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MODE OF GATHERING HONEY IN THE ANAMALAI HILLS, SOUTH INDIA (See p. 1).

THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY
GLENER.

1862.

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LET US GET UP EARLY TO THE VINEYARDS, LET US SEE IF THE  
VINE FLOURISH, WHETHER THE TENDER GRAPE APPEAR AND THE  
POMEGRANATES BUD FORTH.—*SONG OF SOLOMON*, VII. 12.  
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VOL. XII.

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THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

THE KADERS OF THE ANAMALAI HILLS.

It is an idea among many persons that India is inhabited exclusively by Hindus and Mohammedans. But India has its mountain glens and tablelands, inhabited by those who are neither Hindus nor Mohammedans, where tribes of wild people—some of them in considerable numbers, others mere fragments—have their home. Amongst some of these tribes Missionary efforts have commenced, and that with considerable encouragement—amongst the Santhals of the Rajmahal Hills, and the Coles of Chota Nagpore; but the great majority of them remain untouched, while every day brings new groups of them to light.

Southward of the Palghat Gap, an opening in the western Ghauts, through which passes the railway from Beypore, on the Malabar Coast, to Madras, there rise the Anamalai ranges of mountains, the highest summits of which are not less than 8000 feet above thesea-level. Here are to be found extensive tablelands at an elevation of 4000 or 6000 and 7000 feet, while the surrounded ranges are to an immense extent covered with dense forests. Through these districts, as yet scarcely known to the European, are to be found dispersed various tribes of people—Kaders, Puliars, Malsars, and Muduvars.

The Kaders are the lords of the hills, as their name implies. They will, as a matter of favour, carry a gun or load, but they perform no menial labour, and are deeply offended if called Coolies. They are described as trustworthy, truthful, and obliging, and as exercising some influence over Puliars and Malsars. Smaller in stature, in features they resemble the African. They have curly hair, tied in a knot behind, and file the four front teeth of the upper jaw to a point, as a marriage ceremony. The Puliars are chiefly herdsmen and merchants, while the Malsars are cultivators of the soil. They are all very expert in climbing trees, and the precipitous face of the rocks, in search of honey.

Dr. Cleghorn, on a recent visit to these wild districts, observes—“Opposite our bivouac was a remarkable rock called Cundita-Malai, apparently 200 feet in height, on the precipitous scarp of which was a rattan cable, eighty feet long, securely fixed above. This chain was formed of large rings of the calamus stem, connected by another straight rattan which passed down through the centre of the hoops. By means of this the Kaders descend the face of the rock to collect honey.”

May these people not be regarded as too wild or too few to be deserving of attention. Even one immortal soul is worthy of an effort, much more many.

IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE FROM SIERRA LEONE.

THE Church in Sierra Leone is the eldest born of the Church Missionary Society, and it is therefore according to the due order of things that it should be the first to leave the parental home to enter upon its own proper and independent sphere of usefulness. It is this event which has just taken place.

The Native Pastorate of Sierra Leone is no longer dependent on the funds of the Church Missionary Society: the native church has charged itself with the support of its own ministry. We copy the following paragraph from the "Free Press and Sierra-Leone Weekly Advertiser" of November 8th, in which it appears as the leading article—

Friday last, the 1st instant, was an important day to the church in Sierra Leone.

It is well known that for many years past the Church Missionary Society have been anxious to withdraw their grants from the colony, as their aid is anxiously and earnestly needed in regions lying in heathen darkness, and where the light of the glorious Gospel has not shed its illuminating rays.

Since his arrival in this colony the Bishop has been anxiously engaged in endeavouring to establish the native pastorate on a sure and certain foundation: this having been accomplished, the whole of the native clergy were accordingly transferred from the funds of the Church Missionary Society to native support, on Friday last, the 1st of November.

We understand that from the Native-Pastorate Fund means will be provided to keep in constant repair the churches of the various stations.

It must not be imagined that it is from any want of sympathy, or any indifference on their part, that the Church Missionary Society is now withdrawing its aid.

Having laboured upwards of fifty years, by its agents, in this colony, and being sorely needed elsewhere, that Society naturally look to Sierra Leone, where its first labours were commenced, to relieve it of the burden of supporting the native ministry. It looks, indeed, upon this colony with all the anxiety and fond care of a mother committing her first-born to the world, to mark out for himself, under the divine guidance, an independent course of self-support.

We shall be much surprised, and no little mistaken, if, in after years Sierra Leone so far forget her debt of gratitude as not to strengthen the hands of those who have so carefully, so anxiously, and so beneficently watched over, protected, and guarded the helpless infancy of the early church.

As an evidence of the life and energy with which Sierra Leone is entering on the discharge of its new duties, we introduce the following account of

**THE RE-OPENING OF REGENT CHURCH, AND THE MOUNTAIN-DISTRICT
CHURCH MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.**

On Sunday, the 3d of November, in accordance with previous notice, two

sermons were preached at Regent Church, on occasion of its being re-opened for divine service (it having undergone extensive repairs), by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Sierra Leone and the Rev. J. Cole of Kisseey. The church was densely crowded: there could not have been less than 800 persons within its walls, whilst about 300 or more occupied the schoolroom adjoining, or stood round the church, having failed to gain admittance. There never, perhaps, was such a day at Regent. Many friends had come from Freetown, Kisseey, as well as from the surrounding villages in this district. The Rev. G. Nicol, minister of the church, read the prayers, and the Rev. Messrs. Cole and Thomas, who occupied seats within the communion-rails with the bishop, read the first and second lessons. The Bishop took his text from Psalm cxxii. 1, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." His simple and earnest style of address made a deep impression upon the congregation. The sermon was listened to with marked attention throughout, and we trust good will result from it. After the service, the Bishop, assisted by the clergy above named, administered the holy communion to 443 persons. It was felt by many to be a blessed season.

At the evening service, which was also much crowded, the Rev. J. Cole preached from Isaiah liii., first part of ver. 11, "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied." Collection after both services, 8*l*.

On Monday, the 4th, the annual district Missionary meeting was held. Owing to the Supreme Court, which commenced on this day in Freetown, many friends could not wait: still there was an immense gathering. Leaders and Committee-men from the other stations in the district attended. On the platform, which was decorated with branches of the palm and wild flowers, we observed the Rev. A. Menzies, Chairman; the Rev. Messrs. Cole, Thomas, Nicol; Messrs. John, Sawyer, Binns, Knødler, Romaine, and Thomas (Niger catechist), of the Church; Rev. M. Blanshard, and Messrs. Lefevre and Roach, of the Wesleyan connexion. After the meeting had been opened by singing and prayer, the Chairman gave a suitable address. He remarked, that although, according to the notice, there were two objects contemplated by the meeting, yet he conceived there was a third which might well be taken into account. The meeting did not merely celebrate the re-opening of the church after it had undergone extensive repairs, in the completion of which the Regent people had, by their self-denying and praiseworthy efforts, merited the commendation of their friends; but also it was to inaugurate the transfer, in November 1861, of the Missionary stations of the Church Missionary Society in this colony to the immediate superintendence of the bishop. He congratulated the people of Sierra Leone on the happy event; and if the Rev. H. Venn, and other friends of Africa in England, could be here to-day, their eyes would glisten with pleasure in seeing such a large congregation of native Christians organizing an Association, whose object is to benefit spiritually the condition of their country-people. He then called upon the Secretary to read the Report. Then followed the Resolutions. It is impossible, in our space, to give a detailed account of the excellent speeches delivered on the occasion. Those who were present on a similar occasion last year declared there never was such

interest manifested before. All the speakers did justice to their Resolutions. The details of the work on the banks of the Niger, as given by Messrs. Romaine and Thomas, were listened to with deep attention, whilst Mr. Sawyer's account of the revival in the district, and particularly at Charlotte, caused many hearts to vibrate. The Bishop, who in the morning, accompanied by Mrs. Beckles, had gone over to Bathurst and Charlotte to inspect the churches, returned about four P.M., and attended the meeting. Collections, 2*l.* 14*s.* 10½*d.* The Bishop's visit here on this interesting occasion will be long remembered. He encouraged the people of Bathurst and Charlotte in their present determination of restoring their dilapidated places of worship. Mrs. Beckles, we understand, was particularly interested in examining the spot where the house of the honoured Missionary Johnson stood.

In our next Number we shall give extracts from the Report of the Mountain-District Church Missionary Association.

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#### BREAK OF DAY AT SHAOHING, CHINA.

ONE of our Missionaries in China, the Rev. J. S. Burdon, sends the following very interesting letter, dated October 16th, 1861—

There is always a peculiar interest about "first times." Memory loves to dwell upon them, and, as years pass by, their influence upon us continues fresh and powerful.

I wish now to tell you of one of these "first times," in which I am sure you will be interested, and for which you will, with me, thank God. On Sunday, the 22d of September, in a small, uncomfortable-looking upper room in Shaouhing, three persons belonging to one family—father, mother, and son—were admitted into the church of Christ, the "first time" that the rite of baptism was performed by a Protestant Missionary in that great city.

It was only in March last that Mr. Fleming and myself were enabled to secure a footing in Shaouhing, a city far larger in extent than Ningpo, and equal to it, if not more important in the eyes of the Chinese. We went thither with no other helps than a knowledge of the language, the company of a native Christian from Ningpo, and trust in Him who has said, "In all thy ways acknowledge me, and I will direct thy paths." Our first step on arrival was to go the chief magistrate, show our passports, and declare our object, and our catechist immediately set about looking for a house. One was soon found; the consent of the authorities was obtained for the hiring of it; and only three or four days after our arrival, during which we had made our boat our home, we removed with bag and baggage into our new abode. It had nothing to boast of as a house: damp and dirty, on what was literally the *ground-floor*, it did not improve in either of these qualities on the upper story; but we were glad to obtain it as a stepping-stone to something better, and we at once set ourselves to the cleansing of our stable. This house, then, such as it was, we, or rather I (for Mr. Fleming, in consequence of our scarcity of men, had to take charge of Yü yau,) have occupied during the whole of



the summer, and certainly, from the experience I have had, I would not recommend either myself or anybody else to try the like experiment during another hot season. In this climate, the least that we can do with, in the matter of dwelling-house, is a good roof to shelter us from the all-powerful rays of a tropical sun, and a dry floor.

But if I was physically uncomfortable at Shaouhing, I was encouraged to persevere in sowing the good seed of the kingdom of heaven. Not long after commencing the work of preaching, several rather interesting cases of inquirers presented themselves. They seemed in a prepared state of mind to hear and accept the Gospel, and it was with real delight that I met with them from day to day to tell them of Jesus and his salvation. I felt, that even if they disappointed me, it was encouraging to find persons who were willing to listen to the truths of God's word, and who came so frequently to talk about them; but I was doomed to be disappointed. One by one they discontinued their visits, and I fear that now they have lost their interest altogether, if, indeed, they ever really had any.

One, however, of whom I expected nothing, has come boldly forward to confess Christ, and has been the means of influencing his family to do the same. It is about him I wish now to inform you.

His name is Toong. He was introduced by one of those who disappointed me most, but at first there was nothing in his manner to attract attention. He came with his friend on Sunday mornings, sat through our service patiently, attentively, and politely, made no remarks, asked no questions, and withdrew. On one occasion, not long after he began coming, he intimated his desire, to hear from me more particularly what I had to say about Christianity, but he merely sat and listened with his usual politeness, and, after a little, took his leave. This went on for several weeks, and I began to feel uneasy. One day, after our service, the catechist had a conversation with him, in which I believe he tried to show him the danger of indecision, and the necessity of taking a deeper interest in the subject of the only true religion, if he wished indeed to become a Christian. This seemed to rouse him, and thenceforward he became an apparently eager and earnest inquirer as to what he was to do to be saved. He brought his son with him, a young man between twenty and thirty years of age, and desired that they might both be taught the way of salvation, which he said his son was anxious to learn, as well as himself. Day after day they attended, first our evening, and then both morning and evening, family prayers, and in this way, as well as by long conversations, they soon acquired a considerable acquaintance with the Gospel plan of salvation.

The old man at last applied for baptism for himself and son. At first I could not bring myself to believe that he was really in earnest, for my former disappointments led me to be more cautious with reference to professions; but by degrees my doubts with reference to both of them were removed, and before their baptism they gave every reasonable proof that could be asked, that their hearts were under an influence, not of this world, but of a higher and a better.

In becoming connected with Christianity, Mr. Toong had to give up his whole means of living. His business had been that of a geomancer

and fortune-teller, and his wife and son had been engaged in the work of making paper money, which is connected with the superstitions of this people in reference to the dead. Mr. Toong was also connected with an ancestral temple, of which he had the superintendence, on behalf of those who kept tablets there. From these, and, I suppose, similar sources, he derived support for himself and his family, but, without hesitation, he relinquished all. When reminded of the hardships that might be before him, he said that he had been used to a certain number of meals a day of good rice, but that, if necessary, he could easily abridge the number, and, if further compelled to retrench, that he could live on rice gruel, rather than continue in sin, and peril his never-dying soul. His wife, too, who expressed her determination to walk in the same path with her husband, replied to a similar remark, by saying that discomforts here were but for a time, but that the torments of hell were eternal. When one called to ask him to exercise his old profession, he pointed to a sentence which he had written and pasted on his wall, and which he said he had now adopted, and wished others to adopt—"Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

Before his baptism he brought me all his books on geomancy and divination, his ancestral tablets, and other relics of superstition, to do as I pleased with them. I shall probably burn them on my return to Shaouhing.

The week before he was baptized, Messrs. Russell and Collins most opportunely made me a visit. They had been my first English visitors during the summer; and independently of my wish for a conference with others respecting Mr. Toong, you may be sure I was rejoiced to speak my own native tongue again. Mr. Russell, at my request, subjected Mr. Toong and his son to a very searching examination, and agreed with me in the advisability of receiving the whole family without hesitation.

On Sunday morning, the 22d of September, therefore, in the presence of Mr. Collins from Shanghae, and our few domestics, father, mother, and son, were received into the church of Christ by baptism. The room was an humble one, the spectators were few, but let us hope that One was there who is no respecter either of persons or places. The occasion was to myself one of peculiar interest, and you will join with me in the earnest prayer that these three may be "faithful unto death," and that they may be an earnest of a large ingathering from our new Mission station at Shaouhing.

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#### EAST-AFRICAN YOUTHS IN BOMBAY.

THERE is an interesting connexion between our East-African and Bombay Missions which promises to lead to important results. On the staff of the Bombay Mission are to be found two Missionaries, whose first connexion was with East Africa—one, the Rev. C. W. Isenberg, who for many years laboured with Dr. Krapf in Abyssinia, and the other, the Rev. J. G. Deimler, originally appointed to East Africa, but who, in consequence of the disturbed state of that coast, was transferred to Bombay. These Missionaries retain all their sympathies, for that which they were led to regard

as their first Missionary sphere, and have been anxious to avail themselves of any opportunity which might be afforded them of helping on that Mission. Such an opportunity has been presented.

East-African youths, taken by our cruisers from the slave-ships which traffic between East Africa and the Persian Gulf, or other and more remote places, have been set on shore at Bombay as liberated Africans, and, as on the Western Coast, have been committed to our Missionaries for instruction. There are now twenty-six of these youths at Sharunpur, near Nasik, of different ages and nationalities.

The Rev. C. W. Isenberg, under whose charge they are at present, observes—

Seven are Wahiao, a people inhabiting the country near Lake Waniassa, opposite Kiloa, one of the most fruitful sources of the East-African slave-trade. This is not Captain Speke's Lake, which is further northwards. Three are Waguas, a negro tribe between Bloa and Wahiao; seven are Gallas, of different tribes, three of whom could not tell the names of their nation and tribe; and the remaining seven are individuals of so many different nationalities along the coast between Cape Delgado and Barava. One of these is a Mnika, opposite Zanzibar, where the Church Missionary Society has a Mission, which just now is attended with much success, after seventeen years of patient labour under great difficulties and trials.

As a proof of the interest he takes in them, Mr. Isenberg has drawn up detailed accounts of their persons and antecedents. One of these we shall introduce as a specimen of the rest, that of William Jones, a Mhiao, of the Wahiao negro tribe, inhabiting the country north of the Waniassa Lake, who arrived in Bombay in 1853. and, as all these youths are brought up to some handicraft, is a blacksmith.

#### AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM JONES.

The Sultan of the country where I lived had a brother. These two brothers lived separately from their father, who lived at a place called Asinaconda, and founded different settlements for his two sons, as well as one for himself. As the brothers lived far from one another, it happened upon a time that the eldest brother went and borrowed from the younger some thing, of which I can make no idea what it was. Accordingly the time came when the thing lent was to be demanded from the eldest brother, at that time he had nothing to pay the lender. Day after day he was urged to pay, but had nothing on hand then to pay. It happened once upon a time the younger brother caught the beloved wife of the Sultan, and took her away to his own country. The Sultan at this time did not know what to do as to how he would be able to get his wife back again. Accordingly, he thought in his mind, that by giving me to his brother, as I was a stepson of his, through his marriage with my mother, I might be favoured by him, and that he would give his wife back and keep me in her stead till he himself should go to Waniassa

to get slaves, and then in exchange for the slaves he would get me back again. My mother was sorry for this, though (only) for a moment, because she knew that I was not going among strangers, but amongst the nearest relatives, and I sorrowfully wished my mother and brother a welcome (bid them farewell). I thought of seeing them again, though my real father died when I was young. When my stepfather came from Waniasa, he did not directly come to his brother and take me back, but came over to Shiloa. (This was, he said, about one month's journey, and he said that he was accompanied by 200 or 300 men, slaves). To Shiloa they go yearly to sell slaves. At my father's brother's I was treated kindly, and was regarded with every outward respect by every one who knew me, and I lived with him about eight or ten months. As my stepfather did not directly come to take me, his brother thought that it was useless to keep me till my stepfather came from Shiloa to his country. Accordingly, he took me and brought me to Shiloa, to where my stepfather was. There I met my father with his subjects with him, and my father's brother feared that if he went to the same house where my father was, they would steal me by night, and he would so lose me. So he lived far from him. My father knew all this, that I was brought over to be sold, and he tried by every mode in his power to get me back from his brother, but his brother would not give me up. He informed my father that it was too late for him to get me back again, and that was not the place where they agreed to pay each other's debts. Every day my father used to come with tears, and he tried and borrowed some other things from his friends in order to pay for me, but his brother would not consent to it. About one o'clock one night my father's brother sold me to an Arab, and told him to remove me as quickly as possible to Zanzibar. In Zanzibar for about one half month my master took me around to sell me, but no one bought me. Here many were sold, but I escaped from their hands, and I was not sold because no one wanted to buy me. From Wazogun we went to near Waniamesi, in all the places for to be sold, but no one bought me, and I was brought to Zanibar. I stayed at Zanzibar about four months, then sailed for Muscat, under Arabs, and finally was caught by the English at Muscat, at one o'clock in the night, and was safely conveyed to land next day, where I and forty or fifty others lived, till the English ship came and brought us to Bombay. Had my uncle given me again to my father, I should not have the opportunity of the Christian privileges which I now enjoy in this land. Thus, I am not the worse but the better. Every day nearly I think of my country.

May it please God to fulfil all the expectations of our Missionaries respecting these youths, that they may prove faithful Christian men, and messengers of the Gospel to their benighted countrymen.

---

#### A CONTRAST.

THE following paper has been sent us by a friend. Let our readers peruse it, and then contrast the scene which is there described with that which is exhibited at this moment in this Christian land. One

dies—one evidently much thought of by the African tribe to which he belonged—cut down, moreover, when he was in full strength and vigour, and when such an event was least expected. Not understanding the mystery of death, and angry at the loss they had sustained, they break out into wrath, and vindictively murder several innocent persons whom they supposed, by sorceries, to have caused the death of the deceased.

A great loss has been sustained by this nation. In the prime of life and vigour, the Queen's husband has been removed. An attack of illness, which appeared to be at first of no consequence, suddenly became severe, and, under its power, the Prince died. Death, which makes no distinction between the rich and poor, has entered the royal castle of England's kings and queens, and there holds his court. Sudden, indeed unexpected, has the stroke been. Yet there has been no outbreak of impatience, or rebellion; no presumptuous arraignment of God's high dispensation. They who feel most keenly, remember it is the Lord. Hearts bleed, yet suffer in patience. The Queen, by her example, shows how Christian people ought to bear themselves in the season of deepest tribulation. The nation knows from whom the stroke has come; and if the dispensation be a mysterious one, yet his words—"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter"—suffice.

Contrast the two scenes. What makes the difference? Christianity! That supports in sorrow. In heathen lands, sorrow is without hope. Shall we not, as a people, address ourselves the more earnestly to the great work of giving Christian light and illumination to the dark nations of our earth?

#### AFRICAN SUPERSTITION.

No plea for the necessity of Missions, founded on grounds of common humanity, can perhaps appeal more powerfully to the heart, than the following account of a trial for sorcery, extracted from M. de Chaillu's "Explorations in Southern Africa."

"On the day that Mpomo was buried, proceedings were begun, to discover the persons who had bewitched the poor fellow. They could not be persuaded that a young man, hale and hearty but a few weeks ago, could die by natural causes. A great doctor (witch-finder) was brought up from the river, and, for two nights and days, the rude scenes which I have already once given an account of were repeated.

"At last, on the third morning, when the excitement of the people was at its height, when old and young, male and female, were frantic with the desire for revenge on the sorcerers, the doctor assembled them about him in the centre of the town, and began his final incantation, which should disclose the names of the murderous sorcerers.

"Every man and boy was armed, some with spears, some with swords, some with guns and axes, and on every face was shown a determination to wreak bloody revenge on those who should be pointed out as the

criminals. The whole town was wrapt in an indescribable fury and horrid thirst for blood. For the first time I found my voice without authority in Goumbi.

\* \* \* \* \*

“At a motion from the doctor the people became at once quite still. This sudden silence lasted about a minute, when the loud harsh voice of the doctor was heard—

“‘There is a very black woman who lives in a house,’ describing it fully: ‘she bewitched Mpomo.’

“Scarce had he ended, when the crowd, roaring and screaming like so many hideous beasts, rushed frantically for the place indicated. They seized upon a poor girl called Okandaga, the sister of my good friend and guide, Adouma. Waving their weapons over her head, they tore her away towards the waterside. Here she was quickly bound with cords, and then all rushed away to the doctor again.

“As poor Okandaga passed in the hands of her murderers she saw me, though I thought I had concealed myself from view. I turned my head away, and prayed that she might not see me: I could not help her. But presently I heard her cry out, ‘Chally, Chally, do not let me die!’

“It was a moment of terrible agony to me. For a minute I was minded to rush into the crowd, and attempt the rescue of the poor victim, but it would not have been of the slightest use; the people were too frantic and crazed even to notice my presence. I should only have sacrificed my own life without helping her, so I turned away into a corner behind a tree, and—I may confess, I trust—shed bitter tears at my utter powerlessness.

“Presently silence again fell upon the crowd; then the harsh voice of the devilish doctor again rang over the town. It seemed to me like the hoarse croak of some death-foretelling raven—

“‘There is an old woman in a house,’ describing it: ‘she bewitched Mpomo.’

“Again the crowd rushed off. This time they seized a niece of King Quengueza, a noble-hearted and rather majestic old woman. As they crowded about her with flaming eyes and threats of death, she rose proudly from the ground, looked them in the face unflinchingly, and, motioning them to keep their hands off, said, ‘I will drink the mboundou (poison ordeal), but woe to my accusers if I do not die!’

“Then she, too, was escorted to the river, but without being bound. She submitted to all without a tear or a murmur for mercy.

“Again, a third time the dreadful silence fell upon the town, and the doctor’s voice was heard—

“‘There is a woman with six children: she lives on a plantation towards the rising sun: she, too, bewitched Mpomo.’

“Again there was a furious shout, and in a few minutes they brought to the river one of Quengueza’s slave-women, a good and much-respected woman, whom I knew.

“The doctor now approached with the crowd. In a loud voice he recited the crime of which these women were accused. . . . As each accusation was recited the people broke out into curses; even the relatives of the poor victims were obliged to join in this. Every one rivalled

his neighbour in cursing : each feared less lukewarmness in the ceremony should expose him to a like fate.

"Next, the victims were put into a large canoe with the executioners, the doctor, and a number of other people, all armed.

"Then the tom-toms were beaten, and the proper persons prepared the mboundou. Quabi, Mpomo's eldest brother, held the poisoned cup. At sight of it poor Okandaga began again to cry, and even Quengueza's niece turned pale in the face, for even the negro face has, at such times, a pallor which is quite perceptible.

"Then the mug of mboundou was handed to the old slave-woman, next to the royal niece, and, last, to Okandaga. As they drank, the multitude shouted, 'If they are witches, let the mboundou kill them : if they are innocent, let the mboundou go out !'

"It was the most exciting scene of my life : though horror almost froze my blood, my eyes were riveted on the spectacle. A dead silence now occurred. Suddenly the slave fell down. She had not touched the boat's bottom ere her head was hacked off by a dozen swords.

"Next came Quengueza's niece : in an instant her head was off, and the blood was dyeing the waters of the river.

"Mean time poor Okandaga staggered and struggled, and cried, vainly resisting the working of the poison in her system. Last of all she fell too, and in an instant her head was hewed off !

\* \* \* \* \*

"The crowd dispersed to their houses, and for the rest of the day the town was very silent. Some of these rude people felt that their number, in their already almost extinguished tribe, was becoming less, and the dread of death filled their hearts. In the evening poor Adouma came secretly to my house to unburden his sorrowing heart to me. He, too, had been compelled to take part in the dreadful scene. He dared not even refrain from joining in the curses heaped upon his poor sister. He dared not mourn publicly for her who was considered so great a criminal.

"I comforted him as well as I could, and spoke to him of the true God, and of the wickedness of the conduct which we had witnessed that day. He said at last, 'Oh, Chally ! when you go back to your far country, let them send men to us poor people, to teach us from that which you call God's mouth,' meaning the Bible. I promised Adouma to give the message, and I now do so."

What can be added to such an appeal ? Is there any servant of the God of love who dare say, after reading of such a scene, "Am I my brother's keeper ?" Does not the blood of those murdered innocents cry aloud to those, who have the means, to shed Gospel light on the awful darkness of that land ?

Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny.  
Salvation ! Oh, Salvation !  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learnt MESSIAH'S name !

“WE WAIT FOR THY LOVING KINDNESS, O GOD, IN THE  
MIDST OF THY TEMPLE.” Ps. XLVIII. (Prayer-Book version.)

FOR Thy loving-kindness, Lord,  
Wait I now ;  
Unto me Thy grace accord,  
While I bow.  
While Thy people, calm and lowly,  
In Thy temple-courts the holy,  
Uttering with fervour slowly,  
Hymn and vow.

Thou, with all Thy saints of old  
Oft didst meet ;  
While the altar smoke unrolled,  
Heaven did greet.  
While the white-fleec'd lambs were dying,  
And the High-Priest deeply sighing  
Sprinkled all the gold o'er-lying  
Mercy seat.

Yet, whenever two or three  
Meet to pray,  
In his temple there doth He  
Come alway ;  
And his people ever waiting,  
And his great love celebrating,  
Feel his lovingkindness sating  
Them for aye.

Father ! give me now to see,  
Even here,  
Something of the mystery  
True and dear,  
Of Thy heart of tendernesses  
Which the worn and sinful blesses,  
Showering down soft sweet caresses  
Us to cheer.

Saviour, while I wait, do Thou  
Touch my eyes,  
Let me see Thy glory now,  
E'er I rise ;  
Let me know the love that brought Thee  
Down from blessedness ; that sought me  
While I wandered ; and then brought me  
With death-signis.

Triune God, to Thee I turn,  
Waitingly,  
Deep within, my heart doth yearn  
After Thee ;  
While the prayer-tones are ascending,  
While the hymn-notes are soft blending,  
From Thy throne of glory banding,  
Shine on me !

*Heart Echoes from the East.*



**TEMPERATE HOMES IN TROPICAL COUNTRIES.**

We must not suppose, when we hear of India and the great heat that prevails there at certain seasons of the year, that this is universally the case all over the great peninsula, and that there are no places where a temperate climate, suited to the European constitution, may be enjoyed.



CROSSING THE TORAKUDU RIVER, SOUTH INDIA.

If India were all one level plain, it would be so. But there are inequalities of surface, and these cause diversities of climate. People are apt to forget that the temperature of countries is determined, not merely by their nearness to the equator, but by their elevation above the level of the sea. The higher we ascend in the atmosphere the more the cold increases, an effect due to the rarefaction of the air and to our being further removed from the heat reflected from the surface of the earth; and we can change climate much more rapidly by getting higher than by moving from south to north. We may travel several hundred miles along the surface from the equator before we become sensible of a diminished temperature; but an ascent there of only a thousand yards will sink the thermometer  $10^{\circ}$ , until, at somewhat less than 16,000 feet, or about three miles, there is the line of perpetual snow. Thus a country may have all varieties of climate within a very scanty area, and the torrid zone may have its localities of a temperate climate. Mexico affords an example of this. Along the coasts are the hot regions; these are succeeded by temperate regions along the slopes of mountains, at an elevation of from 2000 to 5000 feet; next come the cold regions, including the table-lands and mountains above 5000 feet; beyond this, at 8000 the climate becomes like that of the polar regions.

It is precisely so in India. From the hot plains of Delhi, the European in search of health soon reaches the hill country of Ghurwal, and finds a sanitarium at Mussourie, where he can recruit. But this and similar places are far from the sea-coast: there are temperate regions, situated very near the coast, to which the European who wishes to settle might at once transfer himself, without being exposed to the heats of the low country. Such localities are to be found in the beautiful uplands of the Western Ghats. This range of mountains increases in height as it advances southward along the western coast, until, in Coorg and Cochin, it reaches its greatest elevation. Between sixty and seventy miles from the town of Beypoor, on the western coast, there is a great gap in the mountain, through which runs the railway from Madras on the eastern to Beypoor on the western coast. North and south of this rise groups of mountains; to the north, the Neilgherries, some of whose peaks are upwards of 8000 feet high; and on the south, the Anamalai hills, of equal elevation. Amidst these mountain groups are to be found magnificent table-lands, at the different elevations of 5000, 6000, and 7000 feet. Here the European may find a bracing and vigorous climate. A few scattered tribes of wild people are to be found on the lower ranges, but they do not ascend beyond 4000 or 5000 feet, and above these, magnificent territories, well-watered, and available for cultivation, are to be found wholly uninhabited.

Attention of late years has been directed to these tracts, and exploring parties have been organized to examine them. The engraving presents one of these parties crossing the bed of a mountain stream.

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BLINDNESS OF THE HEATHEN.

THE heathen offer sacrifices to their gods to obtain their protection against dangers and calamities. It is reasonable to conclude that

a man who is unable to protect himself is not able to defend others. Now the gods of the heathen are continually placed in circumstances in which their inability to defend themselves is beyond doubt. Dagon was very ignominiously dealt with when his head and the palms of his hands were cut off, and nothing but the stump was left him. And so, in our day, the idols of the heathen are often brought so low, that instead of protecting their worshippers, their worshippers are obliged to protect them. Yet even this fails to open the eyes of these poor deluded people. God, the true God, in his majesty and greatness, often, in Scripture, reasons with men, and points out to them the vanity of idols. Thus, for example—"Bel boweth down, Nebo stoopeth, their idols were upon the beasts and upon the cattle: your carriages were heavy-laden; they are a burden to the weary beast. They stoop, they bow down together; they could not deliver the burden, but themselves are gone into captivity." And then, in contrast with this, he adds—"Hearken unto me, O house of Jacob, and all the remnant of the house of Israel, which are borne by me from the belly, which are carried from the womb; and even to your old age I am He; and even to your hoar hairs I will carry you: I have made, and I will hear; even I will carry and will deliver you." And yet, notwithstanding the helplessness of their idols, the heathen will continue to serve them, until, by the preaching of the Gospel, they have been turned from these vanities to serve the living and true God.

A recent instance of the folly of the heathen has been communicated to us by our Missionaries (native), the Rev. Messrs. Crowther and Taylor, who, at the date of the last despatches, were engaged in forming a Mission station at the Nun mouth of the Niger. Mr. Taylor thus describes the singular scene which took place—

Nov. 21, 1861—Busily engaged in our daily work, as usual, we determined to have the schoolroom covered in, and to open it for divine service on Advent Sunday. We were interrupted by King Sese and his aide-de-camp Koko, who, with some of his influential men, as well as a large band of young men, came to our premises to inquire after their juju, which they had lost last night, and it was taken or stolen by one of our men. This was a serious charge indeed: should our men be culpable in any way to interfere with their idol, made of ivory, the consequence would be great. We accordingly summoned all our men to appear before the king and his people. After a long and tedious discussion, they at length determined to search each room in the house, with the exception of Mr. Crowther's and mine. The king and two or three of his officers formed the searching deputation. They went from room to room in quest of the ivory. Having been disappointed in their expectation, they at length determined to search the "Rainbow." Of course they were allowed to satisfy themselves. They went on board, and searched the holds and lockers, and returned without success. They sent for their fetish detector of thieves: it is made of four pieces of bamboo poles. Four able-bodied young men carried this round the premises, running to and fro, staggering and tor-

turing themselves with gesticulations. After all their antic motions, instead of finding the ivory, they had only showers of rain upon their bodies.

With us, He, whom we honour and trust in as our Lord and Saviour, comes to seek and save that which is lost; but here it is the god which is lost, and the worshippers have to go and seek for it.

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#### THE GOSPEL AMONG THE LEPERS.

IN our Number for April 1861, we printed a letter from the Rev. J. Vaughan, relative to his labours among the lepers. The following extract from a letter just received brings the information respecting this deeply-interesting work up to a late date. He writes, Nov. 28, 1861—

I have been very much cheered by the manifest tokens of the divine blessing on our work among the lepers. All those who were baptized last year have held fast to their profession. Some have evinced more earnestness than others, but there is no reason to doubt that all are sincere believers in Jesus. I use the word 'sincere' advisedly. . . . A little circumstance, in connexion with a female leper, has pleased me greatly. In addition to the leprosy, she had suffered for some time from a new disease. Of this she was subsequently quite cured; and the very next Sunday she sent me one rupee as a thank-offering for the mercy received.

During the present year seven additional converts have been added to the number, making, in all, fourteen who have been recently admitted into the fold of Christ. These were, six Hindus and one Mussulman. A very pretty, and, to me, most interesting story, is connected with the latter. It is now more than two years since I sent a little boy from my school to the hospital. The poor child was very feeble in body, and of his recovery there appeared but little hope. The precious truths of the Gospel, however, had found their way to his heart. By-and-by an attack of cholera in a few hours finished his career. An account of his death appeared some eighteen months ago in the "little Green Book" (Aug. 1860). For some time after he was in the hospital he was able to crawl about, and he employed his little strength in going to two or three of his fellow-patients, reading to them the Scriptures, and pointing them to Christ. Amongst his hearers was a young intelligent Mussulman. One day little Robert told me, with beaming eyes, that his Mohammedan friend was inquiring into the truth, and he believed he would become a Christian. I went and spoke with the young man. He seemed to some extent interested in the subject. I saw him two or three times, and gave him a Hindustanee Testament. After this I went on a preaching tour, the little boy having died just before.

Changing scenes and new engagements put the young Mussulman out of my head. I had forgotten all about him. Some three months ago, on paying my usual visits to the lepers, I observed at the end of the ward a stranger lying on his bed, and yet, as I approached him, and gazed on the smiling face with which he welcomed me, I felt sure that we had met

before. "Surely," I said, "I must know you; where have I seen you?" "Oh, Sahib," said he, "don't you recollect me: Don't you remember the little boy you sent to the hospital two years ago? And don't you remember that he used to come to read to me until he died? Well, Sahib, it was that little boy who led me to think about Christianity. During the past two years I have constantly been thinking and praying on the subject; I have studied daily the Testament which you gave me; and now I am fully convinced that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. I know myself to be a great sinner; but I trust simply and solely in the atonement which Christ has made for the salvation of my soul."

I could not help from my inmost soul praising God as I listened to this striking statement. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength." A little, feeble, dying child had been the instrument of first calling this man's attention to the truth. The child had gone to his rest; the Mussulman had been moved about from place to place; no human teacher had been near him. In the mean time the good seed had been germinating under the genial influence of the Spirit; and now, after a lapse of two years, he made this bold and distinct confession of his faith. His knowledge of the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel was something remarkable, and sufficiently testified that he had indeed been a diligent student of the Bible. A little examination fully satisfied me of his deep sincerity, and of his fitness for the holy rite of baptism; and thus was he, as above stated, admitted, with six other lepers, into the visible church of Christ.

About once a quarter I give those poor creatures the Lord's Supper. Every thing is arranged with order and decorum. They, out of respect to the solemn occasion, dress themselves as neatly as possible. They then range themselves on mats, the men on one side the women on the other. When we take up the post-communion service, it is not a little affecting and delightful to hear the "Gloria in excelsis" proceeding from the lips of those suffering believers. Oh, how different their experience now to what it was a short time ago. Then they suffered in murmuring impatience, or, at best, in sullen silence. Now has a new song been put into their mouths. Now can they cry, "We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we glorify Thee, for Thy great glory. O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty." Precious is the Balm of Gilead, skilful and merciful the Physician there!

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#### VILLAGE MISSIONARY WORK IN CHINA.

WE wish to give our readers an insight into heathen life, and aid them to realize it. Pictures and engravings help to this realization, and therefore it is that they are so much used at present. But there are some descriptions by pen which are more effective than any drawings by pencil, more graphic, and more telling. We shall select one such, which we have found in an American periodical. The station is Ningpo in China, and the occasion is a visit by a Missionary and his wife, the writer of the letter, to a village called Jih-z-

kong, where some inquirers wished him to come and teach them—

Early on Monday morning we started. To western eyes, our company, as we left the house, would have been a curious spectacle. First, our coolie (man of all work), with our beds rolled in matting, dangling from one end of the split bamboo across his shoulder, and our two brass foot stoves and a large bundle of books from the other. The other servant—our good old Christian cook—equipped in the same manner, bearing our provision baskets and another huge basket containing a furnace and fuel, with the rice kettles and bottles of water and of milk, also his own provisions, bed, &c. Mr. K—, with a few books under his arm, and I myself, seated on my faithful little pony, brought up the rear. Horseback riding is with me a decidedly practical business. Any one who saw me on that morning would have scarcely fancied that I was “Bent all on pleasure,” for the saddle would put that quite out of the question. It is an antiquated thing, cast off by some British officer’s wife, when they left Ningpo in 1845.

I had that morning our umbrellas and a small satchel depending from the right side. It was very chilly, and I wore my fur-lined riding jacket, and threw a large plaid shawl across my lap.

Soon after leaving the house, our path lay through the execution ground, where, a few days previous, about a dozen poor wretches had been beheaded and disembowelled; and notwithstanding the rain that had intervened, the patches of blood were still visible on the foot-beaten earth. Such is the power of the association of ideas, that the horrid sight made me quite sick, hardly less so than it does every time I am the unwilling spectator of the human butcheries that so frequently occur at our very doors.

At the West Gate we took a canal boat, and were joined by Mrs. Wong, our girls’ school teacher. These canal-boats are not so broad as an omnibus, but they are twice as long: in the middle they are scarcely more than a foot above the water, but the ends are higher. The covering is of course bamboo matting, in sections, bent over the top and slipped into a mortice which fastens it. It is so low that one is not able to sit even on a footstool, unless it is in the centre. In the distance they look not unlike a mammoth tortoise. They are painted reddish brown, without and within. One can hardly imagine any thing more rude to have existed. There is but one attempt at ornament: that is, near the bow, a pair of staring eyeballs. They are six or eight inches in diameter, and with undue preponderance of the white. If the low-dah (boatman) is asked why he has it, in nine cases out of ten he will return no answer. At some of the other ports, however, where this class have had more intercourse with foreigners, and have picked up a few sentences of our language, in reply to that question he will say, “He no see, how can he walkee?”

The rice plains of China are cut into a complete net-work by the numerous canals. The scenery is too monotonous to be beautiful. It is chiefly field after field of rice, or vegetables, divided by the ditches, by means of which they are overflowed, or drained, as suits the state of the crop or the fallow ground. The hillocks, and their groves of cypress,

which are scattered everywhere on this vast plain, are ancient tombs. The more recent ones are far more numerous; but being of simple masonry, to preserve the unburied coffin, and generally unsheltered by trees, they are less conspicuous. But wherever nature has placed a hill or a grove, it is consecrated to Buddha. And from cock-crowing till daylight, and again before the evening twilight, from every lovely dell may be heard the tinkling bell and the measured drum, accompanying the low chant of the monks and priests.

When we reached our schoolroom it was already filled with the men, women, and children of the village. The brethren seemed very much pleased to see us, and, according to Chinese custom, greeted us by shaking each his own hands and a succession of low bows. The women, many of whom had never seen a foreign female before, pushed each other in no very gentle way, to get as near me as possible. I addressed one of the most elderly in the usual form of salutation. They expressed much surprise that the foreign women could speak to them; and one who was on the outer circle ran out of doors, exclaiming to an approaching company, "Do come and see this wonderful woman: she can speak our language." My hair and dress were closely examined; my satchel, with its small Bible, knitting-work, &c., was a great curiosity; my gloves were tried on at least thirty hands, and I was plied with questions so rapidly that Mrs. Wong came to my assistance. This, however, was not entirely satisfactory: each one thought herself entitled to receive, direct from myself, answers respecting my age, the number and ages of our children, &c. A lad, twelve years old, to whom Mr. K—— had shown some kindness on a former visit, wishing to manifest his regard for me, made himself a standing-place close to my right hand, and said to the company, somewhat rudely, "What are you all asking the same question for? You know their son is dead, and they have no children!" One woman, with kind consideration, asked if I were not hungry and weary? I told her yes, and that if she would get the friends to withdraw till after dinner, I would again talk with them about Jesus, and read some of his holy words to them.

