

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY  
GLEANER.

1858.

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"AND THEY TOOK OF THE FRUIT OF THE LAND IN THEIR HANDS,  
AND BROUGHT IT DOWN UNTO US, AND BROUGHT US WORD AGAIN,  
AND SAID, IT IS A GOOD LAND WHICH THE LORD OUR GOD DOTHS  
GIVE US."—DEUTERONOMY I. 25.  
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*Two Shillings.*

**W. M. WATTS, CROWN COURT, TEMPLE BAR.**

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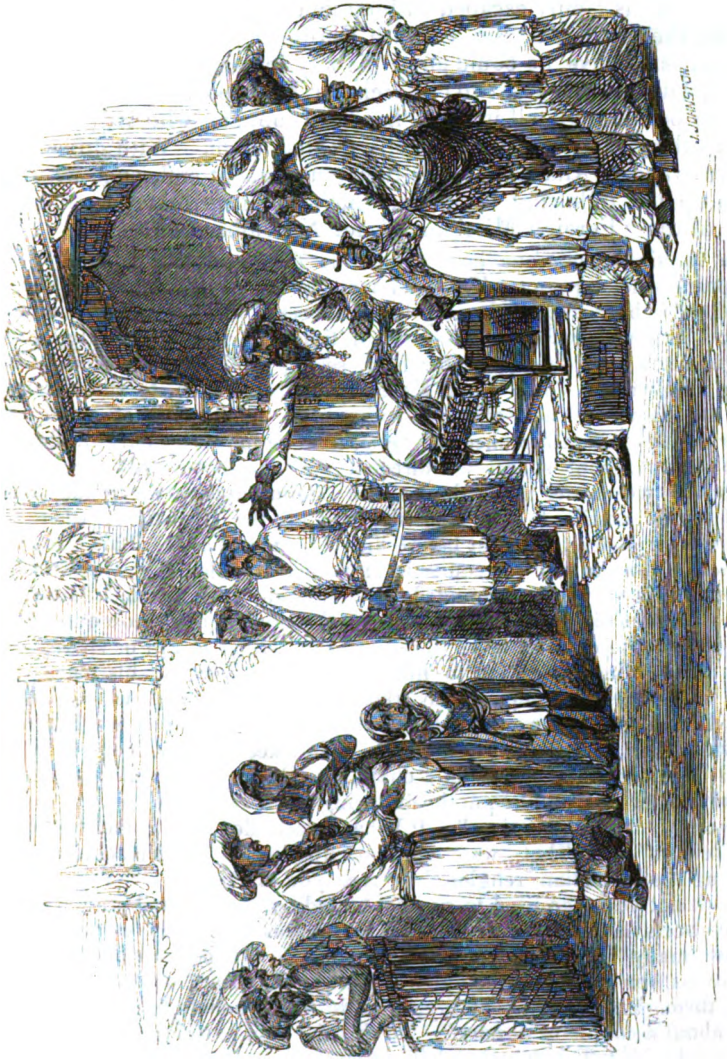
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THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



"WE FOUND HIM SEATED ON A CHAIR, ATTENDED BY A NUMBER OF MEN WITH DRAWN SWORDS."—*Vide* p. 2.

## THE REV. GOPENATH NUNDY AND ENSIGN CHEEK.

THE Rev. Gopenath Nundy, a native Missionary of the American Presbyterian Board, was stationed at Futtehpur, where he had been a faithful labourer for several years. When the insurrection broke out, he and his family escaped without much difficulty to Allahabad. Finding the fort much crowded with European families, and thinking that, as a native, he could make his way in comparative safety, he set out, with his wife and two children, for Mirzapur. They had not gone far before they fell into the hands of robbers, who stripped off their clothing, and otherwise cruelly treated them. With difficulty they returned to Allahabad. Of their subsequent sufferings he has drawn up the following narrative, which we have taken from the pages of the "Foreign Missionary" for November 1857.

We inquired from our host about the fort, and the fate of the Europeans who were in it. The poor man, as far as his knowledge extended, said the fort was taken by the mutineers, and its inmates murdered. This sad news, at this critical time, grieved us greatly, and brought us to utter despair. Our host, seeing us in such a state, said that a moulwí had come from Kurria with some men, to shelter and help the distressed and afflicted, without any distinction of creed or colour. This was rather cheering news, and we made up our minds to go to him. About sunset we directed our course towards that side, and when we came near the police station-house, we found out that he was hostile to the English; and all the Christians, whether European or native, brought before him were massacred. This greatly alarmed us, but to turn our course in any other direction then was utterly impossible, as we were surrounded by thousands of infuriated Mussulmans; so we made up our minds to go to the moulwí, and throw ourselves on his mercy, to do with us as it pleased him, either to kill or spare, our lives. Accordingly we went to him, but, before reaching his place our lives were often in jeopardy by those who surrounded us, for they wanted to kill us, but we besought them not to do so until we had an interview with their head, the moulwí. They accordingly brought us to him. We found him seated on a chair, attended by a number of men with drawn swords, and he put the following questions to us, viz. "Who are you?" "A Christian." "What place do you come from?" "Futtehpur" "What was your occupation?" "Preaching and teaching the Christian religion." "Are you a Padré." "Yes, Sir." "Was it not you who used to go about reading, and distributing tracts in the streets and villages?" "Yes, Sir, it was I and my catechists?" "How many Christians have you made?" "I did not make any Christians, for no human being can change the heart of another; but God, through my instrumentality, brought to the belief of His true religion about a couple of dozens." To this the man exclaimed in a great rage, and said, "Tobah! tobah! (fy! fy!) such a downright blasphemy! God never makes a person a Christian, but you Kafirs—Infidels—pervert the people. He always makes Mohammedans, for the religion which they follow is the only true one. How many Mohammedans have you perverted to your religion?" "I have not perverted any one, but, by the grace of God, ten were turned from darkness into the glorious light of

the Gospel." Hearing this, the man's countenance became as red as hot iron, and he said, "You are a great haramzuda (a wicked rogue). You renounced your forefathers' faith and became a child of Shoytan (Satan), and now use every effort to bring others in the same road to destruction. You deserve a cruel death: your nose, ears, and hands should be cut off at different times, so as to make your sufferings continue for some time, and your children be kept in slavery." To this, Mrs. Nundy said to the moulwí, "You will confer a very great favour by ordering to kill us all at once, and not torture us." After having kept silent for a while, he exclaimed, "Soovan Allah! (Praise be to God!) You appear to be a respectable man: I pity you and your family. I, as a friend, advise you to be Mohammedans: by doing so you will not only save your lives, but will be raised to a high rank." My answer to this was, that we preferred death to any inducement he could hold out. Then the man made an appeal to my wife, and asked her what she meant to do. Thank God, her answer was as firm as mine. She said she was ready to sacrifice her life in preference to any inducement he held out as to the renouncement of the true religion of Jesus. The moulwí then asked if I had read the Korán. My answer was "Yes." He then said I could not have read it with a view to be profited by it, but simply picked passages to argue with Mohammedans. However, he said he would allow us three days' time to think over the matter, and then he would send for us, and read a portion of the Korán: if we believed, and became Mohammedans, all right and good, but if otherwise, our noses were to be cut off. We further said there was no occasion to wait till that time: as long as God continues His grace we will not renounce our faith; so he had better at once order our heads to be taken off. He then pointed to his people to take us to prison. It was a part of the Sarie, where travellers put up, guarded by his men, with drawn swords, not very far from him.

While on the way to the prison, I raised my heart in praise and adoration to the Lord Jesus for giving us grace to stand firm, and to overcome all the temptations which the moulwí held forth; and, while repeating the 11th and 12th verses of the 5th chapter of St. Matthew, I thanked Him for counting us worthy to suffer for His name's sake. When we reached the place of our imprisonment, we found two other Christian families, one native and the other European; the former from Mr. Hay's printing establishment, and the latter, Mr. Conductor Colman, his wife, and five children. We felt extremely sorry, seeing them thrown in the same difficulty as ourselves. After conversing and relating each other's distress, I asked them to join with us in prayer, to which they all of them readily agreed; and when we knelt down, one of the guards came and gave a kick on my back, ordering me to keep quiet, or pray according to Mohammedan form. Our lips were truly closed, but our hearts were in communion with Him who required the emotions of our hearts more than the utterances of our lips. Next day, Ensign Cheek, an officer of the late 6th Native Infantry, was brought in: he made his escape when his regiment rebelled, and his bearer took him on the other side of the river Ganges. There he was attacked by a Jemadar, and some other people, who wounded him most cruelly. He made his escape from their wicked hands, and hid himself for three days. At nights he used to hide himself on a tree, and, during the day, he kept himself under water with his

face above the water. At last, when he was exhausted, and could not keep himself hidden any longer, he was brought, with severe and putrified sores, to the moulwī as a prisoner, who sent him where we were. I mention this simply to enable you to conceive the extent of the awful cruelties perpetrated towards every Christian, without any distinction of colour or nation: even the poor helpless women and children were not exempted. Such barbarity was even not heard amongst the most savage nation of the earth. Since the good government of the English has come into this country, which is exactly one hundred years, we have enjoyed peace and tranquillity in every respect, whereas, prior to this, the country was in a dreadful state of anarchy and despotism under the Mohammedan government. May God of His infinite mercy direct the movements of our rulers, and restore once more that peace and quietness which we had before, by giving victory over the enemies, and that His blessed cause may be uninterruptedly promoted throughout the length and breadth of this benighted land!

I resume my narrative. Poor Ensign Cheek's sufferings were excessively great and severe: he was unable to sit up or lie down on the bare ground, which we all had to do; but I, a prisoner, and hated the most, yet felt it my duty to do what I could to relieve the agonies of poor Cheek. I went up to the Daroga (jailer), and begged him hard to allow him a *charpoy* (coarse bedstead). The hardhearted jailer condescended to grant my petition with the greatest reluctance, and though he gave a charpoy, yet it was a broken one, for their object was to see how much we could suffer. He was in a state of fainting, and evidently sinking, as he had had no food for three days and nights. We had a little chertoo and gūr, which we brought with us before coming to the prison, and which I turned with a little water into a kind of gruel, and gave it to him. Taking this, and drinking a full mud-pot of water, he felt greatly refreshed, and opened his eyes. Finding me a fellow-prisoner, and a Missionary, he opened his heart at once to me, and told the history of his sufferings: he also requested me to write to his mother in England, and aunt, which I intend to do as soon as I can spare time. The wicked Daroga, finding that I was attentive and kind to poor Cheek, ordered my feet to be fastened to the stocks, after which they removed me into a different place, thus causing a separation, not only from Ensign Cheek, but from my poor family. To this I made a great resistance, and a body of the rebels fell upon us with weapons, and forced my feet into the stocks, at the same time holding out the offer of pardon if I became a Mohammedan. They dragged my poor wife by the hair, and she received a severe wound on the forehead. While they were maltreating us so cruelly, poor Cheek cheered our spirits by saying, "Padré, Padré, be firm, be firm, do not give way." His meaning was, do not become Mohammedans.

At this time the danger of our lives was most imminent, and the temptation was strongest, but the Lord delivered us from their wretched designs, and rescued us from the snares of Satan. To aggravate my sufferings, they put me out with the stocks in the hot burning sun. But notwithstanding all the exposure to the sun, and hot winds, and privations, our gracious Heavenly Father did not permit the disease in my head to be increased, but it remained as it was before.

We were in the prison from Wednesday the 10th to Tuesday the 16th.



