nor take away.

Thus, one here, and another there, the "great multitude" is being gathered in, "of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues," which shall stand triumphant before the throne of God and of the Lamb.

~~~~~

#### THE KARENS.

THE Karens are an Asiatic nation, to be found dispersed in small communities, from the frontiers of China, throughout the entire of the Birmese empire. They have been grievously oppressed by the

Birmans, who have dealt with them as the Egyptians dealt with the Israelites. Hard labour and rough usage have been their portion. They dared not dwell near the cities, because the Birmans would come and take away all their rice and paddy, and carry off their women by force; and they have retreated to the streams and gorges of the mountains. They have among them very singular traditions—that they were once a people beloved of God, and that, on account of their wickedness, He has forsaken them. Nevertheless, they expect that He will revisit them, and grant them a great deliverance. For this they are taught to pray thus—“O Lord, we have had affliction for a long succession of generations: have compassion, have mercy upon us, O Lord! The Taleing kings have had their season; the Birman kings have had their season; the Siamese kings have had their season; the Karen nation remains. Let our king arrive, O Lord. Thou, O Lord, whom we adore, to whom we sing praises, let us dwell within the great town, the high city, the golden palace. Give to us, have compassion upon us, O Lord. Let us have kings; and let the city, the town, the great town, the silver city, the new town, the new city, the palace, the royal residence, arrive to us all, O Lord.” And so they sing—

When the Karen king arrives  
 There will be only one monarch:  
 When the Karen king comes  
 There will be neither rich nor poor.  
 When the Karen king arrives,  
 The beasts will be happy:  
 When Karens have a king,  
 Lions and leopards will lose their savageness.

The American Baptist Missionaries are labouring diligently to bring this interesting people to the knowledge of that Saviour who is king of nations, and to whom the promise is sure—He shall have “the heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession.”

Captain Dobbs, of the 9th regiment of Madras native infantry, having recently returned from Birmah, gave the following account of these labours at the Church Missionary prayer-meeting, held at the Old Church Room, Calcutta, Sept. 13th, 1853—

Christian Missionaries have been permitted, subsequently to the former war, to reside in Rangun, and to preach the gospel in a private way: they have never, however, been permitted to itinerate through the villages, nor openly to baptize converts. While encouragement was not altogether wanting amongst the Birmese, God blessed the preaching of His word to the Karens in a remarkable manner. Only a few individuals, comparatively, were converted and baptized through the direct instrumentality of the Missionaries. The natives of Birmah are of a much more independent character than the Hindus, and to this may be traced, under the blessing of God, the happy results which have followed the preaching of the word under most unfavourable circumstances. The

converts were stirred up by God's Spirit to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation to their own friends and relatives; and through this voluntary, unpaid, and, in great measure, undirected agency, from twelve to fourteen thousand Karens have been converted and baptized, and this in the midst of opposition and persecution. The Karens, though not inferior, physically or intellectually, to the Birmese, are politically degraded, being mere serfs of the soil, and education is denied to them. The whole tribe, which is said to constitute a third of the population in Pegu, have, ever since the last war, ardently desired the return of the British, and have been encouraged to expect the establishment of our power from prophecies current amongst them. This national feeling was greatly strengthened in the heart of each individual on his conversion to Christianity; and for some years past their constant and special prayer was, that their deliverers might be speedily sent. All this was well known to the Birmese officials, whose jealousy was thereby excited; the consequence of which was, that the governor of Bassein, on receiving intelligence of Rangun being stormed, determined to wreak his vengeance on the Christians, and forthwith sent out parties of soldiers to arrest as many as possible. Some of these soldiers were approaching Bassein with a multitude of Christians, men, women, and children, who looked for nothing but a cruel death, when the roar of British artillery struck terror into the hearts of the guards, and they fled; while the Christians, under feelings of thankfulness to God, found Bassein to be a place of refuge, and met, in the officers of my own regiment, especially the officer commanding the post, friends and protectors.

Amongst the Christians at Bassein was an intelligent, brave, active young chief, whose history is remarkable. He was converted to Christianity while a boy, his father being a chief of importance. About fifteen years ago he was going out of Rangun, accompanied by seven or eight followers, carrying a basket of Christian books, covered over with sugar: they passed all the guards, without exciting suspicion, except one old soldier, who, as Mr. Kincaid, the Missionary, often said, could see more with his one eye—he was blind of the other—than all the other Birmese soldiers in Rangun put together. This Cyclops at once observed something suspicious in the appearance of the basket, and, on searching, found the prohibited books. These poor men, who feared God rather than man, were brought before the governor, and sentenced to be slaves for life to the great Dagon pagoda. The Missionaries sought the intervention of the British resident without success; but Mr. Edwards, the Birmese interpreter—now collector of customs at Rangun—who was providentially in favour with the governor, obtained, as a special personal favour, the release of the young chief and his followers. This individual—such are the ways of Providence—has been of essential service to us throughout the war, and eventually commanded the large band of Karens, who, under the orders of Captain Fytche, rendered such important services in clearing the Bassein district of Birmese soldiers and dacoits; and it is no less remarkable, that the man who befriended him should hold, under the British government, an important situation in Rangun.

There are two features in the Karen habits which I would refer to—the all but universal intemperance of the men and the chastity of the women :

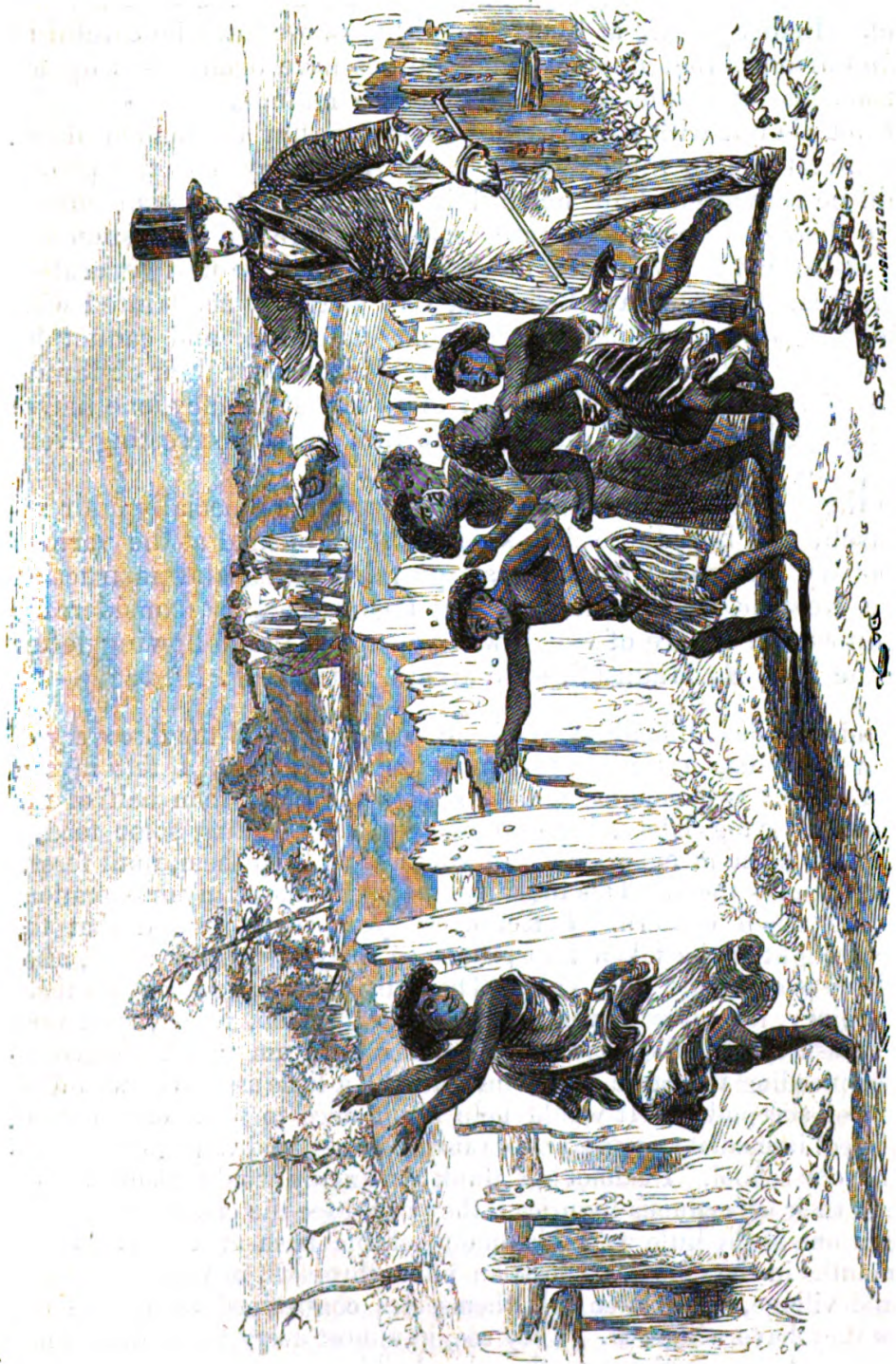
a departure from the path of female virtue is almost unknown. I could hardly believe such a bright exception to the universal immorality of all other classes in India and Birmah could exist, till I was repeatedly assured of the fact by well-informed persons; and I would here remark, that converts abstain entirely from every thing intoxicating on their entering the Christian church by baptism. I have been informed by several officers, who resided seven months at Bassein, where the Christians are most numerous, that, though they often offered brandy to Karen Christians, it had never been accepted: the reply invariably was, that Christians never drank.

These are facts which are well calculated to excite our sympathy, and to encourage our hopes regarding the Karen tribes; and I am happy to inform you, that, while the work of conversion is progressing chiefly amongst the Karens, there is not wanting encouragement in connexion with the Birmese. Nearly a year ago I accompanied the Missionaries—Messrs. Kincaid, Vinton, and Dawson—to a village in the neighbourhood of Rangun, where a number of Birmese Christians resided, who were then formed into a church, the oldest and most experienced member being ordained deacon. At the conclusion of the services, which I felt to be very interesting, though I did not understand the language, a young man was baptized in a lake in the neighbourhood, which was the first public baptism in Birmah. Subsequently, several respectable Birmans have been baptized—amongst them one individual, who had been a government servant of some consequence in Rangun. Altogether, Birmah is an interesting field of labour, and the hearts of many Christian soldiers have been cheered, in the midst of war, with all its accompanying horrors and misery, by the persuasion that God would make the wrath of man to praise Him—that through the medium of war the gospel of peace would be made known to, and received by, the inhabitants of Birmah. The Americans feel quite unequal to the Missionary occupation of all Pegu, and are most anxious that some other Protestant Mission should divide the land with them: perhaps the Church Mission may, with its increased funds, be able to establish a Mission in Birmah.

I cannot say farewell, my dear friends, without endeavouring to impress on the heart and conscience of every individual here present, that we are called upon to be Missionaries. Yes, every man, woman, and child, that knows and loves the Lord Jesus Christ; for we are not our own, but His who has purchased us with His own precious blood; and we all can preach the gospel by the eloquence of a holy, consistent life: we can convince our servants, and all with whom we are in any way connected, that there is a living reality in the gospel of Christ. But if we do not control our passions, appetites, and tempers, we preach against Christ. God grant that none here present may have to answer for the blood of any of the natives of India or of Birmah when we “stand before the judgment-seat of Christ!”\*

\* “Madras Christian Herald,” Nov. 16, 1853. A fuller account of the Karens, and of the American Mission amongst them, is given in the “Church Missionary Intelligencer” for October last, pp. 220—227.

WE have frequently noticed in the pages of this periodical the wonderful change which has been brought about in the natives of New Zealand. Thirty years ago there was not among them a single convert to Christianity. Now, comparatively few heathen are left,



SHE CONTINUED MOVING IN HER DANCE TOWARDS THE FENCE . . . See p. 39.



and these rapidly diminishing. The great mass of the people are by profession Protestant Christians. What an encouragement to carry on Missionary labours, when we see how, within a comparatively short period, God blesses them to such great results.

It would be a great mistake, however, to suppose that our work as a Missionary Society is done, and that we are free to leave the island. Before we are at liberty to withdraw we must be careful to assure ourselves that due instrumentalities have been raised up for the transmission of the truth, so that the national profession of it shall not die out with the present generation, but be handed down from the fathers to the children. It is necessary that the people should be convinced how needful it is to afford Christian education to their children, and a native ministry be raised up in sufficient numbers to justify a hope of its continuance. The first generation of Christian converts have been but very partially acquainted with the blessings of Christian training and education, and cannot be expected, for a time at least, to appreciate them for their children; and as to a native ministry, it is yet in its veriest infancy, one native only having been as yet ordained. To this deeply-interesting event we hope to refer in our next Number.

To these great objects the Society is now more especially addressing itself, and boarding-schools have been opened at the various Missionary stations, where the scriptural training and instruction of the New-Zealand youth is going forward amidst considerable difficulties, the nature of which will appear in the following letter from the Rev. R. Maunsell, of Waikato, dated Aug. 19, 1853—

To add to our difficulties, food, in consequence of the discovery of gold in Australia, has risen to a very high price; and I felt myself obliged, about two months ago, to send away more than half of my scholars. Having lately, however, succeeded in getting some food, I have taken them in again, and will continue to keep them, until forced again to dismiss them. This inability steadily to maintain our operations gives me much concern. I feel every year more assured that the children ought to be taken into school as early as possible; say, after they have passed their sixth year. These dispersions, however, do them much injury, for many never return: those that do, forget, in a very large measure, what they had already learned. I am much obliged to you for pleading the cause of our institution: a little assistance would be now most acceptable. It would help us at once to form our Station, and direct immediate attention to raising crops, and thus gaining support for our school. I cannot but think that many would gladly forego some of their superfluous luxuries if they could see the change that takes place in one of the little wild inhabitants of the bush after it has been a few months in the school. Christian philanthropists, in visiting a New-Zealand village, have often felt themselves constrained to admire the scenes they have witnessed. They see, in almost every place of any importance, a house, superior to the other buildings, set apart for religious purposes; and a certain number of men and women steadily, in all

weathers, meeting there every morning and evening for religious worship, and then quietly dispersing.

But a little further inspection would cause anxiety as to the continuance of these cheering appearances. Too often are the hymns and prayers of the parents drowned by the shouts and indecent songs of their children. Unless a special effort be made, it is a very rare thing to witness any other children besides infants in a place of worship. Very few parents, I fear, ever teach their children any thing. Happy if he can get a rag to cover himself, the little fellow, unwashed, uncombed, unshorn, spends his day either in cowering over the fire, or in catching birds, or in playing some wild game with his male and female playfellows. The father and mother, never having experienced the benefit of early education or training, cannot at all see the necessity of bringing such little things to either school or prayers. To exhibit an independent, *nonchalant* bearing; to excel in the games or horsemanship; to be prompt in redressing the wrongs of his father or his tribe; in a word, to show a large measure of spirit—this is what the New-Zealand father most desires in his boy. To attach his affections, and prevent him from starting off at a word, and going away to some of his distant relatives, he carefully abstains from ever crossing his wishes. When remonstrated with upon his child's disobedience, he thinks it a sufficient answer to observe, that it is a New-Zealand child, and not of the same nature as the English. When urged to send him to school, he will say that that matter rests with the boy; or that he will die from love to his child; or that the boy will fret himself to death.

Such is the New-Zealand child in the native place. He pays no regard to his parents' authority, and therefore respects but little the wishes of any one else. Last April, Sir G. Grey and myself had to pass through a village not far from this station. Seeing some of these little things, His Excellency observed that he would come back by-and-by, and bring them to my school. "Oh," said I, "they are here now, your Excellency, and if you will only put them on my canoe, I will engage to take them down; but I feel satisfied that you will find it difficult to get them." Sir George then proceeded to get some of them together. Having mustered six, he marched them off towards the river, about half a mile distant. Myself and another gentleman followed, admiring the tact and success with which he had apparently accomplished the object. Having gone about two hundred yards, one little girl, of about nine years of age, started aside, threw up her arms, and jumped and danced towards a fence. Sir George, who excels in the management of children, stopped, and, with a mixture of authority and kindness, beckoned to the little thing to return. She continued moving in her dance towards the fence, and, having got near it,\* sprang over it, and ran into the bush. The friends and parents, who were witnessing the scene, shouted with delight at the girl's escape; and the other little things, availing themselves of the interruption, pushed on, dispersed into the neighbouring wood, and escaped.

Such being the character of both parents and children, you will easily imagine that it is only by a constant effort we are able to keep our number

\* See Frontispiece.

of scholars up. With boys of twelve years of age the difficulty is much greater than it is with girls. The latter as often run away from their parents to school, as the former run away *from* school to their parents; and, I suspect, for this reason, that the girls are not made so much of at home as the boys. This, however, is certain, that the foundation of their character is laid in these years of neglect, and that we shall find it much more easy to get, to keep, and to manage them in their tender years, than when they are further advanced. I have no fears as to my getting all the children that I shall be able to maintain. God has graciously supplied me with an able staff of male and female teachers, who enter fully into all my views, and who pay periodical visits to their relatives, to gather up the children. These manage such matters better than I can; and when once in the institution, we hesitate not to use all the discipline that we may think necessary.

Now, 2*l.* per annum will keep one of these little wild lambs of Christ's flock at school. Almost every day I ponder in my mind whether I ought not to send away half of my school for the next two years, until the buildings at our new station are finished, and thus save money to pay some of the expenses. Still, I cannot persuade myself to deprive any of these precious little souls of the inestimable blessing of Christian training in what must be considered, in a large measure, the critical stage of their life. I hope, therefore, that I shall be able to go on in faith, looking to my good Master to supply my needs, discharging each day's duty as it comes, until the duty becomes clear that I must diminish my numbers. I have, I confess, strong hopes that assistance will be supplied to me if you make my case known to the Christian friends at home, though I cannot expect all I want.

The urgent need of such efforts as those in which Mr. Maunsell is engaged is evident from this letter. These are the early years of the New-Zealand church. As with the child, so with the native church, the improvement of those tender years is of first importance. From the neglect of them the worst consequences must ensue.

---

#### THE RUSSIAN PEASANT.

THE Russian peasant is not a free man: he is a serf or slave; and, except that he is of the same colour with his master, and is exempt from the prejudice that so frequently and unjustifiably connects itself with a difference of hue, is in no respect better off than the negro slaves of the Havannah or Carolina. The Russian empire is distinguishable into two great divisions—the region of the north, or that of forest, swamp, and cultivation; and the vast steppes or prairies of the southern region, principally inhabited by wandering tribes occupied in pastoral life. It is of the peasantry of the northern region that we now speak. These are the moujiks, or bearded Russians, amounting in round numbers to forty-three or forty-five millions, about double the entire population of the United Kingdom. Of these, more than one-half are the serfs of private persons, and the remainder are the serfs of the crown. There are laws for the pro-

tection of the slave, but they are easily evaded. The sale of a slave without that of the land to which he is attached is prohibited; yet an owner may let out slaves on a ninety years' lease, to work in the mines of Siberia. The law does not allow a master to strike his slave if he be within a certain distance of a police station. If beyond that distance, he may punish him to any extent, provided he does not die within three days after. If sent to the police station, he is there beaten with rods.

The moujik carries with him his axe as his constant companion. Unlike our English hatchet, it is a little crooked in the handle. He is very dexterous in the use of it, and builds with it his log-house, stuffing the interstices with moss. This dwelling is heated by a vast stack of bricks, containing a small oven, and intersected with flues. The oven being filled with wood or faggots, the bricks are gradually heated through, and continue for the next six and thirty hours to diffuse throughout the house the heat they have received. Thus, through the long winter, his house is hotter than the tropics. He will sleep in rooms in which the temperature is not less than 90° Fahrenheit, and will lay himself down on sheep-skins extended on the stack of hot bricks of which his stove consists.

The moujik wears his sheep-skin all through the winter. He leaves his dwelling, his blood raised by the artificial heat within, and the thick sheep-skin retains the heat for several hours; but when this ceases he must take shelter under some roof, until the degree of heat to which he has been accustomed is restored: if unable to do so, he is in danger of freezing to death. In summer the sheep-skin gives place to a caftan of coarse brown or grey home-spun wool. A coloured sash is fastened round his waist, in which his axe is placed. His hair is cut after a singular fashion. A wooden bowl is placed like a cap on his head, and all the hair that appears under the rim is cut away. His beard and moustachios are thick. A leathern strap passing over his forehead binds together his dense locks.

The moujik lives almost entirely on rye, fermented cabbage, and some rank black hempseed oil. The bread is black, and, as the rye grain is very much fermented before it is used, the bread is bitter and sour, and tastes like alum. He eats great quantities of salt. Tea and brandy are his principal luxuries. Into a small teapot, in which a pinch of tea has been deposited, he will continue to pour water out of a tea urn until no more is left. He drinks the liquid from a tumbler, combining with it, if he can afford to do so, two or three small lumps of sugar. When the supplies are limited, a piece of sugar is passed round, from which each bites a morsel, retaining it within his teeth whilst a glass or two is swallowed. Eight, twelve, fifteen, pints of this hot liquid will be consumed by the Russian at a sitting.

The moujik, as our last paper on this subject evinces, is very superstitious. The picture of his tutelary saint always receives due



RUSSIAN PEASANTS.

homage at his hands, nor does he enter an apartment without crossing himself before it. In the small lamp suspended before it on holidays he is careful that the best olive oil shall be burned, and he never fails to promise the saint a per-centage of his gain, should he be successful in his bargains.

One of the most singular points in his character is his dislike to agriculture and his love of trade. It is no unusual thing for him to obtain his lord's permission to seek work in a town, on condition of paying a certain tax. Should he be found without his lord's passport, he is advertised like a stray head of cattle; and in the "Journal of St. Petersburg" a column is systematically occupied with a list of runaway slaves. Should the slave succeed in business he may become a guild merchant, and may purchase his freedom; but this is not always practicable, and there are merchants at St. Petersburg—wealthy men—who are nevertheless slaves.

The Russian empire is a dark place. Ignorance and barbarism

grievously prevail—ignorance of that which man most needs to know, the message of mercy in Christ Jesus. When shall the light penetrate? for hitherto, by the jealous interference of the authorities, both ecclesiastical and civil, it has been carefully excluded.

~~~~~  
BRIGHT SPOTS IN CEYLON.

MISSIONARY fields do not yield the same amount of visible result. There is amongst them a great difference in this respect. Some in a few years respond to the labours bestowed upon them. He who ordereth all things “according to the good pleasure of His will,” “watereth the ridges thereof abundantly: He setteth the furrows thereof: He maketh it soft with showers:” it is as “a field which the Lord hath blessed,” and the heart of the Missionary is gladdened by the conversion of sinners and the rapid formation of Christian congregations. Other Missionary fields there are which present to such a remarkable contrast. The seed does not germinate. Much has been sown, and sown prayerfully, but the rain from heaven is withheld. The mass of the people remain unmoved. Such an aspect of the work is designed for the trial of our faith. If, as a Missionary Society, we were disposed to zealous exertions only where success cheered us onward, and to remit our efforts where difficulty and discouragement were presented, we should be unworthy to be engaged in such a work as this. The Lord tries our faith, as He tried the faith of the Canaanitish woman, by delay. In such circumstances we must learn to do as she did—wrestle in faith for a blessing; and in due season we shall find that there is a blessing in store even for the most discouraging field of labour, and that when it does come it will be as a plenteous rain from heaven.

Yet even during the waiting times, while as yet there is no general movement amongst the people, and their consciences sleep on, as if they had never heard how needful it is that they should “flee from the wrath to come,” the Missionaries are not left without some encouragement, something to show that “the gospel of Christ . . . is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.” Some souls will be found thankfully to receive the message of mercy in Christ Jesus, and some few will be raised up to testify to the Lord’s grace and love before their apathetic countrymen. Such instances will be highly prized in proportion as they are rare; and, to those who are watching the progress of the work, they will be as the first flowers of the spring, which are harbingers of the brighter season, when “the winter shall be past, the rain be over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds be come, and the voice of the turtle be heard in the land.”

Ceylon is a rich, luxuriant island. The vegetation is superabundant, and the air loaded with perfumes. It is scarcely possible to convey to the mind a just idea of the luxuriance of tropical nature—the warm, humid, heavy air, laden with perfumes of spices and

cocoa-nut oil—the magnificent groups of bread-fruit, mango, and palm-trees—the light glancing through the thick palmy crests above—all inducing a sense of dreaminess, and disposing to lassitude. But, though rich in natural productions, Ceylon has been, as yet, an unproductive Mission field. The “trees of righteousness” of the Lord’s planting are few and far between, and the fragrance of a loving spirit, devoted to God, because redeemed by the blood of His Son, but rarely refreshes. When, therefore, in the journals of our Missionaries, we meet bright spots, and hopeful indications of the Lord’s presence, and of a time coming when Ceylon shall wave with its rich spiritual harvest, they are the more welcome, and we are enabled to “thank God, and take courage.” We now introduce a cheering extract from the report of the Rev. I. Wood, our Missionary at Cotta, for 1852-1853.

Three persons have been removed by death within the last ten months. The following is an account of one of the three, given, as nearly as possible, in the words of the Rev. C. Senanayaka, who knew him previous to my removal to Cotta. “Cornelis Corrie was a man of some respectability in Etul Cotta. Some fifteen or sixteen years ago, being then in the possession of a considerable sum of money, he was engaged rather extensively in native trade at Kandy. In the midst of his career he was seized with a disease which obliged him to return to his native village, and caused him much suffering up to the time of his death. It was about eight or nine years ago that I first met him. He was then confined to his house with a severe attack of dysentery. The amount of pain he then endured, and which, indeed, he continued to endure, with but short intermissions, to the end of his life, was incalculable. It was at this time that I began to converse with him upon the existence of a God, which he knew Buddhism denied. He entered cheerfully enough into the subject, but could not be persuaded, during the early part of my conversations, that Christianity was a revelation of the will of that God. He readily acknowledged the existence of one great Supreme Being, but the incarnation of our Lord, and His vicarious sufferings, were a great stumbling-block to him. Being a worldly man, and a very subtle reasoner, he frequently proposed very difficult questions on this point, his mind being as yet unprepared to receive this doctrine. After endeavouring for some little time to make this subject clear to him, he one day said, ‘Well, then, we are to believe in God as the first object of belief, and in Jesus Christ as the second object.’ I then explained to him more fully the relationship which Christ bears to us as our Advocate and Redeemer; and, as he appeared to stumble at the doctrine of our being saved by faith, and not by works, which in his sight seemed to have a bad tendency, I endeavoured to show him how this doctrine, when once truly embraced by a lively faith, produces love and obedience as its effects. He always freely opened his mind, and stated his objections in the strongest light, and let me know when he did not feel convinced. In this way my intercourse with him was kept up for several years. At times, when he thought himself at the point of death, he would send for me, and, pointing to his heart, would say, ‘Ah! here is a fire burning: pray only tell me how to get it quenched. I fear for my

soul : oh, tell me how to deliver my soul !' Such occasions, I found, were blessed by God in producing in him a deep conviction of sin, and in leading him to seek for a remedy. Still, faith to embrace the way of salvation offered in the gospel was wanting. In this state he continued for many days and nights, bowed down under a sense of his exceeding sinfulness. But he now lost all belief in Buddhism. He had tried it, and had found it wanting : no solid peace to his soul could be gained from it. During a short interval of freedom from pain, having expressed a great desire to have the Scriptures read and explained to him, the Rev. J. F. Haslam, then in charge of Etul Cotta, made an arrangement for them to be read and explained to him daily, accompanied with prayer. And although his disease had made him a cripple, yet he managed to get as far as the schoolroom, where service was held, whenever his sufferings so far ceased as to admit of his doing so. The sixty-seventh Psalm and the Litany particularly attracted his attention, and, as his sight was much impaired, he got them written out on thick paper in large characters, which enabled him to use them daily. Various portions of Scripture, too, were copied for him in the same way, and became his constant study. Hitherto our labour had, as it were, been almost in vain, seeing that we had only caused him to adopt the externals of Christianity. But the moment he began to pray, and to study the Scripture himself, it pleased the Lord to open the eyes of his mind. He now viewed himself in his true light, a condemned sinner in the sight of a holy and just God, and thus became in earnest for the salvation of his immortal soul. He took sincere delight in hearing the word of God read, and in meditating upon it. It became to him as his meat and drink. The parable of the Prodigal Son was one of his favourite portions of Scripture. This, and the sixty-seventh Psalm, he was in the habit of reading very often, as some one had written them for him in large characters. He prayed frequently and fervently. He also evinced a hearty desire for the conversion of the village to Christianity. And, as he believed the building of a church would go far to promote it, he always sought to urge the necessity of such a building upon almost every one that visited him."