Our conversation with these and other interesting inquirers was prolonged till weariness obliged us to conclude.

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#### DAY-DAWN IN INDIA.

LIGHT appears to be dawning on the long dark night of India. Hopeful symptoms appear here and there; yieldings of native prejudice, and the opening of the native heart to Christian influence and instruction, which seem to promise that the day is not far distant when the life-giving spirit of God shall breathe over the valley full of dry bones; when there shall be a mighty movement amongst its nations, and the heart of the waiting Missionary shall be cheered, and his hands filled with hopeful work. Here and there, amongst the people of North India, we trace interesting movements, welling up from the natives themselves, who, having learned something of the value of Christianity, we know not how, come to our Mission-

aries, hungering and thirsting to know more. Let our readers accept the following specimen communicated by our Missionary, the Rev. H. W. Shackell, of Agra—

I mentioned in my last annual letter that one of my servants, of the Mehtur caste had been baptized in September 1859, and had brought me a friend of his of the same caste, who was baptized in the same month. You are probably aware that this caste is so much despised by the others, that if they by accident should touch any of them, they are obliged to bathe to remove the pollution. Under the native kings they were only allowed to go out at particular times, and, when they went out, were obliged to wear a peacock's feather in their cap by way of distinction, and to warn every one against touching them, nor were they allowed to wear clean white clothes. Yet they appear to me, so far as I have had opportunity of observing (and I am not alone in this opinion), to surpass several of the higher castes in honesty, straightforwardness, and docility.

The two men above mentioned, but especially the latter, began at once to exert themselves to induce their neighbours also to embrace Christianity. They used frequently to attend marriage feasts among their own caste, to have the opportunity of talking about religion; and the latter of the two (Rudda by name) collected his neighbours' children to school in his own premises, having at first to pay them for coming. On my return from that winter's itinerating I took up the work they had thus begun for me, by appointing a teacher to the school, and holding a little service on Wednesday evenings in Rudda's house for all who chose to come. This was in February 1860. The former plan was not very successful, as the teacher had not Rudda's influence; so I at last persuaded Rudda to leave his own work (which he was at first unwilling to do, as it was remunerative, and a kind of heir-loom in his family) and give himself up altogether to teaching and preaching. He finally did this in September, appointing a substitute to do his former work, and now preaches always once and usually twice a day among his own caste, and that of the Chumars (also a very low caste). He has stated days for preaching in particular places, and the spirit of inquiry is spreading to other localities. But not to anticipate:—our Wednesday evening congregation gradually increased and became more interesting: there was some opposition at first, and none were ready to come forward; but in June the third convert (brother to Chand, the first) was baptized. In September a fourth; and, since that, the work has gone on, by God's help, steadily; there are now ten men baptized (including a boy from the school of ten years old, also a brother of Chand), and several more are coming forward, and being taught. Many of those baptized have gone of their own accord to other parts of the city to speak about religion to those who are still heathen, of their own caste.

At our meetings we always begin with a hymn, sung by themselves to a native tune. One of their own number teaches them to sing, and they are very fond of it: I believe they sing a hymn, certainly they meet for prayer, every night. And the other night, when I went to show the magic lantern to them and their friends, at their own special request (for I was at first rather backward in complying), we began with a hymn and prayer.



The same happened at a feast on Christmas-day, given by Rudda to about forty of his hearers, at the commencement of which I was myself present.

We are just building them a place to serve as a school on week days and a church on Sundays. The plan has been very kindly taken up by the Europeans in the station, and the whole amount required (Rs. 700) subscribed almost at once, though I only asked two people. One gentleman bought the land for us at an expense of 250 rupees; another offered to take either the whole expense, or any part of it I liked, upon himself. The native Christians in the Kuttra have also contributed, and the Mehturs themselves are to help. As yet I am thankful to say that those who have been baptized have gone on extremely satisfactorily.

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 "SURELY I COME QUICKLY. AMEN. EVEN SO, COME,
 LORD JESUS."—REV. XXII. 20.

The church has waited long,
 Her absent Lord to see;
 And still in loneliness she waits;
 A friendless stranger she.
 Age after age has gone,
 Sun after sun has set,
 And still in weeds of widowhood,
 She weeps a mourner yet.
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

Saint after saint on earth
 Has lived, and loved, and died;
 And as they left us one by one,
 We laid them side by side:
 We laid them down to sleep,
 But not in hope forlorn;
 We laid them but to ripen there,
 Till the last glorious morn.
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

We long to hear Thy voice,
 To see Thee face to face,
 To share Thy crown and glory then,
 As now we share Thy grace.
 Should not the loving bride
 The absent Bridegroom mourn?
 Should she not wear the weeds of grief,
 Until her Lord return?
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

The whole creation groans,
 And waits to hear Thy voice,
 That shall restore her comeliness,
 And make her wastes rejoice.
 Come, Lord, and wipe away
 The curse, the sin, the stain;
 And make this blighted world of ours.
 Thine own fair world again.
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

“ONE SOWETH AND ANOTHER REAPETH.”

It were a great mistake to conclude, that where actual conversions have not occurred, the efforts of Missionaries in such places have been in vain. It is by no means so. A gradual yet powerful effect is nevertheless produced, and the way is prepared for the more successful harvestman, who shall enter into the labours of his predecessors, and reap where others sowed. The Missionaries in North India are much engaged in itinerating, and they agree in the testimony which they bear, that where education, European knowledge, and Christianity are the most widely spread, there the minds of the people are the most shaken in their belief. It is in the more secluded districts that the preparation is less apparent, evidently owing to the paucity of means. Yet in such places the name of Christ is not wholly unknown: even the women have heard something about Him. They talk of Him among themselves, and the way of the Lord is being prepared.

Thus the Missionary on his preaching excursions meets with very different receptions: in one place he is welcomed, in another reviled. In one village he finds an aged man who has had in his possession an old tract which he had received some years before and carefully preserved, and from which he has learnt the way of everlasting life. In another place a Zemindar evinces a desire for information respecting the day of judgment, of which he has heard. But too often, when Christ is preached, it is found to be, as of old, the stumbling-block. The Missionary may discourse, and be heard with pleasure, on the goodness and majesty of God, on his existence and dominion; but the crucified One is a rock of offence.

Some twenty miles from Mozufferpore, a Missionary had the pleasure of meeting some native Christian villagers, living just as other villagers live—in the same primitive way. “The Lutheran Missionaries have here founded a church; and here it was no small pleasure to see the Christians, in the midst of their heathen countrymen, worshipping God, and observing the ordinances of the Gospel. He preached to them,—a rude straw stool his pulpit, the Christians squatting on the ground about him in the open air. The first of this little band had endured much persecution. His hut was set on fire, and he was driven from the village. Now they are not only living unmolested, but increasing in number, and raising a house of prayer, where they may assemble to worship the only true and living God.”

But thus it is, that India presents at this moment a deeply interesting scene. From different centres Missionary action is going forth, carried on by Missionaries of different nations, languages, and churches, but all united in the one great object, to lift up Jesus Christ in the midst of the poor perishing heathen, that He may draw all men unto Him; and ever and anon they come upon the traces of others who had preceded them in this blessed work of evangelization.

Monghyr is one of these centres, a large city, with its sixteen markets and numerous gay Hindu temples, distant from Calcutta about 300 miles in a north-westerly direction. From this point British Missionaries have been penetrating into the districts of Purneah and Tirhoot, lying northward towards Nepal.

"The mela (a fair) of Karagola was visited during this excursion. The part of the country traversed seems never before to have seen a Missionary, and is but rarely visited by Europeans. The people were almost as wild and savage as the tigers which abound in their jungles. Nevertheless, they heard with attention the message of peace. On one occasion a man said, 'Why has not the Government sent us word of this religion before? The English rule has been here more than a hundred years; why have they not sent us this news before?' And some would say, 'When Government gives the order, we will all believe in Christ.' It is a matter of unceasing surprise to the Hindus that the Government evinces so little interest in the extension of the religion it professes, and generally conclude that there is some hidden and unworthy motive for the reticence displayed.

"The people are very ignorant. They are, however, very fond of singing. All day and night the Missionary would often hear them singing the praises of Ram. On one occasion he was startled at hearing a Christian hymn sung by a boatman, who substituted the name of Huri (Krishna) for Jesus Christ. It afterwards appeared that he had learned it ten years before when at Monghyr. However harsh and discordant we may think the music of the Hindus, they are very fond of it. The boatman sings as he floats down the river. Every one sings a morning hymn to his god. The whole nation are singers, from the Brahmin, who chants the 'Bhagvat,' to the villager who only knows the best spot for his buffalo to graze.

"In one village the Missionary was cheered by meeting with an old man, whom the villagers considered mad, because he had thrown away his gods, and would only talk about Jesus Christ. He asked to be told of the 'fame of Jesus;' and when it was explained to him how Christ was the only Mediator between God and man, and how by his atonement the vilest could be saved, and how God, for Christ's sake, would pardon sin, he openly avowed his belief in Christ, and his determination to pray to God through Him. Some of the bystanders asked the oft-repeated question, 'Show us Christ?' The old man sharply answered, 'Show me Ram!' Other instances of inquirers after truth came before the Missionary during this journey; and indications were apparent of the progress of a sentiment that idols are a vain thing, and that the Gospel offers the only way of salvation. But the influence of numbers is great, and many hesitate till they can see themselves sustained by a large body of adherents to the Gospel, among whom they may find safety and encouragement."

India is like a rich Oriental jewel, which has fallen into a filthy pit. Many are trying to recover it. May the Lord hasten the glad moment, when, lifted up from the abominations in which it lies, and purified and bright, it shall be placed in the diadem of Him who is King of kings and Lord of lords.

THE RIVER NIGER.

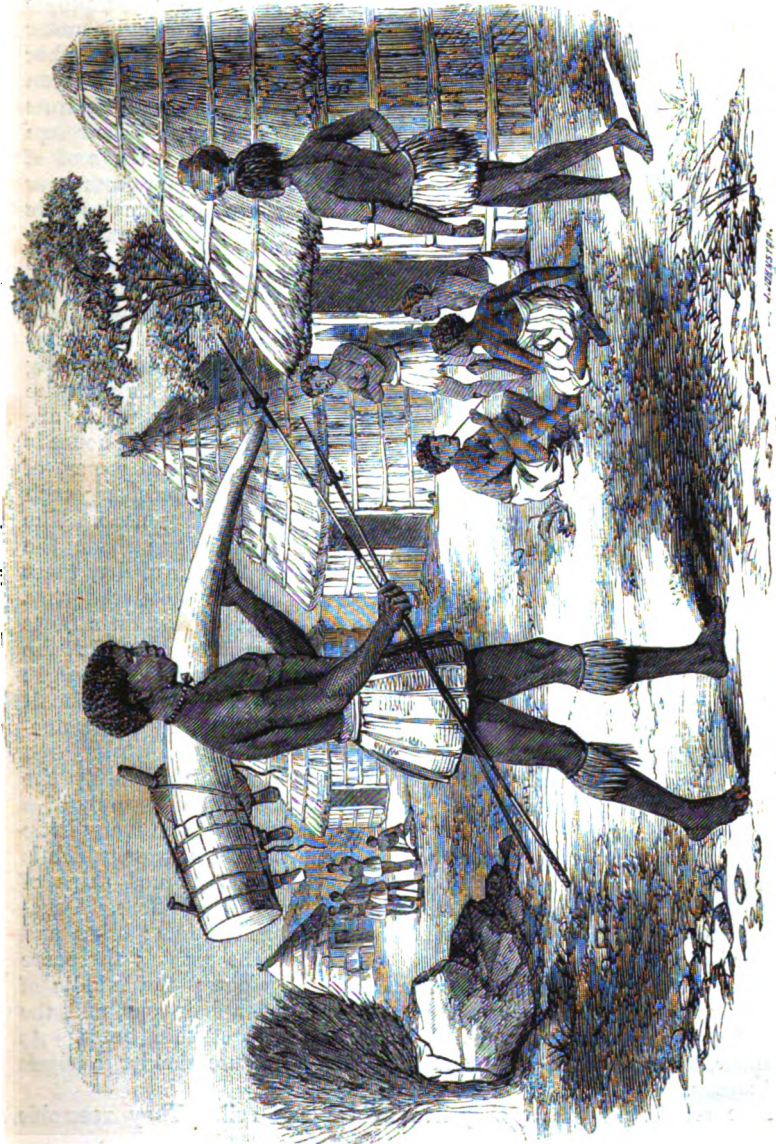
EUROPE is becoming increasingly convinced of the importance of the Niger as a water route to interior regions of great productiveness. The following paragraph very justly describes this importance—

The Niger receives in its course numerous tributaries, flowing through regions abounding in interesting and valuable productions. It is affirmed that the tributaries entering it within a distance of two leagues from where the river on which Timbuctoo is placed makes its junction, amount to thirty. For two hundred miles above this point, and below it to the neighbourhood of Rabba, the river is navigable for the largest canoes. Rabba, which is about 280 miles from our new possession, Lagos, across the Yoruba country, is also only eleven days' journey from Kano. Kano is the most southern and western large emporium for the European goods brought overland on camels above 2000 miles from Morocco and Tripoli. That part of the interior of Africa has still a large population, although much wasted by slave-trade wars, as not only have the Morocco and Tripoli caravans to be supplied with slaves for much of the value of the goods they have brought, but thousands are also sent through Rabba, for the foreign slave-trade of Dahomey, and for the supply of the native markets on the coast. The African-Aid Society has represented to the Government the necessity of stopping that horrible trade, and stimulating the industrial development of these rich districts, by establishing a consul at Rabba, with a gunboat at his command there, to give him additional weight and influence in arranging all disputes amongst the natives, and to enable him effectually to prohibit the slave-trade with Dahomey. From Egga, below Rabba, along the whole course of the Niger upward, and even to Dahomey, that valuable shrub or tree, which produces the Shea butter, abounds. There can be no doubt that, if a proper stimulus be given, and if the natives felt that the establishments formed among them by Europeans at Egga and Rabba were permanent ones, the entire of that rich caravan trade, from Morocco and Tripoli to Kooka and Kano (and those caravans are often of from 2000 to 3000 camels each), would be diverted to the Niger route, by which goods from Europe may be conveyed at one-tenth of the cost by caravans from Tripoli. And it is almost equally certain, that, within a few years, Shea butter alone (which now costs about 6*l.* to 8*l.* a-ton near Egga, and would fetch—for any quantity—in England 40*l.* a-ton) would pay, every year, for hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of Birmingham and Manchester goods. And when to Shea butter we add palm-oil, ground-nuts for oil, copal and other gums, ivory, ebony, indigo, other dyes and dye-woods, cotton, coffee, chili pepper, ginger, arrowroot, wax, honey, India-rubber, saltpetre, anti-mony, gold, silver, copper, and other valuable commodities, it must be granted that there is a real Hesperides in the fields of the great Mississippi of Western Africa—the River Niger.

But if the Niger is to be kept open and rendered available for commercial purposes, it must be through Missionary effort. Experience has shown that this is the surest and cheapest way of subduing the barbarism of wild people, and disposing them to friendly intercourse with white men. Our readers will be pleased to learn that a new Missionary station has been formed at the mouth of the Nun, while those higher up the river are taking root.

UNIAMESI AND ITS PEOPLE.

WE introduce our readers to a new region, one into which Europeans have for the first time penetrated, and where we yet hope to see Missionaries at work: it is the Land of the Moon!—a country of Central Africa, lying nearest the east coast, from whence it is distant between



PEOPLE OF UNIAMESI, EAST AFRICA.

300 and 400 miles. Our Missionaries at Rabbai Mpia, on the east coast opposite Mombas, had often heard of it, but, although they made many journeys into the interior, were unable to reach so far; but an exploring expedition, sent out by the Royal Geographical Society, has succeeded in doing so, and it is from the published record of that expedition that we collect the following particulars.

The country, a rolling ground of low hills, is pleasing; the people numerous, dwelling in villages. Much of the ground is brought under cultivation by the native hoe, the farms being divided one from another by strips of jungle: other parts are used for pasture, where may be seen herds of high-humped cattle, with flocks of goats and sheep. The huts of the people are such as may be termed hay-stack huts. The rough trunks of young trees, set up in a circle, make the wall; the roof of sticks, covered with thatch, tied on by strips of tree-bark, projects over the walls from two to four feet, and under these eaves the inmates love to sit. The people also use the Tembe, or hollow village. It is a hollow square or oblong, with a block-house at each angle for defence. The outside wall is composed of tree-trunks, surrounded occasionally with a stockade, hedged with a living fence, and protected outside by a deep drain. The common roof, sloped enough to throw off the rain, is yet flat enough to support their bark-bins of grain, firewood, &c., the ascent being from the inside by a ladder. The doors, which give entrance through the centre wall into the interior, are closed by solid planks, which are jealously shut at sunset. The tenements into which the general house is divided, are separated by party-walls, and consist each of two rooms, of which the kitchen opens on the central square, the inner receiving such light as doors and chinks afford it, windows there being none. The central court is sometimes planted with trees, under whose shade the children play, the men smoke, and the women work. Our readers must not fancy these to be pleasant habitations. They are described as a menagerie of hens, pigeons, and rats, of special daring. From their nests in the rafters fall scorpions and earwigs; cockroaches abound; the mason-wasp burrows in the walls; lizards tumble from the ceilings; frightful spiders skulk in the dark corners; while flies, mosquitoes, small ants, and other species not necessary to be named, make up the numerous insect family.

The people, whose hard skins enable them to bear with impunity the irritating attacks of these crawling annoyances, are tall and stout, of a dark-brown colour. The hair, curling crisply, and twisted in many little ringlets, hangs down like a fringe to the neck. Their dress, which is scanty, is made sometimes of cloth, more usually of softened skins of sheep and goats, and, amongst the poorest classes, of bark-fibre. Ornaments are abundant. From the neck hang strings of beads; brass and copper bangles or massive rings are worn upon the wrists; there are bracelets on the fore-arm, and circlets above the elbow; the middle of the body is girt with a coil of wire twisted round a hair-rope, and the ankles are covered with small iron bells and rings of thin brass. As weapons, the men have bows and arrows. They use slender assegais and spears.

Like all dark heathen, they live in dread of evil. They resemble

superstitious people at home walking in the dark, and who, especially near churchyards and burial-places, see something terrible in every object, and hurry on in fear of ghosts ; so is it with the East African. He lives in dread of bad spirits and evil influences, coming on him he knows not whence or how. There is a faint consciousness of a Being above them, but it is so dim and shadowy that he cannot grasp it. But, living thus in dread of he knows not what, he goes to his fetishes, and places in the little pent-house, one or two feet high, with a thatched roof or without walls, his handfuls of grain or small pots of beer, that evil may be averted from him. Is he sick, he sends for the Mganga, or medicine man, to expel the evil spirit who has caused the sickness, and use charms for his recovery ; and if, being a man of note, he dies, his relatives are suspected of having killed him by black magic, and the accused have to drink the poisoned water, and thus, in East Africa, one death entails many.

At present we cannot look further into these new countries and races. Our engraving represents one of the Waniamesi, a porter. These porters are mostly lads, "lank and light, with the lean and clean legs of leopards." Besides his weapons and kit, a porter will carry a pack of seventy pounds ; sometimes a roll of cloth, or a bag of beads, or circles of brass and other wires, or a tusk of ivory, which is the heaviest.

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#### THE ZENANAS OF INDIA.

**MELANCHOLY** indeed is the condition of Hindu ladies, imprisoned in zenanas, like birds of gaudy plumage in a gilded cage. Even the birds pine when thus imprisoned : how much more these poor females under jealous restriction, debarred from the consolations of true religion, nay, even of ordinary intellectual occupations, which would help them to pass the time. Is it surprising if they be unhappy? for the mind thus dealt with re-acts upon itself, and sours the temper : hence the zenanas are not the abodes of peace and harmony.

An excellent Christian lady, a Missionary's wife, one well known among us by his publications and labours on behalf of India, having obtained access to some zenanas, has been labouring strenuously to bring the light and comfort of the Gospel to these poor imprisoned ones. Interesting extracts from her letters have been published in the "Missionary Magazine," some fragments of which we introduce into our pages, as exhibiting the pitiable condition of these poor heathen ladies, as well as the efforts made for their improvement.

The following is a very touching case—

A native lady in Bhowanipore is debarred from hearing by a jealous and wicked husband. She is the wife of one of the richest men in this neighbourhood, and is said to be so beautiful, that her husband is afraid to let her be seen, even by the members of her own family ; consequently she is more completely secluded than the most secluded of her country-

women. This lovely young creature had, in some way or other, heard of our teaching in various houses, and conceived the most ardent desire to learn to read, and also to see an English lady, a pleasure which had never yet been hers. She appealed to her husband in vain: he was quite insensible to any additional advantage his already envied wife might gain by being taught to read and write; but she thought she might succeed better in the matter of fancy work, and so contrived the following little device: it showed ignorance, perhaps deceit, but it also showed her intense thirst for instruction: she would get knowledge in any way, at any price. She sent me sixteen shillings, with a request that I would let her have as handsome a pair of slippers as I could for the money. These slippers she meant to give her husband as a present from me! with a message that I wished much to call and see them, and that I had offered to teach her to make slippers like those I sent. Poor girl! I returned her money, explaining that her plan was neither a right nor a politic one: it was sure to defeat its own end. But I sent a large parcel of fancy work for her to show her husband, and said she might tell him that we would come and teach her to do it, if he liked. A few days since the parcel was returned, with a message from the Baboo that he would buy the whole of it, as it would please his wife, but he must decline her receiving visits from a Christian lady.

But instances of an encouraging character also occur to cheer the labourers onward in their path. This is one of them—

A very rich native gentleman invited us to-day to visit his zenana, with a view to make arrangements for the instruction of the ladies. This Baboo lives, not at Bhowanipore, but in the heart of the city. My daughter met him one day, when it occurred to her to ask a gentleman in the company, who seemed to know the Baboo, to mention to him that we were always happy to teach native ladies. The gentleman did so; the Baboo professed himself delighted, and we went to-day for the first time. I soon saw that he was too shy to introduce the subject of his ladies, so I inquired if they were ready to see us. He assented, and then conducted us through various intricate, dark passages, first up stairs, then down stairs, then up stairs again, till we arrived at their secluded apartments. The Baboo's mother, his wife, and the two wives of his younger brother, were waiting to receive us. The man bowed politely, and left us at the door, it being contrary to Hindu etiquette that he should ever see the wives of a younger brother. The ladies were not at all dark: even the mother was still a handsome woman; but they were so shy, it was with difficulty we got them to speak, and then we found that one could read a little, the others not at all, but they said they were anxious to learn, and very glad indeed to see us. After making arrangements for their weekly instruction, we left, the Baboo promising to procure the books and working materials I named as necessary. Before we took our final departure, he made us once more descend to his drawing-room to partake of sweetmeats, and insisted upon opening three or four bottles of scent for our especial benefit.

And these labours have not been without their fruit. There are



first-fruits coming on, the precursors of a more universal harvest. One of the most affecting narratives we have ever read is appended to these letters of Mrs. Mullens. We have not room for it in this Number; but we hope to introduce it in our next. If, however, our readers have not patience to wait, let them get the "Missionary Magazine and Chronicle" for December last, and read it there.

But we have not room in this Number, because we have to record the loss which the friends of Missions have sustained in the death of Mrs. Mullens. She died after a short illness, not exceeding three days. All the Christian community in Calcutta mourn her death; and the "Friend of India" bears to her memory the following tribute—

The apostle of the Zenana Mission has just passed away, and there is the more need that others fill her place. Living, we should not have mentioned her name. Dead, the memory of Mrs. Mullens will long be fragrant among those who knew her work of faith and labour of love. The daughter of the Missionary Lacroix, she was worthy of her father. How few of our readers have even heard of her: she was a reformer before the reformation! Since her return to India she has devoted her life to the Zenana Mission. She had the genius as well as the zeal of an apostle. Her "Phulmani and Karuna" has been translated from its exquisite Bengalee into every vernacular of India, and has become to the native church, what the "Pilgrim's Progress" of Bunyan has been to the masses of England. Her "What is Christianity?" was prepared for educated heathen, who inquire like Nathanael. And when taken away, after a brief thirty hours of intense suffering, she had half finished another Bengalee classic for the instruction of those native ladies whom she taught from week to week. Is it so difficult for one English lady out of every hundred in India to conquer a vernacular language, and devote part of her leisure to such of the zenanas in her neighbourhood as would welcome her visits? This for the rich, and schools for the poor, and India will yet have a chance among the nations!

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#### CAPTURE OF NINGPO BY THE TAEPIINGS.

NINGPO is the chief seat of the Church Missionary Society's operations in China. We have there a congregation of native Christians, several of whom are effective evangelists among their countrymen. From Ningpo, our Missionaries had advanced into the interior, and several places had been taken up as out-stations, to the distance of thirty miles from Ningpo. That city was regarded by us as a gate of entrance into the Chekeang province, and from this, as a basis, we hoped to spread out our Missions. But these intentions have been interfered with by the incursions of the Taepings. Our Missionaries were obliged to fall back from the interior stations on Ningpo, and were there followed by the Taepings, who encamped in the neighbourhood. Their approach was viewed with dismay by the inhabitants, who immediately began to fly with their families, and such of their property as they could carry with them, whither they could, and a complete exodus of the natives took place.

It was, indeed, evident, that if the Taepings persevered in their intention, they must soon become masters of Ningpo; for although English engineers had, some months before, provided for the defence of the place, yet, without English soldiers or sailors to man these defences, they were of no use, and neither of these were forthcoming in the hour of danger.

It was under circumstances such as these that our Missionaries wrote to us. We may mention that we have there several Missionaries, with their wives and children—the Rev. W. A. Russell and Mrs. Russell, the Rev. J. S. Burdon, the Rev. G. E. Moule and Mrs. Moule, the Rev. A. E. Moule and Mrs. Moule, the Rev. T. S. Fleming and Mrs. Fleming. They, too, might have fled; but they felt that to leave their flock at such time, would be to the great injury of the rising Christianity of Ningpo, and they resolved to stay. It was impossible to feel otherwise than very anxious about them, for the path of the rebels had usually been marked with fire and sword, and in October last they had murdered two Missionaries in the province of Shantung. When bands of rebels were approaching Chefoo, then under French protection, these two Missionaries, Dr. Parker and the Rev. J. L. Holmes, both Americans, went out on horseback to forewarn them that if they approached they would be fired upon. They never returned; and when, by shot and shell, the Taepings had been driven back, a party of gentlemen, ten in number, well armed and accoutred, went in search of them. Their mangled remains were found at a distance of thirty-five miles: mangled indeed they were, for they had received the most deadly injuries, and spear wounds and sword cuts completely disfigured the bodies.

It was with no small solicitude, therefore, that we contemplated the prospect of this large body of valuable Missionaries falling into the hands of the Taepings. Yet we could not but feel they had acted rightly, and our hope was that the same Lord who stood by Paul of old in a time of danger, would stand by them, and deliver them out of the mouth of the lion.

It is remarkable, that one of our Missionaries, in a letter dated December last, expressed an earnest wish that our troops would abstain from interfering, and that a rigid neutrality should be preserved; else his conviction was that the interior would be closed against Missionaries, and the burning of towns and villages become as common in the neighbourhood of Ningpo as of Shanghai.

This, then, is the course which has been pursued, and so far his expectations have been verified. There has been no killing of people, or burning of houses. The Taeping leaders had promised our Consul at Ningpo, that if permitted to enter the city peaceably, they would act peaceably, and they have done so. They have respected the lives and property of Europeans, and have shown every anxiety to be on good terms with them. Our Missionaries then are safe. And now a most interesting crisis, one long looked for, has at length arrived. A body of experienced, devoted, and zealous Missionaries, supported by a congregation of native Christians, have been brought into full communication with that which we may consider to be the most moderate portion of the rebel hordes—with real Taepings, and their leaders. It will now be known whether these people are more hopeful and more susceptible of Christian instruction, than the

other Chinese. May the gracious Lord sustain our Missionaries in their present important circumstances, that as their day, so may their strength be!

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ACCOUNT OF A JOURNEY FROM TAURANGA TO TURANGA
IN SEPTEMBER 1861.

THE following extract is from the journal of the Rev. E. B. Clarke, one of our New-Zealand Missionaries. Our readers will see from it what the Maories are doing to help themselves—

It was late in the evening of Friday, the 13th of September, that I reached the Kawa Kawa, the village in which the Rev. Rota Waitoa resides. As I approached the bell was ringing for prayers; and knowing that their minister was at Turanga, and that the natives could not have had any notice of my visit, I was anxious to see how they proceeded in his absence. Directed by the sound of the bell, I turned to the schoolhouse, where I found about 200 assembled. I introduced myself to the teacher, and then conducted the service in their accustomed manner, as follows:—After singing a hymn, and reading the Collect for the Second Sunday in Advent, the congregation, arranged in classes of about thirty each, under their respective monitors, read the second lesson of the evening verse by verse. When the chapter had been thus read, they were catechized on its contents, and the more obscure portions were explained to them. The service was then concluded with prayer.

In the course of the evening the people told me of all their proceedings in church and school matters, some of the particulars of which may not be uninteresting. They had collected 200*l.* towards the endowment of their parochial district, which they had placed in the hands of the bishop. A tenth of all their produce is given towards the support of their minister, and the whole of Friday is devoted to the cultivation of his land, or in doing any other work he may require. A substantial wooden church, capable of accommodating 500 or 600 people, has been built, at the opening of which upwards of 250*l.* were collected towards the endowment of the bishopric.

Timber for a new parsonage is being prepared, which, like the church, they are to erect independent of any external aid. A school has recently been set on foot, under the management of a late scholar of St. John's Collegiate School, Auckland, (a native,) towards the support of which the parents pay 1*l.* per annum for each child, besides providing food and clothes.

These are some of the means which the natives at this place, as well as of those along the coast as far as Uawa, have devised for the maintenance of their ministers and schools, and it is satisfactory to know that they do not grudge those contributions, but evidently give from a sense of duty.

I had proceeded about half a mile on my journey in advance of my natives, when I was overtaken by a horseman, who told me, as he dismounted, that the people were ashamed that I should walk any further, and begged me to take the horse on to Turanga. He said that if I could have stayed until Monday they would have supplied my companions

with horses; but as they were all in the bush they could not be got up in time on that day. About ten of the principal people accompanied me on to the next village, carrying my luggage. Here they took their leave of me. Several from this place took up my bundles, and escorted me to the village beyond, when they left me. I was thus passed on from place to place, until I arrived in the evening at Waiapu, the late station of the Rev. Charles Baker. Though taken by surprise, the people welcomed me very warmly, and soon prepared comfortable quarters for me in their "whare minita" (minister's house). In every village of any importance I found they had built these houses for the accommodation of their ministers, another proof of their appreciation of them.

THE NATIVE CHURCH OF DOHNAVUR, TINNEVELLY.

DOHNAVUR, one of the districts of our Tinnevelly Mission, contains 2300 professing Christians, dispersed throughout fifty-five villages. They are under the charge of a European Missionary, assisted by eleven catechists.

It is of first importance that these churches, thus raised up from amongst the heathen, should be healthful and active. On their being so depends very much the spread of Christianity amongst the surrounding heathen. If they are dead and inactive, Christianity is prejudiced in the sight of the heathen, and the native church comes to be regarded as something altogether distinct from them, and which cares nothing for them. All those, therefore, who are interested in the increase of the kingdom of Christ among the heathen, watch with solicitude the growth of these churches—their growth in spirituality and earnest effort.

We are happy to trace evidences of such growth in the Dohnavur church. The regular attendants on the Sunday services have greatly increased. The young men's class affords much pleasure and encouragement in an inquiring and subdued state of mind, a desire to possess the holy Scriptures, and a regular and cheerful attendance on divine ordinances. In the women's classes the number of attendants has so increased, that the room in which they were wont to meet is now found to be too small. The practice of family prayer, and the reading of God's word by the people in their houses, has strikingly increased. Bibles and Prayer-books are no longer left in the church, but are to be seen generally slung up in the house, ready for use; the people very earnestly entreat the Missionary, whenever he has opportunity, to conduct family prayers in their houses; and when sickness and death come, God's people, ere they depart, bear testimony to the preciousness of Jesus. Our Missionary, the Rev. J. Pickford, who is now in England for the restoration of his health, mentions in his report a case of this character—

"Paramanandhan, a shepherd, became a candidate for baptism shortly after I took charge of Dohnavur, and, being unable to walk, he came to me

for instruction on a native pony. The Merasdar of the village, by means of a vexatious law-suit, succeeded in stripping him of his flock, his house, and land. An offer was made to return the land if he would abandon Christianity. The old man steadfastly declined the offer, and died, in the faith and hope of the Gospel, in the village prayer-house, surrounded by his family."

Another, and most important feature, is the increase amongst these Christians of a Missionary spirit. Mr. Pickford says—

"In 1858, the subscriptions of the native Christians of this district to the native Church Missionary Society was 54 rupees; in 1859, this sum was increased to 91 rupees; but during the last year it reached the sum of rs. 141. 4. 7. This amount was raised by the people themselves, by means of the baked-mud collecting-pots. We had 270 pots in circulation last year, and for the present year, or rather half-year, we have sent out 330 pots. It is little more than a year ago that these collecting-pots were regarded with a feeling of contempt and aversion by many of our people. They did not entirely refuse to assist, but they wanted to do it in a more genteel way. But my desire was to get the people individually to work, to get them into the way of noting the mercies of God; and, having observed these mercies, to give expression to their gratitude by putting into the Lord's treasury according as God had prospered them. At our half-yearly meeting in July last, one pot, belonging to M——, of Nazareth, was found to contain more than seven rupees, or more than 700 dūts and half dūts. When asked how he had collected so large a sum, he said he had endeavoured day by day to remember the mercies of God. Do we not see here the reflex benefit of such a work? While endeavouring to send forth the word of life to others, the soul drinks more and more freely of that fountain which springeth up to everlasting life."

Another evidence of growth is to be found in the increase of the Native-Clergy Endowment Fund. The Christians are becoming increasingly sensible of the duty of supporting their own pastors; and they are endeavouring to do something to the accomplishment of this object. In 1858, they contributed to the fund 76 rupees; in 1859, 83 rupees; and in 1860, 173 rupees; the increase during the last year referred to, is specially encouraging, inasmuch as it was one, not merely of scarcity, but of famine to the lower classes, and yet it yielded the largest contribution.

Thus, a point of Christian light is kindling up more and more brightly amidst the surrounding darkness. That darkness is dense indeed. In the Missionary district of Dohnavur there are at least 200,000 souls sunk in debasing idolatry and ignorance. So dense is the population thus situated, that for a distance of fourteen miles a continuous chain of villages extends, with populations varying from 700 to 10,000. The Missionaries have gone forth into these districts, sowing the seed, and have usually met with a kind reception. Sometimes their tent has been so thronged, that, had their strength permitted it, they might have preached the Gospel from sunrise to sunset. The catechists, going out two and two to preach

salvation through Jesus Christ to perishing sinners, have met with respectful attention; while in the large towns, larger congregations gathered round them, and gave heed to the things which were said. The time is come for a forward movement all over India. In this the native churches must help us. They can each and all co-operate in some way. If they cannot, in all cases, teach and preach, they can at least carry the tents of those who do, and be hewers of wood and drawers of water in the Lord's work. In such efforts they shall grow most rapidly themselves.

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WORK FOR HEAVEN.

“DO GOOD AND LEND, HOPING FOR NOTHING AGAIN.”—*Luke* vi. 35.

If thou hast thrown a glorious thought  
Upon life's common ways,  
Should other men the gain have caught,  
Fret not to lose the praise.

Great thinker, often shalt thou find,  
While folly plunders fame,  
To thy rich store the crowd is blind,  
Nor knows thy very name.

What matters that, if thou uncoil  
The soul that God has given,  
Not in the world's mean eye to toil,  
But in the sight of Heaven?

If thou art true, yet in thee lurks,  
For fame a human sigh,  
To Nature go, and see how works  
That handmaid of the sky.

Her own deep bounty she forgets  
Is full of germs and seeds,  
Nor glorifies herself, nor sets  
Her flowers above her weeds.

She hides, the modest leaves between,  
She loves untrodden roads;  
Her richest treasures are not seen  
By any eye but God's.

Accept the lesson. Look not for  
Reward; from out thee chase  
All selfish ends, and ask no more  
Than to fulfil thy place.

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SUPERSTITION IN HIGH PLACES IN INDIA.

On the 8th September 1858 there occurred at Nagpore an event which was worthy of earlier record. The woman who then passed from this world had none to chronicle her death or sound her fame, but in many respects Baká Báí was a remarkable person. Born not long after the period that

gave to Europe Napoleon and Wellington, she was married to Raghoji the Bhonsla, who fought with the great English general at Argaum in 1803. In all the subsequent affairs of Central India she took an important part. Naturally fitted to command, her influence was much increased, when, in 1816, her husband died, and was succeeded by his son Báláji or Parsoji, as he is more frequently named by Europeans. On that feeble prince being strangled in the first year of his reign, she maintained her position, even under the treacherous rule of his murderer Apá Sáheb; and during the thirty-five years that Bájí Ráwa, the last king, sat on the throne, her authority was paramount. After the death of that monarch, in December 1853, a word from her could have rendered the annexation of Nagpore a matter of some difficulty; but Báká Bái, with all her energy, was too prudent to measure her strength with the British power, and even in the most critical months of the disturbances in Northern India none could tempt her to swerve from her far-seeing policy. Báká Bái was a devout Hindu. Rising at 5 A. M., she devoted the early hours of the day to the worship of cows and the *tulsi* tree, after which she sat down to repeat the names of her gods, and, with the help of the rosary, to mark her progress when interrupted, and was ready to converse with any one on worldly business. In the forenoon she was waited on by her priests, when she bathed, adored the sun, presented offerings at the shrines of her idols, and listened to poems in their praise. Having repeated her homage to the sun and a cow, she went round a certain number of ants' hills, and fed the tiny insects with sugar. This was followed by the worship of Brahmins. Those who had assisted in her devotions were joined by others, who sat down with them to dinner in the palace. Before they commenced, the old lady, approaching the first, applied to his forehead the coloured mark usually made on idols, set before him a small spoonful of water, into which he thrust his toe, and ended by presenting him with an offering of *bel* leaves, flowers, and money. When she had thus gone through the whole company, with the holy water that each Brahmin had manufactured, she retired to an adjoining room, and drank it off for the remission of her sins. In the afternoon, alms were distributed to the poor. The evening, when she partook of her only meal, witnessed proceedings similar to those of the forenoon, especially the adoration of cows. Every day did this zealous adherent of the Puránas spend at least twelve hours in the rites of her religion, and, at her own expense, entertain fifteen Brahmins and double the number of Gosains, and in addition to all the priests and mendicants fed by the Rajah.

In the beginning of September 1858, Báká Bái fell sick, and, as she was now about eighty years of age, it was feared her end was at hand. Five cows were therefore introduced into the room where she lay, in order to be bestowed on Brahmins. Each cow was led up near her couch with a halter. The réipient stood at its head, and the invalid giver was lifted up so as to take hold of its tail. The gift of the animal was accompanied by a further donation in money of 50 or 100 rupees, and as, one after another, they passed onward from the bedside, they were supposed to help the dying woman forward on her way to heaven. As she became worse, an order was issued for a feast and handsome sums

of money to be given to 300 Brahmins. Among the last acts of her life was to call for a cow, and, having fallen at its feet as far as her now fast-waning strength would allow her, she offered it grass to eat, and addressed it by the venerated name of mother. While she was engaged in giving away more cows to Brahmins, she fell back and expired.

Such was the sad end of this dowager queen! Báji Rawa, the last of Nagpore Rajahs, had died about five years before; and in March last the resolution was formed of carrying his bones, along with those of Baká Báf and various other deceased members of the royal family, to the Ganges, and a Mahratta Sirdar was put in charge of the expedition. Starting about the end of the month, this chief, attended by a great crowd of followers, walked barefooted as far as Ramtek, one of the principal temples in the Nagpore province. Here he halted, and had the bones divided into two parcels of unequal size, and enclosed in cases of antelopes' skin. The larger assortment he placed on a horse's back, the smaller on his own. It being now the hottest season of the year, the journey was performed after sunset; and night after night, with the light of torches and the sound of cymbal and drum, did the bearer of precious relics, sometimes walking, at other times leaping and dancing, move forward with his numerous retinue. At Máher some thieves, allured by the prospect of finding gold and jewels among the bones, stole the larger bundle, and only a small remnant was left to be thrown into the Ganges. But before reaching their destination a calamity still more serious befel the party. Cholera broke in among them, and about one hundred persons were carried off by the fearful scourge. On their arrival at Allahabad presents were liberally distributed among the Gangáputras of the place—to one a gold necklace, to another a horse, to others changes of raiment, and to all donations in money.

After spending some time in Prayága they proceeded to Káshí, where seven days were occupied in walking round the city, and other seven devoted to bathing in the sacred stream, and presenting offerings to the idols and gifts to the Brahmins in the name of the dead.

A FIJIAN PRAYER.

THE following is part of a prayer offered by a young native convert at family worship in Fiji—

“Thy gifts to us, O Lord, are very great. Thou hast given us Thy book, and teachers to make it plain. Thou givest Thy Holy Spirit; but our foolishness is great in striving against Him.

“Yet endure us, Lord, and give us power to do better, that we may not entirely quench Thy Spirit. But, Lord, we are like Papalagi (English) casks that some Fijians pretend to fill with oil: it is all water at the bottom, and a little oil at the top for the people to see; and in us the old spirit is at the bottom, and a little of the new at the top. But we know we cannot deceive Thee, and Thy long suffering is great in that Thou dost not destroy us.

“Thy love to us is a great fire, a bottomless ocean; our love to Thee the tiniest spark, or a drop of rain.”