All this time our sufferings were great indeed, for, for our food we received only a handful of parched grain in the middle of the day, and at night a single *chapaty* (a cake made of coarse flour, about three ounces in weight). Water was supplied only twice daily, and that sparingly. Every five minutes the Mohammedans used to come and threaten to take our lives if we did not become Mussulmans. Once an ill-educated moulwí came with a portion of the Korán, and read a part from it. When I asked the meaning thereof, he could not give it, as he himself was ignorant of it. To this I answered, "How can you expect to make proselytes of others, when you yourself do not understand what you read?"

Instead of the moulwí sending for us on the third day, as he arranged at first, he came himself on the sixth day, and, drawing near to us, he inquired of the Daroga where the Padre prisoner was; and when I was pointed out, he asked me if I were comfortable. My answer was, "How can I be comfortable when my feet are in the stocks? but I take it patiently, as it is the will of our Heavenly Father." I then begged of him to order a little milk to be given to our baby, which was in a state of starvation. He reluctantly gave the order, which was never executed.

The moulwí left nothing untried to make us converts to his faith. He made our sufferings of the worst kind, threatening to take our lives every moment; and yet why he spared us I cannot tell. It was, I believe, that he thought it would promote his glory, and that of his religion, by making us converts and preachers of the same, more than by killing us, who are but natives like himself. Whatever it was, this much I know, that the finger of God directed the whole course. He sent these dangers and difficulties no doubt to try our faith, and gave us grace sufficient to make a full confession of it before the world. The saving of our lives was a miracle, for they were no less exposed than that of Daniel of old. Thanks be to the all-protecting hand of God!

On the sixth day of our imprisonment, that is, on the 15th of June, Captain Brazier came out with some European and Sikh soldiers to meet the enemy: he had a regular fight not very far from the place where we were confined, and totally defeated them.

The next morning, about three A.M., the enemy retreated, and forsook Allahabad, leaving us prisoners. When we saw that they were all gone, we broke the stocks, and came into the fort, where our Missionary brethren, Messrs. Owen and Munnis, rejoiced and welcomed us in their quarters. They all heard that we had been killed by the mutineers.

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### FRAILTY OF LIFE.

THE two first of these stanzas are taken from an old school-book used in the common schools of New England some fifty years since. The third is added by way of contrast.

I.

Like as a damask rose you see,  
Or like the blossom on the tree,  
Or like the dainty flower of May,  
Or like the morning of the day,  
Or like the sun, or like the shade,  
Or like the gourd which Jonah had;

B 3

Even such is man, whose thread is spun,  
 Drawn out and cut, and so is done.  
 The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,  
 The flower fades, the morning hasteth,  
 The sun sets, the shadow flies,  
 The gourd consumes—and man he dies,

## II.

Like to the grass, that's newly sprung,  
 Or like a tale that's new begun,  
 Or like a bird that's here to-day,  
 Or like the pearly dew of May,  
 Or like an hour, or like a span,  
 Or like the singing of a swan;  
 E'en such is man, who lives by breath,  
 Is here, now there, in life and death.  
 The grass withers, the tale is ended,  
 The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,  
 The hour is short, the span not long,  
 The swan near death—man's life is done.

## III.

Yet winter's gloom shall pass away,  
 And spring lead on the summer's day;  
 New views illuminate the skies,  
 And flowers in gay succession rise;  
 The birds resume their wonted flight,  
 And dew-drops glitter in the light;  
 And man! shall death prevail for ever,  
 And he who sleeps awaken never?  
 No! Christ shall come, His voice be heard,  
 The gloomy sepulchre be stirred;  
 And life, recovered from the tomb,  
 Throughout eternity shall bloom!  
 He who has faith can never die:  
 He dies to waken by-and-by.

## "HE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH."

WE are continually reading of noble-minded men, regardless of their own lives in the work and service which they have to do, falling upon the battle-field. With the tidings of victory come the sad details of all that it has cost us. Lucknow is relieved, but Neill is slain; Delhi taken, but Nicholson killed; and many others with them. So warfare cannot be carried on, nor victories gained, without such sacrifices.

There is another warfare carried on in heathen lands. It is of a different nature, but, so far from being less arduous, is infinitely more so. It is one which is being waged against ignorance, superstition, and sin, the strongholds of Satan. It is a warfare which, if once brought to a successful issue, would render all other warfare unnecessary. It is against the depravity of man the gospel wars, and when this has been subdued, the sword and rifle will be no longer needed. There are but few soldiers to carry on the conflict that is raging in India. But in the gospel warfare there are

still fewer. They are a chosen band, going forward far in advance, into the midst of difficulties, and many of them lay down their lives, while yet in youth, in the service of their Master. One such case is now before us. One of the little band of Missionaries who are itinerating in North Tinnevely has just fallen in that field of battle—a faithful man, who, having given himself to the service of the Lord, was prepared to live or die in that service as his Lord might please. Letters from one of his brother Missionaries, the Rev. David Fenn, will place the details before us, full of deep interest, because full of the faithfulness of God.

You will have heard most likely, by the Marseilles mail, the sorrowful news. Sorrowful to us indeed it is, but, blessed be God! *not* "sorrow without hope." Our heavenly Father has taken away from the midst of us, by a stroke, our dearly-loved brother, Charles Every. On Friday last—this day week—he left his bungalow at Sivagási, for a visit to some new inquirers, who were being greatly persecuted. He was then in his usual robust health. On the Sunday, he preached to one of his little village congregations twice, intending to start on Monday morning to come to meet us, in order to consult dear Ragland on the steps to be taken in the matter of the persecution. That night the attack of cholera commenced. It was not, however, violent, and he came on, on horseback—though he had a bandy with him—to Kashúri Rangapuram, the place he had intended to spend the day in. There is a small congregation there also, and a little schoolroom, which serves also as a church. Finding that the symptoms did not abate, he wrote at once to dear Ragland, whose tent was eight miles off, for cholera medicine, for he had nothing with him but a little brandy, and even that was in his bandy, which I believe did not arrive till some time after. In his letter he told Ragland that he thought it was merely a bilious attack, and that the vomiting and purging were good symptoms: still it seemed more prudent to ask for medicine. He begged him not to trouble himself to come, and, above all, not to be at all anxious about him, for he was in his heavenly Father's hands. It was ten A.M. when the letter reached Ragland's tent. You know how hot it is at that hour, and that we never think of being out after eight. But when Ragland read the letter, and prayed for guidance, he felt sure it was his duty to go off at once. No bandy was to be had. He walked off, with no other protection than his umbrella. But it was too late. It was past twelve before he reached the schoolroom. Dear Every had been suffering very severely, and, on his arrival, his countenance was much altered; but as soon as he entered he brightened up, took his hand, and kissed it, and said, "Oh, if I did not know that God was my Father, I should be the most miserable of men." Soon after, he said, "What I should like best of all would be to go and to be with Jesus; but if it is His will that I should work longer for Him on earth, that, too, would be well." Dear Ragland gave him cholera mixture. The first time he brought it up at once: the second and third time it remained on his stomach, but seemed to have little effect. He complained of cramps in the legs and feet. His hands, too, were cold and wet, and needed constant rubbing. All that could

be done, dear Ragland did most tenderly: he is a most gentle, wise, as well as affectionate nurse. Once, when some of the catechists were shampooing him, but not so as to comfort him, and dear Ragland took the work out of their hands, dearest Every said, "Oh, that is so pleasant!" Another time, when Ragland said he wished he knew how to do it so as to comfort him, Every said, very sweetly, "Dear Mr. Ragland, I do love you so." At eight P.M. they thought he was dying. However, he revived, and lived through the night, full of tossings to and fro, taking, every now and then, a little rice gruel, sometimes unconsistently, or partly so. At one time he said, "They say I must not drink, and I am so thirsty: well, I shall soon be where they hunger no more, neither thirst any more." The last half-hour he sat up in his little camp-chair—the only one in the place—Ragland standing up behind him, and holding a pillow, on which his head rested, above the top of the chair. In this way, in dear Ragland's arms—at least his head resting on Ragland's hands—his happy, happy spirit took its flight, with little or no pain, at eight A.M. on Tuesday, August 18th. What an honour to die so, just in the midst of one of these little unsatisfactory congregations, for whom he has been labouring so faithfully, so self-denyingly, the last twelve months, surrounded by no incumbrances, spending his last few hours on an uncomfortable cot, and his last few minutes in a small camp-chair; but not without that inward consolation which the felt presence of the Saviour imparts, and not without, too, the greatest of outward consolation, a tender, loving, Christian friend, to whisper softly in his ear short prayers, and precious promises from God's holy word. Farewell, dearest Every: it is but a little time that we have to wait for our summons also. Oh to be found, like you, in the midst of our Master's work, waiting our Master's call!

In another letter, further information is afforded us. So soon as his dear brother had died, Mr. Ragland sent a messenger with the intelligence to Paneidipati, where his tent was pitched, and where the new Missionary bungalow was situated, as it was there the interment was to take place. Mr. Fenn says—

We had to decide whether we would lay him to rest there, in the little piece of Mission property which surrounds our bungalow, or carry him on ten miles further to Kalbodhu. We decided on the former. The carpenters engaged on our house made the coffin. The grave was dug under the one tree which stands four or five yards from the eastern end of our north verandah, in a line with it. Like the Saviour's, whom he so faithfully served, it may be said to have been hewn out of a rock, so full of stones and bits of rock was the ground. We could not get it deeper than five feet before the evening. But it was enough. One after another, through the day, came in from near-by, and from a distance, his catechists, schoolmasters, and a few poor sheep, now without their kind shepherd. Tears and sobs were not wanting. Well might they cry and sigh, if they at all realized what they have lost; for the papers and journals we have found at his bungalow show how earnestly and thoughtfully he prayed for, as we before knew he admonished, each individual of his scattered flock. I reminded them, over and over again, of what St. Paul says, saying—"Remember, consider the end of, follow the faith of,

those who have spoken to you the word of the Lord. But though they are taken from you (in this district they have had many changes of pastors in six or seven years), yet, as the next verse says, 'Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' Choose Him as your Shepherd, give yourselves up to Him; all must be well." When dearest Mr. Ragland arrived in the evening, we took the dear body out of the bandy—there was no other place to put it in during the day—and it had been very safe there: no rude eyes could gaze upon it, so carefully had that most gentle of nurses tied it up, first in a clean sheet, and then in his own railway-rug. But we took off the rug—dear Mr. Ragland said the face had better not be uncovered, it might have altered much, so we left the sheet as it was—and tried to put it into the coffin. We found it was not quite broad enough. The length was ample, for I had lain down myself on the ground in the morning to show how long it should be, but had forgotten to say any thing about the breadth. Some of the catechists gently stretched his dear arms forward to give a little more room. Still it would not do, till I knelt down, and gently pressed my two hands on his shoulders. No one else touched him. I was so glad, and it is so pleasant to look back and see that I was able to perform this little office of love: and when it was done, I put my hand upon his covered face, no more to be seen by man till it comes forth beaming with a hundred times its own sweet, loving, radiant smile of greeting, and, better still, reflecting the glory of the Lord, whom it comes forth to meet. I ought not to forget that dear Ragland's rug was under him, and wrapped around, too, all the lower part of his body. Then the lid was put on, and we went to the grave. Besides our two selves and dear Joseph, there must have been about twelve catechists, six of whom bore the coffin. Mr. Ragland asked me to read the service. We omitted the lesson after the sentence, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." Ah! he is indeed one of them; and I am quite certain that his works, so humbly, prayerfully, diligently, self-denyingly carried on—oh, they *will*, they *do*, follow him. Dear Every, you are blessed now. A short passage you had through the dark valley. You are now with Jesus in Paradise. But I was going to say, that, after that sentence, we asked Joseph to give an address to the people assembled: there were, of course, many heathen, as well as some Christians. On such an occasion Joseph always speaks well. Many things he said were much to the purpose, and could not fail, I think, to strike the hearers. Oh, what joy, if, in the day when all secrets are revealed, some soul be found to have been born again at dear Every's open grave. I then read the remaining prayers, and so we laid him down to rest, to ripen there till the last glorious morning.

