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CHURCH MISSIONARY GLENER.

1848.

A JUBILEE SHALL THAT FIFTIETH YEAR BE UNTO YOU.

LEVITICUS XXV. 11.

WHATSOEVER THINGS WERE WRITTEN AFORETIME WERE
WRITTEN FOR OUR LEARNING.

ROMANS XV. 4.

VOL. VIII.

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CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEASNER.

No. 1. JANUARY, 1848. VOL. VIII.

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

THE following Paper, supplied by a Correspondent, seems to be very appropriate on the commencement of our Volume for 1848. Although a month of the new year has passed away, the reflections and advice will not on that account be thought the less seasonable.

Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward. Exodus xiv. 15.—As, at the close of each year, it appears to be the Christian's duty to review the sins, the sorrows, and the mercies which have marked its fleeting course; so also has the commencement of a new year its appropriate duties. While in one sense the past should never be forgotten—our humiliation for sin, our search as to the effect of sorrow on our heart, and our praise for blessings received, being constantly renewed—in another sense we are commanded to forget *those things which are behind*, and to reach *forth unto those things which are before*. Phil. iii. 13. Forget all that would tend to make us discontented with our present condition—linger not over buried hopes and joys—forget all that would minister to pride or worldliness—remember not complacently what has been attained; but press forward across the vast space which still exists between our present attainments and the perfect holiness which it should be our aim to reach.

Go forward! As there is no standing still in the Christian course, so can there be no pause in the work in which we are privileged to be engaged—the work of Christian Missions. Our exertions must increase continually—increase in large proportion to every success with which God blesses our labours. The expenses of a Mission are increased in a tenfold proportion as soon as success begins to be attained. Schools and Churches—the support of Teachers—the instruction and secular aid needed to change wild and

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wandering savages into civilized members of society—require large funds; while these multiplied labours oblige the fainting Missionary to implore the aid of more Labourers, lest he should be overwhelmed with his work, and the promising Mission be left without a teacher and guide. Dear friends, this is the cry from every Station—more help! more help! Will you not, then, bid them *go forward*? Or will you tell them to slacken their hand, and say, “Be content with your present success: do not multiply your Converts and your labours?” Will you not rather *go forward* yourselves, and open wide your hands as the occasion demands? Then there may be some hope of the Missionaries’ hearts being cheered and gladdened, and of the means being afforded to embrace those opportunities which God, in His good Providence, so graciously presents.



THE HUSBANDRY OF GOD.

PART VI.

NOT *until the Spirit be poured upon us from on high, will the wilderness become a fruitful field. May that Spirit, therefore, come down on our work, like floods upon the dry ground, and fatness drop upon the pastures of the wilderness!*

But when the showers descend, and the seed springs, then mark how the crop is dealt with—the changes of weather to which it is subjected. There are sunshiny days, and dark and cloudy days, and we call the one fair weather, and the other foul; but each is necessary.

And so in the husbandry of God, there are encouragements and discouragements, cloud and sunshine; but all are needful, and all are adapted, with unerring wisdom, to the growth and eventual maturity of the work of God.

A review of some of our Mission-fields will serve to illustrate this remarkable mixture of animating and humbling circumstances in the progress of the work.

Let us look at New Zealand. The history of this

Mission is of a deeply-interesting and instructive character. The earlier portion of it presents a long and dreary period. The native mind, thinking of nothing else but war, was deaf to the teaching of the Missionaries. Our brethren were like those *that watch for the morning*; and at last the morning dawned, and *the Sun of Righteousness* gilded with His rays the dark islands of New Zealand. Hard hearts were softened down; and there, as in other portions of the Mission-field, the Gospel proved itself to be *the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth*. A spirit of inquiry extended itself with astonishing rapidity. Native youths, who had received instruction in our Schools, penetrating into dark and remote districts, where the Missionary had never been, instructed their listening relatives and friends in the wonders of the White Man's book. Such was the aspect of the Mission on the arrival of the Bishop of New Zealand, when he expressed his feelings in language such as this—"Christ has blessed the work of His ministers in a wonderful manner. A few faithful men, by the power of the Spirit of God, have been the instruments of adding another Christian people to the family of God."

But a change came. Dark clouds arose, and cast their gloom over the brightness of the prospect. Colonization commenced, war followed, disastrous results attended in its footsteps, and the grief of those who had rejoiced over the promising aspect of the New-Zealand Mission has been proportionably deep. The crop looked so luxuriant! Perhaps too much so—prematurely so. He who hears the Word, and at once with joy receives it, is the same who is afterward described as withering away because he had *no root in himself*. When the wheat-crop looks too forward for the season, the sheep are turned in to eat it down. Perhaps He who superintends His own husbandry has so dealt with the New-Zealand Mission, and that present trials will result in the future stability of the work.

Indeed we have evidence, however the beauty of its aspect may be impaired, that its root remains uninjured, and that it will again *revive as the corn*. Wandering Natives still carry with them the seed of life, and scatter it far and wide. Still, like *doves flying to their windows*, do they flock together for instruction. "I stood within a circle," says the Rev. R. Taylor, "around me being arranged those who were to be baptized, on each side of me my head Teachers, and beyond, a Congregation of full 1000, whose hearty responses raised the spirit to heaven. It was not the response of a few, but of the entire Congregation, whose united prayers ascended in one prolonged swell to the mercy-seat." Still have we, in New Zealand, many who remain stedfastly minded in following their Saviour, and who, like Ruth of old, have not gone back to their people or their gods.



BAPTISM OF A YOUNG BRAHMIN AT CALCUTTA.

THE following account is given by the Rev. T. Sandys, who is stationed at Calcutta, in a Letter dated July 1, 1847—

For twelve months past, one of the pupils in the Church Missionary Society's English School at Agurparah, whose name was Toiloke Nath Ghosal, a Coolin Brahmin by caste, has been convinced of the truth of Christianity, and under serious impressions. He has been two years and a half in the School. About six months ago it became evident to his relatives that his mind was alienated from the ceremonies and rites of the Brahmin religion. He was consequently detained at home, and placed under restraint for two months, in the hope that the bias of his mind in favour of Christianity might not continue. At the expiration of that time he was again sent to the Agurparah School, where he read the Holy Scriptures, and obtained a further knowledge of the truths of our holy Religion. The opposition of his elder brothers again manifested itself, more especially on finding him use, from time to time, a Manual of Prayers. Recently, however, one of his elder brothers observed him to omit the usual idolatrous prayers and ceremonies, as had

become usual with him; but on this occasion his brother chastised him in consequence. The youth had formerly been severely rebuked by harsh words; but on his elder brother perceiving that his threatening language had not the effect of influencing him to perform the usual heathenish ceremonies, he became very angry with him, and on this last occasion he beat him with a shoe, which is considered, among the Natives generally, as a very great indignity indeed. The youth now found that actual persecution had commenced, and he again betook himself to his friends at the Mission School, by whom he was sent to me, at the Church Mission Premises, Calcutta, on Monday the 14th of June, when advice and instruction were given him, and prayers offered up with him and for him. It was evident that the young man's mind was fully made up to embrace the Truth at all hazards. His faith appeared to be stedfastly grounded on the word of eternal truth, and he seemed to have formed a much more correct estimate than is usually formed of the comparative value of the things of time and those of eternity.

On Friday, the 18th of June, his father and two brothers sought and obtained an interview with him, which continued for several hours, and was occupied in their offering every inducement, and using every argument they possibly could, to influence him to abandon his purpose of becoming a Christian. The young man, however, through the grace given him, was enabled to remain firm to his purpose; and in answer to one of the considerations urged upon him, respecting the trouble he might meet with in consequence, he replied, "It is better for me to suffer trouble in this world, than to be miserable for ever in the next world." At length, however, as his relatives found his mind was fully made up, and they were unable to influence him to alter his purpose, they left him; not, however, without various menaces from one of his brothers as to what he would do. It was then considered that as the young man's faith had already been put to the test of two months' confinement and harsh usage; that for the last twelvemonth a change had evidently taken place in him, and he had been desirous of baptism; and that his stedfastness had again been put to a most severe test, even the entreaties of his father whom he loves, and his two elder brothers, and that for several hours; it would be right to baptize him in the

name of the Lord Jesus Christ without any further delay. The youth seemed to have a distinct view of the importance of adhering to the Truth, even though his father and his brothers were anxious to prevent him; for in reply to one of his father's arguments respecting it being his duty to obey him, he replied to this effect: "Yes, in temporal things I must obey you; but in spiritual things I must obey God. I must obey you in all your commands which are according to the will of God, or not contrary to it; but wherein the will of God is distinctly revealed, nothing should induce me to neglect that." At length his relatives, finding their efforts unavailing, departed, when it was decided that it would be preferable in this case to baptize the young man without delay, and thereby put a stop to the efforts which might otherwise be made to prevent his baptism actually taking place. It was accordingly arranged that his baptism should take place in Trinity Church, in the evening, when a number of Christian friends assembled to witness the administration of the ordinance of Baptism.

When the young man, with the appointed witnesses, was standing at the font, the Hymn No. 634, Bickersteth's Collection, was sung—

"Blessed Jesus, Heavenly Lamb," &c.

During the Baptismal Service, after replying, "I renounce them all," to the first question, he took off his Brahminical thread, and delivered it to the Rev. G. G. Cuthbert, one of the witnesses; and then, after he had deliberately answered the remaining questions, and the prayers which follow had been offered up, I baptized him in the name of the ever-blessed Trinity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, giving him the name of Timothy.

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MEMOIR OF PETER, LATE INSPECTING CATECHIST OF  
SURRADEI, TINNEVELLY.

THE following interesting account is given by the Rev. T. G. Bärenbruck, who has charge of the new District of Surradei, in the Tinnevelly Mission. Mr. Bärenbruck writes, March 6, 1847—

Peter was one of four brothers of the Vellaler caste, who, though they were all born in heathenism, have known and



professed the Truth for years past. His mother, an aged widow who has lost the use of her eyes, is still living; but, I am sorry to say, is yet a heathen. I have often heard Peter mention this with much feeling and deep regret. It will be seen, from the sequel, that concern for her was the only earthly care that weighed heavily on his mind when the hour of his dissolution drew near.

In 1828 Peter seems, at the age of thirteen, to have first professed Christianity. About 1831 he was received into the Palamcottah Seminary, and in 1832 had made such advances as to occupy the position of senior Monitor. In the course of the same year he was baptized by the Rev. C. T. E. Rhenius, and after a year's preparatory training was sent as Reader to these parts. It is from this period that he dates the commencement of a new life within him. In 1840 he was appointed Inspecting Catechist to the Veerakalampatoor division of the Nulloor District, and at that post I found him on taking charge of the Surrandai District.

Peter's abilities were far superior to the common standard of those of our Catechists. Naturally of an inquiring mind, he eagerly availed himself of any opportunity that offered for advancing in knowledge; more especially in such knowledge as would tend to promote his usefulness. He was well acquainted with Scripture History, and had a clear perception of the doctrines of the Bible. Nor was he satisfied with a barren perception of Truth: he exhibited, by his uniform and consistent walk, a love of the Truth. His conduct was throughout straightforward and upright. On no occasion did I find him regardless of truth or guilty of a subterfuge, which is more than I can say of most of our Native Christians, or even Catechists, this being the weak point in the native character. As an Inspecting Catechist, he was active in the faithful discharge of his duties, and by no means wanting in energy and perseverance. Peter had his faults. Whenever I had any occasion, however, to call his attention to them, he seemed thankful for what had been said, and did not plead vain excuses in palliation of them.

In the morning of the 10th of February last he was unexpectedly taken ill with symptoms of cholera. At first he apprehended no danger, requesting only a little peppermint, and was with some difficulty persuaded to take the proper medicines. Indeed, up to noon he was engaged with me in matters connected with the District, and was, to all appear-

ance, benefitted by what he had taken. In the afternoon, however, I received a message, telling me that a relapse had occurred, and that the symptoms were far more alarming. From this time no medicine seemed to have any effect upon him. I found him fully expecting that the attack would terminate fatally. On seeing me he observed, "Little did I think, Sir, that the words of your text last Sunday morning—Amos iv. 12. *Prepare to meet thy God*—would so soon be addressed to me." Some one present remarking, "There is still every hope of your recovering," he said, "*It is the Lord: let Him do what seemeth Him good.* It is a great thing to die; but *I know whom I have believed*; and He will strengthen and support me in the hour of death. I have no fear." After having remained a considerable time, and prayed with him, I left him for the evening. Then, advert- ing to the fact that cholera generally induces a state of lan- guor and insensibility, he made the remark, "I have there- fore no time to lose;" at the same time requesting the Catechist to read to him several portions of Scripture: he directed him in particular to Psalms xxxiv. xliii. and li., the first three chapters of St. John's Gospel, and the last three of St. Matthew's. He spent the greater part of the night in listening to portions of Scripture read to him, naming hymns which he wished to be sung, at intervals, himself en- gaging in prayer, or requesting others to pray.

Early the next morning I found that no improvement had taken place, and that he was weaker, though still able to arise from his cot on my entering the room. "I feel sure," was his first word, "that I shall not live. I have prayed that the Lord may give me grace to *die the death of the righteous.*"—"But can you say that you have lived the life of a righteous man?" "No," he answered: "I do not trust to my own righteousness: I build my hopes on the righteousness of Christ. My many sins, I humbly trust, are forgiven. I have peace, and no fear." After I had read Isaiah liii. and Philippians ii., and engaged in prayer, he begged me—as it was his wish that his family should not remove—to be to them a father and protector; adding, "For them I am not concerned: I know they will be cared for." He then *set his house in order*. Calling his wife and children, he took an affectionate leave of them and all pre- sent, warning them to be mindful of the concerns of their immortal souls. Two of his friends having of late mani-

fested a spirit of bitterness and animosity toward one another, he entreated them to put aside all enmity for the future, in token of which he made them take hold of each other's hands. To his elder brother, not long afterward, he said, "I feel much concerned for our mother. Tell her that I heartily wish she would become a Christian, and serve and honour God." At noon, when I asked him whether he had a desire to receive the Lord's Supper, he answered, "I have just one or two things to say and see done; and then I shall rejoice once more to be permitted to partake of the memorials of my Saviour's love." After receiving the Lord's Supper, with much emotion and joy, "How thankful I am," he observed, "that the Lord has granted me freedom from pain. It seemeth His good pleasure to call me hence without any bodily suffering. You, my relatives and friends, will not, I trust, indulge in loud lamentations after my removal, as is customary among the Heathen. As Christians, *sorrow not, even as others which have no hope;*" and then, once again taking leave of all about him, he never spoke afterward, but rapidly sunk. From the first prepared for death, calm and composed to the last, his end was peace. About nine in the evening his spirit was released without a struggle, to enter, I firmly believe, *into the joy of his Lord.*

Such a death needs no comment: it speaks for itself. I may, however, be permitted to notice two circumstances. The one shows, I think, that, for a Native, he was remarkably free from the love of money. Though he had been for many years in the receipt of a good salary, and though considerable sums of money had passed through his hands, as he had frequently been employed in erecting buildings, he had nothing more to leave in his wife's hands than his salary which he had just received, and a couple of rupees which he had realized by disposing of a few things which he did not wish to take with him to Suvishapooram, whither he was going, on the day that he was taken ill, to enter the Institution for training the most advanced of our Catechists, with a view of their entering the Ministry. The other circumstance to which I allude is equally pleasing. I had frequently been gratified by observing that Peter was no great stickler for caste. He found no difficulty in signing the declaration required of students on admission into the Institution just mentioned. In his last illness, on my sending one of my servants, a Pariah, to attend upon him, as I was apprehen-

sive that others would not adhere to my directions, two or three of the Vellalers present, seeing him approach, were unwilling that he should enter the room; but Peter immediately desired him to come, and suffered him to apply the fomentations I had ordered; in fact, to act as his sick nurse.

God grant that the serious impression which appears to have been produced on all our neighbouring Congregations may prove lasting! *Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord . . . that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.* Being dead, they yet speak.



THE CUMBERLAND STATION, NORTH-WEST-AMERICA MISSION.

WE now give our readers the Report of the Cumberland Station, for the year ending August 1, 1847, by the Rev. J. Hunter. As we stated in our last Number, Mr. Hunter baptized during the year, at his own Station and other places, 192 persons; but at present we shall confine our account to the Cumberland Station itself, reserving Mr. Hunter's Report of the Out-station, Lac la Ronge, for a future Number. The Report of Mr. Hunter's own Station, then, is as follows—

A great increase has taken place in the number of baptized Indians connected with this Station; the Means of Grace have been regularly attended, so far as circumstances have permitted; and the Christian Indians, although as yet but *babes in Christ*, appear to be growing in grace, and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ their Saviour. I have noticed a greater degree of Christian affection among them, which has also been manifested toward their Minister, and a more ready disposition on their part to assist me in the formation of the Station. The suggestions which I have so frequently offered to them, with reference to abandoning their present mode of life, and settling themselves in houses and farms, are now, in some measure, being carried into effect; for this spring greater activity has been manifested in erecting houses and making farms than I have ever before noticed. True it is, that we have had to mourn over the backslidings and failings of many of our people; but how could we expect it to be otherwise, when we remember the

little or no restraint to which they were subject in their native state, and the short period during which they have been under the influence of the Gospel.

During the past year I have baptized 85 persons, 32 of whom were adults and 53 children. These, added to the 274 last reported, make a total of 359 persons connected with this Station. I have baptized two Chiefs, leading men among the Indians, whose example will tend very materially to strengthen our hands, and weaken those of the heathen party. There are still about 50 Candidates for Baptism here.

Five new Communicants have been admitted during the year; adding whom to the 41 last reported, we have a total of 46. So far as I am aware, these persons are walking consistently with their profession, and endeavouring to *adorn the doctrine* of Christ their Saviour by holy and religious lives: deep personal piety is manifested by several among them. The seasons for approaching the Table of the Lord are highly valued: in many instances the Communicants come 200 or 300 miles for the purpose of being present.

In our Day-school we have at present 78 pupils—41 boys and 37 girls—being an increase of 13 since the last Report. In the Bible Class there are 5 boys and 9 girls, and in the Testament Class 8 boys and 6 girls: the remainder are reading in books and cards below the Testament. The children are making very satisfactory progress in their studies, and appear to feel a pleasure in attending the School.

In the Sunday-school we have 9 male adults and 30 females in addition to the 78 attending the Day-school; making a total of 117.

The Mission Farm has been considerably enlarged, so that this spring I was able to sow twelve bushels of wheat, nine bushels of barley, and eleven bushels of cut potatoes. Up to the present time the crops promise an abundant harvest.

The frames of four houses have been put up by the Indians, and are now being logged. Several Indians are away, cutting wood for houses, which they intend to raft down the river. On their farms are growing excellent crops of wheat, barley, potatoes, and turnips; and some of them have horses, cattle, and pigs. They are now dressed in European clothes, and are abandoning their native indolence, and adopting more active and industrious habits.

Many of them are excellent sawyers and squarers, and are able very materially to assist the carpenter in the erection of our new buildings. As in spiritual, so in temporal things, a great change is taking place among these Indians: this strikes me the more forcibly when I visit Heathen Indians, who have not had the like privileges.

Mr. Hunter closes his Report with the gratifying statement, that the efforts of the Roman Catholics at his Station have proved a complete failure.



## LABOUR FOR CHRIST.

*I know thy works, and thy labour, and thy patience.*—Rev. ii. 2.

- Go, labour on! spend and be spent! . . . . . 2 Cor. xii. 15.  
 Thy joy to do thy Father's will: . . . . . Ps. xl. 8.  
 It is the way the Master went: . . . . . Acts x. 38.  
 Should not the servant tread it still? . . . . . John xii. 26.
- Go, labour on! 'tis not for nought; . . . . . 1 Cor. xv. 58.  
 All earthly loss is heavenly gain! . . . . . Luke xviii. 29, 30.  
 Men heed thee not, men praise thee not; . . . . . 1 John iii. 13.  
 The Master praises! what are men? . . . . . 1 Cor. iv. 3.
- Go, labour on! enough, enough, . . . . . Matt. x. 32.  
 If Jesus praise thee; if He deign . . . . . 1 Cor. iv. 5.  
 To notice e'en thy willing mind: . . . . . 2 Cor. viii. 12.  
 No toil for Him shall be in vain. . . . . Matt. x. 12.
- Go, labour on! thy hands are weak, . . . . . Job iv. 3.  
 Thy knees are faint, thy soul cast down; . . . . . Is. xxxv. 4.  
 Yet falter not—the prize is near, . . . . . Gal. vi. 9.  
 The throne, the kingdom, and the crown! . . . . . Rev. iii. 21.
- Go, labour on! while it is day, . . . . . Eccles. ix. 10.  
 The long dark night is hastening on: . . . . . John ix. 4.  
 Speed, speed thy work—up from thy sloth— . . . . . Heb. vi. 12.  
 It is not thus that souls are won! . . . . . Rom. x. 14.
- See thousands dying at your side; . . . . . Ps. xlix. 10, 12.  
 Your brethren, kindred, friends at home: . . . . . Rom. xi. 14.  
 See millions perishing afar: . . . . . Prov. xxix. 18.  
 Haste, brethren! to the rescue, come! . . . . . Jude 23.
- Toil on, toil on! thou soon shalt find . . . . . Heb. x. 37.  
 For labour rest, for exile home; . . . . . Rev. xiv. 13.  
 Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice, . . . . . Matt. xxv. 6.  
 The midnight peal, Behold, I come . . . . . Rev. xxii. 12.

# CHURCH MISSIONARY GLENER.

Nos. 2 & 3. FEB. & MARCH, 1848. VOL. VIII.

THE HUSBANDRY OF GOD.

## PART VII.

THE remarkable interchange of sunshine and of cloud, which may be traced in our other fields of labour, is very clearly seen in the Tinnevelly Mission. Its peculiar character is, growth in the midst of trial. In its past history we trace a series of onward movements, each almost invariably followed by a time of suffering, generally short, but often exceedingly severe. We perceive in this the overruling care of the great Husbandman. These trying periods serve to purify the Mission, and preserve the plants, which our Heavenly Father has planted, from being choked by the weeds of false profession. The elastic principle of growth remains uninjured, and so soon as the pressure of trial is removed the work advances more rapidly than before.

Some two years back a fearful hurricane visited Tinnevelly. It raged with awful fury through the night, and, when the morning came, what a scene of desolation presented itself! Thousands of palmyras, and trees of all kinds, levelled to the ground; yet, in the midst of all, the Missionary dwelling uninjured! Thus it is that the storm of persecution has often burst forth with unexpected violence, and the angry tumult of human passions, stirred up by *the god of this world*, has swept away from their profession many who have not been *rooted and grounded* in Christ. But when the tempest is over, the real work of the Mission has been found uninjured.

It is in times like these that the satisfactory character of our Missionary work in Tinnevelly has been

seen most clearly. We are erecting there a Native Church, to be a *pillar and ground of the truth*, from whence the beacon-light of the Gospel may shine far and wide over the deep gloom of India. The floods have often broken in upon us, and swept away from around the base of the fabric the loose materials which had gathered together there; but the well-settled work has withstood the shock, and, amidst difficulties and opposition, the building advances to completion. The number of baptized Converts and Communicants steadily increases.\*

These seasons of affliction have often served to show the bright steadfastness of the Christian character in a very pleasing view. *The trial of their faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, has been found unto praise and honour and glory.*

Some instances of *patient continuance in well-doing* may be mentioned. A number of natives in the village of Moocoodel had come under instruction. Some time afterward, intimidated by the persecution to which they were exposed, they returned to heathenism, one woman alone excepted. She stood fast, and on her the fury of the adversaries concentrated itself. For two or three years she persevered under these trials, which a single act of hypocrisy might have removed. Professing the name of Jesus as the only name under heaven by which we can be saved, and making her light shine before men, she became the happy instrument of inducing many to renounce idolatry, and embrace the Gospel. During the dark and cloudy time she walked five miles every Lord's-day to attend Christian Worship; and every three months she came to Palamcottah to strengthen her faith in the love and promises of the Redeemer. On being asked by the Rev. P. P. Schaffter if she were not sometimes tempted to return to heathenism, she replied, lifting up her

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\* See p. 175 of the Church Missionary Record for August 1847.



eyes and hands to heaven, "How can I forsake the Saviour?"

In one of the Congregations, the clothes of one woman appearing dirty, she was questioned on the subject. "Yes, Sir," said she; "but I am a poor woman, and have only this single dress." "Well," said the Missionary, "have you always been so poor?" "No," she replied; "I had some money and jewels, but a year ago the Maravers (thieves) came and robbed me of all. . They told me, "If you will return again to heathenism we shall restore you every thing." "Well," she was again asked, "why did you not follow their advice? Now you are a poor Christian." "Oh, Sir!" she replied, "I will rather be a poor Christian than a rich Heathen. Now I can say, respecting my stolen property, the Lord gave it, and the Lord has taken it again."

Another instance of this description is thus mentioned by our Missionary the Rev. S. Hobbs, in a letter to the Madras Secretary dated September 22d 1847—

The Church at Sebagnanapooram was vacant, the people having renounced their Christian profession long since, I think nearly two years. But God has not left Himself without a witness even in this place: one whole family remained, and part of another. Of the faithful family, Abraham is the father. I think you must have seen the old man, and you must have noticed his grey head—I trust *a crown of glory, being found in the way of righteousness*. He has a son, a sickly young man, but very diligent and attentive to his work as a cultivator. During the whole time that the village was without a Catechist this young man assembled the family together, morning and evening, and would not suffer one to proceed to work, or retire to rest, without prayer and reading of the Scriptures. I have had some conversation with him, and am surprised at his clear knowledge of Christian truth, under such apparently unfavourable circumstances. How wonderful is the electing love of God! Here is a poor, sickly, deserted Shanar, in the midst of Heathen, one of the most despised of men, but yet, I trust, *an habitation of God through the Spirit*.

Yes! *My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.* When we read of numbers of those who had recently placed themselves under instruction going back, and walking *no more with Him*, we are tempted to say, *All these things are against us*; but *this also cometh forth from the Lord of hosts, which is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working.* The more precious the result to be produced, the severer the discipline which is necessary. *The fitches are beaten out with a staff, and the cummin with a rod; but bread corn is bruised.* Yet *He will not ever be threshing it, nor break it with the wheel of His cart, nor bruise it with His horsemen.* The affliction shall never be one degree more intense, nor one moment more prolonged, than the welfare of His people shall require.



DEATH OF A PIOUS COMMUNICANT IN SIERRA LEONE.

WE take the following account from the Journal of the Rev. J. Beale, of Freetown—

*March 24, 1847*—To-day I committed the mortal remains of John Saunders to the grave, in the presence of about 800 spectators. He was brought to a saving acquaintance with his Saviour soon after his arrival here in a slaver, about thirty years ago. He loved the assembly of God's saints, and was never absent from either Sunday-school or Church, unless prevented from attending by sickness. Through his regular and steady attendance on the means of instruction he had gained a very considerable acquaintance with the Scriptures. His attainments in his business as a carpenter, and in general knowledge, were above the generality of Liberated Africans. By his upright conduct and fervent piety he had gained the esteem and respect of a large circle of our own people, and of many in other Communion. He was always ready to assist in any good work. He was a steady Teacher whenever we needed help in our Sunday-school, and was also for many years employed as an Assistant in watching over and instructing his countrymen. In various ways, indeed, he rendered gra-

titious help to the Church Missionary Society. I believe his course was one of exemplary piety.