NATIVE CHRISTIANS IN BENGAL.

We have introduced a sketch of a village scene in the district of Kishnagurh, between sixty and seventy miles north of Calcutta.

This district, lying in the delta of the Ganges, is intersected by nume-



SCENE IN A KISHNAGURH VILLAGE.

rous water-courses, and, at the time of the periodical rains, is extensively inundated. The channels are filled with red-coloured or muddy water, and the alligators, which, during the dry weather, retire to the Sunderbunds, have come up to their accustomed haunts. There one of these monsters will take up his post like a sentry, near a native village, watching until some of the poor people come down to bathe or get water, when he rushes at them, and often makes them his prey. Many of them fall victims. We have read of an alligator, killed by an English gentleman with a heavy rifle-ball, which measured fourteen feet and a half in length, in the stomach of which there were, "besides human bones and hair (the latter in large quantities), metal bangles, armlets, rings, and other ornaments, sufficient to show that he must have carried off at least four women." Accidents, indeed, are continually occurring. One woman "was standing several feet from the water's edge, bargaining with a fisherman for his fish, when an alligator stealthily approached the bank, and, with a sudden wheel of his body, swept her with his tail off the bank, and, instantly seizing her, disappeared." He was fired at and wounded, but too late; for although he dropped his prey, the woman was dead.

In the cunning of these destroyers we are reminded how Satan watches for souls, and prowls for them as for his prey. Stealthily, like the alligator, he draws near, and surprises such as are off their guard. It is to save these poor people from destruction that our Missionaries go forth amongst them, teaching and preaching Jesus Christ, and inviting poor sinners to believe in Him, who is able to save, even to the uttermost, all that come to Him. And some thousands of the peasantry have been brought to profess Christianity, and to place themselves under the pastoral care of the Missionaries. Churches have been built, and these are attended by native congregations on the Lord's-day. These congregations are very far from being what we should wish them to be. Still there are some gracious persons amongst them, and if these be duly cared for, and brought into action, they may become as leaven in the lump, and the general character of the people be improved. Kapasdanga, one of the most important of the Kishnagurh stations, is under the charge of the Rev. F. Schurr, and no pains are spared by him to raise the tone of his people. The schools are large and well-ordered, efforts in which he is assisted by Mrs. Schurr; and a pleasing sight it is to see the native girls gathered round her, cleanly and comfortably clad, and plying the needle and thread.

After all, we must remember that, in Missionary work, there are two distinct sections of the population to be attended to—males and females; that it is impossible to improve the former, if the latter be neglected: for supposing that we have Christian men among the natives, where are we to find the Christian wives and mothers? But if the women are to be benefited as well as the men, then Missionary work must have a duplex action: to be capable of this action, a Missionary must be a married man. An unmarried Missionary, in India especially, can touch only one section of the work, and the other and neglected section, to a great extent, neutralizes what he seeks to do.

With all the help he can get, the Missionary has much to try him.

The people are wayward and perverse. He would fence them around by wise and wholesome regulations, but they despise and neglect them. At the ghâts, or steps on the river's bank, where the people go down to bathe, strong fences of wood and bamboo are planted around, extending about six or eight feet into the river, to protect the people from the alligators. Yet they cannot be persuaded to keep within the fence. Often they walk down outside, instead of inside, and so endanger their lives. Knowing the dangers to which their souls are exposed, the Missionaries would so keep the native Christians within the safeguards of Christianity, where the enemy cannot hurt them, but often will they go outside.

WINTER SKETCHES IN RUPERT'S LAND.

A WINTER'S history at St. Andrew's, Red River—let us attempt to sketch it. It is now past the middle of October, and the stern winter is rapidly approaching. The 21st day of that month, being Lord's-day, is appointed as a thanksgiving for the harvest. How needful those bountiful supplies to the little colony, which, during the winter season, is as a city shut up, besieged on all sides by snows and frost, and cut off from all communication with more favoured lands. St. Andrew's church, the largest church in these far off regions, was well filled with a large and attentive congregation. The bishop preached, from Psalm clxv. 10—12, a very affectionate sermon, moving the people to remember God's goodness, and to praise Him for his mercies. This congregation is, we trust, becoming increasingly sensible of that which is the duty of every Christian congregation—to be communicative of its Christian privileges to those around who are either destitute or regardless of them. A collection was made towards the support of the Rev. H. Cockran, as Red-River Missionary. A beginning has also been made towards a self-supporting native ministry. One hundred and fifty-one communicants attended the Lord's table, and many more would have been present, but some were off to the plains for buffalo meat, and others to the Lake Winnepeg for fish. At the afternoon service, which was also well attended, the Lord's Supper was administered to several who could not attend in the morning. "Altogether," writes Archdeacon Hunter, "it was a delightful and profitable day; and, whilst thankful for the bread which perisheth, may all seek that heavenly manna, that bread of heaven, which can alone satisfy the desires of the soul."

On November 3rd came a heavy fall of snow, the first indication of approaching winter; and the next day, Lord's-day, the ground was covered with snow, not yet set in the rigid frame of powerful frost, but soft and melting. This, from the state of the roads, is a most disagreeable season of the year; and strange as it may seem to us here, friends in Rupert's Land long for colder weather and a good fall of snow. Nor have they long to wait for the gratification of their wishes. First, on Nov. 22, comes the frost, the thermometer being down to five degrees below zero, and the river frozen over; but the ice-paved stream waits to be sanded over with snow, in order to become fit for the sled and cariole.

On the night of Dec. 12 it was cold indeed, the thermometer at Arch-

deacon Hunter's being thirty degrees below zero, while others noticed it at thirty-five degrees. As the day broke, the smoke of the chimneys might be seen struggling to ascend, but beaten down to the ground with the intensity of the cold. On this day, cold and dreary as it was, the Missionary and several of his people were assembled around an open grave, engaged in committing to the dust the remains of a dear young girl, who had fallen asleep in Jesus.

Some notices of Archdeacon Hunter's visits to this young person may be interesting and profitable—

"*Nov. 9*—Visited a sick child, and poor Jane M——. Found her happy and resigned. She knows all hope of recovery is gone, but no word of repining, no murmur escapes her lips: she cheerfully acquiesces in the divine will, and can say from the heart, 'It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good.' She manifests a simple faith and reliance in the alone merits of her Saviour, and is waiting his appointed time to remove her from the pain, weakness, and wasting of the body, to that better land where this mortal shall put on immortality, and where she shall ever be with the Lord. Read, expounded, and prayed with her and her sorrowing parents and friends. May the sympathizing Saviour make all her bed in her sickness, and speedily transport her soul to the realms of bliss!

"*Nov. 22*—Visited the sick several times during the week, especially dear Jane M——. She is gradually passing away, and continues in the same happy frame, resting on the Saviour, ready to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. She brightens up when I call, and takes a lively interest in all said. Her fervent Amen at the conclusion of prayer is quite refreshing to one's soul, and manifests the deep feelings of her heart. May the Saviour be very near to her, to comfort and save her!

"*Dec. 10* :—Visited Jane M——, who is near the time of her departure for a happier world. Read the twenty-third Psalm, making a few appropriate remarks, and then joined in prayer with her parents and assembled friends. All felt that this would be, in all probability, the last time we should thus kneel together with the dying young saint, and a peculiar solemnity and earnestness pervaded our minds. The same hearty Amen, came from her lips, and with the same sweet smile upon her countenance she expressed her patient resignation to the divine will, and her desire to depart and be with Christ, which was far better. At 11 P.M. her happy spirit took its flight, and she is now numbered with the redeemed, who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, and who serve Him day and night without weariness, beholding his glory."

In committing to the grave the earthly tabernacle of one who has gone to Jesus, there is an especially calm and holy feeling, We know then that this is not death, because there shall be a glorious awakening from it.

On Dec. 14th the quiet of the settlement was disturbed by an outbreak of fire at the Roman-Catholic cathedral. This was the most pretentious building in the settlement. It had two tin spires, 100 feet high, the body of the building being 100 feet in length, 45 feet in breadth, and 40 feet in height. Its interior, according to the principles of the Romish church, which relies on appeals to the senses, rather than on the power

of divine truth upon the conscience, was richly decorated. It had three bells, weighing upwards of 1600 pounds. But these glories are perishable. Better to be employed in building up the spiritual house, the living stones of converted sinners, laid on the one foundation-stone, and builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit. The entire cathedral has been burned down, and the premises reduced to a complete ruin.

WORKING-PARTIES.

THESE are very unobtrusive, yet most useful institutions. And this is just the point of which the members need to be convinced, that they are engaged in a useful work, the results of which, in the shape of clothing, &c., are most welcome to the inmates of our cold dreary stations in far-off Rupert's Land, where warm clothing is so necessary, and yet so difficult to be obtained. Ladies meeting together month by month need to be assured that their contributions do not fail to reach the destination for which they are designed, and that, when they have reached, they are really prized. We have no doubt of the hearty welcome which greets the arrival at Fairford, Manitoba, or Cumberland, or English River, of a bale of goods, which, when opened, is found to contain warm clothing, such as dark Guernseys, flannel petticoats, woollen hose, great and small, woollen neck-scarfs, and other articles, all made up and ready for use, and all a free gift from kind friends in England. But it is due to those kind friends that they should be aware of this, and that the Missionary's wife should communicate promptly and fully with the Lady-Secretaries of the Associations, making them acquainted with details, and giving sketches of some of those native converts who have been made comfortable by their gifts.

We have now the opportunity of introducing an acknowledgment of this kind from a Missionary's wife to the Lady-Secretary of one of these institutions. "This working-party," we are informed, "was commenced about four years ago at Knypersley, in Staffordshire, by the sisters of the Incumbent, and is still in active operation. Two years ago, a large box of clothing was sent out to Archdeacon Cockran's Station at La Prairie, in North-West America, of which the following letter from Mrs. Cockran, is the grateful acknowledgment. Whilst it shows the value of gifts of clothing to the poor children in the Red-River stations, it points out to those kind friends who are thus zealously employed in various parts of the United Kingdom the kind of apparel best suited for that cold climate. They will read it with pleasure, and they may be stimulated to fresh activity, when they learn how their gifts are received by faithful labourers in that inclement and distant land.

Mrs. Cockran's letter is dated Nov. 6, 1861, and is as follows—

"MY DEAR MISS M—,—It is with much pleasure I acknowledge the receipt of a box of clothing and Scripture prints, &c., sent by you in 1860. The box, however, only reached us in October 1861, it having been left at York Factory in consequence of its large size. I need hardly say how acceptable useful articles of clothing are in this cold climate, where so much is required.

“The poor Indians are very wretched, miserable, and dirty in the extreme. In the winter they generally dress themselves in a piece of buffalo skin, with the hair inside, with leggings of coarse cloth or leather, and shoes of the latter: these constitute their dress by day and their covering by night. In summer the boys often go about in a state of nudity. Thus, of course, when they are taken into school, they must be furnished with a change of clothing, &c. Here all articles of clothing are very expensive and difficult to procure. We therefore are very thankful for any assistance in the way of clothing or blankets. We have at present fifty children in school; thirty of these we have clothed by your bounty and that of another Christian lady. Each child has also received a blanket, which they wrap about them when they go to school or attend church.

“The Scripture prints are beautiful, and will be very nice for the schools. I believe it was through the recommendation of our very dear friend, Mrs. Caldwell, that you so kindly interested yourself on the behalf of our dear children. We feel greatly indebted to her for this act of kindness, as also for many others which we have received from herself and Colonel Caldwell. Our united thanks also to you, who, with busy hands and loving hearts, have responded to her intercession, and relieved our pressing wants. Should you, in future, strengthen our hands, and encourage us by your contributions, we shall feel grateful. And for your guidance, permit me to name what kind of clothing would, I think, be less expensive, and would, perhaps, suit our children better, as they could be easily washed and kept clean:—For girls—good blue and white or lilac prints, with warm linsey petticoats, and strong cotton shifts (such as you sent last year), these, with capes and hoods, or small blankets. Would not such materials, made up, make your contribution, do not you think, go further? For boys, for winter—white coarse cloth, made into little loose coats, and trousers of the same material, would answer nicely, and would not be, I hope, unpleasant to make up. Another thing: if you could forward your contribution to the Church Missionary Society to be repacked, they would make it up into bales, which would be a saving to you, and also to us, in the way of freight. A bale is, besides, more manageable, and is carried with greater ease over the many portages with which the rivers abound between York Factory and Red River. Excuse the freedom I have used in writing thus: we feel it a duty to use the greatest economy, that the means may extend as far as possible.

“With united and kind thanks to all who unite with you in this labour of love, let me beg that, while your hands are employed for the comfort of the body of these destitute little ones, your prayers will ascend to the throne of grace for the outpouring of the Spirit upon them, that they may be made the children of God by adoption and grace.”

Prairie Portage lies across the prairie, in a westerly direction, about sixty miles distant from the Red River, and, like other of our stations, and indeed, in a great measure, the entire of the Red-River work, owes its beginning to the untiring exertions of Archdeacon Cockran, now for thirty-seven years a Missionary in these regions. It is an interesting Christian settlement in the midst of a wilderness, still inhabited by roving bands of

Indians, ruled by cheating medicine-men, hunting and fishing for their daily food, and often, as of old, engaged in barbarous warfare. It is delightfully situated on the banks of the Assineboine, the prairie being "of the richest description, and, towards the north and east, boundless to the eye. The river bank is fringed with a narrow belt of fine oak, elm, ash, and ash-leaved maple; but on the south side a forest extends from two to four miles in depth, and then passes into aspen groves. The river abounds in sturgeon and gold eyes, and within eighteen miles there is an excellent fishing station, on the coast of Lake Manitoba."

There has been erected a wooden church, containing many substantial family seats, and capable of holding many more. Each seat is manufactured by the owner, according to a pattern supplied by the Arch-deacon. The congregation consists of Swampy Cree Indians and Half-breeds, whose homes often lie far distant. One Plain Cree woman is mentioned as having her home 300 miles distant to the west. Near the door of the church, inside the building, a number of heathen Indians usually take their place. They squat on the floor, and remain quiet and grave during the service. These are generally Plain Crees, followers of the buffalo-hunters, and clothed sometimes in dressed skins, others robed in blankets, with head and neck decorations.

Prairie Portage, from its position, and the great extent of fertile country which surrounds it, promises to become a settlement of much importance.

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#### TIDINGS FROM NINGPO.

IN our last Number we stated that Ningpo had been taken by the Taepings. Since then we have received letters from our Missionaries, and with thankfulness are enabled to say that they are safe, although amidst much peril.

In the beginning of November it became evident that the Taepings were moving towards Ningpo, capturing, as they advanced, the cities on their route. The panic in Ningpo increased daily; numbers of the population fled whither they could, the shops were shut up, and the city became more and more deserted. On Saturday, December 6th, the rebels were seen approaching, and Sunday was ushered in by the roar of heavy guns. On Monday morning the walls were escaladed, and the city was in the hands of these wild hordes. It has been completely sacked, and deeds of bloodshed and violence have been perpetrated, but far less than in the case of other cities taken by the Taepings; as, for instance, at the great city Hangchow, where it is said that the Tartar population to the number of 50,000 has been put to the sword. At Ningpo the rebel chiefs have issued stringent orders, with a view to the repression of various crimes, which the Dziang-mao have shown themselves to be quite capable of committing.

The inhabitants, however, have been leaving the city in vast numbers, and notwithstanding the proclamations of the rebel leaders, inviting them to return, Ningpo remains a desolation. There is no doubt as to the light in which the Taepings must be viewed. They are a scourge permitted to fall on an idolatrous and sensual people, who, satisfied with themselves and their own attainments, cared nothing for the Gospel

message. China, like Moab of old, had been at ease from his youth : he had settled on his lees, and had not been emptied from vessel to vessel ; therefore his taste remained in him, and his scent was not changed. But now the wanderers have come, which cause him to wander, and, lo ! judgment has come upon the plain country, and upon all the cities of the land of China. Upon the idolatry of the land the stroke falls heavily. The idol-temples at Ningpo have been ruined, the idols broken in pieces, and the fragments are strewn about the streets. May the rod prove to be a merciful chastisement ! May the population feel their need of a help which man cannot give, which their idols cannot give ; and may the voice of the Christian teacher be listened to as one who gives wise and friendly counsel in the time of tribulation !

Our Missionaries and the native Christians have now retired from the city to the foreign settlement at the other (north) side of the river, where they are safe, and are on the watch for opportunities of being useful to these Taepings.

Our Missionaries call upon us to observe, that, in answer to prayer, not a hair has fallen from the heads of any of the Missionaries or native Christians, though they have been all placed in circumstances of greater or less danger. For this let us return thanks.

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#### BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US.

THE time of toil has pass'd ; the night has come,  
The last and saddest of the harvest eves ;  
Worn out with labour long and wearisome,  
Drooping and faint the reapers hasten home,  
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the labourers, Thy feet I gain,  
Lord of the harvest ! and my spirit grieves  
That I am burdened not so much with grain  
As with a heaviness of heart and brain.  
" Master, behold my sheaves ! "

Few, light are they, and worthless ; yet their weight  
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves ;  
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,  
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late ;  
Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,  
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and wither'd leaves ;  
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at Thy feet  
I kneel down reverently, and repeat,  
" Master, behold my sheaves ! "

Yet do I gather strength and hope anew ;  
For well I know Thy patient love perceives,  
Not what I did, but what I strove to do ;  
And though the full ripe ears be sadly few,  
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

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YOUNG CONVERTS IN INDIA, THEIR TRIALS AND  
DELIVERANCES.

AHMEDNUGGER is a large town in the province of Guzerat, presidency of Bombay. It is situated on the banks of a stream called the Haut Muttee, in an extensive plain, and is surrounded by the remains of a fine old stone wall, its population being about 9000. There are here Missionaries connected with the American Board, and it is in connexion with this Mission work that the following facts occurred which we place before our readers.

"In the early years of this Mission there appeared at Ahmednugger a lone woman, of good caste, leading by the hand a little girl. Her countenance was sorrowful. She was a widow, and the child fatherless. Left destitute in the distant village where her husband died, she had travelled on foot seventy miles, alternately leading and carrying this little girl, her only child, until she reached the city of Ahmednugger. Wherefore did she come? She had been told that in this city she had a wealthy uncle, and she hoped that he might be induced to befriend her and her orphan child. But he received her coldly, and after subsisting a few days on the charity of strangers, her troubled thoughts reverted to the stinted kindness of some poor neighbours in her distant village, at the time of her bereavement; and taking her little girl by the hand, she turned her back upon the city, and started on her weary journey to the village where had been her home.

"She could ill conceal her sorrow, and as she was passing through the city gate, a Hindu, who had seen her at her uncle's door, and learned her sad story, felt some movings of pity, and thus addressed her—' Good woman, where are you going?' Choking with grief, she replied, ' Back to my village, Maharaj: we cannot live here.' ' But you'll die by the way. Where will you get your bread?' Bursting into tears, she confessed her only resource was in the charity of those who might feel compassion for her. ' Yonder,' said the Hindu, pointing to a part of the city where live the Missionaries, ' Yonder live some white people, whom we call Padre Sahib; and really they are a most good sort of people. They take no money from us, but show us great kindness. They establish schools for our children, and teach them to read, and many useful things. In one of their schools they even give the little girls food to eat and clothes to wear. The only trouble is, their *religion* is different to ours, and some of our people have become defiled (Christians) like them, and that makes us afraid of them. But really they are very kind people, and if you are not afraid your little girl will become defiled, you might take her there, and they would take care of her.'

"The poor woman listened with conflicting feelings. She cast a glance at her child, and then looked in the direction the Hindu had pointed. The act was repeated again, and still she hesitated. The thought of her little girl's becoming defiled was terrible. But after a little, taking the child by the hand, she turned back through the lanes of the city, and they soon appeared at the door of the Missionary. Little Ramkore was welcomed into the school, and maternal affection kept the mother, too, within daily reach of Christian instruction."

And the mother was the first whose heart was turned to the Lord. She had come with hesitation and trembling, fearing lest her child should become a Christian; and she became touched and converted herself. She now prayed that her daughter might become that which she once dreaded. Nor was the prayer without its answer. She, with three other girls, became the first-fruits of the Missionary's school, and she is now, in that dark land, the pattern of a frugal, industrious, intelligent, comely Christian wife and mother, training her children in the fear of God, and a true helpmeet for her husband. Who that husband is, we must reserve for our next Number.

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#### MORAVIAN MISSIONARIES IN THE WESTERN HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS.

THROUGHOUT the extensive range of Christian Missions there are no labourers who occupy a more lonely position than these good men, and therefore they need to be proportionally sustained by the sympathy and prayers of Christians at home. Let us hear their description of the country they inhabit—

The valleys of the Himalaya mountains in our immediate vicinity have scarcely any bottom land, but are river valleys, in which the stream often flows in a channel of rocks, from 50 to 100 feet deeper than the valley itself, so that the water is quite inaccessible. Upon one side, or upon both sides, there are, at an elevation of 100 or 200 to 1000 feet above the streams, strips of terraces, and these constitute almost the only regions that can be cultivated and inhabited. Near such terraces are generally found in the mountains side ravines, through which, by means of a simple process, the terraces are irrigated. Wherever this is practicable, fields have been laid out and villages built. Higher up the mountains small cultivated plots are sometimes found upon terrace-like cliffs. The chain of mountains which divides Lahoul into two valleys, that of the Bhaga river, is most precipitous on its north side. In its highest part there rises a series of very steep, and generally quite perpendicular, crags; then comes a middle region less steep, whose lowest terraces form the sites of the villages Kardang, Barbok, and others; and finally, another abrupt and again nearly perpendicular descent stretches down to the stream. Our mountain, that of Kyelang, is not quite so steep, and the most of the terraces and villages are on that side of the valley which we inhabit, namely, the northern.

Such is the country in which, separated from all European society, surrounded by heathen, without even, as yet, one solitary convert to cheer them, three Missionaries and their wives are engaged in sowing the Gospel seed.

And the soil on which they sow is as yet hard, and full of ignorance and prejudice. "On a late occasion," observes one of the Missionaries, "as I was reading to a lama from one of our books, he remarked—

"That is quite good: your religion may be good enough, but you are

not afraid of committing sin." "How so?" I asked. "Why," he replied, "you slaughter sheep." I tried to explain to him that this was not contrary to God's will and commandment, and inquired whether the lamas also did not eat meat? "Yes," he said at last, after long hesitation, "yes they do; but I do not kill the animals; I do not kill so much as a louse." "But you get others to slaughter for you." "That may be, but then only half the sin falls to my share, and besides, I acknowledge and repent of my sin on the evening of every day on which I have eaten meat." In order to show the insufficiency and folly of such seeming repentance over against true repentance, I began to discourse upon the words—"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 John i. 9.) These benighted people think themselves secure if only they do not fail to confess; or, still better, if they turn their handmills by means of which written prayers are made to flutter in the air; or, best of all, if in some valley or deep ravine they apply water-power to such a mill, and cause a formula of prayer in Sanskrit, transcribed upon a scroll several times, or occasionally many hundred times in succession, to be put in motion. This constitutes their praying and crying to God, and this being done, they may sin without fear of punishment.

The language used by the people in conversation is essentially different from the Thibetan used in books, and thus considerably increases the difficulties which the Missionaries have to contend with.

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TRANSPLANTED.

THE Proprietor of our vineyard, who has always been very kind to us, and who knew our attachment to his and Him, sent us a little sensitive plant, that we might rear it for Him. It was a slip of that called everlasting, and was set in a vessel of common garb—a vessel base in its material, frail in its texture, yet curious in its construction, and beautiful in its appearance. There was something remarkable in this little plant, and it soon began to attract attention by the uprightness of its growth, the verdure of its leaves, and the lovely blossoms it bore, and these put forth with vigour. Both the pot and the plant were admired, and that not only by us who considered it the chief ornament of our cottage, but by those of our friends who felt interested in our happiness. Some of our friends, indeed, told us that a plant so beautiful would soon be claimed by its Owner, and that the vessel in which it was set would soon be too small for it. We acknowledged the truth, we contemplated the probability of a removal; yet, whilst we were engaged in directing the shoots, setting in view the lovely flowers, we could scarcely help thinking it our own. Whether it was to assert his own right, whether to provide a safe situation, or whether He preferred some other employment for us, we are not informed; but He has sent a messenger to us, who has broken the pot, and taken away the plant. We know that, in its new situation, it will be more vigorous in its growth, and more beautiful in its appearance; that its stalk will not be bruised by the fierce winds, nor its leaves scorched by the burning sun, nor its tender leaves ever nipped by the piercing frost; that its blossoms will never be a prey to the worm, nor

its fruits picked by the passing birds : therefore, though we feel grieved at the removal of this our favourite plant, yet these thoughts keep us from repining ; and more especially, as the Owner of the vineyard, who sent for it, sent us also a promise, that though it should not come back to us, yet we should go to it, and see it again in its improved condition. We are "fully persuaded that what He hath promised He is also able to perform."

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#### MAN'S GREAT WANT.

No men in the world want help like them that want the Gospel. Of all distresses, want of the Gospel cries loudest for relief. A man may want liberty, and yet be happy, as Joseph was ; a man may want peace, and yet be happy, as David was ; a man may want children, and yet be happy, as Job was ; a man may want plenty, and yet be full of comfort, as Micah was ; but he that wants the Gospel, wants every thing that should do him good. A throne without the Gospel is but the devil's dungeon ; wealth, without the Gospel, is fuel for hell ; advancement, without the Gospel, is but going high to have the greater fall. What do men need that want the Gospel ?

They want Jesus Christ, for He is revealed only by the Gospel. He is all in all, and where He is wanting there can be no good. Hunger cannot be truly satisfied without manna, the bread of life, which is Jesus Christ ; and what shall a hungry man do that hath no bread ? Thirst cannot be quenched without that living spring which is Jesus Christ ; and what shall a thirsty soul do without water ? A captive, as we are all, cannot be delivered without redemption, which is Jesus Christ ; and what shall the prisoner do without his ransom ? Fools, as we all are, cannot be instructed without wisdom, which is Jesus Christ ; without Him, we perish in our folly. All building without Him is on the sand, which will surely fall. All working without Him is in the fire, where it will be consumed. All riches without Him have wings, and will fly away. A dungeon with Christ is a throne, and a throne without Christ is a hell. Nothing so ill but Christ will compensate. All mercies without Christ are bitter, and every cup is sweet that is seasoned but with a drop of his blood. He truly is the love and delight of the sons of men, without whom they must perish eternally, for there is no other name given unto them whereby they may be saved. He is the Way ; men without Him are Cains, wanderers and vagabonds. He is the Truth ; men without Him are liars, like the devil who was of old. He is the Life ; men without Him are dead, dead in trespasses and sin. He is the Light ; men without Him are in the darkness, and they go they know not whither. He is the Vine ; those that are not grafted in Him are withered branches, prepared for the fire. He is the Rock ; men not built on Him are carried away with a flood. He is the Alpha and Omega, the First and the Last, the Author and the Ender, the Founder and the Finisher of our salvation. He that hath not Him, hath neither beginning of good, nor shall have an end of misery. Oh, blessed Jesus, how much better were it not to be, than to be without Thee ! never to be born, than to die without Thee ! A thousand hells come short of this—eternally to want Jesus, as men do that want the Gospel.

**HIMALAYAN BRIDGES.**

THE torrents in the hill countries ranging along the base of the great Himalayan range are very rapid, and subject to very sudden floodings, so as to render necessary the frequent use of bridges, which are often of



BRIDGE FORMED OF THE AERIAL ROOTS OF TREES.

a very singular character. The most substantial kind is formed of loops hanging from two iron chains, a kind of suspension-bridge, a plank of sal timber being upheld by the loops for the traveller to walk upon. Another, is the cane bridge. The mountain spurs, around the bases of which the rivers flow, are usually steep and rocky, their flanks being clothed with the richest tropical forest, and their crests being tipped with pines. Thus there may be found on the rivers' edge, the banana, screw-pine, and fig. One of the latter, growing out of a mass of rock, its roots interlaced and grasping at every available support, its branches loaded with deep glossy foliage, hangs over the water. This forms a pier for the canes, that on the opposite side being constructed of strong piles, propped with large stones: between these supports swings the bridge, of light and simple structure. "Two parallel canes on the same horizontal plane are stretched across the stream: from these, others hang in loops, and along the loops are laid a few bamboo stems for flooring." On these, loose bamboos are laid, and on these the traveller is to walk. The bridge may be 80 yards long. The motion is great, as the slight structure rocks over the water, forty feet below. The dry bamboos crackle as they are trod upon, while one perhaps, which has loosened from the fastening, tilts up, leaving the passenger suspended over the torrent by the slender canes. Some bridges are more formidable than these. They consist of a couple of spars, with bunches of twigs, or slates, thrown across, having often a great slope to one side, and being often slippery from being washed by the spray of the stream. Another means of transit is by cables formed of twisted twigs. From the ends of a forked stick, which is made to traverse the cables, a slack rope is tied, forming a double. In this the passenger places himself on his back, which is wrapped round with a blanket to prevent its being galled, while he warps himself across with his hands and feet. Accidents often happen from the ropes giving way. Yet people, under the pressure of necessity, are constrained to venture themselves upon these uncertain reliances.

There is, if we may be permitted to make an application of the subject, a great chasm which sin has made, separating the sinner from God, and leaving him in a position of the greatest danger. That gulf must be crossed, or else he must perish. There is a means of escape provided. A living way has been thrown across it—He who says, "I am the way." In the mystery of his person, in which the Godhead and manhood are wondrously united, he brings together those whom sin has separated, and all who feel they must return to God, or perish, have the opportunity of passing over to the safe side. Unbelief may suggest doubts as to the reliability of this way, but those who test it find it to be sure.

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#### THE FEMALES OF THE EAST.

FEMALE education in the East is an object which may well claim the attention of all who desire the extension of Gospel light to those densely-peopled lands; for how shall we raise the men of India if the females remain neglected? Let the measure of influence which females exercise be remembered; how powerful for good or evil in

their various relations of mothers, wives, and sisters. It is said that one of the modes by which the crime of infanticide was perpetrated amongst the high Rajpoot families was this—the mother's breast was rubbed with the juice of a poisonous plant, and as the child was suckled it imbibed death with its milk. And so with superstitious and ignorant, and, as the result of their being so, vicious mothers. The children whom they nourish imbibe from infancy their ignorance and vice. The maternal breast is poisoned in India, and each generation imbibes in its childhood that subtle poison, which renders it, when grown up, as ignorant and superstitious as that which had preceded it.

All hail, then, to those devoted women, the wives and daughters of Missionaries, who give themselves to this important department of the Missionary work! It is their proper sphere. Their husbands and brothers can scarcely approach it. But they, if they are wise, and zealous, and prayerful, may find an open door, after the example of the late Mrs. Mullens. Let many arise and follow in her steps. Let them, like her, give themselves devotedly to the cultivation of the vernaculars of the people amongst whom they are providentially placed.

Her fluency of speech in the Bengalee tongue, and thorough acquaintance with native habits, peculiarly fitted her for this important sphere of usefulness, into which she more decidedly entered by the publication of her first Bengalee book.

In this little book she desired to present to her readers a picture of a Christian and an Unchristian family; to display and argue against various forms of evil existing in the native communities; and to commend to them the excellence of Christian principle in the holy life and happy death of its sincere disciples. This plan was carried out in the form of a story, most simply, but most graphically told. "In reading this little work," says a friendly critic, who gave it the most hearty praise, "we are transported at once to the heart of a Bengalee Christian village. Bengalee women and children walk, life-like, in flesh and blood before us. The children run about; the women gossip, and wrangle, and lie, or, are honest, truthful, and industrious; but they are neither too bad, nor too good for Bengalee female nature, as modified by Christianity. We are initiated into the mysteries of Bengalee housekeeping, and begin to have becoming ideas of the value of a single farthing. We stand beside the death-bed of the righteous, and witness the awful end of the wicked, cut off unprepared in the midst of his sins. Christ, too, has a people in that little village; and the decency, industry, and good sense, the humble, active, cheerful piety which their lives show to be attainable and practicable in the poorest families, and under the most discouraging circumstances, can scarcely fail of leaving their moral in the most impervious mind. The leaven of heathenism, that still lingers in the nominal Christian, is decidedly, but clearly, pointed out. Native customs and native prejudices, when injurious, are traced to their social and physical results with a happy simplicity. The story has all the life-like minuteness and

accuracy of Defoe ; and the reader if he has any spiritual relish, will find himself throughout in communication with a gentler and holier spirit than is commonly to be met with in our present imperfect state." High as is the praise here given with no niggard hand, it was not too high. The simple, beautiful, and idiomatic Bengalee attracted the attention of the native converts immediately. Everywhere they were anxious to secure copies, and a large edition was put into circulation in a very short time. Missionaries were delighted to obtain a book so completely adapted to the wants and position of their people, and made use of it among the heathen. Its fame made it sought by Missionaries beyond Bengal, in other provinces of India ; and by degrees, by the multiplication of copies of the English MS., and by translation from one native tongue into another, at the time of the author's death it had been transferred to no less than twelve Indian languages, and was in full circulation among all the communities of converts throughout our Indian empire. Long will she speak to the Indian churches by its means ; and long will the echoes of her footsteps sound among them now that her voice is hushed in death. This was followed by others, one an original, both in English and Bengalee, called "The Missionary on the Ganges ; or, What is Christianity?" the other, a translation of "Daybreak in Britain," and adapted from the English of Miss Tucker.

We have already, in a previous Number, transferred from the pages of the "London Missionary Magazine" some notices of these labours. But the subject is so interesting, and so well fitted to move others to a like devotedness, that we introduce some more of the touching fragments.

On Friday, the 28th June, while Mrs. Mullens was sitting alone, taking a hasty breakfast, a singular letter was put into her hands. It bore unmistakable marks of being from a native, though it was anonymous. It ran thus—"Madam, I have taken the liberty of introducing to you the bearer of this. She is a Brahmin widow, and belongs to a most respectable and wealthy family at B——. She has visited all the chief shrines of Hinduism, seeking rest for her soul, and finding none. For rest, she now turns to Christianity. Madam, will you receive her into your asylum ? Will you teach her what truth is ? I will add one word for your encouragement. There are other widows besides this one ; aye, and there are married women too, who are restless in, and dissatisfied with, their own religion. They wish for something better.—Yours, Truth-lover and Truth-seeker."

"Ask the bearer to come in," said Mrs. Mullens, hardly knowing what to expect. A gentle-looking, modest woman entered the room. She seemed about four-and-twenty, and her every word and action showed the Hindu lady, though she looked hot, wearied, and very much excited. "Was the letter I brought addressed to you?" she inquired. "Yes." "Then I will wait till you have finished breakfast, for I must see you alone ; I can easily wait." The ayah showed her into the bedroom, where Mrs. Mullens joined her immediately. To try her, she said, "You must go away to-day, and come again to-morrow. I have an unavoidable engagement : I am sorry, but I have not even five minutes



to speak to you now." "Then I will wait—wait as long as you like : I have been waiting for this all my life. It would be hard to ask me to go away, just when I have found what I had sought." Mrs. Mullens left her. Hopes, doubts, fears, in eager tumult, rose in her heart, and but one prayer came to her lips again and again, and yet again—"Holy Spirit, is not Thy promise pledged? Oh, breathe upon this soul: then shall it live, and bud, and blossom, and bear fruit." Her engagement was to hear a native catechist's trial sermon to the heathen servants of an English lady. The man's text was, "Yet the dogs shall eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table." And as she heard, she thought of the waiting one at home, and it seemed to her that the answer to her prayer had already come, and that Jesus was saying to that one, "O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Mrs. Mullens was soon back. It took three hours to hear the Brahminee's strange, sad story, with all its thrilling interest. Hers had been eminently a life of seeking. Had she found at last the hidden treasure? Left a widow at fourteen years of age, her penances and austerities had commenced, though otherwise she was kindly treated. But ever since she had thought at all, she had been dissatisfied with Hinduism, and when the death of her husband left her free, and comparatively wealthy, she had begun to visit the various holy places celebrated in Hindu story, with a view to find out whether they could give her that soul rest which was denied to her at home. Her account of this search after spiritual peace was often most touching. Once, when she was a little girl, she said, her elder sister was dangerously ill, and her parents took her to a distant shrine, to join her prayers with theirs for the recovery of their child. The idol was propitious, the sister got well, and Boshonto believed in that idol. In after years, when God sent this longing for the truth into her heart, she bethought herself of the being who had once, as she considered, heard her prayer, and she again repaired to his shrine. They told her his most acceptable worshippers were those who approached him fasting. For two whole days she fasted, and her prayer was, "Teach me Thy way, O God." On the third day she fainted, with that prayer for light and guidance still on her lips. "Now," she asked, "may not the unknown God, to whom I then prayed, have heard my prayer, and brought me here in answer to it?" The Missionary's wife was silent; how could she tell? Though this she knew, that "God looketh on the heart." Not wishing to trust her own judgment merely, Mrs. Mullens asked two of the native preachers, who had been themselves Brahmins, to be present at this conversation. They saw nothing in her story either improbable or unworthy of belief; and, by a strange coincidence, it was found that Boshonto was distantly related to one of them. He knew her family, and could vouch for its respectability and its wealth. Boshonto was then asked about the writer of that strange letter. She was afraid it would bring him into trouble with his own people: therefore it was with considerable reluctance she gave his name, and that only when she was assured it was absolutely necessary. He proved to be a Brahmin, well known to the Mission family. They were aware that he knew the truth, but not that he had felt its power, or that he had any love for it. Surprised, there-

fore, were they to hear that it was from this man's wife that Boshonto had first learned of Christianity. Her husband had taught her; and when her widowed friend told her of her doubts respecting Hinduism, and her longings for a religion that would satisfy the wants of her soul, she said, "Boshonto, Christianity is the religion for you: go, and be a Christian. I only wish we could be Christians too; but, alas! we have too many ties of family and caste. You are free: do you go." And then the husband gave her that letter of introduction.

Such was Boshonto's account of herself. The next step was to try and discover whether it was all true. One of the native preachers kindly undertook this, and rode many miles for the purpose. The result was perfectly satisfactory.

At that time her state of mind was that of a humble learner. It was not that she knew much of Christianity; but it was as if what her heathen friend had told her had also been revealed to her by a far higher Power—that Jesus was the only Saviour of her sin-sick soul; and she sought after the Lord, if haply she might feel after Him and find Him.

Boshonto has now been for some time in the Mission family at Bhowanipore, and every day increases their love and affection for her. Naturally very clever and intelligent, she has learned to read her Bible in an incredibly short time. It is rarely out of her hands; and each morning one may find her taking her place amid the girls of the native-Christian boarding school, to get the benefit of their daily Bible lesson. Every now and then she looks up with extreme earnestness depicted on her bright face, and asks, "Oh, do you think that this blind one will ever see? Shall I ever understand it all? She may know it not, but the Spirit has already taught her to behold wondrous things out of his law; for she said on one occasion, "I think I see the difference between the Hindu Shasters and the Book of God. Is it not this? The former is filled with outward ceremonies, which cannot make the heart better; while the latter has to do chiefly with the heart: how can it be purified, and made fit to dwell with God?" On being asked what made her first think that idols were not true gods, she replied, "Because I saw the glorious sun, and moon, and stars; not only so, but I saw that all these were governed by certain laws: the planets went round the sun, and the tides were influenced by the moon. Then I knew there must be one Being in the universe greater than I had yet heard of."

But still this was not the feeling that brought her to the feet of Christ. To Him she came on account of her need, her want; and Christians will understand her, though she often says, "I wish I could express myself better; but I do not know what else to say than that I have been needing the true religion all my life, and now I have found it."

Missionary ladies in the field—wives, sisters, daughters of Missionaries—the Lord invites you to this work. Win your way into the zenanas. Pray, labour to obtain access to the higher classes of Hindu females. A work commenced there will tell with beneficial influence on those who rank below them.

**EFFORTS IN THE DIRECTION OF SELF-SUPPORT PUT FORTH  
BY NATIVE CHRISTIANS.**

WE view with deep interest all efforts made to arouse the native Christians to a proper sense of their duty to provide, to the utmost of their power, means for the support of their own Christian ordinances, and for those charitable purposes which ought to be recognised in every Christian community. The earlier in their Christian profession that such efforts of self-denial can be commenced, the better for these infant churches, and, with thankfulness we record it, at no period in the history of Missionary work were the evidences of such vitality more numerous and encouraging than at the present moment. Let the following notice from Abbeokuta serve as a specimen—

The Mutual-Aid Society was established by a meeting held at the Ake schoolroom on July 8, 1861. At this meeting there were 24 native agents present, and it was agreed that all the Church Missionary Society's native agents be invited to join; that Rev. T. King should be Secretary, Mr. W. Allen, Treasurer, and other Officers and Committees at Lagos and Abbeokuta appointed. The entrance fee was fixed at 2s. 3d., and the subscription at 1d. a month for each dollar the member had in his monthly salary. The benefits proposed to be conferred are these—

I. That the widows receive 1s. a month during their widowhood, for every dollar their husbands received monthly at the time of their death.

II. That money be supplied for the member's funeral, and for his only. At a subsequent meeting, Nov. 5, it was decided that the sum given for a funeral should be sixty shillings for a pastor, fifty shillings for a catechist, forty shillings for a schoolmaster or Scripture reader of the first class, and thirty shillings for all others, whether other friends were willing to pay the expense or not.

III. That something be given to the orphans of members who are otherwise totally destitute.

IV. Also to members in extraordinary distress or affliction, at the discretion of the Committee.

The Society is open to native agents, and no others; and should a member leave the Mission service, he forfeits all claims on the Society; but every member, before resigning, is required first to bring his difficulties to the Committee of the Mutual-Aid Society; and should he refuse to yield to the Committee's admonitions, or abruptly resign, he forfeits all benefits from the Society.