Wednesday and yesterday Ragland and I were at Sivagási, about nine miles north of Paneidipaki, looking into, cataloguing, and arranging his and the Mission property. All his accounts seem to have been kept most carefully. We find scraps of paper here and there, showing how conscious he was of his own shortcomings, and how he prayed and watched over them, and how faithful he was in intercessory prayer specially for every thing connected with his own district, each new arrangement, and that, for instance, about Joseph and Vethanagayam, that about Masillamani leaving Kalbódhu for more direct work among the heathen, &c. But not only

for these, but for the Mission work in general, for our three selves, for the sufferers in North India, he seems constantly to have prayed. His journals will be most valuable to whoever succeeds him, so much do they enter into particulars about individuals in each congregation. But the most precious relic we have yet found is a manuscript English sermon on "To me to live is Christ, to die is gain." It is most valuable, solid, and scriptural. It speaks the experience of a working Missionary. There is no date to it. Well, I must not go on. It is the Lord's doing. I do not feel a doubt that this mysterious event will be greatly for the furtherance of the kingdom of Christ in our district. I do not doubt that He who made the breach, will, in His own way, heal it. My favourite verse I shall apply to this dear brother, who has gone before me to the Saviour's bosom. "According to my earnest expectation and my hope that in nothing he will be ashamed, but that as always by his life, so now also by his death, Christ shall be glorified!"

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### FRUITS OF CHRISTIAN LOVE FROM IRELAND.

THERE is a village in the west of Ireland (we will for once put out the two eyes of chronology and geography, and, for obvious reasons, withhold names and dates) where the Missionary cause had never been heard of till the other day—as the chairman reminded the meeting that since the days of St. Columba no Missionary meeting had ever been held there, and that they had thirteen hundred years of arrears to make up.

A zealous clergyman was appointed about a year ago to take charge of the parish, and resolved at once to make the Missionary cause instrumental in reviving religion among his own people. He at once applied to the Society's office in Dublin for cards and papers, which were distributed among five or six collectors, while he took care to keep the zeal of his collectors alive by occasional addresses from the pulpit or schoolroom.

Last month he resolved to call the first meeting, and inaugurate a Missionary Association. Our Association Secretary for Ireland attended, and addressed a small—for the neighbourhood is thinly peopled—but influential meeting. Among other stations where the Society's Missionaries are labouring, he mentioned Vancouver's Island, which drew from the chairman an affecting mention of the first Missionary who ever broke ground for Christ in that distant island. A young midshipman, the child of many prayers, was brought, in the providence of God, into the society of Sir Edward Parry at Portsmouth, who received him into his house, and was the instrument of bringing him to Christ. Hearing, soon after, that a young officer, stationed with his ship in the Pacific, was enduring much persecution for his Christian profession, he succeeded in getting himself appointed to the same ship, and was stationed off the coast of Vancouver's Island.

The condition of the first white settlers there called for some efforts to save them from the practical heathenism into which they were fast lapsing; and these two young men obtained permission from the captain to land every Sunday, and conduct a service on shore. That young officer was well known to the chairman, who remarked upon the wonderful openings that God is making every day in the Mission field.

After the chairman had concluded his address, the collectors were

called upon for their cards, when 15*l.* was handed in as the proceeds of six collecting cards. A plate was then handed round, and 5*l.* more collected, making a total of 20*l.* paid in at the first meeting ever held for a Missionary purpose in a poor village in the poorest part of Ireland.

We do you to wit of the grace of God bestowed upon this village church in Ireland, how that, out of their deep poverty, they have abounded in the riches of their liberality. Unlike other districts to which the Secretary has to appeal for a meeting, and only succeeds after many refusals, this district came forward of itself: they prayed us with much entreaty to accept the gift.

The spirit of grace shed abroad upon the minister has also spread among the people; and the clergy of neighbouring parishes will, we hope, soon be stirred by his example.

Are there no villages in England where, since a church has stood there, no Missionary effort has ever been made? Better, like this Irish village, retrieve the neglect of centuries, than plod on in the same old rut of sinful, careless indifference.

We publish the foregoing, in the hope that it may stir up some of our clergy to see how much may be done, even with little means, and in remote places.

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#### THE AMERICAN PRESS ON THE FUTURE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

WHILE it is not yet possible to foretell the immediate issue of the contest in the North-western Provinces of India, now that Delhi has fallen, there are very few who doubt that it must ultimately be in favour of Great Britain. But when British dominion has been restored, and the mutinous Sepoys duly punished for the great crimes they have committed, the most arduous and delicate portion of the task which British statesmen have to perform will remain to be performed, namely, the consolidation of the newly-asserted supremacy, and the reorganization of the Government of India on a better and more stable basis. Among the first and most difficult questions to be considered will be, whether the British officials in India shall boldly assert the principles of Christianity as the truest, the best, the most just, and conducive to man's happiness, and make them the rule of their conduct; or whether, as in the past, they shall pursue the "traditional policy," which has been forcibly described as a compromise between Christianity and heathenism, and by which Englishmen practically disavowed their own religion, and recognised those of the Hindús and Mohammedans, with the view—unsuccessful, as it has proved—of conciliating both, and purchasing their goodwill at the expense of principle. In the effort to please all parties—to be Christian to the European inhabitants, Brahmin to the high-caste soldiers of Bengal, and Mohammedan to the followers of the Prophet—the Government of India has displeased every body. The Moslem was offended at seeing the worshippers of Vishnu placed on a level with him; the Hindú was disgusted at seeing a creed, said to be so much superior to his own, made to yield to political expediency; and the Christian was naturally displeased that a Government professing his faith should not only tolerate, but encourage, practices utterly inconsistent with its precepts. It has been proved, after one hundred years' experience of the "traditional

policy," that not one of the objects for which it was designed has been attained. The natives have not been won to yield cheerful obedience to the rule of their conquerors; they have not been induced to abandon the faith of their fathers, and embrace that of their masters; and that they have not been made loyal and faithful to their Feringhee rulers is proved by recent events. The Hindú could not understand on what principle the Suttee was forbidden, and Brahmin soldiers who embraced Christianity dismissed from the army by the British, as if they had been guilty of a crime. Treacherous, cunning, and wedded to his own traditions, the Hindú could not comprehend that this was dictated by any other motive than political expediency; and, instead of considering it toleration, and being grateful for it as such, he felt contempt for those who could so easily sacrifice principles they professed to cherish so fondly. It being admitted on abundant proof that the "traditional" or compromise policy has been a failure, it is now urged by the people of England, and was forcibly recommended on the Fast-day by the clergymen of every Christian denomination in the United Kingdom, that, while the English Government should scrupulously abstain from interference with the domestic institutions of the natives of India, except where they are inconsistent with British supremacy, it is a duty imposed by truth, conscience, and good policy, that Christianity should be openly declared to be the basis of British civilization; that it should never be made to give way or be ignored for political expediency; that natives who may voluntarily embrace Christianity, instead of being punished as criminals, should be encouraged, protected, and supported; and that the profession of idolatry should not be in itself a partial immunity from submission to British rule, and a consequent superiority of social and political condition over that of the Christian inhabitants of India. No one recommends or desires to see forcible means employed to convert the natives, be they Mohammedan, Hindú, or Buddhist. Such a policy would be quite as mistaken, and perhaps more criminal, than that which has resulted so badly. Perfect toleration in all religious matters should be strictly observed; but between that and practical abnegation of Christianity there is a wide difference. The Hindús and Mohammedans are a conquered people, and yet it would be unfair to compel them, by the right of conquest, to submit to all the laws by which Englishmen are governed. The management of their domestic institutions should be exclusively theirs, except where, as in the case of the Suttee and the Juggernaut, they are revolting to humanity, and not to be tolerated by a Christian Government. Their matrimonial institutions, their laws of succession and rules of caste, do not positively clash with British jurisdiction, or interfere with the supremacy of Christian civilization, and need not be interfered with; but the indecent orgies—called religious festivals—of the Hindús, sacrifices of human life, insults to Christian ministers or ordinances, and outrages against Christian converts, should be strictly prohibited, and, in case of disobedience, severely punished; and the practical lesson taught, that justice, truth, and human happiness, are best secured by a Christian Government, tolerant, yet firm in its own belief; mild, yet resolute; and, above all, just between man and man, in every condition of life.

[*New York Journal of Commerce,*



## ASSAM AND ITS MISSIONS.

THE following paper has been forwarded to us by a correspondent. We very readily give it insertion, regretting that we could not find room for it in an earlier Number.

Amongst the items of intelligence which have reached us from India, is that of the insurrection having spread to the Province of



MISSION HOUSE, TEZPUR, ASSAM.

Assam. I believe there are few places less known to the people of England than this portion of our Indian possessions, although it has been annexed since the year 1825. The circumstance of its remote position, the mixed races of which its regiments—the 1st and 2d Assam Light Infantry—are composed, numbering nearly 1200 each of all ranks; the nature of their duties breaking them up into small detachments, scattered here and there throughout the province, having seldom more than 300 or 400 men at their head-quarters, led me to hope that they, if any, would have remained faithful to the Government. Having resided in Assam for a period of fourteen years, during seven of which I commanded the 2d Light Infantry at Gowhatty, and being acquainted with the greater part of the officers in civil and military employ, and the few Missionaries located in the province, I need scarcely say that I perused with much regret and anxiety the sad tidings of the threatened danger and disruption of the province.