After Mr. Senanayaka had left Cotta, during the last eight months of his life, he was frequently visited by Mr. Clarke, myself, and Mr. Fenn. The catechist of the village also went to read and pray with him every Sunday and Wednesday, at his particular request. About six months previous to his death he lost his remaining eye, which, as it prevented his reading, caused him much sorrow. His sufferings, too, at this time were greater than ever ; but his faith remained unshaken. On the day of his death, the 23d of September, he requested his son to read and pray with him ; and while the Lord's prayer was being repeated, he expired.

~~~~~

#### GOSPEL FRUITS.

" IF any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." It is so, undoubtedly. Genuine faith in Christ accomplishes in man a wondrous transformation. Character and prospects alike are changed. " Such were some of you : but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are



justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." Nowhere is this change more apparent than in the results wrought among the heathen. There we see men abandoning the superstitions on which they once relied, and casting off the evil habits and practices which had been transmitted from their forefathers; and happy changes are accomplished, like those which Paul witnessed among the Thessalonians, who "turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God; and to wait for His Son from heaven, whom He raised from the dead, even Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come."

Illustrations of this might be found in every portion of the Mission field; and in various sections of the human race, in many respects widely differing from each other, the gospel of Christ produces the same blessed results, convincing men of sin, and teaching them to look, in humble faith and hope, to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

Amongst the Indians of Rupert's Land, so far as efforts for their evangelization have been extended, such blessed changes are perceptible. Fifteen years ago, our station at Cumberland was a forest wilderness. Now it is the site of a village of Christian Indians, with their neat church, schoolhouses, stores, and Missionary dwelling. The village contains about forty houses, a number which will be yearly increasing, as there are many Indians who have not yet built houses. The Indians have their potato fields and patches of barley, and an island in the river Saskatchewan, on the banks of which the village stands, is in full cultivation, and produces good crops of potatoes.

If we look to the spiritual condition of the Indians, we find a very wondrous change has been effected. In their natural state they acknowledge, indeed, the existence of a great Spirit; but they regard almost every thing else as gods, and worship any thing and every thing which they consider to be of value. The north wind is supposed to be a great deity, living in a stone house in the north: ice, snow, bears, and animals of all descriptions, are among their gods. To these they address their prayers, and present them with offerings to procure long life, health, good hunts of fur, provisions, &c. They have no thought or hope for any thing beyond the grave. Knowing nothing of that life and immortality which Christ has brought to light through the gospel, the world is to them every thing, and all appears a dark blank beyond the grave. But how different the Indian becomes when the light of the glorious gospel bursts in upon him, filling his heart with joy and gladness, and he looks forward to a bright future, when he shall be delivered from sin and its soul-destroying effects, and be for ever with the Lord!

Christian ordinances are highly prized by the Christian Indians. At the Christmas and Easter seasons they re-assemble from their hunting-grounds, cheerfully undertaking a journey of from 100 to 200 miles, exposed to all the suffering attendant on winter travel-

ling in Rupert's Land, in order to enjoy the privilege of being present at the Lord's Table: In church they are remarkably attentive, and can repeat the leading topics of the sermon when they return home to their friends. The greater part of the Lord's-day is spent in this way, repeating to each other what they know of Christianity, singing hymns, &c., besides attending the three services which are held on the Lord's-day. In every house they have morning and evening prayers. Would that the same could be said of every parish in our own land! Whether at home in their houses, or scattered through the woods on their hunting excursions, they never omit morning and evening prayers. This is a bright example, and proves that the gospel of Christ has laid hold on their hearts and affections. Nor are the consolations of that gospel wanting at the closing scene of life, nor does the presence of the Saviour fail to cheer the dark valley through which the dying sinner has to pass. At such times it is often found, that "if the body be dead because of sin, the Spirit is life because of righteousness." Take two examples from the journals of the Rev. J. Hunter, our Missionary at Cumberland, one from amongst the aged, the other from amongst the young: one coming like a shock of corn fully ripe to his grave; the other plucked while yet a bud, to bloom more beautifully in the paradise of God than it could have done in this world.

*April 29*—I visited old Joseph Budd, who has been suffering from sickness for some time past, and found him resigned to the divine will, and in a happy frame of mind. I asked him if he loved the Saviour, and was trusting in Him for pardon and salvation. "Yes, my grand-child," he replied, "I do love the Saviour, and am always engaged in praying to Him and meditating upon heavenly things."—"Yes," I replied, "you are drawing near the grave now, and this thought should make you very earnest to secure the salvation of your soul. Christ loved you, and died for your salvation, and He will sustain and comfort you through the valley of the shadow of death, and bring you to His everlasting kingdom, if you trust simply on Him for pardon, peace, and salvation." He said that he was not afraid at the prospect of death; and, looking towards the church and churchyard, he said, "I like to look at the church, and my body will soon lie down to rest there." After a little more conversation and prayer, the poor old man requested that I would administer to him the Lord's supper before his death, which I promised to do.

*May 3*—A heavy fall of snow, covering the whole country with the appearance of winter. At our front door it was drifted about two feet deep. I thought of the May Meetings in London, and, in spirit, was present with our friends there.

I went over, and found old Joseph waiting for me to come and give him the Lord's supper before his death: he is daily growing more and more feeble, and, I hope, ripening for heaven. He was always a very consistent Christian, and appeared to enjoy the ordinances of God's house. Some of his relatives, being communicants, were assembled in the house, to join with him in commemorating the dying love of his Saviour, before his departure to be ever present with the Lord. It was a very

comforting and refreshing ordinance; and, after it was over, old Joseph lay down again, and said he felt strengthened and comforted in his inner man. He knew, he continued, that the time of his departure was near at hand, but he had no fear of death, and was always looking and praying to the Saviour for pardon and peace.

*May 6*—To-day I heard of the death of old Joseph: he died, as I expected, very happily, looking to the Saviour, and was perfectly sensible to the last, joining with those around him in prayer and praise.

*May 19*—I visited Nancy Cook, who is very ill, and I fear not far from death: she expressed much gratitude for the privileges she had enjoyed of attending the school, &c., and being taught to know and love the Saviour. She had no fear, she said, in the prospect of death, and she hoped that Christ had washed away her sins in His precious blood. At a former visit she requested that I would administer to her the Lord's supper; and to-day she had had their little house arranged nicely, that she might for the first, and I fear the last, time here on earth commemorate the dying love of her Saviour. Although very weak from the influenza, which aggravated her former complaint—for she was suffering before from consumption—she sat up during the service, and joined very distinctly and fervently in the responses. Her distressed parents, with tears in their eyes, and several of her relatives, who were communicants, also united with her in this solemn and interesting service. Dear child! she appeared to be suffering acutely from the disease, and one could not but feel that death would, in her case, be a happy termination to her sufferings, and release her waiting spirit from the infirmities of the body, to mingle with those bright and happy beings who surround the throne, and are continually singing the praises of redeeming love. She often speaks of her relatives who are gone before, that she shall soon see them, and be united to them never to part.

*May 26*—I visited Nancy Cook several times this week, and always found her in the same waiting and praying frame of mind. She repeatedly said she was not afraid to die, and that she was constantly engaged in praying to the Saviour, and meditating upon His dying love: she felt that she was a sinner, but felt also that Christ's blood could cleanse her from all her sins. Last night she died, while her parents and friends were engaged in singing a hymn. She kept them constantly singing and praying with her, and seemed to feel much pleasure in hearing them sing; and her happy spirit took its flight upon the wings of praise. To-day I performed the last sad office of committing her remains to the cold and silent tomb, there to await a joyful resurrection, when the dead in Christ shall be summoned to meet their returning Lord, and enter with Him into His glory.

May prayer abound on behalf of Missionaries and their flocks, that they may be kept spiritually minded, and preserved from falling into a cold and lifeless spirit; that the one may never lose sight of the all-important object for which they have been set apart, namely; to beseech sinners to be reconciled to God through the alone merits of the one Saviour; and the others be preserved "blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, shining among them as lights in the world, and holding forth the word of life!"

LADIES' WORKING PARTIES.

It is with much interest and thankfulness that we have watched the proceedings of the Ladies' Working Parties organized at home in various directions, and the valuable contributions of clothing forwarded to the Society's house for the use of our different Missions. We know



SPEARING FISH IN WINTER, RUPERT'S LAND.— See p. 57.

how highly they are valued by our Missionaries. They are to them especially encouraging. They afford to them the strongest assurances that they are not forgotten in happy circles at home. A Missionary at some remote station, like Mr. Hunt at English River, Rupert's Land, or Mr. Cowley at Fairford, Manitoba, or Mr. Watkins at that desolate place, Big River, East Main, where they are not only far removed from home, but even from their Missionary brethren labouring in the same country with themselves, are sometimes, in their isolation, tempted to think themselves forgotten. Year by year these gifts from Europe assure them that they are not so; that in many an English neighbourhood, where, from month to month, Christian ladies meet together "to provoke" one another "unto love and to" this good work, they themselves, their Missions, and their converts, are remembered, and sympathy is felt for them, and prayer offered on their behalf. Thus they are cheered, their hearts comforted, and they go forward, not more zealously, but with a lighter heart, to their work. In proof that our Missionaries feel strongly on this subject, we publish some extracts from letters received from different stations, all breathing grateful acknowledgments to the friends in England who so zealously and kindly help them.

The Rev. R. Hunt, in referring to the supplies and presents sent from England in June 1852, but which were still on the road, writes, Feb. 19, 1853—

We do not as yet know even the names of some of the kind benefactors who have favoured us with presents for this Mission; and this circumstance will be one reason for our not individually acknowledging the donations.

The Rev. A. Cowley says, in a letter dated Dec. 15, 1853—

We were greatly encouraged last autumn by receiving very valuable contributions of clothing and other articles for the benefit of our school and station from many Christian friends in England. These we gladly acknowledged to such of the good people as kindly favoured us with their address, and regret not being able to do so to the rest. Will you kindly say so in some way that may meet their eye?

We also thankfully acknowledge from Lady Orde 10*l.*, from J. Deacon, Esq., 10*l.*, from Mrs. Storr, 5*l.* These sums, except 5*l.* which Lady Orde wished to be given to our converts, and which I have distributed accordingly, I have placed to the credit of the mill.

Mrs. Cowley, in a letter dated Dec. 1, 1853, addressed to the Secretary of the Penge Working Party, thus expresses her feelings—

Your continued favours lay us under such deep obligation that I am at a loss for words to express myself. Indeed, the streams of love from Christian friends have of late years come in like a flood of kindness, quite overwhelming. I feel so comforted in the assurance of your prayers for us, and trust I shall be often with you in spirit at your monthly meetings, and thus be permitted to enjoy "the communion of saints."

Our converts attend church, both here and at the upper river, pretty regularly. Their conduct while at church is now most devout: they con-

form in all things with us, and listen very attentively to the preached word. They like to be clean and decently clothed at all times, especially on Sabbath-days. The children are fond of coming to school. If their friends dissuade them, and say it is too cold, "Never mind, never mind," the little things reply, and away they run, with the thermometer perhaps 25 degrees below zero. They are quick at imitating, and soon write well, but are very dull at arithmetic. They are very much pleased to have work-bags, and to spend the afternoons in sewing.

*Dec. 13*—Last Sunday the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to twenty communicants—including two Indian women, who had for some time past been wishing to join us, but feared that the others would laugh. At length they could refrain no longer, and wished to commemorate with us the dying love of Jesus. In the afternoon Mr. Cowley baptized an adult Indian, his wife, and four children. He also baptized old Robert Cockran's wife, giving her the name of Dorothy. There seems to be quite a revival among us.

The Rev. H. G. Watkins writes, Oct. 29, 1853—

I trust the Committee will let it be publicly known that we do most highly appreciate the kindness of Christian friends of the Indians, whether personally known to ourselves or otherwise, who so bountifully have supplied us with warm and valuable articles of clothing as gifts for those amongst whom our lot is cast in the good providence of God. We should find it impossible to write separate letters of thanks to each individual; and, lest any should feel themselves slighted, or be induced to think that we undervalue their Christian liberality, we should wish a public acknowledgment to be made of our hearty thanks on the part of the Indians. Some friends may be mentioned to whom we feel especially indebted, yet not by any means to the slighting of others who have contributed with equal generosity. We desire to record the names of Miss Highway and Mrs. W. England, together with all those who have kindly enclosed articles in their packages; Miss Garrett, Miss Oates, and the ladies of the Southwell working party; Miss Williams, and the ladies of Dorchester; and H. V. Tebbs, Esq., with the ladies meeting at his residence.

The following extract from Mr. Hunt's journal is full of interest. Our friends may with little difficulty, as they peruse it, realize the whole scene, and imagine themselves present on the day of the distribution of gifts—a cheerful scene amidst the wintry snows of Rupert's Land, making many a heart glad. May the poor Indians be led with the eye of faith to see Him, who has "received gifts for men," far more precious than any which earth can yield, and which He distributes with unsparing hand to those who throw themselves on His bounty!

*Nov. 1, 1852*—A busy, trying day. The people beginning to leave for the winter hunt. Upwards of 100 blankets, and many other warm goods, have been distributed among them; by far the greater part as payment for work—bringing up the supplies, &c. Many kind friends have bountifully contributed to this happy fact, which is a threefold benefit. These goods tempt the indolent Indian to work, and thus gradually introduce habits

of industry. The immediate benefit is the diminution of their misery from the winter's cold. The third advantage is the progress made at the station, with diminished expense to the Society. The aged and infirm, and the children of large and destitute families, had presents given to them with an unsparing hand. Could our kind friends witness the departure of our poor people from the station to commence a long winter's wandering, during six months of uninterrupted cold, and sometimes so intense as to be nearly 80° below freezing point, they would not say to them, "Depart in peace, be ye warmed," &c., but they would continue to do as they have liberally done. And they will allow me to say that it is much better to afford us their charitable aid in articles that are stout, warm, and durable, if intended for winter use: otherwise, they are liable to be snatched from the Indian's poor shivering body by the trees and bushes of the first wood he has to traverse; and the sharp cold wind, intensely colder than ice itself, penetrates even a blanket, if it be not very stout, as easily as the cold air of England passes through a piece of gauze. For summer use, when the Indians travel by water, lighter fabrics are equally useful, such as stout prints, Carlisle checks, large pattern and bright colours, worsted shawls, blue, red, and white serge, and flannel of the same colours, are in great favour; also stout Guernsey frocks, and such like articles for men. This is an amendment on my former list which experience has suggested. And now we have in our new station the miserable wanderers of the still colder north, the poor Chepewyans, to care for. A boat's load of 50 cwt. might fail to supply the articles for which we could get the poor creatures to pay a diminished price by working at the land, church, &c.; and this, as I have said above, productive of a threefold benefit. In addition to this, we have the entire support of twenty destitute children in the school, and we might quickly and greatly enlarge this number if it were prudent so to do. And last, not least destitute, the aged and infirm, all of whom we might retain at the station if we had the means. At present we have only the children and four widows: three of these keep the school-room, &c., clean, and care for the children out of school hours.

We trust that our friends will be encouraged to persevere in the good work which they have so well begun. We have to remind them that the time is drawing near for the annual transmission of supplies to our brethren in Rupert's Land, and trust that we shall have the privilege of publishing as large a list of contributions as those which for some years past have graced the pages of the "Church Missionary Record."

~~~~~

THE KAMIBOROI BLACKS.

THE Australian blacks have hitherto received a more than usual portion of evil from contact with the whites, and very little of good. What could be expected from the vicinity of convict settlements? Men considered too bad to be suffered to remain in the United Kingdom were sent to Australia. They were employed, many of them, as stockkeepers, and came thus in freer communication with the native races than any other portion of the white population.

Their friendship and their enmity were alike dangerous to the poor blacks. If they were on friendly terms they inoculated them with their vices: if they disagreed, they caused them to suffer from their cruelty. Thus the race deteriorated: some of the tribes became extinct, and much of evil has been done to them. On the other hand, the Missionary efforts put forth have been on a small scale, and have produced but little result. These colonies are now rising rapidly in importance. Churches and congregations abound there. On the Australian continent there are several bishops of our own church, surrounded by their diocesan clergy. To the Australian churches, then, belongs the duty of labouring for the evangelization of the Australian aborigines; and we trust, as affairs in the different provinces assume a more settled aspect, that strenuous efforts will be put forth to bring these poor wanderers to the knowledge of the "true God, and Jesus Christ, whom He has sent." In connexion with this important subject the following extract from an Australian newspaper will be read with interest —

THE KAMIBOROI BLACKS.

A lecture was delivered on Wednesday last, at Sydney, by the Rev. W. Ridley, on the result of a recent visit to these aborigines; the particulars of a tour performed by the reverend gentleman himself among the Kamiboroi blacks, a race inhabiting the New England and adjacent districts in the direction of Moreton Bay. His chief travels, however, were confined to the country along the Barwin and Bundarra rivers. The name of the latter means, in English, Kangaroo River, the head of which is what is commonly called the Rocky River, or upper part of the Big River. He explained that there were a great many different tribes of "black fellows" in this part of the country, and a great many different dialects spoken; but the most common dialect, and most extensively known, was the Kamiboroi. He showed, by a series of interesting facts and anecdotes, that the blacks of this colony were not really so treacherous and bloodthirsty as had been generally represented; that it only required firmness, united with kindness, to conciliate their good will, and render them subservient to some of the best usages of civilized life. The reverend lecturer here produced several neatly-executed portraits of some of the most distinguished and notable personages of the aboriginal tribes with which he had become acquainted. He endeavoured to account for the revengeful spirit that had been manifested by the blacks, by the cruelties that had been perpetrated on them by the whites. He remarked that on one occasion he saw several "black fellows" in the bush dying from the effects of gun-shot wounds received from the whites, under the impression that these unfortunate people were about to attack the station, which, it was afterwards found, was utterly untrue, their worst fault being that they had speared two or three head of cattle. The reverend gentleman next proceeded to consider the Kamiboroi language, showing that the aboriginal language of this country was not that loose, unsystematic jargon which some people supposed, but, on the contrary, that it displayed a fineness of mental perception, and an accuracy of thought, which would do credit to some of the best intellects of the white

race. He had studied the Kamiboroi language for some time ; and the result of his study, on inquiry, was such as to satisfy him of three things—namely, that the language admitted of a regular declension of nouns, conjugations of verbs, and systematic combination of terms. Mr. Ridley gave a variety of examples from the Kamiboroi language, illustrative of these three principles, and indicative of its scope and sufficiency for the expression either of moral or physical ideas. He also alluded to the social organization of the Kamiboroi tribes, explaining that there were four classes of men and four of women, each varying in importance. He concluded his interesting narrative by impressing on the meeting the necessity of Missionary exertion for the conversion of the aborigines generally, assuring them, from his own experience and observation, that such an event was perfectly practicable.

INHABITANTS OF RUSSIA.

OUR previous Numbers contained some outlines of the Moujiks, under which name is comprised the great body of the Muscovite people, the private serfs, the crown serfs, and the freedmen. It is usual with the lord to allow some of his serfs to migrate from the villages into the towns to hire themselves out as servants, or obtain work, or trade, the lord receiving from them a certain tax called abrok, which is raised as the serf prospers. A serf may so prosper as to become a rich merchant, driving four horses in his carriage. He may perhaps succeed in purchasing his freedom, but this is not always the case, the proprietors priding themselves in having rich and prosperous slaves ; and the merchant-slave has to remember that his master may be changed, and the indulgent lord of to-day, removed by death, be succeeded by a rapacious and arbitrary heir ; “for the proprietor of these men can to-morrow order them into his scullery or kitchen, or send them as swineherds or miners to their village : so he can their children, brought up in all the refinements of luxury.”

The Muscovites are now the ascendant people of the great Russian empire. But within its limits are to be found various tribes and nations, derived from the Slavonic, the Lithuanian, the Finnish, the Tartar, the Mongul, the German, the Jewish, the Manchou, the Armenian, and the Hindu stock, and so numerous that it would be tedious to enumerate them. Of the Tartar stock alone there are twenty-six tribes or nations.

A little more than 600 years ago the Tartars began their invasions of Russia, which they eventually conquered, Moscow, the capital, being taken and burnt in A.D. 1345. In little more than 200 years after, the Muscovites conquered the Tartars, by whom they had been at first subdued, the city of Kazan, the capital of the Tartar, or rather Turcoman, kingdom of that name having been taken, after a memorable siege, by the Czar Ivan IV., surnamed the Terrible, and by foreigners the Tyrant. The remainder of this subjugated people, still professing the Mahomedan religion, are to be found scattered all over the country now called the government of Kazan. In Moscow they are permitted to have one mosque, and that only on condition that the Christians have free access to it. It is described as a small and mean edifice, frequented by timid,



CALMUCK TARTARS.

dirty, poverty-stricken worshippers, who come to prostrate themselves each Friday on a filthy woollen mat, which each carries with him.

The Kazan Turcomans dwell in villages, each with its singularly-built mosque. They are different in their aspect from the surrounding races, having neither the flaxen hair and fair complexion of the Slave, or the flat noses and wide eyes by which the Kirghes, Calmucks, and other Mongolian races are characterized. They favourably contrast with the Calmuck Tartars who wander over the vast deserts which extend between Russia and China. Groups of this people—the most peculiar, perhaps, in features and manners of all the varied inhabitants of the Russian empire—after having crossed the great pasture lands which extend eastward from the Volga into Asia, occasionally pitch their tents near the towns on the western bank, whither a market or fair-day attracts them. Ragged flowing robes, bound round the waist by a coarse dirty scarf, expose to view a copper-coloured chest. From beneath the flat yellow caps trimmed with fur their long hair hangs in thick braids on either side of countenances whose high cheek bones, low wide noses, and long narrow eyes, are of the true Mongolian type. Red boots complete their costume. Their kybitkas, or tents, consist of a frame-work of wood

covered with felt, with an aperture at the top by which the smoke escapes. It is computed that there are about 400,000 of the Calmucks and other Mongol tribes in the Russian empire. They were more numerous until the year 1770-71, when, finding the yoke of Russian despotism too galling for them, half a million of them transferred themselves within the limits of the Chinese empire, preferring the rule of the heathen emperor at Peking to that of the Christian emperor at St. Petersburg. By his celestial majesty they were kindly received, and the Ily country in Soongary was assigned to them as their place of habitation.

These people are strongly attached to their wandering life; and so thoroughly do they distaste the idea of settled habits, that, when angry with a person, they wish that he may live in one place and work like a Russian. They are Buddhists in religion, paying a religious veneration to the sovereign pontiff of that system at Llassa, in Thibet. They are attended in their wanderings by the llamas, or priests, who have great influence over them.

The Moravian Missionaries at Sarepta laboured diligently to bring these poor wanderers to a knowledge of the gospel; but the prospects of success were blighted by the interference of the Greek clergy, who claimed the right, according to the Muscovite laws, of baptizing all converts from heathenism. Yet the Greek church makes no effort to christianize these tribes. Contented that they should remain heathen, that corrupt system only interferes when there is danger of their becoming Protestant Christians. In heathen and Mahomedan lands there is room for the action of the gospel; but where the Greek or Romish system is in political ascendancy it is shut out. Corrupt Christianity is the greatest obstruction to the gospel.

THE NEW STATION AT CHURCH MISSIONARY POINT, ENGLISH RIVER, RUPERT'S LAND.

THE locality of Lac-la-Ronge having been found unsuitable for a permanent Missionary station, the Rev. R. Hunt has removed to a place which he has called Church Missionary Point, on the banks of the Missinipi or English River. It is fifty miles further north than Lac-la-Ronge, and has the advantage of bringing Mr. Hunt into more immediate communication with the Chepewyans who inhabit the country north of the English River. Many of these people have been with Mr. Hunt. Although no Cree connected with the station knows the Chepewyan, yet it providentially happens that many of the Chepewyans know the Cree language. This has afforded Mr. Hunt the opportunity of instructing them in the truths of the gospel. Several of them have learnt the Cree syllabic character, and, on returning to their homes, took with them copies of St. John's Gospel in that character, which they can now use for themselves, and use for others also. One Chepewyan lad has been resident at the station; and Mr. Hunt has taken advantage of this circumstance to apply himself to the language of this people, which is far more difficult than the Cree. Thus among these poor dark wanderers Missionary work has begun. May many of them find rest in Christ!

In this change of station, however, much privation and suffering have been endured by Mr. and Mrs. Hunt. Our readers are aware of the wintry climate of Rupert's Land; yet so much had to be done, and so

slow are the Indians in the help they give, that the 6th of December had arrived, and Mr. Hunt's log house was far from being finished. "It is very, very cold," writes our Missionary, under that date, "but we still, of necessity, live and sleep in our calico tent, of course without a fire in it. I could not believe it possible to live in such cold comfort. During the night the tent, and even the upper blankets, become stiff with frozen vapour. Our family servants are exposed in their tents in a like way." On the 21st of that month they moved into the enclosed space, which was called a room, but having no ceiling, and one of its walls a blanket. We cannot be surprised, therefore, if not unfrequent mention of indisposition—in his own case at one time of considerable severity—on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, occurs in the journals before us. It is with much thankfulness, however, we are enabled to record that they have been brought through so trying a winter without any permanent injury to their health.

To insufficient protection against the winter's cold is to be added insufficiency of food. The fur-trading posts and Mission stations throughout Rupert's Land are mainly dependent, throughout the winter season, on the supplies yielded by the fisheries, more especially at a new station, where no time has yet been afforded to bring the land under cultivation. There are various modes of carrying on the fisheries when the lakes and rivers are frozen over. Nets are generally used, and the manner in which they are set under the ice by the help of poles was explained in a previous Number.* Another mode in use among the Indians is represented in our engraving.† A decoy, generally the image of a small fish, is played through holes made in the ice, by an instrument like a stout iron chisel, firmly attached to a pole. The Indian supports his blanket on branches, and within the tent so made lies flat on his stomach. The light being in great measure excluded, he is able to see into the waters below, and holds his spear ready to impale any fish that may approach to seize the bait.

The supplies of food yielded by the fisheries are marked by much uncertainty. Mr. Hunt mentions that at Athabasca the Hudson's-Bay Company occasionally have nets in use, at one and at the same time, the total length of which exceeds 2400 yards, about one-fourth of which has to be taken up, cleaned, and mended every day. At his own station there have been often 800 yards under water at the same time. Yet we find in his journal notices such as these—"Nov. 10—Not one fish taken." "Nov. 13—Only six fish taken." "Nov. 17—Only ten fish taken; but James Halcott, a good man, returned from hunting, having killed two deer. Our God does not forget that we are in need of extraordinary provisions. Unless we take more fish, all this meat"—a moose had been brought in the day before—"will last the work-people and the school but a little while: yet how encouraging it is to be thus specially provided for, now it is so difficult to get fish." "Nov. 24—No white fish, and only five others from the new fishery: thus the supply of meat was providential." Eventually they were obliged to recur to Lac-la-Ronge as the fishing station, and to cut and clear a sledge road through the woods and over the four intervening lakes to facilitate the transmis-

* February, p. 18.

† See Frontispiece.

sion of fish. Notwithstanding the precariousness of the supply, Mr. Hunt is enabled to state, under date of February 27, 1853—"We have never yet passed a *whole* day without *any* food."