The occasion of his death was a severe cold, and inflammation of the chest. On Lord's-day the 14th he was in his place at School and Church; but in the evening he was taken ill, and laid on that couch from which he never more arose. On the Tuesday following he sent for me. I went, and found him very ill. We had a very serious conversation, during which he intimated that he thought this sickness would be *unto death*; "but," he observed, "Jesus is my physician: I live in His hand." His sufferings were very great; but were borne with exemplary patience. On Saturday evening I went again, and found him much worse. Many of our people were with him, doing all they could. I gave out that beautiful hymn, "When languor and disease invade," read and expounded a portion of Scripture, and prayed with him. Saunders entered into all this most heartily, raising his hands and heart to heaven with great fervour. I saw him again on the Lord's-day; but it was evident that the means we were using to arrest the disease were useless, for he was much worse, and could scarcely be heard to speak. The last words I remember hearing him say were, "I am looking stedfastly to Jesus: He is all my hope." His friends sent for me on Tuesday morning; but before I reached the house his spirit had taken its flight, and was doubtless rejoicing in the presence of the Saviour in glory.

Mr. T. King, the Native Catechist, adds the following interesting particulars—

Informed of his being ill on Saturday, I visited him on the following evening, after the School. His appearance indicated that the pale horse's rider had got a sure and obstinate hold of his prey. It was with much difficulty he could speak to me, through the great pains on his chest. On my asking him the state of his mind he replied, "Sometimes I feel Christ's presence with me; but for a while I find my mind has wandered very much. You know how the enemy of souls is very busy. But, oh! what a great and unspeakable privilege it is to know the Bible! Its promises are now very precious, and a source of consolation to my soul. They afford me unspeakable comfort, which neither gold nor silver can impart. But what an awful thing it is to delay repentance till the time of sickness! I

thank the Lord that He taught me to know and seek Him before this time." "What renders those promises more precious," said I, "is, because they are made by Him who cannot lie." Thus he found that all the pains he took in acquiring the knowledge of the Scriptures, and of perseveringly attending the Means of Grace, at this time were amply repaid by Him who is a rewarder of those that diligently seek Him.



#### EFFECTS OF POPERY IN SOUTH INDIA.

WE take the following painful account from the Journal of the Rev. J. Bilderbeck, one of our Missionaries at Madras—

*Jan. 3, 1847: Lord's-day*—At eleven A.M. I went to Perambore and conducted Service. We have now scarcely any Christian families here, and our number is therefore generally very small; and yet, blessed be God! not so very small as to exclude us from the privilege of pleading the Saviour's promise, *Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.* There were now about twelve adults and five children present. I read prayers, and preached from Luke ii. 21. During the Service we had an increase of eight other adults. These, however, did not come in, but stood outside at the main door, listening all the while. After Service, as I was riding home, I overtook them, and found that, as they walked along, they were talking over what they had heard. Being just close after them, I heard one of them remark to the rest, that our worship was very plain, and that we neither burnt incense nor had any candles. This led me to tell them that that was never our practice; but that, as God was *a Spirit*, we worshipped Him *in spirit and in truth.* The man then said he was induced to make the remark only from having seen such things at other Churches, which "White Men" equally attended. I asked him whether he did not remember seeing any thing else there. He replied that he did; that he had observed images, and persons standing before them, with shaved heads and dressed in gay clothes, burning incense to these idols. I then begged him to tell me whether he perceived any difference between such modes of worship and their own practices as Hindoos.

At this the man suddenly altered his tone, and, growing indignant, charged us with having borrowed it all from them; only adding, that we took away THEIR idols and substituted our own in their place. I told him that he was wrong in passing such a sweeping censure, and that we were not the persons to blame, but the Papists, whom I supposed he meant; for, according to his own previous admission, we had no candles, nor burnt incense, nor had images; and then, pulling off my hat, I showed him, too, that my crown was not shaved. He smiled at this, and, with much courtesy, begged me to put my hat on again. After, however, gratifying his curiosity, and appeasing his wrath, I observed to him that the only God whom we worshipped was that God who made heaven and earth; that the only candle we kept was the blessed Word of that God, which was like *a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path*; that the only incense we burnt was prayer and praise, by which we made known our requests unto God, and adored Him for all His benefits to us; and that we built Churches only that we might have a convenient place wherein thus to worship Him who *dwelleth not in temples made with hands*, but who, in condescension to us, has still promised to be *where two or three are gathered together in His name*, and that to bless them. The man, however, maintained that so long as there were Europeans in this country who could do as they did, he could see no harm in following such idolatrous practices. I told him there were yet many others who did not do as they did, and that true wisdom should lead him to select for an example those whom he thought to be showing *a more excellent way*.



TEMPLE OF KALEE AT BEIZWARRAH—VISIT TO A  
HERMIT.

IN February 1847 the Rev. H. W. Fox, our Missionary at Masulipatam, in the Telooگو Country, left his Station on a visit to several villages. On his way he arrived at Beizwarrah, and the following account of his visit is taken from his Journal—

In consequence of its being situated on the Krishna, Beizwarrah is accounted a holy place; and at certain

times a great concourse assembles here from the neighbourhood, "to bathe, and to visit the god."

Perched on a lower crag of the hill is a small pagoda to Doorga, or Kalee, the bloodthirsty wife of Siva. It is the first I have ever seen, for her worship does not seem to be at present common in these parts. I went up to it last night, and although, of course, I could not go inside, the Priests, who were Brahmins, showed me the goddess. It was an ugly image, two or three feet high, of which the head only was visible, the rest being concealed by a sort of cloth, which was tied to the neck, and fell down on all sides like a pinafore: it was sprinkled with red drops, I suppose to represent blood. The eyes were two glittering pieces of tinsel, with a black spot on each for the pupil. I had a long conversation with one of the Priests, a poor half-clothed young man, who wanted to be very civil by bringing me an orange from among the offerings before the idol. I of course would not take it. He pretended to believe that the idol was divine; but it was painful and piteous to observe the poor man thinking only of his livelihood, and sticking to that first and last.

I passed from him to visit the hermit of the hill; not one of those dirty obscene beggars who call themselves Fakeers, or Sanyassees, and hang about towns and villages, but a real hermit, who has lived in his cave, as he told me, for thirty-five years. I had heard of him from others, and found him just what I had expected. I believe that formerly he really did deny himself; but he has long given that up, and seems to be enjoying the result of his self-denial in the respect and presents of the people. His cave is made into a very comfortable abode, and its site is particularly well chosen, inasmuch as it escapes all the heat and glare of the sun after an early hour in the morning. I found him sitting on his stool, with three old Brahmins from the town chatting with him. He had chairs, a cot, a table, and many more little conveniences than most Natives have. On an old rug on the cot sat, crouching and mumbling like a monkey, a young man who apparently desires to be the future possessor of the cave. The hermit himself was a comfortable, fat, elderly gentleman, with a clean cloth round his waist, and a clean skin on his body, which, by its comfortable folds, showed the good living he enjoyed. He saluted me in a very friendly manner, and gave me a chair;

and then began to enumerate the number of European Gentlemen who had paid him a visit, and exhibited their kindness by leaving him a present. I treated him with great respect, and, after some general conversation, told him that I had a question to ask him, and should be much obliged if he could give me an answer. "I commit many sins," I said, "and I know that it is only just that God should punish sin: how can I escape this punishment?" He answered me very readily by the old tale, "You must meditate upon God, you must pray, you must give alms, &c.;" and was quite satisfied with his answer, as were also the Brahmins who sat listening. I told him, in an humble way, that even I was able to discover that this would never do to remove my sins; for all these prayers, devotions, alms, &c., proceeded from my evil heart, and how could they, being evil, cure its corruption? I added, by way of illustration—what I find to be unanswerable, and a most useful simile—"In Masulipatam there are salt wells, and consequently the water in them is useless. Now, if a man were to draw a few bucketfuls of the salt water out of one of them, and then pour it back again, he would never by these means make the salt water sweet." He acknowledged my illustration, and passed on to general conversation; but I brought him back again, reminding him that he had not satisfied my question. He had no other remedy to give me; but said, "If we pour good water into the salt well, will not that cure it?" I acknowledged that it might; but said, "Where is the good water to come from? my heart produces only salt water." At last I told him and his friends that I would go home and try their experiment with a salt well near my house: this made them laugh, for they saw my intended application. On finding that the conversation was going to turn in other directions, I told them plainly that I knew a way of remission of sins; and then unfolded Christ to them, dying on the cross to suffer our punishment, and to pay our debt. After talking on this subject for some time, I left three or four Tracts with them, and came away.

From Beizwarrah Mr. Fox proceeded to Mangalagerry, in order to be present at the great annual festival there. We propose to give his account of this scene in a future Number.

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REPORT OF THE LAC LA RONGE OUT-STATION, IN THE  
NORTH-WEST-AMERICA MISSION.

WE this month give the account of Lac la Ronge promised in our last Number. What we are now about to relate continues the history of the Station from p. 8 of our Number for January 1847.

Mr. Settee arrived at the Station on the 8th of August 1846, a short time before two Roman-Catholic Priests, who afterward settled in the neighbourhood, and just prior to the appearance of the measles among the Indians, who thus stood in peculiar need of his assistance and instruction, many being carried off by the disease. The following affecting passage is from Mr. Settee's Journal—

*Oct. 24*—The total number who have died here up to the present time is 29, the majority of whom have been buried by myself. I am happy to add that they were all Converts, that they had forsaken their drums and conjurations, and held Family Prayers. Many of them gave evidence that they died in simple dependence on the merits of the Lord Jesus, uttering with their last breath such ejaculations as the following—"I love my soul and my Saviour, and I will praise Him while I have breath." They anxiously desired Christian Baptism, and it grieved me much to see them dying without that ordinance.

In the course of time, so greatly were Mr. Settee's labours blessed, the Indians were very anxious for a visit from the Rev. J. Hunter, that he might administer Baptism, &c. On the 13th of June 1847 a canoe from Lac la Ronge, with four Indians, arrived at Mr. Hunter's Station, in order to take him back with them. Mr. Hunter went, and, after a fortnight's voyage, the party arrived at Lac la Ronge on the 30th of June. Mr. Hunter writes, in his Journal—

Accompanied by two canoes of Indians, who had joined us on the way, and were going with me for instruction and Baptism, we made toward Lac la Ronge; and about four o'clock arrived at Mr. Settee's house, which is pleasantly situated at the base of immense granite rocks 200 or 300 feet high. The whole establishment spoke well for Settee's industry and perseverance, considering the short time he



had been located here, and the many hindrances arising from sickness, journeys, &c. On the opposite side of the Lake the Indians were encamped, and were to be seen on the hill, with their children, to catch a view of their long-expected visitor. On my landing at the Mission-house, they all came paddling in their canoes to welcome my arrival: their Christian affection and joy almost overcame my feelings, and it was plainly discernible that the power of the Gospel was felt and recognised. Lac la Ronge is about 500 miles from the Cumberland Station, and about 1000 from Red River, and it is my privilege to be the first Clergyman who has ever visited the neighbourhood. I held Divine Service in the evening, when the house was literally crowded, and appointed to-morrow for examining the Candidates for Baptism, and administering that ordinance.

*July 1, 1847*—This morning, at an early hour, I commenced examining the Candidates for Baptism, and found them well instructed in the leading truths of the Christian Religion: most of them could repeat the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments; also portions of Scripture, Hymns, Prayers, &c. I explained to them the nature, responsibilities, and benefits to be derived from Christian Baptism, and then baptized 48 adults and 59 children, making a total of 107 persons, the first-fruits of a Station not yet established one year; and had all the Candidates been present, instead of 107 we should have had about 160.

On the next day Mr. Hunter solemnized thirteen marriages and held Divine Service, and on the 3d he left for his Station. He writes—

After Morning Prayers the Indians all came and took an affectionate farewell, earnestly entreating that a Minister might be sent to reside among them. Parents pressed forward their children that they might shake hands with the "Praying Chief;" and some cut off the branches of a tall pine near the Mission-house, except at the top, as a memento of my visit, and afterward fired a salute round the tree. At my departure, also, they fired their guns, and continued to do so until we were out of hearing; while several canoes even accompanied me down the Lake, unwilling, as it were, to leave me. I hope I shall ever retain a grateful remembrance of my visit among this dear people, whose kindness, and, above all, their growth in grace and

love of the Saviour, have more than recompensed me for the dangers and fatigues of the journey.

Mr. Hunter reached his Station on the 10th. He records the gratifying fact, that ALL the Indians at Lac la Ronge have embraced Christianity. There is not ONE Heathen among them.

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CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

Light for the dreary vales
Of ice-bound Labrador !
Where the frost-king breathes on the slippery sails,
And the mariner wakes no more.
Lift high the lamp that never fails,
To that dark and sterile shore.

Light for the forest child !
An outcast though he be
From the haunts where the sun of his childhood smiled,
And the country of the free.
Pour the hope of heaven o'er his desert wild,
For what home on earth has he ?

Light on the Hindoo shed,
On the maddening idol train !
The flame of the suttee is dire and red,
And the Fakeer faints with pain,
And the dying moan on the cheerless bed,
By the Ganges laved in vain.

Light for the Burman vales !
For the islands of the sea !
For the coast where the slave-ship fills its sails
With sighs of agony,
And the kidnapped babe the mother wails
'Neath the lone banana tree !

Light for the ancient race,
Exiled from Zion's rest !
Homeless they roam from place to place,
Benighted and oppress'd :
They shudder at Sinai's fearful base—
Guide them to Calvary's breast.

Light for the darkened earth !
Ye blessed, its beams who shed,
Shrink not till the day-spring has its birth,
Till wherever the footstep of man doth tread
Salvation's banner spreads broadly forth,
And Messiah's foes have fled. [MRS. SIGOURNEY.

CHURCH MISSIONARY GLENER.

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THE HUSBANDRY OF GOD.

PART VIII.

EACH Mission-field has its peculiar trials, varying according to the character of the work, and the pleasure of the Great Husbandman; and in every instance, if our shortsightedness permitted us to discern it, admirably adapted to repress the growth of what is injurious, and advance to their maturity the pleasant *fruits of righteousness*. Tinnevelly has its seasons of persecution; New Zealand its alarms of war; Sierra Leone has been often tried by the sickness of its Missionaries, and the destitute condition of promising Congregations when the Labourer has been unexpectedly removed. Trial, in some aspect or another, appears to be indispensable to the growth of the Christian principle, whether in individuals or Congregations.

There is a field of labour far removed from the hot suns of tropical countries. It lies amidst those regions of North America which are under the influence of the Hudson's-Bay Company. Since the seventeenth century the agents of that Company have traded with the Indians, who, coming—often from great distances—to the forts erected at various places, have brought with them, for barter, the chief wealth of the country—furs of the beaver, fox, wolf, bison, bear, lynx, marten, and many others. An immense number of lakes diversify the aspect of these uncultivated regions, and, united with one another by intervening rivers, help the communication between distant parts. When a rapid occurs, and navigation becomes impracticable, the light canoes and lading are carried along the banks, until deep water is again reached. Over these vast tracts

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the Indian wanders, in misery and degradation. The pitiable remnant of once powerful nations, he meets you, wrapped in a dirty blanket, or in worn-out and tattered hare skins, his head uncovered, save by an enormous mass of long black hair. Some, who think themselves of more importance than the rest, have their faces hideously painted. The men pass their time in apathy and indolence, except when excited by the chase or war; and on the oppressed woman, the poor Indian squaw, devolve the drudgeries of life.

Yet, until 1820, no effort was made to convey to them the *glad tidings* of that Gospel which has the *promise both of the life that now is, and of that which is to come*. Ruins of houses, forts, sharpened stockades, might be met with; but no Place of Worship. About that year the Rev. John West, on being appointed Chaplain to a Settlement formed at the Red River, south of Lake Winnipeg, first directed the attention of the Church Missionary Society to these neglected lands. Since then, laborious and devoted Missionaries have been unceasingly occupied in reclaiming a wild and sterile soil. An Indian, in his figurative language, well expressed to our first Missionary, the Rev. D. T. Jones, the difficulties of the work—"There are a great many willows to cut down, and roots to be removed, before the path will be clear to walk in." Amidst many trials, their labours have been carried on. Often have they been reduced to extreme necessity from want of food. On one of these trying occasions the Rev. W. Cockran wrote—"Being in difficulty for want of provisions, I and James Valler went and cut ten sheaves of barley. It was not quite ripe; but we had no other means of subsisting: we brought it home, and threshed it, and gave it to Mrs. Cockran to dry by the fire, that it might be ready for the evening. Thus," he adds, "we were often in a strait. Sometimes want pressed hard upon us, and brought us very low in body and mind; but the Lord never turned His gracious face away from us." Nor, in the later experience of the Mission, have similar necessities been

unknown. In August last our Missionary, the Rev. R. James, writes—"After a year of disease and sad mortality, the Settlement is now threatened with want—a true calamity in this part of the world. Through the present summer many families have had to subsist on three meals in the week; and we have had a few instances of starvation." And the Rev. J. Smithurst, our Missionary at the Indian Settlement, adds—"I have often seen the poor children, on leaving school, go to the river, and sit there angling till sunset, in order to catch a few small fish called gold-eyes, which have scarcely an ounce of what is eatable upon them.*

Scarcity is indeed severe, even in our comparatively temperate climate. What, then, must it be amidst the intense severity of a North-West American winter? In a Letter dated Jan. 10, 1847, Mr. James writes—"I had a very bitter ride to the Middle Church: I had to employ a driver, and bury myself in buffalo robes. What a poor conception have our friends at home of the intensity of cold in these regions! Several times flakes of snow fell upon my eyelids, and, on instinctively closing my eye, it was instantly locked, and I had a most painful task to open it." Yet he adds, "Be the weather what it may, rain or snow, storm or sunshine, frozen mercury or fever heat, the Church is more than full. Many have to walk five or six miles each way, and that often, in winter, through two or three feet of snow." Yes, amidst trials such as these the work of God gloriously advances. Settlers and Indians hunger for the Bread of Life; and amidst the once barren wilderness the harvest of the Lord ripens to its maturity. Temporal harvests may be blighted, and disappoint the expectations of the husbandman; but in this there shall be no failure.—Isa. lv. 10, 11.

And now, amidst the scattered sections of the Indian tribes, the spirit of inquiry is rapidly extending itself. In one of his letters, written upward of twenty years

* The crops of 1846 had proved a total failure, and those of the preceding harvest were far below the average.

ago, Mr. Jones says—" I feel confident that the tree of life is now striking root at this place, which will eventually drop its fruit over this immense continent, and whose leaves will be for the healing of the bewildered Indian." It has, indeed, taken root. It has been reared in trial, and it is strong and vigorous. It is now the time of yielding fruit. The shadow of its influence has reached further than the foot of the Missionary has yet penetrated, and the *weary and heavy laden* Indian comes to find rest beneath its branches.*

ENCOURAGING STATE OF THE BANANAS—MISSIONARY MEETING.

IN our Number for October last we gave an account of a new Church in the Island of Bananas. We are thankful to say that the accounts from that place continue to be very encouraging. The Rev. F. Bultmann, of Kent, who has charge of the Bananas, writes, Aug. 15, 1847—

God's blessing seems to rest in a peculiar manner upon this lovely island, where the simple-hearted followers of Christ form as great a proportion of its entire population as in any place I know of, either here or in Europe. Their example cannot fail beneficially to influence the mind of many a European who may spend some time among them; and thus to refund, in the most practical manner, a measure of those blessings for which, under God, they stand indebted to British philanthropy and Christian love.

Of the state of morals an idea may be formed from the circumstance that, while the whole Colony is overstocked with licensed dealers in spirituous liquors—insomuch that, to say nothing of the extensive smuggling carried on in this article, the import duty and the fees for licences form by far the most considerable items in the Colonial Revenue—the Bananas inhabitants have, to this day, successfully withstood the establishment of any liquor-vender among them, so that none can be had for money in the whole island; and when, lately, one of our own people imported some gallons,

* See interesting accounts of this Mission in the last two Numbers of the Gleaner.

and was selling it to European sailors, he was immediately detected, and put in confinement for a week.

In April Mr. F. W. H. Davies, of Bathurst, visited Kent, and the following passage is taken from his Journal—

April 11, 1847: Lord's-day—After taking an early breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Bultmann, we started for the Bananas, at which island I was left, while Mr. and Mrs. Bultmann proceeded to Ricketts. My visit was quite unexpected, and most of the people knew nothing of my arrival until they came to Church. The Service was well attended, and I was led to believe, by the profound solemnity and devout attention of the people, that many of them were worshippers of God *in spirit and in truth*. After the Service, many of the people waited outside the Church to shake hands with me. They said they had heard of my return from England, and felt "very hungry" to see me: that I had "done come" they bless God, for the sight of me made them "happy too much." They were anxious to know if I were going to leave them in the afternoon; and when I told them I had come to spend the day with them, and hoped to perform the Evening Service, their countenances brightened up, and they even clapped their hands for joy. They then took their departure; but very soon afterward I received a present of fruit from some of them. Although the Evening Service did not begin until seven o'clock, yet the Church was crowded, and very great attention was manifested. Just before I concluded my address, I thought I would stay another day with this kind and simple-hearted people, and accordingly gave notice that I should hold a Missionary Prayer-Meeting on the following evening. This announcement created no little joy.

April 12—At seven o'clock in the evening I opened the Meeting. The Church was well attended. I thought I could not do better than relate some of the many interesting accounts lately received of the Abbeokouta Mission, and I soon found that I had touched a chord that met with a vibration in their hearts. When I came to Mr. Crowther's finding his mother, and the other members of his family, many of the women wept aloud for joy, and I could even hear the men distinctly say, "Thank God!" I then informed them that it was the wish of Mr. Townsend that the

people in the Colony should do their best to subscribe a sufficient sum to enable him to build a Church at Abbeokouta, to be called "The Sierra-Leone Church." Although I did not say there would be a collection, yet I thought the plates should be handed round, and urged the people to do what they could toward this object. I expected no more than a few coppers, and was agreeably surprised to find 9s. 6d. collected. After the Meeting, many of the people came round me and said, "Sir, you have told us good news to-night, and we thank you very much."

April 13, 1847—On preparing for my departure to Kent, the people willingly offered to take me across, free of any expense. While they were getting the boat ready, however, the Rev. N. Denton, who was at Kent with his sick child, came over for me.

On the 25th of September two Native Schoolmasters, with their wives, were sent from Sierra Leone to Abbeokouta, and by them the Missionaries had the pleasure to send the sum of 26l. 8s. for "The Sierra-Leone Church." The money had principally been collected in Freetown, with Gloucester and Leicester.

VISIT TO A TURKISH SCHOOL AT SMYRNA.

THE following account is given in the Journal of Mr. C. Sandreczki, a Catechist of the Society at Smyrna—

June 16, 1847—This afternoon, passing by a Turkish School with Mr. Dalessio, we went in. The Schoolroom was upstairs, and capable of holding about 200 children; but I think there were in attendance not more than eighty boys, of from five to twelve years of age. They were sitting cross-legged on both sides of low benches placed in rows along three of the side walls, and on a nice carpet, which covered the floor throughout, and which could not be dirtied, because the boys must put off their shoes and leave them without. The only decoration of the walls consisted in well-written sentences taken from the Korân, and put into frames. The room was well aired and clean, and enjoying the full daylight; but the boys were so boisterous and tumultuous, that the School resembled a playground or wrestling place, far more than a residence of early wisdom. There were some helpers, who would from

time to time deal out slaps to the right and to the left; but these corrections were of but momentary and individual consequence, or of none at all. The Schoolmaster himself was an exceedingly fat old man—a phenomenon in our countries, where lean and meagre Schoolmasters constitute the general rule—with a venerable white beard, and an immense turban of the same colour, which gave his dark features still more relief. He was sitting, in the same manner as the boys, on a small carpet in the corridor close by the staircase. He did not take notice of the affairs within doors, as he was examining a boy before him, who, continually raising his body on his heels, and bending forward so as to touch the floor, or the sheepskin which was spread under him, with his hands, was rehearsing or chanting an endless lesson from the Korân in Arabic. The Teacher, apparently paying little attention to his pupil's recital, nevertheless responded to it by a slight mechanical movement of the upper part of his body, from right to left, like an inverted pendulum. I am sure neither the Teacher nor his pupil understood, or attended to, any one of the innumerable sentences which formed the object of their mutual outward exertions and reverences. I sincerely pitied both of them, and left the School with one more sting in our hearts.

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BAPTISM OF A HINDOO CONVERT AT CALCUTTA.

IN our Number for January last we gave an account of the baptism of a young Brahmin by the Rev. T. Sandys, at Calcutta. The following account is also by Mr. Sandys, who writes—

On Monday evening, May 31, 1847, Bhubani Churn Chowdry, a Native Convert, nineteen years of age, was admitted by me into the Church of Christ by baptism, in Trinity Church, on the Church Mission Premises, Amherst Street, Calcutta. This young man has been for about four years a pupil in our English School here, and for the last two years he has been in the first Class. For some time past he has been looked upon as a hopeful character; and now at length, through the grace of God, he has sought and obtained admission into the fold of the Good Shepherd. The following account, drawn up by himself, may not be uninteresting.

“In the year 1843 I was placed by my friends in the Mirzapore Church Mission School, which was then under the superintendence of the Rev. J. Long, as a Student; not with a view to learn any thing about Christianity, but only to get such sufficient knowledge of the English language as would enable me to be useful to myself, as well as to my parents and friends. For some time I had little or no knowledge about Christianity, and was not inclined to know much about it, until I had the Bible as my Class-book, when I pursued the study of it, like other books, to learn the facts. But in the course of my studying it, although I did not inquire, or believe in the truth of it, yet it had some happy effects upon my mind, because it fully laid open to my mind the fallacy of the Hindoo Religion, and estranged my heart from the love of it, which I so long blindly loved, and upon which I vainly built my hopes of salvation. But notwithstanding this, I had neither the courage to throw up (off) that openly which is not the truth, and for which I had no regard, nor did I feel the necessity of searching after the truth, and of depending upon that. Thus, for a while, I remained without any religion, and consequently without any fixed principles, except what my sinful heart suggested, and I was quite unconcerned about my present dangerous situation, and the fearful consequences of it hereafter. But happily for me, I still pursued the study of the Bible, the holy Word of God, which reflected in my heart the awful and forsaken state in which I then stood before an offended and holy God, and led me to feel, myself, the necessity of some means which will reconcile me to Him. To gain my soul’s salvation, I thought the Bible to be the book in which the means I required was (were) graciously revealed by God to man, and I pursued the study of it more diligently and heartily than I did before, and found its words, though simple, yet sublime, and full of such proofs of its Divine authority, that all my doubts and prejudices against it soon vanished from my mind, and I was fully satisfied it was such a truth as I required, and is worthy to be embraced. But now was the time when I had to overcome all the difficulties which appeared to me so insurmountable, particularly the affections and kind love of dearest parents and friends, from whom I must be separated, and the scoffs and sneers of men, which I must suffer. I delayed to embrace

the Truth, and I sought for an opportunity when it would be less difficult to me; but the more I delayed, the more difficult it appeared to me, till I found it would never be less difficult than it is now. This thought excited and encouraged my mind to overcome every difficulty, and I hesitated not any longer; but gave myself up under the protection of that merciful and loving Heavenly Father, who is a Father to the fatherless, and ever ready to succour those that truly seek His assistance, and that Saviour who invites all that are weary and heavy laden to take rest, and to drink from the fountain of life, and live for ever.

“And now may God, who hath brought me into His Gospel light, strengthen my love and faith toward Him, by His Son, through the Holy Spirit, that I may continue through all the days of my life in His love, and the true hope of salvation which is in Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, who shed His innocent blood for the redemption of man. Amen. BHOBANI CHURN CHOWDRY.”