The troubles, however, which seem likely to be visited upon Assam—and God grant they may be few!—may effect what, through many years of peace and comparative tranquillity, the persevering and urgent applications of a few British officers, who have taken a lively interest in the spiritual welfare of the natives of the country, have been unable to achieve. Some Missionary effort, some sympathy corresponding to the necessities and claims of a people, whose ignorance, debasement, and moral depravity, joined with simplicity and comparative freedom from the trammels of caste, with other favourable circumstances, render them a very hopeful race for Missionary labour. One station, Dibroo Ghur, the head-quarters of the 1st Light Infantry, in Upper Assam, has been occupied by the Rev. E. Higgs, of the Gospel-Propagation Society, since 1851. Sitsagur, also, in Lesser Assam, and Nowgong and Gowhatty, in Lower Assam, have Missionaries from America, and these have been stationed there since the year 1835. These are all on the south bank of the Berhamputra. On the north bank there is only one Mission—at Tezpur—situated about eighty or ninety miles north-east of Gowhatty. It is supported by local funds, and was established by the late Captain J. T. Gordon, a pious officer, who for several years held an important appointment in the province, and, with some others, sought the welfare of the people by an attempt to raise their spiritual condition. Since the year 1846-47 it has carried on the work according to the means it possessed; but these have been so limited, that its labours have been restricted to within very narrow limits, its first object, that of evangelizing the hill tribes on its northern frontier, having hitherto been almost entirely defeated. Being myself intimately connected with the rise and progress of this Mission, and with a desire to interest my fellow-Christians in its behalf, as well as in the spiritual welfare of the province in general, I would draw attention to the present circumstances and position of the Tezpur Mission. Almost from the time it was first established its adoption has been urged upon the Church Missionary Society, and its claims have been supported by Archdeacon Pratt, of Calcutta, and the Society's Committee in that city; and I believe I may say, so favourably impressed were they with its advantages as a field for Missionary operations, that the want of men and means alone prevented their compliance with our wishes. As an earnest of their sympathy and

love for the undertaking, I may mention, that they assisted us for some time with a grant in aid of 25*l.* per annum. This, I regret to say, has ceased, from their inability to continue it. Still, however, up to the latest accounts, the work progresses. With only one Missionary and his wife, and two native assistants, who have recently been raised up, some eight or ten orphans are maintained and instructed in the truths of the gospel, five of whom are baptized, and such an education otherwise imparted to them as may fit them for the stations of life they may be called, in God's providence, to fill. To the villagers around Tezpur the gospel is preached; and when the season of the year admits of more extended operations, the Missionary, with his native assistants and orphan boys, itinerate a distance of forty or fifty miles, proclaiming as they go the glad tidings of salvation to the natives of the plains and the hill tribes, who at this season descend into the valley, many of whom never heard before the blessed Saviour's name. With means so inefficient great results can hardly be expected. Nevertheless, we are privileged to feel that this little Mission, like an oasis in the spiritual desert of this part of Assam, has not sent out the living waters of the gospel in vain. By the Divine blessing upon its labours, thirteen souls, instead of bowing down to stocks and stones, now worship the true God in the little church at Tezpur, besides others who have returned to their homes to proclaim to their families and friends what great things the Lord hath done for them.

*(To be continued.)*

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AFRICAN WARS.

CHRISTIANITY is, as yet, only in its infancy in the Yoruba country. It is advancing, but amidst conflict. The beneficial influence which it is exercising is manifest, both in individual cases and in the nation at large. But man's corrupt nature often puts it aside, and follows on in the old path to which it has been so long accustomed. Hence, while the chiefs of Abbeokuta respect the Missionaries, and afford free scope to the action of the gospel, they still, from time to time, act against their advice, and not only engage in war, but wage it after the merciless customs which prevail amongst savage nations. We must be prepared for this. The leaven is at work, but the whole lump is far from being leavened. The following communication from our Missionary, the Rev. T. King, shows us how much is still to be done, and makes us long for the time when there shall be "peace on earth."

"Let me bring before your notice the destruction of Aibo, which occurred on the 7th of November 1857. The inhabitants of that town had been endeavouring, to the utmost of their power, to ingratiate themselves with the Dahomians. They employed all efforts they possibly could to stimulate the desperate monarch of Abomey to undertake a second attempt, with the combined forces of Kosoko, and all other advocates for the revival of the slave-trade, to storm this place. In this invidious combination it is fearful to remark that the King of Yoruba was not behind, as he prefers a direct route from his residence through Okeodan to Porto Novo, that route being more secluded from the cognizance of the Missionaries and the British Consul at Lagos. In order to

expedite this project, the Aibo people caught several of the Abbeokutans, some time ago, and carried them to the infamous King of Dahomey. This apology the chiefs positively advanced for their reason in going out against that town; yet the consequences, as may be expected, are very distressing. The condition of the vanquished is indeed pitiable, and deeply excites sympathy. The siege lasted nearly five months. The innocent farmers and the females, as is always the case, are the worst sufferers. Many of the latter, and children, perished by hunger before the town was conquered, the men refusing to surrender. Several times an attempt was made by the women to get out of the town when famine prevailed on them, but the men prevented, and confined them by calling out Oro. Most of the captors were under the humiliating task of carrying their captives, they being unable to walk. Great numbers, when the town was taken, after murdering their children, completed the horrible task of destroying themselves. Among these was a man, who, after destroying his three children with poisoned arrows, attempted to kill himself, but he felt his courage fail him. He was afterwards caught, and brought to the town. The poor mother had been obliged to witness the ruthless destruction of her children in pensive grief. Far from being at liberty to say any thing to dissuade her husband from his merciless determination, she was expecting her own fatal stroke. She was nevertheless caught by another man, and brought to Abbeokuta. The indignation that their meeting together at Abbeokuta occasioned in the mind of the bereaved mother of those slaughtered children can be more easily conceived than described. The moment the callous and cruel husband saw her, he readily made a proposal to her captors for her redemption, whenever opportunity should offer to do so after his personal liberation is effected. "What pleasure can my redemption impart to me," said the woman, "after you have so mercilessly murdered those dear children, whom you should have employed your utmost power and skill to protect? Others, who are in the same common distress with myself, entertain hopes of being at liberty hereafter to redeem themselves and their children, but what are my prospects but dark and hopeless melancholy?" Such are the consequences of desolating and slave-making wars in Africa, which the slave-trade tends more or less to encourage."

Let us pray that this poor woman may come under the teaching of the Missionaries. She will then find comfort, nor will she any longer say, "Is there no balm in Gilead, is there no physician there?" How abounding and efficacious is that balm for human suffering! but, alas! how few desire or come to be healed.\*

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### ADDRESS DELIVERED TO MR. L. NICHOLSON,

ON HIS DISMISSAL TO SIERRA LEONE, AT THE CHURCH MISSIONARY HOUSE, DEC. 22,  
1857, BY THE REV. C. R. ALFORD, PRINCIPAL OF THE Highbury METROPOLITAN  
TRAINING COLLEGE.

DEAR MR. NICHOLSON.—I have been requested to offer you a few

\* For further recent information respecting the Yoruba Mission, *vide* the "C. M. Record" for the present month.

words of encouragement and affectionate farewell, and I trust they will not be the less acceptable to you, because spoken by a voice with which you are so familiar.

We regard your departure from the Training College with mingled feelings of sorrow and of joy;—of sorrow, for Highbury is now left, for the first time, without a Missionary student. We deeply regret that we shall thus commence the opening year, and trust it may be no evil omen. May others, both able and well qualified, be soon found and sent us; for we have always regarded our Church Missionary students as being to Highbury, what the ark was to Obed-edom's house! But we regard your departure also with joy. Another labourer is now called from amongst us to join the Missionary band. This very day last year, and as nearly as possible at this very hour, Mr. Duncan sailed from Plymouth Sound for Fort Simpson. The year before, Mr. Kirkham left us for Abbeokuta, Mr. Goodall for South India, and Mr. Mayhew for North-West America. And now you are going to Sierra Leone. You have received your Instructions; you are on the eve of departure; and may God enable me to speak to you a few parting words of useful admonition and affectionate encouragement!

Your destination, Sierra Leone, at once suggests a remark. It is a post of honour, because a post of danger. You are well aware of the perils of the West-African climate. Many valuable lives have been laid down in doing God's work in Sierra Leone. Many clergymen, and many schoolmasters, and already two Bishops, have been called thence, after a very brief period of labour, to the land of rest. It used to be called, "the white man's grave." But we have to thank God, that now, humanly speaking, personal danger arising from an unhealthy climate is much less to be dreaded than in former days. The maladies of the climate are better understood; medical skill is more readily available; and the domestic and personal comforts of the Missionaries are, through the progress of the colony, much more favourable to health than used to be the case: so that the risk to European life is now, providentially, much diminished, and a sojourn on the West-African coast attended, comparatively, with but little danger. Yet there is danger. Our former Highbury student, Mr. Kirkham, has only lately returned from Africa, much broken down in health from the influence of the climate; and your health, too, may be speedily broken. I allude to these circumstances, not to alarm you, but to put you upon your guard. I believe you to be a bold, and devoted, and zealous man; and I am anxious that with courage and zeal you should mingle prudence and caution. I would entreat you to profit by the experience of others. In regard to health, listen to the admonitions of those who have gone before you, and who know full well where the danger lies. Do not presume on the good health you have enjoyed at home, to neglect the precautions necessary to be observed in Africa. Work while it is called to-day, and work with all your might. Give yourself fully and earnestly to the duties appointed you to perform; but at the same time let discretion and humility, and a regard for the Society you desire many years to serve, and for the poor negroes among whom you hope long to labour, preserve you from carelessness in respect of health, where prudence and caution are so manifestly sacred duties.

You are about to labour in behalf of a people among whom we indulge the hope you will be very useful. Your own personal character appears likely to influence and attract them. The African mind is very susceptible of kindness and affection; and where there is a manifest desire to do them good, coupled with consistency of conduct, wisdom of speech, and firmness of purpose, and this *persevered* in notwithstanding many possible discouragements to begin with, there is every hope, with God's blessing, of ultimate success. Missionaries who have returned from Sierra Leone, and who have given us an account of their labours, appear in a peculiar manner to have enjoyed the affections of the liberated Africans; and this has been the case because their own hearts have been greatly drawn out toward them. This was remarkably the case with the late Bishop Weeks. The simple, affecting stories he used to tell of his African flock, and especially of some of the children in his school, betokened the deepest mutual affection. This was one great secret of the Bishop's success when a catechist and Missionary for upwards of twenty years in Sierra Leone. It teaches you a useful lesson. Win the *hearts* of your African charge, whether they be children or adults, and, by God's grace, you are in a ready way to win their *souls* to Christ.

You are to be engaged, partly at least, if not chiefly, in educational labours. The progress you have made, during the six short months you spent at Highbury, gives promise of ability in the discharge of such duties. But suffer me still to remind you of the apostolic command, "Give attendance to reading." I am sure that, as a Christian, you will delight daily to read the Bible for your own soul's profit—prayerfully, with self-examination, that you may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ. This is a paramount duty. I trust you will ever esteem it, however pressing may be your daily engagements, a *privilege* too great to be forgotten, a *delight* too dear to be dispensed with. But while you read the Bible for yourself, read it for others also. Be careful never to teach your school or class, or to address your people, without studious preparation. A few words well and aptly spoken will be more likely to do good service, than a multitude of words beside the mark. And in all your secular instruction, whatever you undertake to teach, take care first thoroughly to master it yourself. You must explore a subject well yourself, and be familiar with it in all its bearings, before you can hope successfully to explain and teach it to others. Be sound and *thorough* in all you do. Spare no pains. Such exertion on your part will gain you the respect of your hearers: any manifest want of such diligent preparation will be likely seriously to impair your usefulness, and to endanger the confidence and respect essential to a successful teacher.

Let me further impress upon you the desirableness and benefits of sympathy and co-operation. In all your efforts in the school, and in all your intercourse with the people, lead both children and adults to co-operate with you. Give them to understand and feel that you are not only working *for* them, but that you desire to work *with* them, for the attainment of the object in view. It is a mistake, on the part both of the minister and of the schoolmaster, to think that *he must do all*. In the spiritual life, it is the wisdom of our Heavenly Father to lead us

to work out our own salvation, while He graciously works in us both to will and to do. And the same principle holds good in reference to our efforts on behalf of others, as well as to personal religion: as "*workers together with God*," we are to beseech our hearers that they receive not the grace of God in vain. Be very anxious to set all to work around you, in behalf both of themselves and others. Elicit effort: encourage thought, exertion, and perseverance. Such a state of mind and feeling is peculiarly advantageous to progress: it is healthy, and will give a right tone to the whole character of your work; while the contrary spirit is prolific in seeds of listlessness and idleness, and all their attendant evils.