In the midst of these difficulties Mr. Hunt has had the satisfaction of tracing a gradual improvement in character of the poor Indians under his care. So deep is the degradation to which they have sunk, that to raise them out of it is a work of great difficulty, and can be effected only through the instrumentality of that gospel which "is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Even then the improvement is slow, and discouraging circumstances, such as the breaking out of old habits, not unfrequently occur. But it is going forward. "They are much changed," says Mr. Hunt, "in some respects for the better; and I sometimes believe they are certainly thankful to God "for His unspeakable gift:" and thus they appear to have the principle of amelioration within them, which will live and grow till it bring forth all the fruits of the Spirit. Meanwhile, may we be prayerful, patient, and persevering." The circumstances under which their daily food is supplied to them through the long winter seems peculiarly fitted to convince our Missionary and his Christian partner how necessary such qualifications are, and to exercise them in their daily practice: and Mr. Hunt seems to have transferred the lesson which has been conveyed to him in temporal things to his spiritual work. "Our removal to this side of Lac-la-Ronge is a providential one; and we hope and pray that, both with respect to the success of our efforts to draw both Crees and Chepewyans into the gospel net, and with respect to such a supply of fish as is necessary for our daily bread, He that once said to His discouraged disciples, 'Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find,' will vouchsafe to us such success, and by such means, as shall most magnify His holy name, so that all men may see and acknowledge that it is the Lord."

~~~~~

#### AN EXAMPLE TO IMITATE.

WE have to bring before our readers a very touching case of extreme danger, and merciful deliverance, which happened in August last to a vessel called the "Meridian," with 107 persons, crew and passengers, traversing the wide sea from London to Sydney. After passing the Cape, stress of weather came on, but the ship was a strongly-built, well-found craft, and no danger was apprehended. They approached, however, much nearer to the isle of Amsterdam, a rocky crag which rises out of the Indian Ocean, than they had imagined. A mist increased their danger, and a new direction given to the course the vessel was steering, brought her right on the island. The island rises abruptly from the sea, and, wrapped in clouds, was surmised to be a squall a-head. All was peaceful below—the passengers at tea, the children being put to bed—when first the waves became furiously rough, and then there was a tremendous shock, the vessel quivering from stem to stern like a reed in the wind. This was followed by several others: the ship was among breakers, and soon settled down in a rocky bed, which she never left until broken to pieces by the waves. How suddenly death comes on

those unprepared for it, when the body in sickness is like a ship among the breakers! What need to be prepared for what must come; to be amongst those reconciled to God by the blood of Christ! It was a solemn scene—friend embracing friend as though expecting immediate death. About midnight the ship parted in two: the fore-part was swept away, but the after-part, from its exceeding strength, held together for two or three days.

And now, God in His providence interfered: the mainmast fell as a bridge from the wreck to the shore, and across this the whole of those on board got safe on the island, three only excepted, who were lost. But here there was apparently little improvement in their condition: it seemed to be a change from one death to another. Behind them were cliffs 150 and 200 feet high; before them the raging sea; while they found themselves on a margin of land very narrow, and on which the tide seemed to be continually gaining. Happily, in this exposed situation they were enabled to supply themselves with abundance of clothing washed ashore from the wreck: provisions, too, were washed near them. But the spot where they were was extremely dangerous. The cliffs above must be scaled. Some of the party, at the risk of their lives, succeeded in gaining the summit, and the rest were drawn up by ropes. Soon after they had left the sea rose, covering the resting-place, and sweeping away every thing left on it.

Here, then, they were, on this desert mass of rock, the home of sea birds, covered with a jungle of reeds, and yielding nothing for the service of man. Water was the only thing useful to man to be found on it. They had only six days' provisions. Unless relieved by some ship visiting the island, they must be starved to death. Yet it was not likely that any ship would approach them. There was nothing to invite. Every ship avoided the dreary crag; and if they did come, such was the nature of the place, no boat could approach the shore. So hopeless was their position. Three days passed over, when a ship hove in sight. We may imagine the eagerness of these poor people. Signals, the best they could procure, were put up, and every one that could clambered to the cliff, waving something. The signals were observed and answered. Now mark the perseverance of the captain of this whaler, an American. He had perceived there were human beings immured on that solitary crag. Some would have gone clean away, and not put themselves to trouble or inconvenience. But he came to a different determination, and resolved to help if he could. In doing this, he had to encounter difficulties and discouragements of no ordinary description. He was almost immediately driven out to sea by a gale of wind, and did not recover his offing for two days. When he did so, a boat was manned: and here, not only did he prove a resolute but an experienced man. He knew the island. He had spent a season there, whale fishing. He knew

every crevice, and the only two places where at times a landing could be effected. To these places they had to beckon the shipwrecked people, for they lay six or seven miles across the island, over the rugged surface of which they had to make their way amidst incredible hardships. Nor was it until after four days that they had assembled at the desired spot. Scarcely had this been done, when a gale of wind arose, in the midst of which the captain, with his boat's crew, were in great danger; and when he reached his vessel the ship was again driven out to sea, and five days elapsed before he regained the island. Still he persevered, nor did he rest until every soul was on board, except one poor cripple, who could scarcely walk, and could be saved only by sending men to look for him. But the noble-minded captain would not leave him behind, although it cost a delay of four days to get him on board.

All this was done for the preservation of earthly life: what, then, should be done when souls are in danger? The heathen are like the shipwrecked people on the rocky isle. They are where there is no spiritual food—no food for the soul. After a very little while they are sure to die. We are as the ship in sight. We might help if we would. Have we that love for our fellow-men which will lead us so to do? If Christ has been a Saviour to us, we shall desire to be instrumental in saving others. That makes all the difference. He feels for the souls of others who has learned to value his own; and he desires to make Christ known to others who has found Christ's salvation precious to himself. Is it true you have never felt any interest in efforts for the conversion of the heathen, or for the spiritual welfare of others, at home or abroad? You would help to give them clothing, food, &c., but you do not care to give them Christ. Alas! you are on the rock yourself. You yourself need help. You are without Christ, and if you remain so you must die. But if we are resolved to help, then we must prepare for difficulties. It is not a work which can be done easily. Our Society has not found it so. It is astonishing, all our Missionaries have had to contend against in carrying help to the heathen—sickness, want, cold, perils in the wilderness, journeyings, perils of robbers, perils by the heathen. How many Missionaries have laid down their lives in this work! and shall we refuse to give, with warm interest, our prayers, our contributions, to a work in which others have sacrificed life? And what discouragements supervene! Like the ship, driven to sea again and again, so often have our best plans been disappointed, and all our labour seemingly lost. Still, we persevere, and, by the blessing of God, we hope to do so, and that our readers will persevere with us. And we have had encouragements; for the heathen beckon us to help them—nay, more, we have got some on board. A goodly number have been turned “from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.” May grace be given to the Society to persevere in this blessed work!

CONSTANTINOPLE.

CONSTANTINOPLE is a locality with which the course of events is rendering us very remarkably familiar. An English war-fleet has now for some months used the Sea of Marmora as its rendezvous, steaming to and from the Black Sea as occasion demands; an English army is en-



BAZAAR AT CONSTANTINOPLE.



camped in the Asiatic suburb, Scutari; and our soldiers and sailors are now conversant with the domes and lofty minarets, the quaint houses and intermingled foliage, the cypress groves and cemeteries. Strange, indeed, and strongly contrasted with those of home, are the scenes which meet their eyes. There are the bazaars, a city of covered shops, street after street continuing to open before the stranger, where the richest productions of the world are exposed for sale, each in its own bazaar—Kashmír shawls and Chinese silks, jewellery, glittering arms, slippers, fezzes, &c. The phlegmatic Turk, the owner and salesman of one or other of the numberless departments, smokes his pipe as though it were a matter of indifference whether he had customers or not. He solicits no one, but waits until he is addressed. He uses no importunity, but presents the article which is asked for, and no more. But if the variety and costliness of the various articles exposed for sale, and the singular method in which business is transacted, are calculated to excite attention, still more is the strange medley of population which meets the eye in the bazaars and narrow dirty streets. Turkish and Armenian females, muffled up in large cloaks and white muslin shawls, which so cover the face as to leave only the eyes visible; gaunt Armenians shuffling along in pointed red slippers, large dark-coloured cloth cloaks, and a singular-looking pear-shaped hat, the smaller end fitting on the head; Turks of the old school in coloured turbans and oriental dresses, and others of the new school with red fez and European costume; Albanians, Greeks, Jews; hamals, or porters, toiling along with heavy burdens on their backs; sakahs, or water-carriers, with leathern vessels full of water; grape-sellers, bending beneath the weight of baskets full of fruit; occasionally a sort of waggon-carriage, painted bright blue, with red wheels and awning, drawn by two buffaloes, bearing along the ladies of some great man's family—these, with many other objects which it would be tedious to enumerate, present to the eye of the western European, on his first arrival, a novel spectacle.

Equally strange, too, are the sights which, in connexion with the arrival of our troops, are for the first time seen by the orientalist. We shall refer to one of these. It is the Sunday after the arrival of the first two British regiments in the great barracks of Scutari, on the elevated shore of the Golden Horn. The troops are drawn up in square, in the midst of the immense barrack yard. One of the officers is reading the morning service: the men are listening silently and respectfully. The Turks, who have often had too much reason to think that the Franks had no religion, stand round, and see with wonder their new allies at their prayers. It was, no doubt, the first time that such a scene in such a locality was witnessed.

Constantinople is a great centre, where mingled populations meet from Europe, Asia, and Africa. It would be a great centre from whence gospel truth, if once placed, by the providence of God, in a position of influence, might widely and powerfully extend itself. The fanaticism of the Turks long precluded any effort of the kind, nor have twenty-five years yet elapsed since Constantinople was occupied permanently as a Missionary station. But since then the intolerance of the Turks has been gradually giving way, and more freedom has been afforded to the action of the truth. Let us hope and pray that the present help afforded by the western powers to the Turks in the time of difficulty, may help still more to the removal of prejudices, and prepare the way for the time when, without let or hindrance,

the gospel shall be fully and freely proclaimed to the mingled population of this city, as well Mahommedan as Christian.

The importance of united and fervent intercession on behalf of Missionary work in the Turkish empire is evident; and it is therefore that we have heard with much thankfulness and hope of a deeply-interesting prayer-meeting held at Constantinople on the first Monday of this year, attended by Protestant Christians of every denomination, native and European. Ministers of the Church of England, of the Free Church of Scotland, American Missionaries, were present, and took part respectively in the services. Prayers were offered, and addresses delivered, in Armenian and Turkish, and hymns sung in Greek, Turkish, and Armenian, at the same time and to the same tune. Such a meeting is of first importance. To such prayers God has promised to give, in answer, His Holy Spirit. Moreover, they are in a peculiar manner calculated to counteract one great danger—the injurious effect likely to be produced on the Turks by a want of union amongst the various denominations of Protestants.



"WHAT HAVE I TO DO ANY MORE WITH IDOLS?"

THE apostle Paul, in writing to the Thessalonians, reminds them of the effects produced amongst them by the preaching of the gospel, when they "turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God; and to wait for His Son from heaven." The same happy consequences attend, at the present day, the faithful preaching of the gospel. The world continues to despise such efforts; but "the weapons of our warfare are . . . mighty through God to the pulling down of the strongholds" of prejudice and long-confirmed superstitions, and the Lord's work is going on, even amidst difficult and discouraging circumstances. A leading journal in the metropolis, indeed, tells us that they who co-operate in the Missionary efforts now being put forth for the evangelization of distant lands may unmake a few idolaters, but rarely make a Christian. Confessedly, the idolaters which have been unmade are by no means few. They are very many. Whole nations have cast away their idols: this every one knows who has ever thought it worth while to look into the subject. And if there be many that have renounced idolatry, who shall take upon him to say that there are few real Christians among them? Is it not much more credible that they are in earnest than otherwise? If an individual gets a new garment we can understand his casting off the old one. If an individual has found a better faith and a better hope, we can understand his surrendering his idols, and enduring patiently the taunts and persecution of relatives and former friends, rather than violate the convictions of his conscience, or become again the abject worshipper of idols which he has learned to despise. Yet these are the circumstances in which our converts from heathenism are being continually placed. We find them sufferers for conscience' sake. Yet they act openly. If it were merely that, having lost faith in their idols, they

had ceased to have any religion, they would be careful to keep their change of opinion to themselves, and conform themselves, whatever they thought, to the popular superstitions rather than suffer inconvenience from it. But this they do not. They not only cast away their idols, but profess Christ before men, and persevere in doing so, although subjected to much loss and inconvenience. But there are many, at the present day, as sceptical of the conversion of the heathen as the Athenians of old were of the resurrection of the dead; and to such persons we may well say, as Paul said to the Athenians, "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?"

The following account of a poor heathen led to see, under the illuminating influence of the gospel, the vanity of idols, and the preciousness of Jesus as a Saviour, is taken from the journals of Mr. James White, one of our native catechists at Lagos, in the Bight of Benin, a place where Missionary work has been only recently commenced, and where it has been carried on, as yet, amidst very much of difficulty and discouragement—

*April 6, 1853*—Having been requested by one of my Sunday-scholars, by the name of Ige, to come and take away her idols, and informed that she had obtained her mother's and husband's consent, because they had contributed towards procuring them, I went, accordingly, with Mrs. White, two of our converts, and our school teacher, to her house. We found that she had assembled her relatives together, and we read and prayed with them; and after encouraging her, she brought me her Shango, Elegbara, Osoyin, Obatala, and Ifa. Notwithstanding the violent opposition of her enemies, she stood firm and undaunted in her faith, as the following narrative will show.

Her priestess having heard that she renounced idolatry, paid her a visit, with a hope of reclaiming her. "I have heard," said she, "that you have become a book-woman" (Christian). "Yes," Ige replied, "I have served idols long enough, and I now determine to try this new mode of worshipping God." "I beg you," said her priestess, "not to do so, else we shall no longer be friends." "Though you may hate me on this account," continued Ige, "yet I love you, and would recommend to you this new religion." "Are you mad?" said the woman. "You may think me so," replied Ige; "but I pray that you will one day become as mad as myself." After this discourse, Ige gave her something to eat, which she accepted; but first of all offered a pinch of it as a thankoffering to Ige's Shango, that was in one corner of the house; upon which Ige exclaimed, "How have you robbed me of my right! Instead of thanking me, your benefactress, you have given my praise to another: so," continued Ige, "we have given God's honour to idols." The priestess, having nothing more to say, left her, wondering at the mighty change that had taken place in her.

A Sierra Leone emigrant, who lately arrived here, found the same firmness and resolution in her, which distinguishes her character. A very grave old man, indeed, he is; and has perhaps never once attended church in his whole life, though he was located in a place where the sound of the gospel incessantly invites sinners to accept of a Saviour's dying love. He was once at my house, where he met Ige learning her Primer. He said

nothing, but went to Ige's mother, to question why she had allowed her daughter to go to a white man's house, "for I see they have brought the same lies that they teach in Sierra Leone: but who will ever believe them?" Then, putting his hand into his pocket, he produced his Ifa. "See," said he, "I have just come from white man's country. This is what took me there and brought me back again." Ige, who was then present, silently listened to him till he had done, and then answered, "Though I have never gone to a white man's country, yet I am not a stranger to all our idolatrous system, for I was one of its votaries, and I know that white men do not practise such lies and frauds as we do; and since I have not discovered any thing but truth in all they say, I am determined to believe their teaching." After a warm debate on both sides, Ige remained invincible, and the old man went away ashamed.

Nor has Ige been satisfied with her own escape from the degradation of idolatry, but with earnest solicitude has laboured for the emancipation of her friends. And she has been helped in such efforts, because they are according to the mind of God. About a month afterwards, her husband Jongono brought his idol to our catechist, without having been asked to do so. What led him to do so? Are we not reminded here of Peter's exhortation to Christian wives in his First Epistle, iii. 1? "Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands; that, if any obey not the word, they also may without the word be won by the conversation of the wives." No doubt in that way Jongono has been led to seek instruction. It has not been because of the persuasion of the Missionaries, but by the conversation of his wife. No doubt her bearing and deportment showed that she had not merely cast away her idols, but that she had got something far better; something that made her happy and peaceful in herself, and kind and obliging to others.

But this is not all. The circle of her influence has been extended beyond her own family and connexions. Our Missionary at Lagos, the Rev. C. A. Gollmer, writes—

*July 9, 1853*—One of our young neighbours—one of our Lagos converts—came, with his wife and his aged father, to deliver, unasked for, their orishas (gods) to me. The old father brought his Ifa, with all the accompaniments, some of which were rather the worse for wear and tear, which, with other signs, indicated long service. The old man said, "For many years I have worshipped these, and put my trust in them; but I now know they cannot save. No! God alone can save, and therefore I desire to put my trust in Him and His Son Jesus Christ." B.'s wife brought her orisha, called Buku: it consisted of a red dyed cloth covering and head tie, necklets, armllets, and anklets of white cowries strung in strings, and a broom for sceptre; and this, B. said, she had worshipped for the last six years, and spent about fifteen heads of cowries upon it, but in vain. "And where is your orisha, B.?" I inquired. "I have none," he replied. The truth is, he was half a Mahomedan before our arrival, which accounts for his not having an orisha. B. is a very clever and handy young man: I found him very serviceable in building the Mission-house: he assisted carpenters and painters, and

did well: he has ever since been more or less about us, when he heard God's word. A short time ago B.'s wife went to Ige, one of Mr. White's converts, her companion Shango worshipper, to see whether it was true that she had given up her orisha and taken the white man's book. Ige's kind invitation to join her in God's service, as they before were joined in the devil's service, affected her, and soon after she came for a primer, and attended Sunday-school and our services regularly: and B. and his wife to-day begged to be received into the candidate class for baptism. The old father I knew personally, having passed and repassed his house three or four times a-day for about three months, whilst building the house, when I spoke a friendly word now and then; but I was not aware of what was going on in his heart. B. informed me that, when he returns from church, he tells his father all the word of God he has heard; and so he now, with us, believes that there is no salvation but in Christ, and therefore desires, at the brink of the grave, to retrograde in heart and turn to Jesus Christ. We rejoice at this free renunciation of the devil and confession of the Lord, and pray that grace may be given them to continue faithful unto the end.

How wonderfully Christian influence, real Christian influence, extends, and propagates itself from heart to heart! Reader, there are other idols besides material idols. In countries like our own, where we are blessed with the light of Protestant Christianity, men do not place their idols in their house, on an altar, to worship before them. They would be ashamed to do so. But they have idols in their hearts. There, in secret, they set them up, and serve and worship them; and very ugly idols they are too, and lead men to do very ugly and evil things. May the eyes of poor sinners be opened to see the preciousness of Jesus, that they may be willing, after Ige's example, to give up the sins which they have loved and served, and, counting all things loss for the excellency of His knowledge, diligently occupy themselves in persuading others to His service!

---

#### THE CRIM TARTARS.

It is about seventy years since Russia compelled the Porte to surrender to her the Crimea. A Tartar kingdom had existed there for several centuries, governed by its own khans, although acknowledging themselves as tributaries of the Turkish sultan. The treaty, by which the Crimea was transferred from the supremacy of the Porte to that of Russia, provided that the Tartar population should continue to be ruled by their own native princes, chosen by themselves. But no sooner had Russia acquired the protectorate than the last khan was compelled to resign, and the Crimea was annexed to the Russian empire. Immediately many thousand Tartars, especially in the parts adjacent to the maritime towns, sold their property and goods at the lowest price and retired into the Turkish dominions.

Still the Tartar population is numerous in the Crimea, and, combined with Russians, Jews, &c., forms a motley population. Nor do these various classes amalgamate—nay, on the contrary, each preserves its national distinctiveness. At the great annual fair of Simpheropol the various

racés and costumes appear in strange confusion. There may be seen the red-bearded Russian, in jack-boots and sheepskin, the gaily-dressed Tartar, mounted on a little wiry horse, and wearing a large white fur cap, a red striped embroidered jacket, fitting close to his body, with wide open sleeves, loose dark blue trousers, with a bright coloured girdle, in which is sheathed a heavy handled dagger, while his slippered feet are thrust into clumsy stirrups. There also may be seen Russian Jews, with long black beards and long black cloaks reaching to their ankles; Armenians, Greeks in gay costume, gypsies, German shopkeepers, &c.; while, as it were to render the picture still more unlike that of Western Europe, enormous carts of wicker-work appear, each drawn by two camels, of the Bactrian stock, presenting a very singular appearance, the two humps being so long, that, unable to sustain themselves, they fall down on either side of the animal's back.

Even the Tartars themselves are divided into classes very distinct in appearance from each other. There are the Nogay Tartars, the unmixed descendants of the Mongolian tribes who formed the bulk of the hordes which in the time of Zenghis Khan invaded Russia and the Crimea.



CRIM TARTARS.

The Crim Tartars, on the contrary, bear a strong resemblance to the Turks and Europeans. Many of them are handsome, tall, and robust: their complexion is fair, with black or dark brown hair. The woman in our engraving is in her walking dress. She wears a *feridshé*, a kind of undress gown of a loose texture, manufactured by themselves, of white wool. Several coloured Turkish or white cotton handkerchiefs are wrapped round the head and tied under the chin, and over all these a white cloth is thrown, reaching half way down the arms. This, when it pleases them, is drawn over the face with the right hand, so that the eyes alone are visible.

Amongst the mountain ranges, and their highland glens, are other races of Tartars, differing very widely from their brethren of the plains, and who are described as a hardy, hospitable people.

It is with deep regret we have to state that the Tartar race in the Crimea is rapidly diminishing, and that more especially of late years, under the blighting influence of Russian oppression. They number at present about 100,000, not more than half the population of the Crimea. One writer who has recently visited that country gives strong testimony on this subject. "Their energy, too, seems declining with their numbers. Whole tracts of country, susceptible of a high state of cultivation, and once producing abundantly, are now lying waste: their manufactures deteriorating, their territorial wealth destroyed, their noble families becoming extinct, their poor ground down by Russian tax-gatherers, and swindled out of their substance by dishonest sub-officials. Ere long the flat-roofed cottages, now buried amidst the luxuriant vegetation of clustering fruit-trees, will crumble into dust, and with them the last remains of a nation who once occupied an important position among European powers."\*

But we must introduce our readers to the ancient capital of Crim Tartary, *Bagtchè Serai*, "the Seraglio of gardens." It occupies a deep narrow valley in the south-west quarter of the Crimea. High rocky terraces enclose it on either hand, while a small brook, flowing through the valley, divides the town into two sections. The numerous turrets of the mosques, and handsome chimneys of dwelling houses rising up amidst orchards and waving poplars, give it a pleasing appearance. The streets, however, are crooked, narrow, and mean. The main street, about a mile long, is so narrow that two carts can scarcely pass: indeed, the motley group of Tartars, Karaite Jews, and gypsies, is much inconvenienced by the appearance of even a single vehicle. On either side are the shops, devoid of any front wall, and closed at night by wooden shutters, which form in the day time a sort of counter, on which the owner sits cross-legged. Here sheep-skin caps are fabricated, the most approved of which are made of a short curling wool, of a blueish grey colour. Here are workers in leather, surrounded by piles of saddles, belts, tobacco pouches, and curious-looking whips. Here are slipper makers and tailors; here cutlers, with large and small Tartar knives, famed for their superior temper, and manufactured to great perfection. There are also shops for making and selling felts of wool. Cook-shops also present their attractions to the passers-by; and the people gathered around huge cauldrons of soup, are busily employed in extracting from them square

\* Oliphant's "Russian Shores of the Black Sea," p. 308.

pieces of fat, which they eagerly devour. On either side, in the fruit season, the street is lined for some hundreds of yards with grapes, figs, pomegranates, peaches, nectarines, and apricots; while innumerable fountains of purest water, gushing out from the hill side, afford immediate refreshment to those who thirst. Would that the fruits of the tree of life, and the waters of life, were equally abundant in the Crimea! but of these there are none.

But we must for the present break off this subject.

~~~~~

CUMBERLAND STATION, RUPERT'S LAND, AND ITS BRANCH STATIONS.

It is now not quite fourteen years since Missionary work was commenced at Cumberland. It was a lonely spot in the wilderness, 500 miles distant from the European head-quarters at Red River, when the Rev. H. Budd commenced to rear his log house, and collect the scattered Indians. All is now changed. The world is full of changes—often for the worse, sometimes for the better. Where the gospel has “free course,” we are assured that the change shall be for the better; that “the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.” It has been so at Cumberland. The improvement which has taken place is beyond all that the most sanguine could have anticipated. The neat church, filled on the Sabbath with a congregation of Red men, once wild men in the wilderness, all decently attired, and deeply interested; the Indian village, built on either bank; the Missionary parsonage; all show what may be done by a faithful use of the one great means which God Himself has appointed for the salvation of man. Devoutly do they join in the responses; touchingly do they sing; with deep attention do they meekly hear the “engrafted word, which is able to save their souls”—so much so, that on their return they are enabled to repeat much of what has been said to such of their relatives and friends as have been detained at home. The Rev. J. Hunter, the Missionary at Cumberland, in a letter dated January 6th of the present year, thus bears testimony to the value which they put upon the means of grace—

I was much engaged preparing for the services here on Christmas-day: during the week the Indians were coming in from all quarters to receive the Lord's supper on that day. I had a great number of candidates for the communion. After careful examination and instruction, I admitted thirteen new communicants. At our usual evening prayer-meetings during the week, the school-room was crowded, and my addresses were specially directed to the Lord's supper, warning and encouraging them to come to that holy ordinance, pointing out the importance of the rite, and at the same time the necessity of due examination and preparation for its due reception. I trust they felt their own sinfulness and unworthiness, and came in simple dependence upon the Saviour, looking to Him for pardon and acceptance, and earnestly praying to be strengthened and refreshed with divine grace from on high. I have often had

occasion to notice that they come long distances to attend the Lord's table: they think nothing of a fatiguing journey of more than 100 miles in snow shoes to be present on these highly-prized occasions.

We commenced Christmas-day with our usual early prayer-meeting at seven o'clock: the school-room was crowded, and I read, in Cree, Matt. i. 18 to the end, and made some practical remarks both on the birth and death of the Saviour, as they were about to commemorate His dying love at the Lord's table. At the Sunday-school we had ninety children present: Miss Annabella Ross, my wife's sister, who is spending the winter with us, greatly assists me in teaching in the Sunday-school. At eleven o'clock we had full morning service in the church, and I never saw it better filled than on this occasion, nor the Indians neater or cleaner in their persons. I preached from Matt. i. 21, and then administered the Lord's supper to 100 communicants, being the largest number which have communicated here: they filled round the rails six times. Both men and women were very neatly attired, and many of them received the elements with tears and trembling. On the hands of several, as they were stretched out to receive the emblems, I noticed the marks which they had received when in a state of heathenism; but, blessed be God! they have been brought "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." May they be sealed by the Spirit, as the servants of the living God, and, in the day of the Saviour, be found among that "great multitude, which no man can number," which shall be "clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands!" After the evening service I baptized two infants, and then went over to administer the Lord's supper to Alexander Chichester, who was prevented by illness from being present at the Lord's table to-day. At night I felt exhausted from the duties of the day and the previous week—perhaps ministering in a foreign language is more fatiguing than in one's own. But I bless God that He continues to me health and strength to labour in His service; and may He be pleased to pardon all my infirmities, and accept my poor services for His dear Son's sake!

Up to the present time the winter has been very severe, and intensely cold; the thermometer 30° and sometimes 40° below zero: much snow has fallen, and my poor people are suffering very much at present for want of provisions. At this time they are killing very few fish either in their nets or by angling, and we have daily demands upon our little stock of fish, flour, &c., laid up in store to supply their wants. But I trust, when the weather becomes a little warmer, the fish will be more numerous, and that a bountiful Providence will supply their wants. They are very anxious to remain about the station, to attend the prayer-meetings and services, but I fear many of them will now be going off for a season to hunt for furs and provisions.

Thus they are not without their difficulties and trials, but these make more sweet to them the consolations of the gospel. Meanwhile they are not negligent in spreading abroad the light, and Cumberland is now a Missionary centre, with its branch stations formed in different directions round. On the north-east is Mr. Hunt's station on the Missinipi river; eastward is Mr. Budd's new station at the Nepowewin; and on the south-west is the Moose

Lake station, of which we gave some account in our Number for March 1852. At that time the Indians there were very much indisposed to the gospel, and unwilling to receive instruction. But John Umfreville, the native teacher, has been enabled to persevere, and there are now indications of decided improvement. Mr. Hunter's account of a recent visit to this place will be read with interest.

I have lately made a winter journey to Moose Lake, travelling in a cariole. I found all well at the station, and about twenty children in the school, thirteen of whom read to me St. Matthew's Gospel in Cree very nicely: many of them read it quite fluently. Philip M'Donald, the schoolmaster, reads it as well as I can, and John Umfreville now uses it for his text book. He will be delighted when the Prayer-book comes out, as it will greatly assist him in conducting prayer meetings, &c. I spent three whole days at Moose Lake, including the Lord's-day, Dec. 18, and administered the Lord's supper to nineteen communicants. I also baptized two adults and two children. Sāmutūkwun-ākāpow, "the one standing with his wings elevated," was baptized by the name of Abraham Anderson; he is a brother of Kakekā-kapow, "always standing," whom I baptized last summer. One hopes and prays that he may rise upon the wings of faith and love, and ever be active and zealous in the Redeemer's service. The work is evidently progressing at Moose Lake, and God is graciously disposing the hearts of the Indians to receive the gospel of His dear Son. There is now every appearance that in a few years their prejudices will be removed, and that the Moose-Lake Indians also will be admitted into the visible church of Christ. O that they may be made partakers of inward and spiritual grace, and at last be admitted into "the inheritance of the saints in light!"

Abraham's mother, widow of the White Bear, Wapusk, came here to prevent her son, if possible, from embracing Christianity: she used severe threats, but her son was resolved to become a Christian, and, having once put his hand to the plough, was determined not to look back. She told him he was forsaking the religion of his fathers, and would ruin himself if he took the white man's religion; but it was all to no purpose, and the young man and his wife appeared delighted to be delivered from the bondage of heathenism, and admitted into "the liberty wherewith Christ" makes His people "free." Another Indian, called Pāchenoos, or Pāchenoo-wākapow, "onstanding with the wind coming towards him," was also desirous to be baptized, and spoke to me on the subject; but his wife was unwilling, being under the influence of her mother, the same White Bear's widow. He has therefore put off his baptism until I come again, hoping that his wife will then join him in renouncing heathenism. I endeavoured to persuade him to be baptized at once; but I think he was afraid, if he did so, that his wife would leave him or be taken from him. One by one, the old widow's children are becoming Christians, notwithstanding all her threats and efforts to keep them from doing so; and I trust God will at length dispose her heart also to seek salvation through the atoning blood and righteousness of the Redeemer. After the baptisms, John Umfreville gave an address, reading a few verses from St. Matthew's Gospel: he did it with much ease and fluency, and his heart appeared to be truly engaged in the work: he is a good Cree speaker, and, now he can read and

understand St. Matthew's Gospel, he will be able to make his addresses more interesting and varied. The Sunday evening I was at Moose Lake, he and Philip read to me several chapters in Cree, and I explained to them what they did not understand. It was a busy but happy Sabbath. May the divine blessing rest upon the seed sown, and may it grow and increase a hundred fold for Christ's sake! Amen.

And why should not this blessed work be extended until Missionary stations in Rupert's Land become as numerous as the fur-trading posts of the Company, that each group of suffering Indians may have within their reach some means of instruction, some point to which they may direct their steps when the consciousness of spiritual need comes distressingly upon them?



PRECIOUS GIFTS.

WE make no apology for publishing the following letters. They are precious documents, full of encouragement, full of instruction.

The first letter states neither name nor occupation; but from its structure we recognise it as coming from one of "the poor of this world" who are "rich in faith." It is as follows—

I have to inform you that a parcel has left Bath to-day, by the luggage-train, directed to you, containing useful articles to be made up into warm clothing for the North-American Indians. It is from a friend of Missions: and if you think it would be acceptable, she would prefer its going to the Cumberland Station, for the use of the Rev. Henry Budd's people. I shall be much obliged to you if you will send a line, to inform us of its arrival at your Mission House, and I will forward the same to the friend that sends it.

The second was forwarded to us by an esteemed clergyman in the neighbourhood of Tunbridge.

April 27, 1854.

REV. SIR—I have sent the enclosed small sum of money to you, begging your kind disposal of the same in the following way, namely—ten shillings to the Bible Society, twelve shillings to the Church Missionary Society, and ten shillings to the Ragged-School Union.

I am, Sir, Yours humbly,
A SERVANT GIRL.

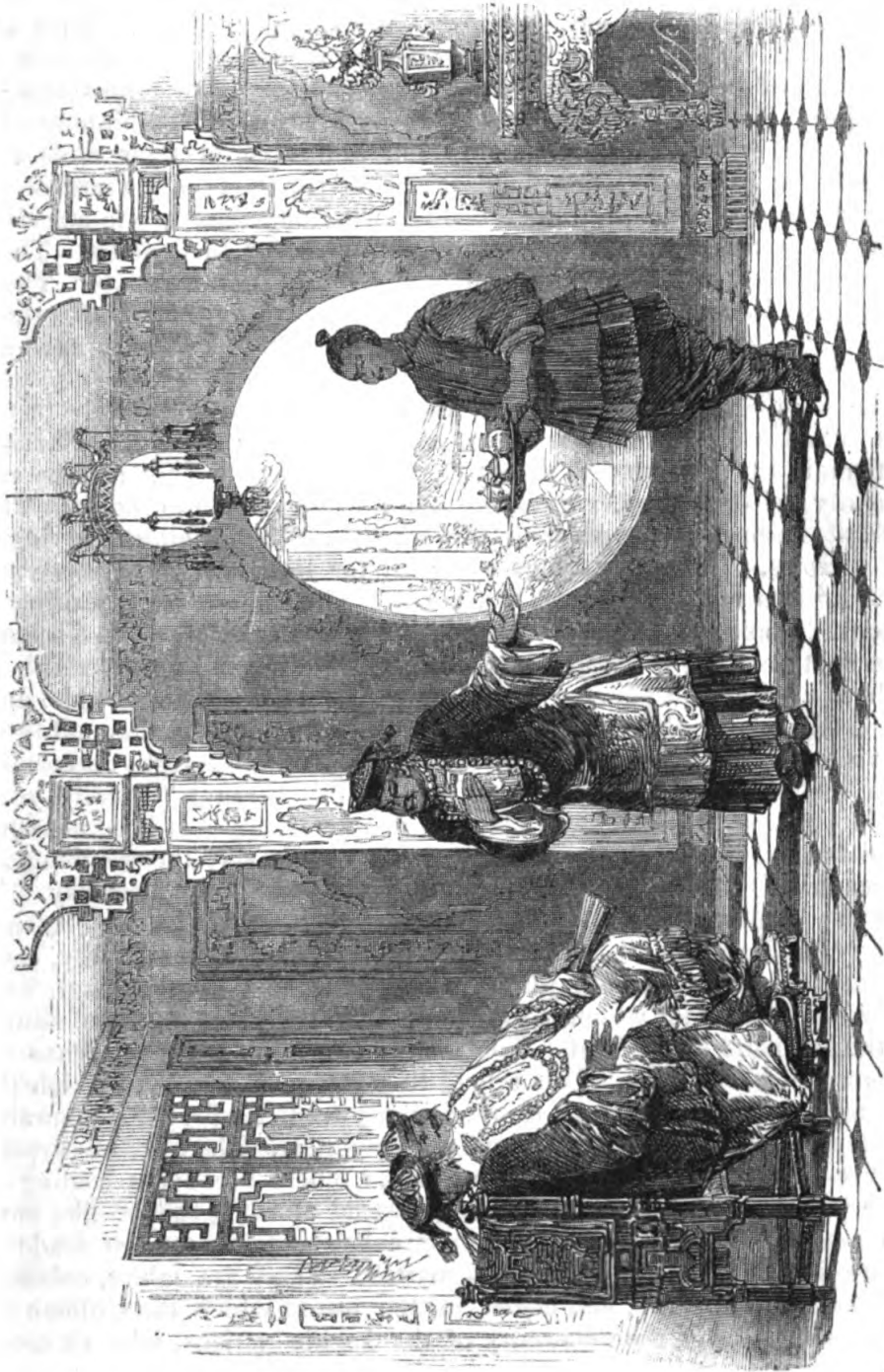
Our correspondent adds—

You will, I am sure, join with me in praising God for this humble and yet liberal gift. May He vouchsafe to use it for His glory!

The third letter was from an Infant-school-mistress, enclosing a Post-Office order for 14s. 10½d. May it be repaid one hundred fold in spiritual blessings to her own soul, and be used to the extension of much spiritual good amongst the heathen!

THE CHINESE.

IN our Numbers for January and February last mention was made of the disturbed state of the Chinese empire. A great revolution is in progress, one of such a nature as, if successful, must completely change not only its political but its religious condition. That such a prospect



CHINESE RECEPTION HALL.

awaits China cannot be cause of regret; and although the storm which has broken over that country may be violent, and of some continuance, yet if it usher in, as we trust it will, a more healthful state of things than that which for generations has prevailed there, we cannot but welcome its arrival. We propose to give our readers some idea of what China has been hitherto, and what there is in the movement which is going forward to encourage us in the hope of better times.

The Chinese are in many respects a very singular people. They are atheists, and yet idolaters. They in no wise recognise the existence of an eternal, all-powerful God: every thing connected with Him seems to have been blotted out from their minds. Instead of worshipping the true God they are idolaters, and in the multitude of their idols are probably surpassed by none; and yet in all their idolatry there is no religion, for they worship these idols, not with any reference to eternity, or with any desire to obtain spiritual blessings for their souls. They have no consciousness that they labour under any such necessity. Their thoughts and desires are completely taken up with what may be for their interest and happiness in this life, and the concerns of eternity have no place in their minds.

The peculiar character of the people will appear more plainly if we look into the details of their domestic life. The dwelling of a Chinese gentleman in its outward aspect is not inviting. The houses are generally of one story, presenting no opening but the door. The roofs are hipped, covered with thin earthen tiles in alternate ridges and furrows. There is a hall expressly for the purpose of receiving visitors,* into which the guest is ushered. The ceremonial of visiting is curious. Persons of military rank visit on horseback; others in a sedan. A servant runs before, bearing in his hand the visiting ticket. This is made of vermilioned paper, about eight inches long and three wide, and folded four, six, eight, or even more times, according to the quality of the visitor. The simple name is stamped on the upper right corner, or, if on the lower corner, thus—"Your humble servant (literally, your stupid younger brother) bows his head in salutation." If it be not convenient to receive the guest, the host sends out to stay the gentleman's approach. Otherwise, the sedan is carried through the doorway. If they be equals, each clasps his hands before his breast, bowing slightly, and saying, "Tsing, Tsing;" but if there be inequality, each advances just so far, bows just so many times, and goes through precisely the ceremonial which is expected, until the guest is placed sitting on the left hand of his host. The interchange of compliments runs on in some such wise as—"It is a long time since we met;" to which the host replies, "How presume to receive the trouble of your honourable footsteps!" Let us now look round the apartment. There are no carpets, no fire-places, or windows looking out. There are doors leading to other parts of the house: sometimes, instead of being shaped like ours, they are round, leaf-shaped, or semicircular. The floors are made of square tiles of brick or marble, and matted. There are tables, cabinets, porcelain jars, couches, and chairs, in the use of which the Chinese are distinguished from the generality of the Asiatic nations, who sit cross-

* See Frontispiece.

legged on the ground, or use divans. Lanterns of various forms and materials, in which the Chinese are very *recherchés*, are pendent from the ceiling. At one end of the hall is a high table, standing before the idols and tablets, which are the objects of worship: on it are ranged the incense vases and other utensils used in idolatry, and here the sacrifices are placed. Before the table is the principal seat, a large square couch, with a low stand in the centre and a pillow to recline on. In front of it the chairs are ranged down the room in two rows, facing each other, each pair having a small table between them.