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VISIT TO A GREAT HEATHEN FESTIVAL.

WE now give Mr. Fox's narrative of his visit to the great Annual Festival at Mangalagherry, referred to in our last Number. He arrived at the town on the 27th of February 1847, and gives the following account in his Journal—

Mangalagherry probably contains 3000 or 4000 people. There is a large temple, with a handsome goparum (tower over the gateway) about 120 or 150 feet high; and just beyond it rises the hill, to the height of 600 or 700 feet.

Half way up this hill is a small pagoda, where the most sacred idol is kept. It is a stone one, about two feet high, called Narasingha, and represents an uncouth incarnation of Vishnoo, half man, half lion. There are several miracles connected with it. One is, that whatever quantity may be poured into the idol's mouth—even if it be a hundred gallons—the idol, small as it is, holds it all. The manifest refutation of this is, that from all the crevices of the rock around the temple the sugared water trickles down in large quantities; but the stupid people are persuaded that this arises only from the spilling at the time of pouring it into its mouth. Another is, that if a number of vessels full of this liquid be left in the temple during the night, next

morning they will be found half emptied; the idol never taking more than half. I told those who reported this miracle to me the story of Bel in the Apocrypha, which greatly amused them, being so closely to the point.

The festival consisted in nothing more than certain nightly processions. On the night of the 28th, the Lord's-day, an indecent representation of one of the scenes of Krishna's life took place in the public street, by means of figures about two feet high. The next night was the marriage: this consisted of a procession of an image of the god, so wrapped up in swaddling-clothes that I could make out nothing of its shape, seated upon the folds of an enormous cobra de capella, and overshadowed by its outspread hood. Along with the image—and, like it, borne aloft on men's shoulders—was a small shrine containing two brass idols, which represented the two wives of the god. The procession moved slowly about the town, pausing every now and then, while music was played before the idols, rockets were let off, guns fired, and a firework or two burned. The great night was Tuesday; but nothing else took place beyond the dragging about a great car, in which was seated a little idol.

The crowd was enormous: on Sunday the town was crammed; but on Monday all the ground round about was also covered with people, and on Tuesday it was still more closely and widely crowded. The poor people came from all directions; many of them twenty or forty miles, and some even more. Of course there was no room in the town for them, so they just lived day and night on the open plain. Each night, about seven or eight o'clock, I saw numerous groups of women and children, worn out with the excitement and heat of the day, lying all round about the temple asleep: the men were still moving about. All the main street and neighbourhood were crowded with booths, where ornaments, toys, food, or sweetmeats, were to be sold: indeed, in many respects, allowing for the difference of customs, it was like a great English fair, without its riot or drunkenness, but, instead of that, defiled with idolatry. In the place of mountebanks and wild-beast shows, were a number of people whom I might call fire-dancers. A man, three-fourths naked, would take two thick torches made of cotton rags with oil on them, and, having lighted them, he would dash them one against the other until he

was enveloped in the cloud of sparks which flew from them. All this while dancing about violently, he would vary the spectacle by beating his naked breast and back with the burning end of the torches, or by holding them both before him in such a position that the flames passed close by his breast and face. Sometimes he would sit down on the ground, take a roll of rags about an inch thick, light one end of it, and put it into his open mouth, holding it on his tongue without extinguishing it. Meanwhile another man, fantastically dressed, would be beating a small gong. I saw four or five sets of these characters in the space of 100 yards. Another man varied the amusement by mounting on stilts, and running through the skin of his back and arms four skewers of wood, the further end of which terminated in small flaming torches. On inquiring, many times, the cause of all this outrageous and unmeaning self-torture, I was assured that it did not arise from religion or devotion, but was simply an expedient to collect a few pence from the bystanders.

On the Lord's-day I was alone, and spent the greater part of the day quietly in the travellers' bungalow, just outside the town. In the morning and evening I spent more than an hour, on each occasion, in disputing with, and preaching to, large numbers of listeners. They everywhere, and at all times, treated me with great respect and civility, the immediate cause of which was probably the well-known good will of the excellent Collector of the district to the Missionaries.

On the morning of Monday, the 1st inst., I was joined by an American Lutheran Missionary from Guntoor; and morning and evening we sallied forth into the crowd. However, the better to get at the people, I pitched my tent in a grove of tamarind trees, in sight of the great temple, and just outside the crowd. Here I had crowds of listeners. As many as could find room sat down in my tent: the rest crammed all the space round about the doors on each side of the tent, and looked in through the windows. I must have had from fifty to sixty people at a time, most of them attentive, and continuing for a length of time: among them were a good many women. I continued for an hour and a half or more, at a time, to preach to them about idols, sin, and Jesus Christ the one sacrifice for sin. When I was tired I read to them the Ten Commandments, explaining

and applying them, or else a Tract, commenting on it as I read. When the two days were over I was greatly fatigued, and my throat very sore. But it was a subject of great rejoicing that I had been permitted to preach Christ to such great numbers, who had never heard of Him before, without obstruction or opposition.

I was not a little amused at the looks of wonder which I saw continually in the crowds who looked at my companion and myself, and at the crowds which usually followed us to the bungalow; for their looks confirmed what they told us, that they had never seen a white face before.

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IS THERE ROOM FOR ME?

SUGGESTED BY AN INCIDENT IN MISSIONARY LIFE.

A Heathen girl her Teacher met,  
And ask'd her, tremblingly,  
"Is there more room in Heaven yet?  
Can there be room for me?"

In this our land how oft we hear,  
"My sins, how few they be!  
Since God is good, I know no fear—  
There's room in Heaven for me."

Or one will say, "My deeds behold!  
My prayers! my charity!  
Heaven's doors will open to my gold—  
There must be room for me."

But hear God's Word, thou fallen, proud  
Sinner and Pharisee—  
"Till at yon Cross thy pride hath bow'd,  
Heaven is no home for thee.

"If thou hast done one only sin,  
Though small that sin may be,  
Thou canst not surely enter in—  
There is no room for thee."

But, contrite sinner, if thou wilt  
To Christ the Saviour flee,  
Drop at His Cross thy load of guilt,  
Then Heaven has room for thee.

Grant, Lord, that all, abroad, at home,  
May Thy salvation see;  
That each, whom Thou hast taught to come,  
May know "there's room for me."

C. S. W.

# CHURCH MISSIONARY GLENER.

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VOL. VIII.

THE HUSBANDRY OF GOD.

PART IX.

*MY thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.* His modes of proceeding are often mysterious and incomprehensible to us, yet ever most admirably adapted to the accomplishment of His glorious purposes; for *He is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working.* *God is my King of old, saith the Psalmist, working salvation in the midst of the earth.*

When the mighty tempest sweeps along, uprooting with its furious gusts the strongest trees, and the rain descends in floods, the husbandman looks forth on the gloomy prospect, and can discover no apparent connexion between the extreme rigour of the winter, and the bright summer, and the rich golden harvests, which shall eventually crown the year. Yet the promised harvest comes round, and he finds himself bending beneath the weight of its gathered sheaves.

So it is with the Missionary in his work. There are wintry seasons, when disappointments crowd on him, when persecutions arise, and *offences come*, and many, of whom he hoped better things, turn back, and *walk no more with him*; and he is tempted to say, *all these things are against me.* But, *it is the Lord*—and this arrests the feeling of despondency, and the mind is tranquillized. And like the aged Jacob, when he fell upon the neck of his long-lost, yet never-forgotten Joseph, the Missionary at times is permitted to see the glorious issue of previous painful dispensations. His harvest also comes round, and as with joy he comes before the Lord, *bringing his sheaves with him*, and

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unites with those who have been given to him as the fruits of his labour in praise and thanksgiving to God, he looks back on the time when he went forth weeping, *bearing precious seed.*

The Sierra-Leone Mission presents a beautiful illustration of this. The most matured portion of our work, we are enabled to discern in it more clearly the results of former trials.

The first Missionary Settlements in Western Africa, in connexion with the Church Missionary Society, were formed, not within the Colony, but among some of the tribes in its vicinity. Deeply interesting are the accounts of these early Labourers. They did indeed *sow in tears*, and glorified their Master *by patient continuance in well doing* in the midst of very painful circumstances. "Witnesses of the death, one after another, of those who had just arrived to assist them in their labours—worn down themselves by sickness—aspersed and calumniated—agitated with anxious fears—exposed to personal danger—expecting, through the weary night, the moment when fire would be put to their dwellings, or the sword run through their hearts—yet their God upheld them."\* At length a partial revival of the Slave Trade compelled, in the year 1818, the abandonment of these Stations among the Susoos and the Bulloms.

This seemed discouraging indeed; yet it is instructive to observe how remarkably it was overruled for good to Africa.

Withdrawn from the advanced posts among the adjacent tribes, the Missionary strength was of necessity concentrated in the Colony; and here God in His wisdom provided new materials on which the power of the Gospel might be brought to bear. Just at this crisis the British men-of-war began to disembark, on the shores of Sierra Leone, numbers of poor Negroes liberated from the hold of the captured slave-ships. Miserable indeed they were, more so than by description

\* Fifteenth Annual Report of the Society, p. 551.



could be conveyed to the mind, yet not beyond the reach of Gospel mercy. They consisted of fragments of various tribes, speaking various languages, from distant lands with which we had no communication. The Slave Trade spares none: it grasps its victim wherever it can find him. Pitiless of his sufferings, deaf to his entreaties, it tears him away from home and friends, and condemns him to be a slave for life. But often it has happened, on the shores of Africa, when his doom seemed certain, deliverance has reached him. Wrested from the fetter of the slave dealer, these poor victims of human avarice have been transferred from the hold of the slave-ship to a place of refuge, where they might be told of the love of Him who came to free us from a worse bondage.

And thus our Missionaries found themselves in a much more advantageous position for their work than if they had remained among the Susoos or the Buloms. Then, a few scattered tribes of the African race would have been benefitted; but Missionary Labours in Sierra Leone held forth the promise of far more extended usefulness. The representatives of many nations, in a most wonderful manner, were brought together beneath the sound of Gospel instruction. The message of divine mercy began to exercise its happy influence on those who, if evangelized, and thus intellectually and morally improved, were capable of making the Gospel known in upward of forty of the languages of Africa; and thus our Missionaries became invested with the high and honourable office of training up for future usefulness a body of Christian converts, concerning whom hopes might be reasonably entertained, that, either from among themselves or their immediate descendants, chosen instruments would be raised up, by whom the Gospel might be introduced into the unknown lands of Central Africa.

Thus one apparent evil was overruled for good; one way blocked up, that the Missionary might enter a path of far more extended usefulness; and discouraging circumstances so wonderfully bent out of their natural

tendency, and made subservient to the purposes of God, as to conduce to the prosperity of the work which they had threatened to destroy.

And the history of the Sierra-Leone Mission, if we are permitted to trace it further, will present us with many equally remarkable and instructive coincidences.



#### MISSIONARY MEETINGS IN SIERRA LEONE.

IN our last Number we gave an account of a Missionary Meeting at the Bananas. We now propose to notice two other Meetings, held within the Colony of Sierra Leone. The Rev. J. Beale, of Freetown, writes—

*July 5, 1847*—This being the first Monday in the month, the Missionary Prayer-Meeting was held. We were all very much interested with some extracts from the "Record," and especially with an Address delivered, at my request, by our good old Christian Visitor. Part of his speech was as follows—"You know, my dear brethren and sisters, what privileges we are getting now. You must think of our first state in our heathen land; how we bow down to wood and stone; but, by the mercy of God, we are brought under the power of the Gospel. You must consider how Sierra Leone was at the first. When I first was in Sierra Leone the people were wicked: they were selling one another, as in our heathen land. But now, only look and see what God has done for us: through the power of the Gospel we are tamed. So, my brethren, me and you ought to do something for our country-people. You see the Europeans, what good they have done for us: they leave their fathers and mothers, sisters, children, and all their friends, that we might hear the Gospel. So you see, my brethren, what God is doing for us. If a man has a son or daughter, and the child come to age, and see that his parents are in want, and he or she is able to support them, the child will remember what trouble his parents take in his infancy. It is the same way with the Society now. The Missionaries have been very kind to us, in spending their property that the Gospel might be preached to us; so let us help them, that the Gospel may go to our own land." The whole of

the Address was listened to with the most serious attention, and at the close of the Meeting the collection amounted to about 14*s*.

And the Rev. N. Denton, of Regent, relates—

*May 19, 1847*—This morning, according to previous notice, the Rev. C. F. Ehemann came hither to preach our Missionary Sermon, and in the evening we held the Missionary Meeting. We had a more numerous attendance, both at the Service and the Meeting, than last year, and also larger collections. After the Sermon we collected 1*l*. 12*s*. 6*d*., and after the Meeting, 1*l*. 4*s*. 4*d*. It is fresh in all our memories what an interesting Meeting we had last year, and experience has since proved that it had a good effect. Since June 3, 1846, I have received—exclusive of above 34*l*. paid for schooling—13*l*. 9*s*. 11*d*. from Communicants; 7*l*. 12*s*. 10½*d*. from Candidates; 10*s*. from Missionary Meetings; and 5*s*. 0¾*d*. from a Missionary Box; making a total of 21*l*. 17*s*. 10½*d*. If we add to this the proceeds of the present Sermon and Meeting—2*l*. 16*s*. 10*d*.—we have a grand total of 24*l*. 14*s*. 8¼*d*.

Cheering and profitable as was the Meeting last year, it is gratifying to know that the present Meeting was not only quite equal to it, but perhaps exceeded it. In the morning the town had quite the appearance of a holiday, many of the people ceasing from their work, appearing in their best clothes, and coming to Church as if it were Sunday. And in the evening, the interest and warmth of feeling which pervaded the Meeting seemed to cheer and animate the speakers. After several Europeans and Natives had spoken, two respectable old Communicants stood up, the one to propose a vote of thanks for the Sermon and Meeting, and the other to second it. Each occupied above ten minutes in speaking: they showed much energy, and quite engaged the attention of the people, who appeared not only pleased with it, but honoured. One of them, after urging the people to increased liberality, concluded with the words, "This is all I have to say;" and then, putting a dollar into my hands, he added, "This is all I have to give." I am sure such Meetings do much to produce and strengthen a Missionary spirit among the people, and to call into exercise that spirit of charity which the ordinary means of preaching and teaching may sometimes fail to move.

Mr. Attarra, who attended the Services, describes the Meeting as "a grand one." With regard to the Missionary Contributions of the people, we may perhaps let you know, in a future Number, how much they have raised, during the past year, throughout the Colony.



#### CELEBRATION OF EASTER-DAY IN THE GREEK CHURCH.

THE season of Easter having just occurred, our readers will be interested by some particulars of its celebration last year at Syra, by the Greek Church. The Rev. F. A. Hildner is the Society's Missionary at Syra, and he gives the following account in his Journal—

*April 4, 1847: Easter-day*—Being up early to-day, and hearing the inviting sound of the bells of the Churches, I went to the principal one in my neighbourhood to see the performance of the Easter-Morning Service, which is considered to be the most solemn and important in the Greek Church. It was one of the finest mornings I ever saw, the weather being calm and mild, the sky perfectly unclouded, and the moon shining beautifully bright. People were flocking in great crowds from every part of the town to the Church. The greater number could not find room in the body of the Church, but had to remain outside in the yards. These are spacious enough, and may contain more than two thousand people. They were soon entirely filled with people of every class and age; the lower part with men, and the higher part, to which staircases lead, with women. The Service commenced in the Church, the Bishop and Priests singing Psalms and Prayers, and reading portions from the Gospel, of which, however, as I did not find room inside the Church, I could understand scarcely any thing. When this Service had ended, a procession took place, the Bishop and Priests at the head, followed by some of the more devoted, who carried the likeness of Christ risen from the dead, and then by the Eparch, Demarch, Churchwardens, and a good many other people, every one having a burning taper in his hand. They proceeded around the Church, the people readily giving way, and many showing great reverence. Then, having arrived at a platform raised in the middle of the yard, the Bishop, Priests, and some

others, ascended it; and the former read the account of the resurrection of Christ from John xx. in an audible voice. He could be seen by nearly all the people, and the Gospel could be well heard, too, by all, owing to the stillness of the night, and such a quietness and order of the multitude, notwithstanding that all was crowded to excess, as I could never have expected. This, together with the circumstance that every one, with scarcely any exception, held a burning candle in his hand, gave to the whole a great brightness and solemnity; and the moon, too, seemed to me as if she had never shone so brightly. This was undoubtedly the best part of the Service, all seeming calculated to cause feelings of deep devotion.

Such Morning Services date from the earlier times of Christianity; and they would still be, if by the traditions of men the unscriptural picture worship and unmeaning ceremonies had not been added, an edifying arrangement; but as it was, it could not be considered a spiritual nor a rational worship, and it left a painful impression on my mind—yea, the sure tendency of it to idolatry greatly depressed my spirits.

The following passage is a pleasant contrast to the foregoing—

Our Protestant Services were comparatively well attended, and gave me ground for encouragement and comfort. All the members of the English Congregation, beside two masters of merchant vessels, and two Greeks, were present in the morning, and eight persons approached to receive the Lord's Supper. The Afternoon Service, also, was attended by all the members of the German Congregation but one. It was a day of rich blessings to me. I felt very grateful to the Lord, and prayed for the outpouring of His Spirit, that we might soon see more of a spiritual resurrection both in Christian Churches and Heathen Missions, and also in my sphere of labour.

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A NEW-ZEALANDER'S VIEW OF 2 COR. V. 3.

ON the 11th of November 1846 Archdeacon Brown left his Station, Tauranga, on a long Missionary journey. He writes, on the 17th—

My travelling companions kept me talking throughout

the day, explaining passages of Scripture which they found it difficult to understand ; among others, "*Salt of the earth ;*" "*Strong meat ;*" "*Keys of the kingdom of Heaven ;*" "*If so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked.*" From the latter verse, the Native who, ignorant of its meaning, had asked me for an explanation, had drawn, nevertheless, an important lesson. "I thought," he said, "of a man travelling through a desert country : he sees signs of a coming storm, and hastens to build himself a shelter, that he may not be found naked and exposed to the rain. Another sees the same sign, but travels on till he is overtaken by the rain, and, not being clothed, not having any shelter, he shivers and dies. So a man travelling through the world sees the clouds of God's anger against sin arising, but, taught by his lamp"—a common expression of a Native for his Testament—"he covers himself with faith in Christ, and is not found naked in the storm ; while another man sees the same signs, but, knowing nothing of Christ, he seeks no cover, but travels on naked in his sins, till, overtaken by the storm of God's wrath, he perishes everlastingly."



CHRISTIAN CONDUCT OF THE NEGROES AT PRATTVILLE,
JAMAICA—DEATH OF A PIOUS NEGRESS.

WE have lately received the following interesting Report of Prattville, Jamaica, for the year ending December 31, 1847, by Mr. F. Byrne—

This Station continues, under the blessing of God, to prosper. The attendance of the people on the Means of Grace, and their zeal for spiritual improvement and religious knowledge, remain unabated.

At the commencement of the year, all were filled with painful anxiety respecting the probable abandonment of this Station in consequence of there being no means of support provided. But this anxiety was dispelled by the timely munificence of the Society, aided by a temporary grant from His Lordship the Bishop, which enabled me to proceed with my duties as usual.

The provision was hailed by the Congregation with deep gratitude and heartfelt delight, which they publicly manifested by returning thanks to God during Divine Worship. It had also the effect of stimulating them to increased energy in the *work of faith and labour of love*. This was evinced

by an active effort on their part to complete the improvements made in our Place of Worship, and to liquidate all demands on the Station from their own resources, they having received no aid from any other source whatever. They also entered into an arrangement to keep the Station in repair, and the premises clean. This they have accordingly carried out, by opening the different paths leading to the Station, and making a new and commodious road, of some length, through a steep hill of limestone, to the Chapel.

Our medical attendant having given it as his opinion that a space should be cleared around the Station, with a view to increase its healthiness, the Congregation most cheerfully declared their willingness to do all in their power for our benefit, and accordingly both males and females turned out for several weeks successively, and effected various improvements. The Station is now much more comfortable, because healthier, from the free circulation of the sea breeze, which before was intercepted by a close wood surrounding the residence, but which has been completely cleared away by the Congregation, so as to enable us to see the sea. Through the same kind aid, the dwelling-house, also, has been improved. These are proofs, beyond doubt, with many others previously experienced, that the people are not indifferent to the privileges which they enjoy; and that they are willing, as far as lieth in them, to secure the Means of Grace and the blessings of salvation through Christ Jesus.

One of our Sunday-school Teachers, a female Negro, has been lately removed by death, after a short illness, in the full assurance of a glorious resurrection. She was possessed of a pious and intelligent mind, and enjoyed a clear perception of salvation through the righteousness of her crucified Saviour and risen Redeemer. Her dying request to me, respecting her class in the Sunday-school, and the members of the Church, as also respecting her family, breathed forth a spirit of Christian love and heavenly-mindedness never, I trust, to be forgotten. She was a most humble and consistent member of the Church in which she was baptized, confirmed, and admitted to communion. I was much struck with the confidence she manifested in her Saviour's love previous to her decease. In reply to the question how she felt, she said, with a degree of fervour and confidence seldom witnessed, "The *outward man* is fast perishing, but the in-

ward man is being renewed. I feel that my sins are forgiven; that the Saviour is with me, strengthening and comforting me. I am quite happy: I am going to be with the Saviour." A few moments prior to her death she took an affectionate farewell of all around her. A portion of the Redeemer's sufferings were read for her, after which she was heard distinctly repeating Psalm xxiii. When her soul was committed, in prayer, into the arms of her Saviour, whom she loved in life and in death, with uplifted arms she exclaimed, "Come, come, Lord Jesus." The pains of death came on; when she, with her hand, again bade adieu to all around her, and, turning her face in solemn silence from the gaze of all, without a struggle her happy spirit took its flight into the blessed regions of eternal joy.

I report this case as an encouragement to those who are engaged in Sunday-school instruction—from which she derived her knowledge of *the truth as it is in Jesus*—to be stedfast in the faith, joyful through hope, *always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as we know that our labour is not in vain in the Lord.*

DEATH OF A PIOUS NORTH-AMERICAN INDIAN YOUTH.

THE following interesting account is given by the Rev. J. Smithurst, our Missionary at the Indian Settlement in the North-West-America Mission. John Smith, the subject of the account, was a young man who had long been occasionally employed by Mr. Smithurst, and had always given much satisfaction by his general good conduct, and his attention to the Means of Grace. In July 1846 he was taken ill, and some medicines given him by an Indian doctor made him worse. On the 1st of August Mr. Smithurst went to see him, and writes—

It appeared to me a severe case, but not a dangerous one, as I was not fully aware of the treatment which he had received. I gave him the usual medicines, and told his friends how to treat him as to diet, &c. On the 8th John sent to ask me to go again and visit him. I did so, and found him looking much worse. It appeared that his friends were not quite satisfied with my medicine, because it

did not produce immediate effects, and had again administered their own astringents. After reproving them very sharply, and perceiving that the case was getting a desperate one, I asked John many questions as to his state of mind, and the foundation upon which he was resting his hope of acceptance with God. His answers, though diffident, were very satisfactory. I told him that it might please God to raise him up again, but, as there was some doubt on that head, I wished to know if his faith in Christ were such as gave him full confidence of being admitted into the kingdom of Heaven. He said that it was, and that he felt no fear. I then asked if there were any thing more that he wished to ask me. He said, "I only want you to pray with me." Having done so, I left him. On the 12th I myself was seized with the dysentery, and was confined to the house both on that day and the following. On the 14th I received a message from John, saying that he wished very much to see me before he died. I was very unwell, but determined at all risks to go. The weather being excessively hot, his relatives had pitched a tent in the field, under the shade of some trees, and there I found poor John, with evidently but a short time to live. He was perfectly sensible, and I said to him, "John, my lad, I am sorry to see you so low." He said, in a faint voice, "Yes, I am very low." I then, in a few words, exhorted him to rest wholly upon the Lord Jesus Christ, the sinner's only hope. He said, "I do." I then asked, "What did you want me for, John?" "Only to pray," he answered. I knelt by his side, holding one of his hands in my own, and prayed for a short time, concluding with the Lord's Prayer, which he repeated after me. Having finished, I still continued kneeling, and, having his hand in one of mine, I covered my face with the other that I might not disturb him with emotions that I could not control. During this brief interval he exclaimed, with considerable emphasis, "*Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!*" I said, "Yes, my lad, He will. He always did, and always will, receive those to Himself who put their trust in Him." What with weakness occasioned by my own sickness, and the operation of so much mental anxiety, after a few more words of exhortation I found it necessary to leave him, feeling assured that he could not long survive. Being unable to bear any fatigue, I kept my room for a few days after this; but sent my servant regu-

larly to see how he was getting on, and whether he needed any thing. He brought me very satisfactory reports of his comfortable and peaceful state, and of the advice that he gave to his parents and brothers; telling them not to grieve for him, and saying that he did not wish to recover, but to go at once to his Saviour. On Lord's-day morning, the 16th, he asked to be carried out of the tent, that he might look at the Church. He continued in the same happy and peaceful state until the morning of the 17th, and then departed, I doubt not to be with Christ.



PARAPHRASE OF PSALM XCVII.

Let Earth raise the song of rejoicing and gladness :
 A monarch supreme and divine is her King !
 Let Isles bid adieu to dark sorrow and sadness :
 Let Tribes, and all people, triumphantly sing.

For God is the Lord, and the God of each nation—
 A God ever present, and faithful, and kind :
 True justice and judgment are His habitation,
 In clouds, and deep darkness, though ever enshrined.

Before Him, the flame of His glory is beaming,
 To rescue His chosen, and enemies slay ;
 Before Him, in brightness, swift lightnings are streaming.
 And hills, at His presence, soon vanish away.

Confusion await those, who, idols adoring,
 Fall low before images that they have made,
 And boast themselves of them, instead of deploring
 The sins they have sinned—the true God disobey'd.

The daughters of Judah rejoic'd upon hearing
 The judgments of God, as on Zion they stood :
 Let us then give thanks, yet with reverence fearing
 The justice of Him who is holy and good.

May He in the hearts of all people be reigning ;
 Exalted above all the idols of time !
 May we, His redeem'd ones, His name be proclaiming
 As God, and Creator, and Saviour divine !

A. R. LLOYD, *Selattyn*.

CHURCH MISSIONARY GLENER.

No. 6.

JUNE, 1848.

VOL. VIII.

THE HUSBANDRY OF GOD.

PART X.

NEW trials awaited the West-Africa Mission. Evidences of the Divine blessing on the labours of the Missionaries were to be intermingled with painful dispensations, that there might be no undue elevation of the human instrumentality, but that all might be preserved in lowliness and self-abasement; and that the Mission itself might not be like some tender exotic—artificially reared, and fragile in its bloom—but that it might be hardy and vigorous in its constitution, a reality, and not a disappointment.

The discipline measured out to it was of a very painful character, and, according to the shortsightedness of human perception, injurious to the welfare of the Mission, and calculated to destroy the promise of good which it presented.

Under the influence of an unhealthy climate, the valuable Labourers of the Society were removed with fearful rapidity. Often in the midst of usefulness, crowded Congregations pressing to receive instruction from him, has the faithful Missionary been removed by the keen stroke of sudden and fatal sickness; and when the Committee, with anxious haste, has sent out a successor to supply the deserted post, scarcely has the new Missionary planted his foot on the shore of West Africa, before the grave of his predecessor has been opened to receive HIS remains. Again and again it has been said, "Sierra Leone ought to be given up: it is the grave of Europeans;" but faith was given in proportion to the trial, and the Society was enabled to persevere. Now that Mission-field is full of promise;

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and the *handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains* of Sierra Leone, begins, in the fruit it bears, to *shake like Lebanon*, and they who went forth weeping, *bearing precious seed*, as they reap in the rich result of former sufferings and labours, *joy before the Lord according to the joy in harvest*.