The number of members is at present 42.

The entrance fees and subscriptions amount to 9*l.* 10*s.* 1*d.*

There has been no expenditure at present.

We are to happy to find that the work of conversion is going forward, and the wall of the city being built, although in troublous times. The "Iwe Irohin," of February 1862, reports—

On Sunday afternoon, Feb. 16, there was a baptism in Ake church of 25 adults—11 men and 14 women: there remain about eighty more

candidates for baptism, who are not considered sufficiently advanced in divine knowledge or moral character to be baptized at present. We hope that those who are baptized will not consider themselves necessarily safe, but will give all diligence to make their calling and election sure, remembering the many warnings in the Bible against trusting to outward privileges. All the Israelites "were baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea," yet with many of them God was not well pleased. All the sons of Noah were saved in the ark, yet Ham was afterwards cursed with a grievous curse. And we know how our Lord warns his hearers against calling him "Lord, Lord," whilst they did not the things which he said.



"AND COULD IN NO WISE LIFT UP HERSELF."

THE summer air was rich with song,  
 And sweet with breath of flow'rs;  
 The glorious sunshine stream'd along,  
 Through all the flying hours.  
 And like youth's footstep, bounding light,  
 Some hearts with hope beat high,  
 As warm and cloudless, broad and bright,  
 As their Judean sky.

But oh! there was a breaking heart  
 Amid the eager crowd,  
 Too sad to bear in praise its part,  
 Too low 'neath sorrow bow'd.  
 Without, seem'd all things fresh and fair,  
 The birds and streams were glad,  
 And sunshine free fell everywhere,  
 Save o'er her spirit sad.

She knew not how to raise from earth  
 Her dim and weary eyes,  
 Nor turn her heart to holy mirth,  
 By hope beyond the skies.  
 But whose the tone, the touch of love,  
 That wak'd a new life's tear?  
 What holy music from above  
 Unchain'd the death-bound ear?

'Twas His, who heal'd the palsied form,  
 Light to the blind one gave,  
 And still'd the awful midnight storm  
 On dark Tiberias' wave;—  
 Who touch'd the bier where, cold and calm,  
 A precious form had lain,  
 Restoring life's one earthly balm  
 To a sad heart in Nain;—

Who, when the waves of sorrow roll,  
 And flesh and spirit fail,  
 Gives Hope's strong anchor to the soul  
 To hold within the veil.  
 That mighty Voice, the last, and first!  
 That gentle touch and kind!  
 And lo! the falling fetters burst  
 From body, soul, and mind.

O sufferer! not to thee alone  
 He speaks; for through all time  
 The sick and sad his love have known,  
 In ev'ry age and clime!  
 And He alone will be the same  
 In ev'ry time of need:  
 The weakest still his love may claim,  
 His words of promise plead.

*Derry.*

A. B.

MISSIONARY EFFORTS BY NATIVE CHURCHES.

NATIVE churches raised up from amongst the heathen need to become co-operative churches in the great work of extending more widely the knowledge of the Gospel. It is the Lord's purpose they should do so, for the work is vast, and every additional help is of importance; and as they have freely received, so ought they freely to give. Moreover, it is essential for their own safety they should do so, for either their light must aggress on the heathenism around them, or the surrounding darkness will encroach upon their light, diminish its lustre, and perhaps, after a time, put it out. We rejoice, therefore, whenever we find a native church taking up decidedly and resolutely its true position as a Missionary church.

The native church in the Sandwich islands is thus acting. There is a Missionary Society connected with it, called the Hawaiian Missionary Society. Its efforts are directed to the evangelization of the Marquesas islands, where it has now seven Hawaiian Missionaries and one Englishman.

The romantic scenery of the Marquesas Islands has been the theme of many pens. It is certainly a rugged land. The points, headlands, cliffs, ramparts, ridges, chasms, towers, needles, cones, turrets, and pinnacles, are nearly all bare, black, frowning, arid rock. A short yellow grass does indeed succeed in rooting itself over considerable portions; but the eye wanders restlessly, and with pain, to find a little relief in some patch of green. Such patches are indeed found in some of the valleys, and are all the more beautiful from the great preponderating contrast; but they are of such comparatively limited extent that they do not very materially change the general scene.

The Marquesas Islands are probably, with the exception of the Galapagos Islands, which are, however, uninhabited, the most barren, unproductive, and, commercially, unimportant of the basaltic groups of the Pacific Ocean. They furnish wood and water to ships, together with some bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, bananas, pigs, and fowl. But it is hard to see what object of healthy commerce they can be made to produce; or how, as civilization dawns upon them, they will be able to purchase the few foreign wares and fabrics their limited population will need.

The Marquesans are one of the more sprightly and intelligent of the Polynesian tribes. Their free democracy, from earliest days, fostered by their sequestered valleys, has been the great outer obstacle to the Gospel; but it has given them an independence, and a certain firmness of character, which renders them less impressible to foreign motives and influences,

and has given a subsoil to cultivate, from which we may hope for growths of some permanence. We see this in those who have been converted. The mien and conversation of several of them is that of men convinced, and ready to stand by their convictions, even in the face of the scoffer from foreign lands.

The Marquesas Islands were the earliest discovery of the civilized world in Polynesia Proper; they were among the very earliest objects of Protestant Christian philanthropy; and they are the only Polynesian group yet unchristianized. During the long years of amelioration and advance which the other groups have enjoyed, the Marquesans have only been hardening under that horrible system of foreign licentiousness, the possibility of which is the greatest attraction there.

The rapid decrease of the people, and the small number to which they are already reduced, is one of the saddest facts regarding those islands, and is intimately connected with the last. The figures reported in the last year are altogether too large. Those given by various residents, Missionaries, and others, very nearly agree. The total is only about 8000; Hivaoa numbering but 3500, and Nuuhiva 1600. In 1838, the Rev. Mr. Stallworth estimated Fatuiva at 3000, Tahuata at 1000, and Hivaoa at 8000.

It is pleasing to learn that the native Missionaries are, by the blessing of God, accomplishing a great work.

They have a good report among the natives of these islands; they are nowhere disliked among them, and have done much good. Already a great change is perceptible. . . . The Hawaiian Missionary Society has sown the seed of the Gospel truth, and there are living witnesses here to prove that God is not a liar. The seed has sprung up; the shoots are fair and healthy; but they are yet young and tender, and require much nursing, seeing they are surrounded by many rank and bitter weeds. If the fostering care of the husbandmen be withdrawn, the weeds will overrun the young shoots before they have gotten sufficient growth to take care of themselves.

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ENCOURAGEMENTS TO PERSEVERE.

SIAM, a long, narrow country, lying between Burmah and Cochin-China, and intersected by many rivers and numerous canals, contains a population of some four or five millions, among which are to be found many strangers from other lands—Chinese, Burmese, Peguans, and Shans. The people generally live along the river-banks, and are thus easily accessible in boats. In the measure of civilization which they have attained they are not inferior to other nations of South-Eastern Asia, many being able to read, and industrial occupations being generally prosecuted. In religion they are followers of that atheistical idolatry called Buddhism.

American Missionaries entered this country in 1839, and have persevered in a work of no ordinary difficulty, characterized by little of present result, relying on the promise, "in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

A new station has been occupied at a place called Petchaburi,

here the hearts of the Missionaries have been cheered by a remarkable instance of conversion, which is best given in their own words—

How little did we think, when we first came to this new station, that in so short a time we would find a sincere inquirer after the true religion. How slow we are to believe the promises of God; and especially how little do we think that He will save those who have none to teach them but the Great Teacher! Our hearts have been made to rejoice in meeting a Siamese, who, we think, has experienced a work of grace, and, as yet, has had no Missionary to teach him, and to break unto him the bread of life.

Last Sabbath week a man came in from a country village, five miles distant, who said he had heard that Missionaries had come to this place to live, and he wished to commit his son to us before he died. He said he had long sought for some one to teach him, and had several times come to Petchaburi to see Dr. Bradley, when he heard he was here, but never until after he had gone.

He told us that when he was quite young his father received some books from the Missionaries, but never read them. When his father died he took the books, but they remained unread for several years, when the cholera broke out, and his neighbours were dying all around him. He became alarmed; saw no ground of hope from Buddhism; read his books, and found there that Christ could save, and began to pray to Him; but his mind was in darkness. He read his books and studied them, still adding to his stock by begging them as he could, first from one neighbour and then from another, as they did not value them, or were about to tear them up. Thus he struggled on for a long time, till four years ago, when he came to a clear knowledge of Christ and his salvation. We found, by questioning him, that he had read the history of Moses, Gospel by John, Acts, Romans, a tract called "The Golden Balance," and a small catechism containing the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments. We found that he was not only well acquainted with the sentiment in them, but could repeat verbally large portions of Romans, John, and Acts. He began at the first chapter of Romans, and repeated half of it, together with large portions of John. He said he observed the Sabbath, prayed, and taught his son to pray. We asked him how he taught him to pray; when, to our astonishment, the little boy (about twelve years old) repeated the Lord's Prayer, in Siamese, without a single mistake. We also found that he could repeat the Ten Commandments.

He told us that he prayed for the Missionaries and for his neighbours; that he preached to the people in his village, and tried to get them to join him; but they laughed at him on one side and ridiculed him on the other, and called him names.

He went away on Sabbath evening, and came again on Monday morning, to make arrangements about leaving his son with us, as we told him it was not proper to attend to such business on the Sabbath. Since then he has visited us frequently; and we have found out more and more of his wonderful history. How many there are here who have had religious instruction for years, and yet, if questioned, could scarcely give an intelligent account of the plan of salvation; while this man, without any one to teach him but the Spirit of God, has gathered a reasonably correct

knowledge of many of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. There could not be mentioned a subject in the books he had but what he seemed to be perfectly familiar with. He gave the history of Cornelius, of Stephen, of Peter's vision, and of Paul's conversion, with remarkable clearness and readiness. In speaking of the *new birth*, he understood the mistake made by Nicodemus, and explained what Christ meant by being "born again." We were curious to know if he had any idea of the Trinity. He said, Jehovah the Father is the Creator and Ruler of all; that Jesus Christ his Son is the one who came into the world, and died upon the cross to save sinners; and that the Holy Spirit is the one whom Jesus promised to send to his people.

He has renounced their religion, forsaken all his heathen ceremonies, and embraced the religion of Jesus and the worship of the true God. This is a wonderful change to be wrought upon a heathen, in the midst of an idolatrous people, with no other means than the word of God, accompanied by his Spirit! Truly "the entrance of Thy word giveth light: it giveth understanding to the simple." Let not the people of God cease to pray for the spread of that precious word which can dispel the darkness from the minds of this people, and make this beautiful valley as the garden of the Lord. Shall not this strengthen our faith in the willingness of God to save the heathen, and in his power to make the feeblest means effectual? Shall it not, also, encourage Christians to pray more for the conversion of the heathen, and to contribute more for the spread of that precious word, which can give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the region and shadow of death? May not this be the foretaste of a great work which the Lord will accomplish in this vicinity?

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AWAKENINGS.

"FROM thy long winter sleep,  
Poor nature, rise!"  
So speaks the voice divine  
From yonder skies:  
Then murmurs sweet and low  
Answer the call;  
Voices of bird and bee,  
And fountain's fall:  
The balmy breezes come,  
The gentle rain,—  
All over vale and hill  
Life wakes again.

"From sin's long deadly sleep,  
Poor soul, arise!"  
So Heavenly Mercy spoke  
From yonder skies:  
Then Satan's captive rose  
And burst his chain;  
The dreams of midnight fled,  
All false and vain;  
The mighty Friend drew near,  
Faithful and true,  
Old things had passed away,  
All was made new!

*Family Treasury.*

"From sorrow's heavy sleep,  
Poor heart, arise!"  
Thus spoke the voice of Love  
From yonder skies:  
Then through fast falling tears  
Hope's rainbow stole,  
Her soothing song was heard  
Within my soul,—  
"His promise hath not failed  
Through the sad past;  
Weeping has long endured,  
Joy comes at last!"

"From death's long winter sleep,  
My people, rise!"  
Soon shall that summons sound  
From yonder skies.  
Then from far-severed graves  
O'er land and sea,  
How gladly shall we haste,  
O Lord, to Thee!  
Soon shall that morning dawn,  
This night be gone;—  
Beloved ones! till then,  
In hope rest on!

H. L. L.



**THE ANDAMAN ISLANDERS.**

THE Andamans are a group of islands lying in the Bay of Bengal, to the south-west of the mouths of the Irrawaddy. They are the Botany Bay of the mutineers of India, whither numbers of the re-

**ANDAMAN ISLANDERS.**

bellious Sepoys, whose lives have been spared, have been transported. They consist principally of the Great and Little Andaman, with several lesser islands. The length of the great island is about 150 miles, with a breadth of from 18 to 20; the smaller island, about 30 miles to the south of the other, is about 28 miles long and 16 broad. A mountain rises in the Great Andaman to the height of 2400 feet. The surface of the islands is diversified, and a great part of it is covered with forests of large and valuable trees, besides a variety of ornamental woods.

Hitherto we have known little of the inhabitants; but on the formation of the convict settlement at Port Blair they began to be troublesome. They would shoot their arrows at the convicts when cutting bamboos, or otherwise at work. Strict orders were issued that they should not be allowed to land on Viper Island unless they left all weapons behind them; but, on their compliance with this order, they were to be received and kindly treated. But proving refractory, collisions ensued; and on one of these occasions seven of the aborigines were captured.

It had been a subject of much anxiety to the Superintendent how best to act as regarded this people. If too much encouraged, they would prove mischievous; while, if no encouragement was given, they would ever remain strangers, and a perpetual feud be waged between them and the settlement. It was decided, therefore, that three of the number should be sent to Rangoon, to remain there for some time, in the hope that a knowledge of their language might be acquired, and they themselves receive such impressions of British power as might convince them and their countrymen of the necessity of keeping peace with us.

At Rangoon they were lodged, for security sake, in the jail, under charge of an English sailor, who took them out daily for a walk about the town and suburbs. Though regarded with great curiosity by the Burmese, they did not appear at all disconcerted by the notice which was taken of them. No progress, however, was made in acquiring means of communication with them; and eventually they were forwarded to Moulmein, from whence they might be more readily shipped to their own country, if circumstances rendered this necessary.

Since their arrival there, Colonel Albert Fytche, Commissioner of the Tenasserim and Martaban provinces, has made them an especial study, and from a note drawn up by this officer we extract the following particulars—

Their reputed similarity to the true African Negro appears to have been greatly exaggerated. The forehead is well formed, and not retreating, neither are the lips coarse and projecting, and the nostrils are by no means broad, the ear is small, and well formed, the hair unlike the so-called woolly hair of a negro, and growing conspicuously in separate detached tufts. They have absolutely no trace of whiskers, beard, or

moustache, and have been long enough in captivity for the growth of such, were it existent. The hair of the head also shows little disposition to elongate; it continues very short and crisped. The complexion is not a deep black, but rather of a sooty hue, hands and feet small, the latter not exhibiting the projecting heel of the true negro.

The Andamanese appear to be one of many remnants, still extant, of a race that was formerly very extensively diffused over South-eastern Asia and its Archipelago, which, for the most part, has been extirpated by races more advanced towards civilization, being now driven to remote islands or mountain-fastnesses, such as the Andamans, the interior of the great Nicobar (where they are reported to be constantly at warfare with the people of the coast), and within the present century for certain (vide Crawford); and probably, even now, there are, or were, tribes of them in the mountains of the interior of the Malayan Peninsula, Sumatra, Borneo, and especially the Philippine Islands, where the Island of Negroes derives this, its Spanish appellation, from its being inhabited by a blackish race, variously known as the Negrillo, Negrito, or true Papuan. The race has its head-quarters in the great islands of Papua, or New Guinea, where some tribes are found attaining to six feet in stature, whilst others are as diminutive as the Andamanese.

Upon the island-continent of Australia, the true Papuan type has never been detected; but it formerly constituted the people of Tasmania, so numerous at the time of Captain Cook's visit, but which race is there now all but extinct, three or four individuals only surviving. The history of the capture of the last remnant of the race inhabiting Tasmania is well known, and their removal to an island in Bass's Straits, where the Government provided them with blankets, and a certain amount of food; but it is remarkable that they died off fast, and chiefly from pulmonary consumption. The same remark has been made, also, of the New Zealander belonging to a very different race of human kind, since the introduction of blankets and other European clothing amongst them, they having also been subject to pulmonary diseases, which seem to have been previously unknown.

Now it is remarkable, that of the three Andamanese, at present in Moulemein, one is already suffering from a pulmonary affection, and it is desirable that he, at least, should be returned to Port Blair by the first opportunity. The others also appear pining from this cause, and from home sickness: they are not likely to learn much more than what they have already learnt, should their stay be further protracted. Besides, it may not be advisable to overstrain their faculties. They are quite able to appreciate the kindness with which they have been treated, and it is well that they should communicate this to their fellow-savages. It may be finally added that they have been uniformly tractable and good-humoured, and have manifested a marked partiality for children. It is to be regretted that scarcely a word has been gathered of their language, the sounds of which are by no means confused or inarticulate. The reason is, that they persist in imitating every sound that is addressed to them, and it is only when they try to make themselves understood, or in speaking one to another, that an idea of their vocal enunciation can be obtained. Although in the prime of life, they are, in fact, too old to be taught much. But should any accident happen to throw children of the race

under the care of Captain Haughton, (the Superintendent of Port Blair,) there might then be a better opportunity of acquiring means of linguistic communication.

Since the foregoing remarks were committed to paper, our Andamanese friends conceived the idea of an escapade, and very nearly carried it into effect. One very boisterous and rainy night it was discovered, at two A.M., that they had absconded, and at dawn their footprints were traced to a sawpit, on the banks of the Moulmein river, near their late place of abode, where it appears they had collected a few loose planks, with which they had formed a raft, and boldly launched themselves off. A single large yam was the only provision they had taken with them, as far as could be learned. Three police boats were sent immediately in pursuit of the fugitives, and, at nightfall, intelligence was obtained of their having been seen by a Talong on an islet about twelve miles below Moulmein. On the same night they must have again pushed forward on their raft, which was soon broken up on their arrival in rough water, whereupon they swam ashore, landing at the south-east corner of the Island of Belookwyn, near the entrance of the river. They were there seen by some villagers, who, suspecting them to be runaways, took them to their kyeedangyee, or village elder, by whom they were taken proper care of, and forwarded into Moulmein.

On the evening, prior to their departure, they went to see Major Tickell, to whose charge they were intrusted, and appeared to be in particularly high spirits, patting him and others on the back, with the utmost good humour, and talking to each other in (to us) an unintelligible language. When brought before Major Tickell, on their return, they appeared just as good-humoured as ever, quite unabashed, and unconscious of having done wrong. They were very hungry when first taken, as might be supposed, and submitted unrepiningly to their destiny, very probably conscious that they had escaped a worse evil.

#### RUPERT'S-LAND MISSION.

A RECENT letter from the Bishop of Rupert's Land, dated March 11th, gives us some very interesting facts, showing the healthful growth of the Christian church, which, through the instrumentality of Missionary effort, has been planted in that distant land. Our readers will be interested in them—

Looking back upon the current year (from June to June) I feel convinced that there is more of encouragement than in any similar period; more to lead us to entertain the hope that, though a long time must elapse before we can be *self-supporting*, we are, at all events, becoming more *self-supplying* than formerly. In the way of *self-support*, a beginning has been made, as the Society has heard, by a very successful Missionary meeting, held at St. Andrew's. The sum collected, after sermons at St. Andrew's and Mapleton, and in annual subscriptions, was, for the times, very creditable, being 50*l.* in all. Much was said at the time regarding the necessity of native effort, and the wants of the enormous outlying portions of the territory. It may be partly as a consequence of this meeting, and in answer to prayer they offered up, that one young man has since come forward, willing to assist in carrying the Gospel to

the Mackenzie River and the regions yet beyond. In the interval, the very encouraging tidings of Mr. Kirkby's visit to the Yoncon had been received, and his earnest appeal for a fellow-labourer. The narrative must have filled the heart of every well-wisher to the cause with joy and thankfulness. No little honour is it to have been the first to penetrate within the Arctic Circle, and to unfurl the banner of the cross on the banks of the distant Yoncon. It marks progress and a definite era in Missionary labour on this continent. While the intelligence must have been welcomed with devout gratitude by the Committee, it has produced the happiest effect here. It has awakened the desired response in one breast—"Here am I, send me!" The Society had already been informed that I proposed (D.V.) ordaining Mr. John Mackay on Ascension-day, May 29th. It was for labour near us, to fill up duty close at hand, that he was to be set apart for the work of the Lord. Hearing, however, of the pressing want afar off, and of the manner in which Mr. Kirkby had been welcomed by hundreds willing to listen to the word of life, he hesitated not a moment, but gave himself up at once for any number of years for that Mission. Every thing is in favour of this appointment, and we must hail it as from the Lord. He is young and unmarried, and will thus travel up light at comparatively small cost. He spoke at the Missionary meeting, and was elected Secretary of the Auxiliary Association; and I hope that a portion of the funds collected may be given to his support, as well as a pledge of continued assistance in the future. His past history, too, is remarkable, as proving the guidance of God, and placing strikingly before the eye the extent of this land. He has been trained successively by Mr. Horden, Mr. Watkins, and, last of all, by Archdeacon Hunter. He laboured as a catechist with Mr. Watkins at Fort George, and with Mr. Fleming at Albany, and, in the summer of 1860, came across to the settlement to live with his parents in the Red River. He will thus have passed from the East Main and Moose to the Mackenzie River and the Yoncon, or nearly 5000 miles, the entire breadth of the diocese. He has seen the Esquimaux at Whale River on the east, and now, if spared, he will see others of that tribe on the Arctic Sea, and towards Behring's Straits. He can speak a few words in their tongue, so as to find himself in some measure at home among them. According to my principle in all such cases, as it may be many years before I see him again (if ever on earth), he will go up (D.V.) in priests' orders. Need I, then, ask the Society's prayers that he may go forth in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ, with a double portion of God's good Spirit?

Does not this example afford some indication that the Missionary field among us is becoming more *self-supplying*? Does it not manifest something of co-operation with the liberality of friends at home? While a generous layman has been led to offer up to the Society, as we heard most gratefully, 100*l.* a year to plant a Mission at Churchill, we have been enabled, through God's help, to add another Missionary, and to contribute, we trust, the necessary means for his support in the remotest corner of the north-west. May we seek thus to advance *pari passu*, and may each fresh instance of Christian liberality at home be quickly followed up by a corresponding effort on our part for the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom. The distance I leave to speak and plead for itself. If Rupert's Land be thought at times an expensive field (and we are

forced to grant that it is and must be so), then listen to the voice of the Yoncon—listen to the cry of a continent! Few there may be to gather at any one spot, but the spots are almost past numbering where we yearn to plant the light, and where it would possibly be welcomed as heartily as on the Yoncon.

Such then are our chief encouragements in the year, from which we would look forward to a brighter future—the visit of Mr. Stagg to the Indians of the Plains, and his cordial reception by them; the introduction of the Gospel within the Arctic Circle, and to the very banks of the Yoncon, by Mr. Kirkby; the noble contribution towards the commencement of the Churchill Mission, and the appointment of Mr. Gardner to it; and, if I may add what has just occurred among us, the addition of another to join the Missionary band, called, I hope, by God's Spirit, to strengthen Mr. Kirkby's hands, so that he may not labour alone in that mighty district.

Other work is before us, and already planned; but I would not allude to it now. The noise of war has been lately in our ears, and the sound of hosts gathering for battle. In God's mercy, the evil has been arrested for the present. But in our spiritual warfare the contest is unceasing, and we ought to learn a lesson of diligence and activity in mustering and arranging our forces to meet the hosts of darkness. Carlton is much on our mind, as undoubtedly a port of growing importance; central in position between this and the Rocky Mountains, and very near to the reported gold-fields. It has often been visited by Mr. Budd and others, who have spent there a few days at a time. A Roman-Catholic priest also paid it a visit lately, but went away saying, "I must leave those at Carlton to themselves; they will not attend my prayers." Shall we, then, leave them? or is it not our sacred duty to take them up, when they have hitherto stood so firm against temptation? We trust to occupy the post before winter, but the arrangement is not yet fully matured. With these encouragements there has, of course, often been mingled much of a very different character. Satan has at times appeared where we least expected him, and caused us much depression. We look to the noble land to the south of us, and weep over her disunion and troubles. Still we doubt not that God will overrule all: we have a lively confidence that what has happened may prove to have been for the furtherance of the Gospel. While man is contending, the Gospel is spreading; yea, and will spread. It is gradually covering this continent. This year God has carried on his own work, and all can see it. May we ever be found fellow-helpers with Him, following the guidance of his cloud!

#### CHOLERA IN THE MAURITIUS.

THE Mauritius has been visited by a stroke of cholera, which has carried off many of the inhabitants, and some of the people more immediately connected with our Mission there. It broke out at our Industrial Mission at the Powder Mills, under the charge of our Missionary, the Rev. Paul Ansorgé. The Bishop, hearing of the calamity which had come on our friends, so soon as his pressing engagements permitted him, posted off to give them his aid and consolation. Tents had been pitched, to which the inmates of the

establishment had been transferred, in the hope of thus arresting the spread of the epidemic. But several had been cut off, and amongst them the chief tailor and the chief weaver. It is a happy thing to find the hope of the Gospel coming in to bear up many of the sufferers, and making death not terrible but pleasant, not a reverse, but a victory. The Bishop, amidst the deep affliction of such a time, has been greatly cheered by many such bright examples, and some of these are referred to by him in a recent letter.

The first case which I shall mention illustrates the blessing given to itinerating effort. In one of his tours, Mr. Hobbs met with a man instructed in Christianity, but with a wife and children unbaptized. He exhorted him to come nearer to established means of grace. The man left a profitable employment as travelling hawker for a French person near Mahebourg, came to Port Louis, and went through all kinds of trials and difficulties, in order to get his wife and children taught and baptized. This was done. He lived as a sober, earnest, Christian man, became a colporteur to the Bible Society, and died rapidly the other day from cholera. His poor wife and children are now with Mr. Hobbs, at Crève Cœur, having had relief from the pecuniary difficulty which her husband's sudden death, and the consequent expenses caused, by contributions from Indian Christians.

Another most striking case was the tailor at Powder Mills. Baptized in the prison six years ago by Mr. Taylor, he had been with Mr. Ansorgé more than five years, and conducted himself as a Christian man should do. He had married one of the pupils of the Institution; and the Sunday before his death, when some of our churches were nearly empty from the violence of the wind and rain, he persevered in going to the public service in Bengalee, six miles off. His firm faith in Christ was very cheering to hear of. "How can you ask me," he said to Charles Koo-shalle, "whether I feel safe in Christ? Since the day I was baptized I have had strong faith in Him." Indeed, the whole of his experience, while he was passing through the valley of the shadow of death, seems to have been just what we could desire to have for ourselves. His poor young widow's grief, deep and touching as it was, presented a striking contrast to the wailing misery of those who sorrow without hope.

A third instance was that of the promising boy—a candidate for baptism—who was asked by Mr. Ansorgé whether he would not like to be baptized in the hospital (he was down with cholera). The poor little fellow said, in a cheerful and hopeful tone, "Oh, no! what a place to be baptized in. I hope to go to the church to be baptized there." The next day he found himself worse, and, without any hint from any one, sent to ask Mr. Ansorgé to baptize him; and, soon after, he was gathered to his rest. Many such incidents have occurred—evidence of prayerful sympathy with the sufferers, and of deeply awakened seriousness, which I hope Mr. and Mrs. Ansorgé will report. The impression made on my mind by such deaths as those I have related is one of thankful conviction that the Indian churches are taking deep root in our midst; but we sadly lack more labourers.

"Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift!"

## LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

JESUS in thy memory keep,  
 Would'st thou be God's child and friend ;  
 Jesus in thy heart shrined deep,  
 Still thy gaze on Jesus bend.  
 In thy toiling, in thy resting,  
 Look to Him with every breath,  
 Look to Jesus' life and death.

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

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

- Look to Jesus when dark lowering  
 Perils thy horizon dim ;  
 By that band in terror cowering,  
 Calm midst tempest, look on Him.  
 Trust in Him, who still rebuketh  
 Wind and billow, fire and flood :  
 Forward ! bravely trusting God.

Look to Jesus when distressed  
 See what He the Holy bore.  
 Is thy heart with conflict pressed ?  
 Is thy soul still harassed sore ?  
 See his sweat of blood, his conflict,  
 Watch his agony increase,  
 Hear his prayer, and feel his peace.

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THE FIRST WEEK OF THE YEAR AT ST ANDREW'S,
 RED RIVER.

HERE, as at home, the first week of the current year was set apart for the purposes of special prayer and supplication. Archdeacon Hunter writes—

The last week has been a week of weeks, a blessed and hallowed season, a week of Lord's-days, for the whole week has been devoted to prayer, praise, and the preaching of the word. From one end of the settlement to the other, from Headingley in the Assineboine to the Indian Settlement, all the different congregations have assembled for united prayer, earnestly imploring Him who heareth and answereth prayer to open the windows of heaven, and pour out of his Holy Spirit in our midst. Our souls are thirsty, as in a dry and barren land where no water is : we hear of refreshing and invigorating showers descending on other lands, and we anxiously desire to participate in the blessing.

It has been a blessed season for gaining good, and I trust for doing good; a golden opportunity, a pentecost week, a happy foretaste of the blessed employment of heaven. I feel unwilling to return to secular duties and cares, and can heartily join in the words of the Christian poet—

“ My willing soul would stay,
In such a frame as this ;
And sit and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss.”

On the whole the meetings have been well attended; the spirit which has pervaded them has been most harmonious, prayerful, and earnest; and our expectation is, that a large blessing will be the happy result. For this we are praying and waiting. I am most anxious that the young men of my congregation should give themselves to God, that we might raise up a band of native catechists and Missionaries, to carry the blessed Gospel to the heathen. Such was the result in the case of one young man of my congregation last year, who is now walking in the comfort and joy of the Holy Ghost. May this only be a drop of the coming shower, and may the early and latter rain descend in rich abundance upon all our souls, reviving the hearts of God's people, and quickening the souls of many now asleep and dead in sin!

Jan. 13: Lord's-day—To-day I closed the service of the week by inviting my people to come to the Saviour, that they might “find rest unto their souls;” (Matt. xi. 29.)—rest from their sins, from the alarms of conscience, from the terrors of the law, and from the fear of eternal death;—an abiding rest, a spiritual rest, an eternal rest;—the rest so graciously provided for the soul. In the afternoon I preached from Gen. iii. 15. “I will put enmity,” &c., dwelling upon the great conflict between the kingdom of Christ and the powers of darkness, and the glorious victory, when the “kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ.”

May the prayers which, at the beginning of the year, were offered at Red River and elsewhere, at home and abroad, be largely answered, and abundant showers of mercy descend to refresh us, ministers and people, when we are weary. May the Lord water abundantly the ridges of his spiritual husbandry, settle the furrows thereof, make it soft with showers, and bless the springing thereof, until the year is crowned with his goodness, and his paths drop fatness.

One extract more before we close, to show the ladies of the Working Associations throughout the country how needed their efforts are—

March 10: Lord's-day—Opened the Sunday school as usual, with singing, reading the Scriptures, and prayer. The attendance has much improved since the severity of the winter has abated. Poor little things! one often pities them, seeing how cold and pinched they look. Our winter is trying to man and beast, and it is only the well-fed, the well-clothed, and the well-housed, who can pass through it with any thing of comfort; and, even surrounded with all these comforts, they find it trying enough. What must the poor feel, and the wandering Indian in

his lonely hut? Preached in the morning from Rev. i. 18. "I am He that liveth," &c. In the afternoon, from 1 Thess. i. "For our Gospel came not unto you in word only," &c.

MISSIONARY LABOURS IN NORTH TINNEVELLY.

IN the Sivagasi district, North Tinnevelly, there are some 1912 Christians. These are the product of the itinerating Mission that has now been carried on in those parts for some years, a work which the Lord continues to prosper, their numbers having more than doubled in five years, and the increase on the six months ending December 1861 being only two short of 300. This district is in charge of one European Missionary and three native ministers, the district being divided into three parts, so that each one of the native ministers has his own special charge, the whole being under the superintendence of the European Missionary.

The journals of the native brethren are printed in full in the "Madras Church Missionary Record." They exhibit many and diverse labours, discharged with fidelity and effectiveness. Many of the habits and customs of the heathen, the various lines of separation which exist among them, the degradation of the lower castes, and the pride and exclusiveness of the higher, come out clearly. The Rev. J. Cornelius, a Native minister, writes thus—

I spoke in the morning to some of the heathen in the village. Among them were an Idyan and a Naick: the former are not allowed to ride a palanquin by the Naicks and Maravars. The Pariars, I learned, are allowed only to ride a horse—*i. e.* in their marriages—and not a palanquin. But the Idyans have not even that privilege. Very foolish customs these which destroy human liberty.

These poor people are the slaves of various superstitious terrors, and are preyed upon by impostors and knaves.

Saw a comet both this night and last night. The heathen say that this is a bad sign, and that beasts, chiefly bullocks, cows, &c., will die in great numbers. They also say that when mango fruits greatly increase there will be public scarcity, and that when tamarind fruits abound there will be plenty. What a comet has to do with these things they do not in the least consider. . . .

During the day some new inquirers came to be examined, Naicks and Pullars. One of the Naick women brought me some letters which had been received from her husband in Moulmein. Such singular productions they were, but fair specimens of Hindu faith and practice. After inquiring about the health of fifteen or twenty relatives, and incidentally hoping that his wife and children were well (they were not written to his wife), he expressed anxiety about his land. Then was added, "by the grace of — and — (two Hindu gods) they were all well in Moulmein, and he was going on prosperously;" his prosperity being attributed to the merits of his ancestors, and his continued absence from his country to the stern decrees of fate. . . .

About four P.M. we had a heavy fall of rain: two men and a woman

came to the bungalow for shelter. These were on their way from Tumbuchenaikenur. They called themselves Kambulatthu Naicks, natives of a village near Ettiapuram, called Manganaickenampatti. Though farmers by profession, yet these people leave their village for three months every year, which they spend in going about to gain money by fortune-telling. Sabkammal is their tutelar deity, and by her favour they say they can always tell men what will happen hereafter. Not knowing what I was, one of the men said that he could tell me whatever I may be thinking upon. This led me to speak to him about the folly and deceit connected with his employment as a fortune-teller; and I preached to him about that true and only God we worshipped, who was alone able to reveal the future, and his Son Jesus Christ, who came to save us and obtain forgiveness of sins for us. Thus I was able to lay before them my great theme, the salvation revealed in the Bible. He still persisted in saying that he could tell me whatever I may be thinking about. "Very well," I said; "I will show that you cannot: now tell me what is in my mind." He took out twelve pebbles, which he threw several times on the ground, and then said that I was thinking about a land, about an ox, about a man, &c. "Now," I said, "I was not thinking about any of these things you mentioned, but about the tiling of this roof over my head." He felt rather disappointed, and then, after a short time, asked for a book to read. I said I had some books which I sold for four pice each. "If I went to Tirumangalum," he replied, "I will get a man's load of books for nothing, why should I buy them here for money?" . . .

After reading God's word, and praying with the catechist and schoolmasters of Yerlairampanei, I walked into the village to see the new inquirers. They are of the Ironsmith caste. It was very hot, and though I had to walk only a short way, yet the heat was so intense, that I felt a severe pain and languor in my head. In the Asari's house, which, though small, yet was kept clean and neat, I was surprised to find a chair. Sitting on this chair, and being surrounded by the new inquirers and heathen, I spoke to them about the glad tidings of the Gospel. The head of the family gets his maintenance by means of astrology. He is generally employed in drawing horoscopes, in pointing out proper places for building houses and for digging wells, in telling men, by observing the stars and planets, what would happen to them in future, &c. When I spoke to him about it, he acknowledged that all *that* was false, but it was one of the many ways in which men not able to work get their livelihood.

Some of the motives which lead these poor blinded people to come first under Christian instruction also appear.

This evening I came across an incident, the like to which I never met with before. A shepherd woman that lives quite near my bungalow called my gardener. She pretended to have thrown a rope by mistake into my compound, and wanted him to help her to take it. When he went to her, she gave him a small vessel full of ghee, and said, "Please use this ghee for lighting your prayer-house this evening. I had a pain in my body, and as my gods, whom I besought often, were not able to remove it, I vowed, that if the God of the Christians relieved me of it, I would light his prayer-house, where He is worshipped, with some of my ghee. Please take this to your church." She was evidently unwilling

that others should know it. As it was getting dark, I was not able to see and speak to her. May God open her mind to see his goodness in Christ Jesus!

Mention is made of the people of another village, who, having had repeated incendiary fires, in regard to which they could get no help from their gods, thought that perhaps they should find relief if they became Christians, and consequently applied to the nearest catechist to teach them, under whose instruction they have now been for some months.

The message which the Missionaries publish meets with varied treatment, precisely as we find it to be amongst ourselves: by some it is welcomed, and by others unhappily and contemptuously rejected. The Rev. W. T. Sathianadhan, another Native pastor, writes—

Isaac, Daniel, and myself, went out on a preaching excursion. The first village we visited was Uranipatti, which is inhabited by Saliars. I have never met with a more hardworking class than the people of this caste. Even women are noted for diligence and activity. They are up at three in the morning and retire to rest at twelve at night. When we entered their village we saw men, women, and children as busy as the bee, all life and motion. I do not think that the streets of London could present stronger indications of bustle, activity, and life. You will see women here, ranged in larger and smaller circles, under the shade of beautiful Persian trees, from one end of the street to the other, either spinning their wheel or making preparations for their evening meal, and men busy with their loom. Would they were half so diligent about the salvation of their immortal souls as they are about their perishing bodies! But we found them utterly careless about their best interests; and when we endeavoured to draw their minds for a while from earthly things to the contemplation of "glory, honour, and immortality," we met with nothing but words of contempt from some, a laugh of scorn from others, and a spirit of indifference from all. We thence proceeded to Kelapatti, and having met two men in conversation, I addressed myself to them. I tried to show how human merit was insufficient to procure salvation, and how essential it was to renounce it altogether, and cast ourselves entirely upon the unspotted righteousness and sacrifice of Christ. By this time many had gathered around us, and were seated in a circle, leaving us in the centre. I read to them a few verses from the 17th of Acts, and made some remarks on them, showing them the sinfulness of idolatry, and the necessity of worshipping the supreme God, "in whom we live, move, and have our being." My friend Isaac followed up the discourse, by bringing before their minds various truths of the Gospel in a familiar way. They seemed much pleased. One man said something somewhat rudely, but the others at once stopped him. One individual made this remark to him—"You are talking as though you have taken a sharp chilly," meaning, of course, that he was wrong in thus getting out of humour. The poor man was so reduced to silence that he never spoke a word after that. We returned home rather late, thankful for the two opportunities we had had of preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ to a great crowd of heathen people.

ABBEOKUTA.

THE fiery circle of war is now closing around this city, and the towns which, in alliance with it, have waged war with the Dahomians on the one side, and the Ibadans on the other, are suffering severely. One on the west, Ishaga, has been destroyed by Dahomey. In the



PORTRAIT OF SAGEBUA, CHIEF OF ABBEOKUTA.

Abbeokuta newspaper, the "Iwe Irohin," the calamity is thus related by a European resident in Abbeokuta—

The "African Times" has published a letter, dated Dahomey, Nov. 30, 1861, containing important information for Europeans dwelling in Abbeokuta. The letter unfolds the intentions of the King of Dahomey against this place and the English residents, by which we learn that we are to be caught, and there being a place already named where we are to be executed, I feel assured he does not intend it to be an empty threat: he will fulfil it if possible. The English residents have done him no wrong. The offence he has received was chiefly from the British Government: it seems to have been that of stopping the slave-trade, and encouraging lawful commerce and civilization. He has since given us an earnest of what he will do in destroying Ishaga, a town of about 5000 people, tributary to Abbeokuta, and about fifteen miles S. W. from it. Suddenly, early in the morning, just as the people were preparing to go to their various avocations, the Dahomian host rushed into the town, cut down or shot all who resisted, and made captives of all the rest: but few escaped to report the unlooked-for visitation.

That morning the members of the Christian church assembled, with their catechist, in their place of worship, to offer up their morning prayers and praises to God, when, in a very short time, before some of them had time to reach their homes, they became captives in the hands of the Dahomians. Providentially, many of the converts of Ishaga were in Abbeokuta, but as it was, seventeen, including the catechist in charge of the congregation, were led off as captives. The church bell was carried off, but the church and Mission premises were burnt down, with the town. What can we expect to hear next, but that these Christian converts have been murdered in Abomey, to gratify a thirst for human blood and revenge against the English, with whom these Christians are identified. Is there no remedy for this scourge? The poor defenceless heathen of Ishaga have a claim upon our sympathy; their inability to save themselves from such a frightful occurrence, is in itself a claim, but they have a greater, in that they have received from us, and protected, the teachers of our religion. There is a greater bond of union still between the Christian church of England and the poor captive converts of Ishaga—the brotherhood of our Christian faith unites us; but here we can do nothing for them, except to offer up our prayers on their behalf, and commit them to the care of our heavenly Father.

Ijaye has also been destroyed by the Ibadans. A Missionary who has since returned home, writes—

March 16—A severe battle was fought, when the Ijayes and Egbas suffered much, and which no doubt led to the desertion of the camp by the Egbas on the evening of Monday the 17th, and the taking and destruction of Ijaye on the 18th and following days. The Yorubas are not so cruel as the Dahomians: of course many fell in the struggle, but many escaped to Abbeokuta and other towns. Many Ijayes and Egbas were made prisoners by the Ibadans, but they (except bad characters) will no doubt be well treated: many will be loosed by their relatives, and others may be redeemed by their friends.