And here we may mention the chief object of idolatry throughout China—the ancestral tablet. This consists of a board called *shin chu*, *i. e.* house of the spirit, about twelve inches long and three inches wide, placed upright on a stand, and having on it the names and date of the deceased. The Chinese imagine that each person is possessed of three souls, and that on his death one soul goes into the world of spirits, another dwells in the tomb, and the third in the ancestral tablet. If the family be a wealthy one, there is a separate building in which the tablets are kept: in other cases a room is set apart, and sometimes it is a mere shelf. Before the tablets the members of the family bow themselves daily and burn their incense and papers. There is no form of idolatry more common than that which has reference to the spirits of the dead. It is the natural tendency of the human heart, and “as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.” It is the working of the same corrupt principle which leads the Chinese to worship the ancestral tablet, and the corrupt Romanist or Greek Christian to bow themselves before images and pictures, and invoke the aid of the Virgin and the Saints.

But we must return to the Chinese host and his guest. If the host has sons, and they are at home, they are generally introduced, and perform the *kotau* as rapidly as possible, that is, kneeling and striking the head on the ground. The guest raises them, and they stand at a respectful distance. If any of them be engaged in literary pursuits, the guest says “He will fully carry on the fragrance of the books,” that is, sustain the literary reputation of the family; to which the father immediately replies, “Hills and fields happiness thin,” that is, too much is not to be expected of him. The boys then say, “Slightly waiting on you,” that is, pray excuse us, and retire.

When a boy is a month old the father gives him the *ju ming* or “milk name.” On going to school this is changed for the *shu ming*, or “school name,” which is often sufficiently quaint, and assumes the form of Opening Olive, Promising Study, Ink-grinder, &c. Then there is a third name or style, which a man takes when he is married, and an official name, *kwan ming*, by which he is known to government. If he be in business, he takes a *hau*, or designation, which often appears on their signboards: such as, Mutual Advantage, Obedient Profit, &c. And when a man dies, a name is given him in the hall of ancestors.

But the ladies of the family appear not in this interchange of civilities. To them we must refer in another Number.

THE TARTARS OF THE HIMALAYA.

KUNAWUR is a frontier province of British India, bordering on Chinese Tartary, inhabited by Kunawurís and Tartars. The Kunawurís are hardy highlanders, and occupy themselves, some as traders between the low countries and Tartary, while others of them are employed about their vineyards and flocks, of which, both of sheep and goats, they have a great many. Their dress is generally a frock of white blanket, often twice folded, reaching to the knees, a pair of trowsers and girdle of the same, a cap of black blanket, and shoes, of which the upper part is woollen and the sole alone leather. Higher up in the valley of Hungrung are the Tartars. They are muscular, well made, and tall, few under five feet ten and many six feet and more. Their countenance is ruddy, with small oblong eyes and high cheek bones. They are said to be mild and benevolent in their disposition. They are clothed in warm white blankets, called sooklat. They wear stockings and boots, the former of white wool, the latter having the lower half red, and the upper part tartan blanket, the shoe part being leather. They all go bare-headed, even in the coldest weather, their plaited hair ending in a cue of two or three feet long. They have each a pipe, named khungsa, of iron, inlaid with silver, the cup generally silver. They have also, for striking fire, the mepcha of fine steel, ornamented with brass. The women, like the men, go about bare-headed, wearing long gowns, and loaded with silver and pewter anklets and bracelets, heavy ear-rings, chains, beads, &c. This people live almost entirely on animal food. There is but little grain produced in their mountainous country, and most of it is made into an intoxicating liquor called chong.

Their religion is Lama or Buddhism, as practised in Thibet. The chief pontiff of all the Lamas is the Grand Lama of Lahassa. The monks are called gelongs: they are supposed to be abstracted from all worldly concerns, and to occupy themselves in chanting hymns, and writing and printing sacred sentences from blocks of wood. There are also nuns, called chomos. The gelongs wear white trousers, a long red and yellow cloth garment, and either go bare-headed or have head dresses, commonly yellow, and shaped like a cone. Besides singing and chanting, they use in their worship cymbals, tambourines, immense brass trumpets, large drums, and the thigh bone of a man pierced with holes. In their temples are images of various kinds—some hideous and frightful, others with a mild and placid countenance. One of the most singular features in the superstitious practices of this people are the cylinders, called maní, containing sacred sentences printed on paper or cloth—some portable, so as to be turned by the hand; others placed on a perpendicular axis in a niche in the wall; sometimes so large as to require to be turned by ropes and a winch, and with the help of two people. All these are used for devotional purposes, each person, on passing, giving them a twirl, and repeating the sacred sentence, Oom mane pæe mee hoong.

Our Missionary, the Rev. J. D. Prochnow, of Kotgurh, in August

of last year visited these provinces, in the hope of obtaining access into Chinese Tartary, in which, as will be seen from the following letters, he was disappointed. The first is dated from Sungnum, two marches and a half from the Chinese frontier. Sungnum is a town of considerable extent and beauty, situated at the confluence of two rivers, 9340 feet above the sea level. The dell through which the larger of the two rivers flows is described as presenting a sheet of cultivation for three miles. There are extensive vineyards, and apricot trees; while around are the everlasting mountains, rising northward and southward to a height of not less than 14,000 feet. The inhabitants are chiefly Lamas; and here may be seen the mingled superstition of its benighted people.

Whilst I am actively employed among the male population of these hills, my wife has always a crowd of females around her. May the Lord in mercy bless our efforts! We are now nearly twenty-five days away from our house and home, and have been living in tents all the time. We intend to go into Ladak, and to stop here and there in large places, as opportunity may offer and the Lord lead us. The Tartar proportion of the population is here the greatest. Our tent is pitched at this place on the top of a Deota house, quite Hindui in structure. Close by are the cloisters or temples of the Lamas—the manís or prayer-wheels driven by the water—the large temple of the Lamas, with its hideous idols, and three or four large prayer-wheels, of from six to ten feet high and three to five feet in diameter, turned by men on a string, are also not far from our camp. How remarkable is it that the utmost friendship and harmony exist between the Hindus and Tartars, though their respective systems of worship are so very different—nay, often opposed—and still, as soon as we insist on a giving up the heart to God, with all its affections, believing in a crucified Saviour, then the enmity of the human heart will be perceived immediately. Nothing strikes one so much as the similarity of the Roman-Catholic system of worship, ceremonies, &c., with that of the Lamas—the holy water before the idols, burning of lamps day and night, rosaries, monasteries, and nunneries. If a Lama monk would only exchange his red or yellow gown for a black one, he might easily pass for a Romish monk. They have prayers for the dead: the picture in their temples of saints and holy men—of heaven and hell—are most extraordinary.

Mr. Prochnow penetrated as far as Shipki, the first large place in Chinese Tartary. It has a numerous population of Tartars, with something of the Chinese features. The houses are much scattered, built of stone and flat-roofed, each with its garden before it, hedged with gooseberry bushes. Here Mr. Prochnow's further progress was arrested.

At Shipki we found the authorities just as jealous as ever: we were not allowed to put one foot beyond the place. A letter I addressed to the authorities was never replied to. They knew nothing as yet of the change and movement in China. However, there is no doubt that the country must open its doors now, soon, and I shall (D.V.) knock again next year. Entry being refused to us now, we turned our face from Shipki to Ladak.

First we went by Nako-Chango into the Tartar province, Spiti—Dunkar-Khiwar—and crossed a pass 19,000 feet above the level of the sea (our servants became very ill: some showed all the symptoms of sea-sickness, others lost blood at the nose and mouth) into Ladak itself. A gentleman had, only a fortnight before us, lost his life in crossing this high pass, from sheer exhaustion. The rarefication of the air makes it extremely difficult. My wife was for a fortnight extremely weak, and I, too, felt a very strange sensation in my chest, so much so that in the night I frequently awoke, and had to arise and gasp for breath, as long as we were travelling on the high, elevated desert of Tartary, upwards of 13,000 to 15,000 feet high—very high wind, and dry to the extreme. For ten days we saw no human habitation, and for sixteen days no trees or shrubs. Our fuel was yak and sheep dung, and provisions we had to take with us. Still the road is very much travelled by wandering Tartars, who go from one ravine to another, where little patches of pasture are found, pitch their small black tents till their cattle, yaks, and sheep and goats, have cleared the ground from all grass, when they go to another small rivulet: besides, there are very rich borax and sulphur mines, and daily, during nine months of the year, thousands of sheep and goats are loaded with these products, as well as with wool, and driven down to the lower hills, whither merchants from the plains come to purchase. These wandering Tartars are a very superior set of men, in every way. I think our friends, the Moravians, who have just arrived in India, will do well to settle somewhat near them. The rich idol temples, monasteries, nunneries, are extremely interesting. We went direct to Leh, the capital of Ladak, and to Kashmír. We stayed a week at the capital of Kashmír, Srinugger, and returned by Chamba Kangra—Kulu—Sultanpur, to this place, which we reached on the 4th of November, after having been in tents for four months, less three days. I have had ample opportunity to preach and speak to small and large congregations in the people's villages, and on the road side, about the love of God shown unto us in giving His only-begotten Son for us, "to be the propitiation for our sins," and to invite them to partake of all His rich blessings. May the Lord graciously bless what has been spoken! Besides, I gave medicines to the sick and distributed many tracts, which were eagerly received and read.

RUPERT'S LAND.—FAIRFORD, MANITOBA.

A MISSIONARY being needed to take charge of the Indian Settlement at the Red River, it has been thought desirable that the experience of the Rev. A. Cowley should be made available for that important post, and he and Mrs. Cowley have been accordingly transferred thither from Fairford, Manitoba, where they have been labouring several years, Mr. and Mrs. Stagg, who have recently arrived in Rupert's Land from England, taking their place. Mr. Cowley has had many difficulties to contend with in the prosecution of the work at Manitoba, yet his labours have not been without their fruit; and the following extract of a letter from him will show how deep is the affection which the Indians entertain for him. There is in this race of people much of suppressed feeling, which

does not show itself except under the pressure of peculiar circumstances. The letter is dated January 19, 1854.

The people here received the news of my appointment to the Indian Settlement, Red River, with, I believe, unfeigned sorrow. On Tuesday the heathen Indians held a public meeting to prevent, if possible, my leaving Fairford. Finding they could do nothing, they expressed the deepest regret, spoke of me and Mrs. Cowley in the most affectionate manner, and rehearsed our mode of life among them in such a way as showed affection beyond what we could have imagined. I felt it much, and was a little shaken as to whether I had done right in accepting this offer, especially when I heard Wagemawaskunk say that he used to believe all that the Indians told him; but that since he had heard the white people give instructions out of "the book" he believed it, and that he had made up his mind what to do—that his desire is to pray. Is not God among them of a truth? From this young man we expected no good thing, but, on the contrary, feared the worst. I rejoice much in this spontaneous avowal of his sentiments before and in the midst of his heathen friends: may God bring him forth His own, in His own good time! The meeting was very solemn and impressive: not one lighted his pipe—a thing, I believe, unprecedented. I strove to allay their fears, and enlist their confidence in my successor; and we had a nice opportunity of preaching the gospel of the grace of God, and urging their return to Him. I am now installing Mr. Stagg into office. Mrs. Cowley feels much at leaving the spot where we have laboured so long, and the people to whom she has become much attached.

Mr. Stagg, in entering on his work, has met with a severe trial, which is mentioned in the following extract from a letter of Mr. Cowley's, dated Indian Settlement, April 8—

On the 12th of February I took the duties below, and entrusted the performance of them above to Mr. Stagg. Shortly after we had ended the morning service, we were surprised and distressed by intelligence from above, that, during the time of divine service, a fire had broken out in Mr. Stagg's house, and that when the messenger left it was nearly destroyed. As the river was partially open, and as it was a cold drifting day, some time elapsed ere I got across; but after crossing, I soon got up, and found my worst fears had not exceeded the disaster: all was in ruin. The first thing that struck me, on approaching the place, was the absence of the building that was wont to catch the eye, then the smoke issuing from that direction, and soon the sad spectacle was fully and awfully manifest. A group of people, blackened with clouds of smoke, soot, dust, &c., stood as it were in silent grief, lamenting their inability to restore that which once was, but is not. Poor people! they had done what they could, but all to no avail. In the morning, Mr. and Mrs. Stagg, and their servant boy and girl, two from the boarding-school, had gone as usual to the Sunday-school. After it was over, Mr. Stagg went home to see that all was right, and thinking it quite safe, returned to the schoolhouse to hold divine service with the people and school-children. Service being ended, and when they were about to leave the schoolhouse, intelligence reached them that the house was on fire: all ran instantly to the spot, distant perhaps about a hundred yards, to do

what they could. They broke in the windows, to try to rescue any thing that might come to hand, but to no purpose: the fire only raged the more when an opening was once effected, and in an incredibly short time the house fell a burning ruin. By dint of perseverance, a few books, greatly scorched and burnt, and a little linen, half consumed, were rescued from the burning mass, as mementos of the loss our worthy friends have sustained—I fear for very little other practical use. So great was the heat, that the very cast-iron stove was melted and destroyed, and nothing escaped the flame. I tried to console the sufferers, by urging that their persons were untouched, and that it must be for good in some way, though now we may not see it, and escorted them to my home, where I endeavoured to make them forget their misery and trouble. When I left Fairford they were quite well, and, as far as possible, quite happy, and reconciled to their loss.

THE TARTARS OF THE CRIMEA.

IN our last Number we gave some description of Bagtchè Serai, the ancient capital of Crim Tartary. Here, guarded by Russian soldiers, stands the palace where were wont to dwell the khans of the Crimea. Entering by an iron gate, through the principal vestibule, the visitors are introduced through arches into the gardens of the seraglio, from whence staircases ascend to the different galleries. The suites of apartments retain the rich furniture, the soft Turkey carpets, the richly-embroidered curtains, the tapestry of costly satin, with which their former possessors had adorned them; but the rulers who once lived a luxurious life amidst those gardens and ornamented chambers, and lofty halls, with fountains playing on marble slabs, have passed away, and all that remains of them is to be found in their cemetery not far distant, where the crumbling ruins and the mouldering relics of mortality in the vaulted chambers unite in witnessing the same truth—that the glory of this world passeth away.

We also introduced some notices of the Tartars of the Crimea, who still, notwithstanding the diminishing of their numbers under Russian rule, constitute a large proportion of the inhabitants of Crim Tartary. But let our readers mark what a wide-spread race the Tartars are, in all their branches and varieties. In another paper of this Number you find a description of a portion of this people occupying one of the Himalaya provinces of British India, on the borders of Thibet. They extend across the whole of the vast Asiatic continent, and yet they are a race without opportunities, and in total ignorance of the gospel. They were once a ruling race. In Russia they had a kingdom at Kazan, which held the Muscovites in subjection. From the beginning of the thirteenth to that of the fourteenth century they were the scourge of the Russian provinces, nor was it until more than 200 years after that they were subdued. In the Crimea they ruled for several centuries, as tributaries to the Porte. In both these localities they are now a

subdued and broken race. In China they have been rulers for 200 years. There also it would seem as if the term of their dominion were near its close. Many of them have already fallen beneath the sword of the Chinese patriots. It may be the divine purpose, that in this, the time of their humiliation, opportunities may be afforded of commencing among the Tartars a work of evangelization, and, oppressed as large portions of them are, they may be found willing to hear.

Amidst the highland glens and pleasant valleys of the Crimea they exist, a hardy, hospitable race, very simple, but very ignorant.*



Their villages are usually built on the steep side of a hill. Each builder excavates a spot for himself out of the hill side. The perpendicular at the back saves on that side the erection of a wall,

* Our Engraving represents a Tartar shepherd, distinguished by his curious crook, a common Tartar, with a bullock whip, and a third figure, to show the hood worn in rainy weather.

and the cottage literally consists of a roof projecting out of the hill, and with a front and side walls. The roof is perfectly flat, and, projecting beyond the front wall, is supported by posts, and forms a sort of verandah. Whether you pass above or below them they present a very singular appearance. If below, no roof at all is visible; if above, as one writer informs us, "they would have the effect of diminutive drying-grounds for grain or coffee, were it not for the smoke that issues from the conical mud chimneys. These serve not only as apertures for the smoke, but also as means of verbal communication with the interior of the houses. On a dark night an equestrian might easily mistake his way, and, riding straight over one of these roofs, make his appearance at the front door in a manner too abrupt to be altogether consistent with good breeding."*

We introduce here, from the book to which we have just referred, a description of a Tartar house in which the author passed a night when ascending the Tchatir Dagh, or Mountain Tent of the Tartars.

Dismounting before a low verandah, we entered a sort of hut, by a hole about three feet square, and, passing through a small room, and another hole, found ourselves in a somewhat more spacious apartment, carpeted with thick white felt. Raised about six inches above the floor, a sort of divan extended all round the room, above which were suspended quantities of richly-embroidered cloths, used as handkerchiefs or towels. I bought a very handsome one of these, with an Arabic inscription upon it, for a ruble.† Upon a shelf at the further end were piled gold and silver brocades, while, hardly corresponding with such handsome garniture, earthenware vessels were ranged upon the massive beams which supported the roof, and which were placed so low that the members of the household could reach them easily, and unwary strangers knock their heads against them continually. A great many bunches of wild thyme were hanging from the rafters, but they by no means answered the purpose of overcoming the strong smell of garlic which floated round everybody, and pervaded every thing. We were delighted with the comfortable air of the whole establishment: nothing could have looked cleaner than the white walls, or softer than the white felt, but we had not as yet experienced one peculiar property of the latter.‡ A very small window, with wooden bars, and touching the ground, was opposite a large old-fashioned sort of fireplace, in which an ox might have been roasted whole, and which completed the unique appearance of our quarters.§

The mountains of the Crimea rise, in their higher summits, to an elevation of 5000 feet, remarkably contrasting, in this respect, with

* Oliphant's "Russian Shores of the Black Sea," pp. 231, 232.

† A Russian silver coin, worth about 2s. 9d.

‡ They were already in the possession of numberless inmates, who did not fail to avenge themselves on the intruder who visited these cushions in the hope of finding sleep.

§ Oliphant, p. 220.

the monotonous level which generally prevails throughout Russia. The Tchatir Dagh is one of the highest. In climbing to its lofty peak the traveller passes through varied and beautiful scenery. Orchards and gardens abounding with every kind of fruit trees, fields of tobacco, Indian corn, flax, and millet, with extensive vineyards, are interspersed with snug-looking Tartar villages, until, as the path ascends, the beech-woods succeed the more cultivated grounds, above which tower the limestone cliffs that form the summit of the mountain.

We cannot be surprised that the Crimea has become of late years a favourite resort of the Russian nobility. Along the south-eastern shores their castles and chateaux may be seen. Hedges of cypress and olive, pomegranate and laurel, line the road, which, as it climbs some lofty range, or drops into the valley beneath, is continually presenting lovely scenes to the eye. Would that gospel truth were entrenched in the Crimea! It would be a central spot from whence it might exercise a commanding influence.

CONFESSIONS OF AN IDOLATER.

THE following account of an idolater, given by himself, is worthy of perusal. It very clearly shows the unhappiness of being such; the vain hopes and expectations of obtaining from idols what they are unable to grant; the greediness of the priests; the expense attendant on the sacrifices; and the bitter disappointments which are the portion of the worshippers. It also shows the growing influence of Christianity in heathen lands, and the welcome refuge which the gracious Saviour affords to poor weary and heavy-laden sinners. We have extracted it from the journal of Mr. S. Crowther, jun., one of our native agents at Abbeokuta.

June 21, 1853—An idolater called this morning at my house at Igbein before 8 A.M., and inquired after me. After he had found me, he told me that he came for peace, and not for war, and that he was sent to me by his Obatala (a god composed of white beads, cowries, &c.). As I perceived that he wanted medicine, I sent him up to Ake to wait for me. After my arrival at Ake I inquired into the reason that his Obatala had sent him to me; “for it is a marvellous thing,” said I, “to hear that Obatala sends his worshipper to one connected with the true God.” He replied, “I do not know how or why it is thus, but so it is; and let this not prevent you from hearing me, for I had long thought of Obatala’s conduct towards me, which has been altogether strange, and before he had consented to send me to you I had almost given him up.” He proceeded: “I am an Obatala worshipper, as you see by my white dress. I have been his servant from childhood, and he promised me health, wealth, and a good number of wives and children. I do not believe any one has been so faithful to him as I have been: I have sacrificed goats, sheep, and pigeons without number to Obatala, and I was glad when every thing was going on well with me. I was and am still a farmer: I got a good deal from my farm, and afterwards I was able to support a

wife and a child. I then increased my sacrifices: I had an Ifa priest to divine for me; but after some time my wife died. I inquired at the hands of Obatala the reason, and he attributed it to the insufficiency of sacrifices. I redoubled my sacrifices. After a year or less my child also died, my only daughter"—here he spoke with much feeling. "I again inquired, and Obatala's answer was as formerly. I again redoubled my sacrifices. Not long after I fell sick of rheumatism. I would not ask any more of Obatala, as I could not spare money then to make sacrifices, but intended to keep the little I had in hand for the doctors who would cure me. I called in an Ifa priest to divine, and he told me that he would undertake my cure—with a good remuneration, of course: but this I cared not for; I wanted to get well again. However, after one year's trial without any good effect, for I became worse instead of better, I called the priest, and asked him the reason why I did not get better. He told me that Obatala wanted sacrifices, but did not wish me to use any medicine for my cure. It was then that I thought of the unreasonableness of Obatala's answer; for how could I have expected to get well without means? I then told Obatala that I wanted to make a trial of another doctor, for I had already been told of you. Obatala at first would not consent to my going to the Oibos,* lest I would believe theirs"—that is, embrace their religion. "However, I did not give Obatala rest, for I inquired over and over for a recommendation, until I got him to agree to my coming to you; and here I am now without any more property than what you see on my body. Tell me all about your religion, and what I should do; and upon my own words I am bound to believe and do it: but I also want your assistance with respect to my complaint."

I explained to him accordingly the principles of the Christian religion, and pointed him to Jesus Christ, who, I told him, was evidently drawing him, by the lovely cords of His Holy Spirit, to Himself. I called a communicant of the Ake church, who entered the room at the end of our conversation, to explain the love of Jesus to him, and the folly of idolatry, and thereby to confirm all that I had told him. The woman spoke, from the true feeling of her heart, the truths of the Christian religion, and the folly, as well as the destroying tendency, of the Obatala worship, as also the cruelty and deceitfulness of the babbalawos; for she herself, she added, had been an Obatala worshipper, but now she was thankful that she was a member of Christ's church. After our long conversation I administered medicine to this sick man, and he went away full of gratitude and joy. Before he left, he desired me to tell him whether it would be lawful for him to attend the church under the state of sickness in which he was, and whether he should at once throw away his Obatala. I told him that the church is a place where all the sick, both of body and soul, are to lay their complaints before Jesus, the true and good physician; and that he would find many like himself there. I also advised him not to act immediately from the impulse of the moment, by throwing away his Obatala, but to attend always God's house of prayer and hear His word, and compare His worship with that of Obatala, and then make his choice.

Since then, this individual has been regularly attending our church.

* White men.

THE CIRCASSIANS.

WE are anxious to bring before our readers the shores of the Black Sea and the adjacent countries, a deeply-interesting region, but one as yet unvisited by the bright sunshine of the gospel, where false religions, of various aspects, have prevailed, and Christ, in the simplicity of that sal-



ANCIENT GREEK CROSS IN CIRCASSIA.

VOL. IV. NEW SERIES.

I

vation which He has provided for us, is unknown. With this object we have introduced some few sketches of the Crimea, very meagre and imperfect, yet enough, perhaps, to lead the mind of our readers in that direction, and make them anxious to obtain more information than can be found in the scant pages of our unpretending periodical. There is another country to which we now turn, the mountainous region of the Caucasus occupying the isthmus which intervenes between the Euxine and the Caspian, and known under the general names of Circassia and Georgia. Circassia lies most to the north. It is a mountainous and rugged country, and is divided by the river Cyrus, or Kour, from the less broken and more fertile Georgia. The latter is under the power of the Russian Czar: the former is the home of fierce and warlike tribes, who have hitherto successfully resisted all his efforts to enslave them.*

This region is generally recognised as the cradle of the post-diluvian family of man. On mount Ararat, one of the Caucasian range, the ark rested. The adjacent lands were probably those which were first re-occupied, as the little seed of human vitality, so marvellously preserved, expanded and reproduced itself; and here man is still to be found retaining more of that beauty and excellence of feature and form which we might suppose originally belonged to him, than in other descendants from the same common stock.

The principal nations of Circassia are the Cherkesses, the Abasians, the Ossetinians, the Kabardians, the Tchetchencis, and the Lesquis. Of these, the two first-named are the most powerful, outnumbering by half all the other tribes. They may be computed probably at one million and a half, while the rest of the Caucasians do not exceed one million. They are both animated by the fiercest hostility to the Muscovites, whose deceits and violence they have alike resisted. Occupying the north-western extremity of the Caucasian range, they have there maintained themselves; and Russia, unable to force her way through a country strong by nature, and still more so when defended by a courageous people, that could not be conquered, and disdained to submit, has been obliged to limit herself to the conquest of the Black Sea coast, of which the events of the present war have already deprived her. The Cherkesses, about one million in number, are supposed to be the aborigines of these regions. The Abasians, although established there from time immemorial, exhibit in their features some admixture with the Egyptian or Mongol races. The other tribes are the relics of various nations, swept in here amidst political convulsions, as the tide of conquest has advanced or receded. Amongst the others are the Ossetinians, a fair-haired, blue-eyed people, supposed to be the descendants of a colony of Medes. The Cherkesses inhabit the eastern side of the mountain chain. They are not tall, but exquisitely formed, and possessed of great muscular

* Our Frontispiece represents an ancient Greek cross, situate amid a coppice on the hill above the glen of Sùkwa, not far from Anapa, the Russian fortress on the coast opposite the Crimea, which was recently reported to have been attacked by the French fleet under Admiral Bruat. The Russians are said to have offered a high price for this relic. The inscription, rude at first, has become much defaced by the weather. The figures are, of course, Circassians. Our readers will be enabled from this to form some idea of the appearance of the country and its inhabitants.

power and activity. They wear a close-fitting tunic, with cartouch-pouches sewed on the breast, and tight trowsers. These garments are generally of brown, or some subdued and sober hue. To these they add a round cap, with a thick border of sheep-skin fur. But when the Circassian prepares himself for war, the cap is exchanged for an iron helmet, surmounted by a spike, while from the helmet there falls over his shoulders a shirt of mail exquisitely finished. From his narrow belt hangs his sword, of admirable temper, manufactured in his own native mountains, or perhaps an heirloom transmitted from father to son, and valued in proportion to its toughness and sharpness. To this they add the rifle, with the bow and arrow.

But the Circassian is an equestrian warrior. It is on his small but beautiful horse that he performs his daring feats. Surefooted and active, they bear their rider in safety down precipitous descents, or spring from rock to rock in a manner incredible to Europeans. Riding with a loose rein, and one stirrup longer than another, the warrior uses all his arms on horseback, and even at full gallop, with astonishing accuracy. His horses and his arms are the objects on which the Circassian expends most freely of his means. In other respects his mode of living is very simple. His chief articles of food consist of a kind of millet paste, maize cakes, and the roasted flesh of sheep.

The Abasians dwell chiefly on the reverse side of the chain from that occupied by the Circassians, and are found on the western slopes facing the Black Sea. They are equally brave with the kindred tribe, and as resolute in their resistance to Russian encroachment. Only the chiefs and nobles are mounted, nor are the helmet and coat of mail so frequent among them as among the Cherkesses. But they are as fierce on water as on land, and have not unfrequently attacked and mastered Russian vessels when becalmed off the coast.

We must direct attention in another paper to the religious and social condition of this singular people.

PASSING EVENTS AND LASTING CONSEQUENCES.

THE journals of our Missionaries are full of interest. Often can we trace in them the footsteps of the Lord in His various dispensations, showing mercy, and yet also, at times, not withholding judgment. The same alternations may be marked in the history of one of our home parishes. Look back at the end of a year, at the end of three months, and how many events may be reckoned up in which the hand of the Lord is visible—events, too, of very different aspect. In one case may be seen the converting power of the gospel—a sinner changed, brought to see and renounce the evil of his ways, and transformed into a lowly follower of Jesus. In another direction may be remembered something very different—a hardened opposer of religion suddenly removed, a solemn warning to all around; and in another instance the consolatory power of the gospel manifested in the case of some dying Christian supported amidst the weariness and painfulness of lingering sickness. We have now the journal of

one of our New-Zealand Missionaries lying before us, that of the Rev. James Hamlin, Wairoa, Hawkes' Bay. It embraces the period of four months ending May 9, 1853. On looking over the journal we find it precisely of the same varying aspect. The first is a very solemn case. It is that, not of a native, but of an European, who, brought up from childhood in the profession of Christianity, ought to have been, not a hindrance, but a help to the natives. Mr. Hamlin had visited a white settlement on the coast, near his station, on the Saturday morning, leaving word of his intention to hold a service there next day, which, on the conclusion of the native morning service, he proceeded to do; but only four whites attended, the rest being engaged with a vessel which had anchored in the bay. Mr. Hamlin writes—

After service I conversed some little time with these four, and, while thus engaged, the news was brought that Mr. — had been struck dead in an instant, while in the act of looking over the goods which were then landing from the vessel. I hope it may prove a salutary warning to the whites of this place. He would sometimes attend service, but he was a mocker and a scoffer of religion, and of all that was good, and a gambler. On one occasion he and some others had their card and dice table out of doors on the Mahia beach, in open defiance of the sacred institution of the Lord's-day, and played their games in the presence of many natives, some of whom they had made drunk. But he is now gone to give an "account of the things done in the body." I mentioned to these four whites the awful words of Scripture, "He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy," and observed to them, "We have now before us one instance of its fulfilment."

No doubt the sin of sabbath-breaking is very great, especially in those who, having influence, employ that influence to destroy the religious character of the Lord's-day, and encourage others to use it as a day of pleasure or of business. God is "a jealous God." Profane acts of this kind will bring a blight, and not prosperity.

Next come two deaths, one brightened by Christian hope, the other unilluminated by it. What a contrast!

March 3, 1853—This afternoon I went to inter Ruihi Takaore, who had departed this life while I was at Nukutaurua. In her parting address to her friends and relatives she warned them against coldness and indifference in the things which concern their never-dying souls. Though she was a regular attendant on the ordinances of religion and the Bible classes, she confessed that she often had been lukewarm in the service of her Lord. It was evident to all that her end was peace.

March 14—I interred Ruihi Auahi this evening, but I fear she died a stranger to God and herself. She was a young woman of about twenty-two. Many were present at the funeral, and I endeavoured to improve the solemn event by seriously pressing upon the minds of all my hearers the uncertainty of life.

It will be observed that both these persons were of the same

name—Ruihi—yet, it is to be feared, not both possessed of the new name which God gives to His children in Christ; both, too, favoured with the same privileges, but with different result.

The next point of interest is that of a New-Zealand chief, under circumstances of provocation, restraining himself, and choosing rather to suffer loss than to render evil for evil.

March 29—Leaving Tahaenui, we proceeded on, and reached Kopuawhara a little before dark, and, after the usual ceremonies of salutation were over, I had prayers with the whole, including the natives of the place. While here, we had a lamentable instance of the well-known fact, that any ill-disposed fellow can disturb the public peace for the most trivial circumstance. This has often been done in times that are gone by, and would now often occur but for the restraints the gospel puts upon them.

There had been a disturbance about a spot of deep water in a swamp in which eel pots are occasionally deposited, and sometimes a few eels are caught. The quarrel was between Ihaka Whanga and Tangihaere, the former the acknowledged chief of the place. Both had descended from the same parents some generations since, but Ihaka, or Isaac, belonging to the eldest branch of the family, had, according to native custom, a prior claim. Isaac exhibited the true spirit of Christianity in this, as he has upon all former occasions. Tangihaere exhibited the true spirit of a restless New Zealander: only a word, and he flies to arms, and is making ball and cartridge. Isaac restrained his party from imitating their example, and told them that arms and murder was not the way for a Christian to settle disputes: it was their duty to imitate the example of their Master, and to pray for their enemies and for those who were opposed to them. In six instances he had, for the sake of peace, given up his claim to places to which he had an undoubted right.