A sketch of Regent's Town, and of the vicissitudes to which it was subjected, may serve to illustrate the history of the Sierra-Leone Mission.

In 1813 the Negroes were first settled there, and in 1816 the Rev. W. B. Johnson was appointed to take charge of them. The intervening period had not been one of improvement. Their condition, temporally and spiritually, was beyond description miserable. As he gazed upon the degraded specimens of humanity which were presented to him, the thought involuntarily rose, *Can these bones live?* The change effected among them in the progress of a very few years, by the simple setting forth of a crucified Saviour, was therefore the more remarkable, and was acknowledged by the friends of Missions with many thanksgivings to God. It was not merely that the discordant elements of a body of 1100 Negroes, natives of twenty-two different nations, were reduced to social propriety and order; but hearts of stone were touched, and, awakened to a consciousness of sin, men heard with joy that *Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners*. The desire for instruction was intense. The bell in the steeple of Regent's Town Church was of little use, for the Church was generally filled half an hour before it tolled, and many, with all apparent sincerity, came daily to Mr. Johnson to talk with him about their souls.

So far Regent's Town was full of promise; but now came its season of trial, and the aspect of the work changed.

Mr. Johnson died at sea in 1823, and Regent's Town was without a pastor for nearly two years. The mortality among the Missionaries became appalling. During the ten years from 1823 to 1832 the proportion of deaths to the number of Labourers was nearly

one half. Many of the Stations were left destitute. At length Regent's Town received another minister, the Rev. Henry Brooks; but in two months he was no more.

How changed Regent's Town became under these successive bereavements! It seemed like a field from whence the rain was withheld. The Rev. J. W. Weeks found himself compelled to state, in 1832—"The present state of the Church-members is very discouraging. Almost every week something of a distressing and painful nature is made known;" and in the next year he adds, "Since my return to Regent I have been an assistant pruner, for we have been called to the very painful duty of lopping off so many decayed branches as almost to discourage me."

And here we may be permitted humbly to perceive the design of these dispensations. The necessity for them arose from the character of the Africans. In a previous Report the Missionaries state—"We have found them very susceptible of an excitement of feeling, leading even to considerable agitation of the frame"—"there exists considerable danger lest an individual should mistake the vehemence of bodily agitation for an evidence of inward grace."

But during the period of bereavement, the effervescence of excitement subsided, and they were taught to know themselves. The distinction that exists between the impulsive movements of mere feeling and the permanent change which Divine grace produces, was made perceptible by the painful backsliding of many from whom better things had been expected. There was an unhealthy forwardness, which, had it not been seasonably checked, would have impaired the tone and standard of religious truth. The sickly Christianity of the Mission would eventually have yielded no harvest, and we should have had no seed to sow over the wide fields of Western and Central Africa. The searching influence of trial brought out character in its reality. The fictitious portion of the work perished, but the root of that which was genuine remained. Under the

dew of heaven it soon began to *revive as the corn, and grow as the vine*, and advanced with a steady and healthful growth to its maturity.

Another reference to Regent's Town in a future Number will afford us evidence of this.



THE SLAVE-TRADE AND ITS REMEDY.

THE Journals of the Missionaries at Abbeokouta furnish many painful proofs of the sufferings entailed upon the interior of Africa by the foreign Slave-trade. The petty warfare which is carried on from time to time between the Chiefs, with all its attendant cruelties, may almost always be traced to that cause. In the early part of last year, the small but populous town of Abàkà, containing about 6000 inhabitants, was, after a siege of five months, totally destroyed, and those of its inhabitants who survived were reduced to slavery. After relating this fact, the Rev. H. Townsend remarks, at the end of March 1847—

Another town is now swept off the face of the earth! A place once full of busy inhabitants is given up to solitude! And why? That civilized man may enjoy the luxuries or necessaries of life cheaper than otherwise; that a few merchants of Brazil may more speedily fill their coffers with gold; and that the war Chiefs of this country and their rabble trains may gratify their love of display and applause. The whole of this country is filled with the sighs and tears of the helpless, and her land well moistened with the blood of the slain, and given over to confusion, to supply Brazil and Cuba with slaves. The country has for ages been left unknown, unvisited by civilized man, stigmatized as barbarous, deadly in its climate, and its inhabitants but one degree removed from the brute creation, because the Slave-trade has marked it for its own. It is the Slave-trade, mediately or immediately, that has shut up this country in its primitive darkness, having first sown the seed that should produce an abundant harvest of slaves. What has prevented Europeans having free access to the countries around Sierra Leone but the Slave-trade? And what is it that now struggles with us to prevent our having free com-

munication with the country but the Slave-trade? It is time that more effective means should be employed to quench this monster evil.

That Christianity is producing a happy effect in mitigating the evil is evident from the following incident, narrated by Mr. Townsend in a Letter dated July 23, 1847—

A Sierra-Leone man, with his wife and two children, were captured by the Chief of Ijayè while peaceably passing through the town on their way to the interior. Sagbua promised that he would send to Ikūmi, the Chief of Ijayè, to remonstrate with him, but made this excuse for Ikūmi—"We did so in Abbeokouta before, but now we dare not. Ikūmi has not heard from White Men the words we have heard. Softly, softly," he added: "when he hears, he will forsake such practices too." The burden of his excuse is, therefore, that he has not been taught better: go and teach him better, and he will forsake such evil practices. On speaking to Ogubonna on the same subject, he made, in substance, the same excuse. He said, "Ikūmi has not heard the Word of God as we have heard it."



THE TWO NEW-ZEALAND MARTYRS.

ON Christmas-day 1846 there was a large assembly of Native Christians at Wanganui, in the Western District of New Zealand, to commemorate a Saviour's birth. The Morning Service began at eight o'clock; and in consequence of the numbers that were assembled—nearly 2000—it was held in a field adjoining the Mission Church, into which the pulpit was transferred. This large company was collected from all the various tribes which inhabit that part of the island, who but a few years ago could not have been induced to meet on any terms. The Rev. R. Taylor, the Missionary, preached to them; and the Lord's Supper was administered to 382 Communicants. On the next day, the Native Teachers assembled to hold, with their Missionary, a special Prayer-meeting, before they separated to return to their several Stations. At the conclusion of the Prayer-meeting, four of the Teachers offered

themselves as Missionaries to their heathen countrymen, especially to those at Taupo, who had long been their bitter enemies, and who were now meditating an attack upon the English. Two out of the four were accepted by the Missionary, and they were solemnly commended to the care of the Most High.

On the 6th of February 1847 these two devoted men, Manihera and Kereopa, left on their mission of love. They first visited the famous warrior Rangihaeata, in his stronghold, and endeavoured to persuade him to give up his aggressions upon the English, that war might cease among them. The old Chief replied to them by laying his hand edgewise on the back of his neck; thus intimating to them that they were in some danger of losing their lives. They then visited another warlike Chief, named Heuheu; and from him they went to see a third notorious warrior, Herekieke, at Tokanu. On the part of this Chief and his tribe there had been an hereditary enmity against Manihera's tribe. They stopped on their way at Motutere. The people of this place, fearing for their safety, tried to dissuade them from visiting Herekieke's Pa; and Manihera, in the course of his preaching, said that he felt that the time of his departure was at hand: yet he and his companion pursued their journey, accompanied by ten Christian Natives belonging to Taupo.

The devoted little band had not proceeded far, when the foremost of them were fired upon by a party of the hostile tribe concealed in the bush; and Kereopa was shot dead upon the spot. The enemy then rushed upon Manihera, who had been severely wounded, and struck him several fatal blows upon his head with their hatchets. One of their ten Christian conductors was slightly wounded; but the others were at a little distance behind, and escaped unhurt. On their hastening up, the murderers made off. The Rev. T. Chapman writes—

Poor Manihera, upon the rest of his party reaching him, was tying his head, which was dreadfully cut, with a handkerchief. He gave his Testament to the Christian Native

whose face had been grazed with a ball, telling him that his Testament was indeed great riches ; and, shaking hands with all of them, as a mutual token of love one toward another, he leaned his head aside and died. No murmur escaped his lips. He died a Christian soldier, having his harness on, and prepared for the battle ; and not less so his companion in arms and in death.

The Rev. R. Taylor observes, March 22—

It was love for immortal souls which caused Manihera to offer himself, last Christmas, as a Missionary to his ancient enemies at Taupo. Poor fellow ! Love to God and man beamed in his very countenance, and was manifested in all his actions. He has fallen in the good cause ; and deep sorrow rests upon all the Christian Natives for their loss.

At a large meeting of the Christian Natives at Wanganui, held on occasion of this murder, several expressed their feelings with reference to it. One said, "Although a Minister or Teacher is taken away, yet that event, however deplorable, will not hinder the Gospel. A Minister is like a tall Kahikatea tree full of fruit, which it sheds on every side around, causing a thick grove of young trees to spring up ; so that, although the parent tree may be cut down, its place is soon more than supplied by those which have proceeded from it." Another said, "Don't think about the bodies of our companions. Though they are decomposing among our enemies, yet their spirits are alive with God. I know what we should have done in former days ; but what would be the good if we were to fight ? We should only increase our sorrow by multiplying the dead. Let us not fear those who can kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. Let us listen to our Minister, and take his advice." Another said, "The soldiers of the Queen perish, but the soldiers of Christ live for ever. Manihera is a true soldier of Christ." Another said, "Although these two are dead, we must not be discouraged, but send two more to preach the Gospel ; and if they also are killed, we must send two more ; and

if they perish, we must keep supplying their places; and then, perhaps, our enemies will give in, and be converted."



THE BOOK BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS.

THE following narrative is extracted from "The Journal of Civilization"—

It was in the autumn of 1832, in the regions of the far West, when the shadows of the mountains were deepening in the twilight over the waters of the Columbian river, that a traveller—whom commerce had led to seek out the tribe of Indians dwelling on its borders, commonly called the flat-headed Indians—appeared at the entrance of a wigwam, asking for food and water in broken accents, but in their own language. When rested and refreshed, its owner asked his errand, which proved to be one of barter, and which made him very welcome to these children of the wilderness. The savage who received him was tall, erect, and finely formed, with an expression of intelligence about his eyes and forehead which might have bespoken the power of civilization. "You are weary," said he to the stranger; "and it was well you reached our shelter before the voice of the great eagle was abroad upon the mountains." "What do you mean?" answered his guest, at the same time looking forth upon the cloudy sky, "and what is the voice of the great eagle?" "Hear it now," said the savage, as the first peal of thunder rolled and echoed round the hills. "The Great Spirit is riding on the water-falls. Do you hear him in the wind? I am afraid of him, and so must you be: let us speak against his harm." "I fear nothing," said the hardy wanderer; "but is this spirit a good or a bad spirit? and have you more than one spirit in your country?" "We have a good spirit," was the answer; "but we never speak to him: he will do us no evil. But we have a bad spirit, who is a great eagle; and we pray to him, that he may work us no harm. What spirits have you in your country?" "I come," said the stranger, "from Ohio; and the men in those parts have a book which teaches them, they say, a new way to heaven, or, as you call it, the sky. They say that they shall live again after they die, and live up there; that is, if they please the Good Spirit." "What is a book? I should like to see it," said the Indian.

“And about living after death, I want to know. How far is it to Ohio?” “It is three thousand miles,” said the traveller, “and all the way is through the desert. You would never reach it; but what I have told you is true.”

The Indian turned in his hut to sleep, but he could not sleep at all; and he walked out again in the clear still moonlight, when the storm was hushed, to think about the book which could teach him the way to the sky. There were two men in his tribe, to whom he repeated, the next morning, what the traveller had said; and he asked them if they would go with him to fetch such a book from beyond the mountains. They agreed; and, after a season, the traveller went on his way, and they took their journey in an opposite direction. They lived by the chase, endured innumerable perils, and were six months on the road; but at last arrived at their destination, and entreated to see the book of which they had heard, and to be taught that which they did not know.

Their history excited great interest. They were welcomed and instructed; but ere many months had passed, the savage who had first heard the good news from the traveller, worn out with the fatigues and hardships of the journey, fell ill and died; not, however, before he had listened to the tidings of salvation by Jesus Christ, and declared that he believed the book. A still deeper feeling was caused by his death. A Missionary offered himself to return with the two others to their homes. He did accompany them back to the Columbian river. Accounts have been received from him of his safe arrival and joyful reception by the tribe. He is gone to give them to drink of the *river of water of life*.



FORTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHURCH
MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE Annual Sermon was preached in St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, on Monday Evening, May the 1st, by the Rev. John Tucker, B.D., Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and late Secretary of the Corresponding Committee at Madras, from 1 Cor. xi. 1.

The Annual Meeting was held in the Great Room; Exeter Hall, on the following morning, at Ten o'clock.

The Most Rev. the Archbishop of Canterbury, Vice-Patron of the Society, was in the Chair; succeeded by the Right Hon. the Earl of Chichester, President. After the Prayer, the Meeting was addressed by the Vice-Patron; after which an Abstract of the Report was read by the Rev. R. Davies, M.A., one of the Secretaries, and the Rev. J. Venn, M.A., Prebendary of Hereford. Resolutions were then moved and seconded by the Right Hon. the Earl of Chichester, President, and the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph; the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Madras, and the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, Minister of St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen; Sir T. D. Acland, Bart., M.P., and the Rev. E. Jones, Principal of the Society's Institution at Fourah Bay, Sierra Leone; the Rev. F. Close, Incumbent of St. Mary's, Cheltenham, and the Rev. E. Bickersteth, Rector of Watton, Herts. The Meeting was closed by singing Psalm cxvii. and the Doxology.

At Six o'clock in the evening another Meeting of the Society was held in the same room; when the Chair was occupied by the Most Hon. the Marquess of Cholmondeley, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society. After the Prayer, the Meeting was addressed by the Chairman; after which extracts from the Report were read by the Rev. R. Davies. Resolutions were then moved and seconded by R. M. Bird, Esq., and the Rev. G. Pettitt, one of the Society's Missionaries from Tinnevely; the Rev. G. Smith, the Society's Missionary from China, and the Rev. C. Clayton, Tutor of Caius College, Cambridge; the Rev. A. Crummell, Episcopal Minister of a Coloured Congregation in New York, and the Rev. James Ralph, Rector of St. John's, Horsleydown. The Meeting was closed by singing the Hymn, "Blow ye the trumpet, blow."

The Collections after the Sermon and Meetings amounted to 400*l.* 11*s.* 11*d.*



FINANCIAL POSITION OF THE SOCIETY.

THE following account of the Society's Finances is taken from the Annual Report of the Committee, which was read at the above Meeting—

The Income of the Society for the last year, from all sources, has fallen below the Income of the preceding year by 15,534*l.* 2*s.* 8*d.* The amount raised in this country, including the Contributions to the various Special Funds, is 91,980*l.* 13*s.* 7*d.*; and the sums raised and expended in the several Missions of the Society have amounted to 9313*l.* 2*s.* 8*d.*; making a total of 101,293*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.*

The decrease is chiefly owing to a falling-off in the sum received on account of Legacies during the year; the receipts in the former year being 14,263*l.* 1*s.* 10*d.*, and in the past year 5097*l.* 6*s.* 9*d.* Deducting the amount of Legacies—which must always be an uncertain and fluctuating source of income, and which was last year swelled by the extraordinary Legacy of the late Mr. Scott—the deficiency, in what may be termed the permanent Income of the Society, amounts to 3788*l.* 14*s.* 3*d.* Considering the commercial difficulties of the last year, and the large demands of the famine upon the charity of the nation, it may appear that this diminution of Income is not greater than might have been reasonably expected, and that it argues no diminution in the zeal or confidence of the supporters of the Society.

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LINES ON THE DEATH OF A MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

OUR readers will doubtless remember the accounts we have at various times given of the labours of the Rev. J. Hunter, of the Cumberland Station, in the North-West-America Mission. We have just received the painful intelligence that he has been deprived of Mrs. Hunter by death. This mournful event has suggested the following lines—

Another hath fled  
From this world of sin—  
To her heavenly rest  
She hath entered in.  
It is little to her  
Where she clos'd her eyes—  
Under snowy clouds,  
Or Italia's skies;

Amid weeping friends  
 In a Christian home,  
 Or in distant lands  
 Where the Red Men roam.

But had she not woes  
 Which none could heal?  
 Which the wife and mother  
 Alone can feel?  
 Yea, deeper, far deeper  
 Than those can tell  
 Who 'midst Christian friends  
 And affections dwell.

The departed was one  
 Of a Mission band,  
 And had chosen her post  
 In a far-off land.  
 And there were but two  
 In that lonely spot—  
 How lonely, indeed,  
 Now that one *is not!*  
 Yet the sorrowful-hearted  
 Must labour on,  
 Though his earthly solace  
 And joys are gone.

And did not such thoughts  
 And such pangs as these  
 Rob her dying pillow  
 Of calm and peace?  
 Oh, doubt not! oh, fear not!  
 No Christian can feel  
 A sorrow too bitter  
 For Jesus to heal.  
 If gloomy the valley,  
 If dark be the way,  
 His strength is sufficient  
 For EVERY day.  
 Sustained by His promise,  
 His staff, and His rod,  
 She clos'd her eyes gladly  
 To wake with her God.\*

C. S. W.

\* Mr. Hunter's testimony on this point is most cheering, and may perhaps be given at length in a future Number.

# CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANE'R.

No. 7.

JULY, 1848.

VOL. VIII.

## CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY JUBILEE.

At the Annual Meeting of the Society at Exeter Hall on the 2d of May last, of which we gave a short notice in our last Number, the following Resolution was adopted—

That a review of the history of the Society at the entrance upon its fiftieth year, in respect of its success at home, and of the abundant first-fruits of its labours abroad, presents both a pressing call and a fitting occasion for special praise and prayer; and for special efforts, under the present financial circumstances of the Society, for strengthening and enlarging—in the place of contracting—its Missions; and that the new Committee be instructed to arrange and set on foot some plan for suitably commemorating the Jubilee of the Church Missionary Society.

On the 22d of May, accordingly, the Committee met specially to consider the subject—the Earl of Chichester, President, in the Chair—and agreed to the following among other Resolutions—

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That, reviewing the mercy and goodness of the Lord which have followed this Society since it entered upon its course, and also the opening prospects of increased and rapidly-increasing usefulness, it is desirable that some day within the Jubilee year should be observed by all the Associations at home, and by all the Missionaries, Teachers, and Congregations at the several Missionary Stations of the Society throughout the world, as a special commemoration of the epoch—the main object of such commemoration being, that the friends of the Society may unite in praising the Lord for all His past mercies; in humbling themselves before God for their inadequate improvement of the various advantages enjoyed by this nation for diffusing the Gospel throughout the world; and in supplicating an abundant

outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the Agents and work of the Church Missionary Society, and upon the Church of this nation; that, in the place of its present few and comparatively feeble efforts, it may arise, as one man, to the discharge of its high obligation of becoming the Evangelist of the world.

## II.

That the first day of November 1848—affording time for communication with the distant Missions; being intermediate between the Anniversaries of the Society; and being also a day which the Church of England has dedicated to the commemoration of the “one communion and fellowship” in which the members of Christ’s mystical body are knit together—is a suitable day for the Jubilee commemoration; and that all the friends of the Society be invited to observe that day—or, if local circumstances render that day inexpedient, some other day, as near as possible to the 1st of November—in the way described in the former Resolution.

## III.

That an Address to the Friends of the Society, explanatory of the views of the Committee upon this subject, be immediately circulated; and that, as soon as possible, short and popular statements of the past history of the Society, of its different Missions, and of the special dispensations of Providence which have marked its course, be prepared for circulation.

## IV.

That a Special Fund be immediately opened, at home and abroad, as a Thank-offering, for receiving additional Donations and Contributions from the Subscribers and Collectors of the Society, beyond their usual Subscriptions and Collections, as well as Donations from other parties—to be called, “The Church Missionary Jubilee Fund.”

## V.

That the Jubilee Fund shall be applied to such specific objects as may both conduce to the extension of the Society’s operations abroad, and may also serve as permanent memorials of the occasion: that the following objects, fulfilling both these conditions, appear most suitable for the proposed Fund—

(1) The augmentation of the Fund for Disabled Missionaries, &c., so as to release the General Mission Fund from



all charge for the relief of Sick and Disabled Missionaries, and of the Widows and Orphans of deceased Missionaries.

(2) The providing of a Boarding-school, as a home for the maintenance and education of the children of those Missionaries who are devoting their time and strength to Mission work abroad.

By these arrangements the comfort and benefit of the Missionaries will be more effectually secured, and an annual sum of several thousand Pounds, now expended for these purposes, may be set free, for the extension of the Society's Missionary operations.

(3) The establishment of a moderate Fund to be employed in assisting Native-Christian Churches to support their own Native Ministers and Institutions; so that the funds of the Society may be released as soon as such Churches shall become matured in Christian habits and attainments, and may be devoted to the evangelization of the Heathen "beyond them."

(4) The erection in the Missions abroad of buildings of a permanent character for Missionary purposes, where needed, especially Seminaries and Normal Schools for training Native Ministers and Teachers.

That, while the Committee reserves to itself the ultimate distribution of the Jubilee Fund, according to the amount which may be raised, and to the circumstances of the Society at the time, Donations be also received for any one of the objects specified.

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As it is the earnest desire of the Committee to interest every Friend and Subscriber to the Church Missionary Society in the commemoration of the Jubilee, it has been thought right to depart from the usual course, by devoting the whole of this Number of the "Gleaner" to the subject; and to give at length the Address of the Committee to the Members and Friends of the Society at large.

#### ADDRESS, &c.

The Resolutions adopted by the Committee have been submitted to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Vice-Patron of the Society, and have received His Grace's cordial concurrence.

The Committee are desirous of calling attention to the following points—

#### I. THE SEASON OF THE JUBILEE.

The Society having risen from a very humble origin to a position of great importance—having struggled through much opposition, and many trials, to the enjoyment of peace and prosperity—may now be addressed in the language of Moses to the children of Israel—“Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years . . . lest when thy silver and thy gold is multiplied . . . then thine heart be lifted up . . . and thou say in thine heart, My power and the might of mine hand hath gotten me this wealth. But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God: for it is He that giveth thee power to get wealth.”

The duties of thanksgiving and prayer, if they have no special season for fulfilment, are too apt to be neglected. Hence it was a Divine appointment, under the old law, that special seasons should be observed for the commemoration of past mercies, and for renewed dedication to the Lord. These were annual, septennial, and, after the completion of seven septenaries, the fiftieth year, the year of Jubilee.

Even did the Divine appointment afford no sanction and analogy for our guidance, *the fiftieth year sounds of itself a note of solemn observation.* It is a season which no one who has reached manhood expects to celebrate a second time. It marks a period which nearly exhausts the number of early supporters; leaving but a few of those venerable Fathers who are able to tell us of early trials and early mercies. One generation has passed away: the second is far advanced. It is fitting that at such a season those who have the guidance of the Society should invite the few who remain of the last generation, and their younger brethren of the third generation, to unite in a solemn act of praise and prayer, and of renewed dedication of our work to the Lord.

*The circumstances of the Society*, also, at the present time, invite us to seize the opportunity thus presented, for the careful consideration of “our ways.” A review of the past history of the Society shows, in each successive decade of years, some marked enlargement of its resources and operations, upon comparison with the former. But in the last decade the friends of Missions have as yet made no corresponding advance: they seem to be satisfied with present

attainments: they need a rousing voice, "There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed"—Jos. xiii. 1.

*The circumstances of the times* forbid us to defer, even though it were but for another year, the solemn review of our work, and the fresh impulse which it is confidently hoped that such a review will produce. We see other churches and other nations around us struck with paralysis. We know not how long Great Britain shall retain the opportunities, which we now possess, of evangelizing the world. The shaking amidst the kingdoms of the earth, the judgments and mercies which have visited our own country—signs of the times—all speak, in language which thrills through every Christian breast, "While we have time, let us do good unto all men."

## II. JUBILEE REFLECTIONS.

The design of the Jubilee commemoration is to honour and acknowledge the God of Missions as the Author of all success in our work. The appropriate topics of reflection, therefore, at such a season, are three-fold—*Gratitude to the Lord for His mercies—Humiliation before Him for the inadequacy of our returns—Resolutions for the future.*

Innumerable are the *special mercies which call for a grateful commemoration.* In the compass of this Address we can but refer to the great outline, exhibited in a contrast between the origin and the present condition of the Society.

On the 12th of April 1799 twenty-five individuals, clerical and lay, not one distinguished by rank or station, met together to institute this Society, by laying down the principles of action, and by mutually pledging each other to pray for, and to care for, the Heathen. They submitted their plan to their ecclesiastical superiors. For fifteen months they waited in inaction, before they could obtain any notice or answer in respect of their proposal. Contrast this recollection with the scene exhibited at the last Anniversary Meeting, when the Primate of all England presided over an assembly which the largest room in the metropolis was scarcely sufficient to accommodate, surrounded by a goodly number of his suffragans, and of the representatives of rank and influence; all uniting in the sentiments of cordial attachment to the principles of the Society, and of zeal for its interests.

We may contrast, again, the *facilities for carrying out the design of the Society*, in its early days, with those which

now exist. Then, all Europe was at war with England—India was virtually barred against Missionaries—New Zealand was shunned for its inhuman cruelties—the Mediterranean Sea was occupied by hostile fleets and armaments—in the West Indies, the minds of the degraded negro race were crushed with their bodies. One spot, the colony of Sierra Leone, invited by its openness, but repelled by its insalubrity, the benevolent enterprise of the Fathers of the Church Missionary Society.

Contrast, with these recollections, the present openness of the whole world to Missionary enterprise—the easiness of access—the frequency of communication—India not only welcoming the arrival of Missionaries, but reproaching our slackness in not sending more. The fragrance of the first-fruits gathered on her soil, and already waved as a wave-offering before the Lord, invites us to reap the abundant harvest. New Zealand has been won by Missionaries to the crown of England, and to the visible Church of Christ. The West Indies, having anticipated their Jubilee, permit us to withdraw our forces to conquer new countries. From all parts of the world invitations arrive, which the Society is compelled to decline.

Compare the *means at the disposal of the Society* in its early days, both in respect of labourers and of money, with those which it now possesses. The founders of the Society knew not where to look for men. They dared not call for Clergymen: Schoolmasters and Catechists they hoped to obtain: or perhaps the Churches of Germany might furnish the zeal which was lacking at home. The income of the Society rose by slow degrees. At the tenth year, the amount subscribed had only reached 2118*l*.

With these recollections, contrast the present goodly number of its Missionaries—166 European Teachers; 14 Native Clergymen; and 1298 Native Teachers. Reflect upon our numerous training establishments for the supply of Missionaries—at Islington, Sierra Leone, Tinnevely, Travancore, and Ceylon. Survey the extent of the field already occupied by Missionary agency—the rising Native Churches, the Schools, the numerous Congregations, furnishing more than 13,000 Communicants.

This review will surely force upon us the reflection, “What hath God wrought!” and the more fully we dwell upon each particular included in this general outline, the

more we discover proofs of the mercy and loving-kindness of the Lord which call for our praise and thanksgiving.

A second design of the Jubilee commemoration is that of *humiliation* for the remissness with which the work of evangelizing the Heathen has been hitherto carried on by this Church and nation. God be thanked for the many zealous and devoted hearts which He has inclined toward this Society, and for the success which we have already noticed ; but there is another view which must be taken.