And while we exhort you to lead your charge to co-operate with you, do you yourself be very careful to co-operate with the Missionary band with whom it will be your honour and your happiness to be associated. Union is strength. But to maintain such union there must be mutual love and forbearance, and Christian consideration; there must be a thorough recognition in every matter of Christian principle, and a course of conduct consistent with Christian principle; there must be a "looking," not only on our own things, but also on the things of others; there must be disinterestedness and a holy sacrifice of selfish views and ends, in seeking the salvation of souls, and the glory of God. To obtain and exemplify this heavenly disposition, let there be secret prayer and mutual intercession at the throne of grace: let there be set times and set places for brotherly communion and supplication, which it shall be *your rule periodically to attend*.

You go forth to Sierra Leone, "not knowing the things which shall befall you there." But in every difficulty, danger, and distress, remember that the Christian can always find a suitable promise to sustain him in the word of God. Make yourself well acquainted with these exceeding great and precious promises; learn how to apply them to your own case, and how to use them for your own direction and comfort. They are given us, not to be read only, but to be *used*. When far distant from one another, we shall still be nigh at the throne of grace, where we shall rejoice to remember you, and where I trust you will not forget us.

We will bid you "farewell" in the animating strains of the evangelical prophet, so full of hope, and rich in consolation and joyful expectation—"We have a strong city; salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks. Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation that keepeth the truth may enter in. Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee. Trust ye in the Lord for ever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength:" Isaiah xxvi. 1—4.

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#### A LONE SPOT IN THE WILDERNESS.

WE are always anxious to bring before our readers vivid pictures of Missionary work, at our different stations, as it really is. In proportion as we are enabled to do so, sympathy and prayer are elicited. The position of those faithful men, who are doing their Lord's work in distant regions, amidst many difficulties and trials, is understood and felt for, and they are remembered by many before the throne of grace.

There is one lone station, of which we wish to speak—a spot in the

rough wilderness, where the Missionary and his family are isolated from all European society; we mean, Church Mission Point, English River, Rupert's Land, the station of the Rev. R. Hunt. We have the journals of this brother before us, and we propose to glean out of them some points of information, and to place before our readers a picture of his station, work, difficulties, and encouragement. We know there are Christian ladies in England who are accustomed to send out yearly bales of clothing, which have been made up amongst the different Working Associations, to this remote station. We shall be glad if our notices of this place afford to them encouragement.

The journal commences with January 1857, and reaches as far down as July last. It thus gives us a summer and winter view of the station. On January 2, we find an entry—"Very cold. In the night our dear little girl's hands being thrust from under the bed-clothes while she slept, were partially frozen, and became much disfigured and painful when their warmth returned." Think of this, dear children in England, amidst the comforts of home. What would papas and mammas at home say, if they found their little girls' hands frost-bitten through the night, and all swollen the next morning? When you are comfortable, and have every thing you want, be thankful, and think of the numbers of poor little boys and girls in wintry lands, who are cold, and often hungry too, and pity them and pray for them. Yet, cold as it is at English Point, it is not too cold to prevent the Indian children coming to Sunday-school. On January 11th, we find this notice—"A happy Sabbath." This is often remarked. "Blessed be God! the happiness of the Christian Sabbath depends not on the sunshine from without, but from within. The holy engagements of that day, when we are enabled to enter into them, cheer the soul, and make even a dull place lightsome and happy. What a happy day it is in many a parish in England, where there is hard work and scant means through the week; but if there be a faithful Minister, and a cheering gospel in the church, the people brighten up on that day, when the feast of fat things is spread out for many a hungry soul."

Mr. Hunt then proceeds—"My dear wife able to be at school twice." Missionaries' wives are not usually strong. They have many cares upon them, and in foreign climes, the constitution is often weakened by the extremes of heat or cold. With much work to be done, and few hands, the Missionary not unfrequently finds himself with a sick household. This, whether at home or abroad, is a great trial, by which the Lord tries the patience of His people. But it is chastening; and thus, if the quantity of work is diminished, it is improved in tone and quality.

At this distant spot the congregations vary considerably. When the Indians are away from the station, at their hunting-grounds, they are but small; but there are other times when they flock from various quarters, Chipewyans from the north, Crees from the south, and then the aspect of things is in the highest degree interesting. One scene of this kind we introduce.—"June 7th 1857: Lord's-day—The enlarged school-room so full that a vacant place was hardly to be found either on the forms or the floor. My dear family and servants came crowding round me, having given up their seats to the Mission servants, and these again the same to the Indians. The vernacular tongues of the



people present were English, Cree, Chipewyan, French-Canadian, and Gaelic; but all could understand one or other of the first three; so my addresses were given to day by myself in English; by M'Leod, the fisherman, in Cree; and by a Chipewyan, whose name translated into English is Beaver. The subjects were solemn, and carefully and feelingly interpreted, with very little hesitation, and all were very attentive. Certainly the good seed of the kingdom was sown to day. May the good Lord quicken it, and ripen the fruit! Cree hymns sung to Gregorian chants, accompanied by my piano-harmonium, were much enjoyed by all present. Upwards of seventy children at school."

We shall give from time to time other sketches of Missionary life from the same locality.

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#### BAPTISM OF A NATIVE CONVERT FROM OUDE.

THE following interesting narrative is from our Missionary, the Rev. T. Sandys, at Calcutta.

I have the pleasure of forwarding to you a short account of Gholaum Musseeh, a native convert, who was admitted into the church of Christ by the ordinance of baptism, on Sunday, the 6th September, in Trinity Church, on the Church Mission Premises, Calcutta.

The name of the convert was Macca Lal. He was born in the city of Oude, or Ayaudhya, near Fyzabad, on the banks of the Gogra, and on the eastern border of the late kingdom of Oude, in the year 1838; and consequently he is now nineteen years of age. The name of his father was Hirra Lal, of the Kayastha (or writer) caste, who was employed as a writer in connexion with one of the regiments of the late King of Oude, which appointment he held, I am informed, as a hereditary right. Allí Nuckí Khan, the Vizier of the late King, persecuted and harassed him so much as to cause him to resign his situation, ostensibly to make a pilgrimage to Juggernaut and elsewhere, but really to escape persecution. Hirra Lal had ten children, all of whom, excepting Macca Lal, died at various times. It appears that grief for their loss, combined with the persecution of the Vizier, influenced him to go on pilgrimage, leaving his wife and only surviving son at Oude, in 1850, and promising to return to them in about a year. In vain did the wife and son wait six years for the return of Hirra Lal from pilgrimage, till they agreed to set out together, about ten months ago, to visit the places of pilgrimage, with a view to ascertain, if possible, what had become of him. On their way to Juggernaut Púrí, in Orissa, in company with many other pilgrims, Macca Lal's mother was taken ill at Sione, where she died. He consequently became much distressed, and knew not what to do or where to go; but some of the pilgrims promised to support him if he would still accompany them on pilgrimage to Juggernaut Púrí. He had previously heard the gospel preached by a Missionary in his native city Oude, or Ayaudhya, about four years since; and now the thoughts of what he had heard concerning the Christian religion, the invitation of the gospel, the salvation of the soul, and eternity, were working in his mind, and influencing him to desire to know more concerning what he heard from the Missionary. By the time he had reached Raní-gunge, his mind seems to have been quite changed in reference to going

on pilgrimage, and he formed the resolution not to proceed to Juggernaut, but to Calcutta, to seek instruction in the Christian religion, with a view to his embracing it. He therefore left the company of the pilgrims, and made the best of his way to Calcutta, during which journey he met with various troubles, and became quite destitute; but he was enabled, with the Divine blessing, to overcome all obstacles, and, after much inquiry for a Missionary establishment, he at length arrived, weary and fatigued, at the verandah of Trinity Church, on Monday before Easter (April 6th), while divine service was being held. He stood in the verandah, and there heard the glad tidings of the gospel, which proved refreshing to his soul. At the close of the service, he introduced himself to one of the Christian schoolboys, and by him was brought to John Mothur, our native catechist, stating that the man was desirous of becoming a Christian. The catechist, on talking with him, and questioning him as to his motives for wishing to become a Christian, was well satisfied as to his being a sincere inquirer after the way of salvation; upon which he brought him to me. I gave him a Catechism on the principles of the Christian religion, in Urdú, to study and commit to memory; in addition to which he has been supplied with the New Testament, and the Allahabad edition of "The Messiah in the Old and New Testaments," and now he is giving his attention to the study of these books. The whole of his deportment, as well as his regular attendance on the means of grace, leads me to believe that he is a sincere convert, a vessel of mercy chosen of God through Jesus Christ into eternal life.

On the occasion of his baptism he received the name of Gholaum Musseeh (Servant of Christ), which name was chosen by himself. He has a good knowledge of the Urdú and Persian languages, and it is my hope that I may hereafter be able to employ him as an Urdú Scripture Reader, for which he is likely to become well qualified, if he continues, as we may earnestly hope he will, steadfast in the faith of Christ, under whose banner he has now enlisted.

[*Calcutta Christian Intelligencer.*]

#### THE HIGHLAND WOMAN'S DREAM.

THE following incident is related to have occurred at Lucknow—

The firing was incessant. We had been employed making coffee and carrying refreshments to the soldiers; and Jessie Brown, the wife of a sergeant, who accompanied me, and had seemed all day in a state of unusual excitement and agitation, at length, worn out with anxiety, sunk on the ground. Her mind was wandering, and she begged me to call her when her father came home from the plough. She lay quite still for a few minutes, till suddenly starting up, she screamed wildly, "They are coming! I hear the slogan of the Macgregors, the best of them a';" and with these words she flew down to the ranks, encouraging the dispirited soldiers. For a moment the firing redoubled, until, after listening and finding they could hear nothing, a cry of despair and disappointment burst from all, and Jessie sunk down on the ground again. She remained there but a short time. Again she started up, and said, "Did ye not hear it then? It is the pibroch of the Highlanders." We

listened, and could not mistake the piercing shrill sound echoing from hill to hill, which assured us that the deliverance long looked for was at hand.

How long shall the tide of war,  
Beset these shattered walls;  
Its never-ceasing jar,  
On the wearied spirit falls.  
The hope that lent  
Her cheering aid  
To the poor besieged is well-nigh spent.

Nobly the true and brave,  
Have resolved to stand and die;  
For when Albion's banners wave,  
Each heart is strong and high.  
Though dimmed the spark  
Of earthly light,  
Heaven's stars shine most when the night is dark.

And still, though with 'minished force,  
Their noblest leader slain,  
With God as their sole resource,  
The conflict they maintain:  
This hope their strength  
Amidst their strife—  
Deliv'rance sure will come at length.

A wearied woman there  
By a weight of grief oppressed,  
Subduing her despair,  
For an hour has sunk to rest;  
And her thoughts they roam,  
From the scenes around,  
To the distant hills of her Highland home.

And she sees the heath once more,  
And the bluebells bending low,  
As the evening breeze to her door  
Brings the music sweet and slow,  
Of the tinkling bells  
From the distant fold.  
Of joys long past that music tells.

The frugal supper now  
Upon the board is laid:  
Her father from the plough  
Would soon be home, she said.  
'Twas only a dream,  
Yet it came from heaven,  
On that stormy day one blessed beam.

Sleep on, poor soul! Above  
Is one, who, with watchful care,  
Will receive the fluttering dove;  
And on His wings will bear  
The weary soul  
O'er the angry floods,  
And the billows dark that round her roll.

She sleeps; and, in her dream,  
 On the blue distant hill  
 Sees the bright falchion gleam,  
 Hears the wild music trill.  
 She listens—she wakes—  
 'Tis true!—'tis true!—  
 It's the slogan's sound on her ear that breaks.