Thus human affairs progress, until the great consummation shall be reached, and all shall have assigned to them the eternal destination, whatever it be, for which their earthly life has fitted and prepared them.

~~~~~  
THIBET.

THIBET is separated from our Indian empire by the ranges of the Himalaya. It is of immense extent, reaching from Kashmír to the borders of China, and stretching northward until it meets the great sandy deserts of central Asia. It is one of the most singular regions of our world, its peculiar characteristic being that of intense, and yet dry cold. The clouds, arrested on their advance from the sea by the towering summits of the Himalaya, discharge the humid treasures with which they are stored on the southern slopes, and reach Thibet as “clouds without water.” Hence the snows which fall on the northern declivities of the Himalaya are far inferior to those which are accumulated southward; and hence, in many parts, the country is a mere desert, composed of naked hills of clay, strewed with shivered fragments of rocks, split by the severity of the frost, or covered with fine sand, from whence the dry atmosphere has exhausted every particle of moisture. Hence it is only

in favourable situations that, at the proper seasons, slight crops of barley, peas, and wheat can be raised; but the deficiency of agricultural produce is compensated for by the abundance of animal life. The number of quadrupeds is astonishing; amongst others, the yak, or grunting ox of Tartary, covered with a thick coat of long woolly hair, and whose tail of fine bushy hair is used in India to drive away flies, where these appendages are called chowries.

The Thibetians are of the Mongol stock, and possess the small eyes, high cheek bones, wide mouths, and thin lips, which are distinctive of that race. They do not shave the head, but suffer the hair to flow long over the shoulders. They usually wear a blue cap, bordered with black velvet, and surmounted with a red tuft. A full robe, fastened with hooks on the right side, and girded with a red sash, and red or purple cloth boots, complete their costume. The dress of the women is similar to that of the men, except that over the robe they wear a short, many-coloured tunic. The women enjoy much liberty, perhaps more than those of any other Asiatic people; like the women of the Yoruba nation, carrying on much of the petty trade of the country, and performing most of the agricultural labour. The men occupy themselves in spinning and weaving wool, from which they manufacture a stuff called poulou, very close and solid, and of every variety as to fineness. The robes of the Lamas are invariably made of red poulou. The pastile sticks, so universally used in China, are made in Thibet, out of the ashes of various aromatic trees, mixed with musk and gold dust. These are burned before the idols in temples and private houses. Wooden cups are also a great article of manufacture, as every Thibetian carries about him, either in his bosom or in a case suspended from his girdle, a wooden cup, out of which he invariably takes his meals. Some of them are very costly in price, and are said to possess the property of neutralizing poisons.

The Thibetians in religion are Buddhists. Buddha is supposed to be the universal soul, and all created things—the earth, stars, men—are only temporary manifestations of him: they have had a beginning, and must have an end, and be absorbed and lost in the universal essence from which they sprung. The Thibetians believe in an unlimited number of divine incarnations, which they say Buddha assumes for the benefit of man. Thus their pope, the talé-lama, is supposed to be an imperishable personification of Buddha; and when one talé-lama dies, Buddha is said to have put off his human envelope, and to pass into the person of his successor. Hence the talé-lama is an object of divine worship, as are all other persons who, from whatever reason, are supposed to be personifications of Buddha. In fact, there is a particular class of the priests, or Lamas, called chaberon lamas, who are all recognised as living Buddhas. The nomekhan, or spiritual emperor, who manages the affairs of state, in which the talé-lama is too holy to interfere, is also regarded as a living Buddha. Sometimes the sovereigns of the petty principalities into which Thibet is divided are so regarded, especially one of them at the present time, the sovereign of Djachi-Loumbo, south of Lhasa, who is supposed, after numerous and marvellous incarnations in India, to have fixed himself in Thibet. The Thibetians call him the great saint, and continually invoke him. Pilgrims come to present at his feet their offerings, and the caravans which arrive at

Djachi-Loumbo bring him great wealth, in return for which he distributes amongst the devotees shreds of his old clothes, &c. Perhaps there is no system of false religion which offers greater facilities for the exercise of hypocrisy, ambition, priestcraft, than that which we have sketched as prevailing in Thibet, and of which the poor ignorant people are the victims. But we have much more to say on this subject at another time.

Every three years an embassy proceeds from Lhasa, the capital of Thibet, to Peking. Numerous caravans take advantage of the strong escort to accomplish this great journey in safety—a journey not without its dangers, especially from the predatory hordes of the Su-Fan, or eastern Thibetians, known by the generic name of Kolos. These caravans present a curious assemblage of beasts of burden—long-haired oxen, horses, mules, donkeys, camels, to the amount of many hundreds each. Our engraving presents a singular specimen of a Thibetian family *en route*. Foremost is the mother of the family, seated astride on a fine donkey, having her infant strapped on her shoulders, and leading after her a packhorse, with two panniers containing each a child,



who peep out curiously from their respective domiciles. If one child be heavier than the other, a stone appended to the lighter pannier makes the balance equal. Behind follows the father on horseback, having the eldest boy behind him on the crupper. A large dog completes the family group. The caravan is accompanied by Thibetian and Tartar soldiers, some on foot, some on ox-back, but most on horses and camels, and armed with lances, sabres, bows and arrows, matchlocks, &c. In crossing the deserts of central Asia much danger and privation have to be endured, and many lives are sacrificed. These are indeed dreary regions: the soil is arid and pastureless. High mountains have to be crossed, where the snow falls heavily, and the wind is so strong and icy as to interfere with respiration, and make the traveller shiver and tremble beneath his accumulated wrappings of furred garments. The animals, without pasturage, first give way; although, to screen them in some measure from the cold, the horses and mules are swathed in pieces of carpet, and their heads wrapped in rolls of camel's hair. After a time, the men, unable to go further, fall out of the ranks, and, if left there, are soon frozen to death; and yet, urged to advance as rapidly as possible, in order to save the lives of the whole body, their companions have no time wherewith to tend the sick, and they are abandoned.

These are singular regions, of which, as yet, little is known by Europeans. On the Himalayan frontier a jealous vigilance is exercised, and no Europeans are permitted entrance. Yet this, it is said, arises, not from the Thibetians, but from the Chinese, to whom the Thibetians are tributary. We trust that Chinese exclusiveness is now receiving its death blow, and that Thibet, as well as other portions of the great Chinese empire, will soon be open, and opportunity be afforded for the preaching of the gospel of Christ in these unknown lands.

~~~~~

THE GOSPEL NET.

IT is seldom we publish any thing from the many addresses which from time to time are delivered on behalf of the great cause of Missions. It is not because we are not sensible of their value; but because what is suitable and impressive on the platform, would not always be suitable if transferred to the pages of the "Gleaner." But the following Address, delivered by the Hon. and Rev. S. Waldegrave at our last Anniversary, is not only valuable in itself, but, in its structure and diction, so precisely harmonizing with what our periodical ought to be in these respects, that we gladly introduce it, both as an example to ourselves, and for the benefit of our readers. The Resolution which Mr. Waldegrave was called upon to second had special reference to the blessing which had attended the preaching of the Gospel in the Sierra-Leone Mission. That blessing he proceeded to illustrate and explain.

MY LORD—

May I be permitted, in seconding the Resolution which has been moved by the Bishop of Sierra Leone, to call the attention of the meeting to a passage of God's word which has often appeared to me

beautifully to illustrate the nature of Missionary operations, and to tell the secret of Missionary success? In his forty-seventh chapter, the prophet Ezekiel is taken in vision to the shores of the Dead Sea. The very name, Dead Sea, tells its own tale. It tells that it is the sea which covered the once smiling vale of Sodom. It is a sea which, to this very day, is impregnated with the brimstone which God rained down from heaven upon the devoted cities of the plain. It is a sea in which, as travellers inform us, no living thing can move: if, by the rapidity of the current of the river Jordan, any fish is ever brought down into its waters, it perishes immediately. The prophet is taken in vision to this sea. And what does he behold? He sees, standing on the shores of this Dead Sea, fishermen casting their nets; nay, more, as they cast their nets they inclose a great multitude of fish—"as the fish of the great sea, exceeding many." Now, how did it come to pass that in the Dead Sea so great a multitude of fish was gathered? The secret is told in the earlier part of the same chapter. There the prophet is taken up to the temple at Jerusalem, and is permitted to see the healing waters which issue forth from the sanctuary. Coming forth from beneath the altar of incense, they flow down, with a constantly-increasing depth, through the plain into the desert, and then, falling into the sea, give life wheresoever they reach. This, my Lord, was the secret of the fishermen's success—the life-giving river, which has its source in the sanctuary of God, brings the fishes exceeding many to their nets.

Now here, surely, we have a most apt illustration of Missionary labours and Missionary successes. Do not our Missionaries, every one of them, take their stand by the side of a Dead Sea? Need I speak of New Zealand? Surely we had, in the early history of our Missions there, abundant proof that that sea was dead indeed! Need I take you to the peninsula of Hindustan? There too, though the intellect is subtle and acute, still, in the absence of the life-giving Spirit of God, all were "dead in trespasses and sins." But I will rather direct your attention to that part of the Missionary field to which the Resolution committed to my charge more particularly refers. I will take you to the Western coast of Africa. Surely, laying aside all thought of the abominable traffic in human beings, that sea was dead in itself; but if any thing could make it more dead, it was that infamous slave-trade. Yet there our Missionaries took their stand at the very outset of our labours, and there they cast their nets. And did they cast them in vain? Let me quote but one example. Is there any one now present who is ignorant of that wonderful record of Missionary labour, and Missionary success, which is to be found in the life of William Augustine Johnson? Let him read that book, and learn how dead was the sea by which that good man took his stand, and how great was the success which God gave him, even though six short years measured the term of his Missionary life. I speak not of the transformation of that howling wilderness, once known by the name of Hog brook, into the happy district of Regent's Town. I speak not of the village streets, the farms on the outskirts, of the parsonage-house, the school-houses, the church thrice enlarged to receive the crowding worshippers. But I speak of the "lively stones" built up by the Spirit of God upon that tried, that sure,

that "precious corner-stone," Jesus Christ. It is the manifold exhibition of grace in the souls of converted sinners that is the interest of that book. And what was it that gave Johnson that success? Was it that he cast his net with diligence? He did cast it with diligence; and so our Missionaries still are doing. But this was not the secret of his success. The secret was this—that healing waters came down from the throne of God, and poured into that dead sea. And this reminds me that the altar from beneath which the streams of Ezekiel's river flowed was very probably the golden altar of incense before the veil. If so, may we not be taught thereby, that, when our Missionary cast his net, our glorious Jesus, the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, was pleading with the Father, and offering up the much incense of His prevailing intercession? In answer to that intercession the life-giving Spirit of God came down, followed the course of the fisherman, and made every thing live. Yes! while we "thank God, and take courage," let it ever be acknowledged from the heart, that, whilst it is the part of the Missionaries to speak, and the part of the people to hear, it is the part of God to do.

And now, what is the moral of all this? It is, that the Committee of the Church Missionary Society must still continue to send forth men who would cast the true Gospel net. Let it not be supposed that it is *any* net, the casting of which the Spirit of God will follow. Let it not be supposed that it is any net that will gather the living fish. No! it is nothing but "the Gospel of the grace of God," which is "the power of God unto salvation." Therefore let the Committee, "through evil report and through good report," continue still in the determination, in spite of all taunts, and difficulties, and discouragements, to send forth only those men who have known the power of God in their own souls. Let them rather send forth a few men, and those living men—men who love Christ because they know that Christ loved them—than send forth a host of men who know nothing of the love of Christ, and cannot say to the people, "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you."

But whence are the men to be drawn who shall cast the net which the Holy Ghost shall bless? I confess that I was greatly struck with an observation which occurred in the Report, that the secret of the deficiency of Missionary labourers is to be found in the bosom of our own church. Yes! there is the fault! Let me, then, humbly and affectionately, and with a deep sense of my own shortcomings, appeal to my brethren on the platform, even to be more and more careful that they, too, cast the right net. I entreat you to give up, in every sense and form, the traditions and inventions of men. I entreat you to go simply to the "lively oracles of God." I entreat you to draw from thence, on your knees, the knowledge of Christ's love, in its breadth, and its length, and its depth, and its height, and the knowledge of God's grace, in all its distinguishing, its effectual, its invincible might. Is the subject one, my brethren, which is soon exhausted? You have not found it so, have you? Go, then, to the word of God, and find out all you can about Christ. Draw thence the rich treasures of His love, and come again to your people, remembering that, after all you can do, it is the life-giving Spirit of God alone that can give you seals to your ministry. Wait, then, upon Him continually, that He may be pleased to come forth in answer to the intercession of the glorified Jesus, and pour life into the

dead sea of our congregations. I say the dead sea of our congregations; for what do we acknowledge ourselves and our people to be, by nature, but "dead in trespasses and sins?" Let us, then, preach the word; let us plead for the Spirit. And who can tell whether He may not—nay, rather, who can question that He will—even from the most unlikely materials, raise up instruments as effective even as William Johnson? He hath done it in times that are past: may He not do it again? "O God, we have heard with our ears, and our fathers have declared unto us, the noble works that Thou didst in their days, and in the old time before them. O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us for Thine honour." Give, O Lord, the word, and great shall be the company of them that publish it, both at home and abroad.

~~~~~

THE TWO LOAVES, OR THE CONTRAST.

WE have found the following scrap in the American "Journal of Missions," and, much interested in the perusal of it, we introduce it into our pages. Sometimes a very little fact is the expression of a great principle. We believe it to be so in the present instance. "It is more blessed to give than to receive:" undoubtedly it is so; for he who gives, *gives* and *receives* a blessing. He benefits another by his gift, and his gift re-acts in the way of blessing on himself. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." This is specially true in Missionary operations. Man unevangelized is the enemy of man. Man evangelized is the friend of man. The one seeks for opportunity of doing injury to his fellow: the other delights to do him good. In proportion, then, as we communicate the precious boon of gospel truth to those who are without it, do we diminish the number of those who, if opportunity occurred, would act as our enemies, and increase the number of those who would approve themselves as friends. There is no bond so strong between individuals and nations, as that which consists in one being the communicant, and the other the recipient, of spiritual good. It is thus that at length, by the action of the gospel, peace shall be universalized, and the nations rise up to bless, instead of injure, one another.

In June 1843, Messrs. Riggs and Hopkins, with their families, ascended the Minnesota, in an open barge, as far as Traverse-des-Sioux. There they commenced a Mission Station among the Dakota Indians. This trip on the river occupied, as was usual, about a week; and the travelling party enjoyed and endured both shade and sunshine. Sometimes the bright sun, reflected from the water, was very oppressive by day, and the encampment on land, where they were stung and serenaded by mosquitoes, was no less trying by night.

On the last day of the passage, the ladies, tired of the bread ordinarily supplied on such trips, determined to try a loaf of "home bread." The yeast cakes furnished by a Galena friend were produced, the kettle of water, warmed on shore, was carried on board the boat, the bread made, and placed in a sunny spot to "rise." In the afternoon, a strong head-

wind caused us to land and take an early supper. Then the loaf of bread was duly watched, and as nicely baked in a dutch oven as the circumstances would admit, and put away, uncut and untasted, in the provision-basket, for breakfast.

The wind lulled at sunset, and we re-embarked while the sky and the water were tinged with its purple beams. Late in the evening we reached Traverse-des-Sioux. The tent was hastily pitched, the beds, &c., arranged, and all gladly sought repose. In the morning, breakfast was early prepared. As some of the party slept on board the barge, at some distance from the tent, they were sent for before the loaf was cut which had caused so much labour and diversion the day previous. Imagine the surprise felt, when, knife in hand, the provision-basket was opened, and, behold, no bread was there! A Dakota had silently taken it while we slept. Other bread had to be prepared before the breakfast was eaten; and all of the hungry group, who could, assisted in baking it in frying-pans, by a camp fire.

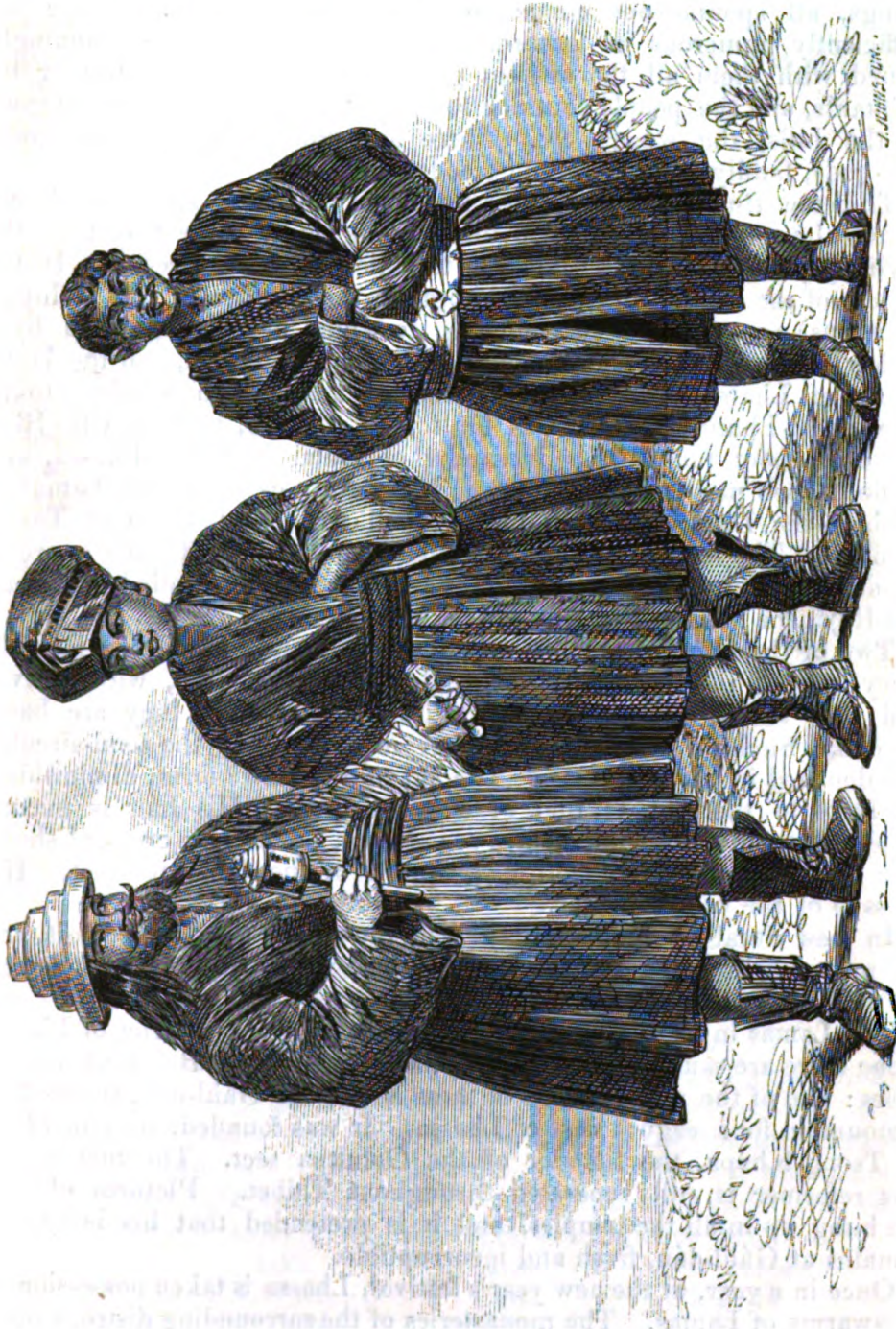
Nearly eleven years after this well-remembered breakfast, one of the families then encamped on that beautiful prairie at Traverse-des-Sioux, that of Mr. Riggs, was rendered homeless by the burning of the Mission-houses at Lac-qui-parle. Very little of clothing, and less of provisions, was saved. It was early in March, and, desolate and destitute, we took refuge in the church, a little after noon, without a dinner, or the means of preparing one. An Indian woman kindly promised to supply us. She stewed some beans. They were brought to the church. The benches were drawn near the stove, and the family group seated. A blessing was asked, and the beans served, two eating from one plate or saucer, a few of each having been sent in by a neighbour. The meal was nearly finished on beans alone, without bread or butter. The door opened, a Dakota widow entered, bringing a large loaf of light bread—all the bread she had. The astonishment and joy were greater than were the surprise and regret when the loaf was missing at Traverse in 1843. This was not her only offering. The unexpected liberality and warm sympathy of the native church members caused tears of joy. The contrast between the heathen and Christian was so marked, during and after the fire, that we could not but say, "Lo, what hath God wrought!" Although the external change may be small, truly a great change has been effected by the gospel.

Let those who deride Missions and Missionaries, because the Dakotas as a tribe have not exchanged skin tents and bark huts for frame houses, and the Indian garb for white men's dress, be silent. Let faithless Christians, who have, in despair, ceased to pray and labour for the salvation of these degraded Indians, because the glorious promises are not fulfilled, hasten to their closets, and call upon the Lord, lest they stay His chariot wheels by their unbelief. And let His fainting, doubting, hoping Missionaries, who still at their posts are toiling and waiting for a refreshing from on high, thank God for what He has done, and with humble faith gird on anew their armour, ready to *do* or *suffer* the will of their Lord and Master.

*Lac-qui-parle, March 1854.*

## THE LAMAS OF THIBET.

**BUDDHISM**, commencing in India, gradually spread through all the surrounding regions, where it still prevails—although in India, its birth-place, it has been overthrown by Brahminism—and thus continues to be the most widely dominant of all false religions. About 241 years



A GREAT ABBOT, AND A HIGH AND LOW LAMA, THIBET.

before the commencement of the Christian era, numerous teachers were sent into Kashmír, &c., to propagate its doctrines. About two centuries and a half afterwards it was introduced into China, and into Great Thibet in the middle of the seventh century, where, after various contests with the more ancient superstitions, it became dominant in A.D. 971. The system embraces a variety of Buddhas or celestial beings, all spontaneous emanations from the Divinity. These are sufficiently numerous in themselves, but the Lamas have cunningly united with them all the ancient gods and spirits of the former inhabitants, and the people continue to present their offerings to the gods of the hills, the woods, &c. There are mountain-gods, river-gods, tree-gods, family-gods, field-gods, house-gods, &c.

Thibetan Buddhism is divided into many different sects, which are known by the colour of their dress. The most ancient sect is the Nyimapa, all the Lamas belonging to which wear red dresses. In the middle of the fourteenth century appeared the founder of the Gelukpa (virtuous) sect, the Lamas belonging to which are distinguished by a yellow dress. This sect is the most numerous in Thibet, and the Dalai Lama of Lhasa, and the Tashi Lama of Tashi-Lhunpo belong to it. The Tashi-Lhunpo temple was built in A.D. 1339, and in A.D. 1640 the fifth abbot founded the hierarchy of Dalai Lama at Lhasa, and made himself master of all Thibet. There are now two great Lamas in Thibet—the Dalai Lama at Lhasa, and the Tashi Lama at Tashi-Lhunpo. The former has the precedence, but their influence is pretty equal. Besides these is a third great Lama in Bhutan, called the Dharma Raja, the head of the Dukpa sect, who wear red dresses.

Two of the Lamas in the engraving are of Ladak, the alpine Punjab. They are of the Nyimapa sect, and wear a red coat, with sleeves and long skirts, secured by a red girdle. Generally they are bare-headed. Such of them as are higher in order wear the semi-circular cap depicted in the engraving. The hat of a peculiar form, diminishing by steps to the top, is that of a great abbot. His hair is uncut: generally the heads of the Lamas are shaven, or the hair cropped short. The third figure is a Getshul, or neophyte of the Gelukpa sect. His dress is of the yellow colour.

In their ritual the Lamas use the bell, the sceptre or thunder-bolt, and the prayer-cylinder.\* Of the latter of these we shall give a sketch in a future Number, and describe the use of it.

The Lamas in Thibet are very numerous. In the district of Lhasa alone there are said to be not fewer than thirty large Buddhist monasteries: one of the most famous of these is that of Gáhl-dán, situated on a mountain four leagues east of Lhasa. It was founded, in A.D. 1407, by Tsong-Khapa, the founder of the Gelukpa sect. The memory of this reformer is still venerated throughout Thibet. Pictures of him are hung up in all the temples, and it is pretended that his body still remains at Gáhl-dán, fresh and incorruptible.

Once in a year, at the new year's festival, Lhasa is taken possession of by swarms of Lamas. The monasteries of the surrounding districts open their gates, and, sallying forth on foot, or mounted on some of the various quadrupeds used in Thibet, carrying their prayer-books and

\* The two latter are in the hands of the abbot.

cooking utensils, they crowd into Lhasa, such as cannot find a lodging in private or public buildings encamping in the streets and squares. The object of this visitation is to implore the blessing of the Dalai-Lama, and to make a pilgrimage to a celebrated monastery in the middle of the town. But their proceedings are tumultuous; business is suspended during the six days of the festival, and its termination, and the departure of the hordes of Lamas, must be welcomed by the inhabitants with unfeigned satisfaction.

The Lamaseries of Thibet are of great extent, and are often inhabited by many thousand monks. The centre is composed of numerous temples with gilt roofs; outside are the dwellings of the Lamas, the houses of the superiors being distinguished by streamers, the whole surrounded by a wall surmounted by a terrace. These establishments are frequently well endowed, besides the gifts which the people bestow under the influence of superstition, and which, in tea and money offerings, amount to large sums.

We cannot be surprised if the Church of Rome has directed her attention to this remarkable country. The abbots, monks, nuns, monasteries, and convents, the established system of contribution, all appear ready prepared for her use; and if Buddhism could only be ejected from its ancient tenancy, and Rome have the opportunity of becoming the occupant of the deserted nest, in external things little alteration would be requisite. The Romanist Missionaries speak with astonishment of the affinity which they found in the Lamanesque worship to Romanism. Messrs. Huc and Gabet, who entered Thibet in 1844, make the admission in terms such as these—

“The cross, the mitre, the dalmatica, the cope, which the grand Lamas wear on their journeys, or when they are performing some ceremony out of the temple, the service with double choirs, the psalmody, the exorcisms, the censer suspended from five chains, and which you can open or close at pleasure, the benedictions given by the Lamas, by extending the right hand over the heads of the faithful, the chaplet, ecclesiastical celibacy, spiritual retirement, the worship of the saints, the fasts, the processions, the litanies, the holy water—all these are analogies between the Buddhists and ourselves.”\*

~~~~~

THE CIRCASSIANS.

THE word Tcherkesses, or Circassians, is one which this people know not. They never use it, neither is it understood by them. It is a word of Turkish or Tatar derivation. Their proper name and appellation is Adighe, and sometimes Agîajipse. Three languages are said to be spoken along the coast—the Adighe, Abasa, and Azra, southward to the frontier of Mingrelia. These languages are so different, that natives of any two, speaking only their own language, cannot understand each other. A few specimens of the languages will evidence this.

	AZRA.	ABASA.	ADIGHE.
<i>Man</i>	Utrûs.	Tint.	Tzifu.
<i>Woman</i>	Pkhûz.	Pkheûsh.	Shûz.

* “Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China,” vol. ii. p. 50. National Illust. Library Edition.

	AZRA.	ABASA.	ADIGHE.
<i>Fire</i>	Amptsha.	Midje.	Markwa.
<i>Water</i>	Adze.	Pze.	Psu.
<i>Earth</i>	Anuip.	Aidza.	Jatu.
<i>Sea</i>	Amashina.	Uishe.	Khu.

With respect to the religion of the Circassians, there is reason to believe that a profession of Christianity once prevailed in the land: now it consists of Mahomedanism and heathenism strangely mingled. The former is more countenanced by the chiefs; the latter among the population generally. An English gentleman, Mr. Bell, who resided for some time in the Caucasus, describes to us one of their religious rites at which he was present, the worship of Tshibl , the spirit of thunder. A pathway along a valley's side led to an ancient portion of an oak forest, where several aged men were assembled, besides a host of younger ones and boys, some seated on fallen trees, others on branches strewed on the ground, so as to form two sides of a square at some little distance from the largest tree, beside which stood erect one cross, many others in various stages of decay, which once had served a similar purpose, lying against it. In front of the cross were ranged, in rows, from forty to fifty small covered tables, on which were placed loaves of bread and masses of pasta, or Turkey-corn bread, with honey; while, at the rear of the cross, a great fire blazed, over which were suspended, from a transverse beam, sundry large kettles. Close at hand appeared the sacrifice of the day, two goats. After a considerable delay, during which the Circassians conversed or occupied themselves about their ordinary affairs, the goats were sacrificed, and eventually consigned to the boiling cauldrons. A few individuals, who had remained uncovered at the tables, then proceeded to invoke the spirit of thunder, imploring general protection; and that the thunder-bolt might be averted from themselves and their families. Cakes were then distributed: the shuat, or national drink of Circassia, being freely circulated. It consists of honey and water fermented, with the addition of a portion of millet-flour, and is served in immense wooden bowls, with one handle, cut out of one piece of wood. Notices were then given of similar sacred gatherings intended to be held, and the number and kind of victims to be sacrificed at each, whether goats or bullocks; so many for the cross, so many for abundance, and so many for averting the plague. The contents of the cauldrons being at length duly prepared, one much-occupied person, in shirt and drawers, who appeared to act as chief-priest, divided the meat, assigning a portion to each table. These sacrifices to Tshibl  appear to take place whenever loss of life occurs by lightning. Among the more strictly Mussulman portions of the coast they are not practised, although the word Tshibl  is a common asseveration in conversation.

The worship of the cross is another singular superstition amongst a people who have ceased from the profession of Christianity. In the northern parts there are numerous crosses, each of which has its special day. One singular cross is found among the hills of Sashe, not far from the coast. It hangs from the arm of a huge old oak, to which it is affixed by an iron wedge. The hooks by which it is suspended have attached to them various offerings. Some of the crosses are iron, and others gilt. Various movements have been made from time to time

amongst the people to remove them, lest the Russians might, on the ground of their existence, anew claim the country as having been originally Christian. Some, however, protest against the profanation, and they are permitted to remain, and sacrifices continue to be made to them. Each head of a family brings with him a table for refreshments: goats are sacrificed, tapers lighted, some being placed on the heads of the goats at the moment of sacrifice, others on the cross. The tables are arranged in front of the cross, each person as he passes them taking off his hat. The cross is then approached by three or four individuals, who say aloud a short prayer for the averting of temporal evils, and the obtaining of temporal blessings. One from amongst them, as he draws near to the cross, holds in one hand some of the viands taken from the tables, and in the other a bowl of shuat. The eatables are then distributed amongst the assembly.

Another of their religious *fêtes* connects itself with the usage that every boy after a certain age be presented to God, and that an animal be sacrificed for him. This is generally attended by a large concourse of people of both sexes. A grove of venerable oaks is selected, where, in the midst of some green spot, stands a cross. Here, as usual, are arranged the tables, loaves of bread, masses of pasta, &c. These are contributed by the different hamlets around; and each hearer, on his arrival, handing his cap to the priest, kneels before the cross and bows his forehead to the ground. The ceremonial commences with a short prayer to Ta-skho, the great God, the chief-priest, as he pronounces it, holding toward the cross a wooden goblet filled with shuat in his right hand, and in his left a large cake of unleavened bread. Other goblets and cakes continue to be handed to him, and are by him similarly presented; the whole congregation, ranged in ranks behind him on their knees, with their caps off, repeating aloud the form, and at its termination bowing their foreheads to the ground. The shuat and cakes being distributed, the sacrificial victims are brought forward, a calf, a sheep, and two goats. Each, held by two men, is placed in front of the cross. The priest then pronounces a benediction over it, pouring some shuat on its forehead, and singing some of the hair there with one of the wax tapers which burn at the foot of a tree behind the cross. The animals are then led away to sacrifice, and the assembly breaks up into conversational parties, the chief-priest excepted, who remains in front of the cross, his head uncovered, a mantle over his shoulders, and a staff in his hand. From thence he superintends what appears to be his principal business, the apportioning of the meat to the different tables.