Contrast the openness of the world for Missionary enterprise with the scantiness of our present operations: not one Missionary to a million of the Heathen! Contrast the hosts of merchants, travellers, soldiers, civilians, swarming from the coasts of England throughout all the habitable and even uninhabitable parts of the globe—with the two or three Missionaries who now and then leave our shores. Contrast the numerous applications for every post of honour or emolument, in every climate of the world, with the difficulty of finding suitable Missionaries. Contrast the enormous wealth of this country, and its teeming population, with the income of this Society. Compare the capital of the country when this Society was instituted with its present capital—estimated to have increased above a thousand millions. Calculate the small fraction of this increase which has been devoted to Missionary purposes—not one five-hundredth part of that which has been laid up in surplus investments—and all self-applause, every thought of boasting, must be struck out from the chorus of praise.

Survey the state of the world—the miseries of heathenism, now, by means of frequent and rapid communication, brought before our eyes—the waning influence of all systems of ancient mythology—the power of English influence everywhere—the shaking of the kingdoms of this world—the signs of an approaching epoch—and then let us ask the question, Has the Gospel of the kingdom yet been preached for a witness to all nations? Is the work of Missions in any degree estimated according to its true importance? The answer to these inquiries will humble us, and furnish abundant matter for contrition before God, on account of our national neglect of the great, the all-important, duty of preaching the Gospel to every creature.

The third chief design of the Jubilee will be to *quicken the friends of Missions to renewed zeal, and to redoubled exer-*

*tions, in this holy cause.* Reflections upon the past, whether we regard the goodness of the Lord or our own shortcomings, will impel us to action: they will excite the inquiry, What can I do more than hitherto to forward the work? What have I the power and privilege of contributing toward hastening the kingdom of Christ?

This inquiry will be a *personal* one: as to the sacrifices *we* have made in this cause, through the constraining love of Christ, which has carried many abroad from country and friends to breathe a tainted air—as to the exercise of our influence with our friends—as to the pains we have taken to imbue the minds of the young with a Missionary spirit—as to our perseverance in lifting up our hands on behalf of those who are contending with the powers of darkness upon the Mission field.

The inquiry will take a wider range. What may be done *to rouse others* to some adequate efforts for the conversion of the world—by the press—by the pulpit—by correspondence—by appeals to the Universities—by conference among friends—by systematic exertions? It is humiliating to reflect that not one in fifty of the popular periodicals of the day notices the Mission cause—that not 2000 out of 16,000 pulpits in England advocate the cause of this Society—that thousands of intelligent Christians, who are not opposed to the cause, will confess that they have never considered the subject.

The Jubilee affords a noble occasion for making known the principles and success of the Society throughout the length and breadth of the land. Let but each member determine, for this year, to bring forward its claims boldly and fully throughout the sphere of his influence—let but each gain one fresh subscriber during the year—and how vast would be the result!

### III. THE JUBILEE COMMEMORATION DAY.

A day has been selected, in the midst of the Jubilee year—the first of November—on which all the friends of the Society, at home and abroad, are invited to engage in special prayer and praise.

The Lord has given gracious promises to those who unite in asking any thing according to His will; and the perfection of praise consists in the concert of many hearts in the work. The glimpses of the glory of heaven reveal to us such

an union of voices as is compared to "the sound of many waters;" and the great multitude, which no man could number, united with one "loud voice" in praise to our God which sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb.

It may prove some faint emblem and foretaste of these blessed scenes, if, on the appointed day, the Christian friends in Great Britain shall unite with their brethren in the Lord, scattered throughout "all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues," in the same intercessory and eucharistical strains. It may serve to realize the communion of saints, to think that, before the auspicious day dawns upon us, the sun will have risen in the far east, and shone upon some even in China, the latest of the Missions of the Society, where little companies will be gathered together in the name of the Lord—that India and Ceylon will next swell the chorus with their numerous bands of Native Christians, all taught to sing the same new song, though in various tongues (the Bengalee, Hindee, Teloogoo, Tamul, Singhalese, Malayalim, Mahratta)—that East Africa, with its as yet lisping babes in Christ—Egypt, Smyrna, and Syra, the scanty representatives of the ancient Arabic and Greek tongues—the newly-discovered tribes of West Africa at Abbeokouta will swell the strains. And then the full concert of voices from the elder brethren of Great Britain, throughout the various Associations of our land—not on this day meeting as almoners to commiserate the destitute, but as fellow-helpers of the joy of brethren in the Lord—like the "joyful mother" with her children—grown up to a spiritual equality, and to an intelligent participation in divine worship. Then, as the sun completes his circuit, the hearty voices of Liberated Africans, made "free indeed" by the early and tearful labours of this Society—soon to be responded to across the wide Atlantic by their kindred race, the emancipated labourers of the West Indies, and from the free wanderers of North-West America. Then, when the shades of evening have closed the lips of the eastern tribes, ere yet the song has died away from the lips of the mother Churches of Great Britain, the New Zealander will prolong the universal anthem with the manly but softened tones of that noble race.

Thus for a double day—"from the going forth of the sun from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it"—for twenty-four hours, the Jubilee notes will be prolonged.

The Committee abstain from suggesting any particular *mode for the observance of the commemoration day*. The local circumstances of each place, and the judgment of friends on the spot, will dictate the best arrangements. Some friends have already expressed their intention, if preserved to that day, to meet together in the early part of it in social prayer, and of afterward assembling together in the House of God. The appointed day, being All Saints' Day, will at once invite this assembling together, and present some portions of the Service peculiarly appropriate to the occasion. In many places it is an intention to hold Evening Meetings, at which the poorer and working classes may attend.

In other places an intention has been expressed to observe the whole week as a Jubilee week, so that neighbouring Clergymen may assist each other on successive days, either in the pulpit or on the platform.

#### IV. THE JUBILEE OFFERINGS.

Whether we regard the occasion as one of special thanksgiving, or humiliation before God, it will be alike appropriate to make some special offering to the cause. "Ye shall not appear before the Lord empty," was a Divine ordinance under the old dispensation. A Thank-offering is closely linked with the idea of thanksgiving. So also "the Fast" which the Lord "hath chosen," "the acceptable day to the Lord"—Isaiah lviii—requires us "to deal our bread to the hungry," and that "we bring the poor that are cast out to our house." What, therefore, can be more reasonable than, on occasion of Missionary humiliation, to distribute "the bread of life," and to bring within the fold of Christ, and into the household of God, the "poor" heathen now cast out as "aliens from the commonwealth of Israel?"

The Committee are very anxious to guard their friends against allowing such a special effort to interfere with the regular income of the Society. They earnestly press upon their consideration, that the regular income of the Society is only just sufficient to support the present number of Missionaries and Establishments. *Any diminution of the regular collections or subscriptions would necessarily tend to contract our operations, and would turn our Jubilee into sorrow*; whereas it is the earnest hope of the Committee, that the present occasion may be the means of creating a



large augmentation of the Missions—that while, during the present year, the usual income sustains the present establishments, an enlarged basis may be laid, by means of the Jubilee Fund, for a future extension both of income and of operations.

The Committee have, with this view, selected certain objects which may both serve as permanent memorials of the Jubilee, and also may set the ordinary income of the Society free for future enlargement of the Missions. The first two of these objects will form a peculiar solace to the Missionaries who are labouring abroad, by providing a home for their children, whom they may be obliged to send away for the preservation of their health, and by giving a greater security to their own provision in case of the failure of their own health. The third object will come home to the hearts of Native Converts, as having a special regard to their interests, and will serve to cherish in our infant Native Churches the self-supporting principle, which is of essential service to their future prosperity. The fourth object will afford an opportunity for establishing in our Missions some permanent and specific memorial of the occasion, and for associating it with any particular remembrance. Thus, in past years, an affectionate flock in England have erected a School in Tinnevely to the memory of a beloved wife of their Pastor, which School bears the name of the parish, and of the Minister: a legacy of the late Mrs. Hannah More has built a Church at Mavelicare: and the piety and liberality of a zealous friend of Missions in Benares has been commemorated by the erection of Wheeler Chapel. The Jubilee season may give rise to many such memorials.

A Thank-offering must be a Free-will offering, and therefore it would be improper to appear to prescribe the nature of the contributions to be made to the Jubilee Fund. But yet the Committee would venture to point out the grounds on which they hope for considerable aid. Though many subscribers give up to their ability—yea, beyond their ability—there are others who, without inconvenience, will be able to give a *double subscription* upon the Jubilee year. Many, also, of known ample means, and others also, whose income has been comparatively slightly affected by the late commercial crises, may be well able to contribute *liberal donations* to the proposed Fund. But there is a large mass of society, as yet uninterested in the Missionary cause,

from whom something would be received by a special appeal on such a special occasion. Much, therefore, is hoped from a *fresh canvass* in each district.

It may be urged that few are likely to witness a second Jubilee; and it is hoped that few will refuse to make a special exertion, or a special sacrifice, upon an occasion which will never again present itself.

#### V. JUBILEE PRAYERS AND HYMNS.

In conclusion, the Committee rest their main hope of good accruing from the Jubilee commemoration upon the prospect of many devout hearts uniting in supplication for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the Society, upon the Church of Christ, and upon the heathen world. A Jubilee is a name of venerable import. The idea, when once lodged in the Christian breast, cannot be confined within the limited interests of this Society. It will kindle sentiments of a wider range—it will enlarge the heart with more catholic affections—it will draw out the soul in earnest supplication for the full accomplishment of that glorious prophecy once read in the synagogue of Nazareth, and which began to be fulfilled on that day—"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord"—Luke iv. 18. Let the motto of this season be, "The acceptable year of the Lord." Let the faithful people of the Lord agree together throughout the world's circuit to ask that it may prove so. And who can estimate the answer which shall be returned? "Prove me now, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it"—Mal. iii. 10.

By Order of the Committee,

HENRY VENN,  
JOHN TUCKER,  
HECTOR STRAITH,  
*Secretaries, C.M.S.*

CHURCH MISSIONARY HOUSE,  
*June 1848.*

# CHURCH MISSIONARY GLENER.

No. 8.

AUGUST, 1848.

VOL. VIII.

THE HUSBANDRY OF GOD.

PART XI.

THE efforts of those faithful Christians who pitied Africa, and exerted themselves for its improvement, have not been *in vain in the Lord*. There is an oasis in the desert! There are renewing and fertilizing influences abroad, and *the wilderness and solitary place* is beginning to be *glad*, and *the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose!* There is a refuge where the suffering Negro has found shelter; where no horri- fying scenes of pitiless assault and cruel spoiling are enacted; where the slave is free; where the iron hand of oppression is removed from the defenceless and the feeble; where Christian Churches receive the crowded worshippers of the true God; and the praise of Him who sent His Son to be the redeemer of those whom sin had enslaved, is heard in the peaceful dwellings of the Liberated African. Sierra Leone, like Joseph of old, *is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over the wall*. Always interesting, the interest connected with the West-Africa Mission now increases one hundred fold. The African mind, brought under Christian culture, there displays its capability. How torpid many living things remain under the influence of winter; but when the bright sun of returning summer shines upon them the dormant principle of life resumes its energy! Subjected to degrading influences, the mental powers of the African had been reduced to a torpid and lethargic state; but now, beneath the invigorating influences of the Sun of Righteousness, they wonderfully expand; and the despised Negro shows he has a head to understand, a

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heart to feel, and a tongue to speak the praises of his Saviour. Beneath the ripening influences of Christian Truth the husbandry of God in the Mission field of Western Africa is rapidly maturing. Where, beneath an open shed, Johnson laboured to convey to the darkened perception of the African some idea, however limited, of Divine Truth, a large Church receives its Congregation of nine hundred! And yet it is not large enough for all, so they stand outside the doors and windows. Nor do they come to render a cold and formal service. One of our Missionaries writes—

Having accepted the kind invitation of the Rev. N. Denton to spend a few days at Regent, I had the pleasure of preaching to his very large and most attentive Congregation. I always enjoy our beautiful Liturgy at this Church, where the voices of the people, as far as earth can imitate heaven, are like *the voice of many waters*. Could many of the cold-hearted worshippers of our own favoured land hear and see this Congregation I am sure they would be ashamed of themselves.

The discipline to which God subjected the Mission has fulfilled its intended object, and the seed sown by Johnson springs up to its harvest. Nor is he forgotten in West Africa. Many of his sayings and doings, his sermons, and indeed his whole character, are still vividly impressed on the minds of the people, and fresh in their memories. The deep sea received his remains until the appointed hour when it shall yield up its dead; but his memorial is legible on the shores of Sierra Leone, written, by the Spirit of the living God, on the hearts of those poor Africans to whom he had been an instrument of blessing. How multiplied and touching the evidences which Sierra Leone presents of the sanctifying power of Gospel truth! The well-attended Sunday-schools, where adults come like children to be taught; the increasing desire for education; the valuable help received from those Native Christians who act as Catechists in the service of the Mission; the affecting incidents that continually occur in the details of private life; all unite in conveying to

the mind the full conviction that a large measure of the quickening, sanctifying influences of the Holy Ghost rests upon the Mission. One from among many instances may perhaps be introduced. A Missionary narrates—

I visited a poor woman who had been confined to her room for more than three years. On entering her dwelling I was shocked at its misery and utter desolation. In a corner of a thatched cottage, its sides covered with mats to screen her from the wind and rain, and no vestige of furniture within, lay this person at the point of death. When asked about her spiritual state she said, "It has pleased God to afflict me a long time; but this affliction is good for my soul: it makes me think more of Jesus. I no more care for the things of this world, for I soon go leave it; but Jesus is my all in all." Then, with peculiar earnestness of manner, she added, "*Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Christ is with me.*"

And now Sierra Leone begins to be reproductive, and to generate around it kindred Missions. The Negro commences to evangelize the Negro. Christianity, after contending in the Colony with a variety of hostile and counteracting influences, has now attained such vigour and ascendancy that it is beginning to advance upon the wilderness around. The fruitful bough beside the well of life is climbing with its branches over the wall of separation which divided it from the Africa that is within; and they who, like Joseph, had been sold into slavery, are extending supplies of spiritual food to the relatives and friends from whom they had long been separated, and whom they find suffering, not from a famine of bread, or a thirst for water, but a famine of hearing the Word of the Lord.

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CHEERING NEWS FROM KRISHNAGHUR.

WHEN we last noticed the Krishnaghur Mission, in our Number for July 1847, we had the painful task of reporting that a large number of the Converts had been

seduced to embrace the delusions of Romanism. We have lately received the gratifying intelligence that nearly all these persons have returned to the bosom of the Protestant Church. The Rev. C. H. Blumhardt writes, in his last Report—

I am rejoiced to say, that on the 6th of January 1847 I had the great satisfaction of receiving 59 individuals back into our Communion from those who, a year before, had turned Romanists; and I have since had no reason to be sorry for having done so, for they have all remained steadfast, with the exception of one notorious character. It is also perhaps worth mentioning, that the house commenced by the Romanists two years ago is in the same unfinished state as last year. I can boldly say that their influence in our district is gone.

In a Letter to the Archdeacon of Calcutta Mr. Blumhardt gives the following further particulars of the renunciation of Romanism by the persons above mentioned—

Being anxious to make this truly happy occasion as solemn and public as possible, I gave to the penitents two months' previous notice, and instructed them in the importance of the step they were about to take. On the Sunday prior to their recantation I published in the Church the names of all those whom I was willing to re-admit, and called upon the Congregation to acquaint me of any impediment on account of which they would object to look upon them in future as their fellow-brethren in faith, doctrine, and communion. Service commenced at twelve o'clock, and it was a truly interesting sight to see all the penitents sitting in front of the communion-table, humble and contrite, as I trust and believe they all were. Nearly all the Christians from the villages and this place [the town of Krishnaghur] were present to witness the ceremony, and to me it was a scene of joy which melted my heart.

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THE MEIGNANAPOORAM DISTRICT OF TINNEVELLY.

THE Rev. J. Thomas, being about to revisit England for a season, has drawn up an interesting Report of the District of Meignanapooram, in Tinnevelly, which has been under his care for the last eleven years, and

which, though uninteresting in its external features of sandy plains and palmyra clumps, is rich in spiritual fruits. We extract the conclusion of his Report, which is for the year 1847; and would that his testimony to the joyfulness of a Missionary life might reach the hearts of many of our country curates! Mr. Thomas writes—

As I had before me the prospect of leaving India for a season, I made it a matter of special duty to visit every Congregation throughout the district. During the months of November and December I fulfilled this intention, and preached at twenty-eight places to as many different Congregations; and nothing could be more gratifying than the marked attention with which the people listened, once more, to those blessed truths which I have been permitted to preach among them for a period of ten years. Their expressions of affection for me and my family, and their earnest desires that we should return to resume our labours among them, were truly affecting; and most sincerely do I hope that the same grace and strength, which enabled me to come out eleven years ago, will enable me to return after a few years. The time that I have spent in India has been truly the happiest of my life; and I am persuaded that if it were not for ignorance of the country, groundless apprehensions about the climate, &c., a great number of Clergymen might, provided they were men of the right spirit, come out as Missionaries, and find themselves in happier circumstances, and more usefully employed, than they could be in England.

On looking back upon the period of eleven years, which has now elapsed since I first went to Tinnevelly, and contrasting the present state of things with what it was then, I cannot help feeling that God has done great things for that part of the Missionary field. In every direction there is the most marked improvement. Excellent Churches have been erected, order has obtained to a great and happy extent, the Services of the Church are everywhere duly performed, vast numbers have been baptized, and the number of Communicants has surprisingly increased. In these respects, in my district alone upward of three thousand have been baptized, and upward of four hundred admitted to the Lord's table. Education is afforded to a much greater ex-

tent, and consequently the number of persons who can read is proportionably greater. The Holy Scriptures are liberally circulated, and in proportion as the people are taught to read the demand for them increases. But above all, the increase in the number of Labourers is the most striking fact. When I went to Tinnevelly there were only two English Missionaries there in connexion with the Church Missionary Society: now there are ten. Is not this an evidence that God has answered prayer, and thrust forth Labourers into the harvest? In every point of view the field presents a most encouraging aspect, and we only want an abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit's gracious influences, to water the seed that has been sown, and we shall soon see Tinnevelly yield a precious harvest of immortal souls. The Lord hasten it in His time!



MURDER OF A MISSIONARY BY CHINESE PIRATES.

THE dispensations of Providence are often enveloped in a depth of mystery which the poor fallible comprehension of man is unable to fathom. This is in a special manner the case in reference to Missionary labours. Human instruments, of whose adaptation to Missionary usefulness great hopes were entertained, are one by one removed from the scene of their labours, by the failure of health or by the hand of premature death. An important lesson is conveyed to our minds—that God is independent of the instrument in the carrying forward His purposes of love to our fallen world; and, by snapping asunder the cord of human expectations, He sounds in mortal ears the often-needed admonition, *Cease ye from man!*

These remarks have been drawn forth by a piece of intelligence of a most affecting and heart-rending nature. The subject of this brief notice is the late Rev. W. M. Lowrie, a Missionary of the American General Assembly's Board of Missions. Highly gifted with mental endowments of the first order, and eminent for his simple and unaffected piety, Mr. Lowrie seemed, to human eye, likely to become a labourer of no ordinary value in the Missionary vineyard.

His father was for many years a member of the Senate of the United States, and represented his native State in the Upper House of the American Congress. This devoted

parent had long cherished a spirit of ardent zeal in the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, and had consecrated his sons to the Lord's work in heathen lands.

His eldest son went to India as a Missionary, where the insalubrity of the climate soon removed his wife from this life, and himself from the Missionary field.

His second son, the subject of this memoir, went to China in 1842 as one of the first Missionaries from the American Presbyterian Church to that vast field of Missionary enterprise. Here many dangers awaited him, from which a gracious Providence interposed to deliver him until his appointed work was done. The first occurred in his voyage to the north of China, when he was overtaken by a violent gale, and was compelled, by reason of it, to return to Macao. At another period he embarked for Singapore; but the vessel struck on a shoal, and in a few hours went to pieces. Mr. Lowrie and his fellow-passengers with difficulty escaped from the wreck in two small open boats. With only the clothes they had on their bodies, and a small stock of provisions, they found themselves alone on the broad ocean, at a distance of 500 miles from the nearest land. While in this unprotected state they were exposed to the violence of a severe typhoon; and their preservation from a watery grave was almost miraculous. They at length reached the shore of one of the Philippine Islands, where they were kindly treated by the Indians; but they lost four men in approaching the surf, by which one of the boats was capsized. The moment after they reached the land, by an almost involuntary act of thankfulness every man in that mingled company fell on his knees on the unknown soil, and offered up his praise to the great Author of their deliverance. Mr. Lowrie subsequently arrived at the Spanish Colony of Manilla, from which he found an opportunity of returning to Macao. Here he pursued his ministerial labours among the European and American residents, to some of whom his ministrations were greatly blessed. After a course of Chinese studies he proceeded, in 1845, to the newly-formed Station of Ningpo, where the writer of this short account renewed his acquaintance with a friend whose catholicity of spirit, self-denying zeal, unwearied industry, and cordial co-operation in every good work, will ever endear his name to the whole body of his fellow-labourers, and will, it is hoped, embalm his memory in the grateful recol-

lections of many Chinese listeners to the message of redeeming love.

In the month of June last Mr. Lowrie proceeded from Ningpo to Shanghai, as the delegate from his Station to the General Committee of Protestant Missionaries assembled at the latter Station to complete the revised translation of the New Testament into Chinese. For this important work his superior education and diligent studies had peculiarly fitted him. This last duty he had been enabled to accomplish; and the New Testament was now given to the Chinese in their own tongue, as the result of the united labours of the various Protestant Missionary Societies in China. He then sailed from Shanghai on his return, as he thought, to Ningpo; but he was about to take a more important voyage, which was to conduct him to those peaceful shores where there would be no tempests nor storms, "where there would be no more sorrow, and no more sin." He had passed through the Bay of Chapoo, when the vessel in which he was sailing was attacked by a Chinese pirate-boat. The pirates succeeded in boarding the vessel, and our dear departed brother was thrown into the deep, and found a watery grave in the ocean's billows.

His loss will be deeply deplored, and not least by his aged and beloved parents; who, however, can reflect, for their comfort, that their son has fallen in the noblest of causes. But a few years will have passed away when the most successful votaries of this world, and the most distinguished heroes of martial fame, would gladly exchange all the laurels entwined by mortal hands around their brow for one ray of that heavenly peace, and one gleam of that unfading joy, which silently irradiates a Missionary's grave.

G. S.



BEES IN NEW ZEALAND.

THERE are no beasts of prey in New Zealand, no venomous snakes, scorpions, nor centipedes. Mosquitoes, it is true, swarm in some localities in such numbers as greatly to distress the European who is exposed to their night attacks; yet there were no BEES until they were introduced from England. One consequence of this was that many foreign flowers would

not seed: even clover-seed had to be brought from abroad every year, and the flax flower, so abundant there, and yielding a larger quantity of honey than any other, wasted all its sweetness to no purpose. Since their first introduction, however, bees have rapidly increased, and have not a little attracted the curiosity of the Natives, as will be seen by the following extracts from the Journal of the Rev. Richard Taylor—

June 10, 1847—John Williams [a Native] went with me to look at the bees. He was extremely amused with them, as he saw one after another come loaded home, and also with the bees which kept watch at the door. I explained to him their value, not only for their honey and wax, but also on account of their inoculating flowers, and thus producing fruit and seed in greater abundance. I told him that he knew that if they did not inoculate their pumpkins and melons they had no fruit—that this was the work of the bees—that, in fact, they were ministers to join the flowers in matrimony, which highly amused him—that now the clover would bear seed, and perhaps the maize would be finer, and the cobs fuller. I repeated Solomon’s advice, *Go to the ant, thou sluggard*, and said that it was a diligent little insect, but not equal to the bee. He was also much amused at their being obedient to a queen, like the Europeans, and paying so much respect to her.

And again on the 21st—

Some of the Natives called me to see how busy my bees were, sucking the honey from the mimosas which are growing on the graves in the churchyard. They expressed their surprise and abhorrence at the sacrilege, it being equal, in their opinion, to feeding on the bodies of the dead. I exclaimed that it was a sad thing, as now they would not be able to touch the honey made in so objectionable a way.



“ HE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH.”

THE following speech was intended to have been read at the Meeting of the Leyland Missionary Association, in Lancashire, on Tuesday evening, June the 6th, and was prepared by the late lamented J. N. Farrington,

Esq., to be sent to the Secretary for that purpose. He had invited the Deputation, and a large party of friends, to dine with him on the day of the Meeting, and had come home on the previous day for the express purpose of receiving them and being present at the Meeting; but, on the very morning of that day, the God whom he served continually in great mercy called him to Himself. The last thoughts of his heart, and the last words traced by his pen, were for the extension of his Redeemer's kingdom.

Ladies and Gentlemen—The present condition of my health prevents me doing more than simply moving the next Resolution. My medical advisers have directed me to avoid speaking in public as much as possible, or to attend Public Meetings; but having been absent unavoidably on the last two or three Anniversaries of these Societies,* I have thought it my duty to attend on the present occasion—and, indeed, to return home for that purpose; and thus to show to you the great interest I take in the operations of these two Societies. Feeling altogether incapable of addressing you *vivâ voce*, it has appeared to me that I might, nevertheless, speak to you a few words through the mouth of another—*i. e.* if speakers are wanting to advocate this noble cause—and for this purpose I have committed my thoughts to paper, as they have flowed in my mind on this subject, and beg you to accept them as the sum and substance of what I should probably have spoken, with the advantage of being more full and more correct. In the first place, then, allow me to remark that the hand of the Almighty is now visibly employed throughout the whole of Europe, throughout the whole world; and it is the opinion of many of those who are rightly considered as the pillars of our Church in the present day, that many of the prophecies are about to be fulfilled; that Mahomedanism, and the Papacy, both in its spiritual and temporal power, will shortly be utterly destroyed; that the Jews will be restored again to their own land—and, far better, that the veil will be for ever removed from their hearts, and that they will

* The Church Missionary Society, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

acknowledge our crucified Saviour as their Lord and their God ; and that the time will shortly come when *the knowledge of the Lord* shall cover the earth *as the waters cover the sea.*

Now, God usually acts by human means, and I believe that He has raised up this nation to its present pitch of glory, wealth, and power, to enable us to spread the knowledge of His gospel among the Heathen, and to promote civilization and real Christianity throughout the world. Truly, this is a glorious work ; but, alas ! all we have done is as a drop in the ocean. Let us take care lest our candlestick be removed, and the blessing of the Almighty be bestowed on some other people that are better than us. Hitherto we have indeed been blessed—I believe because our Church has been, as it were, the ark in which the New Covenant and the New Testament have been for centuries cherished, protected, and, humanly speaking, preserved ; and that the light kindled at the stake of the martyrs of our Church has, indeed, never gone out in this land.

But what have we done ? Look to our Indian possessions, to our fellow-subjects in the East. Look at a Missionary map of the world, and you will see at once that by far the greater portion of the inhabitants of this earth are utterly ignorant of that God in whom we believe. Millions, and tens of millions, live and die without hearing of our Lord and of His Christ. Would that there were more of the spirit of the early Christian Church among us ; that God would send more abundantly Labourers into His vineyard ; that we might count all as dross, but to win Christ for ourselves, and use our best endeavours to convey that knowledge to the people of every nation and every clime. But many of you may justly say, “ What more can we do ? We already subscribe to this or that Society as much as we can afford to give.” Well, then, it is required from a man *according to that he hath, and not according to that he hath not.* You have well done ; but you may yet do more. Pray daily for God’s blessing on the work of evangelizing the Heathen, and on the efforts of His ministers at home, that it may please Him that, by their preaching, living, and doctrine, many may be turned from their idols, and dead works, to serve the living God alone. You may do more than this. Alas ! my friends, are there not thou-

sands of Heathen among us? Are there not many, in this very parish, who never attend any house of worship at all? Have not Infidelity, Chartism, and Socialism, of late stalked through this land with giant strides? Then, believe me, you may do much for these men. Do your endeavour, by God's grace, to walk in all the ordinances of our most holy religion blameless, and it may be that you may lead them to *see your good works, and to glorify your Father which is in heaven.* Finally, *exhort one another daily, and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching.*



JUBILEE HYMNS.—NO. 1.