The Rev. A. and Mrs. Mann, of the Church Missionary Society, providentially left Ijaye on the morning of the 17th of March (Mrs. Mann being about to return to Europe); but Mr. Roper, a young English catechist of the Church Missionary Society (who accompanied Lieutenant Dolben, of H.M.S. "Prometheus," to Ijaye, to assist Mr. and Mrs. Mann to get away, and who offered to take care of the Mission house till Mr. Mann's return from the coast), was captured and made a prisoner of war: unfortunately, his captor was one of the soldiers of the chief, Ogunola by name, a notorious character. The Missionaries at Ibadan believe that if Mr. Roper had fallen into the hands of the Commander-in-Chief, he would have delivered him up freely, and been glad of an opportunity to make friendship with the English. But this Ogunola demands for Mr. Roper's ransom no less than ten slaves, ten guns, ten kegs of powder, ten pieces of calico, and ten bags of cowries, worth about 200% at Ibadan, and he threatens that if Mr. Roper (who has been conditionally delivered to Mr. Hinderer) leaves Ibadan before the above amount is paid, he will take Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer, and all their people belonging to the Mission, as prisoners, &c.

The governor at Lagos has written to the chiefs at Ibadan, requesting them to let Mr. Roper be the bearer of their message to his letter, viz. that they would set him at liberty. The governor kindly suggested to open a subscription for the redemption of the people and children belonging to the Ijaye Mission (now in bondage at Ibadan), he heading it with 5%, and about 35% had been received at Lagos for this object by the time of the leaving of the mail-steamer. The Egbas and Yorubas have suffered much every way: may they now dwell in peace, and then the work of Christianizing the heathen may, by the blessing of God, be extended far and wide, and lawful commerce increase a thousandfold.

These are national afflictions. May they work a beneficial change in the national mind of Abbeokuta, so that its chiefs, and the great body of the people, may acknowledge and submit themselves to that Gospel, now for some years faithfully preached among them. We give a likeness of Sagbua, the chief or king of Abbeokuta, from a drawing by the late lamented Dr. Irving, R.N.

TINNEVELLY CHRISTIANITY.

INTERESTING facts connected with the action of God's truth, amongst our Tinnevelly Christians are continually presenting themselves. We extract some few from the Report, for the half-year ending Dec. 31, 1861, of our native minister, the Rev. P. Simeon, of the Alvarneri district—

The congregations have, on the whole, been under regular instruction and visitation during the past half-year; and, amid some discouragements, we have had abundant evidence of the divine presence and blessing. As to their spiritual state, I am glad to say that I have every reason to be encouraged. A great number of the members have improved in Christian knowledge and manners, and I cannot but express

my conviction that they are growing in divine grace also. I have often visited several members during their illness, and conversed with them on their spiritual state; and have generally been encouraged by the fact, that they were prepared to enter into the presence of their Saviour. I shall state a few instances.

A—, a member of the Kongkándhanpárei congregation, was attacked with a severe fever in August last, and was in a hopeless state. While he was in this state, his heathen relatives frequently called upon him, and, ascribing his disease to the power of the devils whom he had renounced on embracing Christianity, advised him to abandon Christ. They discouraged him also by reminding him of Pitchakannu, a devoted Christian, who had some time ago been removed by death. By this and various other means they endeavoured to gain their influence over him. But he stood firm, placing his confidence upon Christ as the rock of his salvation. During the time of his illness I called upon him, and asked him how he felt at the near prospect of death. He replied, "What the Lord does may at first seem evil; but at last it will prove good. The heathen are ignorant of this truth. Some of my heathen relatives have taken advantage of my illness to persuade me to deny Christ; but I trust in Him only. Just as a father punishes his child, so the Lord punishes me; but his chastisement will at last prove good. My relatives tell me that Pitchakannu trusted in the Lord, and yet was forsaken; but I am not discouraged. If it please God to take me unto Himself, I shall not be unhappy, for I know that Christ is my Saviour."

It pleased the Lord to recover him of his disease. I have every reason to believe that he has since devoted himself heartily to God.

A similar instance of faith and hope occurred in the case of J—, of Alvarneri. During his illness I often called upon him, read to him several portions of the Scriptures, addressed exhortations suitable to his condition, and prayed with him. He frankly confessed his former sins, and acknowledged with all gratitude the mercies of the Lord in preserving him, and affording him many opportunities of seeking the Saviour. His conversations with me have generally afforded me great pleasure.

G—, a member of the Kovakulam congregation, fell sick about the same time. His recovery seemed hopeless for some time; but it pleased the Lord (whose thoughts are not ours) to restore him to his former health and strength. On one occasion, as I happened to meet him, he acknowledged, with a thankful heart, the gracious dealings of the Lord with him. I asked him how he felt when he was dangerously ill some time ago. He replied, "I had always been under the impression that I should care for the salvation of my soul during the season of severe illness; but the Lord, by his great mercy, taught me in my recent affliction the folly of this notion. During my illness, I was senseless for some days; at other times, the sufferings I had to endure gave me no opportunity to think of my soul." On this I made a few practical remarks, after which he said, "I ever remember the Lord for the great mercies He has vouchsafed to me. They are always fresh in my mind, and encourage me to abandon my evil ways, and walk a holy life. I have determined, under divine blessing, to serve the Lord faithfully. If He had taken me in my recent illness, I would have been the most miserable of men, for I was not prepared to enter into the presence of the Lord;

but now I shall not fear death." May the Spirit of the Lord help him, that he may carry out his resolutions. These facts are encouraging, and afford much ground for believing that the Lord has his own dear children in every one of the congregations.

There is one point which I ought not to pass without at least a brief notice; that is, the increased interest which the people have felt in the religious funds. I shall speak of two of them.

Church Missionary Association.—Contributions to this fund are raised by the people themselves, by means of the baked-mud collecting-pots. The introduction of this system has been a source of great blessing to our people. The pots are inspected twice a year. Contributions by means of these pots have amounted to Rs. 100 . 4 . 3 (10 $\frac{1}{2}$ %) this year. Considering the scarcity of the time, I have every reason to think that the people did willingly and cheerfully contribute to this object. Of the sum collected, Rs. 52 . 9 . 6 have been expended; the rest is reserved to defray the expenses of the catechists who go to preach to the heathen in the north.

Church Building Fund.—The people usually give a day's income in the year to this fund, besides various special donations. The sum contributed to this object during the year has amounted to Rs. 238 . 0 . 6 (23 $\frac{1}{2}$ %) Of this amount, Rs. 73 . 3 . 3 is expended in repairs of churches, and supplies of chairs, tables, ghurries, &c. More than four prayer-houses in this district are too narrow to admit the attendance of all the people at prayers; but our means do not allow us to erect new churches. It is proposed, however, to erect a spacious church at Muntudeippu. An estimate of the cost was recently made, and it was found that our means were inadequate to meet the outlay of the proposed building. Two-thirds of the estimate cost is still required to make up the deficiency. May the Lord prepare the hearts of the people to support us in this work!

CHINA—DISTRESS OF NATIONS WITH PERPLEXITY.

THE Chinese have been a self-satisfied and conceited people, filled with vain ideas of their superiority to other nations, and pursuing the same habits of life, religiously and socially, which they had received from their forefathers, without feeling the need of alteration or improvement. Hence foreigners have been regarded with contempt, and Christian Missionaries, in going amongst them, have found themselves confronted with this great difficulty, the superciliousness and indifference of the people. Hence, China has been a hard soil to till. Now in India it happens that where the soil is hard, and dry, and unfit for the reception of the seed, the floods come, as the rivers, swollen by the rains, overflow their banks, and the low country is inundated far and wide. After a time, the floods retire, leaving behind a deposit of slimy mud, and on this soft mud the ryot casts his seed, and, in due time, has his harvest. And so it is now in China: the floods are out. The Taeping insurrection is abroad; it is spreading itself from one province to another, and inflicting untold calamities on the Chinese. Their ease is at an end. Their dream of self-complacency and sensuality

is broken up, and the cry of deep distress is heard far and wide. Recently the Taepings have been in the province of Shangtung, and it was on this occasion that the two American Missionaries, Holmes and Parker, were cruelly murdered by them. Other Americans, who are at Tung-chow, not far from Chefoo, the place of French occupation, have forwarded distressing details of the great sufferings of the people.

Yesterday, Oct. 5, the news reached us of another invasion of the Su-fei, and we learned that the work of plunder, slaughter, and conflagration, was going on in the villages, about twelve or fifteen miles distant. For two or three nights the sky towards the south-west has been red, for twenty or thirty degrees, with the reflected light of burning villages; and in the day time the smoke tells the same sad tale of destruction and death. To-day the country-people are flocking in from all quarters, men, women, and children, with a few days' provisions; some on mules and donkeys, but mostly on foot; leaving nearly all their property in their deserted villages. The authorities have shut the gates to prevent the Su-fei from coming in the disguise of refugees. The thousands who have reached the city have been pulled up over the wall by ropes, as their friends and acquaintances in the city have recognised them, and obtained permission from the authorities to receive them. The city is full to overflowing, many families sleeping in open courts, nearly destitute of provisions.

Oct. 6th: Lord's-day—We have had any thing but a quiet Sabbath. Thousands more of the villagers arrived outside of the city during the night, and all who had friends in the city to be security for them were pulled up by ropes. To-day the smoke from villages only a few miles distant, told us that the destroyers were very near us, and, with the aid of a glass, little bands might be seen on the hills one or two miles from the city. The people who have reached the city bring appalling accounts of the work of desolation at their homes. Some have reached the city who have been taken by the *thieves*, as they are called, and have escaped. They represent the predatory band as not large, and possessed of very poor fire-arms. They desire, principally, gold, silver, silk, furs, cattle, and mules. They are also very desirous of adding to their numbers, and use every means of persuasion and force, to induce men, women, and children to join them. They wish some to fight, and some to attend them as servants and keepers of the herds.

Oct. 8th—The thieves have passed by the city to the south-east, and to-day one of the gates was opened. Mr. Danforth and myself availed ourselves of the opportunity thus offered, to go out and learn something of the state of the surrounding country. Thousands were pouring out of the city, and taking different roads, to visit their homes, and bring back provisions to their families, who still remain in the city. On a hill about a mile from the city our attention was attracted by what seemed an old encampment. We turned off to the place, and saw a sight, such as we never witnessed before. There lay the dead bodies of near a dozen women, well dressed, and evidently of good families. Nestling down among them were as many little children, who had probably died of hunger and cold. All the women had *ropes round their necks*, by which they had evidently been led or dragged by their captors. The back of

one was fearfully bruised, showing that she must have been dragged on her back, over the stones. After satisfying ourselves that life was, in every case, extinct, we turned away with hearts full of pity for these unoffending people, and indignation towards their brutal invaders. Turning from the top of a hill, down into a beautiful valley, we passed several deserted villages, which had not, however, been visited by the plunderers. We were about returning home, when we heard of a village three or four miles away among the hills, which had been destroyed and plundered. One man volunteered to lead us up the valley, and kept shouting to those who fled at our approach that they need not fear. Our guide told us, by the way, the story of the murder of the inhabitants of San-kwan-mias, the village to which we were going. About 300 men made a stand before the place, to stop the progress of the invading force, but were borne down and slaughtered on the field. We soon reached the place, a beautiful village burned to ashes, and nearly a hundred of its bravest inhabitants lying, as they had fallen, on the plain before it. The bodies had been fearfully hacked and mangled. One man had been tied to a tree and tortured to death with spears and swords. One had been burned. In one of the streets the bodies almost lay in heaps. The dogs of the village, deprived of their usual food, were beginning to feast on the bodies of their former masters. Some of the people were still wandering about the hill-tops, afraid to return to their homes. One solitary woman sat wailing at the door of her desolate dwelling.

*May these floods of wrath soon subside, leaving behind them a subdued and softened people, who shall receive "with meekness, that engrafted word which is able to save the soul!"

ITINERATING MISSIONARY WORK IN THE KANDIAN COUNTRY.

KANDY, the central province of luxuriant Ceylon, that rich centre of the pearl of the East, is one of those localities in which the Church Missionary Society is at work. It has its central Mission and collegiate school at the town of Kandy, and its itinerating Missionaries in the country districts. One of these, the Rev. J. I. Jones, gives an interesting account of his sphere of labour, and of the way in which he is received by the people—

The place chosen for the carrying out the plans of itineration is in Harrispatto, about fifteen miles from the town of Kandy. I secured a bungalow, situated on the top of a hill, commanding a view of the Badulla hills, forty or fifty miles from us on one side, and of the Nuwera Eliya hills, about equally distant, while, from a point near, almost the entire of the populous district of Seven Corles stretched out for miles at one's feet in a large and fruitful plain: and yet in this immense tract of country, as far as I know, there were but two European Missionaries, Mr. Higgins and myself, engaged in itineration among the heathen, seeking to bring the Gospel to the people in their own homes. The district I marked out for the first year's work contained about thirty villages, and in most of these villages the Gospel was preached frequently. The weather during a great portion of the six months was very unfavourable, heavy rains extending over more than half, so that our operations were not a little im-

peded, but in some of the nearer villages we preached as often as twelve times, and in the more remote generally three or four. I usually rose at four o'clock, so as to have time for preparation before setting out; and having arranged previously what villages we should visit, left home at six, with my two catechists. We strove to collect the people at the house of some influential man in the village, and when fifteen or twenty had come together, we preached to or conversed with them, until we felt that we had laid the scheme of redemption before them briefly and clearly, or they began to show signs of impatience, when it generally seemed useless to speak much more, as good impressions appeared to suffer in consequence. At other times, when the people were at work in their fields, we got on a large stone, or one of the banks of the paddy fields, and sought to sow another and a better seed than that which they were scattering, while we found abundant matter for illustration in their diligent and persevering labour. The Singhalese are often spoken of as lazy and inert: they certainly are not so in their own field-work, and, with their own prosperity in view, their every moment is spent in hard continued work. The aggregate of population amounted to about 3000; and it will give some idea of the scattered nature of the villages, and the length of time required to go thoroughly through a district, so as to bring the truth frequently before the same people till they understand it, when I say that, preaching, as I have mentioned above, over and over again at the same villages, the number of individuals addressed was about 1500, or half the aggregate. How many, then, in those villages, could only have heard once. And as the population of the district is, I believe, between 3000 and 4000, how many did not hear at all? "Who is sufficient for these things?" May the God of Missions, who is the God of all grace, so bless and prosper the work which has been preached among these poor people, that, even after many days, its fruits may abundantly appear. Feeling that, to make a permanent impression on the district, the children should be instructed, I opened a boys' school, supported entirely by the Kandian Vernacular School Society, and, after some difficulty, it was well and regularly attended. I had hoped to commence a girls' school also, but failed in obtaining a suitable person to conduct one. The boys' school continues to go on satisfactorily, and is under the charge of a young man, of whom I hope well. The apparent results of the work are sufficient—abundantly sufficient—to encourage. When we first went to the district, the simplest truths of the Gospel were unknown: lately we made it a practice to question the people, before preaching, on what we had said on former occasions, and it frequently happened that every question was satisfactorily answered by some one or other of those present. But, beyond this, several individuals so far came forward in their search after the truth, that I regarded them as satisfactory inquirers. One in particular showed a very considerable amount of scriptural knowledge: he had received tracts some time before from Mr. Higgins, and showed, by his knowledge of them, that they had been carefully studied. Our presence in the district, however, had the effect of bringing him to inquire more earnestly into Christianity, and even to express his desire to be admitted to the Church by baptism. I trust that, at some future time, he may be found really fitted for it: at present he allows worldly things to hinder him to a considerable extent. One rather remarkable feature

was the earnestness with which some contended in defence of the truths they had learned from us. I have been sitting by for a considerable time, only occasionally speaking, while a sharp and successful argument was going on, on behalf of Christianity, by one or two of those who had several times attentively listened to our preaching, against cavillers who opposed the truth.

We trust that this work will continue to be prosecuted with the zeal and diligence which its importance deserves.

MARK I. 45.

“THEY came to Him from every quarter.” Yes,
 The teeming city, the lone mountain side,
 The distant village, and the crowded mart,
 Pour’d forth their thousands of immortal souls,
 To hear the tidings of eternal life
 From Him, who spoke as never utter’d man,
 And still they come—sinners of every race!
 The mighty billows join their glorious tones
 With theirs who pray afar off on the sea.
 From dim, grand, solemn forests, lonely isles,
 Snow-crested mountains, ice-bound, silent coasts,
 Drear steppes, wide deserts, sun-parch’d tropic lands,—
 They come to Him—sick, weary, sad, athirst;
 And in his love find pardon, healing, rest;
 Then whisper, love-constrain’d, to others, “Come!”
 Before one lofty throne of heav’nly grace
 Our spirits, pour’d in prayer, with their’s, may blend,
 And in one only sure and certain hope.
 O Saviour! grant that in each time of need,
 (For such is ev’ry hour, in joy or grief,)
 Our helpless souls may find repose in Thee,
 Their only Succour and their only Trust.

Derry.

A. B.

THE WORD RECEIVED IN MUCH AFFLICTION.

As of old, so now, the Gospel of Christ continues to make its way amidst the mingled experiences of those who feel its power. Joy they have as they come to prove the power of prayer, and to taste that the Lord is gracious. But with joys are intermingled sorrows from without, and the word thus continues to be received in much affliction, yet with joy of the Holy Ghost. It is so with the poor slaves in Travancore, for the message of mercy has reached even to them, and is lighting up their cheerless lot with new hopes and prospects: yet are they also suffering. The Rev. G. Matthan, a native clergyman who is labouring in the Mallapalli district of the Travancore Mission, gives the following affecting account of what these poor people suffer at the hands of their own fellow-caste men—

You will perhaps remember reading an account of the baptism by me,

in January last, of some Pariahs, and of the troubles and persecutions thereon arising from the violence done to caste prejudices by the two classes of the converts eating in company with each other, and becoming in other respects socially united together. I entertained the hope at first that the heathen, who are not personally concerned in this affair, would soon become reconciled to the innovation, and their opposition would die away within a few weeks. But I was sadly disappointed. Of all the prejudices of the Hindus, caste is the most deep-rooted, and exercises the strongest and most extensive influence on their conduct, and to irritate them on this point is to wound them in the most sensitive part. The persecution, therefore, of the converts by their heathen fellow-caste men is still continued with unremitting rage and violence. Though the Pulayas and the Pariahs are similarly circumstanced, both being alike debased and enthralled, some trifling difference in their social habits and customs has made them such irreconcilable enemies, that their becoming united on any account would be thought almost an impossibility. But the renunciation of caste by the converts, appeared to them so important, that they readily laid aside their quarrels, and became friends, as Herod and Pilate did of old. They use all sorts of expedients to oppress the converts and to bring them into disgrace. These are compelled, on pain of being beaten, to keep a respectful distance from them, in the same manner as they are all under the necessity of doing so to the Brahmins and other high classes. The subjection to such humiliating treatment is enough to deject ordinary spirits; but the converts had, in some instances, to suffer actual bodily tortures. One of them, a Pariah, having, a few weeks ago, accidentally fallen in the way of his enemies, when several of them were together, was attacked by them without the shadow of a provocation, and was so severely beaten by them that he almost fainted. The only thing the poor man did at the time was to commit his cause to his Lord, saying, "Jesus Himself will requite you for your cruelty." The case is made a matter of complaint in the district police cutcherry. The authorities, however, are very reluctant to proceed with the investigation, for they think it would leave a bad precedent to allow the slaves to avail themselves of the benefits of the law. Their scruples would in some measure have been removed if the parties complained against were of the higher classes, and able to defend themselves by presents of money. These troubles have been in some respects detrimental to the progress of the Mission, inasmuch as they have discouraged persons from placing themselves under Christian instruction. But I am thankful to say that they could by no means shake the faith of those who were already within the pale of the church; but that, on the contrary, they tended to deepen their love to the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, and to test the purity of their motives and the sincerity of their professions.

No! persecution, however severe, can never extinguish a genuine work, for it is sustained in its life by an unseen yet ever present Saviour, who, by the encouragements of his grace, counteracts the effects of the discouragements received from man. Nay, it improves in the furnace, and becomes more bright; and the patient endurance of true converts amidst trying circumstances, affording, as it does,

the most convincing proof that Christianity is of God, often prevails to the conversion of the persecutors.

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DOTTINGS FROM JAPAN.

THE eye of Europe is on this country as it emerges from its exclusiveness. Men regard it with different motives, some politically, some commercially, others benevolently, and with a desire to introduce amongst these poor heathen the Gospel of Christ. The friends of Missions need carefully to observe all that transpires on its coast, that they may seize the opportune moment for action.

Hakodade, in the island of Nippon, was visited by the American Missionary, Dr. Hepburn, and some dottings from his journal afford us glimpses of this, to us, new land—

The coast of Nippon is, for the most part, rough and mountainous; in the southern part, we observed many large fishing villages, and the mountains well wooded throughout. Hakodade is on the north side of the Straits of Sangar, built on the north side of a mountain or island, which rises abruptly out of the sea, some two miles long and two broad. This island is connected with the mainland, or island of Yesso, by a narrow isthmus. The mountain, on the base and sides of which it is built, is some 1200 feet high, steep and uncultivated. Hakodade has a population of about 17,000, and is growing rapidly. The principal exports are dried fish and seaweed—these are sent to China; but by far the largest trade is with Yeddo and Osaka, in Japanese junks. I counted 175 junks lying in the harbour at one time. I was told there were often five hundred, and even more.

The climate of Hakodade, as far as I can judge, is colder than New York; similar, perhaps, to that of Boston. The average of the thermometer, in January of 1859, was 25°: highest, 40°; lowest, 14°. In December, 32°: highest, 52°; lowest, 18°.

The highest heat in summer was 81°; lowest, 48°; and the average, for the three summer months, 65°. There were one hundred and twenty-one days in which it rained, and forty-three in which it snowed. The first snow fell in October, the last in April. For some four months the ground is covered with snow, to the depth of some three feet. The climate, from all accounts, is not very pleasant, but damp and cool, requiring a little fire almost every month in the year. All the foreigners I heard speak of it complained of it. The natives look healthy and ruddy enough, more so than those living in more southern latitudes. The few days I spent there, in October, were delightful; sky clear, and air bracing. In no place that I have ever visited have I been so much reminded of home scenes. I visited a volcano, some twenty-five miles from Hakodade: we travelled on horseback, over a road from thirty to fifty feet wide, many parts of it with rail fences on each side, running through large fields of buckwheat and millet, with orchards of large pear-trees, and occasionally of apple-trees. We saw patches of potatoes, beets, onions, pumpkins, tobacco, gourds and egg-plants. Among the flowers I recognised the bachelor's-button, sun-flower, pink, hollyhock, azalea, chrysanthemum, flowering-almond, China-asters, ladies-slippers, cock's-comb and peony.

I also saw the hop growing wild, with large and abundant strobiles. Among the trees which I recognised as old friends, were the willow, maple, ash, beech, birch, sassafras, chestnut, chestnut-oak, horse-chestnut and wild grape: I looked in vain for the hickory. There were but few evergreens. The pear seems to be the only fruit much cultivated. The people here, as elsewhere in Japan, seem to have no idea of improving their fruit, or of introducing new varieties. I saw a few small patches of Indian corn. The Irish potato has, however, been introduced among them, I suppose by whalers: it grows luxuriantly, and bears a good crop. The people seem to be fond of it: they find a good market for it among the ships which stop at Hakodade, as well as to the south, and even in Shanghai and other parts of China. Bullocks and horses are abundant. long trains of which I passed, loaded with all kinds of burdens.

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#### A SCENE IN EGYPT.

WE see a few palm trees, standing in a low, flat country, half land, half water, and a herd of cattle in the water, cooling themselves in a hot day, under the care of two or three keepers. It is not a very pleasing scene, but it has the attraction of novelty. We do not suppose that it marks the general aspect even of Egypt, though no doubt such views may often be seen in that country. The beautiful palm-trees show the warm climate, and the fruitful soil when well watered. But we believe there are many dry, sandy, barren districts there, though along the course of the river Nile, and especially in the neighbourhood of the sea, the land is very fertile. The land of Goshen, our readers will remember, was in Egypt, and was noted for its rich fertility.

Whatever may be the material aspects of this country, its moral condition is one to be deplored. Under the influence of Mohammedanism, most of its inhabitants are nearly as ignorant and degraded as if they were heathen. Some remnants of corrupt Christian churches remain, but they, too, are little better than their neighbours. There are a few Missionaries in the country: some of them are supported by one of the American churches. Their stations are the brightest places in Egypt. The Gospel preached by them, the children taught in their schools,—these are hopeful signs in this ancient land. There is also some degree of enterprise and improvement visible in public affairs. The overland route from Europe to India passes through Egypt, and the great number of travellers passing through the country gives new life and activity to many places. Let us hope that a happy future awaits this old country.

The sacred Scriptures contain a great many references to Egypt and the Egyptians—more than two hundred, we believe—extending from the time of Abraham until after the coming of our Saviour, over a period of 2000 years. And 2000 years nearly have since passed away; but the word of the Lord shall not pass away. His word declares that Egypt shall be called into his church. (See Isaiah xix. 18—25.) This prophecy shall be fulfilled. There shall be “a blessing in the midst of the land: whom the Lord of hosts shall bless, saying, Blessed be Egypt, my people.”—*Foreign Missionary.*



CABUL.

CABUL is an upland country of Central Asia, bounded on the north and east by immense mountain ranges, and on the south and west by vast tracts of sandy desert. Yet although the general aspect of the country



SCENE IN THE BAZAAR AT CABUL.

is wild and forbidding, there are to be found spots of gentler beauty in the valleys or the plains, where the fields are under cultivation, and the husbandman may be seen busy at his work.

The towns are few and far between, and the country is thinly populated. The people are a race of vigorous mountaineers, brave and independent, but quarrelsome and revengeful, and feuds are handed down from father to son. Thus, to avenge a wrong is regarded as a duty, and society is restless and disturbed.

The country, from its ruggedness, being unfitted for the use of wheeled carriages, the people are, for the most part, good horsemen, and live much on the saddle. Accustomed to the use of arms from an early age, every man is more or less a soldier and a bandit, and the very shepherds are men of strife. The people, however, are hospitable and generous. The stranger is sure to meet with entertainment, and beneath the roof of an host even an enemy is safe.

They are, too, of a cheerful, lively disposition, and, at evening time, may be seen playing or dancing like children in their village squares, or assembling in the fakeers' gardens to smoke and talk, telling stories and singing their simple Affghan ballads. Our picture represents a busy scene in the bazaar of the capital during the fruit season.

Cabul, the capital, is a place to be remembered by us. In 1839, a British army invaded this country, and, after defeating the Affghans in many battles, replaced an exiled prince, Shah Soojah, on the throne. But this interference was not pleasing to the Affghans. In November 1841, a sudden outbreak took place at Cabul, in which many distinguished British officers were murdered. A convention was eventually entered into, the British undertaking to evacuate the country, and the Affghans to offer them no molestation. But this agreement was treacherously violated, and the British forces, some fugitives excepted, miserably perished in the defiles and mountain passes. No expedition in which the British were engaged ever turned out more disastrously.

When the army was moving into Cabul, some pious officers made an effort to bring in with them copies of the Scriptures for distribution, but they were prevented from doing so by official interference, and the Bibles were left behind.

England can never expect to prosper if she be ashamed of Christianity and the Bible. To these she owes her own pre-eminence. It is best to let the Bible and the Missionary go on before to pioneer our way, and open for us the opportunity of peaceable intercourse. But when a way must be forced, then let Britain remember that she is permitted to be victorious, in order that the beneficent influence of Christian truth may obtain entrance, and that to attempt to interfere with its progress is to bring disaster on herself.

As yet our Missionaries have not entered Cabul, but they are at the gates. Peshawur is one of the gates. Others are to be found in the passes that open into the Derajât. At both these places our Missionaries are stationed. Into the Derajât they have only just entered; but at Peshawur they have been for some years. Here they meet many Affghans, with whom they have intercourse, and some of these men have felt and acknowledged the power of the truth. They have, moreover,

favourable opportunities of obtaining a knowledge of the Pushtoo, the language of the Affghans. Our Missionaries at Dera Ishmael Khan are similarly engaged. The Pushtoo is a difficult language to acquire, embracing, as it does, the hardest as well as softest sounds.

Thus preparations are being made for an entrance into Cabul, to issue, we believe, in results very different from the disastrous ones of 1839.

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#### NORTH-WEST-AMERICA MISSION.

THIS Mission shows signs of a healthful growth. The points of labour taken up here and there in the wilderness, and the native ministry, in whose charge they may eventually be placed, are alike on the increase. The native and country-born in holy orders are now seven in number, and of the seven, five are of pure Indian blood. We have to be thankful for the effective way in which they are discharging their duties among their countrymen.

We have opportunities sometimes of presenting to our readers letters from the Missionaries in these distant fields addressed to ladies who have forwarded the results of working parties, or otherwise helped them in their schools. Such letters are interesting and useful; interesting, because they frequently contain points of information which we should not find elsewhere; and useful, because they show friends at home how highly they value the help which they receive.

The Rev. Henry George, the writer of the accompanying letter, is in occupation of a new Mission not far from Red River.

I have your kind letter of Feb. 21, 1861, before me. After long detention, it has reached me safely, together with the kind gifts sent out for my Mission station. We feel very thankful to the kind ladies of Barnes for their assistance; it has enabled me to cover much poverty, and to keep open a school of twenty-seven children. My regret is that I have been so backward in writing, giving but shabby measure of Missionary detail. The truth is, my time is so fully occupied in personal interest and labour among the children, that I allow myself but little opportunity of corresponding. The importance of calling into existence a native agency daily grows upon us. There is little time to lose; the critical state of the country demands unceasing diligence in making our work permanent. School, morning, afternoon, and evening, is the routine of every day's work. Our teaching assumes a strict Missionary complexion, *i. e.* we educate as if every child in the school were intended for future Mission work. We endeavour not only to enlighten the mind, but draw out the affections, influencing them in the interest of a blessed Gospel. Since last October, the course of instruction given to the first class, numbering thirteen, stands as follows—

Bible—Joshua, Judges, Ruth, 1 Samuel to chapter xviii., explanatory and practical, with close questioning.

English History—From 55 B.C. to 1483 A.D., chiefly bearing upon church history.

Chronology—From 4004 B.C. to 606 B.C.

Geography—Mathematical and physical.

Astronomy—Motion, &c. of planets, apparent motion of the fixed stars, &c.

Writing letters and dictation, copies, &c.

Arithmetic—Tables.

In the evening of each day—Practice in reading the Gospel in Indian. And, to close the day, lessons have been given on the Acts of the Apostles and Seven Churches, in which my family and all on the Mission join.

You said in your kind letter that you did not know whether English books were of any use to us. You will see by the above some are well advanced. The oldest boy I have is sixteen. His name is Josiah Pratt, a Stone Indian, so called from the Rev. Josiah Pratt. Little Albert Smythe is a great favourite of Mrs. George's: he has this very moment finished reading to her, and has received a reward for satisfactory progress—a handful of plums. He has been living with us since last June, is a sprightly, intelligent little boy, three feet seven inches, about five years old. Another little child stayed with us six months: he was baptized Moses, because he fell into the river, and was pulled out by the leg. His heathen relatives would not permit his mother to rest until he was taken from us.

I think you would be pleased, if you were within reach, to spend one Sunday amongst us.

8 A.M.—The bell rings to remind all of the Sabbath.

11 A.M.—Divine service: the hearty responses and singing of the little ones would encourage you in your interest on their behalf.

2 P.M.—Sunday school. A large gathering, not only of children, but of young men and women, around us.

7 P.M.—Divine service. The usual Church of England service, with chanting Magnificat, Nunc Dimittis, and Hymns, with the organ.

9 P.M.—Family prayers, with the singing of favourite Hymns. This is a Sabbath portion which is always looked forward to with some degree of pleasure.

Last Christmas we had two interesting gatherings. First, the children met to partake of a well-furnished table—tarts, sweet cakes, buns, and tea. This was followed by blindman's buff, and other merry games, in which all heartily united. A scramble for sweetmeats followed; and singing closed the event. But on the following evening Mrs. George invited the adults to a supper of roast beef and plum-pudding. All the poor things thoroughly enjoyed the provision made for them. During the evening I entertained them with the wonders of the microscope, especially bearing upon cleanliness. Indians and half-breeds are very deficient in this virtue. I might write more than is in good taste and keeping on this head, but we may hope that the exposure will pave the way for reform. The instrument caused much amazement: great interest was shown in the mites of cheese: its exhibition occupied the whole evening. Our good Bishop wrote to me afterwards—"We were amused with what Mrs. George and yourself contrived for the entertainment of your people, young and old. Such gatherings have a very happy effect, and are more easily carried out away from the heart of the settlement. Here one cannot ask all, and this I often regret."

Our settlement and school is a mixture of English and French half-breeds, Cree and Saulteaux Indians. This we find to be an advantage. Pure Indian settlements, far from all intercourse with the civilized community, do not thrive in a temporal point of view, and therefore are very distant from making any approach to native independence and self-support. At present there is no small excitement in the country relative to the gold-diggings on this side the Rocky Mountains: we scarcely see what will be the issue of so great an event.

Could you but experience the darkness of the heathen world, the low standard of the professors of Christianity, and the general want of all moral sense amongst our people, it would give you much sorrow. Every Mission house in which children and native servants are kept is a complete reformatory. To give you an instance: one girl that has lived with us a year and a half was a terrible thief: nothing could induce the poor thing to keep her hands from picking and stealing. At last I took her into my own hands, prayed with her, read the word of God, and have exercised a constant watchfulness. She is now improved, and we would be sorry to part with her. But the sin of the lips is something appalling. At times the unblushing and brazen-faced untruthfulness of the people unnerves one for duty, prostrates the spirits, and we are ready to say our work is in vain. There is only one antidote for such hours of depression: the promises of the Gospel only can revive the sinking soul, urging on to patience, forbearance, and perseverance in the blessed work of reclaiming souls. These evils, with many others, are the dark spots of our work. but why be discouraged? The Saviour says, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." This is our mission: may God grant us the fruit of labour for Christ's sake!

You ask about the Bishop of Columbia. We know nothing of him: as yet there is little intercourse with that part of the world. Our own good Bishop, in writing to me the other day, said that he wished my future church to be called St. Matthew's, which is to be the beginning of an Apostle's Street from here to the diocese of Columbia. To go from one end of it to the other on horseback would take between four and five months. A good idea of American extent. In this large country we get into the habit of thinking nothing at all of distance. I often fancy, that, if I am spared to visit England, I shall think nothing of mounting a horse and traversing the old country. What is 100 miles to us? Mrs. George has ridden on horseback 600 miles with the greatest ease and pleasure; so that our Apostle's Street will not be so far out of the way after all. If the gold-diggings succeed, the road to the Rocky Mountains will be well opened, and soon, perhaps, we shall have Chinamen and others from across the Pacific sojourning amongst us.

#### A GLANCE AT NEW EFFORTS IN BENARES CITY.

THE writer of the following letter, Miss Hooper, is the sister of one of our Missionaries at Benares. It places before us, in an interesting way, a portion of the Missionary work at that place with which as yet we are but little acquainted.

Though there will be no hope of my sending this letter for some time,

I will sit down at once, and tell you what a pleasure I have had lately, while it is still in my mind. It is the only day's treat I mean to allow myself during this six months, which began on the 2d of December. As the warm weather is fast coming on, we had arranged for the first convenient opportunity that presented itself, and accordingly I set out early for Sigra, and found the Misses G—— taking their breakfast, before going into the city to begin their work. It was this they had invited me to come and see. They procured, not long ago, a native-made carriage, of the kind we described to you as being in use in Calcutta. It closes to keep out the heat, and is very convenient for going along the streets of the city, being narrower than most English carriages. We had a ride of about four miles, and arrived at their city house, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Ganges. Mr. Dæuble formerly used one room in it to receive any inquirers who might come to him; but since they have established themselves there, they have taken the whole. It was, in old times, the palace of a Rajah, and there is a great deal of handsome carving about it. One of the three sisters took me to the flat roof on the top of the house, where there is a large stone arbour, delightful for sitting in in the mornings and evenings. Up here there is a sweet, beautiful view. A large tree shades the house on the river side, and hangs down its handsome branches to the lovely blue waters below. Numberless green parrots were just then perching and swinging themselves on its boughs. The residence is built at the bend of the river, which enables the eye to range along the whole sweep of palaces, temples, and minarets, coming down to the water's edge. But far more attractive than these outward scenes it was, to come down stairs when the gong struck for morning school, at eight o'clock. First came an old grandmother, bringing a little boy for admission. One of the Misses G—— read to her the story of the woman of Samaria, and a native Christian supplemented the little she could say upon it, by earnestly pressing upon the new comer the reception of that water which is infinitely more life-giving than the far-famed Ganges. This native-Christian woman, Dinah, together with her husband, Puthi, were prepared for the good work they have now undertaken, by being brought up in orphan schools; the man in another city, under Mr. Bowley; the woman, Dinah, here, in Mrs. Fuchs' care.

While the reading was thus going on in one room, the other sisters were opening the school of about sixteen little boys in another, so situated as not at all to interfere with the complete privacy of the women's apartment, and free, unobserved access to it from the street. The Misses G—— find it a good thing to have these boys, because it gives them an opportunity of speaking to their mothers. Puthi has the charge of the boys, and has gained their affection thoroughly, especially that of an older one, who has been appointed monitor. Puthi and Dinah live in the house, and take care of every thing in general. I sat down to a class, composed of half a dozen Brahmins, some as fair as English children. They were very quick, and read a page of short sentences in English, repeating the Hindustanee of them so fast that I could hardly follow them. Then I gave all the school an arithmetic lesson on the black board, in the Devanāgarī character. All writing and reading in this school is carried on in Hindee. After this, Puthi read to them

the healing of the centurion's servant, and asked them questions upon it; and the school closed soon after ten. We then retired to another room, which they keep for resting in the middle of the day, and took lunch, and had reading and prayer together. After some pleasant and profitable conversation—in the course of which we naturally reverted to old times in England, and how God had led us to this point—we took each a Hindee Testament, and read a passage together. The gong struck up again at two o'clock; and this is the time when more women come generally: it is more difficult to get them in the morning. First came three of the Dhobi caste, to whom Miss G— read the history of the Prodigal Son, and talked to them about it. In the mean time, till some others came, I went in to the boys, who were rather late in assembling, it being one of their great festivals in honour of Siva. For the benefit of those who had already come, a book of pictures was brought out, which goes through the Bible history, and gives illustrations of the most remarkable stories. I questioned them as to the meaning of what they were looking at; and it was surprising that, though they had never seen such a thing till within the last fortnight, they could give clear explanations of all, and many truths seemed to be unfolded to them by this means; of course, only in a very simple form.

By this time two more women had come in, and the second of the sisters was taking them. One of them was not at all bright—almost deficient—and she could not get her to read or write even one letter correctly. Whilst we were going on with the afternoon school, a noble vessel, the "Bombay," passed, steaming down the river. Its appearance, which spoke of industry and civilization, seemed to foretell happier days for India, when art shall increasingly be made to render service to the cause of Christ. When I returned into the boys' room, where the youngest Miss G— was busy teaching, there was just time to give a reading-lesson to the elder scholars, who read part of a Hindee tract; and then the master gathered all together, and concluded in the same way as in the morning, reading the raising of the widow of Nain's son, and questioning upon it. Some of the boys were able to follow his reading in their Testaments; and a few gave striking answers when asked about the state of sin, in which we are all lying by nature. It was now four o'clock; but as soon as the boys were dispersed, each bearing away a flower from a nosegay gathered at Sigrā (this they consider a great treat), three more women came in, one of them a Gosain. This caste is considered peculiarly holy among the Hindus. She came to get information about the way of using some medicine she had been given for her child. We could not but stay to say a few words to them; and then they were told at what hour they might come to-morrow. As we drove away, numbers of happy faces thronged the streets, making their salaams; and one of the little boys was waiting to take his turn at the favoured place behind the carriage, where one of them is always allowed to take a short ride to another quarter of the city. Some more female faces peeped out of their windows to make friendly greetings, which had not yet ventured outside the walls of their houses to come and receive instruction. This is an important sphere, because it is the very centre of Brahminism. Scarcely any families reside there who are not of high

caste. Sometimes as many as ten women come together at one time to the Misses G——'s Scripture readings. One day they went into a *zenana*, and were received with much gratitude: upwards of twenty women and girls were there to welcome them, and said that many more of their relatives would have been glad to have been there, had their coming been known to them beforehand. But I must pause to tell you of the encouraging account brought in by the Missionaries, who have lately been out this season on itinerating tours. So many openings presented themselves in the village on every side, that they would fain have stayed longer, but the hot season was fast closing in upon them, and they were compelled to retreat. Whenever they met with people who had been educated in Government schools, there they found, that, with the power to read, came great desire for the books the Missionaries brought. Mr. Fuchs makes it a rule never to part with a Testament or tract without some small payment. Yet he sold hundreds to people eager to peruse them. Mrs. Fuchs had sometimes as many as fifty women with her in the tent at once. It was as much as she could do to speak the word of God to all that came. They always made it a rule to keep one side of the tent for the women, while Mr. Fuchs talked to the men on the other side. This is a very necessary arrangement, both for working in the city and in the villages, and gives the women confidence.

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 WE HAVE WAITED FOR HIM!

Come, Lord, and tarry not ;
 Bring the long-looked for day :
 Oh, why these years of waiting here,
 These ages of delay ?

Come ! for thy saints still wait ;
 Daily ascends their sigh :
 The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come!"—
 Dost Thou not hear the cry ?

Come ! for creation groans,
 Impatient of Thy stay ;
 Worn out with these long years of ill,
 These ages of delay.

Come ! for Thy foes are strong :
 With taunting lip they say,
 "Where is the promised advent now ?
 And where the dreaded day ?"