Painful it is to behold a free and interesting people, near to us when compared with many of the far-off lands which the gospel has reached, and yet in utter ignorance of true religion, and necessarily under all the evils attendant on so great a want. The isolation in which they have been kept by Russian cruelty and ambition in a great measure accounts for this. They have been for generations hemmed in by unceasing hostility, and few Europeans have been enabled to visit their mountain fastnesses. Engaged in a perpetual struggle for liberty, and all that man holds dear, the Circassian is distinctively a warrior, and all else is of little importance in his eyes. His principal thoughts are expended on his horse and his armour. Our engraving will give a good idea of the noble bearing

and appearance of a mounted chief. They are said to have amongst them many valuable armourers, who manufacture a large portion of the



weapons which they wear, some of them being very beautifully inlaid with silver. Their swords, also, often inlaid and richly ornamented with gold, are said to be as finely tempered as the blades of Damascus.

Let us hope that the iron despotism of Russia may soon be crushed in these regions, and opportunity be afforded to us of seeking their true welfare and improvement.

~~~~~

#### JOHN BAPTIST DASALU'S MOTHER, AND HIS HALF-BROTHER, DAVID OGUNTOLLA.

It will be remembered by our readers\* that John Baptist Dasalu, an Abbeokuta convert of some influence, and tried consistency, having been taken prisoner in the battle fought by the king of Dahomey beneath the walls of that city, had been carried away

\* "Church Missionary Gleaner" for October 1851 and October 1852.

to Abomey, and, so far as we know, still remains in captivity. His aged mother, in whose salvation he was deeply interested, and whom he had often sought to win to Christ, after his loss remembered his exhortations, and turned to the Lord, and an account of her baptism was given in our Number for July 1853.

The Rev. S. Crowther's journal for the quarter ending December 1853, which we have recently received, informs us that death has been in this family, and David Oguntolla, John's half-brother, and his aged mother, have both been removed. But they have fallen asleep in Christ; and although John, if released from his captivity, would find them gone, yet is there a happy reunion promised to all the true people of God, when they shall so meet as never to be separated. Mr. Crowther thus speaks of them—

*Oct. 29*—Within the last ten days two of the members of my church have been removed by death. The first is David Oguntolla, one of our first persecuted converts in Abbeokuta. He was taken ill about three weeks before. David was very submissive under affliction; although at times he felt disappointed when partial relief was afforded by administration of medicines, and every one hoped a change for the better was going to take place, and the sickness returned with greater obstinacy. Notwithstanding this, he resigned himself to the will of God: he knew such a time would come, sooner or later, therefore it was his wisdom to prepare for it. His diligent watch was that he might not be drawn into heathenish practices by his unconverted relatives: he would not have them to take the lead in the care of him, but Christians. So much he took care to avoid every "appearance of evil," that when one of his elder relatives died, and he was called upon to assume the head of the house, he, knowing that that situation would prove a snare to his being led back to idolatry, and many heathen practices, at once gave up his right to any of the younger branch of the family who should choose to take it, with all the privileges belonging to it.

After a fair understanding between the Ogonis, and Messrs. King and Barber on our part, which gave them much trouble, the body was permitted to receive a Christian burial.

The other person who was removed from us was Elizabeth Litumbi, the aged mother of John Baptist Dasalu. Though she was not of sound health, yet I think that a broken heart from the death of David must have contributed much to her's. David and John were half-brothers on the father's side. Since John's captivity the care of Elizabeth devolved upon David, who took care of her as of his own mother. John's canoe was under David's care, the only remaining property of John's which his avaricious brother has not wasted: the hire of this canoe was the pecuniary support of poor Elizabeth. Although she had several children and grandchildren, yet to none she looked as to David since Dasalu's captivity. None took care of her nor supported her, especially since she had joined the church; but she was content and satisfied to have cast her lot in with those who desire to follow the Lord. She often expressed herself that she felt more at home among Christians than among her own unconverted children,

whom she did not neglect to warn of the dangers of their ways; but of course they attributed this to mental infirmity. Those who visited her testified that to the very last she told them she looked for the pardon of her sin to no other but to Jesus, who would admit her into His heavenly kingdom. Though poor Elizabeth had not the happiness of seeing her son John again in the flesh—though every means in our power were used, and every step taken to ransom him, but in vain—yet we hope, as she always expressed herself, they will meet in heaven with Jesus, in whom they believed as their Saviour.

~~~~~

REMARKABLE CONVERSION OF A TINNEVELLY SHANAR.

OUR Mission field at Tinnevelly is interesting and extensive. It is divided into thirteen districts, in which are to be found 28,444 professing Christians, under the charge of eight European Missionaries and seven native pastors, besides native catechists, readers, &c. There are amongst them, we rejoice to say, very many truly God-fearing people, who love their Saviour, and endeavour daily to “walk worthy of the vocation wherewith they are called;” and efforts are not wanting, on the part of all engaged in this work, to deepen and strengthen the hold which Christianity has on the minds of those who profess it, and to extend its influence among the surrounding heathen. It is deeply interesting to read the accounts of the different districts sent home by the Missionaries, and much there is to gladden the hearts of those at home who desire the salvation of poor sinners and the advancement of the Redeemer’s kingdom. In the “Church Missionary Record” of this month our readers will find a review of the whole Mission.

In one of the reports—that of the Rev. P. P. Schaffter, of the Nulur district, for the half year ending June 30, 1853—we find the following instance of conversion, one of the most remarkable he had ever witnessed. He expresses a wish that many hardened sinners might read it and reflect, and that many burdened and heavy-laden souls might get peace and joy in Jesus the crucified Saviour. We are anxious to make it known, in the hope that such a prayer may have its answer, and that this fact, like a seed borne on the wings of the wind, may fall on some heart, and, sown there by the Spirit of God, may bring forth fruit unto eternal life.

Vitheyalingum, of Alankullam, was deeply versed in astrology, magic, necromancy, and all those secret arts calculated to render him the oracle of an ignorant and superstitious multitude. He had studied the rarest books on those subjects, which enabled him, in the estimation of others, and perhaps, also, in his own, to divine the fate of new-born children, the success or failure of an enterprise, the eligibility or ineligibility of a piece of ground to build a house or sink a well on. There was scarcely a mystery which he did not profess to fathom; so that he was incessantly consulted, his advice was implicitly followed, and he grew rich by the reward—and, as he was generally kind and fair in his

dealings, he was looked upon by the Shanars, to which caste he belonged, not only as a clever, but also as a most respectable man. He was one of the corner-stones of heathenism in Alankullam and in the neighbourhood, and did probably much harm to Christianity, not by opposing it openly, but secretly, and by artfully casting contempt on it.

In the beginning of March last I was informed that Vitheyalingum was very ill, in great agonies of mind, and wished much to see me. I found the poor man in a condition deplorable beyond description. He was much reduced by illness. Fear and anguish were depicted in his countenance, and he was bewailing his state in an agony of mind. "Oh!" said he, as soon as he saw me, "I am miserable beyond description: it will soon be all over with me. I am undone! Vain knowledge! wicked world! how you have deceived me! I know now that Christianity is true, and all the rest is a lie. Sir, you are a teacher: can you not advise me? What have I to do? I am undone, I am undone!" He went on in this vehement strain for some time, fixing an eye of despair on me. I was much shocked, and was apprehensive he was going out of his mind. He grew more composed; and then he gave me, in a weak and less agitated voice, a long account of himself, by which it appeared that he was deeply conscious of his sinfulness; that all the prayers on which he had stayed himself had failed him, one after the other; and that the problem, What shall I do to be saved? now proposed itself to his mind with an overwhelming power. As he went on exposing his great misery, I felt myself as poor and as needy as he did, with this only difference, that I knew there was a Saviour for him and for me. I read to him the parables of the lost son and the lost sheep—blessed parables!—and a few other portions of Scripture, which record the tender love of God in Christ Jesus towards the greatest of sinners; making a few remarks, as I went on, to render the meaning clearer to him, and apply it to his own case. He became more and more calm. His countenance cleared up, and the gloom disappeared, and at last he said, "It is even so. O Jesus, I have laid hold of Thee! Jesus, here Thou art! It is even true I have Thee!" His joy was indeed great, and his speech overflowed with prayer and thanksgivings. I never witnessed yet such a sudden, complete, and happy change. It was a complete transition from darkness to light. We all felt the presence of Christ, and, on his request, I baptized him forthwith. Then he addressed his wife and children, charged them to forsake heathenism and all the works of darkness, and committed them to my care. In this happy state I took leave of him, and saw him no more, for he soon after died; but the catechist told me that he continued in the same happy frame of mind to the last, relying on the merits of the Redeemer for salvation, and that he once more spoke seriously to his wife and children, and charged them to join the congregation, which they have done.



A TANGI IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE New Zealanders are no longer heathen: they are a professedly Christian people: nay, they have embraced, not any corrupt form of Christianity, but pure Christianity as taught by Protestant Missio-

naries. Under the influence of this new faith, their habits and manners are undergoing a rapid change. Old heathen practices are being abandoned, and in a few years will become entirely extinct. Sometimes an occasional instance takes place of a recurrence to old customs, to remind us what this people were a few years back, and how wonderful the change is which is going forward.

The Rev. James Hamlin, of the Eastern District, in a recently-received communication mentions a fact of this kind.

Victoria, a lady of highest rank in Turanga, had died, and it was reported that a native in Mr. Hamlin's district had bewitched her. In their heathen state that report would have occasioned a bloody war; and even as it was—for the New Zealanders are as yet but babes in their Christian profession—much bad feeling was engendered, and threats were uttered. Under these circumstances, the people of Uawa resolved to proceed to Turanga to “cry” over the grave of the deceased, in testimony of their respect for her memory. They requested their Missionary to accompany them, and he consented, with the intention of urging on the tribes, when assembled together, the discontinuance of a custom fraught with many evils. His account of what transpired runs as follows—

March 29, 1853—On Tuesday morning the whole party arrived at Tahaenui, about two hundred in number, in which were all the principal men of the Wairoa. Leaving Tahaenui, we proceeded on, and reached Kopuawhara a little before dark, and, after the usual ceremonies of salutation were over, I had prayers with the whole, including the natives of the place. While here, we had a lamentable instance of the well-known fact that any ill-disposed fellow can disturb the public peace for the most trivial circumstance. This has often been done in times gone by, and would now often occur but for the restraints the gospel puts upon them.

There had been a disturbance about a spot of deep water in a swamp in which eel-pots are occasionally deposited. The quarrel was between Ihaka Whanga, the acknowledged chief of the place, and Tangihaere. Both had descended from the same parents some generations since; but Ihaka, or Isaac, by the eldest branch of the family, and he therefore, according to native custom, had a prior claim. Isaac exhibited the true spirit of Christianity in this, as he has upon all former occasions. Tangihaere exhibited the true spirit of a restless New Zealander: only a word, and he flies to arms, and is making ball and cartridge. Isaac restrained his party from imitating this example, and told them that arms and murder was not the way for a Christian to settle disputes: it was their duty to imitate the example of their Master, and to pray for their enemies, and for those who were opposed to them. Six times he had, for the sake of peace, given up his claim to places to which he had an undoubted right.

On their route the party was reinforced until it amounted to about four hundred. The night of the 1st of April was passed at Wherowhero, the last stage before reaching Turanga.

April 2—Prayers being over, we left Wherowhero, and proceeded to Turanga. When we came within about a mile of the settlement, having

received some reinforcements from each place through which we passed, all assembled and walked in due order, about four deep, till they were within about half a mile of Victoria's grave. Here they halted for some time, waiting till they should be joined by a party of Wairoa natives which had gone by the inland route. While here, I sent word to the Turanga natives, proposing to abandon the native custom of throwing the spear and making a rush, having first obtained a promise from our natives that they would observe nothing of the kind. In a short time an answer was returned, acceding to the proposal; and being now joined by the other party, all moved on in slow procession, in the order described, till they were within a short distance of Victoria's tomb. Here we were met by Turanga natives, principally women, calling to and welcoming us to their place, waving their mats, and walking on before us till all arrived at the burial-place. Two parties were then formed, the Turanga natives taking up their station near the grave, the Wairoa natives forming about a half circle, seven or eight deep, both parties facing each other, and crying one against another. Every gesture of the body that could express agony of the mind was employed, such as wringing the hands, bending the body forward, laying the hands on the back and loins, then on the knees, and constantly moving the feet: others had a stick between the thumbs and fingers over their heads, quivering their fingers in all manner of ways. Tears were profuse in a few cases, but scanty in some, and the greater part appeared to be mere lookers-on. The whole scene was very imposing: another such will never, perhaps, be witnessed again in this country. The crying lasted about three-quarters of an hour. This being concluded, a few speeches of no importance were made.

At this juncture of affairs news arrived that the Turanga natives intended to fire upon the Wairoa natives, a report having reached the former that the latter intended to come armed. The foundation of this report was a word delivered in a joke.

A messenger now came, inviting us to move down a little from the grave, to the spot where the speeches would be delivered; the Turanga natives going on before us, waving their mats, and calling us. Arriving at the spot, a signal being given, in an instant all were seated on the ground. In a few minutes the Turanga natives came towards us with quick step, sometimes running, in two distinct parties, till they reached us, when all were seated in a moment, and commenced delivering their speeches. The plan observed here at the south is, that the people of the place deliver all their speeches before any of the visitors reply. In the beginning of each speech the person of the place calls by name any one of the visitors, and says, "Are you so and so?" which is also intended as a salutation; and the answer returned by the visitor is, "Here I am;" or, "How do you do?" sometimes. The same name is called by two different persons, and it is expected that the person called will reply in the order of time in which his name was mentioned to either one or more, as the case may be. My name was called by two individuals, and it was expected I should reply to both. So many persons' names were called, that it would have been impossible to have recollected the order. I therefore wrote them down, and gave a sign to each when it came to his turn to rise. The speeches, though short, occupied some hours. My speech, unfortunately, came last, so I was

obliged to be very brief. The observations made in all our speeches were, that this custom of crying for the dead be abandoned. I enlarged upon the many evils, and sometimes murders, which attend this custom, which could not be denied; and, to say the least of it, it was an enemy to holiness and spirituality of mind, and therefore it ought to be abandoned by every man professing Christianity.

Thus ended, in all probability, one of the last tangi which will ever take place in New Zealand. May the gospel increase in its influence and power on the Maori race, until no vestige be left of former heathen habits, and they become, in all respects, such in their outward bearing and deportment as it befits professing Christians to be!

~~~~~

#### TRIALS AT SHANGHAE.

THE great conflict going forward in China between the imperialists and the followers of Tae-ping-wang remains yet undecided. At Shanghae the insurgents continue to hold possession of that city, although the emperor's troops are engaged in the siege, and from time to time essay to recover it. Meanwhile much suffering is inflicted on the population, as well within the city as of the surrounding districts, and stray cannon-balls cut off many poor innocent creatures, whose only fault is living too near the scene of action. Among these is one in whom we are interested. Our Missionary, the Rev. J. S. Burdon, writing under date of March 14, 1854, says—"You will be sorry to hear that one of our very few baptized converts has been killed by a cannon-ball from the city. He was a member of the blind class begun by Mr. M'Clatchie, and I believe was the first who was baptized by him. The name of the poor man was Sau-vá-Dzun. I do hope the poor fellow remembered enough of the teaching he had already received to enable him to cast himself solely on the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation."

Subsequently the imperial troops having aggressed upon the European community in such wise as to place it in great danger, strong and vigorous measures became requisite. A force was collected, consisting of some men from two small vessels-of-war in harbour and the European volunteer corps, and with this a portion of the imperialist camp was stormed and destroyed, not, we regret to say, without the loss of some lives. Our Missionary school has been broken up a second time, and the premises occupied by a garrison, while all the approaches to the settlement have been barricaded against night attacks, with the view of preventing the houses and godowns being fired by the imperialists, which they had attempted to accomplish. The Missionaries were prepared to run at a moment's notice, and seek shelter on board the ships, although the prospect of abandoning their work was very trying. "This," write our Missionaries, "is the day of China's visitation, and we must share in her troubles." Let our readers be much in prayer, that this state of confusion may soon be ended, and opportunity be afforded for the gospel of peace to go forth on its blessed mission. Lord! hasten the time when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, when the stormy winds and waves of this troublesome world shall be hushed to rest by the Saviour's voice, and there shall be a great calm.

## CIRCASSIANS.

THE Circassians have a singular mode of removing out of their way the larger forest trees, which, to cut down with their axes, would be a work of much labour. They make an incision all round into the bark, and, by thus girdling the tree, they arrest the circulation of the sap, and





destroy the sources of vitality. When this is done, the trunk and branches soon decay. This will explain the policy which, for a prolonged period, Russia has pursued towards Circassia. She has girdled that country with forts and armies, so as to separate it from the rest of the world, and thus, by a course of gradual impoverishment of its chiefs and people, has hoped to compel them to subjection. The river Kuban, entering the Black Sea not far north from Anapa, separates Circassia from the Russian province to the north. The country beyond was formerly inhabited by the Nogais Tartars, with whom the Circassians were on a friendly footing. This tribe was chased from these regions by the Muscovite in 1792, during the reign of Catherine II., some of them finding refuge amongst the Circassians, and the rest retiring to the Crimea. In their homes the Cossacks were planted, between whom and the Circassians are endless feuds. Besides this, on the Russian side of the Kuban a chain of forts was erected, with a view of preventing the hostile incursions of the mountain tribes on the Russian territories. Small parties of warriors have still continued, from time to time, to pass between these forts, carrying off, in these wild forays, droves of cattle and horses.

On the sea-coast, also, Russia erected forts wherever an accessible site could be obtained, with a view of preventing all communications by sea. The Circassians are disposed to commerce, and, if relieved from the irritating process to which the Russians have cruelly subjected them, and encouraged with some prospects of advantage to cultivate their lands, mountainous as the country is, it would yield many things with which they might traffic with advantage. At present, although the population is large for the extent of territory, yet two-thirds of it are uncleared and uncultivated. Wax, honey, butter, hides, sheep and goats, wool, fox-skins, grain of every description, and boxwood, would all be available for commercial purposes. But Russia, with her forts and ships of war, has deprived the Circassians of the use of that which ought to be the common highway of nations, and warned off the ships of friendly powers from these shores, so that it has been quite an event when a sloop has been enabled to elude the close blockade.

Thus Circassia has been as a beleaguered city. Can we be surprised, if, cut off from all improving influences, its inhabitants are fierce and wild? Can we wonder if, thus cruelly persecuted, they are actuated by a strong national hatred towards their oppressors, and scruple not to embrace every opportunity of avenging themselves? Discouraged from commercial enterprise, can we be surprised if the agricultural resources of the country are developed only just so far as their own necessities require, and that they have no surplus for trade? Yet opportunities for barter have occurred from time to time. Some Turkish vessel, escaping the vigilance of the Russian cruisers, has reached the coast, and, eager to obtain that which is so necessary to them in their peculiar circumstances—powder, lead, as well as other articles—the Circassians have crowded down to the shore in considerable numbers. Then it is that some object for barter is needed which may be available on the moment. Can we be surprised, however we may lament it, when we remember what human nature, left to itself, is capable of, if parents sell their own children, and Circassian girls are transhipped to supply the demands of the Turkish harems? That is Circassia's great blot. Yet the cruelty of Russia has helped to foster it.

In our last Number we introduced a sketch of a mounted Circassian, wearing the singular shirt of twisted mail, or rings closely interwoven, and fitting close to the person. The group in the present Number are presented in their ordinary dress. They wear the long drab well-fitting frock or tunic, ornamented with Circassian cartridge-boxes, the shirt of mail glittering beneath. In the girdle is thrust the *cama*, or two-edged dagger. On the head is the Circassian cap. It is sometimes made of dark blue cloth, oval-shaped, and fitting the head closely, four silver cords running from the top to the border, which consists of a very thick mass of black, shining, silky goats' hair, falling about the neck and shoulders. When the weather is wintry, the Circassian throws over his shoulders a *bourka*, or short cloak, made of a very shaggy thick cloth, fastened with a leather thong at the throat, the head being covered with a pointed, drab-coloured hood, with long ends, sufficiently long to pass under the chin, and tie behind the neck. The female wears a long dark dress, from under which long trowsers appear. Over the dress is a doublet, often of silk: the silver studs, stomacher, and clasps have been handed down from generation to generation. On the head a kerchief is worn, and sometimes a long piece of white calico, sweeping in ample folds from the hair to the heels. The slippers are made of coloured leather, with small high heels, the toes slightly turned up. They are so made as only to receive part of the foot. Thus, when the wearer wishes to gather her feet under her on the *divan*, they are easily removed, and left on the floor.

Such are the people who have been shut out from improvement, and cruelly barbarized, by the ambition of Russia. But let us consider, in the next place, how far Russia has succeeded in accomplishing the object she has in view, namely, the subjugation of Circassia.

There is a portion of the tribes which inhabit a plain country, lying between the rivers Kuban and Laba, a tributary of the former river, having a more westerly course, and consequently nearer to the mountains. The inhabitants, having no strongholds, and living in extensive villages, have been particularly exposed to the aggressions of the Russians. They have been compelled, in consequence, to make peace, and to remain neutral in that struggle for independence in which their countrymen are engaged, and with which all their sympathies are identified. The population of these provinces is said to be 300,000. Another division, called Great and Little Kabarda, and lying more to the south, on the river Terek, which flows into the Caspian, has lost its independence, and gives hostages to the Russian authorities. There is next to be considered the sea-coast districts, from Sokoum Kale on the south to Anapa on the north, containing some 300,000 souls: these are continually at war with Russia. And, lastly, there is the great central province of Abassak, a mountainous region, whose inhabitants, although fully sharing in the hostile feelings of the other tribes; have been less frequently in collision with the common enemy, as their country does not abut on his territories. The population of this province is said to be 400,000.

The adult males capable of bearing arms are rated at 150,000, a formidable number, entrenched in natural fastnesses of great strength. But they have had their sources of weakness. They have been far from an united body. Tribal jealousies and feuds have prevailed, and the only wonder is, that, thus enfeebled from within and pressed by an untiring

enemy from without, they have not long since yielded. Once enabled to hoist the Russian eagle on the ramparts of the Caucasian citadel, the plains of Asia would have been at the mercy of the Czar.

Europe owes, therefore, a debt to these long-harassed tribes. We venture to entertain the hope that the present war, in its issue, will confirm them in their independence, and release them from the isolation in which they have been kept from all improving influences. Already the forts, built with so much expense by Russia along the coasts of the Black Sea, have been, in great part, destroyed by the Russians themselves, and such of them as remain will soon be in the power of the allies. Free communication will thus be opened, and, gradually, opportunity may be afforded for the introduction of that which is the true corrective for all national evil—the gospel.

#### TRAVANCORE.

TRAVANCORE is a native state of Southern India, not under the direct rule of the East-India Company, but in subsidiary alliance with it. It is, perhaps, the richest of the South-Indian provinces. It is separated on the east from the sandy plains of the Tinnevely province by a range of mountains, which, gradually approaching the coast as they advance southward, are narrowed to a point at Cape Comorin. In the vicinity of the mountains the country is pleasingly diversified, and exhibits a varied scene of hill and dale, while rivers, winding through the valleys, diffuse around a perpetual verdure. Above, on the mountain sides, are the lofty forests abounding with valuable timber, and yielding pepper, cardamoms, cassia, frankincense, and other aromatic gums. The agriculture and cultivation of the province are of a superior kind, and crops may be grown here, which on the other side of the ghats would be found impracticable. No tanks are requisite for the growing of rice: the natural moisture is sufficient on every spot which is suitable for the purpose. Every house has its garden, and groves of the cocoa and areca-nut trees hide from view the native dwellings.

In Travancore are to be found the Syrian Christians, on whose behalf the late Dr. Claudius Buchanan in so lively a manner excited the sympathies of British Christians. They number about 100,000 souls. It was for their benefit that the Church Missionary Society first commenced its labours in Travancore, in the first instance with a view to the illumination and reformation of the Syrian church; and, when these kindly efforts were rejected by that body, addressing itself, in the next place, to the awakening of individual souls, to many of whom the gospel has proved a blessing. The remainder of the population consists of heathen and Romanists. Of the heathen, between 300,000 and 400,000 are Nairs, who constitute the nobility, gentry, and landowners of the province. Of Brahmins, also, there is a great number; nor is there any part of India where the Brahmins possess so much influence and power as in the kingdom of Travancore. Hence our Missionary work is thwarted and hindered in various ways, and subjected to a vexatious interference, from which, in the parts of India under direct British rule, it is happily free. Besides the elements of population already enumerated, there is one section not yet mentioned, the slave population, amounting to no less than 200,000. Their condition is most pitiable and degraded.

They are sold by their masters, and transferred to other countries and distant districts, the wives and children being occasionally separated from the husbands and fathers by these sales. They are liable to receive severe beatings at their masters' hands. They suffer from insufficiency of food, which consists of the leaf of a plant called thagarah, boiled; and, for six months in the year, roots of wild yams, dug from the jungle. The children are consequently weak, and unable to do hard work, and receive no wages until they are fifteen years of age. The parents are discouraged from sending their children to the schools opened for their benefit; and the masters have been known, on hearing they attended, to beat and drive them away. These poor creatures have little time to learn, for they have to work by day and watch by night. Yet He who hears the cry of the oppressed is not regardless of this suffering portion of humanity. The attention of our Missionaries has been drawn to them; efforts are being made to reach and instruct them; and there have been found amongst these poor people a readiness to listen, and willingness to be taught, seldom met with in the proud Brahmin or wealthy Nair.



Amongst this mingled population our Missionaries, six in number at the commencement of the present year, with two natives in Deacons' orders, are carrying on an encouraging work. They have between 4000 and 5000 persons in their congregations. Along the back-waters some

of our Missionary stations may be found. These are beautiful strips of inland lakes and rivers intersecting Cochin and Travancore. Some of them, of considerable extent, say sixteen miles in circumference, in the dry season are cultivated with rice, wheels being employed, worked by slaves, where artificial means are requisite to complete the removal of the waters. In the wet season, after the rice crops have been gathered in, and these lakes are again full, they present a very beautiful appearance, their shores lined with abundance of the cocoa-nut trees. Across these our Missionaries are rowed by the native boatmen, or dandies, such as the one represented in the preceding page, pursuing their way up the rivers to the interior stations. One of these is Thalawadie, where the church stands on a circular island in the mid-channel of the Tiruwalla river of North Travancore. Further south is Mavelicare, formerly the seat of government, and still called by the natives the Eye of Travancore. Others of our stations are among the high lands which abut from the mountains. Among these is Mallapalli, a woodland village, situated on one of the lower ranges of the Travancore hills. The houses of the people are built in the narrow valleys which lie between the hills, and are completely hidden by the surrounding jungle. Higher up still are several stations of a very interesting character among the hill Araans, but our limits preclude our speaking of them at present.

LEONARD, OF ROTORUA, NEW ZEALAND.

THE Rev T. Chapman, our Missionary at Maketu, a station on the north coast of the eastern projection of the north island of New Zealand, has communicated to us the following account of Leonard, a youth who had been brought up in one of our schools at Rotorua, an inland station, where Mr. Chapman's Missionary labours had commenced. Amidst the trials and difficulties of Missionary work—and they are many—these are the bright spots which cheer us. "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." And shall there not be joy on earth, joy with the tidings that reach us of one here and one there, brought to see the evil of their ways, and to fly for refuge to the Lord Jesus? By this we may ascertain the genuine character of the interest we appear to take in Missionary work, whether it be of that true kind which has for its object the glory of Christ and the salvation of sinners. If individual instances of the saving power of the gospel are in our eyes trivial matters, scarcely worthy of our attention, we have not "the mind of Christ," for that is to us a small concern, which, in the presence of the angels of God, causes joy. Nor is it only in the salvation of sinners, but in the transfer of believers to the heavenly inheritance, that we should rejoice; for that is the harvest-home, when that which had been reaped is safely lodged in the Lord's garner. Blessed is the individual whom the Lord is pleased to employ in gathering sinners to Himself: "they that turn many to righteousness" shall shine "as the stars for ever and ever." Blessed is the Society which the Lord is pleased to use as an instrument in filling up the "great multitude . . . of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues," which shall stand "before the throne."

Of young Leonard, who died on the 16th of September, we knew nothing remarkable, save a high bearing he showed under all circumstances, though indebted to you, as one of your establishment, for the clothes he wore; for certainly, as a stout boy, he did not earn more than the food he ate. In 1844 we visited the northward, leaving our Station in charge of the Rev. S. M. and Mrs. Spencer; one of our last requests to them on leaving being to take particular care of Leonard, as he was then, and had been for some weeks, troubled with a cough, which appeared likely to run into consumption. Kind nursing and watchful care were blessed of God to his recovery; so that, on our return home, we found him restored to health. Yet ever after this he was affected by sudden changes in the weather, which always caused the return of cough. He continued with us until about sixteen years of age, when he left us, and paid a visit to Auckland. Here, tempted by government wages for road-making, he remained several months, and then returned home, bearing with him the testimony from his relatives, who were also his fellow-workmen, that he had never swerved from his Christian profession during his stay at Auckland; though—as all were—he was daily exposed to great temptation, from which few escaped unscathed. Leonard, soon after his return, again joined our establishment, and from this time paid increasing attention to spiritual instruction. At this period he could read and write sufficiently well, and was well taught in his New Testament. He was never active in his work; but allowances were made for him, considering that his often-occurring little illnesses might reasonably account for it. Steady in his attendance on the means of grace, he continued an even course, and in due time was admitted to the holy communion. About two years before his death he married—not to one of his choice, but one his tribe urged him to marry until “he was ashamed.” His wife was as unworthy of him, as she was unsuited to him. However, he bore patiently with her until his death. Some six months previously to his marriage he had left me, to reside at Rotorua, from whence he wrote the following letter to his mother, residing at Maketu, who, like himself, had been, and was, very ill—

“To Maraea”—Maria, my mother, is implied—“How do you do? My love is exceedingly great for you. I am here—at Rotorua—and feeling better to-day. Yet this is the fifth month of my being unwell. Yes; and although the sickness of my body has been great, greater has been the love which God has shown to me. There is much evil within us; yet God always looks down upon us with pity: therefore, though His hand may lie heavy upon you, bear it with patience, giving Him your whole heart. Hear this! there is nothing worth our caring for but our faith; and this is that which Satan cannot take away from us. Ay, my mother, be strong in prayer to the Lord: He is your peace, and by Him you have life; even by Jesus Christ, who is ‘the way, the truth, and the life.’ Therefore let our work be this faith, and let us cleave to it as our greatest riches. Let your heart receive my words, and continue in patience.”

He then runs through the names of his relatives and friends at Maketu, commending his love to them all, and particularly to Mrs. Chapman and myself. His letter has no signature, but bears the simple superscription—“From Leonard.”

Finding the Rotorua air too keen for him, and his sickness rather

increasing, he became very desirous of again coming out to Maketu, the place of residence of his parents. This his elder brother undertook for him, and he was conveyed hither by his friends. The change gave a temporary relief to him; but it was soon seen that his end was nigh. In my visits to him he always appeared calm, patiently waiting for his appointed time. His Prayer-book was his companion; his Testament his guide. He sought the continued teaching and assistance of the Holy Spirit. He craved mercy from his heavenly Father, and found it through Christ, "the rock of his salvation." "Born of the Spirit," he died in the simple faith of Christ, and his end was peace.

~~~~~

CONVERSION OF A BUDDHIST PRIEST OF BIRMAH.

BUDDHISM is one of the most widely-spread of false religions: Ladak, Thibet, Birma, Siam, Ceylon, are under its influence, and its elements are to be found mixed with the heterogeneous creeds that prevail in China and Japan. There is no system more deadening to the human soul. If the soul of man be by nature spiritually dead, Buddhism is as the strongly-built tomb which is erected over it, to prevent, as it were, the possibility of its resurrection. It recognises no eternal God, and points out this to man as his eventual destination—that he shall cease to be. When every thing beyond death is so cheerless, we cannot be surprised if man, finding nothing to attract him there, turns himself wholly to the world, and seeks to lose himself in its pursuits and pleasures. It is remarkable that the most difficult of our Missions, and that in which, on the whole, we have made least progress, compared with the time and labour which have been expended upon it, is one in which Buddhism prevails—our Ceylon Mission.