THE following hymn, by the Rev. Edward Henry Bickersteth, is one of those which have been composed by friends of the cause, on occasion of the Jubilee of the Church Missionary Society, and have been kindly forwarded to the Secretaries.

Lord Jesus, unto whom is given
All power on earth, all power in heaven—
O Lord! to Thine eternal praise
Our song of Jubilee we raise.

Thy hand has o'er our fallen world
The banner of thy love unfurled.
To us reproach and shame belongs—
To Thee alone these rapturous songs.

Thanksgivings, with our prayers, arise
And reach Thy throne beyond the skies;
To Thee our praise for victories past,
In Thee our trust to win at last.

Dark storms are luring far and near;
Men's hearts are failing them for fear:
Our songs shall pierce the stormy sky,
For our redemption draweth nigh.

Then blessing, glory, power, and fame
Be unto God, and to the Lamb!
Till in full presence of our King
Our next great Jubilee we sing.

CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEASNER.

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SCRIPTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE customs of various nations are so different from one another as often to require that the books, which have been written in one country, should be accompanied by an explanation when they are read by those who live in a distant land. This is the case of the Bible, a large part of which was written in Palestine, and the whole of it in the East. Many things are mentioned in it which are common to persons residing in those countries, but which are quite strange to us, who live in more westerly and colder countries. It is curious to observe how the most contrary metaphors are used to express the same thing by persons accustomed to very different climates. For instance, we speak of "a WARM shake of the hand," and mean, by the expression, a kindly and affectionate feeling; but in India they say, "a CHILLY gentleman," or, "he treated me COOLLY," when they wish to express that he is a very civil and obliging person, or that he has behaved with kindness. So, in England, we think it pleasant, on a fine day, to sit or lie on the grass basking in the sun; but in Judea the refreshing image is that of *the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.*

It is one of the privileges which Missionaries in Eastern countries possess, that they see with their eyes so many explanations of habits and customs spoken of in the Bible, and are able to understand many smaller allusions in Scripture of which it is difficult for us, in this country, to know the meaning.

For instance, when Peter in the prison into which Herod had thrown him, was awakened by the angel,

the first words spoken to him were, "*Gird thyself;*" and Peter used a similar expression, in his first Epistle, to express a state of activity and readiness for work—*Gird up the loins of your mind*. Now the Missionary in India has this scene continually presented to him. When he is travelling in a palanquin, and is about to start upon his evening journey, his first step is to go out into the verandah round the house, to awaken the palanquin-bearers with these very words, "Gird your loins." Suddenly starting up from the stone floor, where he had been lying, each man begins to tie round his waist a long narrow sheet, upon which he has been sleeping, wrapping it three or four times round and round his body very tightly, and then tying the ends of it together. When this is done, his back is stiff and straight, and firm enough to sustain the weight of the heavy palanquin; and thus the Missionary FEELS that to *gird up the loins* of the soul means to be firm under the burden which Christ lays upon him, to be ready for the work to which Christ calls him, and marks a person about to start afresh upon his Christian course.

We may take another instance. In the Scriptures the "bosom" is frequently spoken of as a secret place—as in Job xxxi. 33, where Job speaks of *hiding his iniquity in his bosom*; or as a receptacle for that which a man wishes to preserve—as in Ps. cxxix. 7—*Wherewith the mower filleth not his hand; nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom*—and in Prov. vi. 27—*Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned?* or as the place where money is carried, as in Prov. xvii. 23—*A wicked man taketh a gift out of the bosom to pervert the ways of judgment*. In each of these places we can see that if these sentences had been originally written in modern England, instead of ancient Palestine, the word "pocket" would have been used instead of "bosom." In explanation, however, of this use of the word, a Missionary who lately passed through Egypt, which is inhabited by the descendants of Ishmael, says—

It was night when we came to the end of our journey across the waste and howling desert, which we had traversed in comfortable vans drawn by four horses at a gallop, but which the Israelites had walked over *hardly bestead and hungry*. At one step we passed from the yellow sand into the suburbs of Cairo. Though the night was clear, we yet needed a stronger light, when threading the narrow winding lanes and streets, than when careering rapidly over the boundless wilderness. We accordingly found four or five Arabs awaiting our arrival with torches. Each torch consisted of a pole with a small iron frame-work at the end of it, in which several billets of wood were burning. As the men ran before our carriages, the current of air made the wood burn briskly, and it was soon apparent that our torches would need replenishing many times before we reached our inn; but where the supply of fuel was to come from was not so evident. However, as the torch began to burn low, I observed the man who carried it thrust his hand into his bosom, and pull out a fresh billet of wood, and add it to the fire. This he did four or five times, so that on starting he must have carried a large quantity in his bosom. This was very possible; for his dress, being the common one of the poorer Egyptians, consisted of a long shirt, open at the neck, and very loose on the upper part of the body, but confined at the waist by a belt, so that whatever was put in at the open bosom was retained as in a capacious pocket. Indeed, it appeared that this was the ordinary use of this part of the dress.

In Egypt very many explanations of Bible similes are to be seen. *These that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows*—Isaiah lx. 8—is a passage which often recurs to the mind of the Christian traveller as he passes up or down the Nile. The Egyptians are exceedingly fond of pigeons, and rear very large flocks of them, partly for the sake of the manure which is formed by their dung, and partly for their flesh as an article of food. Consequently, in the little mud villages which here and there mark, but do not adorn, the banks of the Nile, the village dove-cot is the most conspicuous and remarkable object, and stands as much elevated and superior in appearance to the huts of the

human inhabitants, as an English church rises above the cottages of the villagers. It is usually a lofty building, formed entirely of round earthenware pots, which are built one upon another with their mouths open on the inside, and cemented together with mud, and which form excellent nests for the pigeons. There are many holes or *windows* in the building, for the birds to pass in and out, and often these may be seen flocking to their home with a rushing noise, and the appearance of a *cloud*.



CONTRAST BETWEEN A HEATHEN AND A CHRISTIAN
WOMAN.

THE Rev. J. Bilderbeck is one of our Missionaries in the large city of Madras, and has not only to instruct the Christians belonging to two Congregations, but also goes about from street to street, and from one suburb to another, preaching to the Heathen, and trying to convince them that Christ is their only way of salvation. One of his Congregations is at Perambore, a part of the suburbs of Madras, where a very pretty Chapel was built many years ago. The little Chapel standing on the bank of a stream of water, the stone bridge which spans the rivulet, and the long graceful branches of the cocoa-nut trees in an adjoining garden, combine to form one of the prettiest views in the neighbourhood of Madras. It is very pleasant to go there during the first half-hour after sun-rise, while the air is cool and the light of the sun is cheerful, and not too bright. At just this hour, one morning in March 1847, Mr. Bilderbeck went there to see some of his people, and met a very interesting case, which is best described in his own words. He says—

I walked around the Chapel. There was nobody to be seen, and all looked silent and still, except that now and then a mournful sound caught my ear. I stopped a little to listen, and the sound seeming to come from the direction of a lonely little hut, not far from the Chapel, I walked oward it, and found, as I was approaching, that it was the

voice of prayer, some one being engaged in *strong crying* and supplication. I soon softened my steps, and proceeded as gently as I could to stand over and hear. It was a long prayer. I heard every word of it; and it was full of deep-felt, and strongly-expressed desires, ascending as holy incense unto God from a contrite heart, and indicating also much scriptural knowledge and richness of Christian experience. I waited; and when this morning devotion was ended, out came the venerable tenant of this humble and yet blessed dwelling, with her eyes still wet, and her feelings so tender, that, poor woman! she felt choked, and could not speak when she saw me. She did not know I had been listening to her prayer; and I did not like to tell her of it, lest I should agitate her more. But I asked her why she looked sorry. "Sorry!" said she, "I am not sorry: I am happy: I am poor and needy; but the Lord thinketh upon me!" In fact, my surprise was very great: I had been hitherto accustomed to think very indifferently about her, supposing that she was a mere ignorant and cold professor; but I was now glad not only to be corrected, but also to profit by her example; for she was not only praying, but, like Israel, seemed also to be wrestling and prevailing with God!

Another morning, a few months afterward, he was going out on his work of preaching to the Heathen, and was looking about, as he walked through the streets, for a favourable opportunity of collecting a number of people for the purpose of addressing them, when he fell in with a crowd of persons gathered together for a very different reason, which he thus explains—

The circumstance which here brought so many together was most curious. It appears that a youth was caught sleeping with his head toward the North, and his mother, considering this a very unlucky position, beat him with her sweeper to rouse him up; but he, not knowing that it was his mother who did so, suddenly started up and resented the blow. The old woman now set up such a noise as nearly brought all her neighbours together, in order to apprehend and punish the boy. The moment I paused to inquire what this confusion was about, the poor woman was loud in her

complaints to me, and wished me to interfere. I might have answered, "Woman, who made me a judge among you?" but, being anxious to improve the opportunity, I endeavoured to reason with her about the folly of yielding to superstitious notions like those by which she seemed to be influenced, and told her how much better the moral effect would have been, had she reproved her child for sleeping away his time so long when he should have been about his business. I next addressed the youth, and afterward entered into a long conversation with the people about the place, who all seemed very attentive, and much interested. While I was thus engaged in declaring to them the Gospel which brings light and salvation, it was pleasing to observe how greatly both the woman and the boy were softened. She was now full of kindness to him, wiping away the tears from his eyes with one end of her cloth, and he cleaving to her with much dutiful affection, while the mob quietly dispersed, seemingly gratified with what they had heard, and some almost laughing at the superstitious notions which obtain among them. They fancy that if a person sleep with his head toward the East, he will be rich; if toward the South, he will have long life; if toward the West, he will be subject to misfortunes; and if toward the North, he will die. Such, alas! is the ignorance of these people; and among such Wisdom may well cry aloud, and say, *How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity?*



A NEW-ZEALAND CHIEF.

THERE are few greater triumphs of the Gospel than when an old man, who has spent all his days at a distance from God, is brought to humble himself before Christ. It is true that he has the greater cause to lament that his youth and strength were given to the service of Satan instead of his Saviour; yet those who look on must admire both the wonderful love of God, which has so long borne with the hoary sinner, and the conquering power of Christ, which has bent, not a young sapling, but an old and crabbed tree. Such a case as this is given in the Journal of the Rev. R. Taylor, of Wanganui, in New Zealand. Mr. Tay-

lor does not mention his first acquaintance with the old man, but states that he is the oldest Chief, and the highest, of Wanganui. On the 28th of June 1847 Mr. Taylor paid him a visit, which he thus relates—

I went to see Rangitauira, who has recently come to reside here, to keep peace as far as lies in his power. I had a long conversation with him relative to his spiritual state, and told him that he was a very old man, and it was high time for him to make up his mind, and no longer to halt between two opinions; that his body was like the house in which he was living—which was in a very ruinous state—ready to fall to pieces, and which, if not soon rebuilt, would fall and crush its owner; that it was of the utmost importance he should now become the servant of God, that he might be entitled to a *house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens*, when his earthly tenement should be dissolved. He said he had never swerved from his word to me when I spoke to him some time ago on the same subject; that he had given up his native Karakia (religious service), and attended daily prayer. I told him if this were the case I should not object to baptize him; when he said, it entirely rested with me. I felt much comfort, in this time of depression, to find the old Chief thus looking to the true foundation.

I then left him; but about one o'clock the next morning I was awakened, and told that Rangitauira was dangerously ill. I immediately went to see him. It was a lovely moonlight night, and I could not help thinking, if the reflected light of the sun from the moon thus illumined the world and rendered it so beautiful, what will it be when, in its renewed state, it will no longer need the light of the sun, but shine as the sun itself—if Moses' countenance so shone from the little communion he enjoyed with God, what will it be with the Church triumphant, when God will be with us face to face evermore! All nature seemed at rest, so still and calm, with nothing to betoken the discord and tumult of war—except, indeed, a large herd of cattle belonging to a settler, which have been brought to this neighbourhood for safety. I found Rangitauira stretched on a mat, in a house filled with smoke, and suffering great pain under his right armpit. I told him he now saw how needful it was to have an interest in Christ, that he might be supported by Him in his

time of need. He again expressed his belief in Christ, and, as it appeared doubtful how many hours he had to live, I baptized him by the name of William King. May the Lord take this poor old perishing Chief into *the household of faith*, into the number of such as shall be heirs of eternal life!

The following additional information is subsequently given in Mr. Taylor's Journal—

When I went to see poor old Wiremu Kingi, as the Natives now call him, a few days after his baptism, I was much pleased to find that the medicine he had been taking had nearly restored him to health, and I was also more pleased to find him in a very inquiring state of mind. I expounded a portion of our Lord's Sermon on the Mount to him, and then prayed with him: he seemed to be in earnest for the salvation of his soul.

Some months afterward I went to see him again, and was much pleased to hear his conversation—all bearing on the salvation of his soul. Among other expressions which he used, he bid me come every day to see him, that the cold might be driven out of his heart, and it be made warm. I trust that, though his call has been at the eleventh hour, he will still attain the heavenly prize, as well as those who have borne the heat and burthen of the day.



NEW-ZEALAND SIMILES.

ALL nations, whose civilization is at a low ebb, are very fond of expressing themselves in similes, or short parables. Of this mode of speaking the Journals of our New-Zealand Missionaries afford many instances. Some of these are very instructive, and others are happy applications of natural objects to illustrate spiritual truths. The Rev. R. Taylor, of Wanganui, mentions the following—

June 19, 1847—I received some affectionate Letters from my Natives along the coast, who are under the impression that I am going to leave Wanganui and live at Wellington, on account of the wickedness of some engaging in this war. One says, speaking of them—

During winter the lizard remains in his skin, but when the summer comes he sheds it: so, when in our natural unconverted state

we live in all our sins, this is the winter of the soul; but when the Sun of righteousness shines in our hearts, and lightens us with His Word, this is the summer, and we should put away our sins, as St. Peter says—*Wherefore laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speakings.*

Another writes—

Friend Te Teira,* I salute you. Great is my love for you. It is very, very great, because we have no one else as a father for us: therefore does our love flow to you. If you are going to live at Wellington, who is to be the labourer in your vineyard? Friend, great is my love for your Wanganui children. Alas for them! they have no longer a father: they are like orphans, because they have no shepherd. Alas! lest they should be scattered amid the flocks of strangers! Oh! great is my love. O friend! do come here. My heart is sorrowful on account of you, lest you should leave for a strange place. I am also sad because I do not know your wishes. This is the cause of my writing to you. With you is the thought. O my father! is Wanganui altogether so bad that you must abandon it? You will come perhaps to see us? This is all I have to say to you. From

GEORGE KIWI.

Rangatapu, June 17, 1847.

July 4, 1847—In the evening Ihakara and Kereopa of Pipiriki came to ask questions. Speaking of inattentive hearers, they said they were not living like the birds, which eat the fruits of the trees, but rejected the stones, and thus became fat: they, on the contrary, rejected the fruit and swallowed the stones, and thus became lean.

July 15—In the evening I went to one of the Prayer-meetings. One prayed that the Lord would gather them all under His wings, as the hen did its chickens. Another prayed that the Lord would loose the latchet of his breast, and enable him to cast aside the shoes of the heart—meaning the filth of the heart, as the shoes tread in filth and so are defiled, so to put them off being on holy ground.

Dec. 6—In the course of a conversation at Waipukura, one said that the native heart was like sunken logs in the river, which, being saturated with water, would not float; but when grace touched the heart it was like the summer, which diminished the water of the river, so that the logs, which were covered during the winter, were exposed to the rays of the sun and became dry, and thus, when the waters rose, floated on the surface. Another compared the wicked

* This is the way in which the Natives pronounce Mr. Taylor's name.

to the berries of the Paraka, which, when put into the water, the heavy ones remained at the bottom, but the light ones rose to the surface and floated away. Thus the old world sunk in the waters of the deluge, while Noah and his family, not being weighed down with sin, were saved in the ark. Another, speaking of the covering cast over all people, said it was like the forest which covered the land. Before it could be rendered capable of producing food, the forest, its great covering, must be cut down, and the earth exposed to the sun's rays. So must the sinful covering of the natural heart be removed before the grace of God can shine into it, and fructify the seed of life. When Moses had the veil or covering on his shining countenance was not seen: so, when we are dead in sin, we cannot discern the glory of God.

The Rev. J. Matthews, also, thus relates a forcible illustration made use of at a Teachers' Meeting—

Aug. 22, 1846—At the Teachers' Meeting I felt very dull from fatigue, which, in its effects, was keenly observed by one of the Waro Teachers. But another said, "It is because we have been so much like babes, resting on the mother's milk." I find that travelling much over dreary and barren land has an injurious effect on the mind, and I frequently take a lad with me on another horse, which is a great relief to me.



CASE OF AN OPIUM-EATER.

THE Rev. G. Smith, in his work on China, relates that, in order to learn the effects of this destructive drug upon those who use it, he, accompanied by a brother Missionary, the Rev. E. Pohlman, entered a number of opium-shops of the poorer class, and interrogated many of the opium-smokers whom he found there. Among others, the following case occurred—

The man was thirty-seven years old, and had smoked opium for thirteen years. His usual dose was one mace (drachm) a day. He was a shoemaker, and had a wife and three children. He professed to be desirous of reforming, and took from his pocket a mixture of opium-soot and salt to cure the craving. Two days ago, having no money, he took no

opium; on the previous day he took half a dose: on this day he had taken no opium, but was in great suffering from nervous prostration. He said that he was formerly fat, healthy, and good-looking. He had now a dreadfully-bloated appearance, was very weak, and unable to eat his regular food. He wanted to know if there was any thing that could enable him to reform. He replied to the exhortations of my friend by shaking his head, and pointing to his breast and hard breathing. He proceeded to describe in detail, with accommodated gestures, the manner in which, when making shoes at his bench, if he had not the usual dose of opium, he fell away into a fainting fit. He stated that he was in the habit of propping up his strength by chewing a little of the mixture. It was affecting to listen to the description of his sufferings, and to behold the poor victim raising himself to a high degree of excitement, as he was describing the progress of his own misery. He said, that without the usual dose of opium he could not retain his food without vomiting. He earned 260 cash (about a shilling) a-day, out of which he spent from 180 to 220 cash in opium. His youngest son was born six years ago, since which time he had had no offspring. He begged importunately for our help in supplying him with a remedy; and listened, vacantly assenting, as Mr. Pohlman told him to pray to the Almighty for help in breaking off his vice. He said that three days ago he had worshipped the idol of Shang-te (literally, "Almighty," the name of one of their deities), on the birth-day of the god. He again proceeded to imitate by gestures the panting of the craving state, and complained of being in the midst of temptations to the indulgence. He gladly assented to Mr. Pohlman's proposal to come for five days to our house, where he should have his rice gratuitously supplied to him, that he might be placed beyond the influence of temptation, and be enabled to abstain from the indulgence. He seemed to be very earnest in the expression of his gratitude. Early the next morning he came to our house, professing his determination to practise total abstinence, and apparently resolved on breaking off the vice. He conducted himself very well for several hours, but toward the close of the day became evidently uncomfortable and uneasy. He took his meals with the Chinese domestics in a room below, and then returned to the Missionary's study. Here he soon after showed, by his conversation, the

struggle with temptation that was pending within. He invented some excuses for going into the street; but as he had no money, his pretext for temporarily absenting himself from the house would not suffice his purpose. He now spoke of his family having no rice to eat, as he was not at home to earn any money for them. He asked for a few cash to buy a meal for them, which request was firmly refused, as we believed him to be merely seeking the means of satisfying an intense desire for opium, which he found himself too weak in purpose to resist. He continued some time longer with us in evident pain and suffering, and at last, overcome by the agony of the craving state, disappeared into the streets.



JUBILEE HYMNS.—NO. II.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

THE King of Glory we proclaim—
 Who is the King of Glory? He
 To seek and save the lost who came,
 The Jew, the Gentile, bond and free.

Heralds through every clime we send,
 His great salvation to make known:
 The Church's Head, the Sinner's Friend,
 Christ, on His mediatorial throne.

Here, for the travail of His soul,
 He claims the promised heritage,
 The Father's gift—from pole to pole—
 Earth's utmost bound; to time's last age.

Him shall all tongues confess, all knees
 Shall bow before that mercy-seat,
 Love reconcile all enemies,
 Or wrath subdue beneath His feet.

A year of Jubilee we hail!
 Since we in faith this work began
 It must go on: it cannot fail
 While we are true to God and man.

So, Father, glorify Thy Son,
 So, Thou in Him be glorified,
 Till all the straying sheep are won
 For whom the Lord their Shepherd died.

CHURCH MISSIONARY GLENER.

No. 10. OCTOBER, 1848. VOL. VIII.

FIRST CIRCULAR LETTER OF THE COMMITTEE.

THE following Letter is a peculiarly interesting one ; partly on account of the revered name appended to it, partly, also, because it forms one of the first movements of the Church Missionary Society, but chiefly because of the principles which it states, and the suggestions which it makes. Our great difficulty, in 1848, is precisely the same as it was in 1800—a want of suitable men to undertake Missionary work. May God raise them up speedily for His work, and may He cause this Letter, like a voice from the dead, to speak with peculiar force, and to rouse to new exertions those whose hearts are already in this work! The occasion of the Letter will be seen from the following Extract from the Minutes of Committee, Nov. 3, 1800—

RESOLVED—That, for the purpose of extending as widely as possible the knowledge of this Society, and directing the attention of Christian Ministers to the great object of looking out for proper persons, a Circular Letter be drawn up, printed, and sent to every Minister in the kingdom whose principles and zeal appear likely to any Member of the Committee to second their intentions, requesting them, in the most earnest manner, to take the purposes of this Society into their most serious consideration, and to communicate information of any persons who appear qualified for this important work.

The Letter which follows was the one here resolved on.

REV. SIR—The General Committee of a Society lately formed by some Ministers and Members of the Established Church—named, “A Society for Missions to Africa and the East”—respectfully entreats your attention to the following Address, which in their names I transmit to you.

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The obligations of Christians to glorify their God and Saviour by adorning the Gospel and diffusing its invaluable light, are generally acknowledged; but various are the opinions entertained concerning the most eligible means of fulfilling these obligations. And, alas! it is not uncommon for professed disciples of the loving Saviour, instead of *striving together for the faith of the Gospel*, to weaken each other's hands by reciprocal objections to the methods they severally adopt for this grand purpose. But we trust *you have not so learned Christ*.

It can hardly be denied that the state of the Heathen world has been for a long time very criminally neglected by Christians in general; but it is well known that this important subject has lately excited great attention in many parts of the world. Hitherto, indeed, the success has not been altogether answerable to the exertions made and the expectations formed; but this should not greatly induce either wonder or despondency: for the undertakings which eventually proved most extensively and durably successful, have commonly at first met with discouraging checks in the mysterious providence of God. Indeed, imperfection attaches to all human plans and efforts; and in the outset of any important design that wisdom which is taught by experience cannot reasonably be expected. So that even David himself, when actuated by the most commendable zeal, overlooked in some respects the rules of the Divine Word; in consequence of which his over-confident and sanguine hopes were damped by a salutary rebuke. (1 Chron. xiii. 7, 10—12; xv. 2, 12—15.)

But if—while those who are only lukewarm friends to the design say, *The time is not yet*, the difficulties are insurmountable; and while enemies deride the whole as visionary and impracticable—if others are stirred up to a more careful examination of the Scriptures, in respect to the principles and methods by which the object should be pursued; to more simple, humble dependence on the Lord; and to redoubled earnestness in prayer for direction and assistance; the benefit of such dispensations will, in the event, vastly outweigh the disadvantages.

Perhaps we might justly say that the expectation of any considerable actual success, at so early a period, would betray a want of due reflection on the subject; for *patient waiting* seems peculiarly requisite in such undertakings.

But these efforts have been the means of turning the attention of vast multitudes throughout Britain, in many places on the Continent, and almost all over North America, to the subject of Missions; and, in consequence, several Societies have been formed for promoting them. And surely no contemptible object has already been attained, if Christians almost throughout the world begin to awake from the lethargy by which they have been so long benumbed! If they are convinced that some measures should be used in order to evangelize the Heathen! If numbers are led to ask themselves how far they have been criminal in this matter? What is their present duty? What they *can* do? What they *ought* to do? If multitudes are excited to pray for direction on these subjects, and for a blessing on every undertaking to spread the Gospel! If men be generally and fully satisfied that out of almost a thousand millions of human beings, inhabiting this globe, the number of professed Christians falls much short of one hundred and fifty millions—of whom less than thirty millions are Protestants—and that all the rest are gross idolaters or practical atheists, Jews, or Mahomedans—that is, in Scriptural language, *without Christ, without hope, and without God in the world.* But a spirit is gone forth for sending Missions among them. May the Lord increase, and animate, and purify it more and more! This, however, is very different from a *Missionary spirit*, or the general prevalence, in suitable persons, of a disposition, from zeal for the glory of God and compassion to the souls of perishing sinners, to engage in the arduous service of Missions; having carefully counted the cost, and learned to depend entirely on the power, truth, and love of Christ; and to say, *None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God.* No doubt men may easily be found, whose ardent spirits and predilection for uncommon adventures dispose them to any undertaking, however perilous; and when persons of this cast receive religious impressions they readily enough, in some circumstances, propose themselves for Missionaries. But this state of mind differs widely from the considerate, humble, modest, self-denied zeal, and love, of a man rendered willing, by Divine Grace, to renounce all earthly comforts and prospects, to

labour—amidst hardships and perils, with undaunted courage, unwearied patience, and steady perseverance—among pagans, in some remote and obscure part of the world. As the work of a Missionary requires no ordinary measure of heavenly wisdom and love, it has been thought that the experienced Ministers of the Gospel should set the example, and come forward for that service. But it may be doubted whether the generality of able and faithful Pastors would make good Missionaries; whether men peculiarly fitted for Missionaries would be equally qualified to take the Pastor's deserted post; and whether many Ministers, besides other fields of usefulness, may not even more effectually serve the cause of Missions by their acquired influence at home than they could by going abroad. This, however, must be left to every man's conscience in the sight of God; and on this subject no man is authorized to judge his brother.

The genuine *Missionary spirit* seems, under the influence of Divine Grace, to be called forth and matured by culture, *in all ordinary circumstances*, and must not therefore be expected, in any proportion to the wants of the nations perishing in sin, except gradually, and after a course of years. While, therefore, we would not delay to attempt *every* thing in our power for the benefit of the present generation, we would especially aim, as far as possible, to propagate the *Missionary spirit* wherever the great truths of the Gospel are zealously insisted on.