"They come, they come!" she cries,  
 "Macgregor's valiant clan."  
 Down through the ranks she flies:  
 Her voice rose as she ran.  
 Each caught the ray  
 Of blessed hope,  
 As the dark clouds catch the beam of day.

And the soldiers pause and strain  
 To catch the well-known sound,  
 But they strove to hear in vain—  
 There is silence all around.  
 Till the music shrill  
 Of the pibroch's call,  
 Re-echoes from the answering hill.

And now all grief has fled,  
 Sorrow and grief have past.  
 Wave, wave, the banners red,  
 Succour has come at last.  
 Friends meet once more,  
 Loved ones long lost,  
 The battle is won, and the danger o'er.

When the loud trumpet's blast,  
 Sounding from pole to pole,  
 Of a Saviour come at last,  
 Shall speak to the anxious soul;  
 No more the cry,  
 Shall be "How long?"  
 But the shout, and the song, will be victory.

Captives besieged by sin,  
 Compassed by Satan's host;  
 Troubles without, within,  
 On waves of sorrow tost;  
 Oh Saviour, come!  
 We look for thee:  
 Our hearts are set on our distant home.

Ye who with sin oppressed,  
 Have heard the heavenly sound,  
 For the troubled spirit's rest,  
 Go, spread that news around.  
 Till all shall hear,  
 And, hearing, pray,  
 Jesus, our Lord, oh soon appear!

## ISEIN, A TOWN IN YORUBA.

THE population of the Yoruba country live in towns. They have been compelled to do so because of the unsettled state of the country. Great and small, these towns are surrounded by clay walls, about five feet high, and sufficiently thick to be a good de-



VIEW OF ISEIN.

fence. At the foot of the wall runs a ditch, three or four feet wide, and several feet deep, the wall being perforated with gates at convenient distances. Within the wall are to be seen thousands of low, broad, grass-thatched cottages. The streets, when you enter, are crooked and narrow, with the exception of one broad, although seldom straight, street, running from each gate to the market-place, and commonly shaded with beautiful, wide-spreading trees.

The market-place is the spot of greatest interest. It is a large area, overshadowed with trees, and studded with little open sheds, consisting of a low thatched roof, surmounted on rude posts.

The evening is the principal marketing hour. About half an hour before sunset, all sorts of people, men, women, girls, travellers lately arrived in caravans, farmers from their fields, and artisans from their houses, flock in to buy, and sell, and talk. There may be heard the clatter of tongues, as the buyers and sellers chaffer about the price, and sometimes laugh and sometimes quarrel. As the shades of night fall, if there be no moon, every woman lights her little lamp, and the market-place sparkles with numberless tiny stars.

The objects for sale are sufficiently varied—various kinds of meats, fowls, sheep, goats, dogs, rats, tortoises, eggs, fish, snails, yams, &c., domestic clothing, imported cloth, as calico, shirting, &c., gunpowder, flints, knives, swords, paper, ready-made clothing, &c.

The town presented in our engraving is Isein, visited by the Rev. H. Townsend in August last, with a view to the commencement of Missionary work. The surrounding country, as viewed by him, appears to be of a very interesting character.

“We went up a high hill that overlooked a very large extent of country. The scenery is very beautiful, hills on every side, but not so numerous or near as to confine the view. They are here, as it appears they are through the regions of Central Africa, not in connected chains, but often as links of a chain laid along in a line, and sometimes side by side, but not linked together. Their general direction is north and south: they are, for the most part, formed of granite or quartz; some nearly bare, of a round, dome-like form; others of long, saddle-back shape; and others broken huge masses of granite piled over each other, with trees and shrubs growing out between the masses, having creepers and climbers hung over and about the trees and rocks, forming a thick mass of green leaves, of graceful forms, leaving here and there an opening, by which the rocks beneath are partly seen. From the Isein hill on which we stood, the highest of the group, we saw an extensive plain to the north, and a little eastward of north we could recognise a range of hills called Oke Amo, that is, the Amo hills; to the west and north-west we saw the Oke Fo range, much more irregular and disjointed than the former: then we come to a group of hills between Isein, Okefo, and Awaye, but closer Awaye; they, for the most part, are of a rounder form and more bare. We then come to Oke Ado, which, in form, may be compared to a lion crouching, with his head towards the south. This hill, the highest and most remarkable object in sight, is about a mile and

a quarter to a mile and a half in length : it has several palm trees on it, which appear from the plain very small, and a tree or two of another kind. There are two or three villages, the houses of which can be distinguished from the grey rock by those who know they are there. Beyond Ado, to the south, the Bioku hills can be seen, and, beyond, Oke Tapa. Oke Tapa is a long range to the west of Berekudo and Eruwa, one of the Bioku range, in a parallel line. The southern part of the Tapa range we see at Abbeokuta. There is another range of hills called Oke Bakere, which we saw, but they are better seen at Bioku : they seem to be an exception to the general rule that the hills extend north and south : these appear to have a direction from north-west to south-east. I think the river Ogun passes close to the north-west end of this range : the old road from Abbeokuta to Ijaye passes close to the south-eastern end. There are three very high hills to the east, called Oke Obba : they are more plainly seen from Ijaye and Oyo. But although the eye scans this extensive scene of hill and plain, one object is entirely wanting, viz. water : not that there is none, for the river Ogun would be distinctly seen in its course but for the trees, more than sprinkled over the plain, which almost cover the ground, looking down upon them, except within a mile or two of the hill on which we stood. The trees are not generally forest trees, but such kinds as are of a hard and stubborn nature, capable of resisting the annual burning of the grass around, but not of a great size. I think, with Mr. Bowen, that these annual burnings are the only cause why a large part of the land does not become forest. There is one melancholy reflection, also, that forces itself on one, when looking around on this extensive and beautiful country, viz. that it is comparatively without inhabitants : probably not a hundredth part of it is tilled by its present population year by year. It had probably a population three or fourfold of its present amount within the memory of a generation not yet passed away. Cupidity and selfishness have swept the country with a besom of destruction : the white race, boasting of free and enlightened institutions, have reaped the spoil."

We may mention here, that, unlike Liberia and other West-African districts which are covered with heavy forests, Yoruba is generally an open, prairie-like country, scattered over with small spreading trees. These African prairies are considered by Mr. Bowen, the American Missionary, to be the result of long-continued cultivation, followed by annual burnings of the tall grass. Let us hope that the time is coming, when, under the renewing influence of Christianity, peace being restored to the land, the people shall leave their wall-enclosed towns, and, spreading themselves over the face of the country, re-occupy the wastes of Yoruba.

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#### NATIVE CHRISTIANS AT GORRUCKPUR.

GORRUCKPUR is a district of India on the south-west border of Oude, about as large as Wales, and containing upwards of 3,000,000 of inhabitants. The principal town, a place of some 50,000 inhabitants, on the river Raptée, bears the same name as the district.

Here has been a station of the Church Missionary Society. It was founded by R. M. Bird, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service, the first Missionaries arriving in 1824. In 1831 Lord William Bentinck granted for the use of the Mission a large tract of unreclaimed forest land; and here a little settlement of native Christians was raised up, their cottages occupying the place which was once the tiger's lair, and the village church standing on the very spot where wild elephants roamed at pleasure.

During the existing disturbances, Gorruckpur was vacated by the British officials, and taken possession of by Oude insurgents. Our Missionary, obliged to withdraw with the retiring force, made the best arrangements he could for the safety of the poor Christians at Basharatpur, and commended them to the care of a friendly rajah, who promised, so far as lay in his power, to protect them. Poor people, they have had to pass through much suffering. Still the Lord's watchful care has been over them, and they have been preserved from those extreme calamities which, in some other parts of India, native Christians have had to endure. The following letter from the Missionary, the Rev. H. Stern, tells of their dangers and preservation. It is dated, Chupra, Nov. 28, 1858. Chupra is a town between Dinapur and Gorruckpur, and about 124 miles south-east of the latter place.

"I arrived at Aligung safely on Thursday last, and found all the native Christians from Gorruckpur well, with the exception of several fever cases. The native Christians, no less than myself, were very happy to see each other again after a separation of upwards of three months. Before I came up to them, where they were encamped in a large mango grove, the children came out running to meet me, and to conduct me into the midst of their parents, who surrounded me. Every one now commenced to say his tale of the late trials and privations in which all took an equal share. We all then had prayers, to thank the good Lord and Shepherd of our souls for thus having preserved us, and saved us from many dangers, and for having given us this first token of mercy in having permitted us thus to meet again. To Him be all praise and glory!

"The Christians left Basharatpur on the 20th of October. For upwards of two months—the station of Gorruckpur was abandoned on the 13th of August—they lived in continual fear and anxiety, being exposed to the spoliation of their goods and to personal ill-treatment. During one dacoity, one of the Christians received a deep swordcut in his back; others were beaten; the women, who usually ran into the jungle, were abused; and the catechist in charge, Raphael, seems to have been particularly exposed to the fury of the enemy. The maltreatment which he received very much hastened his death, which happened on the 12th October. A few days after this their best bullocks were seized, and several of the men carried before the *chakladar*, who kept them prisoners for two days. On learning that they were Christians, he ordered them to deny their faith, and become Mussulmans. One of the *chakladar's* men then interfered, and said that these Christians had been neither Hindús nor Mussulmans, but were brought up as orphans



in the Christian religion, and would therefore not be received by either of these persuasions.

“Nevertheless, the chakladar insisted on their becoming Mohammedans, and requested them to look out for a molwí. The seven Christians, as they tell me, appeared to consent to this arrangement. Upon this they were allowed to go to their homes. When they got there, they told their brethren what had happened. They then consulted together what to do. They left in small parties, by stealth at night, during several successive days, the first party leaving on the 20th October. After they had agreed to meet at a place called Shahpur, to the east of Gorruckpur, and beyond the boundary of their district, they all took the road through the jungle, and after three days’ travelling they all reached Shahpur in safety, only one party being robbed on the road. The others saved a few clothes, and some even escaped with their carts and a pair of bullocks. Shahpur not being far from Bettiah, a Roman-Catholic establishment, three families went there for protection: the rest intended to go to Benares.

“The Christians will remain here for the present. As soon as Gorruckpur, which is only sixty-two miles from this, shall be retaken, we shall move on, for I presume that the Church Missionary Society has no intention to abandon that field of our Mission.

“The children have commenced to read again regularly, with Patras and Edward, but I am sorry to say that the Christians have brought no books, except three or four copies of the Gospel and Prayer-book.

“I intend to remain with the Christians for the present, but shall return to Chupra to-morrow, in order to buy blankets and other necessary clothes for the people. The expenses are very great, and will be so for some time to come. I trust the Society will not mind my drawing a few rupees on them just for the present, for buying a few clothes, until I can get something from the Relief Fund.

“I am sorry the Society can do nothing for the widow of Raphael. She has two little children, who are too young to be admitted among the orphans. The Gorruckpur Missionary has hitherto had the charge of, and support of, five widows. May the Lord provide!”

The Lord does provide. In proof, we may refer to the magnificent sum of 5000*l.* placed by a lady at the disposal of the Church Missionary Society for the special wants of India; and the liberal contributions coming in from different quarters, by which we shall be enabled to repair the desolations of our Missionary stations, and, by the blessing of God, recommence our work on a more extended scale, and with renewed vigour. Mr. Stern adds, in a postscript, that the Relief Fund had most promptly and liberally arranged to supply the present necessities of these poor native Christians.