Every instance, therefore, of conversion from among people of this false creed, is full of encouragement; more especially when a Buddhist priest is the subject of it—one whom worldly gain must help to attach still more strongly to the system. Such instances, however, do occur, the gospel, in these most difficult cases, manifesting its power, and proving itself to be the voice of Him "who quickeneth the dead, and calleth those things which be not as though they were;" and in such instances, whether brought about through our own Missionaries, or those of kindred Societies, we rejoice. Our American brethren in that portion of Birma which, during the recent war, has been annexed to the British territories, have had their hearts cheered by such an occurrence, which is thus related by one of them, Dr. Dawson, in a letter dated Rangoon, December 20, 1853—

The most remarkable case which has perhaps yet occurred in the history of our Missions in Birma is the baptism of a Buddhist priest, who has lately abandoned his idolatry, has experienced a saving change of heart, and, after sustaining a most satisfactory examination before the church, was, the day before yesterday, immersed in his priestly robes. Surrounded by a company of disciples, it was truly a most thrilling scene, to witness the priest of Gaudama presenting himself in his yellow garments, and asking for Christian baptism. The attention of the by-

standers, who thronged around the door and windows at the time of his examination, was intense. It was certainly a very humiliating blow at Buddhism, to see one of its professed defenders and advocates publicly renouncing it before them, and they appeared so to feel it. He expressed his unqualified belief that it was all wicked and wrong, and that Christianity, or "the new religion," was the only true religion in the world, having the true God for its author. The truth thus stood triumphant in the person of one of their own poongyees. Such an act, and such a confession, under the Biramese government, would have cost the man his head. But, thanks to a gracious Providence! the power of the despot is now broken. There is none to hurt or make the disciple afraid in matters of religion and conscience.

The history of this converted priest is briefly as follows: it is illustrative of Biramese character. Some months ago, while in charge of a monastery in the country, hearing of the existence of the indigent hospital in Rangoon, and suffering as he was from a disease of the eyes, he concluded he would visit it to obtain relief. He came, in company with several persons who were his personal relatives, though the priests, as a body, disown all family ties or relationship. But, contrary to the rules of the priesthood, which forbid its members sleeping out of the kyoungs at night, he soon took up his abode in the hospital-building, where his eyes were treated, and speedily benefited. Meanwhile, religious instruction was imparted to him, and he was encouraged to attend the services of the sanctuary on the Sabbath. For a time, he seemed to grow harder and more indifferent to the claims of the gospel upon him. Though attentive and respectful as a listener to the "glad tidings," he would smile at the efforts made to convince him that Gaudama was an impostor, and his system a refuge of lies. The chief absorbing idea with him was, "What shall I eat? and, What shall I drink? and, Wherewithal shall I be clothed?" And very frequently he advanced these things as his reasons for remaining in the priestly office. He was honest in saying, that he had a kyoung, he had respect, and he had food, by wearing the yellow robes, and in order to get merit by it the people sometimes worshipped him. His religion, therefore, was good. Who could expect him to fling away all these enjoyments, and become a poor man, to be despised by his friends, and hated by his relatives? Unbounded selfishness seemed to be the great characteristic of all his thoughts and feelings, and he was but too true an example of the whole race of Buddhist poongyees. The benevolence and self-denial required by the laws of Christ were to him "a stumbling-block," which his convictions denied. Into the very nature of Biramese society the doctrine of "merit" is so woven, that a disinterested act of kindness is to them among the things which are impossible. As cause is to its effect, so is a good deed to its reward. In all cases the object with them is the reward. Hence one of Gaudama's maxims is, "Do good, and you will receive good;" whilst the converse of the proposition they hold to be equally true and certain—"Do evil, and you will receive evil." During the period he was an inquirer, he had conversations with all the Biramese Missionaries who have been here. The brethren Stevens, Kincaid, and Ingalls, and Ko Tha-a, have, one and all, talked with him, besides two or three of the native assistants. Gradually, as his mind became en-

lightened, his opinions altered, till finally he gave up all hold on the world, and all undue anxiety for its concerns. His conversion he attributes to a dream, which woke him one night in "a fit of terror," and drove him to his knees. He prayed, and felt choked. An inexpressible load was realized as resting upon his heart. He was oppressed and cast down by a conflict within. Soon, however, all these dreadful feelings, he says, passed away, and were followed by a burst of joy. He had fastened his hopes and expectations on Christ. He could not sleep any more that night, but lay awake, thinking of the goodness of God to him, of his wonderful deliverance from the penalty of sin, and of his more wonderful acceptance through the grace which is in Christ Jesus. He is now prepared, he says, so far as strength is given to him from on high, to bear any thing for the sake of his Saviour—sickness, poverty, scorn and persecution, and even death itself. The occurrence of the conversion and baptism of this Buddhist priest, whose yellow robes were thrown off at the baptismal waters, will mark hereafter a deeply-interesting period in the history of the Rangoon Mission. The circumstance, too, is rendered doubly memorable by the fact that a Mai-thee-lah, or Buddhist nun, was baptized on the same occasion.*

~~~~~

#### CHINESE EMIGRANTS AT PENANG.

THE Chinese are a migratory people. They are to be found almost everywhere on the coasts and islands of the Indian Archipelago; nay, still further, in California and Australia. It is remarkable how, when thus transferred, they continue to retain, for a series of years, the habits of their forefathers. It is different with Mahomedan and Hindu settlers. These gradually blend their religious ceremonies. In Penang, for instance, where are to be found these varieties of the human family, the Mussulman will eat in the houses of orthodox Hindus, and off the same board, and both may be seen bathing in the same tank; but the Chinese jealously adhere to their peculiarities.

We propose to give our readers a brief account of the Chinese as we find them at Penang. A Chinese merchant of that settlement chartered a vessel, and in April or May leaves for Macao or Amoy. On reaching his destination, agents are sent about, who, by promises of speedy riches, induce the people to accept bounty money and go on board. These new arrivals, on reaching Penang, are called *singké*, or new man. As soon as the vessel casts anchor, the resident Chinese go on board to buy *singkés*, as they term it; that is, they engage them for a twelvemonths' service, undertaking to give them their food, clothes, and a few dollars, the owner of the vessel and other parties receiving their respective fees on the conclusion of the bargain. At the end of the year the *singké* is free to enter his master's service at a monthly stipend, or seek his livelihood

\* "The Buddhist nuns assume the vows of chastity, poverty, and servitude. They shave their heads like the priests, and dress in white robes. The service they perform is for the priests."

We have taken the above account from "The Missionary Magazine, published by the American Baptist Missionary Union," for June 1854.

elsewhere. From 2000 to 3000 Chinese are landed annually at Penang, and spread from thence into the Siamese and Malay territories.

But it is of their domestic habits we wish to speak, and of the deep idolatry in which these poor creatures are plunged. "At daylight, a servant, or one of the family, lights a few joss-sticks, comes to the front of the house, and bows to the sky. This, they say, is done in honour of God," and is the only worship they render Him during the day. The more honoured object of worship is the tokong. "This is usually a picture, but some have an image representing the same character, which is placed on a shelf in the principal room." To this the individual kow-tows, setting up, at the same time, "lighted sticks in stands that are placed before the god for that purpose. A few also are stuck in niches at the outer door." Worshipping the dead also prevails amongst them.

Every family goes to the graves of its ancestors twice a year. Eatables of various kinds are placed at the foot of each grave, with chopsticks; joss-sticks are lighted, and stuck in the ground: each person takes a few in both hands, and kow-tows to the ground twice; sacred paper is burnt (square pieces of brown paper, with a piece of silver or gold tinsel pasted in the centre): after burning the paper kow-towing is repeated. While doing so they say, "On such a day we your descendants or relatives come to worship you: protect and guard us," or words to that effect. In the mean time the ghosts of the departed are supposed to enjoy themselves over the eatables: when they are satisfied, their children return home and demolish the food left by the spirits.

The Chinese at Penang have a temple for religious purposes. The following is a description of it—

It was erected about sixty years ago, and enlarged thirty years afterwards. The older part consists of a hall forty feet square, having a paved terrace in front, on which stand two lions and an urn, in which holy paper is burnt. The lions are painted green, red, and black. Before the entrance to the hall a substantial railing is placed, to keep out the mob on great days, when it is necessary for the priests alone to worship. Within the rail, on the right-hand side, the names of the erectors, with the respective sums subscribed by each, are cut on a piece of granite which is let into the wall. The front of the building is decorated with carved work, gaudily painted. There are three doors leading into the hall: over the centre is a black board, which bears the words, "Kong Hok Keong," which indicate that the building was erected by Macao and Chin-chew men conjointly. Over each side-door two boys are represented holding up a China mace (a brass coin, with a square hole cut out of the centre). There is nothing striking in the appearance of the entrance. The tiles and rafters are exposed, and the pillars supporting the roof come down very awkwardly on either side of the altar. In the centre, with its back to the wall, is a sort of house containing six images: the principal is called "Kwan yim hwut chia," the virgin of the lotus flower. The second figure is "Ma chow po," the patroness of the virgins, and the remaining four are attendants. The house or box in

which they are placed may be closed on both sides, so that a devout worshipper may enter, and seclude himself from the gaze of the multitude. In the front of the house, a hole about five feet square is left open, from which the gods command a view of the urn and China Street. It is supposed they are particularly gratified by a fine prospect; and the Chinese, therefore, endeavoured to buy up the ground in Beach Street facing the temple, so as to keep it free of buildings.

About three feet from the tokong's house stands an altar, on which is placed an oblong metal urn, for joss-sticks. On each side of the altar there is a wooden stand with a circular top, having spikes on which candles are stuck; two pieces of bamboo about a foot long each, containing 100 slips of bamboo, bearing Chinese characters referring to the sixty drawers. Two sets of bamboo lots. About four feet from the altar stands a long table, on which is placed a wooden vase for joss-sticks. Before the table is an oblong stand with spikes for candles. About a foot from the latter are two square red tables. To the right is suspended a large bell, and on the left a drum, which are sounded on some of the great feast days. From the roof are suspended twelve lanterns of different shapes, gifts of wealthy shop-keepers. In one a light has been burning for several years. On either side of the hall stands are placed, in which are fixed staves, surrounded by representations of the sun, moon, an axe, a sword, and a dragon. Near the bell is a bureau with sixty drawers: each drawer contains a question on certain subjects, corresponding to the bamboo slips that are placed on the altar.

The new hall is about forty feet square, and is separated from the old one by an open, paved court-yard, also forty feet square. It contains images of the arch guardian of heaven, the charitable commander-in-chief, and the other gods worshipped on certain days, to be enumerated hereafter. The hall contains lanterns, altars, urns, candlesticks, &c., as in the first. On the back of the first hall one of their deified philosophers is sketched, attended by seven or eight worshippers, and symbols similar to those used in the temple.

When a man is desirous of undertaking any enterprise, the two virgins must be consulted, and if they do not return a favourable answer the project is abandoned, whatever it may be. The goddess's opinion is thus obtained: the bamboo containing the slips is shaken till one of them drops out; the lots—which are two pieces cut from the roots of the bamboo in the shape of cashoo nuts, having a flat convex side—are thrown in the air, and if they fall with both convex, or both flat sides uppermost, the slips are shaken, and lots thrown over again till one convex and one flat side appear uppermost: this is sometimes done half-a-dozen times before the question is asked. When the image is favourable to the inquiry, the slip of bamboo is taken to the priest, who looks at the characters and opens the drawer it refers to, from which a slip of coloured paper containing the question is taken. The inquirer then takes the paper, and puts it into a box which stands near the images; the lots are again thrown up, and the inquirer must be satisfied with the first answer.

The idolatry of the Chinese exercises no wholesome influence over their morals. They are opium smokers, gamblers, and members of Triad Societies, of which we shall say something at another time.

## THE CRIMEA.

THE Crimea is now engraven on the hearts of Englishmen. All eyes have been fixed upon it ; and while there has been national joy that victory has crowned the arms of our brave countrymen and allies, there has been national sorrow that the victory has been purchased at the



INTERIOR OF A TARTAR HUT IN THE CRIMEA.

costly price of many precious lives. The long list of those who have been cut down in the bloom of life and manly vigour makes every heart to mourn. How much that man has to answer for, whose obstinate ambition has necessitated war, and brought sorrow home to many a domestic circle!

Yet out of these sorrows let us hope that good will arise—that the stern yoke of Russian despotism will be broken, and millions, who have been deprived by unjust laws of civil rights and religious privileges, be freed. A dark empire Russia hitherto has been, more especially under the rule of the present Czar, who, by severe ukases, has prohibited the Missionary action of Protestant churches, and has shut out his people from the gospel, which their own priests have not to give them—which the poor peasants cannot have at home; and which, as a contraband article, is prohibited from being imported from abroad. Within the vast limits of the Russian empire are many subjugated races, which have been absorbed into it. It consists, indeed, of various heterogeneous materials, which have no internal union, but which are bound together as riven timbers, fragments of stones, and congealed water, are bound together by the influence of frost, so as to constitute one of those immense icebergs which, floating down from the polar seas, threatens destruction to all it meets. These subjugated nations, thus embodied with the Russian empire, are some of them heathen, others Mahommedan: and what they were originally, such they remain; for there is no effort made even to render them nominally Christian. The Tartars of the Crimea are amongst the number. We have already introduced some notices of them, but the prominence which passing events has given to that portion of the Russian empire induces us to add something more respecting them, and the country of which they are the inhabitants; the more so, as we venture to entertain the hope that the Crimea, separated from Russia, may soon present an interesting field of labour, where zealous, and yet discreet Missionaries may make the gospel known to the mingled races which compose its population.

The Crimea, from its central position, midway between Europe and Asia, commanding the commerce of the Black Sea, its climate salubrious, its soil productive, its scenery beautiful, its harbours noble and capacious, has often been contended for as a prize, and has been the spoil of various conquerors. It was once the granary of Greece. On the Roman kingdom rising into the ascendancy, fierce wars were carried on between that people and Mithridates, king of Pontus, the last Grecian ruler of the Crimea, from which that country suffered much. The Romans, conscious of its importance, laboured strenuously for its improvement, by the construction of roads, canals, aqueducts, and other works of public utility, of which traces remain to this day. On the decline of the Roman empire it shared the fate of other provinces. It was invaded by hordes of fierce barbarians from the gloomy forests of the north, or from the wilds of Asia. These were followed by the Tartar horsemen, the followers of Genghis Khan; and one of his descendants, a powerful chief of the name of Gherai, settled permanently, with his people, in the Crimea and the countries ranging along the northern shores of the Black Sea, as far as the Caspian. Here they maintained themselves, in despite of constant hostilities to which they were exposed from the eastern European nations. The Tartars were, on the whole, humane

in the rule they exercised. They conceded toleration to those who differed from them in religion; and hence the Crimea, under Tartar rule, became a sort of refuge, to various classes of people, from the persecutions which they suffered in other lands, to the Jews more especially; and this accounts, in a great measure, for the singularly mixed character of its population. The Tartars, despising every other occupation besides that of arms, and in time of peace, when this excitement was wanting, surrendering themselves to indolence, left all agricultural and commercial pursuits to their Christian and Jewish subjects. Gradually they lost their ancient vigour of character, and in diminished numbers reached that period of their national history when Russia proceeded to carry out her ambitious designs on the fair country they inhabited. Peter the Great saw that, if Russia were to command, she must gain possession of the Crimea and the isthmus of the Caucasus. This object, so far as the Crimea was concerned, was accomplished in the year 1774, when, on the termination of a war between Turkey and Russia, the Crimea, with other countries wrested from the Turkish empire, fell under the influence and power of Russia.

Since then the Tartar population has fearfully diminished, and at the present time does not, it is supposed, amount to more than 100,000, or about half the population of the Crimean peninsula. Russian despotism has accomplished this. The Tartars, as a nation, have been miserably ground down; their noble families have become extinct, and their poorer classes crushed by the exorbitant demands of Russian taxgatherers; so that a few more years of Russian sway, and, as a nation, the Tartars had become extinct.

Meanwhile, tracts of land lie unproductive, not from any sterility in the soil, but from want of hands to cultivate them. Let us hope that better things are in store for this interesting region, and that, once freed, it may never again be permitted to come under Russia's cruel yoke.

We have given an engraving of the inside of a Tartar hut, from the interior of the country. The coast Tartars have much of European blood infused into their veins, and have regular features and fair hair; but those of the interior retain the high cheek-bones and wide eyes which are characteristic of their race, and are a hardy, hospitable people, totally different from their brethren on the coast. Their villages are generally situated on the steep hill-sides, near to which is generally a stone fountain with its cold sparkling water. These poor people cling tenaciously to their highland glens, and no wonder, for they are beautiful localities, encircled by lofty mountains, full of luxuriant foliage and vegetation, and watered by mountain-streams which foam and sparkle as they force their way down their rocky channels.

~~~~~  
PATIENT IN TRIBULATION.

THE year 1853 was one of much sickness to the natives of New Zealand. Successive epidemics prevailed, and the deaths were numerous; yet the season of affliction, like the furnace that tries the gold, caused the faith and patience of many to shine more brightly; and amidst their sorrow for the loss of faithful Christians, the Missionaries were comforted by the happy assurance of their transfer to better homes above. The journals from Kaitaia, our northern-

most station, abound with instances of this kind, some few of which we transfer to our pages.

Oct. 3, 1853—We heard of the sudden death of Serena Butt, an elderly Christian native, who died under the native administration of a new medicine—a decoction of the bark of a hard wood, of which they used to make their walking sticks. The parties were much blamed. Mr. Puckey had been to see the corpse, and informed me that Butt, the husband, was dying by the side of it, and that he was rejoicing in his Saviour. He added, “Do go and see him: the old man is so happy, and he will not live many hours.” I went, and most of our families too. We found the afflicted man in a very enviable state of mind, and quite resigned and prepared to die. He exerted himself to converse with me. I read to him portions of the sacramental service, and the twenty-third Psalm. He said, “Joseph, the native teacher, read that to me yesterday;” and it appeared that Joseph’s talk to him had been greatly blessed. He was much gratified by Mrs. Matthews visiting him, and spoke to her of his reliance on Christ. We had brought up his only daughter, who lived with us until she married. The old man and woman had often visited us, and they were known to have been consistent Christians, greatly delighting to repeat the catechisms in the Sunday-school. He died the next morning. His only son is unbaptized and careless; and the old man, before he died, called to him, and said, “You have lived ungodly,” and he thought that on account of this God was removing his parents from him. The poor old man had one brother, a native teacher, who came a distance of eleven miles to see him, but he was too late. I buried both husband and wife in one grave. Thus are our people gathered home in God’s good time.

Oct. 10—Two sick natives were very anxious to see me, namely, Hare Rewete, and Sophia, our old teacher’s wife. On my asking the former if he were “dark,” or grieved, on account of his approaching dissolution, he replied, “I do not grieve: it is only my body which will die: my soul will live.” I certainly was pleased with this answer from one who had every earthly prospect of happiness. His father and mother are kind-hearted Christians, and, which is remarkable, his father—once known by the name of Turau, now Cornelius—used to be kind to us when travelling, many years before he was a Christian. The young man seemed very patient under his sufferings: he could only whisper, but he exerted himself to talk to me in this way. The father expressed his regret at his son’s loss of speech, but I assured him that I could hear distinctly. I spoke of the benefit of affliction, and referred to the alarming subject preached yesterday—Mark xiii. 32—37. I was thankful to observe a resigned spirit in this young man. It appeared to be a great comfort to him to hear the word of God, which he seemed to drink as the water of life. His Testament is always by him, and his wife and parents are most attentive.

I rode on to Ototoiti, and found Sophia in a weak state of body, but in such a happy state of mind, with an ability to describe her state, that I have not met with exactly such a case before. Her experience is that of one who has long lived a consistent Christian life, diligently read the word of God, and been blessed with faithful preaching. She bade

me "welcome in the name of the Lord." She had her Testament and Prayer-book by her, and commenced conversation, relating her happy experience, and telling me how happy she should be to depart, and be with Christ. She said that spiritual things were so precious to her she could not think of descending to earthly employment again. I could discern that her affliction had been sanctified. She was very ready in the Scriptures, quite "a scribe well instructed." I thought her state enviable. I felt her pulse: it was 100 per minute: her breath was short, and it was some labour to her to converse. I asked, as to her state of health, "What do you think of yourself?" She replied, "You are looking at me: what do you think?" My reply was, "There is good and bad, but I think that, with the help of medicine, you may live." "Yes," she said, "if God cut short my desires to leave below for above." I asked for the Testament, and read St. Paul's happy experience (Philippians, i. 20—24). I called her attention to these heaven-born verses, and said, as politely as possible, "I think St. Paul's religion must be preferred before yours." I added—for she was all attention—"His experience was of the highest order, and yet he was willing to live in the flesh, if it were the will of God, so that he might be useful to souls, and bring glory to God." And I added, "You may be very useful, should God spare your life, in helping your husband to teach the children of your village." Simeona, her husband, had lately opened school at this village, which was the first place to receive the gospel out of our settlement. I was thankful that Sophia received this well. She said, that, should God be pleased to restore her, it was her intention to devote herself, with her husband, to the work of teaching. I observed, that it appeared to me God was showing her that her talent had been neglected in health, and now He was causing her to feel that His work was the best, and must be done. And I added, "Your husband has been twice severely afflicted for many weeks, and the secret revealed to him was, that the Lord's-day duties were not sufficient, and that he ought to keep school; and, since his recovery, he has opened school, and more than twenty children attend." "Yes," she said, "and there are numbers of women and girls very ignorant, and yet willing to be taught."

This Christian woman recovered, and, on regaining her strength, immediately commenced to aid her husband in the Lord's work.

~~~~~  
ORISSA.

THE country of Orissa is a maritime province of India, situated on the western shore of the Bay of Bengal. It is backed by a chain of hills which separate it from the interior provinces. Advancing from the Húglí river, which bounds the province to the north, the traveller first enters on a swampy tract of country, in the low jungle of which fierce animals, such as tigers, wild hogs, buffaloes, &c., find a covert. As he proceeds, little villages are seen in different directions amongst the trees—the homes of a rural population. Emerging from the jungle, the way lies across extended tracts of barren sand. A few fishermen's huts are seen, and herds of deer feed on the wild thyme. On the left extends the vast sea, across whose waters the stately merchant vessels pursue their course. More to the southward, large topes of mango-trees appear; or



by the way-side the banyan spreads its shade, and the villages of the Brahmins and wealthier classes of people are graced by the cocoa-nut and areca palms; while over the thatched cottages of the peasantry the spinach vine climbs, and tall plantations of the castor-oil tree are grouped around. The Nilagiri, or blue hills of Orissa, come sweeping down from the west, until they approach the sea, as if to gaze upon its wide expanse, and then again waywardly recede into the interior. Orissa might be a fruitful and productive country. Numerous rivers water it from the hills: entrenchments might be formed, tanks constructed, and the waters made available for irrigation; but such measures are neglected, and this province of India has been subjected to visitations of famine of the most distressing character. Yet why should this be? Its population is numerous, amounting, probably, to upwards of seven millions. Alas! it is a population debased and paralyzed by the influence of a false religion. Hinduism is in full force in Orissa. The abominable stories of the gods are current throughout the land. The worship of Jagannâth is universal. On the shore at Pûrî his gloomy temple rises, its highest pinnacle towering 210 feet from the ground. Pilgrimages to reputed holy places, sources or confluences of rivers, celebrated idols, &c., have ever been popular in India, but the Pûrî shrine of Jagannâth has been the most frequented. Never-ceasing crowds of pilgrims go to and fro, as if half the world were going on pilgrimage. They consist of men, women, and children, on horses, camels, elephants, and in vehicles of all descriptions. The deadly creed of Hinduism has long had sway over this province. The country is filled with numbers of temples of various forms, some ancient, and yet evidently constructed out of the ruins of temples more ancient than themselves. The black pagoda lies a splendid mass of ruins on the coast, but still Hinduism survives, and perpetuates itself in Jagannâth's temple; nor will it yield until the gospel of Christ gathers force to overthrow it, and the shrine, and the system it represents, shall fall, as Dagon did before the ark.

But besides the larger temples, every village has its place of worship, and nearly every district its annual place of gathering, where the people assemble for the purpose of bathing, or in some other way to honour their particular idol or temple. These gatherings are most demoralizing in their influence. The Dûrga pûjâ is celebrated in October. In a previous Number\* we gave a description of this festival. Happily for us, we are not fully aware of all the unutterable abominations which are perpetrated during its orgies. Another festival, called the Jagaddhâtû pûjâ occurs in the month of November. Jagaddhâtû—nurse, or mother of the world—is another form of Dûrga, and bloody sacrifices are offered to her, and much money expended in dances, songs, feasting of the Brahmins, indecent mirth being the prevailing tone of this religious festival. Alas! what can be expected from the poor dark Oriyas? What a painful scene it is to see them, on the occasion of some festival, assembling, dressed in their best raiment, the women in groups, generally in their clean white costume, but frequently also in coloured silk dresses; the men dressed in white, carrying their little sons on their heads or shoulders, and their daughters astride on their hips. How painful to see a mother bowing down her child's head,

\* Dec. 1853, pp. 134, 135.

and teaching it to clasp its tiny hands in honour of some image! When shall the "true God, and Jesus Christ, whom He hath sent," be known in this dark land, and mothers teach their children to call upon the only "name under Heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved!"

Meanwhile, the whole tendency of the system is unduly to foster the Brahmins, or sacerdotal caste. To them gifts and offerings are presented; and at the annual festivals, while the people abandon themselves to low amusements, they are immersed in the care of making money. In Jagannâth's temple alone there are 3000 hereditary priests, who by such a craft get their gain. Our engraving represents an Orissa Brahmin offering his devotion to the sun.



The Oriyas adhere most tenaciously to caste, or, as the Hindu calls it, "jati," that is, his birthright. There were originally four, of which the Brahmin caste had the priority. Of these, the Brahmin caste alone preserves its original distinctiveness; and, from intermarriages, nearly all below the Brahmins are denominated mixed races. The Brahmins of Orissa have been accounted in the Pûranas as being of a pure and orthodox class. They are proportionally proud and bigoted. Yet the gospel is

“mighty through God.” Instances have occurred of Brahmins, naturally proud and bigoted, under the converting power of the gospel becoming as little children, exchanging their Brahminical string for the yoke of Christ, and contented “to suffer shame for His name.” May “the word of the Lord have free course, and be glorified,” amongst the millions of India, and, breaking down the barriers of caste, bring Brahmins, and Sûdras, and Pariahs, into the holy fellowship of the gospel!

~~~~~

GOSPEL FRUITS IN CEYLON.

OUR Mission in Ceylon is peculiar in its character. It commenced in 1818; but the tree of life does not appear to us to have grown with the same measure of growth there which it has in other regions. New Zealand was entered upon as a field of labour in 1814; Ceylon only four years later, in 1818: yet the New Zealanders are now professing Christians, and the great mass of the people of Ceylon remain unchanged. In New Zealand the communicants amount to 6796; in Ceylon, to 379. There is no part of the world where vegetable life is more luxuriant, and Ceylon yields all that is “pleasant to the sight and good for food.” But that tree, whose fruit is “for meat,” and its leaves for healing to the soul, is as yet of stunted growth. It thrives better in the dreary regions of Rupert’s Land, than on the rich lowlands or beautiful mountain scenery of Ceylon. But it is only delay, not failure. In Ceylon, too, the gospel shall make progress. Only let us wait and pray, and continue to sow the seed.

Meanwhile, the gospel is bearing some fruit, although it be as yet often unnoticed fruit, concealed fruit, like the natural fruit hidden among the leaves, so that you have to go and look for it, and push the leaves aside that you may find. That such fruits are being yielded will appear from the following interesting account sent home by the Rev. W. Knight, one of the Secretaries of the Parent Society, at present on a visit to Ceylon for Missionary purposes. As our readers peruse it, they will be enabled to understand why gospel fruits in Ceylon are not so noticeable as in other heathen lands.

Colpetty, July 23, 1854.

There are many circumstances which prevent the work that is going on in the southern or Singhalese part of the island from coming out as prominently before Christians in England, as is the case with many Missions. In the western province, that in which Colombo, the seat of government, is situated, and in which I am writing, the most important and populous district of the island, there are upwards of 40,000 nominal Protestants, besides twice as many Romanists. The Buddhists are ten times as many as the former; but still the Missionaries come of course into contact very much with these professed Christians, and they have to seek to turn their profession into a reality. True conversions, evidenced by abstinence from outward sin, attendance on religious ordinances, and calm and intelligent hope in death of a glorious resurrection, are no unfrequent occurrences. Such people have been previously baptized in-

deed, and are counted members of Christ's church ; but yet, when *they* are turned "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God," they are as truly the triumphs of a preached gospel as if they had previously been Shanar devil-worshippers or Hindu polytheists. But you see that these changes make no noise when they take place. They come not with observation. They do not swell the baptismal muster roll, nor can they be presented in any statistical form whatsoever. It is like the quiet working of an English parish, where deathbeds bring out to light the result of years, and many pass away without even leaving behind them any testimony of what was at work within.

Then, too, the Singhalese are no doubt a remarkably apathetic people. Whether it be the cause why Buddhism has fastened on them, as a congenial faith, or, as I hope and believe, the paralyzing influence of Buddhism on their national character, and to be removed by Christianity, there are not, perhaps, data for determining ; but of the fact there is no doubt—they are a singularly apathetic people. There is no *esprit de corps* about them upon any subject. Patriotism is a word and a virtue equally unknown to them. They are quite ready to be of "master's religion," whatever that is. You know how, in India, the heathen shrink from entering the churches, or even the compounds of Christian Missionaries, lest they should be defiled. Here no stigma attaches to such contact, and the Buddhist may stray into the Christian church without fear of reproach, armed with his triple mail of absolute indifference. The priests show you their temples with the polite air with which an antiquarian might display his relics, and do not even assume the semblance of reverence or awe. Most likely, were any great and general movement towards Christianity to take place among the Buddhist population, it would awaken the active hostility of those who would begin to feel that their craft was in danger. But as long as the defections are isolated instances here and there, they do not tremble for their continued possession of their snug "pansalas," or monastic residences, with their cocoa-nut groves, and well-stored barns of rice ; and they can thus afford to be liberal. Nay, to be baptized is considered a respectability for a young lady, or her promotion. It is almost as good as a dowry—I am speaking here of the nominal Christians—and many who have never been to church before will come for six months regularly, in order to get baptism for their daughter ; and when they have achieved their end, they are often as much strangers to all outward ordinances as ever.

My pen has been running on to topics perhaps but slightly connected with each other, but the train of thought was suggested by a recent conversation I had with the appoo, or head servant, who accompanied me to Jaffna. It shows how the gospel works secretly wherever the blessed leaven is introduced into the mass. This appoo is an elderly and respectable man. His father and his grandfather were nominal Christians ; and he, too, had been baptized by the first American Missionaries who came here. His knowledge of Christianity was very scanty. He asked me, on our journey through the jungle one day, what was the difference between Protestants and Roman Catholics. Still he was scrupulously honest and faithful, and lived up to his little glimmerings of twilight. I took him afterwards with me to Baddagame, where he saw, for the first time, a Common-Prayer book in Singhalese. It struck him very much—

prayers for all the year round, and so simple! Could I give him one? However, there were none just then to be had. Mr. Pettitt's head servant shortly afterwards fell ill, and my appoo was engaged in his place. Then he had given him a better book still—the New Testament.