You will doubtless inquire, How is it to be propagated? In reply to this we would observe, that, did Ministers frequently introduce the important subject in their Sermons, and earnestly recommend it to the attention and prayers of their hearers; did they explain the obligations of Christians to attempt evangelizing the Heathen according to their talents and situations, and the peculiar obligations and advantages of this favoured and commercial nation for the service; did they frequently insist on this topic in conversation, and never fail to make it a *prominent part of their social prayers*; did they, with this object in view, observe the state of their flocks, and, besides general exhortations, privately hint to promising individuals, not apparently excluded by special hindrances, that this service would give them a blessed opportunity of showing their love to Christ, and subserving the best interests of mankind, and that perhaps it was their duty to engage in it; did they also seriously and urgently

exhort them to deliberate on the subject, and make it a matter of daily prayer before they determined to decline it, recommending to their perusal the narratives of active and successful Missionaries—such, in particular, as Elliot and Brainerd; did they likewise frequently point out the special promises of protection, consolation, and assistance, made to such as are engaged in this service, as far more than counterbalancing its peculiar hardships and perils, showing them how worldly men, from secular motives, without such encouragements, readily engage in more perilous and trying services, and that Missionaries must be allowed to be, in many respects, employed in the most honourable, useful, and blessed service imaginable, and have the largest share in the prayers of Christians all over the world of any persons whatever; were these means steadily and generally used, we humbly hope a *Missionary spirit* would gradually be excited; for similar methods seem to have been in a measure blessed for this purpose among others, especially among the Moravians.

We would consider ourselves as fellow-helpers with all who attempt to propagate vital Christianity among the Heathen; yet there are impediments which prevent us from exerting all our influence, or extending our labours so far as we could desire, in concurrence with the Societies already formed: and on this ground we have deemed it more conducive to the general end to form a separate Society, in which we can exert ourselves, as we suppose, with greater effect; assured that our attempts will in no respect interfere with those of any other persons engaged in the same general cause.

On this subject our Committee takes the liberty to address you as a Christian brother, desiring your countenance and concurrence.

Difficulties of various kinds obstruct our path, which no power but that of God can remove; but He works by means and instruments. Some of our difficulties we view as distant; but that which directly stands in our way is the want of proper Missionaries. When our plans are matured, and we can either state encouraging prospects or actual success, we do not greatly fear an adequate pecuniary assistance, though large sums will eventually be wanting. But this subject would have been wholly left to a more general notification of our designs and wishes, had not an earnest desire

of *your assistance in another way* induced us to give you this trouble. We therefore, by this Letter, request, with all earnestness and importunity—

1. That you would aid us with your daily prayers and supplications to that God who alone can give wisdom, inspire zeal and love, and keep us cordially united in humility and simplicity; who alone can raise us up helpers and instruments, open doors, and move mountains, and give success; and that you would endeavour to stir up your people in this manner especially to afford us their help, stating it as our decided opinion, that they who pray most for us are the best benefactors to the Institution.

2. That you would look round among your people, and carefully examine whether there be no one who, by proper tuition, might be fitted for this important service, and by proper application be induced to undertake it, that we may be speedily enabled to make an entrance on our blessed work.

3. That you would cordially endeavour to promote the sober Missionary spirit in your circle, praying to Him who alone can do it that He would especially prosper the endeavours everywhere made in this behalf; that so our small beginnings may have a large and permanent increase.

I am, Reverend Sir,

Your humble Servant,

THOMAS SCOTT, *Secretary.*

Lock Chapel Street, March 10, 1801.



THE HUSBANDRY OF GOD.

LAST PART.

WE are once more at the close of harvest: with steady progress have the months advanced. Some have thought them too slow in passing: others have sorrowed over their rapid flight. To some they have protracted suffering: to others they have shortened joy. But, unaffected by the impatience of man, they have moved equably forward, according to the appointment of God, and now we are on the verge of another harvest. The fields have been loaded with the bounty of our God; and the rejoicing labourer

has gone forth to gather in the rich supply for the necessities of man.

But there is another harvest—one of imperishable materials. It is one which is always going forward; and although one period may be more productive than another, and one spot more fertile than another, yet one by one souls are ripening to their maturity before God. The Lord of the harvest is gathering them into His garners; and the constant prayer of the Church is, “Of Thy gracious goodness shortly accomplish the number of Thy elect, and hasten Thy kingdom,” until the moment arrives when the elect of God, gathered out of *all nations, and kindreds, and people and tongues, a great multitude, which no man can number*, shall meet before His throne.

The wide circle of our Mission-fields has been briefly reviewed by us; and wherever our attention has been directed we discover the ripening promise of this best of harvests. The wilderness rejoices. It blossoms as the rose. It blossoms abundantly. It rejoices even with joy and singing. Tribes the most rugged, nations in aspect the most discouraging, have been found susceptible of Christian culture and improvement. The cannibal of New Zealand responds to the persuasive sounds of Gospel invitation. The sandy plains of Tinnevelly are covered with trees of righteousness of the Lord's planting. Ceylon promises at no distant period to become a garden from whence the spices shall flow out, as the breath of the Divine Spirit blows on it. The waters of life begin to penetrate the vast desert of Africa, healing wherever they flow, and giving life to every thing they touch. The Church Missionary Society is an honoured instrumentality. It is one which Jehovah condescends to use in the great work of saving souls—of preparing a harvest for Himself amidst the nations of the earth, over which there is joy in heaven.

This is the Fiftieth year of the Society's existence; and in this its Jubilee year we are permitted to

wave before the Lord a first-fruits of our Missionary harvest—one selected with much pious care and discrimination from the dense masses of our Converts—a chosen band of 13,000 Communicants. And eight years back the number was only 3000; and sixteen years back still less—not more than 1300. And if permitted to look forward, in eight years more what may there not be! But this is now the first-fruits, which with holy joy we would wave before our God, and say, *Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thy name give the glory.*

And shall the harvest be plenteous, and the labourers few? Shall the aspect of our work be so peculiarly encouraging, and its glorious responsibilities be suffered to devolve on a few devoted but over-burthened Missionaries? Are there none from among us willing to go forth? no favoured sons of Christian parents; no Samuel, devoted from earliest infancy to God; no Timothy, from childhood knowing the Holy Scriptures? What! no new, and strong, and willing hands, to put the sickle into the corn where *the fields are white?* Other men have laboured. In prayers and tears they sowed the seed. They saw not the results: these have been reserved for us. *Many righteous men have desired to see these things which we see, and have not seen them, and to hear those things which we hear, and have not heard them.* We are now called upon to enter into their labours; to reap where Nyländer and Düring, and an host of others, sowed; where Martyn sorrowed; where Ridsdale, or Rhenius, and Bärenbruck, toiled and prayed. Were they willing to sustain the preparatory work, with its discouragements and peculiar trials, and shall we shrink back from the more joyous work of the glorious harvest? It is said, *He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal.* Shall the wages be so rich, and the reapers so few? Shall there be fruit unto eternal life in distant lands, and so many among ourselves who are indisposed to go forth and gather them? Alas! alas!

how many who are standing all the day idle! How many, indeed, who are contented to do so little, when they might do so much; who love their own comforts better than their Master's work; who have gifts and knowledge, and are not destitute, perchance, of the grace to sanctify them; but whose gifts contract, and whose capability of usefulness is grievously impaired, from want of wholesome exercise! Oh, that this Jubilee year may indeed be honoured, not merely by an increase of funds, but by a decided increase in the number of those who shall willingly offer themselves for the Missionary work! "Labourers for the Harvest!" this is the demand, the urgent cry, from every portion of the field of labour. Uttered by our Missionaries at Abbeokouta, it is echoed from Rabbay-Empia, on the eastern coast of Africa. On the shores of India, at Bombay, along the line of our Travancore Stations, the entreaty is prolonged. The petitions of the awakening Singhalise blend with it as it is heard on high; nor in the mountain-valleys of New Zealand does it lose any of its earnest importunity. "Labourers for the Harvest!" this is the peculiar need of a peculiar crisis like the present. Our Mission-fields are not half occupied. They must be strengthened, if we would reap in the harvest of blessing which is opening to our view.

The whitening fields bespeak
 A glorious harvest near;
 A harvest of immortal souls,
 Which barren wastes shall bear.

Lord of the harvest, rise!
 Thy pow'r and love display!
 And lab'ers, holy, zealous, wise,
 Send forth without delay!

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#### CHILD-MURDER IN CHINA.

THERE are many persons who, when they hear of the atrocities said to be practised by Heathen, and of the exceedingly debased state of morality among them,

think that the Missionaries who have brought such an account home have exaggerated the evil, or have selected only a few prominent instances of wickedness, and concluded that the rest of the nation were like them. We confess that this was our own feeling when, many years ago, we first heard of the prevalence of child-murder among the Chinese. That it might occasionally take place we thought not unlikely; but that it should be of very frequent occurrence we doubted, and wished for some more detailed evidence on the subject. Now, evidence of this kind has been given us by the Rev. G. Smith, in his book on China; and it is the more trustworthy, both because he nowhere exhibits a disposition to over-colour his statement, and because he took pains to ascertain the real state of the case.

From his work it appears that this crime does not prevail to an equal extent in all the provinces of China, nor among all ranks of society; for it is not through any wanton love of murder, nor from any peculiar want of natural affection, that fathers and mothers in that country can bear to extinguish with their own hands the life of their little infant daughters. The crime is not committed without a temptation, any more than other crimes are; but the real causes of it seem to be the difficulty of maintaining a family on the part of the poor, joined to the very low and merely animal estimate of the value of the female sex, together with an absence of a sense of sin in the destruction of female life. Consequently it is only among the poor that infants are murdered: the rich *never* kill their children. In Canton and the immediate neighbourhood, as Mr. Smith was creditably informed, the crime is of a very limited extent, there not being above 100 infants annually killed in a district of twenty miles extent. In Canton Mr. Smith found a native Tract in circulation directed against infanticide; and the Government have adopted a more effectual mode of checking it, by establishing a foundling hospital in the city, where about 5000

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female infants, given up by their parents living in a state of miserable poverty, are annually received.

It is, however, in the province of Fokeen, which adjoins the Canton province to the north-east, that child-murder is so fearfully prevalent. And we must remember, that these "provinces" of China are not like English counties in extent; but Fokeen alone is as large as the whole of England. In one town on the southern frontier it is computed, by the Chinese themselves, that not fewer than 500 or 600 female infants are murdered in a month. At Amoy, one of the free ports of this province, Mr. Smith, in company with another Missionary, used to ride into the neighbouring villages, and in the course of conversation learn from the inhabitants their practice in this respect. Of one of these excursions Mr. Smith writes—

After a ride of six miles, we entered a village called Hong-choo, where the people soon gathered around us. They asserted, without hesitation, that female infanticide was generally practised among them; and their statements were offered to us in a manner which indicated the total absence of criminality from their views of the practice. They stated that poor persons generally put to death two female infants out of every four, immediately after birth; but that rich persons, who could afford to rear their female offspring, were not in the habit of murdering their daughters. . . . In the next village, called Baw-a-aou, the horrible subject of infanticide was also introduced. They confirmed the testimony of the people in the last village, that out of four daughters poor men generally murdered two, and sometimes even three. They stated that, in their own village, out of six daughters it was customary to kill three: some murdered four, and a few even five, out of the same number. They told us that the death of the infant was effected immediately after birth, and that four different modes of infanticide were practised among them; viz. drowning in a vessel of water, pinching the throat, stifling by means of a wet cloth over the mouth, or choking by a few grains of rice placed in the mouth of the infant. If sons were alternately interspersed with daughters in a family the people esteemed it good luck, and were not accustomed to murder the female children. At this time a man of the village, named Lin Heaou, joined our party,

having become acquainted with my companion on a former occasion. My friend, while walking a few days previously near the city of Amoy, had met this villager with a fine healthy-looking child in his arms, and had commenced a conversation with him by expressing admiration of the child. The father, with a look indicating extreme wretchedness, shook his head, and said that he was the most unfortunate of human beings, as it was a *female* child. On his making further inquiry, he informed him that he had had eight children, all daughters, of whom he had murdered five. The man now appeared before us, with the same child in his arms, and renewed his pitiable tale, which was confirmed, as a matter of perfect notoriety, by the crowd around us. As he fondled the child in his arms, his manner indicated no deficiency in paternal affection toward his offspring. He was a small farmer, or gardener, cultivating four little plots of ground. The people around, especially the women, appeared to think light of the matter, and indulged in frequent humour and levity. He himself said that he always had compunctions of grief for ten days after murdering a child; and that both he and his wife wept very much at the time, and grieved at their misfortune in having female offspring. One old man, whom we questioned, confessed publicly before the crowd, that out of six daughters he had murdered three. He had smothered them by putting grass into their mouths; and he felt more peaceful and quiet in his mind, under the disgrace which he suffered, when he had thus put his female offspring out of the way. Both he and his wife wept very much, but felt no compunctions of conscience at the deed.

Mr. Smith made similar inquiries at several other villages, as well as in the city itself, and invariably received the same account. The number of females put to death in the villages was generally stated to amount to one-half; while in the city it did not seem to bear quite so high a proportion. The effects on society of this evil were visible to every visitor of the rural hamlets, where the paucity of female inhabitants was immediately evident.

These accounts exhibit to us not only the *sin and immorality* of heathenism, but its *unhappiness*. Where true religion prevails, there, and there only, do righteousness and peace go hand in hand.

# CHURCH MISSIONARY GLENER.

No. 11. NOVEMBER, 1848. VOL. VIII.

## THE WITHERED EAR OF CORN.

“ YET HATH HE NOT ROOT IN HIMSELF, BUT DURETH FOR A WHILE : FOR WHEN TRIBULATION OR PERSECUTION ARISETH BECAUSE OF THE WORD, BY AND BY HE IS OFFENDED.”—*Matt.* xiii. 21.

THE district of Panneivilei, in Tinnevelly, is in the charge of the Rev. J. T. Tucker ; who, notwithstanding occasional discouragements, has much to cheer him in his labours. Like all other Missionaries among the Heathen, his work is twofold—first, to instruct and watch over those who have already placed themselves under Christian instruction ; and secondly, to endeavour to awaken the surrounding Heathen to a sense of their wickedness and idolatry. To promote the latter object, Mr. Tucker has arranged with his Catechists that they shall employ themselves one day in the week in declaring the Gospel exclusively to the *Heathen* ; and though comparatively but a few accept the message, yet, on the whole, their labour has not been in vain. One or two, here and there, come out from their darkness, and join a Christian Congregation. Not very long ago there was an unusual movement among the people of his district. They forsook their idols, and placed themselves under instruction, by *hundreds*. Most of them, however, alas ! soon returned to their former practices ; but about 200 remained firm, and are now reckoned among the Candidates for Baptism. Not that all, even of these 200, are sincere Christians : the great majority of them show none of the fruits of the Spirit ; yet, as long as they forsake their idols, and ask for Christian instruction, the Missionary feels bound to receive and teach them as well as he can, and he expresses the hope that there are some among these new comers who

are really anxious for the salvation of their souls. Mr. Tucker writes—

With regard to the older Congregations, a few in almost every Christian village in the Southern division of my district have gone back, not to heathenism but to atheism. Much as we grieve at this, we ought not to wonder at it, for we know that the enemy of souls is sure to sow tares among the wheat, and these tares will, in due time, spring up. On the other hand, there are many individuals, among the old Congregations, who show the fruit of good works, and I trust are ripening fast unto eternal life. It is such instances as these that encourage me in my work, because I believe them to be evidences that God is indeed working with us, and by us, to the salvation of many poor sinners. I look down from my pulpit on Sundays with joy upon several hoary heads who are walking in the paths of righteousness, and who, on all occasions, are to be found in their place in the House of God.

One very affecting instance of apostasy—not, as alluded to above, to atheism, but back again to heathenism—is mentioned in Mr. Tucker's last letter. In August 1848 he writes—

I have lately had much anxiety on account of an old man of the Panneivilei Congregation, who has been induced to renounce Christianity. He was once most regular in his attendance at Church, most orderly in his conduct, and appeared to be one of the most sincere persons in the Congregation. He had forsaken idolatry for the last four years, and had shown such an interest in Christianity during that time, that I had not only baptized him, but admitted him to the Lord's Supper. While I was at Courtallum his second son died, and he has been persuaded to believe that his death was occasioned by the wrath of the devil on account of his becoming a Christian. It appears, also, that the first time he attended the Lord's Supper he had laid aside in, as he supposed, a safe place, the piece of money he intended as his offering; but, on seeking for it, he found it was gone. This little circumstance preyed on his mind, and awakened all his former superstitious feelings, which were further worked upon by the circumstance that the wife of a brother-in-law, who had apostatized, soon after gave birth to a son, which was considered as a proof of



the favour of the devil, and led the old man to conclude that, unless he also apostatized, he should lose the rest of his children. He was additionally influenced by a superstition very common among the Natives, viz. that it is an ill omen to hear a lizard chirp when setting out upon a journey. This idea is so strongly impressed on their minds, that the Heathen, if they hear one, will always put off their expedition. This poor man says, that whenever he has recently entered the Church a lizard has chirped, and told him he ought not to be there. All these things put together have made him give up Christianity for fear of the devil. I called on him on Saturday, and earnestly entreated him to consider the danger to which he was exposing himself; but he really seems possessed of the devil, for he deliberately and seriously said, that if he and his family were to enter into everlasting torment immediately, he would still be a Heathen. In other respects my Congregations are going on satisfactorily.

What a melancholy proof this sad tale is of the remaining power of early superstition and heathenism over the minds of those who are, as it would seem, beginning to know and see the "truth as it is in Jesus." The heathenism in which themselves and their parents have lived from their earliest infancy, has not only debased their moral perception, but enfeebled their mental powers, and Satan thus has a double advantage over them. Perhaps the duty and importance of special prayer for the newly-awakened Converts has hitherto been but little considered, even by those who are most earnest in sending them the Means of Grace, for we are continually in danger of *practically* forgetting that it is "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." Let us, then, more frequently and more heartily take up the words of the prayer\*—

Give them Thy strength, O Lord, from above, to break the bonds of caste and all other chains of the devil. Give them such stedfast and unfeigned faith and love, that, with all meekness of wisdom, they may boldly confess the faith of Christ crucified, and cheerfully forsake houses and brethren, and sisters, and father and mother, and wife and children,

\* Jubilee Tract No. III., pp. 22, 23.

and lands, for Him who has loved them and given Himself for them.

We in this Christian land can but little imagine how strongly and tightly these "chains" are wound round the minds of our heathen fellow-beings.

The last return from the Pannevilei District mentions that it at present contains 991 baptized persons, including children, and 1617 Candidates for Baptism. These are scattered about among the Heathen in fifty-five different villages.



LORD DENMAN'S TESTIMONY TO MISSIONARY LABOURS  
IN SIERRA LEONE.

It is gratifying to observe the passing events of the political world, and to glean an occasional testimony to the value of Missionary labours from the statements of those who, unconnected with the Missionary work, may be supposed to bear impartial evidence on the subject. Lord Denman, whose voice has been heard on various occasions pleading the cause of the poor enslaved African in the House of Lords, has recently employed his able pen in the advocacy of their natural rights as members of the great brotherhood of mankind. In a Letter to Lord Brougham, just published, on the final extinction of the Slave Trade, he has borne an incidental testimony to the happy results of Missionary Labours in West Africa, in terms as honourable to the writer as they are encouraging to the friends of Christian Missions. His Lordship writes—

England and some other states, first acting singly but afterwards in concert, employed force to suppress the practice, but it was not till 1839 that a general consent was obtained to the use of all the necessary means. From that time, however, those means were employed with perfect success: the liberation of the prisoners from the barracoons, the destruction of factories erected for the single purpose of Slave-trading, and the confiscation of property collected there for such dealing. The rescued were sent to Sierra

Leone, they became British subjects and Christians, artisans and tradesmen, respectable members of a community, which, notwithstanding some unaccountable detraction, is proved by those best acquainted with it, to rival in morality and good conduct the average of persons of their station in this or any country.

Let me indulge myself by pausing one moment on the only agreeable part of a most painful and revolting subject, and expressing my unbounded respect and veneration for the Missionaries whose disinterested labours have done so much for Africa. Their services are above all earthly praise. Their evidence on the condition of Sierra Leone, and on other important points, before the Committee, was clear, decisive, and quite uniform.



A LETTER FROM THE REV. DR. KRAPP.

THE Rev. Dr. Krapf, and his companion and fellow-countryman the Rev. J. Rebmann, are stationed as Missionaries to the uncivilized tribes on the east coast of Africa. Their head-quarters are at a village called Rabbay-Empia, close to the Mahomedan town of Mombas, and some distance above the north end of Madagascar. Though, in the early voyages of Europeans to the east, Mombas was a frequent place of resort for the Portuguese ships, yet now our Missionaries are alone, more separated, perhaps, than any others who have gone out from our Society, from the comforts, advantages, and sympathies of European life. But while in this secluded position, their Letters continually bear witness to the great principle—"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God;" for they find that their happiness consists, not in outward advantages, but in the enjoyment of the glorious presence of their beloved Lord and Saviour. A Letter has been lately received from Dr. Krapf, dated April 16, 1848, the following extracts from which exhibit the character of a true Missionary—

With humble thanksgiving we praise the goodness of our

Heavenly Father, who has hitherto preserved and protected our lives, has often refreshed our thirsty souls, longing after Him in prayer and meditation on His most holy Word, and has strengthened our little faith, that we can believe Him, though we cannot yet see with our eyes the fruit of our labours. We are certain that those Heathen whom He has chosen in this country—yea, in the centre of Africa—before the foundation of the world, must, in the right time, hear the voice of the Gospel, and be brought to a saving knowledge of the Saviour whom we preach to them. Therefore we do not get tired of speaking the Word of Life to many or few, far or nigh, in order that God's elect may be gathered in this quarter. . . . The children in particular suffer dreadfully from sores and ulcers, which give them no rest by day and night; and frequently do they suffer for years in consequence of the badness of their ulcers, and their wrong treatment of them. These people love their bodies, and live only for *them*, and for nothing else. Hence, the providence of God has provided for them some peculiar kinds of sickness, which are the necessary checks against the utter destruction into which these poor creatures would run headlong. Bodily pains they feel; and he who would or could deliver them, would win their utmost confidence, and be able to tell them that which a Clerical Missionary cannot utter without being laughed at, in secret or openly. They care not whether they sit in a dark, damp, miserable cottage or not, if they have but plenty of their favourite liquor, the Tembo (fermented juice of the palm-tree). They do not want you to show them this art or that; but when they are ill they will call for you to a certainty. It is therefore the physician especially who is wanted, next to the Missionary.

After urging several reasons why a Medical Missionary should be sent out to this Mission, and expressing his fears that the low state of the Society's Funds may prove an obstacle to his proposal being agreed to, Dr. Krapf suggests this solution of the difficulty—

But if the Committee would put the Missionary Physician on the same footing with ourselves, that he should have no fixed salary, but receive as much as he reasonably wants for maintenance, clothing, &c.—as is the case with

ourselves—would he then still claim too much of the funds of the Society? The great King David wished to be a door-keeper in the house of his God; and I suppose that those who are employed in Her Majesty's palace, even as inferior servants, consider their office as a great honour conferred on them. If any man, who wishes to serve the Lord's kingdom in the heathen world, is not ready to submit to any position that may be assigned to him by his superiors—whether they make him a Bishop, or a Clergyman, or a Catechist, or whatever they like—the same man should stay at home. And if any Missionary will not serve unless under the condition of a fixed salary, amounting to more than he reasonably wants for his daily food and raiment, that man should rather stay at home. If the Missionary brother whom we would like to engage should refuse to be on the same footing as ourselves—if he should like to have a fixed salary—we should not like him to come; unless, indeed, our beloved Committee were to make such an arrangement *of their own accord*; in which case we shall ever humbly and heartily obey their commands.

Mr. Rebmann is on the eve of starting on his perilous and interesting journey to Dshagga, several hundred miles from this place. It will cost us a good deal, but the journey will be full of interest if the Almighty brings the dear brother back in safety. I should have liked to accompany him; but, in the first place, I am not so strong as he is for such a road; and, secondly, there must one of us remain at the Station, as we cannot know what may happen on the way. There are still four journeys to be undertaken; and when these shall have been performed, you may consider your Missionaries have done enough at present for the exploring of East Africa. If we had only a trustworthy servant to take charge of our house we could leave it with easier feelings. But all our plans must be sacrificed and laid into the hand of the Lord, who thwarts our schemes an hundred times, especially by indisposition. It requires more deadness to our own selves to execute these things; for our heart is naturally inclined to exalt itself if one does any thing that our friends at home think interesting and important. May the Lord give us more humility and simplicity, love, zeal, and faith, lest we preach to others, and be lost ourselves at the last day!

We are glad to be able to state that another Mis-

sionary, and a "trustworthy" Christian servant, will sail for East Africa this autumn. May they prove true helpmates for our dear brethren already settled there!



BAPTISM OF A MAHOMEDAN.

(Prepared for publication by the late Rev. H. W. Fox.)

THE question is sometimes asked, "Have there been as yet any converts from among the Mahomedans?" The question, it is true, displays considerable ignorance of Missionary history; for one would have thought that the case of that noble Minister of God, Abdool Messeeh, who for so many years preached Christ faithfully and successfully to his fellow-countrymen in North India, had been sufficiently widely known to have precluded the necessity of the question. And yet there is a sort of reason in it. A judicial hardness of heart seems to beset the Mahomedan. Although his creed—in which he rejects idolatry and acknowledges but one God, and accepts the Messiah as a divinely-inspired prophet, the greatest of all who preceded Mahomed—would seem to bring him nearer to the Truth than that of the Brahmin or the Buddhist does for them; yet the Mahomedan is practically more steeled against God's revealed Word than either of them. In this respect he resembles the members of the Romish, Greek, Armenian, and other apostate Churches, who seem less disposed to come to the light, of which they already possess a slight measure, than are the Heathen, who are in total darkness. "Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required;" and "from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

It is striking to observe the difference with which the Hindoo and the Mahomedan will often listen to the same words of the Missionary. As long as the speaker is dwelling upon moral topics, or attacks the

false systems of Heathenism, or is setting forth the claims of Christianity, the Mussulman will show his decided approval, and even take up the argument, and prove a preacher himself. But when the Missionary turns to him, and seeks to apply to him, as an individual soul, the condemnation of the law, the necessity of an atonement, and the deity of Christ who has made that atonement, then all the pride and bitterness of the man rises up, and, bristling with anger or open contempt, he rejects with disgust the whole statement, and tramples, as it were, the Son of God under foot. "You Christians," said a fine young Mahomedan, who till that moment had been the best of friends with the Missionary—"You Christians are just as bad as the Heathen: they worship a *stone*, you adore a *man*: where is the difference?" There is something peculiar in the expression of contempt in the countenance of a Mahomedan when he hears of Christ, *the Son of God*.

Nevertheless, God's Spirit is triumphant; and when He breathes on the dry bones, immediately they are clothed with flesh and filled with life, and stand up an army of the Lord. And very pleasant has it been for us to see an elderly Mahomedan gentleman sitting in conversation with a young Missionary, whose father had long been his friend, and endeavouring to learn something more, not only regarding "Eesê Paikumberu," Jesus the Prophet, but about "Eesê Messih," Jesus the Messiah. There was no symptom of contention, much less of contempt in his fine countenance, when He, who is Lord of Life, was spoken of; but he used gladly to turn to the Hindoostanee Testament for passages in corroboration of what he said, or to seek for explanation of the difficulties which he had met with in his daily reading of it; for the old man used every day to read the New Testament as his daily bread, and was not comfortable through the day, he said, if he had not read that day's portion. "And truly Jesus is the Messiah: I believe in Him as the Son of God, and I pray

to Him as my Saviour," were words with which, in all sincerity, he would reply to the Missionary. Yet he remains still a Mahomedan, and is entangled by the cares and riches of the world, and especially by the fear of man. It is for cases such as his—and there are not a few, especially among the Heathen—that the prayers of God's children are needed, that the Mighty One may triumph over Satan, and deliver from his dominion the tried soul, tossed to and fro at his will.