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ABBE GUNGA OF EAST AFRICA.

OUR Missionaries, who had been labouring for some years amidst much discouragement and difficulty amongst the East-African tribes, have been compelled, in consequence of the distracted state of the country, to withdraw from their station at Kisuludini. The Masai,

a wild tribe from the interior, had made an inroad on the Wanika, killing many, and causing great confusion; and, in addition to this, the death of the Imaum of Muscat, and difficulties as to his successor, had cast such a gloom and uncertainty over the aspect of political affairs, that it was thought better that they should retire for a season. Hence the senior Missionary, Mr. Rebmann, alone remains at Zanzibar, his colleague, Mr. Deimler, having been transferred to Bombay. Thus the door of usefulness, that appeared at one time to be set wide open for our entrance into the dark territories of East Africa, has closed for a time, until He who openeth and no man shutteth again commands the opportunity.

Yet Africa has yielded some fruits. One poor cripple, Mringe, has gone asleep in Jesus; and another, Abbe Gunga, remains a consolation for the present to our Missionaries, and a ground of hope for the future. Strong as Satan's dominion is on this dark coast, he has been spoiled of some; and He who has spoiled him of some, will despoil him of more when the appointed period comes.

Of Abbe Gunga the following account has been forwarded to us by Mrs. Rebmann, dated Zanzibar, Sept. 29, 1857, which we think our readers will find to be interesting.

Having nothing of moment to tell you, for we are quite well and happy, I mean to devote this letter to Abbe Gunga, to the time he has been with us here, and some parts of his history borrowed from a long account sent to a friend by my husband. We bade him good-by on the 9th of this month, to return to his heathen family. This I did with tears; for during the six months he had been with us, I found him uniformly faithful, truthful, obliging, and tractable as a child. Among the servants, his was the only word I could believe: constantly were the others accusing each other with pilfering, or other misdemeanour, but no finger was ever pointed at this good man: indeed, his time seemed so wholly taken up with his duty to his master, and reading his St. Luke, that every hour was occupied. And then his prayers: no false delicacy prevented his falling on his knees, at frequent times of the day, let there be in the room many or few. If the time or wish came, down knelt Abbe Gunga, and sent up some petition to his unseen friend above. I felt it a privilege to have him in my house. One little circumstance I must just mention. The first day, I think it was, when all was confusion and much to be done, I pointed to the passage before the door, and asked him if he would sweep it: this he must surely have taken as a kind of installation into the broom department, for every morning after, to the very last, there was he, brush in hand, to sweep the passage, which at last extended unasked to the doing his own room; and so peculiarly did it seem to belong to him, that I believe had he left off, no one else would have done it till ordered. One more little instance, proved, I think, that an understanding heart had been given him. Observing him one day lingering in the room, apparently looking at some plates hanging up, he was asked what he looked for, for they had been there all along, but seemed to claim no attention; he said he wanted to find and look out Luther. My husband had been taking him through Barth's "Church History." The good men of the Reformation times had so at-

tracted him, that, knowing we possessed their likenesses, he wished to see them, and when they were pointed out to him, his eyes actually beamed with pleasure, as if he felt they had been old and valued friends.

But to begin his history. Abbe Gunga, or Yana, as he was called when a boy, was the only one left of his family: two of his sisters had died from wounds, and his brothers, the remaining sister, and his mother, of small-pox. The death of this last sister was very affecting: she was the first seized. The poor mother, when the other two had been taken, prayed that this one might be spared, and had named her "Ndikira" ("Leave her to me.") No wonder a mother in these heathen lands should be so distressed at losing her daughters, for however many her years may be, she must pound, grind, fetch water, and cut and carry home wood before the evening family meal is prepared. Her husband and sons are as nothing to her: so well might she pray, "Leave her to me:" but she was taken. The brothers followed; and, last of all, the broken-hearted mother; and Yana and his father only were left. It would now be naturally supposed that these two were all in all; but a relative, whose goats the boy kept, insinuated to him that it was his father who had caused the death of all his family, and advised him not to go near him, nor even greet him when they met. The boy, believing this, and perhaps, child-like, feared too that he might be killed, stayed away, and once, when he was called by his father, fled and made his escape. The grief of the parent was great. "What," said he, "even this crumb which God has left me, Heba wants!" However, his father-in-law effected a reconciliation; and, after the ceremony of slaughtering a sheep, &c., brought the boy to his father, saying, "This little pimple left thee: know, it is a spark of fire: kindle it, blow it, until it burn, that it may become a fire." Who will not call these prophetic words? The spark of fire has indeed been blown, but by a breath that the poor father-in-law knew nothing of. The father increasingly loved his boy until he died. But Yana, now a youth, and joining a relative about his own age, went to Ukambani, a journey of about eight or nine days, to learn the language, as was the wont then, for the better purpose of trade; for it was not then, as now, the practice of Wakamba to live among the Wanika. For years he remained living as a guest with different families. The hospitality of these people to strangers is very great, especially among the women: he has but to address her as mother, when she immediately invites him to her home, and treats him as a son.

*(To be continued.)*

#### THE LITTLE WAX-LIGHT.

ONE dark day in December the dim twilight was falling on the congregation, during the afternoon service, in the church of a large country town. There was no gas in the building, but a handsome chandelier was hung over the middle aisle. A man made his appearance, bearing a tall wand, to the end of which was fastened a small crooked bit of wax-light, whose little flame seemed a mere spark in the midst of the tall arches among which it moved. It was pleasant to watch this little mounted light, visiting taper after taper among the beautiful branches of the chandelier, waiting for a second or two at each, rather longer, per-

haps, with one more obstinate than its neighbours, and leaving every one of them a light, bright as itself, very welcome to the people below. It was rather a slow business to be sure, but the little crooked taper moved on, and on, and on, till the whole thirty were lighted up: then the man went away with the little wax-light, and the chandelier shone forth, bright, useful, and beautiful. The dim words on the pages of the books became clearly seen, and the worshippers united in a hymn of praise.

Reader, this little wax-light may suggest to you several lessons. I will suppose you are a child; it may be a little one, young and feeble, possessing neither learning nor wealth; yet you may be useful. Little things often do us good service. Drops form the shower, rays the sun-beam, and children may do much good if they try. They may even impart the light of life to those who are sitting in darkness, and in the region of the shadow of death.

The little wax taper had to be lighted before it was of any use, So it must be with you. By nature we are all dark as to the things of God. "Ye were once darkness," says St. Paul to the Christians at Ephesus, "but now are ye light in the Lord." They had received Him into their hearts who is the light of the world, and He had so enlightened them that they could enlighten others. Of the Christians at Philippi the same apostle writes, "Among whom ye shine as lights in the world, holding forth the word of life." This is what all Christians ought to do, and what they will do when the true light reaches them. If you would be thus employed, ask God to enlighten you by the teaching of His Holy Spirit; ask Him to "shine into your heart, to give you the light of the knowledge of His glory, in the face of Jesus Christ."

Lighten our darkness, Lord!  
Open our eyes to see!  
And shed thy saving light abroad,  
Till all are taught of Thee.

The little wax-light could not reach the great chandelier by itself: it required to be moved and guided by the hand of another. Let this remind you, that "of ourselves we are not able to help ourselves," and that the Lord Jesus has said, "Without me ye can do nothing." The power and providence of the Lord are now displayed in enabling the little ones of this land to impart light to the dark regions far over the seas. And whenever success attends any of our Missionaries, it may be truly said, as of old, "the hand of the Lord was with them," "the power of the Lord was present to heal."—*Carrier Pigeon—(American.)*

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## ASSAM AND ITS MISSIONS.

(Continued from p. 15.)

AMONGST the number of converts at Tezpur, I am permitted to mention one especially, whose consistent life, faithfulness, and zeal for his heavenly Master's cause, warrants my employing the language of the apostle to the Thessalonians, when he says, "Ye are our glory and joy." He of whom I write has been tried: he has endured temptation, and, by God's grace, he has conquered it. Benjamin Nunku is the son of a deceased native officer of the 2d Light Infantry. I became acquainted with him

when he was about thirteen or fourteen years of age. He was then a pupil in the regimental Government-school. My wife invited any of the boys, who wished to learn English, to attend at our house for a couple of hours daily, with a promise to instruct them. Amongst those who accepted the offer was Nunku. He was a steady, well-behaved lad, and took great pleasure in learning. As soon as he could read, the Scriptures were given him, and such parts were selected as might be most likely to prove interesting and suited to his understanding. He was naturally of an inquiring turn of mind, and seemed anxious to understand all he read. The Bible evidently interested him. About this time we received two new Missionaries, who arrived at Gowhatty in progress to their station (Tezpur). Remaining a few days, we proposed that our young friend Nunku should accompany them as their teacher of the Assamese language, to which both parties assented. We hoped by this arrangement that Nunku would be instructed in the way of God more perfectly, and eventually be led to embrace it. Our hopes were not disappointed. Our prayers were answered. He confessed his faith in the Gospel, and applied for baptism. The ceremony was performed by immersion, in the presence of a large number of his countrymen. As soon as he was considered qualified, he was appointed to the office of catechist in the Mission, and for some time accompanied the Missionary in his preaching tours in the district, and took part with him in his labours amongst the heathen, teaching and persuading them to receive the Gospel. He now expressed a wish to marry, but here was a difficulty. No Christian help-meet could be found suited to him, and, after much doubt as to the propriety of the measure, he was, in compliance with his earnest entreaties, united to a heathen girl. He argued, that as the Lord had been pleased to call him out of darkness into the light of the Gospel, he had good grounds for hoping that the same mercy might be extended to his wife, especially as he was determined to use every means likely to ensure it. There is every reason to believe that he faithfully performed his part in the matter: she was also a constant attendant at the public services of the Mission. At the end of a year she was carried off by an attack of cholera, and, although not baptized, it was thought she died a believer in the saving truths of the gospel. After a short lapse of time he married a native Christian, and, up to the year 1855, continued to perform his duties as catechist in a very exemplary manner. At this period the Government required the services of some young men qualified for the duties of sub-inspectors over the Government-schools, which had been established in all the principal villages of the province, and one of the appointments was offered by the inspector to Nunku. The salary was ten times greater than that which he received from the Mission, and the situation was one of great respectability, as well as responsibility. But the offer involved great difficulties. His services as a catechist could ill be spared, for we had no one to take his place. The temptation also would be very great: the sudden increase in his salary from two rupees a month to a hundred was viewed with alarm by his friends, and the worst results were apprehended. Still it was considered unjust to oppose his advancement, more particularly as he had always proved himself deserving. It was therefore determined to leave the question with himself, after commending him to the guidance, teaching, and blessing of his divine Master. The result was, that he

accepted it. And now all eyes were anxiously fixed upon him; his friends in fear and trembling, lest the temptation should prove too strong for him; his enemies no doubt watching for his fall. Having myself quitted India early in 1855, I was not permitted to witness the effects of this change in Nunku's circumstances; but our Missionary, Mr. Hepel-meyer, has written to me from time to time much to the following purpose—The conduct of the native government officials towards Nunku since his appointment as a sub-inspector to their schools has been most marked: formerly they looked down upon him, but now they seek his acquaintance. They have expressed their surprise that Government should have given an appointment to a convert, and having done so in this instance, they expect native Christians may be also eligible to situations in the Civil Courts, which have hitherto been given only to Hindús and Mussulmans. Nunku continues the same humble-minded man he was as a catechist, and I believe he is more useful to the cause of the Mission in his present position. He preaches the Gospel wherever he travels in the performance of his duty, and he subscribes five rupees a month towards its support. He subscribes twenty-four rupees a month, or 2*l.* 8*s.*, to the Lord's work in the Mission. He resides on the Mission premises, and attends, when present, all our services, as he was accustomed to do when a catechist.