The Singhalese do not differ from other orientals in their estimate of women. Hendrick—for that is the old man's Christian name—was not in advance of his age and people. "I have no boys, except five girls, and one little boy thirteen years old." His whole heart was set on his son. While I was at Kandy, the little boy fell sick; but he, too, could read, and, reading the best of books, "received the kingdom of God as a little child." "Knowledge is easy unto him that understandeth;" and the child-like spirit, whether still clinging round the child in years, or when it has, in God's great mercy, come back upon one in riper age, is that which gives the power of understanding the best knowledge. And so the little boy "understood" the Scriptures. And the father read too, and heavenly chastening had softened and melted his heart. *It was a child's heart too; and thus the father and the son learnt in the same school what is more to be desired than rubies.*

I did not know all that had been passing in that family whilst I was away. One day, soon after my return, the father came and told me of his son's illness. I had not time then to talk to him, and I gave him a rupee to buy his sick child any needful comforts. A few days afterwards the old man came again, with his respectful salam. He did not want any thing for his son, as Mrs. Pettitt had thought of him the day before. I was sitting on the upper step of the verandah, and he gathered his cloth around him, and, doubling his legs under him as none but a native can do, sat literally at my feet. He wished to know, just as he had often asked me questions which his simple mind could not solve, "How was it that Jesus Christ spoke differently from Moses? Moses spoke of seven brothers having one wife." I suppose the Kandian custom was running in his head. "Jesus Christ said that in the other world none of them would have her." I explained to him that Moses was giving a law for the Jews only, and that but for a time. Jesus Christ gave a law for all the world. Moses, too, was speaking about this life—Christ, about the better life to come. The explanation quite satisfied him; and then he began to tell me how, since he was with me at Jaffna, he had been reading the New Testament, and it "came into his mind to understand it;" and his little boy read it too. "He was very ill, Sir, and Dr. Elliott said he could give him no more medicine; but I prayed to God, and now, thanks to Him, he is better." And he lifted up the palms of his hands, and his eyes, to heaven. "I have no son, except five girls. If he had died, I should not have been sorry, for we all must die; and——" But the blood that flushed through his brown skin, over the whole crown of his bald head, belied his last words. I said to him, "You have an only son: you could not bear to see him die. God had an only Son. Do you not think He loved him? And yet He gave His Son for us. You would not give your son to die for your best friend. God gave His Son to die for us, though we have done so many things to anger Him. Ought we not to love Him?" He thought a moment, and then, touching his heart, said, "I understand, I understand." His smile showed that he did. "It is through Jesus Christ," said I, "that

we learn not to fear death for ourselves or others. Death cannot separate those who love Him. A poor Buddhist does not know, when he dies, whether his soul will not go into a cow or an ant, and whether he shall ever see his relatives again." "Yes, I understand, Sir: when bugle blow, then I and my little boy go together in front of Jesus Christ."

He then turned the conversation to the Sunday service at the Mission church, where our native clergyman, Mr. Jayesinhe, preaches in the afternoon. "I go to the people," he said, "who are lying sleeping or smoking on the Sunday, to persuade them to come to church; and as I am an old man, and all people know me here, they listen to me, and come." He then began to praise Mr. Jayesinhe's preaching. "You know, Sir, Singhalese is made up of a great many languages, and he can bring Elu words and Sanscrit words. It takes a Singhalese man very long to learn English, and he never speaks it like Englishman." He was too respectful to do more than hint that we could not preach *quite* like natives. Taught to know the Saviour for himself, Hendrick Appoo thus loves His outward courts, and strives to bring others to Him. Conversion is the same thing all over the world. It can come to the old as well as to the young, and all walk in darkness without it. Here is one "not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved," who, in his measure, is, like David of Kakienuur,* an "honorary catechist." The ever-blessed Spirit has consecrated him to his work, and over-pays him with a growing sense of that favour which is better than life itself. What a lesson for us all! The happy old man soon after took his leave, with a promise of a new Prayer-book as soon as the forthcoming edition is out of the binder's hands.

Such scattered cases as this do not satisfy our enlarged desires for this people; but they are too precious not to claim devout thanksgiving. Certainly, we may hail them as little clouds hanging on the horizon, foretokens of abundance of rain. Perhaps, they may be meant to teach us, that while, like the prophet, we have been able to discern but few symptoms to cheer us, the Lord has been reserving to Himself the full seven thousand from Ceylon.

~~~~~

#### OUR FINANCIAL POSITION.

THE Church Missionary Society's income for the six months just ended—Sept. 30—falls short of the amount received during the same period last year by 3180*l.*; while the calls from our various Missions for *increased* means, consequent on the enlargement of the work, are very pressing. The whole subject is reviewed in the "Church Missionary Intelligencer" for the present month.

We commend to our readers the following extract from the letter of a Missionary in Assam to one of the Secretaries of the American Baptist Missionary Union. It is dated Gowhatti, June 20, 1854.

Standing on the banks of the Brahmaputra, a short time since, I saw a small boat, loaded with men, attempting to cross. When they had reached the middle of the stream there came one of those sudden,

\* "Church Missionary Record," Sept. 1853, pp. 202, 203.

terrible gusts of wind, so frequent in this country, blowing directly down the river. I expected the boat would certainly go down. The men from the shore, seeing the danger, cried out to them, "Turn the bow of the boat up stream." They did so, and rowed with all their might. Wave after wave dashed against it, and the strong current, in spite of all their efforts, carried it rapidly down the stream. Presently the storm had spent its rage, the boat was turned towards the shore, and all were safely landed.

I thought of the Missionary enterprise; the number of standard bearers that had already fallen, the number returning home with ill-health, the lukewarmness of the churches, the scarcity of funds, and the few that are offering themselves to go out as Missionaries; and the present seemed a time of fearful suspense and severe trial. Will the boat swamp, or will she ride out the storm? seemed for a moment poised in the mind, when a voice from the opposite shore seemed to echo, "*Turn the bow of the boat up stream, and row hard.*" We may be carried far, far down the rapid current, but we shall be safe so long as we obey this heavenly injunction. The storm will at length be spent; and the day of trial over, all will be triumphant in the end. "God will help us, and that right early." But woe be to him who during the stormy ordeal shall attempt to save himself by rowing ashore.

~~~~~

FACTS IN HUMAN LIFE.

LET our readers peruse and ponder over the following brief extract from the "Quarterly Review"—

The number of languages spoken in the world amounts to 8064—587 in Europe, 896 in Asia, 276 in Africa, and 1264 in America. The inhabitants of the globe profess more than 1000 different religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is about 28 years. One-quarter die previous to the age of seven years; one-half before reaching seventeen; and those which pass this age enjoy a facility which is refused to one-half the human species. To every 1000 persons only one reaches 100 years of life; to every 100 only six reach the age of 65; and not more than one in 500 lives to 80 years of age. There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants; and of these 333,333,333 die every year; 91,334 every day; 3780 every hour; and 60 every minute, or one every second. These losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth of the population.

How much is to be done! How short the time in which to do it! How short the time for those who can give help! How short the time for those who need help! How strong the tide of human life that rushes into and flows out from this world! With each second one born, and with each second one dead! Who can think of these things and not feel what need there is to remember and act upon the wise man's admonition, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might?"

THE PRAIRIES AND BUFFALOS.

THE northern division of the great American continent is occupied, as to its central part, by an immense tract of flat country, extending from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson's Bay and the Arctic Sea. In it are the two great rivers, the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence, flowing in



HUNTING THE BUFFALO IN WINTER.

different directions, yet separated as to their sources by a very slight elevation, and descending gently from unimportant heights to the sea. This extent of country is divided by geographers into the wooded, the barren, and the prairie country. The last is the most extensive division. The prairies are immense meadows, classed as wet, or dry, or heathy, according to their character. The heathy prairies present, in the summer season, an astonishing variety of flowers, and are studded with hazel and furze-bushes, &c. The wet prairies are sometimes dead levels of exceeding fertility, sometimes degenerating into unwholesome swamps. The dry prairies have a wavy, undulating surface, which has given them the name of the rolling prairies. Here the traveller may wander for days, as over a sea of land, reaching far away until it meets the horizon; still the same boundless view, as though it had no end, and conveying to him the idea of a vast prison, from which there could be no escape. This is the home of the buffalo. Here they range, sometimes in herds so numerous that the prairie is actually darkened with them.

Here in these great plains strange sights present themselves. The ground becomes more broken and abrupt, and, rising into hills, betokens a river's course. Lo! clouds of dust rise from the ravines, and column after column of buffalos is seen galloping down to the water. By the time the leading herds reach it, the prairie is darkened with their dense masses. They stretch along in an unbroken line, a countless multitude. On one occasion of this kind they occupied a plain two miles in breadth, extending several miles in the rear, and forward as far as the eye could reach. It was computed that there could not be fewer than 11,000.

Where the buffalos are, other living things are not far distant. Wolves hang about the herds in great numbers, watching for their prey. Sometimes a few of them may be seen in pursuit of a buffalo calf. The scared fugitive strains every nerve to reach the main body of the herd from whence he had imprudently wandered; but his pursuers increase in numbers until they amount to twenty or thirty, and run him down before he succeeds in doing so. A few of the buffalos are sufficiently near to attempt a rescue, but the wolves scare them off, and the calf is soon devoured.

But another feature diversifies the scene. The Indians are near. Mounted on the wild horses of the prairie, which they have subdued to their service, they come, a mass of horsemen, to hunt the buffalo. Nor are the men alone. The women of the tribe are there also, astride on horses, which they urge furiously onward: they follow the men to assist in cutting up and carrying off the meat. An extensive surround is made, within which the animals are retained by expert horsemen. As soon as they give the wind to the herd, the chase commences. The buffalo start for the hills, but are driven back, broken and running in every direction. The scene becomes one of unutterable confusion, and clouds of dust arising, obscure it so far as to afford only an occasional glance at what is passing. But the reports of guns are frequent, and two or three buffalos are seen dashing along, with an Indian in pursuit, pressing them with his long spear or other weapon. From that fatal circle in which the buffalo are enclosed but few emerge, and soon the Indians may be seen dropping home one after another, laden with meat.

This is not the only way in which the buffalo is secured. "When the alternate thawing and freezing, during the winter months, have formed a thick crust upon the deep snows of the far north-west, the buffalo falls an easy victim to the Indian." Gliding rapidly over the surface upon his snow-shoes, he soon comes up with his prey, whose ponderous weight breaks through the crust at almost every step, and renders escape impossible. Approaching him, therefore, with absolute impunity, the hunter despatches him with the gun, or—as represented in our Frontispiece—with the arrow and lance.

These hunting-grounds have often been the battle-field between tribes, each striving to expel the others, and monopolize the whole themselves. It is remarkable that all buffalo countries are the war-grounds of several tribes. The aspect of a war-party is very imposing. A single horseman first appears, followed by a second and a third in quick succession: then party after party pours into the plain, and a mass of horsemen appears with guns, naked swords, lances, and bows and arrows, all the Indian warriors naked and painted for the war, with the long red streamers of their war-bonnets reaching nearly to the ground.

The buffalo is hunted down on the plains of the Saskatchewan, not many days' journey from the new station, the Nepowewin, commenced recently by the Rev. Henry Budd; and on these plains tribal feuds continue to occur.

The buffalo is of great importance to the inhabitants of Rupert's Land. The buffalo robe is in constant use as a preservative from the extreme cold in sled-travelling, &c. Large quantities of the meat are dried for future use, and much is made into pemmican. The preparation of this we will explain. The round or buttock of beef is cut into thin steaks; these are dried by exposure to the heat of the sun on a stage, beneath which a small fire is lighted to drive away the flies. The dried meat is then pounded between two stones on a buffalo-hide. An equal weight of suet is added by the traders, and the whole is sewn up in bags of undressed hide with the hairy side outwards, each bag weighing ninety pounds. In perusing the journals of our Rupert's-Land Missionaries our readers will occasionally meet with the expression, "bag of pemmican." They will now know what it means.

NEW-ZEALAND CHRISTIANITY.

A NATIONAL profession of pure Christianity is like the auriferous soil or sand: it contains gold, but is not all gold. Some of the auriferous soils yield a less, and some a larger measure of gold; but all yield some. So where the gospel in its purity is known and professed by a nation, there will be, as the sure result which the Lord has promised to attach to the presence and action of His truth, a proportion of real, vital godliness, according to the measure of blessing which God has given. Faithfully taught as the gospel has been by the Missionaries of the Society to the native race in New Zealand, and received and embraced as it has been by them, we are encouraged to expect, that, in this national profession, there will be found some veins of that which is most excellent and va-

luable, and "much more precious than" that "of gold that perisheth." And so we find it to be. As the washing of the soil is necessary to discover the gold, so it is in times of discipline and trial that the real workings of the human heart, its stay, its hopes, and aspirations, come out most clearly. From the reports and journals of our Missionaries we might select numerous and precious instances of believing Maories in the season of heavy tribulation, as well as at other seasons, upheld by faith in Jesus Christ, and exhibiting in their general bearing and deportment the power of real Christianity. Will our readers deem it uninteresting if we introduce to their notice some of those expressions of faith which have been so often heard from the lips of spiritual-minded natives?

One who had been a regular attendant for years on all the means of grace, and who had walked humbly with her God, thus gave utterance, on the approach of death, to the deep feelings of her soul—"My sins are hateful; but I shall lay my sinful nature down with my body. I shall not take that with me: that burden will be laid down, and I shall fly lightly to Christ."

We select another instance, an aged man dying of consumption, whose sunken eye and distressing cough told that death was not far distant. "I held out my hand," writes our Missionary, the Rev. J. Hamlin, "to shake with him. He grasped it firmly in both of his, and held it fast for about ten minutes, addressing me at the same time, and giving it an extra squeeze whenever he mentioned the love of Christ to his soul. It was very edifying to sit by his side and hear him converse. At first, his voice being low, I could scarcely distinguish what he said, but, gaining strength as he proceeded, he was at length enabled to converse freely. Looking on his arms, he observed, 'Though my outward man perish, my inward man is gaining strength day by day. This disease and pain which I feel is very short compared with that punishment which I deserve. The riches of the love of Christ is great, is great, is great!' This is a form of speech in frequent use among the natives when they wish to speak of any thing in the superlative degree—when words seem to fail to express what is felt. 'He has atoned for my sins: He has done all for me: He will not leave His work unfinished: He will complete it, and take me unto Himself.'"

We refer to another Christian native, a man stricken with deep affliction. He had lost eight children—if, indeed, the term be not inappropriate, for he would say of them, not lost, but gone before. The two last had been pupils in one of our schools: one a little girl about nine years of age, and the other a little boy of six. The girl died calling upon her Saviour, "O Jesus, take me! O Jesus, take me!" Yet Nathanael's house, although a house of affliction, was not a house of sorrow where there is no hope. The parents bowed with submission to the divine will, and, thankful for the deliverance of their beloved offspring from the miseries and

dangers of this sinful world, were comforted by realizing the blessedness into which they had entered. But soon another, and the severest stroke, fell upon him. His wife died, and he was left alone. "Nathanael," writes our Missionary Davis, "has lost, within the last eight months, his wife and three children. He feels much, but feels as a Christian. All the best of my people are assembled at his place. It was a pleasure to see them together on the solemn occasion. Among them there was nothing gloomy: faith appeared to be in exercise; and the death of their friend had so raised their expectations and hopes, that some of them appeared to have 'a desire to depart, and to be with Christ.' Others remarked, 'It is best to wait the Lord's time, and, while we live, endeavour to glorify Him.'"

"My heart is not dark," said Hamuera, or Samuel, a dying teacher, "but light." "What gives you joy?" "That Christ has died for *my* sins. When the natives are in health, their whole thoughts are occupied about the riches of this world: they want horses, and ships, and mills. When a man is dying, as I am now, he feels that horses, and ships, and mills, are of no value to him—that nothing can satisfy him but a crown of glory." This man, as his friends came to bid him farewell, failed not to exhort them individually. "Be strong in the faith. I am going away from you to Jesus. Trust in Him alone. No other name but Jesus." Some of the teachers read to him a few verses out of Rom. viii. He said, "How sweet! no condemnation, because Christ bore all the Father's curse due to us."

Many other instances might be brought forward of various kinds, all confirmatory of the fact that there is gold in the Christian profession of the New Zealanders. But we confine ourselves to two more extracts. The first is from the journal—September last—of the Rev. C. P. Davies—"One widow woman, Mary Magdalene, seems well acquainted with the simple meaning of the word. I have no doubt but she is a child of God. She concerns herself much for the souls of her countrywomen. If any be sick, there Mary is sure to be found, reading and praying for their instruction."

The other extract, from the Rev. J. Matthews' journal, is calculated to explain to us the degree of Christian intelligence which exists among the native teachers, a most useful body of men, 432 in number, whose co-operation is gratuitously given, and without whose aid, so few are our Missionaries, the work could not be carried on—

Oct. 15, 1853—We held the teachers' meeting, and it was a very interesting one, on Acts xiv. 19—22, "We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God." During the meeting a pleasing conversation ensued on that verse of our Lord's, St. John xii. 26, "If any man serve me, him will my Father honour." Symeona said it

was a custom among the New Zealanders to honour a good servant; and it had often been known that a slave, who had been very attentive to his master in preparing food in a cleanly manner, and likewise in other matters very obedient, would be called to sit by the chief, and converse with him, and no visitor would know that his condition was that of a slave. Another teacher said, "But the name would remain," *i. e.* the title of "pononga," or slave. Symeona rejoined, "The name of slave would not be mentioned; and he considered this an apt illustration of the natives, who, a few years ago, were serving Satan, but are now so highly honoured as to have the word of the Lord, and to be made one with Christ." I was much pleased with this.

New Zealand is a changed land, and, amidst many difficulties which yet remain to be overcome, the Missionaries feel it to be so. Let our readers weigh the testimony of one of them, the Rev. J. Morgan, on this subject, contained in a letter dated April 20th of the present year—

You will be glad to hear that on Good Friday and Sunday last we opened our new church at this Station (Otawhao). Archdeacon Abraham kindly came up from Auckland to conduct the services. The archdeacon preached in Maori and English, both days, at morning and afternoon services; and I preached at Maori afternoon service. On Sunday morning the Lord's supper was administered, and four adults and three children baptized in the afternoon. The services of the day were very encouraging, especially when contrasted with the state of the aborigines when I first visited this neighbourhood at the close of 1834. It was then literally true, as stated Rom. iii. 10—18, None sought after God, no, not one, in the whole district; but "their feet were swift to shed blood: destruction and misery were in their ways." Now, the gospel is generally professed. About 150 communicants belong to the various congregations in the district; and instead of spending, as formerly, their all in the purchase of fire-arms, powder, and ball, to destroy each other, and feast on the bodies of the slain, they now come forward to subscribe 300*l.* towards the erection of two churches, at Otawhao and Rangiaohia, one of which is opened, and the other progressing; while their mills, ploughs, carts, horses, corn-fields, and orchards, tell how rapid has been the transition from heathen barbarism to Christianity and civilization. May it please God to grant that, His gospel being preached in the temples now erected and erecting for His worship, the good work begun may be carried on by His Spirit in the hearts of many, that, receiving "the engrafted word, which is able to save their souls," they may continue to grow in grace, and in meetness for the kingdom of heaven.

THE ESKIMOS.

SOME notice has already been taken of this peculiar race in the pages of our little periodical.* Peculiar, indeed, they are in very many respects. Occupying an immense extent of coast line, from Greenland on the one hand, and Labrador on the other, they

* "Church Missionary Gleaner" for Dec. 1853.

extend along the main shore of the great American continent, and, crossing Behring's Straits, are found on the Asiatic coasts. From their peculiar habits, they find their home in regions which, to their southern neighbours, are dreary and repulsive, and, ranging to the northward of other races, inhabit the frost and snows of the Arctic regions. The Pacific islander dwells amongst the rich luxuriance of the tropics; but the Eskimo is literally a dweller in snow. When he goes forth from his winter house, to hunt the seal over the vast plains of ice into which the power of frost has changed the waters of the ocean, he never wants materials for a comfortable dwelling wherever snow is to be found; and the warm-blooded seal, as it comes to respire at its breathing-holes in the ice, transfixed by his spear, yields him both food and clothing. As spring advances, and the rivers open, he spears the fish. The multitudes of swans, geese, and ducks which resort northwards, yield him supplies. During the summer, in his kайak he hunts the whale; and, as the year droops to autumn, waylaying the herds of reindeer as they march southward, he lays up supplies of food against the long and dark winter.



The Eskimos are broad-shouldered, and have muscular arms, and, when sitting in their kaiyaks, appear to be taller than they are really, but they are usually below the medium English height. Their countenances are egg-shaped, being of greatest breadth just below the eyes, the forehead narrowing upward. Both forehead and chin recede so as to present a curved profile. Their eyes are very peculiar, being narrow, and more or less oblique. The general expression of the countenance is that of good-natured cheerfulness. They are great mimics, and their hearty laugh seldom fails to disclose a set of white teeth. Their dress is singularly made of seal and deer-skins. The inner garment consists of a shirt composed of the skins of deer or fowl, with the hair or feathers inwards. The outer garment is a close coat of seal or reindeer-skin, slipped over the head, and reaching to the knees: it is furnished with a hood to cover the head in severe weather. Mothers and nurses wear a wide cloak bound round the body with a girdle, in which the child, usually quite naked, is wrapped up. Their boots are made of seal-skin, so closely sewed as to be water-tight, and rising as high as the hips, like fishermen's boots. Our engraving, however, on the preceding page, will give a better idea of the appearance of an Eskimo and his wife than any description.

The name of Eskimos, by which we call them, is unknown to them: they invariably call themselves Inu-it, pronounced Ee-noo-eet, or the people, from *i-nuk*, "a man." The only religion they have is that which is generally found to prevail amongst the ruder and more barbarous tribes of men—a belief in, and dread of, evil spirits, and the practice of witchcraft and various superstitions; a state of miserable bondage into which man falls when he has lost the knowledge of God. We mentioned, in our Number for December of last year, that our Mission Stations in Rupert's Land, at Fort George, on the east coast of James' Bay, afforded some prospect of communication with the Eskimos, and that our Missionary, the Rev. E. A. Watkins, had persuaded an Eskimo youth, called Peter, to reside with him. The opportunities have been far fewer than had been expected, not many of that people coming so far southward; so much so, that during eighteen months he had only seen seventeen of them, while the impossibility of procuring dogs and provisions for the journey has prevented him from going more northward to visit them. Still, some opportunities of seeking their good have been presented to him, and one of these, of which he gives us an account in the following extracts from his journal, will be read with interest—

March 8, 1854—I was informed that an Eskimo sled was in sight. I found that the party consisted of a family of eight persons, the youngest being a child somewhat more than two years old, who was carried naked in the hood of his mother's coat. I endeavoured to make them understand that their arrival had been a cause of much

pleasure to myself, as I felt much interest in their nation. While standing at the side of the sled, with some members of the family, I found that the father, with the energy which characterizes this interesting people, had already commenced the building of their igloe, or snow-house, having selected a suitable site, where the snow had drifted to the depth of ten or twelve feet. After watching his operations for some time, together with the others who now came to render their assistance, I left them, but returned a little while after with Mrs. Watkins, to see these very ingenious builders complete the roofing of their circular home. She stood inside whilst they fitted the key-stone to their dome, which was accomplished with great cleverness by the builder outside.

March 9—After breakfast I paid a visit to the igloe, taking the Eskimo, Peter, with me as my interpreter. On approaching, I perceived that the outer porch was arched over, which was not the case with the one which was made here last year. Before creeping through the low doorway, my eye was attracted by the sight of another snow building at a little distance off, which, upon reaching, I found to be a wall of about three feet in height, made in the shape of a horse-shoe, in its broadest part being four feet in width. It contained a fire, over which was a kettle suspended from a stick pushed into the walls of the enclosure. The idea of having a fire-place made of snow is one, I must confess, which had never occurred to my own mind, but which, to the clever Eskimos, presents no difficulty in being reduced to practice. Leaving this novel cooking apartment, we proceeded to the igloe, and having crept in through the two door-ways, and seated myself among its inmates, I began to speak to them of the deep interest I took in the welfare of their nation, and of the object which prompted me to leave my native country. They expressed their surprise that I should have come such a distance to live amongst them, and wondered that the “great boat” was not lost in being so many days out of sight of land. Having taken with me a small book containing texts of Scripture, which had been written by Peter, I commenced reading some of the passages, and gave explanations through my interpreter. They were deeply attentive while I spoke of the love of God in sending His Son to die for their souls, and exhorted them to repent of sin, and believe in that Saviour who alone is able to deliver them from the wrath of their Maker. They repeated, for the first time in their lives, the sacred name of Jesus, while it was my great privilege to tell them something of what He had done and suffered on their behalf.

At a later hour in the morning Mrs. Watkins accompanied me in paying another visit to the igloe, when we were amused to notice the great astonishment which the poor people manifested in seeing her bonnet, and the veil which she had put on to prevent the dazzling effect of the glare of the snow. They were not satisfied till they had well examined these unusual articles of dress, by feeling them in various parts with the tips of their fingers, expressing, at the same time, their surprise by strange gestures and astonished looks. On our return we brought three of the party to our house, when we both pleased and instructed them by exhibiting several articles of English manufacture, and pictures. They took a deep interest in all that they saw, and manifested a great degree of inquisitiveness, which, for once, we felt

much disposed to gratify. If any articles might be mentioned which seemed to excite their surprise more than others, they were, a watch, a clock, and a daguerreotype portrait. Having spent a good deal of time with our visitors, we dismissed them with a present of a little flour, and a shirt for the poor child.

March 10—I spent a long time this morning in the igloe, in endeavouring to communicate to its inmates more knowledge of the true God, and of salvation by His dear Son. I read to them various texts of Scripture, and strove, by means of my interpreter, to impress the sacred truths upon their minds. Afterwards I taught them a short prayer, consisting of the petition of the Publican joined with one for the gift of the Holy Spirit, being similar to the one which I have been in the habit of teaching in Cree to the Indians. They were deeply attentive to all I told them, and seemed evidently desirous to be able to learn the prayer. Such a state of readiness on their part for religious instruction is most encouraging, whilst at the same time it augments the sorrow which I feel that the opportunities for speaking to them of the precious truths of the gospel are so few. Indeed, this post can scarcely be said to afford any opportunities at all, as, during a residence here of nearly seventeen months, I have only seen thirteen individuals of this interesting race, including children; while now my expectations of visiting Little Whale River, where they are, at this season of the year, to be met with in considerable numbers, are entirely disappointed, from the impossibility of procuring provisions for the journey. How long, how very long, must it be before these poor heathen are made acquainted with that name by which alone they can be saved!

This afternoon the whole party spent a long time at my house, while Mrs. Watkins and myself exhibited to them a variety of articles of a character which they had never before seen, and which highly gratified their curiosity. When displaying Scripture prints, and endeavouring to give a brief outline of the subject of each engraving, we were much pleased to witness the fixed attention which was paid. As I was showing among them a representation of "Christ among the doctors," I pointed to our Saviour, and said, "The Son of God," when the father of the family immediately said, "Jesus," without my having mentioned that name, which was a pleasing evidence of his attention to my word when in the igloe. The most astonishing thing which they saw this afternoon was a magnet, the attractive power of which seemed utterly to confound their mind.

~~~~~  
THAKURPUKER.

THAKURPUKER is a Hindu village some eight miles southward from the city of Calcutta, where a very interesting Missionary work has been raised up through the persevering efforts of our Missionary the Rev. J. Long. It is a work carried on amongst the peasantry, and exclusively through the medium of their own tongue, the Bengali, without any introduction of the English language. We think the following account of this village work and its results, given us by Mr. Long himself, will be read with interest—

The village of Thakurpuker is so called from the god (Thakur) Dakin Ray having been placed there. He is not one of those enrolled

in the Hindu puranas. He is considered the protector against floods and tigers in this district. This place presented a favourable opening, near enough to Calcutta for all purposes of inspection, and sufficiently distant to be away from ditch influence.

I had considerable difficulties to encounter: no good teachers who had received any training themselves; the ground all about the school-house a swamp, with three feet water on it in the rains; few books available, and scarcely any European in Calcutta to apply to, who had real experience in the working of vernacular schools.

At first I visited Thakurpuker on alternate days; but that plan not being found suitable, a house with two rooms, an upper and a lower, was built in 1850. As the site was a swamp, a tank had to be dug, in order to supply soil for filling up, as the rule in Thakurpuker district is, you can only fill up one hole by digging another. The house was built pukka, for the sake of dryness and security, and sufficiently substantial to make one feel at home in it for three days every week. Here my wife and I have taken up our weekly stay: we bring down with us none of our Calcutta servants, as their remaining here would be prejudicial to the simple, unexpensive habits of the natives. A native Christian, a farmer, manages to cook pretty well for us now, as he has received some instruction from our babachie.

Having now a fixed place for a residence, I resolved to build with the existing materials. There was a vernacular school here for several years, taught by a guru Mohashay in reading, writing, and arithmetic: the Scriptures were taught by a Christian. The boys were composed of a few Christians, Mussulmans, and Hindus, from the neighbourhood: there were few girls educated, as the parents did not wish to send them to Calcutta. A kind lady, Mrs. Carrington Palmer, who visited the place at this time, offered to collect subscriptions, and we have since occasionally received boxes of work and money from friends and relatives in Europe for the boarding and educating thirty girls whom Mrs. S. Palmer now kindly collects, and we soon began a girls'-school. Mrs. Long instructed them in needlework, Bible and gospel history, and hymns. The wives of the catechists taught them reading, while their husbands devoted a certain portion of every day to their instruction. I have not found sufficient energy or spirit of discipline in Bengali women, to give them the sole management of girls.

In the boys'-school I retained the guru Mohashay, because he is the best teacher of common spelling, writing, arithmetic, and, from his acquaintance with the neighbourhood, he serves as a whipper-in to the school. I pay him according to the number and proficiency of the boys he has.

In commencing the schools, there were two things I set before myself as of primary importance—to teach the teachers, and to inure the boys to habits of industry. Our boys' boarding-school has over forty boarders, orphans, or the children of parents who live in swamps, where there are no schools for their children. Their parents earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, and so ought the children to be taught too. I have great doubts whether any native boarding-school in this country is a real benefit, if the children do not devote two hours daily to manual labour. Having a piece of garden-ground, and a kind friend, S. Palmer, Esq., of Calcutta, providing me with jute, I resolved that the

boys should work at gardening and string-making every morning and afternoon. I got mattocks and implements. My wife and I began first to work in the garden : we then asked the teachers to help us, and then the boys. The latter liked it well enough at first, but I soon noticed a little murmuring ; and at last two of the senior ones refused to work, saying it was coolies' work. I merely said, " Paul writes, He that will not work, neither shall he eat ;" and, forthwith calling for the chaudi-kidar, ordered him to turn them *instantly* out of the school, and send them to their parents. The determination I showed influenced the rest, and I have since had no opposition of that kind. A roll is called now in the morning, and the boy not present, unless sick, loses his breakfast. The girls also work in the garden. I got a number of good plants, which I distributed among them, and each of the senior girls attends to a garden-plot : two of them in turn work in the babachi-khana. We give them annual prizes for gardening and cooking, and to the boys for running, gardening, and rowing a boat.

Respecting teaching the teachers. I have now got an excellent teacher trained in Mr. Bomwetsch's normal-school at Solo. I have three lads brought up in the school, who are a kind of pupil teachers, to each of whom I give a small monthly allowance for acting as monitors : these, I trust, will be, next year, efficient teachers.

Religious instruction holds the foremost place : the children attend service in the church twice a day, when a portion of Scripture is read, and all join in the responses in the Psalms and Prayers. Portions of the historical Scriptures are read in school ; while every Friday the senior boys and girls write out for me an analysis of the history of some Scripture character or event, thus leading them to search the Scriptures. They commit to memory five verses weekly on some emblematical subject of the Bible. On Sunday evenings they practise singing English tunes : they are also trained to finding out particular events in Scripture, so as to be good textuaries. Barth's Church History is found a very good book.

I had a human skeleton at Thakurpuker for several months, and gave an explanation of the chief parts of it. The people in the neighbourhood heard of it, and men and women used to come in crowds to my house to see it : I suppose not fewer than 800 adults from distant villages came for this purpose. The expression on the faces of the women at beholding a *complete* skeleton for the first time was very curious. Mr. Piessé comes down once a year to exhibit his dissolving views : the last time he was there he had not fewer than 3000 people present. I am much obliged to him ; as also to H. Woodrow, Esq., for his kindness in exhibiting to the people experiments in electricity, and also for his erecting at Thakurpuker a fine sun-dial, which tells the time to within five minutes. I have lately got out a microscope from England, which is likely to be a source of much pleasure and instruction to the teachers.

I have been much encouraged in my work by the kind and sympathizing visits of various friends, who have shown that they valued the training of the minds of the poor as much as of the rich, and that those who were subjects of Christ's redemption deserved encouragement. But we want the Holy Spirit's light.