The case we have now to report is a yet more pleasing one, and is contained in a Letter received by a late mail from the Rev. C. B. Leupolt, of Benares, the author, as many of our readers will recollect, of that very interesting little book, the "Recollections of an Indian Missionary." We give the account in Mr. Leupolt's own words.

Within the last three weeks a Mahomedan has presented himself as an inquirer. He is a relation of the Delhi imperial family, but not in a direct line. He wrote to Mr. Wilkinson, or rather to the Missionary of Bhelpore, and stated his case. I have met him several times. He is now staying with Mr. Mackay, for "his own" have cast him off. I never met a man so fully and so well instructed in God's truth without having had a human instructor; and for some time I doubted his sincerity, especially as he stated that he possessed only the Gospel of St. Matthew. I feared he might be an imposter, though that seemed almost impossible, considering the man's respectability and his apparent honesty. However, the case is now quite plain. He received a whole New Testament, and seeing on the first page "Matthew," he took it for granted that the whole was called Matthew. He has been taught by the Spirit of God Himself. The divine light has gradually dawned upon him. I saw him yesterday again, and shall, God willing, go to see him every day this week, and next Sunday we hope to baptize him; for why should we "forbid water," seeing the Lord has baptized him with the Holy Ghost. After his baptism he will come and reside at Sigra, and we hope to be able to employ his talents to the furtherance of the cause of Christ. As he is thoroughly acquainted with



the Korân, the traditions, the various commentators and legends of the Mahomedans, I shall set immediately to work to rewrite the Mahomedan part of our "Din i haq."

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DEATH OF THE REV. H. W. FOX, ASSISTANT SECRETARY
OF THE SOCIETY.

WE have the painful task of reporting the death, on the 14th of October, of the Rev. H. W. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Society, to which office he was appointed only about four months ago. He was formerly one of our Missionaries at Masulipatam, and our readers may remember some extracts from his Journal in the "Gleaner" for February and March last, and the following month. His short course in the Secretaryship had inspired bright hopes of his future usefulness. In the measures for the Jubilee celebration he took a lively interest: the Tract No. II., and the hymn in the Tract entitled "The whole Jubilee Day," were written by him. In these and various other ways "he being dead yet speaketh." At this Jubilee season, especially, what solemn lessons should this event teach us! We trust that all our readers will pray to the Lord of Missions, that He may be pleased to repair our loss by again providing for the management of this great Society a man "meet for the Master's use."

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ON THE CHURCH MISSIONARY JUBILEE YEAR, 1848.

Blow loud the Gospel trumpet!  
May it be heard afar;  
And let each puny heathen god  
His vot'ries range for war.

Oh! beat the loud drum, Christian!  
Your neighbours wake from sleep;  
And rouse them, by its mighty roll,  
The Jubilee to keep.

Strike sweetly on the harp-strings;  
Attune each chord to praise;  
And let each distant Mission-house  
The thankful anthem raise!

Bear high Christ's blood-stained banner,  
 Ye servants of the Lord!  
 Its standard plant in dying lands:  
 Preach there the *living* Word!

Run swiftly, O ye bearers  
 Of tidings glad and free!  
 That heathen men may turn and sing  
 A song of Jubilee.

Sing softly, O believer!  
 Then swell the rising strain,  
 Until each land, where Christ is known,  
 The notes shall strike again.

Kindle the Mission beacon!  
 And brightly let it blaze,  
 'Till every shore its light shall see,  
 And answ'ring beacons raise.

For, lo! the heathen kingdoms  
 Our Saviour's soon shall be—  
 Then let us keep, with joyful faith,  
 Our year of Jubilee.

Thou too, O cursed slav'ry!  
 Unwilling part shall take:  
 The timbers of thy demon ships  
 Their guilty task forsake.

They form the crowning rafters,\*  
 On Afric's injured shore,  
 Which bind the Negro college walls,  
 And ceil the building o'er.

No more with sighs resounding,  
 Or washed by anguished tears,  
 Praises and prayer they'll echo round,  
 While Afric's Saviour hears.

Then let the earth re-echo,  
 To its remotest bound,  
 The praises of our faithful God,  
 And seas roll back the sound.

Oh! hasten, Lord, Thy coming!  
 Bring all Thy wand'ers home!  
 And let each soul with joy exclaim,  
 "Lord Jesus, quickly come!"

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\* Referring to the interesting fact that the rafters of the new Church Missionary Institution at Fourah Bay are made of the timbers of condemned slave-ships.

# CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEASNER.

No. 12. DECEMBER, 1848. VOL. VIII.

## JUBILEE ADDRESS TO YOUTH.

THE following valuable Address was delivered by the Rev. J. East, Rector of St. Michael's, Bath, at the Evening Jubilee Meeting of the Bath Church Missionary Association, on the 3d of November—

Dear Youth of our country—the younger sons and daughters of Britain—we hail you onward as you advance to fill up our places, who soon must quit earth's fields of labour and scenes of conflict. We welcome you around us on the days of a Jubilee, such as the Church and the world have never seen before. For there are some in each quarter of the wide globe—some on each continent—some in every truly Christian state—some on many a barbarian shore—whose hearts beat in unison with ours on the highest theme that can animate and sway the human soul. Yes, there are not a few of Britain's own dear children, whose lot for awhile is cast either with beloved parents, or separate from them on foreign strands, who welcome our year, our week of Jubilee.

And there are others, of varied and deeply-interesting classes, and of your ages, who hail this blessed time. See where the long dark lines wind round the wooded mountains' sides of Western Africa, wending their way to temples of the living God—comely structures, many of them raised by the swarthy hands of their own converted fathers, and on the ruins of horrid fanes, where in times not long past the Prince of Darkness was their god! Behold them! They are five thousand and more, neatly clad in vestments woven in British looms, and bestowed by British charity. They go, with the Book of God in hand, chanting a Jubilee song in His praise, who there has proclaimed and given liberty to the captive. Those young hearts are thinking of Britain, and they bless her sons and daughters for the part they have taken in the great cause of Ethiopia's liberty and salvation. Oh, youth of our country!

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give to the long-degraded and oppressed children of Ham a place in your affections, an interest in your prayers, a share in your bounty! There are yet untold millions in that vast land of darkness who know not God, and who never heard of Him who became an infant of days in Bethlehem—a poor child in Galilee—a labouring youth in Nazareth—on His earthly way to be the world's Redeemer.

But now let your mental eye cross that black continent and the Indian Ocean. See "India's coral strand" and Ceylon's pearly isle teeming with human life! Can you count the drops of dew upon those plains? Can you count the children of India's crowded cities and myriad villages? Each of them is to live with you and your Saviour, or apart from Him and you, for ever! What will *you* do to bring them into happy fellowship with Him—with yourselves? They *can* be reached—they *can* be won over from dumb idols to the living God—from the disgusting impurities of their abominable superstitions to the Gospel's blessedness assured to the pure in heart. The first-fruits of the harvest of Hindostan have been reaped and garnered. Give a glance at Western India's shore. It is the least productive of our Hindostan fields. Yet even there are just upon a thousand boys and a fourth of that number of girls, of several tribes, being trained at the feet of faithful Missionaries, and being brought to Jesu's feet. Look north-eastward. Trace that mighty river from its source to its mouths—the far-famed, the worshipped, Ganges. Gunga's waters are stained and loaded with infant blood and youthful corpses! They might have lived to know, and love, and serve, your gracious Lord; they might have lived to rejoice with you at this time of Jubilee; they might have lived to enjoy in life and death the hope of glory; had the youth of *our* country been as zealous for Christ as the children of India are for Gunga, and Juggernaut, and Kalee, and Vishnoo, and Siva! Abdool Messeh, once a proud idolater, afterward, and for many years, an Ordained and faithful Missionary of our Church, was wont to weep as he saw the corpses floating by his own abode, and reflected on their miserable life and hopeless death. But see, what plain but goodly structures rise beside the dark stream of death and woe! Hear the sound of joy that bursts from those fair enclosures! There are five thousand others of either sex—children and youth of your

own varied ages—sembled in lovely order and with ardent delight to “hear of heaven, and learn the way.” They are singing songs of Jubilee in Burdwan and Krishnaghur, in Benares and Chunar, at Jaunpore and Gorruckpore, in Agra and Meerut, and amidst the mountain heights of Himalaya. Oh, youth of our country! could you walk in the moon-lit night to the cemeteries of the North-Indian cities, you would be struck with the vast number of simple or more costly monuments erected there to the cherished names of British youth, who in the civil, or military, or naval service, have found very early graves. You are spared to us here to grace and bless our native homes. Let us have a portion of your home-spent lives, a portion of your gold and silver, to enable us to extend the means of saving knowledge to the dying children and youth of those regions which our arms have conquered for the British crown, but which, as yet, our charity has not won to the dominion of Him whom, in your songs, you crown “Lord of all.” But Southern India may well demand that your young sparkling eyes should rest upon her ample plains. Madras shines brightly in the constellation of Missionary stars, and especially Tinnevely. Oh! blessed scenes of the Saviour’s triumphs over pagan enormity and papal subtilty! There alone are nearly *four thousand* constant attendants at the Lord’s table, and their children and the children of others present a youthful host of above *eight thousand more!* What a glorious scene, on which gratitude may dwell in songs of praise, and hope may indulge in bright expectancy! Hear their young voices! They are singing in their own tongue the same hymn which British Christians have been invited to sing this very week, if not here, yet in other parts, composed by the Rev. George Pettitt, Missionary in Tinnevely.\* Ceylon’s isle, too, with its spicy groves and pearl-besprinkled sands, has given of its sons and daughters to the Lord; and of these, arrived at manhood, one lately presented to the Bishop land and other means for the erection of a Church, a School-house, and a parsonage. There, too, between two and three thousand Singhalese boys and girls are being taught the way to the better land. †

\* This hymn will be found in the Jubilee Tract No. III. It may also be had in a separate form, set to music by Dr. Elvey, Organist of St. George’s Chapel, Windsor, price 3d. Application to be made to the Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square.

Further onward, toward the rising sun, the millions—hundreds of millions—of Chinese youth are opening their hands to receive from the youth of Britain's heaven-illuminated isle the words of a wisdom that will soon cover their own adored Confucius with the cloak of folly and the shades of oblivion. And, soon, the sons and daughters of long-sealed and jealously-guarded Japan and ferocious Borneo, and the pirate islands of the Eastern Archipelago, will be heard shouting, "Come over, and help us."

Onward, again, to the vast regions of imperfectly-explored North America, the torch of Missionary enterprise lights our way to objects more worthy of a nation's zeal than even the discovery of a passage through the Polar seas. The Red Indian there is giving himself and his hitherto wild children to the Lord. Far downward to the south, the unclothed and savage young ones of Guiana, savage as the whelps of the lion or of the tiger, are showing new joy as they gather round the Missionary and his wife, and ask to be taught the elements of European science and Christian knowledge.

But one more glance at scenes like these. And where shall these be sought?

"O scenes, surpassing fable and yet true!"

which open to the eye at our antipodes! Imagine a deep shaft, cut through this solid globe beneath your feet. There is a noble race of men—majestic in gait, aye, and in intellect, from their childhood. They are an ancient race. But how many centuries may have passed over them since the first storm-driven bark was wrecked upon those shores, and gave to those lands the parents of their present myriads, none can tell. The enterprising navigator discovered them; but when their moral condition became known by the wild justice of revenge that punished the aggressions of guiltier men than they, the tale was so full of horror that none for awhile could be found bold enough to approach the blood-stained shores, and there land even a messenger of peace. Yet now, in less than forty years, what land is more accessible to—nay, what land is more coveted by—the European emigrant, than New Zealand? It is not only a Colony of our Government, but a Diocese of our Church. But that to which we desire to direct your attention, dear young friends, is the fact that the Schools of New Zealand

contain, we believe, more thousands of native little ones and youth than those of any other Mission of our great country. What a contrast! There, within our remembrance, while the daughters of the land were from their birth doomed to the most degrading slavery, the sons were dedicated in formal, priestly baptism, to the prince of darkness. A child's first playthings were the skulls and bones of his father's slaughtered enemies; and often the first taste his infant palate had of animal food was that of human flesh! Now, what have we there? A nation still brave, and ready to resist the encroaching avarice of the Christian idolaters of filthy lucre; a nation, even when they rise to arms, distinguished by a moderation and a humanity that might spread a blush of shame and conscious moral inferiority over many an armed host marching under the consecrated banner of the Cross. But more. There a multitude of men, with lips once dripping with human gore, but now washed clean in the pure font of Emmanuel's blood and the Spirit's regenerating grace, have kissed the feet of God's Eternal Son, and become the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus!

Oh, my young friends! these are the triumphs of a Power as high above man's as the heaven is above the earth. Aim you at glory? Here is a cause which at once ennobles the meanest, and gives to the highest and greatest a lustre more splendid than that of mitres, coronets, or crowns. Talk we of arts and science, and languages, and poetry? Here is a field wherein you may acquire such honour as God giveth, and that is infinitely superior to all human honour in the cultivation of arts, which will be a blessing to the whole race of mankind; of a science, which will make millions wise unto salvation; of a literature, rich in languages—the tongues of a whole earth; and of a poetry, whose inspiration is from the fountains of life in the everlasting hills. Come, then, dear youth of our happy country, and join us in our "work of faith and labour of love in the patience of hope." Give us the joy of seeing our sons and daughters seeking the godlike pleasure of saving souls from death, and conferring the means of eternal blessedness on a multitude that no man can number. While the youth of other European nations are spending the prime of their existence in the wretched conflicts of civil warfare; of revolutions which overthrow

the thrones of kings to set up the tribunals of military dictators; and in the wild theories of government, taught by philosophy falsely so called, and by science unbaptized in the waters of Zion; do you, dear youth of our own free, and loyal, because Christian Britain, devote the vigour of your being to the spreading of peace and love throughout all nations; to the enlargement of that kingdom which shall never be moved, and is destined to fill the whole earth; and to the illumination of our world's thousand millions with that light which shall make them wise, holy, and happy for ever. We therefore invite you to allow yourselves to be formed into a Juvenile Missionary Association. Look upward for wisdom and grace to qualify you for this sacred work, and God, even our own God, will give you His blessing, and delight your young hearts with the assured hope that all the ends of the world shall see the salvation of God.



CONTRAST BETWEEN IDOLATRY AND CHRISTIANITY  
IN CHINA.

MERE civilization is something essentially different from Christianity. The former, man can effect: the latter is the gift of God Himself. Civilization may refine the intellect and elevate the mind. Christianity alone can touch the heart, and render man subservient to the great and benevolent ends of his creation. The present state of China is an awful illustration of that general truth, that the highest state of intellectual refinement is compatible with the lowest condition of spiritual ignorance and moral degradation. With a wonderful ingenuity in the arts of civilized life; with a reading population; with encouragements to the study of literature scarcely exceeded in any other country; with the marks of order and antiquity in their civil institutions; with the impress of civilization stamped on the character of its government and people; China has nevertheless remained, for upward of 2000 years, stationary in that knowledge which is the better part of true civilization—the knowledge of the one true God.



We shall present our readers with two extracts from the Rev. George Smith's narrative of his Exploratory Visit to the Consular Cities of China, for the purpose of illustrating the preceding statements. The first extract contains a melancholy proof of the sad amount of superstition which is to be commonly seen in a land where education is general, but that education not based on the truths of revelation. The second extract will furnish a pleasing instance of the capacity of the Chinese mind for religious instruction, and afford a specimen of the beneficial effects of Missionary instruction.

Mr. Smith thus relates an incident which he witnessed during his visit to the city of Foo-chow, which is the capital of the province of Fokeen, and is estimated to contain above half-a-million of inhabitants—

In one of the temples on the hill of Nantai I witnessed a curious specimen of the power of priestcraft, which still retains its hold on a portion of the people. In a little temple, consisting of two or three courts, dedicated to one of the Taouist deities, and entrusted to a few priests, I met a Chinese, who had come to obtain deliverance from domestic grief. The cause of his affliction was the sickness and expected death of his wife. The husband, dressed out in his finest clothes, and loaded with offerings, stood before a platform, in anxious expectation, while a priest went through a variety of evolutions, tossings, and tumblings on the floor, to procure a good omen. With his head bound in a red handkerchief, or turban, and a quantity of burning paper in his hand, the priest vigorously danced, with impassioned gestures, around a table laden with cakes and fruits, while two attendants, beating a gong and a drum, kept time with his performance. At one time he prayed in softly-uttered tones; soon again he employed scolding accents to the deity whom he invoked. At one moment he would endeavour to coax away the angry spirit; at another, he would terrify it away by whipping the air. After half an hour's frantic noise, and persevering somersets on the ground, he rose, and placed a hair-pin on the head of the anxious husband, after binding the hair into the peculiar tuft of the Taou sect. Some more paper was burnt outside the temple; the priest ceased from his flagel-

lations; the husband bowed down several times before an idol which stood near; and, after paying the usual fees to the priest, returned, apparently satisfied, to the scene of his domestic affliction.

A pleasing contrast to the scene just described is to be seen in the following details of a Bible-class, held for the benefit of the Chinese by the Missionaries at Amoy—

One of my Missionary friends held his usual Sabbath-evening meeting, for family worship and examination of his Chinese neighbours and domestics in the subjects of instruction which they had heard at the Mission Chapels and the hospital during the day. The object of the meeting was, to exercise their minds, by friendly conversation, on the religious topics brought before them in the different Missionary sermons, and to invite them freely to state their difficulties and objections. In order to give an idea of the character of the Missionary addresses—of the nature of the scriptural subjects discussed—of the capacity of the Chinese for religious instruction—and of the beneficial influence likely to be exerted over them by such friendly and familiar intercourse—a short sketch is given of the proceedings on the occasion of this evening's family service. After a short address, the Missionary who conducted the meeting requested a youth, named Ek-ha, a servant in his house, to explain the subjects which he had heard in a sermon at 9 A.M. In reply, he proceeded to give an analysis of the discourse, which was in form, and often in words, strictly accurate. The text was, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world." He said that the preacher's address referred, I. To the reasons why our Saviour is called a lamb. 1. On account of His meekness and submission; 2. on account of His purity; and 3. on account of his becoming a ransom for sin; more particularly stating the method of the Old-Testament sacrifices for sin, all of which had reference to the one great sacrifice of Jesus on the cross. He said that the preacher adverted, II. To the duty of mankind in *beholding* the Lamb of God. This was illustrated by the figure of a feast, with a table spread out and bountifully provided with food. The guests are invited to come: they *look*, but this does not satisfy: they must *partake*. So Christ must be received by faith: He must not only be looked upon, but be

received into the heart, and believed on to the salvation of the soul. This was stated with much readiness and ease of manner.

The others afterwards volunteered their simple explanation of what they had heard, evidently interested in the subject, and sometimes correcting each other without the slightest embarrassment. Chan-ha, an adult servant, gave an account of a sermon which he had heard at 10 A.M., on the subject of *regeneration*, founded on the coming of Nicodemus to Jesus by night. Ching-han, also, a medical student, explained his recollections of the same sermon; each of them alternating their description of the doctrines which they had heard. They stated that the condition of the soul before conversion was that of *death*; and that the change of the soul on its conversion resembled that of a *new birth*. They then referred to the illustrations of the preacher taken from the birth of an infant; its new sensations, breathing, pulse, and the great care of the parent. They then dwelt on the more marked character of these evidences of life in a *new-born soul*, which undergoes so radical a change in its affections and desires. One of them said, in reply to the questions of the Missionary, that conversion of the soul was a gradual change. His views were corrected, and the distinction was explained to him between the terms justification and sanctification; the former being the forgiveness of sin by God, as the immediate consequence of a living faith in Christ; the latter being a gradual and progressive renewal of the heart by divine grace.

They afterwards gave an account of a sermon which they had heard at 3 P.M. from Luke xii. 15—21, on the parable of the rich fool. Particular allusion was made to that portion of it, which stated a man's life not to "consist in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." Life denoted happiness; and true happiness was not to be found in wealth. They were asked if perfect happiness were to be found in this world. Chan-ha said, that happiness was progressive, and that a Christian's happiness would be complete in heaven, volunteering an illustration of his own from the literary degrees, and comparing earthly happiness to the degrees of *sew-tsai* and *keu-jin*, and the happiness of heaven to the higher degree of *tsin-sze*.

Hok-ha, the rope-maker, on being questioned, replied, with a sorrowful look, that he had not attended any religious Service during the day. He feelingly alluded to his uncle's

persecution, and the taunts of his neighbours concerning his connexion with foreigners. His uncle threatened him with discharge from his employment unless he worked during the whole Sabbath, and desisted from attending the Missionary Services. The neighbours said that he preferred the foreigners to the Chinese, and that he was a secret informer to the strangers. He was exhorted by the Missionary to lay his troubles before his Heavenly Father; but he continued to dwell on the consequences to himself, as well as to his mother and his wife, of disobedience to his uncle's commands. He was much excited, but gradually grew calm under the kind advice and solace which he received. He said that he hoped sometimes that he loved Jesus: he often prayed to Him; but he felt that he was not prepared for heaven, because he had not received the "new heart."

A suitable prayer closed the meeting, the Chinese all kneeling.



#### THANK-OFFERINGS FROM SUFFOLK.

IN a village in Suffolk, containing fewer than 1000 persons, there is a Church Missionary Association. And a peculiar feature in the Report of this Association is the long list of *Thank-offerings* which it always contains. This year nearly seventy are recorded, varying in amount from a very small sum to Five Pounds, as will be seen below. On looking over the list our readers will perceive that the mercies thus acknowledged are common to all parts of the country, and we hope that the example set by the villagers of Stonham Aspal will be widely followed. At this Jubilee season, especially, what should be more delightful than the rendering to God a thank-offering for the mercies—every-day mercies as well as special—received from Him? A *thank-offering*! There is something delightful in the very name. "God loveth a *cheerful* giver." O let each reader consider what his mercies are, and then let him ask, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?" This is what the Stonham Aspal villagers have rendered —

|                                                             |           |    |            |            |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|----|------------|------------|
| Blessing on Business                                        | - - - - - | £2 | 0          | 0          |
| Continued mercies                                           | - - - - - |    | 10         | 0          |
| Completion of first year of my new life                     | - - - - - | 1  | 0          | 0          |
| Commencement of the New Year, and great mercies in the Old  | - - - - - | 1  | 0          | 0          |
| Dying Gift for great mercy                                  | - - - - - |    | 1          | 0          |
| First-fruits of a farm                                      | - - - - - | 1  | 11         | 9          |
| First-fruits, 10s., ditto 2s. 6d.                           | - - - - - |    | 12         | 6          |
| First-born child                                            | - - - - - |    | 10         | 0          |
| Great mercies to a Friend                                   | - - - - - | 1  | 0          | 0          |
| Harvest-offering on Thanksgiving-day, Oct. 17, 1847.        |           | 2  | 0          | 0          |
| Ditto 1l. 10s., ditto 1l., ditto 10s.                       | - - - - - | 3  | 0          | 0          |
| Ditto 7s. 6d., ditto 6s., ditto 2s. 6d.                     | - - - - - |    | 16         | 0          |
| 7 Ditto 5s., ditto 2s., 3 ditto 1s.                         | - - - - - | 2  | 0          | 0          |
| Ditto 10d., ditto 6d., ditto 6d.                            | - - - - - |    | 1          | 10         |
| Hopeful case                                                | - - - - - |    | 5          | 0          |
| Loan from the Lord                                          | - - - - - | 1  | 0          | 0          |
| Mercies received                                            | - - - - - |    | 5          | 0          |
| Merciful escape, 2s. 6d., ditto 1s. 6d.                     | - - - - - |    | 4          | 0          |
| Offerings of Pennies for daily assistance in Prayer         | - - - - - | 2  | 12         | 2          |
| Preservation from serious injury, by a Poor Man             | - - - - - |    | 1          | 0          |
| Three Poor Men's Thank-offerings, 1s., ditto 9d., ditto 1s. | - - - - - |    | 4          | 9          |
| Particular mercies received this year                       | - - - - - |    | 10         | 0          |
| Privilege of hearing the Gospel preached                    | - - - - - |    | 5          | 0          |
| Recovery from severe attacks of sickness                    | - - - - - | 2  | 0          | 0          |
| Recovery from alarming sickness                             | - - - - - |    | 10         | 0          |
| Recovery from sickness, by a Poor Person                    | - - - - - |    | 5          | 0          |
| Ditto 2s. 6d., 3 Ditto 1s., ditto from a little girl, 2s.   | - - - - - |    | 7          | 6          |
| Religious privileges                                        | - - - - - |    | 1          | 0          |
| Special mercy received                                      | - - - - - |    | 2          | 6          |
| Sick wife restored                                          | - - - - - |    | 5          | 0          |
| Safe journey                                                | - - - - - |    | 5          | 0          |
| Sickness averted from a beloved child                       | - - - - - |    | 5          | 0          |
| Small offerings for happy Sabbaths and spiritual privileges | - - - - - | 1  | 2          | 6          |
| Threatened danger averted                                   | - - - - - |    | 5          | 0          |
| Thank-offering of a little child from a sick bed            | - - - - - |    | 1          | 0          |
| Thank-offering                                              | - - - - - |    | 4          | 6          |
| Unexpected and most undeserved mercies                      | - - - - - | 5  | 0          | 0          |
| Weekly Service (privilege of hearing)                       | - - - - - |    | 10         | 0          |
| Ditto 1s., ditto 1s.                                        | - - - - - |    | 2          | 0          |
| Widow's Offering                                            | - - - - - | 1  | 0          | 0          |
|                                                             |           |    | <u>£35</u> | <u>1 6</u> |

JUBILEE HYMN.

THE following Hymn was written by the Rev. Edward Birch, M.A., Incumbent of St. Saviour's, Manchester,

for use in that Church on the late Jubilee day. It was sung, in two portions, at most of the Churches in Manchester.

From Salem's towers a sound was borne :  
It made the captive free—  
The poor rejoic'd—it was the horn  
Of Israel's Jubilee.

No more that blast is heard ! The Jew,  
An outcast from his God,  
Hath bid a long, a sad adieu  
To fields his fathers trod.

Yet oft in exile hath he found,  
With Greek, and bond, and free,  
Proclaimed by trump of sweeter sound,  
A better Jubilee.

Yes ! regions, long o'errun with worse  
Than briars and weeds, are blest  
With fruits of grace—from Eden's curse  
A Jubilee of Rest.

The fields are white, the harvest great ;  
Lands, barren long, do raise  
Immortal sheaves—come celebrate  
A Jubilee of Praise.

But ah ! who shall the harvest reap ?  
How few the burden bear !  
Lord of the harvest ! we would keep  
A Jubilee of Prayer.

Thou to thy Son earth's utmost bound  
Shalt give, the promise saith :\*  
Lord, by Thy Spirit wake around  
A Jubilee of Faith.

Yet vain the hope, the prayer how vain,  
That earth's white fields shall prove  
Ripe shocks of corn, unless there reign  
A Jubilee of Love—

Of Love, whose meat is to fulfil  
The law, to till the soil,  
To do a heavenly Father's will—  
A Jubilee of Toil.

Debtors thro' grace to Greeks and Jews,  
Shall we, redeemed by blood,  
A willing sacrifice refuse  
Of Jubilee to God ?

Forbid the thought ! Lord, Thine we are ;  
Accept what Thou hast given ;  
And may our Jubilee prepare  
The Jubilee of Heaven !

\* Psalm ii. 8.

W. Watts, Crown Court, Temple Bar.]









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