Come ! for the truth is weak,
 And error pours abroad
 Its sable poison o'er the earth—
 An earth that hates her God.

Come ! for love waxes cold,
 Its steps are faint and slow :
 Faith now is lost in unbelief,
 Hope's lamp burns dim and low.

Come ! for the grave is full.
 Earth's tombs can no more hold ;
 The sated sepulchres rebel,
 And groans the heaving mould.

Come ! for the corn is ripe,
Put in Thy sickle now ;
Reap the great harvest of the earth,
Sower and reaper Thou !

Come ! and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth ;
Restore our faded paradise,
Creation's second birth.

Come ! and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace ;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness !

A NATIVE CATECHIST'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

THE following account is interesting. The writer is Vedhamanikkam Sandhosham, at present labouring as an assistant catechist at Madras with our Missionary the Rev. W. Gray. It traces out the Lord's dealings with him : how he was led out of thick darkness, step by step, into the marvellous light of the Gospel, and how, from being a devil-worshipper, he has become not only a Christian, but a teacher of Christ to others.

My father's name, before his conversion, was Thalanay-thethár-appen. His native village was Sathankullam, in Tinnevely. My mother's name was Kaliáni. Their native village was Asirvadhapuram, formerly Peikulam (Devil's-tank). They were both, so far as this world's matters were concerned, very well off ; and so, leaving to coolies their work of cultivating the soil, my father devoted his time almost entirely to the reading of heathen books, the settling of village disputes, the curing of diseases by mantrams, and the casting out of devils by sorcery. My mother was a bigoted heathen. As the name of her village, so was her own heart (Peikulam). Though she might neglect her own food, she would never neglect the worship of the devil. So it was, that in our house there was a room, and in our yard a pagoda, for the devil's use. My eldest brother, who is now a catechist, was then priest to the devil. In addition to these, we had, in connexion with our relatives, five other Coils for the devil's worship. I have to relate with tears that we gave to the devil our soul, body, wealth, every thing we had. We were blind as to God, heaven's bliss, and our own bad state. In this state of blindness, God gave to my father seven male children : their names were the names of the devils we worshipped, viz. Sudaleimuttu, Palavesamuttu, Nallakannu, Ramalingam, Kothimuttu, Perumal, and Suppean. My father sent us all, from time to time, to a heathen school. We all have had some education. Though our internal state was thus wretched, our external matters flourished. Therefore it was that my father, feeling that all was well, that he had property, children, &c., in abundance, and thinking that his idols were all powerful, went on worshipping them as before.

Though our affairs, as far as regards our souls, were thus dark, light had entered into our village. In the year 1840, when I was

eight years of age, my mother was attacked with a severe disease. Finding no help from the native doctors, she went to the Rev. C. Blackman, who was then Missionary in the place, and he (Mr. Blackman), and another gentleman who was with him, having come to our house with medicine, first prayed, and then gave medicine. On that day, for the first time, prayer was offered to God. On that day a ray of the light of the knowledge of God shone in our dwelling. On that day was opened up a way for God to enter into our house. On that day it became known to us—shepherdless ones—that there was a Shepherd and a Saviour. This is a day for all our family to remember. My father and mother and brothers observed with astonishment the Missionaries making prayer. The Missionaries told them at that time that all men were patients, suffering from a severe disease, and that Jesus Christ was the remedy provided for all such sinners. Thus things went on for a month. The disease abated not. My family, under the impression that only by offering worship to the devil the disease would depart, going in every direction, got ready plantains, cocoa-nuts, rice, fowls, sheep, chatties, &c.; they wreathed garlands of flowers, and cast lots in the devil temple according to custom, to determine whether the disease would be fatal or not. The lot came out that she would die, and so they stopped the worship of the devil, and took the Missionaries' medicine. Notwithstanding, my mother died. "My ways are not your ways, and my thoughts not your thoughts." "Out of the eater came forth meat, out of the strong came forth sweetness." "What I do thou knowest not, but thou shalt know hereafter." So, according to these passages of God's word, it happened to my family. Upon my mother's death, my father and elder brothers got exceedingly enraged with the devil, pulled down the devil houses in the house and garden, flung out all the furniture belonging thereto, cooked and eat all the victuals that had been provided for the feast to the devil, and consented that the Missionaries should come in and hold service in our house. We all sat down and listened attentively, received little books from the Missionaries, and read them.

By this means, although the devil was cast out of our house, he was not yet dispossessed from our minds. While things were in this state, the Rev. J. T. Tucker came (in 1842) to our village, to reside in it.

Just at this time my three eldest brothers were very severely attacked with cholera, and my father having no one to help him, or to give medicine, Mr. Tucker's care of us and kindness to us was very great, and such as we can never forget. For twenty-two days he was unceasing in his kind offices towards us. They all three of them recovered, and the idea became fixed in my father's mind that the God of the Christians was the only true God. We began then to go to the house of God. My second eldest brother, who had just recovered, received baptism from the Missionary, and tried hard to bring us all to a knowledge of God's word. The Rev. J. Devasagayam came next to the district, and was very kind to us, and gave us much instruction, with a view to our all receiving baptism. And so, having thus received instruction, my father and my brothers and myself received baptism. My father's name was called Sandhósham. To my brothers and myself were given the names of

Suviseshamuttu, Gnanapragasam, Samuel, Gurubadham, Vedhamanikkam, and Masillamani. My second eldest brother, who had first received baptism, had been called Pakkianadhan.

I was myself the youngest but one. My name was Perumal before. I was eleven years of age when I was baptized. To God be all praise, who magnified his mercy in pardoning us who had before lived for the pleasures of this world, and had made the devil our only god.

In 1844, the Rev. J. Devasagayam placed me in his boarding school. At that time I was twelve years of age, and I remained in this school up to 1851. During that time, God, in mercy upon his humble servant, having brought me into a school where I could get good learning, gave me also good and pious teachers, and a worthy schoolfellow, who was a good companion to me. All this was a great help to me in reading the Bible, in private prayer, and private self-examination. My lessons in school, and my private reading at this time, was chiefly the Bible. On every Saturday evening, the Rev. J. Devasagayam used to send every boy to pray privately. This was very pleasant to some of us, to others not so. On the first of January of the new year, the custom was for every boy to go and write in a small book the state of his own soul, and compare it with what it was the new year before. All this I attended to very carefully. However, I fear I did so, partly to get Mr. Devasagayam's favour, partly to be praised by my neighbours, partly in the hope of getting a little money by being quick in repeating texts, as Mr. Devasagayam used to give each boy a little present in money who did so.

In the year 1846, a severe disease having come on, I was near death. My father and brothers came and sat down by my side and wept. God, however, blessed the medicines given, and restored me. When I thought at that time that death was near, I thought much of my sins, and wept much, and prayed much. I made, at that time, the resolution, that as God had preserved me to be a good boy, I should henceforth not be a deceitful Christian, for I could not deceive God. From that time forward was consolation in my mind, and in my life was a change; and so I said to the Missionary that I wished to be confirmed, and to come to the Lord's Table. After this, for three months he taught me much of the love of God, of Jesus Christ's precious sufferings, in a manner that affected my mind very much. After this I received confirmation from Bishop Dealtry, and, by the consent of Mr. Devasagayam, I was admitted to the Lord's Table.

About this time the Rev. T. G. Ragland, having come to Kadatchapuram, gave me, as prizes, Watts's "Scripture History" and Rhenius's "Body of Divinity," and also asked Mr. John Devasagayam to send me to the new institution, which was then formed for catechists in Palamcotta. When I heard this, I was very thankful, and rejoiced and gave thanks to God, who had had regard to the humility of his servant. Thus, by little and little, the dawn of piety, which by God's grace had begun within me, gradually grew and was strengthened.

In 1851, I was taken into the Preparandi in Palamcotta. The first Sunday I was there, Mr. Sargent preached on the text, Exodus xxxii. 26, and he showed the marks of those who were and those who were not God's people in a very striking way. My heart was much smitten within

me. I said, "Alas! I have not given the whole of my heart to God; the whole of that sermon was preached for me." With this thought in my mind about myself and my own state, I went into my room, prayed, read the story of the prodigal son; wrote down all my distresses of mind in my little note book; reflected how that hitherto my piety was altogether connected with outward duties and observances, and that the new heart was not mine; resolved that henceforward I would be a servant of God, and in every way deny sin, seeking, not my own selfish purposes, but God's glory only, and not from others telling me, but of my own accord; and determined, with the aid of the Spirit of God, to seek a new heart from God. God assisted me to keep this purpose, which I had made with prayers and tears. Moreover, the hearing every week of Mr. Sargent's sermons, observing his manner of life for two years and a half, and all the appointed rules, &c., were great helps to me with regard to the advancement of piety.

On September 28, 1852, I married Pakkiam, one of the girls of Mr. Sargent's school, and this is an event for which I have always reason to be thankful to God. In 1852, the Rev. S. Hobbs sent my eldest brother Samuel to the Preparandi, an event for which I was very grateful to God. In 1853, my father became very ill, and having felt that his time was drawing near, and wishing me to come to see him, I got leave from Mr. Sargent, and went to his village. I was with my sick father for four days; and, having seen the tears he shed, the earnest prayers he made, his constant reading of the Bible, the good advice on religion he gave to both Christians and heathen, young and old, who came to see him; finally, the blessings he pronounced on his children, and the way in which he yielded up his spirit into the hands of God; I could not but exclaim inwardly, "May God give me grace to die in the way in which the head of our family has died!"

In 1853, I was sent out, for the first time, as a catechist to Dohnavur, to Mr. Foulkes. Mr. Foulkes committed to my charge the congregation of the village of Dohnavur, and also the charge of twenty heathen villages around; and gave my wife the charge of the girls' boarding school. I continued in this post till May 1860, asking God for the grace and wisdom and humility necessary for the discharge of it. Within those years, six Missionaries came to the district. I had some fruits from my labour, enough to be an earnest of a harvest hereafter. During these years, God was gracious to my brother Samuel also, in that he also was sent to the Preparandi, and afterwards became an itinerator in North Tinnevely with Mr. Ragland. In these years, at Dohnavur, were born to me three children. The eldest, Daniel, God has taken away from us. The second, Jane Mary, seven years of age, is now learning in Mrs. Gray's boarding school. The third, Edward, three years and a half old, is at home.

God in his mercy having done me great kindness, the thought came to me that I would like to go to other places and preach the Gospel. And so, with the consent of Mr. Sargent, and at the request of Mr. Foulkes, then in Madras, I set out for Madras. By God's mercy I continue there to this day preaching to small and great, and bearing witness for Jesus Christ; and with his help I am resolved, until my spirit returns to Him who gave it, to continue his servant.

BETHLEHEM.

BETHLEHEM, where Rachel died and was buried ; from whence Elimelech and Naomi fled to escape the famine ; and which afterwards, through the noble-mindedness of Boaz, became indeed Bethlehem, or the House of Bread, to Naomi and Ruth ; Bethlehem, the town of Jesse and the birth-

**MODERN BETHLEHEMITES.**

place of David ; Bethlehem, where the infant Saviour saw the light, in whose fields the shepherds, keeping watch over their flocks by night, and instructed by the angel, hastened to worship Him as He was laid in the manger ;—how many interesting recollections are connected with this now obscure town of Palestine !

And what is it now in our day ? “ A place where, in ignorance of the great truths which Jesus taught and sealed by his blood, the inhabitants are under the yoke of a corrupted Christianity. There is the church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, the interior of which presents a singular scene of drapery, lighted candles, canopies, old paintings, columns, and frescoes. On great festival days it is crowded with Syrians.” Incense rises thick and suffocating ; the chants are louder and slower ; and the senseless ceremony commences of lifting a little wooden infant, with glaring glass eyes, dressed in a white gown, to be seen and worshipped by the dense mass of human beings ; after which an opening is made, and general preparations commence to leave the chapel for the grotto beneath. Candles are passed from the monks to the people, which many accept ; and, lighting them amidst clouds of incense, and songs and chants, and the sound of the organ, and the conversation of hundreds, the mass moves on to the grotto. This is supposed to be the place where our Saviour was born ; and on the right, a few steps lower, is the place where he was laid. Down these steps the crowd descends, headed by a priest carrying the Bambino, a doll about sixteen inches long, representing the infant Saviour. The incense and the crowd become suffocating ; the priest sings, and the Syrian boys respond. The head priest puts the Bambino into the recess, getting upon his kness, and singing, putting his head so far into the grotto that the voice sounds like a man in some deep pit, and in distress. Such is Christian worship under the Greek church. “ The Christians in this land,” observes our Missionary, the Rev. F. A. Klein, “ are Christians in name only, not even in form, but heathen in fact, who are in as miserable and helpless a state as the negroes in Africa and the Hindu in India.” Thus do these people need faithful Missionary action as much as those who are in heathen darkness.

Therefore it is that the Church Missionary Society has Missionary stations at Jerusalem and Nazareth ; and good is being done, although slowly, and in the midst of much difficulty.

THE SYRIAN CHURCH, TRAVANCORE.

THERE is no more difficult field of Missionary labour than that which is presented by an old Christian church which has fallen into decay, and has lost the salt and savour of the truth. The words of our Lord seem in this to have a remarkable fulfilment—“ If the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted ?” Many and persevering efforts have been made to restore to the old Syrian Church the savour which has been lost, and bring out a reformation of doctrine and manners from within itself, but they have almost invariably been met by open hostility, and the benevolent action of the Missionary has been rejected as an unwarrantable interference. Moreover,

such individuals of the body as have been led to distinguish between the superstitions under the name of Christianity received from their forefathers and the true Gospel, and to cleave to the truth in love, have been persecuted and driven out. These persecuted ones have been received by the Missionaries, and thus flocks of native Protestants have sprung up in those lands, men who, having been placed in this position, that they must give up either the Gospel or the church, have not hesitated to part with all rather than part with Christ.

Such has been the course of events in our Travancore Mission, where we have now nearly 8000 native Christians gathered out of different classes of society. Much that is interesting might be mentioned respecting these native Christians and the labours of the Missionaries among them, and from time to time we shall hope to introduce gleanings from the journals of the Missionaries. But at present we refer to a new stir and movement amongst the dry bones of the old church. The particulars, as related by our native minister, the Rev. G. Matthan, are as follows—

In the Syrian church here there has been lately an interesting movement in favour of sound Christianity. By constant intercourse with our people, and by the reading of the Scriptures and other books issued from our Mission Press at Cottayam, the views of many among them were undergoing a gradual change on religious matters, and they were able to perceive that some of the existing usages of their church were contrary to the word of God. These convictions, however, either from their being not sufficiently strong, or from the natural indolence of the character of the people, seemed to have no practical influence on their conduct till the occurrence of the movement above referred to. They were able to see clearly that in the Lord's Supper both the elements should be received, and that the circumstance of dipping the bread in the wine did not annul the obligation of receiving them separately, and all the sophistical arguments to show that Christ was complete in either element failed to bring them back to the former persuasion. During the Lent preceding the last—for that is the time the Syrians usually receive the communion—a few persons made a request to the priest to the effect that the cup as well as the bread should be administered to them. The priest, however, whilst he admitted the propriety of the measure, refused to comply with the request, on the ground that the change would displease the great body of the people whose minds were not yet prepared for any departure from the existing usage on the subject. He, however, promised to make the desired alteration by the time of the next Lent; for by that time he hoped the minds of all the people would be enlightened on the point. Believing in the sincerity and good intentions of the priest, they at that time quietly submitted to his proposal, and consented to receive the communion according to the old custom. In the mean time, proper views on the subject were spread among the people, and the party wishing for the change greatly increased in numbers and importance. During the Syrian Lent, therefore, which fell five weeks later than ours, they boldly made a written formal application to the priest, freely condemning the

existing practice of denying the cup to the laity as of Romish origin, and earnestly requesting that the cup should be administered to them according to its original institution by our Lord. The priest, who was actuated more by his interests than his connexions, now showed himself openly against the change, for he wanted to keep well with the old party, who were the stronger and the more influential, and was afraid that his yielding in this matter would be followed by demands, a compliance with which would be detrimental to his interests in priestcraft. He however agreed to refer the matter to Mar Athanasius, and to abide by his decision. He accordingly framed an official letter, making a partial statement of the case, and soliciting the Metran's wishes; but he secretly forwarded another communication, strongly dissuading the Metran from sanctioning the innovation, and stigmatizing the party as in close, though secret alliance with us Protestants. Mar Athanasius, who has no superstitious veneration for the Jacobite creed, nor any antipathy to Protestant principles, took the proper side of the question, and, in his reply, reprov'd the old party for their superstitions, who, like the Pharisees, would make void the law of God by their traditions, and peremptorily insisted that the cup should be given at least to those who desired it. This order being disregarded by the priest and his party, one of the Vennikkulam priests was directed by the Metran to come here and administer the communion in both kinds. The man came on a Sunday, purposing to do so; but the other party attempting violence, he was obliged to go away without being able to accomplish his purpose. This failure did by no means discourage the party who wished for the cup. As many of them were influenced by conscientious motives, they took the trouble of going with their families to Vennikkulam and Maramanna to receive the communion in both kinds. They hold prayer-meetings on Sunday evenings, wherein the reading and explanation of the Scriptures form a prominent part; and keep aloof as much as they can from participating in the ministrations of the priest, who not only refused to comply with their lawful demands, but played a very dishonest part with them. They fully acknowledge the harmony of the Protestant principles of our church with the Holy Scriptures. But a natural reluctance to change their position, and an undefined attachment to old institutions, backed by family ties and connexions, induce them still to remain in the Jacobite church, in the firm though fallacious hope that the church itself will be reformed some of these days. They will not, however, fail soon to discover the reformation of the Jacobite church, as a body, to be an impracticability, and the consequent obligation there is, on the part of the people of God in her communion, to depart from her, lest they should be partakers of her sins. The spirit of prayer which is now so abundantly poured upon God's saints for the revival of the fallen churches, as well as for the conversion of the heathen, is itself an indication that the time for these blessed events is at hand, for He would not have put in us the desire to pray unless He intended speedily to accomplish the objects of our prayers.

What may be the issue of this we know not. At present the movement seems to be favourably regarded by the ecclesiastical

authorities. Whether, if it advances, such will continue to be the case, is an uncertainty. Should they oppose, and persecution ensue, the reformers will succumb, or there will be a new secession.

DREADFUL HURRICANE IN LOWER BENGAL.

AFFLICTIONS come heavily at times, and all the support which faith in the promise of God, and in an unseen, although ever-present Saviour can afford, is needful, that they may be borne patiently. In Christian lands these promises are available, and affliction is often blessed to make those value them who, if their prosperity had been prolonged, would have continued to disregard them. But in heathen lands, how dreary the time of tribulation; how pitiable the condition of those who have none but gods who cannot save to cry unto! Let it be remembered that the heathen are subject, with ourselves, to the same sorrows and evils which arise from the continually-changing aspect of human affairs, and yet are destitute of our consolations; and let us feel for them, pray for them, and labour for them more than we do.

The country on which the heavy disasters related in the following paragraph have fallen is a part of Lower Bengal, where, until lately, there had been no resident Missionary. Very recently, however, an ordained native, the Rev. Behari Lal Singh, has taken up his residence, with his wife and children, in Rampore Bauleah, the capital town of the district of Rajshaye. May these heavy trials prepare the hearts of the natives to receive the Gospel seed!

We take the following sad narrative from an Indian newspaper—

Dreadful hurricane.—The following is from Rampore, Bauleah, dated 10th April 1862—

“We are now in possession of full and accurate particulars of the hurricane which swept away, on the 27th March 1862, six villages in the thannah of Godagaree, in the Rajshaye district, by name Barraiparah, Sharunpore, Gohalbaree, Julahar, and Keshubpore. The villages which are now in complete ruin and desolation are at a distance of twenty miles west of this station, and stand on the eastern bank of the Mohanunda, which, running in a south-easterly direction, falls into the Ganges, about two miles below the villages. Westward of the junction of the river there are wide and sandy churs, caused by the alluvial depositions of the river Ganges. The dreadful occurrence, which took place at about half-past three P.M., was preceded by an awful stillness of the air, which was followed by the appearance of a mass of dense clouds, which descended in the form of an inverted cone, or the trunk of an elephant, over the sandy plains, westward of the junction, or south-west of the villages. Then succeeded a dreadful reverse. A whirlwind, the impetuosity of which is beyond the conception of any except the eyewitnesses, and dismal obscurity caused by the descending clouds and by torrents of sands floating in the air, threw every thing into primeval confusion, and darkened the aspect of nature. With a roaring noise, which exceeded

that of a thousand cannons, the whirlwind darted with the rapidity of lightning in a north-east direction from the churs, mingling earth, air, and water together. The houses, mostly native huts, were carried away to vast distances, scarcely any vestige whatever being left behind. Large trees were torn up by the roots, or were shivered to pieces, and were transported aloft, or rolled over the ground with immense velocity. Men, cattle, and wild animals were either buried, or suffocated to death, or tossed to and fro in a senseless state. Many were transported aloft through the aerial regions, and thrown considerable distances. One woman was found on the top of a tree; another was carried to a great distance, where she was found in a senseless state, but without an injury being done to her life or person. The water of the tanks and of the jheels to the north of the villages was thrown up from the beds over the adjoining land, with mud and fishes, which were all killed. The water of the Mohanunda was also raised up, and rolled in torrents over the public road in its vicinity, and a good number of boats which were on it were all wrecked, some of them being whirled from one bank to the other.

“But the actual number of deaths has been, most probably, somewhat greater, because not only the bodies of the majority of boatmen have not been found, but several families have been at once exterminated. The number killed has been determined by the number of dead bodies found, and it is not unlikely the bodies of some have not yet been traced.

“Besides men and cattle—wild animals, birds, dogs, cats, &c., died without number. In Keshulpore two tigers were found to have been killed by the whirlwind.

“It is evident the hurricane was a fierce whirlwind, originating from the sandy isles opposite the river. The air of that region, at three P.M., the hour of maximum heat, must have been intensely heated and rarified, and so must have ascended into the upper region of the atmosphere, causing a partial vacuum at the locality. At such a juncture a mass of clouds, as observed by the sufferers, came to the upper region, and was, in consequence of the vacuity beneath, precipitated downward with the tremendous force and velocity which a body would acquire in falling from such a height, causing, by the rushing of the surrounding column of atmosphere of the upper region, and by the pressure thereof on the descending mass of cloud, a whirlwind of the nature above quoted.

“It is worthy of remark that in 1832, 1842, and 1852, fearful hurricanes have occurred in Bengal. It is a striking coincidence, though we are not, as yet, warranted in inferring a periodical recurrence of such events in every tenth year, that the year 1862 has witnessed a similar phenomenon.

“A fire took place at this town the day before yesterday, at three P.M., crowning the devastation caused in this unhappy land by indigo disturbances, inundation, and hurricane. About 1000 huts have been burnt to ashes.”

AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY'S ACCOUNT OF THE TAKING OF NINGPO BY THE TAEPIINGS

On the 7th of Dec. the rebels arrived in the plain outside the west gate, and commenced plundering, though none were killed. On Dec. 9, early in

the morning, they swam the moat near the south gate, and scaled the wall. Some of the imperial officers fled, and the rest were put to death instantly.

But few of the people were killed. This was owing to the mediation of foreign powers here. A few days previous to their arrival, the officials of the American, English, and French governments proceeded in a steamer to a neighbouring city, where they had possession, and had an interview with the rebel general. An agreement was made, to the effect that the rebel forces should not visit or molest in any way, the suburbs on the north bank of the river, where most of the foreigners reside: the chapels and dwellings of foreigners in the city, and on the south bank of the river, were not to be molested or entered; and as a safeguard, the general sent placards, stamped with his official seal, to be posted upon the doors, making it death to any of his soldiers to enter for the purpose of plundering: the city was not to be protected by foreigners; and the people were to be shown mercy, and not ruthlessly butchered, as in most other places. The same arrangement was subsequently made with the general of another wing of the rebel army, which approached the city from the south-west. They have carried out their agreement thus far better than we had expected: still, dead bodies are scattered here and there about the city.

The city and neighbourhood has been wholly given up to pillage. I have been about a good deal, both in the city and out of it, and I have not yet seen a single house that has escaped their ravages.

The poor people in the neighbourhood ran to me for protection; and for nearly a week, I had from a hundred to a hundred and fifty refugees in my house, to protect, as well as myself. My family had been sent over the river, where it was understood the rebels would not be allowed to go.

But while foreigners have not, as yet, been made to suffer much, and not a large number of people have been killed, still there is great suffering among the people, and the city presents a scene of most wanton destruction of property and desolation. Families have been robbed of every thing, even to the last cash, and the last grain of rice. A great multitude of young men and women have been taken captive. Old people are bewailing the loss of their sons and daughters; husbands the loss of wives; wives the loss of husbands; little children are left in their homes to die of starvation, and the same is true of the very aged and the blind, or otherwise disabled: tables and other furniture are thrown into the streets, or in confusion about the houses and yards, and are often cut up for fire-wood; aged and middle-aged people, that were formerly in good circumstances, are now obliged to go about the streets and beg a little rice, to prevent starving; fresh corpses, with their heads entirely cut off, or spilt open, or their throats cut, are seen lying at intervals along the streets. Trade, of course, is at an end. The things asked for by the rebels are, first of all, guns and pistols; there is also a demand for opium, and horses, and foreign umbrellas. Their male captives are at once put to hard service in carrying burdens; and if it is too hard for them, and they fall exhausted under their loads, they are severely beaten, or cut with swords, or killed on the spot.

Hundreds of people, besides the native converts and their families, who have taken refuge in our various chapels and Missionaries' houses in the city, have been brought out by the Missionaries, and safely landed on the north bank of the river. It has given the poor people a tangible proof of our good will and kindness towards them; and their thanks (a new thing to witness here) are numerous and sincere. As my house is upon the bank of the river, and boats can come to the steps at the back door of my yard, it has been the thoroughfare for this exodus; and daily the truth has been impressed upon my mind, that this great trial of the people is already yielding some fruit, in the gratitude which it has wrung from hitherto unfeeling and ungrateful hearts. Besides, while they, with tears, of gratitude, thank us for saving them from the terrible death that seemed to await them, we have not let the precious opportunity pass, of pointing them to Him to whom all thanks belong, and of exhorting them to seek protection of their heavenly Father, and eternal salvation through Jesus Christ.

As multitudes have been left without a home or any subsistence, a large building has been appropriated for such, where rice for the time being, until they will be able to make some shift for themselves, is provided gratuitously by subscriptions chiefly from foreigners, and distributed under the superintendence of a committee of Missionaries. This, again, is a substantial proof of our benevolence toward them, and does not fail to elicit gratitude. May we not with confidence expect that the fallow-ground in many a hard and stony heart is being broken up, preparatory to the reception of the saving truths of the Gospel. At present it is a dark and terrible time with this poor people, and our hearts ache for them. The judgments of Heaven are upon them, and they deserve them for their great wickedness; still we may expect that mercy will at length be extended, and their very afflictions may be a preparation for more abundant blessing than they have ever before received.

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#### AMERICAN MISSIONS IN INDIA HELPED IN THEIR NEED BY BRITISH CHRISTIANS.

THERE is many a spark, which, if let alone, would of itself die out; but even a very little spark, if fanned and fed, will kindle up into a very great conflagration; and so it often happens between nations. There are petty jealousies, and interested men, for their own selfish purposes, magnify these, until they come to be regarded as serious matters, and prepare the way for some unhappy war. In professedly Christian nations, those on either side, who are really that which they profess to be, may do much to calm down the irritation, and induce a more healthful state of things. And such is the part which British Christians in India are enacting at the present time. The American Missions in that country have suffered much from the convulsions in their home countries, and the diminution of supplies. British Christians are coming forward to help them in their need, and are thus showing, in the strongest way, that they are actuated by no petty rivalships, but appreciate the character and labours of their American brethren. And it is pleasing also to find that the notices of kindly interferences of this kind are found in the pages, not

of British, but American publications, where they meet the American eye, and will, we cannot doubt, exercise a tranquillizing influence on the American mind. The following extract from a letter addressed by Mr. Ballantyne, American Missionary at Ahmednuggur, to the Home Committee at Boston, appears in their monthly periodical, "The Missionary Herald"—

"Last week I received a letter from a merchant in Bombay, containing a donation of 1000 rupees to the Mission. He writes—'This is a special contribution, which, please remember, does not affect my annual contribution.' His annual gift for the past two years has been 600 rupees (50 rupees a-month, for the support of one of our native pastors). We have two other gentlemen subscribing 50 rupees a-month each, one of whom recently left this station for another, 300 miles distant; but he continues his subscription. I think we are now prepared to have a Jubilee meeting next month, and to keep the Jubilee with joy and thanksgiving, inasmuch as our treasury has received such timely offerings. Oh, may we know how to use all these offerings of liberal hearts aright, and to make the best use of our opportunities for spreading abroad the knowledge of the Gospel."

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THE USEFUL LIFE.

Go labour on : spend and be spent—
 Thy joy to do thy Father's will :
 It is the way the Master went ;
 Should not the servant tread it still ?

Go labour on : tis not for nought ;
 Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain :
 Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not ;
 The Master praises—what are men ?

Go labour on : enough while here,
 If He shall praise thee, if He deign
 Thy willing heart to mark and cheer ;
 No toil for Him shall be in vain.

Go labour on : your hands are weak,
 Your knees are faint, your soul cast down :
 Yet falter not ; the prize you seek,
 Is near—a kingdom and a crown.

Go labour on, while it is day,
 The world's dark night is hastening on ;
 Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away :
 It is not thus that souls are won.

Men die in darkness at your side,
 Without a hope to cheer the tomb ;
 Take up the torch and wave it wide,
 The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray ;
 Be wise the erring soul to win ;
 Go forth into the world's highway,
 Compel the wand'rer to come in.

Toil on, and in this toil rejoice ;
 For toil comes rest, for exile home :
 Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
 The midnight peal, Behold, I come.

BONAR.

MADURA MISSION—INDIA.

MR. NOYES, a Missionary of the American Board, had expressed a hope, at the close of the year 1860, that, during 1861, every man, woman, and child of the 1200 members of his village congregations in the Madura Mission, India, would contribute at least one farthing to the funds of that Society. The results are thus stated—

At the close of the year, the question naturally arises, How far has this hope been realized? To this I am able to answer, first, that there are very few, if any, to whom the subject has not been, in some form, presented; and second, though I cannot assert positively that every one has given a farthing, yet the donations have been very general, and the average for each one of the number, now swelled to 1300, is a trifle over six farthings, or three cents. The total amount contributed by the native Christians at this station to the American Board, during the year, is forty dollars sixty-five cents, and to other charities, fifty-six dollars eighty-six cents; making a total of ninety-seven dollars fifty-one cents, or about seven and a half cents for each member of the congregations, including children. Do congregations in America, taking the country through, do more than this? Do they do as much in proportion to their ability? You well know our deep poverty.

In contributing to the Board, the native Christians have manifested great interest and some enthusiasm. Their gifts, though small, have been the offerings of warm and generous hearts. At your late meeting in Cleveland, the question was asked by Judge Jessup, "Who has denied himself of any thing really needed in order to sustain the Missionary enterprise?" I do not believe that sacrifices adequate to the importance of the object have been made to sustain the cause of Missions by Christians anywhere, and there is but little room for comparison when we speak of sacrifices; but, in our Tamil church, instances can be produced of real self-denial, and such as ought to put to the blush many professed Christians in Home churches, whose very necessary articles would be rare luxuries to their poor brethren in India. One brother owned a calf, worth three dollars fifty cents. This was probably the sum total of his property; and though he was dependent upon scanty earnings for the support of his family, when he heard of the embarrassment of the "Board," he sold his calf and brought the full price, three dollars fifty cents, to be sent to America. The only son of a poor widow had a young buffalo, which he himself had reared, and which had grown to be worth two dollars. This was all he had to give, but this he freely offered. A young man, not two years out of the seminary, with a young wife, and no other dependence for support than his three dollars per month, gave two dollars fifty cents, and a part of his wedding jewels. A catechist, with a wife and two children, dependent for support on his two dollars twenty-five cents per month, gave three dollars twenty-five cents. Another, in similar circumstances, gave three dollars sixty-two and a half cents. These are instances, among many which might be mentioned, of real self-denial. To make these donations, not luxuries, but what seem real necessities, are sacrificed. There are but few of my native helpers who have not given all they could afford, and some have given even more.

IS THIS THE TIME TO WITHHOLD?

THIS paragraph, although written by an American brother in view of the tribulations abounding in his own land, are also applicable to ourselves in view of the increasing distress in our manufacturing districts. Amidst the great efforts which must be made to meet that emergency, shall the cause of Missions be permitted to suffer?

"I, with others, would say, 'Economize;' but economize first from your appetites and passions; then economize in your social necessities; and then, last of all, economize at the altar. Let your own lamp go, but never take oil from the lamp that burns in the sanctuary. It is not the way to begin retrenchment at the house of God. If you must retrench anywhere, let it not be in the means of spreading the Gospel. Let us not take back the books from which Indian children are learning to read, nor the trumpet that calls men to the sanctuary in the Orient, where God is opening the eyes of the blind, and raising up the dead, indeed.

"Nay, this is the very time, of all others, in which God's people are called upon, not to relinquish, but to double their exertions in behalf of the work of the Gospel. For moral power is to be the secret of success in this great struggle, if we succeed, and we shall.

"Is this, then, the time to begin to forsake our work, and to neglect our Missionaries and churches in heathen lands? It is the continuance of our Missionary labour that is to save us. Multiply your work. Call more upon God. Throw away the things that are between you and him. Revive his Spirit in your hearts. Cleanse your churches. Supplicate revivals of religion through all the land. Look out for God's cause. Identify yourselves with it. Throw out the white banner of salvation, and unsheathe the sword, and fight the battle of the Lord, and you shall have victory. But now to begin to abandon God, when only God can save us; now to draw back, when to draw back is to go toward destruction—is that wisdom?

"Yonder, on the heights, is the Ridgewood reservoir. Not a drop of water can it supply itself with, although from it the whole city is supplied. That mighty engine-slave, (for it is the slavery of machinery that is to do away with the slavery of muscle,) that steam-pump, labours with solemn grandeur and unwearied patience, lifting oceans full and oceans full of water, and throwing it incessantly up into that reservoir. And although there is a main along every street—although there is a distributing pipe for every house—and although every man in this great city draws for refreshment and cleanliness and luxury, there is always enough; because silent, and far away, and unthought of, and unremunerated, that lifting arm goes on throwing up, and throwing up, and throwing up.

"Now command stillness there, and let the fires go out, and let the pump forget its work, and let the draught continue, let all the streets suck out the stores from the reservoir, and by-and-bye there will be a sense of want in all our houses. The want is occasioned by the going out of the fire, and the cessation of the working of the pump.

"And as it is with the reservoir, so it is with us. Where you must watch, where you must see that you maintain power, is at the sources.

There, where the fountain is—there, where is the reservoir from which we are to draw courage, and inspiration, and perseverance—there we are to watch and maintain a supply. And to this end we must keep up our connexion of faith with God, and feel the influence of the eternal world.

“In the salvation of Christ, in the blessed power of faith in the Gospel, in that love which from the bosom of God has come to our hearts, and in the spirit and work of it, make yourselves strong, and all other things shall be given unto you. Amen and Amen.”

DOTTINGS FROM PEKIN.

NEXT to the house occupied by the British embassy at Peking stands another building, which the Prussian Minister thought of occupying, but, having changed his mind, it was rented by the British ambassador to Dr. Lockhart, a Missionary connected with the Medical Missionary Society, by whom it has been altered so as to answer the purposes of an hospital, which is now actively at work. The patients are many; the poor came first, and then the respectable classes, both men and women. May many of them become sensible of the sickness of the soul, and apply themselves to the true Physician for the great cure.

There is the more need for Protestant Missionaries to press in now that the gates of Peking are open, for the Romanists, with their usual zeal to proselyte, are on the alert. “The old Romish cathedral is being repaired. It is a fine building, ornamented and painted by the Jesuit Missionaries two hundred years ago. It has been closed for many years by edict, but now comes forth again.”

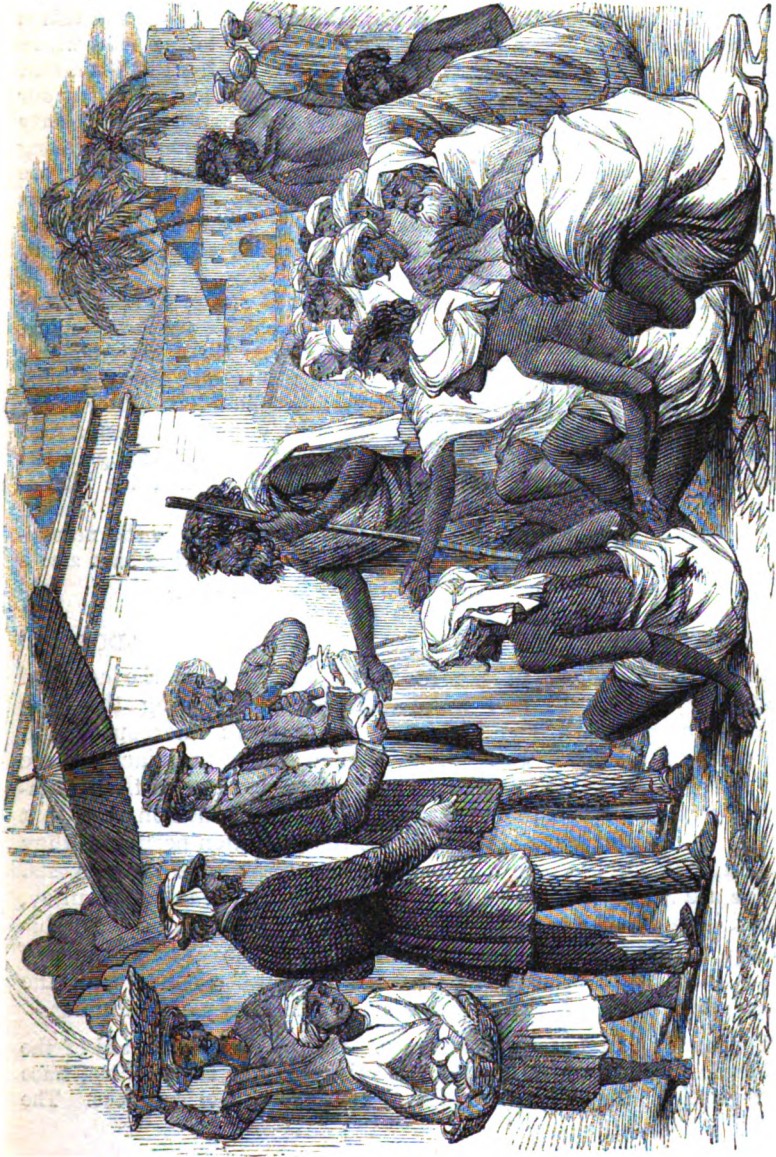
“On the city walls, on a terrace sixty feet high, about fifteen feet higher than the walls, which are forty-five feet high, the top of the terrace being a hundred feet square, is the Jesuit observatory, with the bronze astronomical instruments made by the Jesuits for the Emperor Kanghe. From the observatory the view of the city, and the palace and park, and the hills to the north and east, is very grand. To see Peking from a height gives a glorious prospect; but when you leave the height and descend, you find yourself in the dust and dirt of a Chinese city.”

“Outside the north gates of the city is the Russian cemetery, where are the graves of the murdered English prisoners, who were cruelly put to death this time last year. Outside another gate is the old cemetery, in excellent order, and well kept. The gates of the inner inclosure are of white marble, the coping richly carved in high relief. The gates themselves are plates of white marble also, each gate one plate, very handsome and grand. Inside are native altars, very large, and of marble.” Here are the graves of many of the Romanist Missionaries, who in former times obtained favour with the Chinese emperors, and used the influence which they acquired for the propagation of their errors.

Protestant Missionaries go forth to labour for Christ, and are content to use one instrumentality for the conversion of sinners, the teaching and preaching of the Gospel. They will use no crooked means of obtaining the favour of the great. Should it be given them, they will be thankful. But, in order to get it, they will not compromise themselves with the national idolatry, nor, should they enjoy it, lean on the arm of flesh rather than on the power of God.

PESHAWUR.

Do our readers know the circumstances of this station? It is beyond the Indus, our most advanced station towards Central Asia, and near the mouth of the Khyber Pass, through which travellers and merchants advance from the river country of the Punjab into the mountain region of Cabul.



SCENE AT PESHAWUR—THE MISSIONARIES DISTRIBUTING ALMS.

We say the river country of the Punjab ; it would be an error to call it the plain country, for the whole of the upper part of the country watered by the five rivers is mountainous. The great Himalaya range extends from the eastern frontier of India in a direction from south-east to north-west, until, beyond the Indus, it meets another vast range, called the Hindu Koosh, or Caucasus, coming from the north-west. From the point where they meet, another range, the Suleiman mountains, runs in a direction from north to south along the right bank of the Indus, and this is the western frontier of our Indian possessions. Near to the point where the Suleiman starts off from the greater chain lies the town of Peshawur, situated in a mountain valley of the same name, and here it is that our Missionaries are at work. The plain or valley of Peshawur is about sixty miles long by forty broad, the mountains which encompass it being covered with snow some eight or nine months in the year ; and these are inhabited by wild tribes, who, before our rule, were wont to make raids into the valleys, and carry off what booty they could lay their hands upon. Against these, military expeditions have been obliged to be sent, in order to make them keep within bounds.

The true way to bring about the pacification of a country is to spread abroad the leaven of the Gospel. This our Missionaries are doing amidst the motley population which frequents the city. There are Affghans, Punjabees, mountaineers, Hindus from the plains, and many others. Generally they are Mussulmans, and very fanatical. But hitherto our Missionaries have received no injury, although, on one occasion, a man made a stab with his knife at one of them when he was preaching in the open air. The man's arm was providentially arrested, and the Missionary's life saved.

Our engraving represents the Missionaries distributing to the necessities of the poor and needy outside the gate of the city. They have also a school for the communication of Gospel truth to the young.

MORAVIAN MISSIONS ON THE COAST OF LABRADOR.

THE Mission stations of the Moravian brethren on the coast of Labrador are remote and isolated Missions. During the long winter season they are entirely shut up from all intercourse with the rest of the world. In this feature they are not peculiar. There are many other Mission stations which resemble them in their isolation. But there is another feature which, in connexion with that to which we have just referred, makes their position peculiar—they are situated on a shore which is barren, and yields no harvests. There are South-African stations, like that in the Matabele country, which is removed, on every side, hundreds of miles from the habitations of other tribes ; but then the Matabele have their herds of cattle, and there is something to fall back upon ; but with the Esquimaux the sea is the only resource ; the land yields nothing.

The land is a land of rocks and crags. On the farther seaward of the numberless islands which line the coast there is not the slightest trace of vegetation ; they are the abodes of sea-gulls and cider ducks. The

mainland, on the contrary, at least the southern half, is here and there green: besides underwood, the fir, the birch, and larch, grow in the more sheltered bays. Many alpine plants occur, various species of saxifrage and gentians, *erigeron alpinum*, *empetrum nigrum*, &c. To a great distance inland, mountains and morasses, lakes and moss-covered plains, are the uniform character of the country; islands, bays, and rocks, that of the coast. The chief mountains are the Kiglapeit, lat. 57°, 3500 feet high, which divides the north from the south coast, and the still higher Kaumajet between Okak and Hebron. The country is covered with snow and ice during more than two-thirds of the year, so that the inhabitants must seek their subsistence in hunting and fishing. The sea affords many rich spoils, the most important of which is the seal.

Thus the seal, of which there are five species, is the chief food of the Esquimaux, and, with these, various kinds of fish.

The Moravian Missionaries along this coast are intrepid men, inured to hardship, and strangers to the ease and comfort of European life. Yet do they require supplies from home; and these are forwarded to them by a yearly ship, which leaves this country in the early summer; and, watching the opportunity when the coasts are free from ice, and the stations are accessible, throws in supplies as into a besieged city. The annual voyage is not performed without difficulty and danger. Take the experience of last year.

A new ship—the “Harmony”—left London in June 1861, and, after some mishaps, entered the Atlantic. One of the brethren thus describes the voyage—

On the 3rd of July we met the cold wind blowing from the icy coast of Greenland, though still about 350 miles distant. Towards midnight it increased to a storm, and the sea became boisterous. The storm continued throughout the whole of the next day, and we realized the Psalmist's description of the troubled waters—“He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths.” (Ps. cvii. 25). The appearance of the tumultuous sea was awfully majestic. In the fifth week we encountered thick fogs, so that we were obliged to proceed very cautiously, as we were now entering the region of the drift-ice. The cold increased perceptibly, and we felt it the more from the dampness of the atmosphere. In the night of July 12th we passed the first icebergs, and the next day saw several of them. One was remarkably beautiful, in part of a dazzling white, in part of a greenish grey inclining to blue, with a stripe of yellow here and there, floating majestically on the dark water. On Sunday the 14th, there was a complete calm, and I held our usual service, preaching from the words, “Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering.” (Heb. x. 23.) Immediately after the service, the captain saw the land, though to my unpractised eyes it was not visible till the next day. We now entered the main body of the drift-ice, and were so fortunate as to get through it, after seven hours of great danger. It was indeed a time of great excitement, but the sight presented to our eyes was the most magnificent and imposing

that I have ever seen. After having been for some time surrounded on all sides by smaller pieces of floating ice, we approached the first large masses about two o'clock. Our course seemed to be completely closed, and the captain was at first inclined to turn and sail back; but as the sky was clear, and the wind favourable, being a side wind, and therefore available at any time for tacking, we resolved to proceed, only shortening sail a little. On approaching nearer we perceived that there was a passage of sufficient width. Many masses of ice floated past us, at first smaller, then larger, till at last we were completely shut in by them, and could see far and near nothing but ice. The great icebergs, those giant guardians of the wild coast of Labrador, were of a grey or whitish colour, some of them shapeless masses, others of various singular forms, turreted and peaked. The floating ice was of a dazzling white above, green and azure below, of all imaginable shapes and forms, the funnel shape occurring most frequently, the masses being scooped out below by the action of the waves. The colour of the sea was of a dark blue, the temperature only 39 degrees Fahrenheit. Not one of these floating masses of ice touched our vessel. At one time two gigantic blocks came bearing down upon us, and it appeared impossible to steer between them. But the Lord was with us, and we passed in safety; how, I know not. After we had left behind us the chief part of these apparently countless icebergs, but were still surrounded by a great number of detached pieces of ice, we were suddenly enveloped in a fog, which, coming from the south, spread itself over the surface of the sea, and left the sky above us clear. A splendid mass of ice passed close to us, the waves breaking into spray upon it. About eight o'clock all danger was passed. The land could be dimly discerned. We sailed slowly through the night, thankful to the Lord for His gracious protection.

On the 16th of July we approached the coast. It was a beautiful summer morning, calm and warm, and I had a good opportunity to sketch the coast, with its many mountains and islands.

In a future Number we shall bring together some of the leading features of this visit, and the points of interest which appeared at the different stations. This fragment we conclude with the following passage, which gives us information respecting the Esquimaux and the commencement of the Mission—

The triangular peninsula, the east coast of which, extending from the Straits of Belle Isle to Hudson's Straits, and lying between the 52nd and 60th degrees of north latitude, and 56th and 64th of west longitude, is called the coast of Labrador, and forms a part of the British possessions in North America. Its western coast is well known through the establishments and factories of the Hudson's-Bay Company. But the east coast, along the Atlantic Ocean, is less known. The southern part of it, from the Straits of Belle Isle to Cape Webuck, is thinly settled by European colonists; the northern part, from Cape Webuck to Cape Chudleigh, is the proper home of the Esquimaux, among whom we have four Mission Stations. They are said to have received their name, Esquimaux, or eaters of raw flesh, from the Indians, their neighbours in the west, and their dreaded enemies. They call themselves

“Innuit,” (“Men;”) the rest of mankind they designate “Kablunat,” (“Inferior beings.”) These inhabitants of the coast of Labrador are only one tribe of a race which is scattered over the whole coast, from Greenland, round Baffin’s Bay, as far as Behring’s Straits, all of whom speak the same language, though in various dialects, and bear the common name “Karalit.”

A hundred years ago the inhabitants of the coast of Labrador were all heathen, who, in the ignorance and blindness of their hearts, worshipped Torngak, an old man, as they supposed, who ruled the sea and its inhabitants, and Supperuksoak, the goddess of the land. The Angekoks, or sorcerers, held the people completely in superstitious bondage. By the Europeans they were dreaded even as far as Newfoundland, for their robberies, which were often accompanied by murder. Permission was therefore readily granted to the Brethren, when, pursuant to a resolution of the Synod, held at Marienborn in 1769, they made known to the British Government their desire to commence a Mission among these heathen. Previous to this date several exploratory journeys had been made to this coast. As is well known, Br. J. C. Ehrhardt was murdered, together with five sailors, by the savages in a bay to the south of Hopedale, in the year 1752. The four brethren who accompanied him returned home. In the year 1770, Jens Haven came to Labrador and took possession of the land which had been granted by the Crown to the Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel, for the purposes of the Mission.

The number of the Esquimaux dwelling along the coast, which is about 500 miles in length, is computed at about 1500, of whom 1163 belong to our Mission. There are about 200 heathen living to the north of Hebron, and there are said to be others scattered here and there, but their number cannot be considerable, and some are settled at the establishments of the Hudson’s-Bay Company. In stature the Esquimaux are short, with large heads, black hair, scanty beard, coarse, but not stupid features, and small hands and feet. The women are very clever at their occupations, such as sewing skin-garments, or boots of seal-skin, and in cleaning fish with knives of their own manufacture, with which an operation for cataract has been successfully performed. The men are quite at home in carpenter-work, the building of their boats, &c. Most important to them for procuring their livelihood is the kayak, built of wood and covered with seal-skin. The larger women’s boats, covered with skin, which were formerly most used, are rarely seen. They are replaced by boats of wood for fishing and sailing, to the size of eight tons. The Esquimaux can sustain life on a very small quantity of food, and still be cheerful. From the above brief description of the country, it is evident that the Esquimaux must ever remain a huntsman and fisherman. In this way alone can he obtain a livelihood in his sterile country.

THE SARAH TUCKER INSTITUTION.

THE name which this Institution bears will suffice to introduce it with acceptance to our readers. It bears the name of one who, while with us, in the faithful use of the talents which the Lord had committed to her

trust, had favoured the church with those deeply-interesting narratives of Mission work in distant fields, "The Rainbow in the North;" "Sunrise in the Tropics;" "The Southern Cross;" so well known to our readers, or with which, if any of them be unacquainted, we recommend their providing themselves as soon as practicable. We know no books so well fitted to serve as introductory books, to be placed in the hands of those who are ignorant of, and, at the same time, prejudiced against, Missionary operations; who are ignorant because they are prejudiced and will not examine, and whose prejudices are sustained by their ignorance. These books come so attractively, so persuasively, they are so modestly, and yet so ably written, that many who would refuse other books, cannot bring themselves to reject these.

In the hearts of her friends, this excellent Christian lady has many remembrances. At Madras, where her brother was so long the Corresponding Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, an Institution, bearing her name, has been raised in memorial of her. It is well she should be remembered, not only at home, but on the Mission field. "If ever," observes the Rev. E. Sargent, "there be a name to be remembered by the female portion of our native converts in Tinnevely, and endeared to the heart of our old Missionary families by substantial aid to their work, in funds, Christian courteous encouragement, and counsel in correspondence, it is that of the Christian friend whose name is commemorated in this Institution. The liberality of friends, who have embalmed her memory on their hearts, has here set on foot an Institution for training Christian schoolmistresses, and educating the daughters of our native clergy; and we have every reason to feel thankful for the commencement now made, and the promise it affords of future extensive usefulness. When the building, now in course of erection, is completed, and all the appliances of the training system in full practice, this will be, we believe, the most efficient Institution of its kind in South India, if it please God to continue the health of those to whose management it is confided.

The number now on the list are as follows—

Training for schoolmistresses	8
Native clergymen's daughters	9
Children in the practising school	48

These pupils, at the end of last year, passed through a searching examination, conducted first, for a week, by written papers, and then by a public one, in which the questions were answered by word of mouth.

The results were satisfactory. May they each have that sterling Christianity which will enable them to sustain the test of a life-long examination!

PALSIED BENJAMIN THE NESTORIAN.

(From the "*American Missionary Herald*.")

ON our way to Gawar,—a first visit to that interesting field of former Missionary labours,—we passed a night at Nazeé. We arrived just at dark, and as we expected to resume our journey early on the next morning, we went at once to see palsied Benjamin, of whose simple piety, shining

brightly amid deep poverty and protracted suffering, we had heard frequent mention.

While as yet there was not a single regenerated person known in his village, and he himself was not spiritually awakened, he set his heart on learning to read. The priest, even, who taught the school, so far as is known, was not a converted man then. With great diligence Benjamin applied himself to his spelling-book. The Missionary, in his visits to the school, always found him in his place, a man in the midst of children. So closely did he study, that at the end of the first winter he found he had seriously injured his eyesight, and he never again resumed his studies. During the winter in school, he had heard the Testament read daily, and it would seem that the truth thus lodged in his heart was the only instrument which the Spirit used for his conversion. When, and precisely how this took place, we have not been able to ascertain. He was the first one in his village to abandon the old faith, and accept of Christ as the only way of salvation. Shortly after, he was attacked with palsy, which for months confined him to his bed, scarcely able to move a limb. With this began a life of unmitigated poverty and deep distress.

His love to his newly-found Saviour impelled him to speak freely of Christ to all his neighbours, before his sickness, in his daily contact with them, and afterwards, whenever one chanced to come in to see him. Their enmity was thus greatly roused, and he was stigmatized as one of the "Inglese" (the name applied to all who have accepted the teachings of the Missionaries, converted or unconverted). Not able to work and provide for himself, he was dependent on the charity of his neighbours. The Bishop commanded the people to have nothing to do with him, not even to minister to his wants; an injunction that was faithfully obeyed by all except the priest of the village, who, having become enlightened if not converted, dared to visit and nurture the poor invalid. He was reduced to great straits; and when he was in deepest necessity, even his wife would desert him for a longer or shorter time.

Many were the afflictions of this righteous man, but his faith and love failed not. The Lord sustained and comforted him in them all. By almost a miracle of grace, his sister, in another village, was converted from a life of infamy to a life of unusual consecration to Christ, and she has since been his companion when deserted by his wife. They two have read the Scriptures together extensively, comforting and strengthening each other in faith and hope. Their lives give evidence of much holy communion with their Redeemer.

When we reached his abode, we waited in the outer passage a few moments for a light. He, learning who his visitors were, welcomed us from within, with hearty salutation, in tones of peculiar joy and delight. Following the feeble light that was brought, we entered his room, worthy of no better name than a hovel. It was the meanest and most insignificant abode which we had entered among all the Nestorians. It seemed little else than a hole in the ground, so close together were the mud walls and mud roof.

It is now six years since the first attack of palsy. At present he is a little better, and is able to go about somewhat. We found him sitting up in his bed. His delight at seeing us was evident from his glowing

face and animated voice. The whole scene was one to enhance our view of the preciousness of the Gospel of Christ, that could work such a wonder in dark Persia. He manifestly relished spiritual themes, and with fixed attention, his face radiant with satisfaction and joy, he listened to the comforting, edifying words spoken by the native brother with us, a fervent preacher of the Gospel. He told us some things about himself; how, lately, he had been in much spiritual doubt, tempted to distrust God, when, on a Sabbath afternoon, the priest came in to visit him as usual, and read to him of Pilgrim's conflict with Apollyon. He took courage from Pilgrim's success, and has been joyful ever since. That book is now a continual feast to him. We asked him what thought was the sweetest to him. He replied, "That Christ died in my stead."

He patiently awaits the will of the Lord; rejoicing when he is able to get out, that he may speak with his neighbours of Christ, and of the world to come; and cheerfully resigned when his disease confines him to his bed. He is truly a shining trophy of saving grace. That dark mud hovel in Nazec will be exchanged, ere long, for a mansion in the golden city. How glorious such a change, how wonderful the love that makes it possible!

At some future time I will give a sketch of his pious, self-sacrificing sister, Sarra. B. L.

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#### THE HINDU CONVERT.

A HINDU youth, a student at the Indian College in Calcutta, whose father is a native, and possesses immense wealth, was converted a few years ago to the Christian faith. He renounced his birthright, his fortune, and all worldly good, and received Christian baptism on the 8th of February 1843.

The following verses were composed by him in the English language, with which he must have become quite familiar. They were published in the columns of a Calcutta paper, which is hostile to Missions; but the simplicity and originality of the verses were so striking, that their publication was gladly allowed.

Long sunk in superstition's night,  
By sin and sorrow riven,  
I saw not, cared not for the light  
That leads the blind to heaven.

I sat in darkness. Reason's eye  
Was shut—was closed on me:  
I hastened to eternity  
O'er Error's dreadful sea.

But now at length Thy grace, O Lord,  
Bids all around me shine;  
I drink Thy sweet, Thy precious word,  
And kneel before Thy shrine.

I've broke affection's tenderest ties,  
For my blest Saviour's sake;  
All, all I love beneath the skies,  
Lord, I for Thee forsake.



**\*THE MOVEMENT AMONGST THE SLAVES IN TRAVANCORE.**

IN the early days of the Gospel dispensation we find Paul saying to the Corinthian church, "Ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called. But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence."

And so it is in the Travancore Mission at the present time. While the high castes are difficult of access, and slow to move, the slave population is rapidly opening to the influence of Gospel truth, and many amongst them are being gathered in. In three of the districts of that Mission 400 have been baptized from the slave population alone within the last few years. Their sincerity and strong attachment to the truth is shown in the constancy with which they have held fast their profession amidst the most bitter persecution. The Rev. H. Andrews, our Missionary at Pallam, says of those in his district—

At Pallam (north) the prayer-house has been thronged. In a former report I traced this deeply-interesting work of the Spirit amongst those who were once so callous. I have now to add that seventy-nine, nearly all adults, have been admitted into the visible church during the past month. Although, from weakness, I was unable to go to them, I found that they could come to me thrice a week, thus giving me an opportunity for a careful examination of them. I was quite astonished as I went deeper into the character of the work that had been carried on in their hearts. I remarked that their realization of the necessity for continual dependence on the Holy Spirit, and a great desire and carefulness to avoid sin in any shape, formed a very prominent feature in the work. They all had a very clear idea of the necessity and of the intensity of Christ's sufferings, and of a very simple filial trust in God as their loving Father. Little more than a year ago these same people had the very lowest ideas of the distinction between right and wrong: now they exceed in spiritual apprehension many of the old members of the congregation here. All the candidates have learnt the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and Ten Commandments, and the explanation of them as contained in the Church Catechism. Many have learnt to read very fairly, and all will, I hope, in time be able to do so. They buy all the books they wish for, and have shown in other ways a most hopeful independence. Preparatory to baptism they purchased their own new cloths, with the addition of coarse jackets for the women, which were made by our school-girls. Soon after baptism, those who belonged to Kurrachi, about three miles from here, separated from the Pallam inquirers, and put up a nice little prayer-house for themselves in their own place. They have begun a church fund, and their headman is their reader, without any pay. I could write much about this man, an unusually firm, judicious, and earnest character, who has long been

seeking the truth, and is a very earnest reader of all the books that he can afford to buy. Although the North-Pallam congregation has thus divided, I notice very little difference in the attendance, new inquirers supplying the place of the Kurrachee people, while at the new prayer-house at Kurrachee the attendance is equally large. So that, although eighty have been baptized, more than one hundred are still learning, and others are joining. One little incident I must not pass over. When our excellent Resident paid us a short visit last February, some scores of the slaves, including a few from the East, had occasion to come to me. Seeing the palankeen and peons coming, they took to flight, but, after a time, mustered up courage to come near. Mr. Maltby, on hearing who they were, requested me to call them close, and, on learning what would be most acceptable to them, gave such as could read either a Prayer-book or a Bible, to their great joy. The moral effect of this condescension, on the high-caste natives has been very great.

From this brief sketch of the work of the past half-year, it will seem, as before remarked, that amidst much trial we have had much joy. I have been unable to keep a journal for that time, which I much regret, as so much of the deepest interest has occurred. On adding one little fact, proving the nature of this work, I must conclude this subject. Among the slaves examined, I had much hesitation respecting one man, whose answers were not very clear, and in whose heart the work of grace appeared to be less distinctly defined. His consistent walk for a long time, and the testimony of the others, at length prevailed with me, and I put down his name. He had four children, the eldest about nine, a very engaging child, who had learned well, and given me much pleasure. She died the day before baptism, being seized with cholera within a few hours of her last examination. The father brought the remaining three to be baptized with himself and wife. Of these, the eldest was seized by cholera the same day, but appeared to recover, and was taken home. On the following day it was again seized, and expired within an hour. Almost at the same moment the next child gently laid down its little head, and, without showing any particular symptoms, breathed its last. It was cholera of the worst type. Some adults, I hear, have died in the same way, giving no time for obtaining medicine. On the Sunday following the baptism the father came here with his only remaining child: his resignation was most Christian, though his grief was very deep. Another father lost two children out of three. Both the parents, in each case, have themselves also been seized, but recovered. Throughout they have shown themselves real, prayerful, trusting children of God.

Of these poor people, some are called Eastern slaves. They are regarded as specially degraded, and the Converts from amongst them have had to endure much.

Persecution, (writes Mr. Andrews), has done its worst among them, beating of the females having been tried, when beating of the men had failed. But the real inquirers stood firm, and on June 28th I had the happiness of baptizing two of the chief men with their wives. Six more were also chosen, but were seized on that morning by their masters. I think it probable that a large body of these

poor slaves will leave their dearly-loved jungles for the low country, where law and justice can be obtained in a degree. Their great difficulty is that they will no longer be able to get their usual food—the wild yams and other roots.”

Who can tell how much of good may be done to the upper castes of Travancore by this movement amongst the lowest? Assuredly no more convincing proof of the power of the Gospel could be afforded them than a happy change in the character and habits of this degraded class.

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#### BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

(From the “*Home and Foreign Record*,” Philadelphia.)

IN one of our New-England villages on the seacoast, a few months ago, a German sailor, being desirous of acquiring the English language, entered his name as a scholar in the district school, and secured board in the same family with his teacher. He was a bronzed, weather-beaten man, of twenty-six years, of fine, benevolent countenance, and, though of rough exterior, gave indications of an intelligent mind. But he had no hope, and was, like too many sailors, “without God in the world.”

His outward deportment was generally correct, and his attendance on the house of God regular; hence he very soon attracted the attention of the villagers. Among those who became interested in the stranger, was little Mary B——, the pastor’s daughter, and she soon learned enough to know that he was accessible by one channel at least, and that was his mother tongue. After some effort, she found a couple of tracts in the German language, one of which, “Bob, the Cabin Boy,” she handed to him on the Sabbath, as he was leaving the church.

The kind tones of the little Missionary’s voice, as she asked him to accept and read it, fell pleasantly on the sailor’s ear. He took it home, and laid it on his table, with the view of reading it. His room-mate, the school-teacher, attracted by the type, picked up the tract, but, finding it religious, threw it down again, saying, as he did so, “Pshaw! You are not going to read that, are you?” The sailor said, “Oh, yes, I will read it: Mary, the minister’s daughter, gave it to me;” and, suiting the action to the word, he began to read. As he read, his interest increased, and he laid it down with regret when finished. It had touched his heart, and he read it again and again.

At night, when he retired, he took it up again—the only thing in that place that spoke to him in his mother tongue, and called up the remembrance of his mother’s prayers. His life passed in review: he saw himself a sinner. In the absence of the Bible, he turned again to his tract, and, in an agony of grief, imitated “Bob, the Cabin Boy;” and poured out his soul before God, with strong crying and tears, till He who giveth liberally to all men, and “upbraideth not,” assured him that his sins were laid on Jesus, the Lamb of God; and his soul rejoiced in God his Saviour.

It was now his turn to act the Missionary, and he became the teacher, while the teacher, his room-mate, sat at his feet and listened to the

wondrous story, as it flowed in loving accents from the loosened tongue of his changed pupil. The result showed the power of truth, and the efficacy of prayer. The teacher became a child of God, gave up his school at the end of the term, and entered Bowdoin College to fit himself for future usefulness, if God shall accept him, in the ministry.

This man of the sea speaks and reads many languages. The writer requested him to enumerate them. They are as follows—German, Polish, Lithuanian, Russian, Holland, Flemish, Portuguese, and English. In most of the above, including the English, he now reads and writes intelligibly. In answer to the inquiry, "Now, what can you do in all these languages?" he replied, while the tear of joy gathered in his eyes, "I can tell in all these languages what Christ has done for my soul, and, by the grace of God, I will do so as long as I live."

He has gone forth again upon the waters, not any longer as a careless blasphemer, but as a Missionary of the cross of Christ, a "living epistle," to be literally "known and read of all men."

Are you doing any thing for the sons of the sea? Imitate little Mary. Drop a tract in the hard hand, and a soft word of kindness and sympathy in the ear, and, by God's grace, you shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins.

C. J. J.

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#### KRISHNU'S HYMN.

A LETTER from Ahmednuggur, published in the "Bombay Guardian," contains the following statement—"There was a greater spirit of prayer than I have ever before witnessed in India. A hymn composed by Krishnu Rao, in the native metre, was sung. It was in respect to Christ's sufferings for us, and it had a great effect upon the people." This hymn has been translated as follows—

He who yielded once his breath,  
Sinful man to save from death,  
O my soul, forget not Him,  
Forget not Him.

Troubled soul! forget no more  
God's best gift, thy richest store,—  
Christ the Lord, whose holy name  
Now saves from shame.

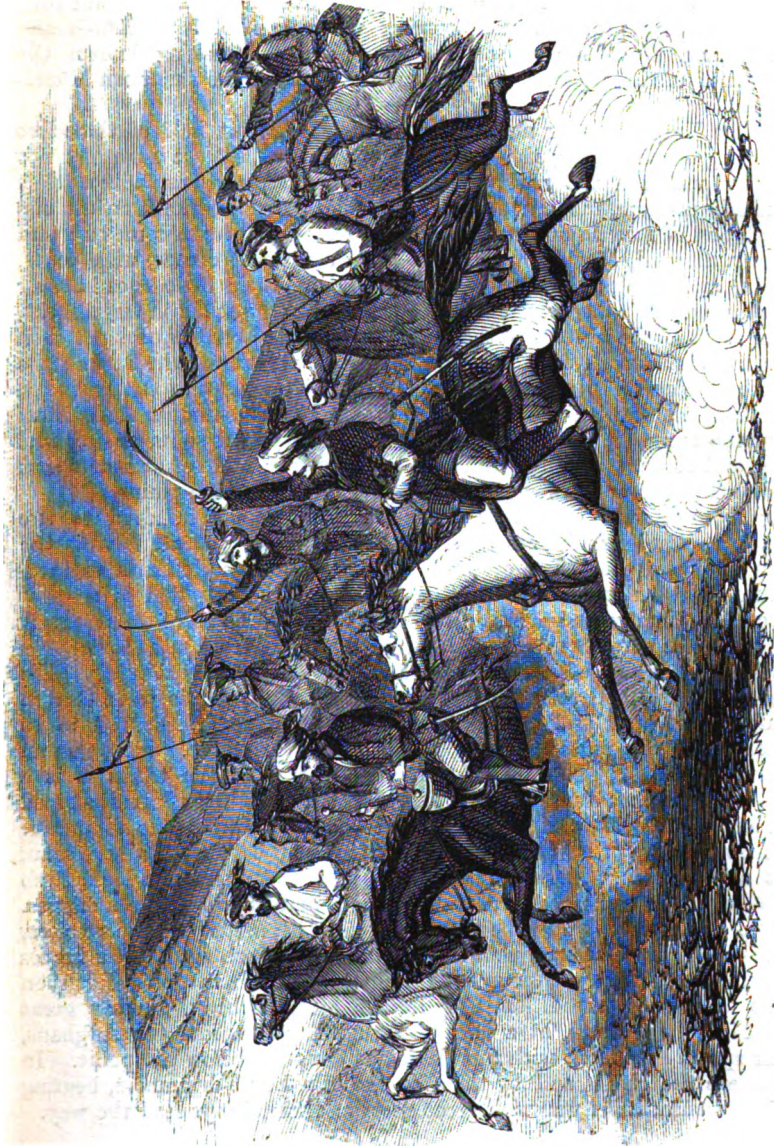
Cease thy fruitless toil and care,  
Christ will all thy burden bear;  
Grace and love shall sooth the breast  
That sighs for rest.

He is truth and mercy mild;  
He in death with pity smiled—  
Shed his crimson blood abroad;  
Leads man to God.

Faithful Friend! on Thee I call,  
By day, by night, my all in all;  
Thy name, sweet Jesus, brings relief,  
And stays my grief.

**KURDISTAN.**

**KURDISTAN** is the eastern province of Asiatic Turkey, bordering on Persia, a wild and mountainous country, a range of lofty, snow-covered mountains running throughout it from north to south. It is inhabited by a mixed people, the Kurds, who are Mussulmans, and the Nestorians,

**GROUP OF MOUNTED KURDS.**

or, as they call themselves, Nusrány, and sometimes Nusrány Siriany, or Syrian Christians. Some of them inhabit the plains which lie along the western shore of Lake Oroomiah, while others occupy the most inaccessible portions of the Kurdish mountains, where they long maintained their independence against the onslaught of the Kurds, until at length they were overpowered by them, and suffered at their hands grievous calamities. Now, the Turkish Government having subdued this refractory province, and keeping under control both Kurds and Nestorians, there is an opportunity afforded for making known the Gospel of Christ, which is being earnestly done by the American Missionaries.

"The Kurds number nearly two millions. About half of them live in villages, cultivating the land, and the other half are nomads; not exactly wandering, for they have well-defined circuits, which they annually perform, moving down to the mild plains of Persia on the one hand, and of Assyria on the other, as the frosts of autumn come on; and then, with early spring, commencing their upward course, with tents, flocks, and herds; the hardy females bearing their little ones in their cradles on their backs, the older children being packed in large sacks, often with lambs to balance them, and thus slung over the backs of oxen or cows, their heads only emerging from the mouths of the sacks; the whole motley throng often moving from encampment to encampment, gradually rising with the advancing season, till midsummer finds them near the summits, in the neighbourhood of perpetual snow, among cool rills, and verdant pastures, and redolent flowers; and as summer wanes and autumn returns, they gradually again descend to the plains.

"Those Kurds consist of many tribes, from one hundred to two hundred, speaking dialects more or less different, yet all having the Persian radically as their origin. The tribes possess elements so incoherent that extensive combination is impracticable, which is a great favour to Turkey and Persia; for could the Kurds have been firmly united, those empires might often have been laid waste by them."

The appearance of a Kurd of the upper class is very striking. His face is somewhat Grecian, but thin, resembling the heads to be seen in sculpture of ancient Persians, from whom they are considered to be descended. His person is meagre, like that of an Arab. He wears an enormous turban, generally a shawl. With some of the tribes it is a particular manufacture of wool and silk, imported from Mosul, striped red and white, with a long fringe of red hanging down on the shoulders. His trousers are of enormous size, showing that the owner is a horseman, not a pedestrian. He wears a short jacket, and, over all, a loose Arab *abbā*, black or white, made of camels' hair, and in his girdle a dagger. In public they are a grave people, and speak with loud, boisterous voices, like men accustomed to pass their lives in the open air. Their horses are small but hardy creatures, of Arab blood. When going forth on some plundering expedition, they form a compact body, making great way over the ground, at a pace half-walk half-trot, like the Affghans, their spears held aloft, with the black tuft dangling below the point. In front are the chiefs, and by the side are the kettle-drummers, beating their instruments of war with great energy: these always lead the way.

Three or four American Missionaries have devoted themselves to the evangelization of these mountain districts, with the aid of native preachers. The enterprise is an arduous one, yet rich in promise, and sure, in due time, to be crowned with an abundant harvest.

#### HASSAN, THE PERSECUTED TURKISH CONVERT.

HASSAN was born of Kurdish parents near Kharpoot. He went, in early life, to Constantinople, learned the shoemakers' trade, received from his partners some knowledge of Christianity, and frequently attended the Armenian church. He subsequently professed himself anxious to become a Christian, but, meeting with persecution from the Moslems, appeared to give up his intention, although secretly seeking baptism, first from the Armenians, and then from the Greek and Romish ecclesiastics. In this state he was found by one of the native helpers of the American Mission, who laboured earnestly to instruct him in the way of salvation. He received the truth with great gladness of heart. The Roman-Catholic Bishop, hearing of his attaching himself so closely to Abkar, sent for him, and inquired why he went to the Protestants. He replied, "I came first to you to be baptized. You neither baptized me nor taught me the way of the Lord, but turned me away empty. The Protestant has instructed me in regard to the doctrines and duties of the Christian religion. For six months, according to his advice, I have closed my shop, and done no business on the Lord's-day."

From the time that he was fully enlightened, he ceased not to preach Christ and Him crucified to all persons as he had opportunity—to Moslems and Jews, to Greeks, Armenians, and Roman Catholics—until the first day of the last month of Ramazan, when, instigated by his father-in-law and other bigoted Turks, the Pasha caused his arrest and imprisonment. On the fourth day he was called before the Pasha, and asked, "Are you a Moslem?" He replied, "No. I believe not in Mohammed, who is dead, but in Christ, who liveth evermore. My rule of faith is this book"—showing his New Testament. The Pasha said, "Religion is free; you can be what you like; but why have you, an apostate, been living with a faithful woman (his Moslem wife)?" Upon this he was remanded to prison. Standing without were his father-in-law and other Turks, who, as he came out, seized him by the throat, and would have strangled him to death on the spot, but for the interference of the Pasha. He was taken to prison and put in chains.

A second time he was called, again professed his faith in Christ, and was again remanded to prison, and chains upon his neck were added to manacles and fetters. The iron with which he was bound amounted to from 150 to 200 pounds weight. But had he been left to the cold iron, his treatment would have been tolerable compared with that which he received at the barbarous hands of his guard, who practised upon him every species of cruelty. He was not again called before the Pasha, but in the extremity of his sufferings at the hands of the inhuman guard, and in their presence, he pronounced the formula of acknowledging Mohammed. It seems to have been well understood that the recantation was forced, for he was not thereupon set free. After six or eight

weeks' imprisonment in Angora, he was sent to the Pasha at Yozgat, to whom the Pasha in Angora is answerable. The impression in Angora was that he would be sent thence to the arsenal at Sinope, where he would find imprisonment and employment for life; but he has succeeded in escaping to Constantinople, where he has found the American Missionaries, who pronounce him to be a thoroughly sincere man, of an earnest inquiring mind, though of little education.

#### THE MARTYR OF ISHAGGA.

THE news received from the Yoruba country is of a very grave character. Sanguinary deeds have been perpetrated by the King of Dahomey; and these, unless God in his good providence interferes, are only the preparation for others more disastrous, and on a more extended scale.

A few miles west of Abbeokuta the traveller enters Ketu, the Egbado province of the Yoruba kingdom, which is in length about two days' journey. The river Opara is the western boundary of this province, dividing it from Dahomey. There are in this province various important towns, such as Ishagga, Ilaro, Ketu, &c. Of these, Ishagga, which lies westward of Abbeokuta some twenty-eight miles, had been occupied as one of our stations, at first by an European and a native catechist, but on the health of the European labourer giving way, the charge devolved entirely on the native brother, Mr. Thomas Doherty.

He was a tried man, well known to our Missionary, the Rev. C. A. Gollmer, who had often employed him on important services. One of those occasions may be mentioned, as it throws light on the character of this good man.

Ketu is now the capital of the province, and the residence of the King, who is called Alaketu, as the King of Abbeokuta is called Alake. A new Alaketu having been elected in 1859, Mr. Gollmer resolved to approach him, and, if possible, obtain from him permission for the commencement of Missionary operations at Ketu. He accordingly sent there three of his most experienced Scripture readers, of whom Thomas Doherty was one. It is customary on these occasions to furnish messengers with a sort of staff, or something else, to identify the message. Kings send a short sceptre-like staff; captains of war send a sword; minor celebrities silver-sheathed knives, billhooks, &c.; and Europeans make use of a staff or stick. Mr. Gollmer selected as his message-staff the Yoruba Prayer-book, together with a little stick, in compliance with native fashion. These two the messenger presented to the King; the one, the stick, as the message-staff from man; and the Prayer-book as the message-staff from God, with a message of peace. Thomas Doherty was the messenger. The King asked him to read God's message from the book; and he did so in these words—"When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness," &c.

The King, surprised, exclaimed, "Is it so?" "Yes," replied Doherty: "God wills that all men turn from their evil way and live." "I never heard that before," said the King; "it is different from what the Moham-medans tell me;" and forthwith he sent for the great mallam, who styled himself sheriff, a venerable-looking Hausa old man. An interesting con-



versation ensued, which ended in the Mohammedan priests speaking much in praise of "white man," and "white man's book," assuring the King that the message was good, and urging him to hold it fast.

A little flock of converts and inquirers was gathered at Ishagga, the congregation numbering about sixty. There were also a few day schools and a Sunday school, attended by most of the congregation; but Ishagga has ceased to be: the King of Dahomey has destroyed it. This savage African despot is the terror of all the surrounding provinces and kingdoms. He has a disciplined army of 40,000 men and 10,000 amazons, all armed with firelocks, and some with rifles. He came upon Ishagga in March last. This is not the first time that Ishagga has been assaulted by the Dahomians. In January 1851, after their defeat before the walls of Abbeokuta, the Dahomians fell upon Ishagga; but the Egbas coming up to the help of the townspeople, the invaders were put to flight with great loss. But now at length they have succeeded. The place was invested in the night by an overwhelming force, and the whole of the population, numbering between 3000 and 4000, made prisoners. About one-third were slaughtered on the spot, and the rest carried away to be sold as slaves, or slaughtered at the annual customs at Abomey. Amongst these were Thomas Doherty and the native Christians.

On the previous invasion of 1851, the Dahomians had carried away one of the Christian converts, named John Dasalu; and as he had not been slain, but only sold into slavery, it was hoped that Doherty might be spared. This, however, is not the case. He has been put to death under circumstances of great barbarity. A Dutch merchant, ordered up by the King from the seaport, Whydah, to witness the customs, saw the body of poor Doherty crucified against a large tree, one nail through the forehead, one through the heart, and one through each hand and foot, the left arm being bent, and a large cotton umbrella in his grasp. Nor has he died alone: the Christian converts, so far as we can gather, have all perished with him, having been butchered in the most horrible manner. Many of the chiefs and people of Ishagga have been also sufferers. In the midst of these butcheries the shock of an earthquake was felt: it did not awe the savage King or stay his cruelty. He said it was his father's spirit complaining that the customs were not made proper; and forthwith three Ishagga chiefs were ordered by him to be slain, that they might go and tell his father that "customs should be better than ever."

Amidst all these horrors there was a grand review of the troops, whom the King harangued, promising them the sack of Abbeokuta in November, when, should he succeed, and our Missionaries, European and native, fall into his power, he will, no doubt, treat them as he did Thomas Doherty.

May the Lord be their defence and shield in this time of danger, and may many prayers be offered up by the Christians of the United Kingdom, that the boasting of the enemy may be confounded, and preservation vouchsafed to their flocks, and the city in which they dwell!

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#### SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK ON THE CIVILIZATION OF JAPAN.

AT the recent Annual Meeting of the British Association at Cambridge, Sir R. Alcock thus expressed himself with respect to the

present condition of the Japanese empire, and the peculiar difficulties which prevent its being fully opened to intercourse with Europeans—

The Japanese had one great element of superiority over the Chinese, in being devoid of that stupid, stolid conceit which led the Chinaman to suppose that he was wiser and better than all the rest of the world. If the Japanese could only deliver themselves from the overruling feudalism of their institutions, there was hardly any limit to the commercial intercourse which might spring up between the two countries. Their civilization might then to a further extent fuse and amalgamate with our own, and the way would be opened for the spread of Christianity in Japan. The native aptitude, quickness, and intelligence of the Japanese were such that they would soon discover the means of opening up new channels of trade with Europe. A successful conflict with feudality was, however, the inevitable condition of progress in that country. The feudal nobles and proprietors of Japan had the sense to perceive that the knell of feudalism was struck as soon as commerce with European nations once took root, and they therefore wished to nip the evil in the bud, and check the growing desire for European commerce before it was too late. In this design they were ready, not only to encounter the power of great European nations, but to run the risk of civil commotion. If the feudal element could be overthrown, or reduced within due limits, there were scarcely any bounds to the trade which might spring up with Japan. The Japanese produced silk in great abundance and of the finest quality. Their tea was of so fine a quality that large quantities were sent to China for the purpose of giving flavour to indifferent tea. It was true that 8000 bales of silk were now exported, and that this quantity might be largely increased. The Government and the feudal nobles, who possessed the land, would, however, probably interpose to prevent this and other articles from coming to the ports. Our trade with Japan already amounted to 1,000,000*l.* sterling, which was a wonderful increase when the difficulties interposed in the way of trade were taken into account. The great danger and insecurity arose from the jealousy of the ruling powers. There were 620 feudal nobles in Japan, who had 200,000 armed men or retainers ready to give up their lives at the beck of their superiors. With regard to the population of Japan, he (Sir R. Alcock) had, perhaps, travelled more into the interior than any European of modern times; and if he might judge of the amount of population by what he saw on the high roads, he should be disposed to place it at not less than 30,000,000. From the swarms of children that he everywhere saw, he should also say that the Japanese were largely increasing in numbers. The power of producing vegetable wax, silk, and tea, was almost unlimited. The country was rich in minerals, and there was an abundance of coal if the Japanese should be induced to work their mines properly. One Japanese landed proprietor thought he could work his mines best by steam, and he accordingly ordered a European steam-engine to be sent to him. Two years afterwards, being in the neighbourhood, he (Sir R. Alcock), at the peril of his life, stepped off the high roads to visit the mines. He found the steam-engine lying outside, unused and rusty. On inquiring why it had not been used, he was told

that the Japanese coalowner would not put it up because it would take the bread out of the mouths of his people. The political economy of Japan was diametrically opposed to all extension of commerce with foreign countries. It was a favourite doctrine among many of the Japanese that free trade was bringing them to poverty. It might, therefore, be a long time before they would freely take European manufactures. They got silver in exchange for their goods, but they said they could not eat silver, and they contended that the condition of the bulk of the people was injured rather than improved by foreign commerce. Their jealousy of Europeans was excessive. A Dutch commissioner, who had been many years in Japan, was repeatedly told that he had been too long there, and that he knew too much. He was therefore urged to leave the country. The American Secretary of Legation, who had been some years in Japan, and had learnt the language, so that he could act as an interpreter, was repeatedly warned to take care, and was told that he also knew too much. The day before this gentleman was cut down and slaughtered in the streets some one came to him, and earnestly said, "Take care; go away; you know too much." So great was the jealousy with which he (Sir R. Alcock) was regarded, that he found it impossible to hold intercourse with any but officials and ministers, the Japanese Government finding means to prevent his communicating in a social and friendly manner with any of the gentlemen of the country. The feudal system of Japan, he would repeat, lay in the path of commerce, and the sooner it was broken down or pushed out of the way the better.

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"AT EVENTIDE THERE SHALL BE LIGHT."

Six hundred miles north of the Cape of Good Hope lies the country of the Basutos, fortified toward the south by mountains from 1500 to 1800 feet high, formed of basalt and other primitive rocks, blocks of which lie in ruined masses on the plains, surrounded with knotted shrubs, raspberry-bushes, and wild convolvuli; and on the tufted grass, which covers the mountain sides, aloes and groups of everlasting are scantily sprinkled. The country is solitary and desolate on first entering it; but as the traveller draws near its principal town, its aspect changes, and there appear fields cultivated with care, and well-kept flocks of sheep. Here, on a mountain in the form of a pentagon, the "Chief of the Mountain," or King of the Basutos, holds his court. The following account of the conversion of his uncle to Christianity is given by the French Protestant Missionaries, who have laboured there for upwards of thirty years—

Libe, an uncle of Moshesh, King of the Basutos, had witnessed, with the greatest displeasure, the arrival of the Missionaries. "Why are these strangers not driven away?" said he one day to his friend, Khoabane, a prudent, influential man. "Why should they be driven away?" said he. "They do us no harm: let us listen to what they have to say: no one obliges us to believe them." "That is what Moshesh and you are

always repeating : you will find out your mistake when it is too late." Libe was nearly eighty years of age when he spoke in this manner.

Some time after, taking advantage of the peace which reigned in the plain, Libe quitted the arid heights of Thaba-Bosio for the smiling valleys of Korokoro, and chose a hill of considerable elevation as the site of his village. The sole desire of the old chief was to procure good pastures for his flocks, and to escape from our wearisome preaching.

He soon saw with vexation that we had found our way to his dwelling. How could we abandon him—a man on the brink of the tomb? He was generally to be found covered with disgusting rags, squatted near the door of his hut, endeavouring to lessen the tedium of solitude by plaiting rushes.

One would have thought that Libe, forsaken by every one, would have received with joy the consoling promises of the only religion which can dispel the terrors of death. But no; at the first sound of our voices a smile of hatred and scorn played upon his lips. "Depart!" cried he; "I know you not. I will have nothing to do with you or your God. I will not believe in Him until I see Him with my own eyes. Would your God be able to transform an old man into a young one?" said he one day to my colleague of Moriah. Just at this moment, the rising sun shot his rays across the defiles of the Malutis. "Yes," answered this servant of Christ: "you see this sun, which will soon be six thousand years old; it is as young and beautiful to-day as it was when it shone upon the world for the first time. My God has the power to perform what you ask; but He will not perform it in your favour, because you have sinned, and every sinner must die." At the sound of this last word, Libe became furious, and, turning his back on our friend, replied, "Young man, importune me no more; and if you wish me to listen to you, go and fetch your father from beyond the sea: he, perhaps, may be able to instruct me."

The violence of his animosity was especially manifested on the occasion of the interment of one of his daughters, at which I was invited to officiate by the husband of the deceased, and some other members of the family. The procession had preceded me, and I was following slowly towards the grave, praying to the Lord to enable me to glorify Him, when I saw Libe rushing towards me with a rapidity which only rage could give him. His menacing gestures plainly showed his design in coming, and I trembled at the prospect of being obliged to defend myself. Happily, his sons no sooner saw him appear than they ran to my aid: they begged him respectfully to retire, but he was deaf to their entreaties, and a struggle was the inevitable consequence. The wretched old man, exhausting himself by vain efforts, reduced his children to the grievous necessity of laying him on the ground, and keeping him in that position during the whole service. When I passed near him, on going away, he exerted all his strength to disengage himself, and ended by knocking his head violently against the ground. At length he ceased, being quite worn out with fatigue.

After this deplorable incident, we discontinued our visits to Libe, for fear of contributing to increase his condemnation: we inquired, however, from time to time, if he was still living, and sent him friendly messages

by his neighbours. What was my surprise one day on receiving an invitation to go to him! The messenger that he sent was radiant with joy. "Libe, prays," said he, with emotion, "and begs you to go and pray with him." Perceiving on my lips a smile of incredulity, the pious Tsiu continued his address as follows—"Yesterday morning Libe sent for me into his hut, and said, 'My child, can you pray? Kneel down by me, and pray God to have mercy on the greatest of sinners. I am afraid, my child, this God that I have so long denied has made me feel his power in my soul. I know now that He exists. I have not any doubt of it. Who will deliver me from that fire which can never be quenched? I see it! I see it! Do you think God will pardon me? I refused to go and hear his word while I was still able to walk. Now that I am blind, and almost deaf, how can I serve Jehovah?' Here," added Tsiu, "Libe stopped a moment, and then asked, 'Have you your book with you?' I answered that I had. 'Well, open it, and place my finger on the name of God.' I did as he wished. 'It is there, then, cried he, the beautiful name of God. Now place my finger on that of Jesus, the Saviour.'"

Such was the touching recital of this bearer of good tidings sent me by Libe, and I soon had the pleasure of assuring myself of the reality of this wonderful conversion. For nearly a year my co-worker at Moriah shared with me the happy task of ministering to this old man, whom grace had rendered as docile as a little child. In order to lose none of our instructions, Libe usually took our hands in his, and, putting his ear close to our lips, repeated, one after the other, the words that we uttered, begging us to correct him if he made any mistake. He was baptized in his own village. This ceremony attracted a crowd of people, who were desirous of seeing him who had persecuted us, and who now preached the faith which once he sought to destroy. Four aged members of the church at Moriah carried the neophyte, who was too feeble to move alone, and deposited him on a kind of couch in the midst of the assembly. Although we were not without anxiety as to the effects that such varied emotions might have upon him, we thought it our duty, trusting in the Lord, to invite him to give an account of his faith.

"I believe," said he, without hesitation, "in Jehovah, the true God, who created me, and who has preserved me to the present hour. He has had pity on me, who hated Him, and has delivered Jesus to death to save me. Oh, my Master! Oh, my Father! have mercy on me! I have no more strength; my days are ended. Take me to Thyself: let death have nothing of me but these poor bones. Preserve me from hell and the devil! Oh, my Father, hear Jesus, who is praying to Thee for me! Oh, my Lord! . . . Oh, my Father!" . . . The old man forgot himself so completely in these pious ejaculations, that my colleague of Moriah, who officiated, was obliged to interrupt him, by putting the following questions—"Do you still place any confidence in the sacrifices that you have been accustomed to make to the spirits of your ancestors?" "How can such sacrifices purify? I believe in them no more: the blood of Jesus is my only hope." "Have you any desire you would like to express to your family, and to the Basutos assembled around you?" "Yes; I desire them to make haste to believe and repent. Let them all

go to the house of God, and listen meekly to what is taught there. My son, where art thou? And thou, my grandson, where art thou? Attend to my last words. Why do you resist God? Your wives are an objection. These women are your sisters, not your wives. Jehovah created one man and one woman, and united them to be one flesh. Oh! submit yourselves to Jesus. He will save you. Leave off war, and love your fellow-creatures." "Why do you desire baptism?" "Because Jesus has said that he who believes and is baptized shall be saved. Can I know better than what my Master tells me?" It is the custom in our stations for the converts, before receiving baptism, to repeat the ancient form of renouncement. It had been explained to Libe, and he had perfectly understood it, but it was impossible for him to learn it, or even to repeat it after the officiating minister. This circumstance was turned to our edification, inasmuch as the embarrassment of the convert brought forth all the ardour of his feelings. "I renounce the world and its pomp," said my colleague. "No," exclaimed Libe; "I do not renounce it now, for I did so long ago." "I renounce the devil and all his works." "The devil!" interrupted the happy believer; "what have I to do with him? He has deceived me for many long years. Does he wish to lead me to ruin with himself? I leave hell to him: let him possess it alone." "I renounce the flesh and its lusts." Another exclamation. "Are there no joys but those of this world? Have we not in Jesus pleasures which satisfy us?" According to a desire very generally expressed, Libe was surnamed Adam, the father of the Basutos. He died one Sunday morning, shortly after his baptism. One of his grandsons had just been reading to him some verses from the Gospels. "Do you know," said the young man, "that to-day is the Lord's-day." "I know it," he replied: "I am with my God." A few moments after, he asked that a mantle might be spread over him, as he felt overpowered with sleep; and he slept to wake in this world no more.

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#### PEKIN—ITS PRESENT STATE.

PEKIN, situated in the northern extreme of the great plain of north-eastern Asia, walled in by mountains on the north which separate it from Mongolia and Manchouria, is the seat of that heathen power which has so long ruled 350 millions of Chinese. Here is the centre of Chinese idolatry, which has interwoven itself with the throne and Government of China. Here is the "Dragon Throne," and the "Yellow-Tiled Palace." Here, also, is the altar to heaven on the east, and the altar to earth on the west; altars to the sun, to the moon, and to the stars. Here are temples to the gods of the winds, of mountains and hills, rivers and streams of water; to the gods of the soil; to ancestors; to deceased sages, warriors, and emperors. Here are worshipped gods invented in China, and gods imported from India and Tartary.

Pekin is just now full of misery. Cholera is raging there. The mortality is estimated at one thousand a day, and no means of checking it by sanitary measures have been put in force. In the streets, the accumulations of filth are not cleared away, and it is not uncommon to see dead bodies lying for hours on a crowded thoroughfare. The popular

remedy adopted, even by the higher classes, consists in scraping the skin off the neck and arms with an iron cash. At night the inhabitants are kept awake by the unceasing din of gong-beating, crackers, firing of cannon and jingalls, and other fireworks, the intention being to frighten away the demons, who are supposed to have brought the cholera into the city.

What a time to go amongst these poor people, and tell them of Jesus. There are Missionaries there; one belonging to the London Missionary Society, and the other our own well-tried Missionary, the Rev. J. S. Burdon. But they are not permitted openly to make known the Gospel, and thus labour for the evangelization of the people. In other Chinese cities there is no restriction; but in Pekin it is otherwise. The Roman Catholics send their Missionaries freely, and there is, in their case, no obstruction. But a Protestant Missionary is only permitted to reside in Pekin when he is there for other purposes than those of evangelization. Thus, one of the Missionaries, a medical practitioner, has opened a hospital; and Mr. Burdon has been engaged by Prince Kung to teach English to a few young Chinese.

If our English plenipotentiary demanded for the Missionaries the same freedom of action which is permitted in other cities, would it not be granted? Why, then, are they compelled to be silent in this the time of need, when a thousand souls a-day are being hurried into eternity?

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PRAYER USED AT THE OPENING OF THE MEETINGS OF  
THE CORRESPONDING COMMITTEES OF THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

ALMIGHTY GOD, our Heavenly Father, who hast purchased to Thyself an universal Church, by the precious blood of Thy dear Son, we give Thee hearty thanks that it hath pleased Thee to call us to the knowledge of Thy grace and faith in Thee, and to appoint our lot in an age and country, where the true light shineth. We bless Thee that Thou hast awakened us in some measure to feel our responsibilities. We praise Thee for what we have seen and heard of the power of Thy word among the heathen; we adore Thee for Thy many servants who have gone out from amongst us to toil and suffer and die in making known Thy salvation; and we thank Thee that Thou dost allow us, unworthy sinners, to unite together in this work of faith and labour of love.

We humbly confess our past lukewarmness in this Thy service, notwithstanding these thine inestimable benefits and mercies. For our Lord Jesus Christ's sake, forgive us all our negligences, and so endue us with Thy Holy Spirit, that we may more earnestly seek Thy glory in the salvation of souls.

Grant us, we beseech Thee, Thy very present help at these our meetings. We ask, most gracious God and Father, for a constraining sense of the love of the Lord Jesus, and for wisdom to direct us in all our endeavours. Increase upon us the spirit of power and of love and of a sound mind. Give us faith and courage; give us zeal and patience; give us a single eye to Thy glory, and help us to bear and to forbear. The silver

and the gold are Thine, O King of kings! Supply us with what is needful for our great work, and make us faithful stewards of Thy bounty, for proclaiming to the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.

We pray also for all who are united with us in the direction of this sacred cause. May Thine especial blessing rest upon our Committees, with their Secretaries, throughout the world. Bestow on them the help that we feel so needful for ourselves. Enable them to maintain the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace, and ever to find favour in the sight of all with whom they may have to do.

Especially we beseech Thee to look, O most merciful Father, upon our Missionary brethren. Draw out our hearts towards them more and more; and while they are bearing the burden abroad, give us grace to help and succour them by our sympathy and prayers at home. Bless every letter written to them from this house, and all our intercourse with them. We pray for them that they may be filled with Thy Spirit. Grant that the same mind may be in them which was also in Christ Jesus. Let them never lose their first love. Raise them above the cares of this world. Help them to deny themselves, and to endure all things for the elects' sake. Give them the tongue of the learned. Clothe them with humility. Teach them to follow peace with each other, and with all men. Support them under spiritual distresses, temptations of the Adversary, bodily sickness, domestic anxieties, and hope deferred. And so confirm Thy word from their lips by the power of the Holy Ghost, that, through them, multitudes may be turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.

We most heartily thank Thee, O Lord, for those whom Thou hast already sent forth through this Society; and we pray for a yet larger outpouring of a Missionary spirit on our younger Clergy, on the members of our Universities, on the young men of all ranks and orders throughout our land. And herein do we implore Thy special favour on our Islington Institution, that its numbers may be replenished continually; and that none may go forth thence but such as shall be able ministers of the New Testament, full of faith, and of the Holy Ghost.

We praise Thee, O Thou God of all grace, for the Converts, the Native Catechists, and the Native Clergy, whom Thou hast granted to us in our several Missions. As Thou hast raised the Native Churches thus far, bring them, we pray Thee, to full ripeness and perfectness of age in Christ. Pour out upon them Thy Holy Spirit. Stablish, strengthen, settle them, and so enlarge their liberality, that they may both maintain Thy word among themselves, and may make it known to the regions beyond them, till all the Gentiles hear the glad tidings of Thy love.

And now, O Lord God, be Thou in the midst of us to-day. Give us a constant sense of Thy presence, and may all our undertakings be begun, continued, and ended in Thee, to the honour of Thy great name, for the sake of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.





## MISSIONARY WORK IN PALESTINE.

WHEN, after our Lord's ascension and the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, the church commenced to do its Missionary work, the people of the Holy Land had the Gospel preached to them. The



SABACENIC WELL IN JERUSALEM.

population in those days consisted of Jews, with a sprinkling amongst them of Gentiles, and, more especially, of Romans, by whom the country had been conquered, and who were then its masters. The population and circumstances of the country are much changed since then. The main body of the people and peasants are Christians by name, but their Christianity is so corrupted by the inventions and traditions of men, that it is more akin to idolatry, than to the pure Gospel which the Apostles taught. They are Greek Christians, and trust more in Mary than in Jesus, and have their picture worship and relics, and numberless other superstitions. The masters of the land are the Turks, who are by religion Mohammedans. There are a few Jews, an impoverished remnant, who are strangers in the land which had belonged to their forefathers. All alike, Jews, Mohammedans, and so-called Christians, require evangelists, just as much as the people of ancient times; and it is a matter of gratification and thankfulness to know that there are Missionaries amongst them, as of old, to the Jews and to the Gentiles.

It is very satisfactory when we hear the commencement and step-by-step progress of any special Missionary work traced out by one who has been himself in the midst of it, and whose testimony is thus reliable; and we can present to our readers an interesting account of Missionary work in Palestine, drawn out by Dr. Gobat, the Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem. It is as follows:—

“The means which I felt it necessary to employ was Scripture readers. It was exceedingly difficult to find proper instruments. The American Missionaries had been at Bethlehem and Jerusalem for several years, and finding no opening either for schools or for the preaching of the Gospel, they left one or two years before I went there, supposing that their labours had been in vain. They had sown the seed, though sparingly, and it had grown up in two individuals. One of these individuals I appointed a Scripture reader, and sent him first beyond the Jordan, to the wild Arabs, to read the Gospel to them, and then to various places in Palestine; and owing, I believe, to his instrumentality, though he was a man of but little learning, there was a great excitement among Christians of different denominations. They all began to feel that they had abandoned themselves to ignorance and error: this feeling, from time to time, diminished, and again increased; and by degrees some were brought to the knowledge of the truth, whom I could employ in some way as Scripture readers or colporteurs. For the last seven or eight years I have generally had five or six persons of that class under me: at present I have only four, three of the best having died within the last six years. Of results there are two kinds: there are the natives who have joined our church, and formed themselves into Protestant communities; and there are those—a much larger number than the first—who read the Bible notwithstanding the prohibition of their priests, but have not courage to come out of their church, because Protestants are always subjected to persecutions, which are sometimes

carried to great lengths. My object has been, not to make proselytes from the Greek church, but to introduce into that church a little light, and a little life; for there is, generally speaking, neither light nor life in that church, any more than there is in the Roman-Catholic church. As soon as a few members of the Greek church had begun, not only to read but to study the Scriptures, and found that their church was, in error, they were forbidden, by their ecclesiastical superiors, to read the Bible any longer. If they did not obey, and especially if they professed what they had discovered, that the teaching of the Bible was against the errors of their own church, they were excommunicated; notwithstanding which, according to the forms of the Turkish government, they still remained under the power of their priests. But in the year 1852 came that famous firman—the fruit of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's exertions at Constantinople—by which the Turkish Government recognises the Protestant church as having the same right to exist in its dominions as the other churches. In consequence of this, during my absence in 1852, from twenty to twenty-five Greeks left their church at Nablous and formed themselves into a Protestant community. We have now about 500 Protestants in different parts—Judea, Samaria, and Galilee and although I cannot say of the majority of them that they are thoroughly and inwardly converted from “darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God,” I can truly say that they are thoroughly Protestant, in so far that they reject the grosser errors of the Greek and Romish churches—transubstantiation, the worship of pictures and images, the invocation of saints, the adoration of relics, and the like. They are fully persuaded that the Bible is the word of God, and contains all things necessary for salvation. I have said that they are exposed to petty persecutions.

In the last year the persecutions in Galilee have been carried to such an extent, that they might almost be termed great persecutions, though not unto death; but through the exertions, first of Lord Dufferin and afterwards of Colonel Fraser, security for the time from those persecutions was secured for those Protestant communities, four or five months ago. However, the last post has brought me news that several united Greeks—that is, Greeks who have joined the Church of Rome—attacked two Protestants, at a large village half-way between Nazareth and Acre, and that, had it not been for some other Protestants who came to their assistance, they would probably have been seriously injured. It is remarkable that the priests of the Greek church in the villages are not opposed to the reading of the Bible, or the preaching of the Gospel by Protestants, if left alone: it is only when under the influence of the higher ecclesiastics of their church that they interfere. For example, at Rafidieh, in the mountains of Samaria, where there is a Protestant community, we determined to ask for a site to build a chapel, the people having no place sufficient to accommodate all who attended. While I was there the inhabitants of the place met together, including the Greek priest; and the schoolmaster of the village asked those who were in favour of a Protestant church being built to go on one side, and all who were against it to go on the other. The Greek priest very good-naturedly said that he had no objection. Several priests have appeared

powerfully attracted towards the truths of the Gospel; but when it has come to the point of joining a Protestant community, there were some *hooks* by which the higher ecclesiastics kept them in their power.

Two years after I went to Jerusalem, I received a visit from a young priest, who was exceedingly ignorant in reference to religion, though in other respects intelligent. I reproved him sharply for having undertaken to be a guide to the blind, when he was blind himself, exhorted him to study the Bible, and gave him a copy, with an entreaty that he would read a portion of it every day. He went away to his residence in the mountains of Samaria, and for two years I did not hear of him. At the end of that time he came to me again, when I examined him, and found him thoroughly conversant with both the letter and the spirit of the Bible. Having become convinced that the Greek church is in error on most important points, he renounced it, and he is now a Protestant. The head of the Greek monastery, supposing that he had changed his religion for money, sent three or four persons to him every day, to beg him to go back, promising to give him three or four times as much money as, he supposed, I had given him. This lasted for about three weeks; then, seeing they made no impression with their promises, they began to threaten him: they told him that, if he did not return to them, they would take care that he should never see his family again, thereby intimating that they would have him murdered on his way home. Neither did this move him at all; but one day, early in the morning, he received a letter, purporting to come from his wife, in which she said that she was now so oppressed and insulted, that she knew no way of saving herself, except by becoming Mohammedan, with her two sons. The poor man, believing this, was frightened out of his wits, and ran to the Greek monastery to ask for help in trying to prevent his wife from embracing Mohammedanism. As soon as he entered the monastery he was thrown down, and one of the bishops, placing his foot upon his throat, forced him to promise that he would cease to be a Protestant. He did promise against his convictions. But this was not all. When he had made that promise, his persecutors forced him to take a loan from them—no very strong argument is generally required for that purpose, as an Arab can scarcely ever resist an offer of money—and they made him sign an acknowledgment for twice the amount that they gave him, telling him, that if he remained a faithful member of their church, they would never ask him for either the double, or the single amount, but that, if he returned to the Protestant church, they would make him pay double; and so they sent him away without my seeing him. When the poor man returned to his wife, he found she knew nothing of the letter—it was a forgery. I afterwards frequently heard of his complaining that he was in the greatest misery, being bound with a chain of gold, from which he could not set himself free. When I sent a Missionary to the place, he gave him his church to preach in. In March last, however, he came to me, and said that he was now free from his debt. He had exerted himself as much as possible for that purpose, and had at last succeeded. He declared that he would now remain a Protestant till death, and I left him in the care of the Rev. A. Klein, of the Church Missionary Society, for instruction, in the hope that he will prove a

useful minister of the Gospel. This is about all I can say as to the result of the work in Palestine. I have intimated that I have not a conviction that the greater number of the Protestants are truly converted. That they are improved, as men, by Protestantism, is manifest in their conduct, for even the Mohammedans confess that the Protestants are more truthful than others. Of several of the class of whom I have been speaking I have had a conviction that they are inwardly converted. Some of them have died, and, on their deathbed, given the clearest evidence, that they had experienced the power of the Gospel convincing them of sin. They have acknowledged that all their life they had done nothing but sin, crying for grace and pardon, sometimes with tears, owning the name of the Lord Jesus—never having recourse to the invocation of saints—and professing their firm belief that it was by grace alone, through faith in Christ, that they could enter the eternal world with the hope of salvation. Some have died with joy, some still under a feeling of oppression on account of sin.

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MISSIONARIES IN DANGER, PRESERVED BY THE FIDELITY  
OF THEIR CHRISTIAN PEOPLE.

SOUTHWARD of the Red-River districts, with which we are so familiar, lies the American territory of Minnesota, a vast country, extending 400 miles from north to south, and the same measurement from east to west. It consists of a fine rolling prairie of rich soil, interspersed with numerous beautiful lakes of fresh water. It is also watered by various tributaries of the great Mississippi, and, amongst others, by the Minnesota river, which, after a course of 450 miles in a south-easterly direction, empties itself into the Mississippi at Fort Snelling, seven miles above St. Paul, and the same distance below St. Anthony. The Minnesota is one of the finest streams in the valley of the Mississippi, and the country through which it flows, in salubrity of climate and fertility of soil, is not excelled by any part of the American territories. A portage of a mile or two, and some lakes, connect it with the great river of the north, the Red River, on which lie the Selkirk settlements.

It is only at a comparatively recent date that the emigrant commenced to settle himself in Minnesota, and that towns and cities have sprung up in the wilderness; and there are still to be found large tracts where the Dacotah Indians have their home, and the white settlers are as yet but few in number.

Among these Indians, and along the waters of the Minnesota, the American Board have had three stations—at Hazlewood, Yellow Medicine, and the Sioux Agency, with three Missionaries and a physician, and several male and female assistants. Congregations, not numerous, but the commencement of something more extended, had been organized, schools brought into action, and, at the end of last year, every thing worked promisingly.

But now all is changed. The Dacotah Indians have risen

against the whites, for reasons not yet fully understood, and fearful scenes of massacre have occurred. It was announced that the Missionaries and their families had been murdered. Their danger, indeed, was imminent, but their lives were preserved, under God, by the fidelity of the Christian Indians.

The Sunday had passed as usual at Hazlewood, when, on Monday evening, some of the Christians came in and announced that the Dakotahs had risen, and soon pillaging commenced: the traders' stores were broken open, and many of the owners shot. About two o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, the native Christians declared they could no longer protect the Missionaries, and counselled them to fly. With the assistance of these poor people they took refuge on an island in the Minnesota. From this island they succeeded in crossing the river, and, being joined by some of the Mission family from Yellow Medicine, made for the prairies, across which they hoped to reach Fort Ridgely, and there to find protection. As they approached the fort, one of the number was sent forward to apprise the officer in command of their approach. It was providential this step was taken. The fort, containing 500 women and children, and defended by 100 soldiers, was besieged by the Indians. They had been fighting against it for five days, and the soldiers were worn out.

Thus, when within a mile and a half, the Missionaries were met by their messenger. With difficulty he had succeeded in getting into the fort and seeing the commander, who strongly dissuaded the fugitives from coming on, and recommended them to go out again into the prairie. They plunged out as advised, and, after travelling all night and part of the next day, succeeded in reaching Henderson in safety.

Besides those saved with the Missionaries, another company of sixty-two persons—twenty men and forty-two women and children—who were supposed to have been killed, safely escaped from the scene of massacre, through the timely warning and under the advice and conduct of a member of the Mission church, An-pe-tu-to-ke-co, or "Other-day." This man, before his conversion, had been a peculiarly abandoned and fierce savage, a terror to many.

On Monday, Mr. Goodell, superintendent of farms at Yellow Medicine, was informed by Other-day that the people were likely to be attacked. They soon had other evidence of danger, and learned that the soldiers at Red Wood had all been killed. "There was, for them, only one chance of escape, and that was as one to a thousand against them." They forded the river, and, when on the other side, Mr. Goodell proposed to go to the fort below, Other-day objected, and said if Mr. Goodell insisted, he must part with them. They must cross the country to Kandiyohi Lakes and Glencoe. This they did, and escaped. Other-day arrived at St. Paul, August 26, after Mr. Goodell had been there and told the story. He received, as a St. Paul paper says, the congratulations of many

citizens, and in the evening was introduced to a large audience assembled for the organization of a home guard. He stated that he was a Dacotah Indian, born and reared in the midst of evil, without the knowledge of any good things; but he had been instructed by Americans, had become acquainted with the sacred writings, and there learned his vileness. He had been a member of the church for several years, and his religion taught him what to do. When he heard of the trouble at the Lower Agency, knowing that it was not in his power to prevent it, he thought the best thing he could do was to save the people of the Upper Agency. "With fifty-four men, women, and children," he said, "without mocassins, without food, and without a blanket, I have arrived in the midst of a great people, and now my heart is glad. I attribute it to the mercy of the great Spirit." It was a noble testimony to the Gospel, and a large audience of citizens appreciated it. It has done more for Missions than any event during the whole history of the Sioux Mission. And Other-day is not alone: there are others of like noble spirit with himself.

#### THE KOI MISSION.

IN previous Numbers of this periodical we have made mention of our new Mission amongst the Kois, a wild people dwelling on the Upper Godavery. In carrying out the great works which have for their object the improvement of the navigation of the river on its lower course, the attention of some of our British officers was attracted to this people, and at their solicitation the Mission was commenced. Our Missionary, the Rev. W. J. Edmonds, has been recently amongst them on an extensive tour, and, as the results of his investigations, we are informed that "it is rarely in India a door seems so open for the Missionary to walk in at."

R— is our leading native Christian, about forty years of age, and, though holding a most important situation in the establishment here, he is ready to relinquish it, if the Church Missionary Society accept him for spiritual work.

We took the trip at his suggestion, and I found that what he had said as to the opportuneness of the time was quite true. There are, it appears, at various times of the year, difficulties in getting at the Kois arising from the nature of their occupations, or from the weather, which do not exist at this period. When the crops have grown a little more, each family goes to live on the *manché*, which in every plot of ground is put up as a secure place from which to fray away wild animals or birds from spoiling the crops. This *manché* appears to resemble "the tower" in Scripture, built in the vineyard.

I venture to make a few remarks, founded on the knowledge gained during this tour. They are extremely timid, as indeed one would expect. I however, being accompanied by R—, who is so favourably known amongst them, found this no difficulty, though possibly, if I had not thus been, as it were, certified for, it might have affected my reception. As a set-off against this difficulty, I may mention that they appear to be, when satisfied of our good faith, confiding, and likely to become attached to those who may be called to work amongst them.

There is, in the lower sense of the words, an open door : we saw no symptom of opposition ;—I mean such opposition as is founded upon settled dislike. There is, therefore, every reason to hope that the opening may be effectual, and, in the higher sense, a door may be opened to us by the Spirit.

Not a man or woman can read or write. A few days ago, I had occasion to buy some grass of them for thatching an out-building. I took thirty bundles, at two annas a bundle. I offered them the right money, viz. R. 3-12-0. This seemed to them a mistake, and it was not until they had taken up from the ground thirty little stones, and arranged them in groups of eight each, that they at all became satisfied that the money was right. The process occupied fully a quarter of an hour.

With respect to their language, I must be understood to speak of the villages which we visited. I say this, because there are villages higher up the river where the Koi language is utterly unknown or forgotten ; nay, where it is rather looked down upon. I did not meet with any instance of this kind, but in nearly every village I had reason to think that the Koi language (as they knew it) is not at all adequate even to their present wants. Captain Haig kindly placed at my disposal a little vocabulary which he had made, and two or three verbs of which he had been able to get the principal parts. I was able to verify most of these. *Undithána*, "I will hear," was not known in one village, though quite familiar in another. It was quite a common answer when I asked what such and such a word was in Koi, "Oh, we use Telugu to say that." However, a word or two spoken in Koi always pleased them, but whether it was pleasure at hearing their own language, or surprise, is perhaps a question.

In every village we visited, Telugu was thoroughly understood by the men, and, I think, by the women also.

I noticed also that some of the words which the Kois considered to be purely their own, were contained in Brown's Dictionary of Telugu ; but they were words not in common use by the Telugu people. The construction, too, of both the languages is very similar, and shows them to be closely connected. All this seems to show, that, with respect to the best way of being prepared for work amongst the Kois, the Committee have already been wisely led. A knowledge of Telugu is indispensable. That can be gained to far greater advantage in Ellore or Masulipatam than here, where the Telugu spoken is not of the best, where there is no munshee to help you, and where, if one's own health is spared, the munshee is most likely to break down.

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#### THE LATE GENERAL BECKWITH.

"A GOOD name is better than precious ointment, and the day of death than the day of one's birth."

It is so as regards the devoted Christian whose name is introduced above. He has ceased from his labours, and, having entered into rest, has found the day of death better than the day of his birth, and his good name, like precious ointment, in its good report is diffused as wide as Christianity itself. In proof of this, we intro-



duce the following obituary notice from the pages of an American publication, the "Christian World."

By one of the latest steamers from Europe, we have learned the death, at La Tour, the chief town of the Waldenses, of this excellent man. It was at the village of St. John, a parish town some two miles from La Tour, that we first saw General (then Colonel) Beckwith: it was in the month of May 1837. He was staying at the house of Pasteur Bonjour, then Moderator of the Waldensian Synod. At successive visits to the valleys of the Waldenses we saw him repeatedly. At these interviews he gave us many details of his life, and of his efforts to do good to this people, whose history is so interesting and instructive.

General Charles Beckwith was born in England; in what year and in what place we do not remember. We think that his birth must have been in or near the year 1780. Preferring the military profession, he entered the British army at an early age, and, during the Peninsular campaigns of the Duke of Wellington, he was one of the *aids* of that celebrated man, who must certainly be considered one of the greatest captains of his own or any other age. Through all those campaigns in Spain young Beckwith passed without a wound; but in the battle of Waterloo, on the 18th of June 1815, his left leg was carried away by a cannon ball. Of course he was rendered unfit, the rest of his life, for active military service. His name retained its place, however, on the army list, and he received regularly his salary as a Colonel, to which grade he had arrived at the age of twenty-eight.

Retiring from actual service, Colonel Beckwith for years spent his time partly with his mother and sisters in England, and partly in foreign travel. The winter of 1819-20 he spent in the city of Baltimore, where he is remembered still by many.

At length, having fallen in with the first work which the late Rev. Dr. Gilly, Prebendary of Durham, wrote respecting the Waldensian Church, after his first visit to that body of Christians, and which was published in 1823, he became much interested in their condition, and concluded to make a visit himself to them. The result was, that he spent for many years several months annually among them: the other months he spent with his mother and sisters in England. When we first became acquainted with him, in 1837, he had spent twelve years in this manner, as he told us. According to this statement, he must have gone to the valleys for the first time in 1825.

At the epoch of our first visit we found him greatly interested in promoting the education of the youth of the Waldenses, by the establishment of village and hamlet schools throughout their valleys. He had already established about ninety, and hoped to increase the number to one hundred and fifty, which would secure the opportunity of gaining a good common education (in the French language, which was spoken by all) to every child and youth among the 22,000 people of the Waldensians residing in those valleys. The Rev. Dr. Gilly, and other English Christians, had succeeded, by their efforts in England, in finding the means for opening three or four large female schools at as many different places in the valleys, and for building a large and commodious

college edifice at La Tour, the walls of which were then going up. That institution has long since been opened, under the name of Trinity College, and has a goodly staff of capable Professors, a library of eight or ten thousand volumes, a good chemical and philosophical apparatus, and sixty or eighty students. Two classical schools (at La Tour and Pomaret) and one normal school have also been since opened; but how much Colonel Beckwith had to do with their creation we are not informed, although we believe it was considerable. With the establishment of the hospital and infirmary at La Tour and Pomaret, which have done so much good, we think he had less to do than the father of the present King of Prussia and the Emperor Alexander I. of Russia, and many private Christians in England and on the Continent.

A few years ago Colonel Beckwith did much towards having a large and handsome church built for the Waldenses of the village and parish of La Tour, to take the place of the inconvenient old one that stands, if it is still in existence, on the mountain-side at the distance of a mile from the "Sacred City" of Waldensian people, as that place may well be called. About the same time he built houses for the seven Professors of Trinity College, and agreed to pay the salaries of several of these good men for five years. He had also seen the roads and bridges throughout the valleys put in a good state, and one or two plain but not uncomfortable hotels opened at La Tour for the benefit of the many strangers who now visit the valleys every summer, since the railroad has been opened from Turin to Pignerol (22 miles), and a macadamized road from the latter place to La Tour, on which diligences run in connexion with the railroad.

From first to last, this great benefactor of the Waldenses must have expended from his private resources many thousands of dollars among them. If we should say 50,000 dollars we do not think we should exceed the truth.

Several years ago, the students of Williams' College (Williamstown, Massachusetts) made General Beckwith and his wife, a (Waldensian lady,) Life-members of the American and Foreign Christian Union, by the contribution of sixty dollars. The General, in acknowledging this testimony of respect, wrote them a very interesting letter, in which he stated that the number of the schools (including Trinity College, the two Grammar Schools, the Female Seminaries, and the Normal School), was 165; that the number of the pupils, in winter months, was upwards of 4600; and that there was not a Waldensian child of proper age that was not receiving an education! Blessed fruit this of his benevolence and that of Christian friends in England, mainly elicited by the efforts of the Rev. Dr. Gilly and other friends.

Towards the erection of the very handsome, large, and convenient Waldensian Church in Turin, General Beckwith gave, ten or twelve years ago, the liberal sum of six thousand dollars.

We have stated that General Beckwith lost his left limb in the Battle of Waterloo. With the aid of a very convenient wooden leg and a cane he was enabled to go about with a good deal of facility. In these excursions he was accompanied for years by a favourite dog. He found a welcome everywhere. He once told us that he thought he had visited

from first to last, every house of the Waldenses. To do this he must have climbed a good many steep and rough paths on the mountain-sides, and in the mountain gorges.

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SOME NOTICES OF SHANSI, ONE OF THE NORTHERN PROVINCES OF CHINA.

THIS is an interior province, Chihli, in which Peking is situated, and Shantung, interposing between it and the sea. It lies on the western limits of the great plain, and, in its rugged surface, presents a remarkable contrast to the level tracts in Chihli and Shantung.

It has been recently penetrated by an American Missionary from Tientsin. He visited the capital, Tai-yuen-foo, near the centre of the province, and about fifteen days' journey from Tientsin. This city lies on the eastern bank of the Fan ho. Shansi having been the original seat of the Chinese people, it was long a place of importance; but the palaces of its princes have fallen into decay. It is still, however, populous, and contains manufactories of felt carpets. In this city he preached the name of Jesus openly to a crowd of people who were clamorous for books.

The northern parts of the province border on Mongolia and its high table-land, and here the Missionary met Mongolians.

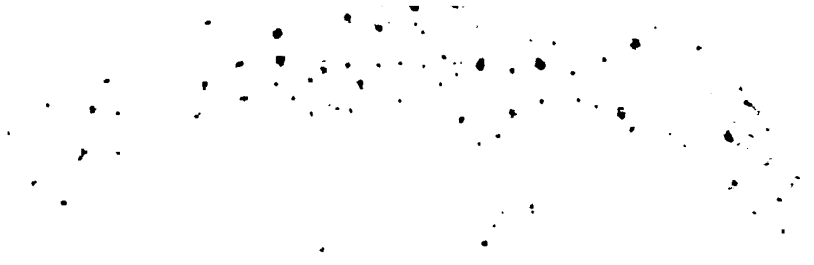
In the north of the province, near Tatung-foo, we overtook a company of Mongolians, who had come a journey of three months, on camels and horses, to pay their devotions on Woo-t'ai-san. Upon this mountain are some of the most celebrated Buddhist monasteries in China. The party consisted of priests, men in private life, women, and children. Probably one or more families were embraced in it. Six months are required for the journey and return.

We saw several other companies of Mongolians, some going to this mountain, others to Peking. At Chang-chia-ken they are quite numerous. There, however, they are obliged to reside without the great wall, in their own domain. They are a free, untamed people, having much less of pride and suspicion in their intercourse with foreigners than the Chinese. They have a strong antipathy, it is said, to the Chinese, and an equally strong friendly feeling toward the Russians. They are passionately fond of the horse, ride also upon camels, and rear sheep, cattle, horses, and camels, in great abundance. The Chinese are encroaching upon their territory, building towns and cities outside the great wall, and trafficking among them in furs, skins of sheep, and cattle, silk, satins, and tea. Bales of American drilling, and of Manchester goods are carried upon the backs of camels from Peking, over the mountain passes into Mongolia.

There is a translation of the New Testament into Mongolian, made many years ago, by a Missionary of the London Missionary Society, who was residing within the Russian Empire. He was expelled by the Emperor. At present the volume is distributed to the Mongolians by Missionaries from this place, and there is no apparent obstacle to the sending of Missionaries to them through this part of China.

**CHRISTIAN ACQUIREMENTS; OR OCCUPATIONS FOR EVERY
DAY IN THE YEAR.**

- But ill prepar'd we enter on the day
If grace incline us not to watch and pray;
To arm for fight; to grasp the Spirit's sword,
And read our duty in God's holy word.
There what to shun, with anxious care we trace,
And how to follow ev'ry Christian grace.
- 2 Pet. i. 5. Lo! **FAITH** in living letters there engrav'd; I.
Believe on Jesus, and thou shalt be saved.
- 1 Thes. v. 8. **HOPE**, ent'ring into that within the veil, II.
Shall guard thy brows with helm of burnish'd
mail:
- Gal. v. 22. And Love, unfailing **LOVE**, shall there impart III.
Constraining motives to the willing heart.
- 2 Pet. i. 5 }
"virtue." } Let moral **COURAGE** brace thy sinews still; IV.
- 2 Pet. i. 6. Let **KNOWLEDGE** teach thee God's discover'd V.
will.
- Gal. v. 23. In temperate **SELF-CONTROL** lies Wisdom's VI.
root;
- Matt. v. 5. And favour'd **MEEKNESS** plucks her choicest VII.
fruit.
- Gal. v. 22. } Let **GENTLENESS** each angry thought restrain; VIII.
} **LONG-SUFFERING** shall turn thy wrongs to IX.
} gain.
- Col. iii. 12. Put on, Beloved! tow'rds all human kind,
Bowels of **MERCIES**, **HUMBLENESS** of mind; X—XI.
But in the secret presence of her God
- Luke xv. 10. Let deep **REPENTANCE** pour the contrite XII.
flood.
- Eph. vi. 14. } Gird **TRUTH** about thee, simple and sincere: XIII.
} Let thine **INTEGRITY** shine bright and clear. XIV.
- Matt. v. 8. If inward **PURITY** thy heart possess, XV.
- 1 Tim. vi. 11. Thou shalt see God, and follow **GODLINESS**; XVI.
- Gal. v. 22. **GOODNESS** shall mark each step thy feet have XVII.
trod;
- 1 John iii. 14. **LOVE** for the **BRETHREN** stamp thee lov'd of XVIII.
God.
- Ps. xc. 12. Then whilst thy days thou wisely numb'rest XIX.
through,
- Eccl. ix. 10. And do'st with vigour all thou find'st to do; XX.
- 2 Cor. xiii. 5. Attentive still thy present state to know, XXI.
- Heb. x. 32. A lesson draw'st from former weal or woe; XXII.
- Luke xvi. 9. Husband'st thy substance for the great account, XXIII.
Canst give or lend—not squander—the amount;
- 1 Pet. v. 7. And, casting ev'ry anxious care on Heav'n, XXIV.
- Eph. v. 20. Canst prize the blessing at this moment giv'n; XXV.
- Prov. xi. 13. The sacred trust of Friendship dar'st not break, XXVI.
- Jam. i. 19. Still swift to hear, but ever slow to speak: { XXVII.—
} XXVIII.
- Prov. xv. 15. Then, though thy portion be among the least,
A **MERRY HEART** shall spread thy constant XXIX.
feast;
- Gal. v. 22. } Then, though the storms of Life around thee lour,
} Abiding **PEACE** shall cheer thy darkest hour; XXX.
} And **JOY** unspeakable thy soul sustain XXXI.
} And th' expiring
} pain. [*Calcutta Christian Intelligencer.*]



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