H. F.

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#### THE MISSIONARY BEE-HIVES.

A HUMBLE cottager had several bee-hives: they were very profitable, and she made nearly half a sovereign a year out of each of them. A book fell into her hands which told her about the heathen: it said Christ died for them—actually died for them—and now His reward is to have them converted and loving Him; but how shall they hear of Him without preachers, and how can preachers be sent unless people will help to support them? Everybody must do something.

Jesus did His part: He did not grudge them His life-blood; and shall we grudge them our silver and gold?

“No,” she replied, (as if the book had talked to her,) “I won't, for one.” And that very day she set apart two of her hives, the honey of which was to be sold for the Missionary cause; and when she took the twenty shillings to her minister, and he said, “Surely you cannot afford so much as this,” she looked hard at him and said, “Sir, I *must* afford it, THE LORD HATH NEED OF IT!”—*Juv. Miss. Her.*

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#### VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

Night turns to day:

When sullen darkness lours,  
And heaven and earth are hid from sight,  
Cheer up, cheer up!  
Ere long the opening flowers,  
With dewy eyes, shall shine in light.

Storms die in calms:

When over land and ocean,  
Roll the loud chariots of the wind,  
Cheer up, cheer up!  
The voice of wild commotion,  
Proclaims tranquillity behind.

Winter wakes spring :

When icy blasts are blowing,  
O'er frozen lakes, through naked trees,  
Cheer up, cheer up!  
All beautiful and glowing  
May floats in fragrance on the breeze.

Toil brings repose:

With noontide fervours beating,  
When droop thy temples o'er thy breast,  
Cheer up, cheer up!  
Grey twilight, cool and fleeting,  
Wafts on its wing the hour of rest.

Death springs to life:

Though brief and sad thy story,  
Thy years all spent in care and gloom,  
Look up, look up!  
Eternity and glory  
Dawn through the portals of the tomb.

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A HEATHEN SABBATH IN BURMAH.

BY MRS. INGOLLS, RANGOON.

"COME," said some native Christians, "take a few books to-morrow, and go with us and spend part of the day at the great Rangoon pagoda. The priests will not like to see us there, but we may get the ear of a few, and we shall meet many from the jungle villages; and, if the Lord be with us, may they not listen to us?" I promised to go, and, at an early hour, I was reminded of my promise by the crowds of people wending their way to the pagoda. The Christians soon came, and we hurried off to the place of worship. At the foot of the pagoda-steps we were met by a company of blind and lame beggars, who asked alms, and promised to pray, in return, that we might be received into the great nat, or fairy country.

Near the steps was a large tree, and the half-scorched grass underneath it offered a seat. So we inquired into the history of these beggars, and invited them to go with us, and we would tell them what we had to give. They quickly joined us, and, after lifting up our hearts to God, we told them of a far off country where the city is built of pure gold, and the King is so glorious that the inhabitants need not the light of the sun or moon, and where, too, hunger, poverty, sickness, pain, and death come not. Its citizens are clothed in robes of white, and their hearts are so joyful that they are continually standing before the throne of their King, tuning their golden harps to strains of sweetest melody to Him who has called them to this blissful land. We told them that this King had invited people of every clime to remove to this country, that it should be their permanent home.

Their faces brightened with hope, and they inquired how they could get to this beautiful place. We then told them they must renounce all the enemies of this King, and swear allegiance to Him for ever. "Ah," said each one, "we will do all this."

We then told them that this place was heaven, and this King, God; that they must renounce idolatry, repent of their sins, and go to Him in His appointed way. "Is this all you have to give?" they inquired,

rising upon their feet. We told them it was, and far more precious than gold or silver. They quickly turned their backs upon us and went away, muttering that they should have lost so many chances of begging.

We ascended the steps of the pagoda, and were hailed by the sellers of offerings and food, who were seated along the steps in groups. They held up to our view flowers and paper-flags, on which were inscribed the name of their god. When we refused these things, they glanced down at the shoe-clad feet of the Christians, and then said to each other, "See, they wear their shoes up these sacred steps. When our king was here, they could not have done this. They are heretics." This reminded us of the days of Judson, when he was forbidden even to ride by the pagoda on pain of being beaten.

We reached the top of the steps, and, not wishing to be rude or intrusive, we stepped aside and watched the many companies as they came.

First came three priests, robed in yellow silk, while over their heads tall gilded umbrellas were carried by some young men. After these came some who held in their hand the end of a gauze cylinder, which was bound round at a few feet distance by tinsel and red cotton bands. As these emerged into view, young and middle-aged women, in their best attire, followed in the train, bearing on their shoulders the long gauze cylinder or streamer. On they came, some forty or more, until the procession measured many yards in length. Then followed the music, which consisted of a circular frame, about four feet high and five feet in circumference, on the inside of which were hung a number of small gongs, graduated in size and tone, and within this frame stood a man, striking the gongs with two small drumsticks. Behind the music came a dancing woman, dressed in the most gaudy silks, and covered with ornaments of gold. As the people had rested on the way, she amused them by dancing. To complete the train followed a large company of women, bearing silver cups of water to refresh the company.

They proceeded to a temple where they all seated themselves, the priests repeating long sentences of Pali, their sacred language, after which the words were reiterated by the company. This offering was made by the inhabitants of a neighbouring town, and, after the consecration, they arose and suspended it on the top of a flag-staff near the pagoda. When this was done they all bowed and worshipped the staff, the elder priest pronouncing this prayer—"By reason of this offering, which directs one to the sacred ground, may you become kings and gods! As many times as this floats in the air, so many times may you become kings of this world!" The younger priests responded, "May it be so!" when the company again worshipped the priests, and separated.

Some of the old women, I noticed, went down the steps and purchased flags, and stuck them about the idols, and some went into the temple. The young men and women smoked, talked and ate sweetmeats, while a few of the more sober busied themselves in clearing the grass and stones from the holy ground. We went among them and tried to reason with them regarding their follies; but they said, "We are very happy, and this was the custom of our ancestors which we must not leave." So we turned to others.

*(To be continued.)*



## ABBE GUNGA OF EAST AFRICA.

*(Concluded from p. 31.)*

THE first person Yana lived with, was, in an especial manner, kind to him; indeed she must have been very amiable, for she was good to all: any one who asked for food she gave to, and all were welcome to a part of

PORTRAIT OF ABBE GUNGA (*From a Photograph.*)

the little she had. Alas! this was, to the wretchedly dark heathen, a proof of her being a witch, and she was actually put to death. All among them who are remarkable for very bad or very good qualities are thus put out of the way. The occupation of Yana was tending cattle. One day, accidentally letting them stray on the pasture of another, the owner saw them, angrily threw a stone at him, and, catching him, beat him with the flat part of his sword. He fled, and sought employment with another, with whom he continued eight years, and then returned to Rabbai. As land is free in Rabbai, he cultivated and planted some, but all is barren: there appeared a blight on his ground, and nothing would grow. He is told that the spirit of his father is angry, and is advised to make a sacrifice on the grave. He does so, and it would appear that it was accepted, and the spirit appeased, for all now comes to maturity. He reaps and gathers in, but still is not happy: he stands alone, he feels forsaken. Gladly would he marry, but has not the wherewith to pay for his bride: the goats left by his father had been taken by an uncle, and poor Yana, naturally timid, had not courage to ask for his rights. Melancholy seized him: he resolved to hide himself in the grass and die. For six days he did so, and at night crept unperceived to a hut. Hunger and thirst pained him, and fear of being seen kept him from quenching the latter at a little brook near. He plucked and ate tobacco leaves, but this sadly augmented his distress. On the sixth day, having crept near the hut, he was discovered nearly dead, for during that time none had inquired after him, each supposing he was living with the other. Water was given, and so greedily swallowed, that in all probability it laid the foundation of the serious malady of after years. But even then he was so ill, as to be brought to the verge of the grave. Upon getting better, he determined to ask for his property, and another relative, taking him by the hand, went with him to the hard-hearted uncle, and, reproaching him, said, "Dost thou only look at thy nephew without speaking? do you not see that when a tree falls it leans upon its neighbour?" This expression succeeded in its intent: the uncle yielded, and our friend procured a wife. With her, however, he only lived a short time. He got another and another. He has had six or seven; for some died, some were sold in famine, and he was left again almost alone. Thus God, who had chosen him for the first-fruit among the Wanika, kept him comparatively free from relatives. To make him also free from ancient customs, on the coming of the festival called the "death-day of the Mecausa" (a mysterious musical instrument)—when the instrument was to be laid aside for the season of cultivating the ground, Abbe Gunga (no longer called Yana), drinking too freely of palm wine, became intoxicated, but, instead of its effect passing off as usual, it ended in raving madness. He ran off, attending to no call, and answering no question. For a year he was subject to these attacks, when he had to be confined till they passed; for in those seasons of darkness he was dangerous, and one poor Mkamba he met, he so ill-treated as to leave for dead. The wife he lived with then he speaks of with much affection, says she had much *akili* (understanding), and treated him at these times very judiciously, and, though often advised to leave him, would not, till she, with a babe at her back, was sold. Well, to make my long story short, after this year of affliction he became himself again, went on quietly with his cultivating, living much alone,

and hardly taking any part in the festivals, &c., of his people; in fact he was no longer one of them, and therefore prepared for receiving the Gospel. This he first heard from a relative, Mringe, a poor cripple, who had learnt from the Missionaries, where to find the only true peace. Abbe Gunga was irresistibly drawn towards him. The very sight of the book from which Mringe was learning to read was delightful. He listened: light began to dawn upon him: he, too, must learn. I doubt not they prayed together. Abbe Gunga lived and breathed as he had never done before: he had found just what he wanted. The Missionaries became his friends; the poor cripple was taken away: and Abbe Gunga is left to tell to all around of the pearl of richness which he has found. The eye of faith will surely see in them the dawn of better days. His present wife still remains a heathen and his persecutor: deprived of her children, who were sold, her bereaved heart makes the poor body to ail, which she imputes to spirits, nine of which she thinks hold her in possession.

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#### THE MURDERED MISSIONARIES AT FUTTEGURH.

FUTTEGURH is a military cantonment on the river Ganges, about 184 miles south-east from Delhi, and about 200 miles north of Allahabad. Here were stationed, at the commencement of the disturbances in India, four Missionaries belonging to the American Presbyterian Board. They had gathered together a congregation of native Christians, of whom fifty-nine were communicants; and an orphan asylum, the children of which were taught weaving and tent-making, out of which had grown a Christian village, together with schools, numbering nearly 500 scholars of all grades.

There was cantoned at this station the 10th Native Infantry, but no European soldiers. The anxiety, therefore, was, from the very first, considerable, especially as it was known that the 10th was mutinously disposed. But the minds of the brethren were kept calm and confiding in Him who is a refuge in the time of trouble. Their faith and love in the merits of an Almighty Saviour failed not. Their lives were in His hands, and they were glad to leave them there. The safety of their native brethren, and of the ark of God in the land, gave them as many anxious thoughts as their own. "What is to become of us and the Lord's work in this land," writes Mr. M'Mullen, "we cannot tell; but He reigneth, and in Him we will rejoice." Again, "We cannot but be anxious, both for ourselves, the native brethren here, and God's work in this land." "Although we may be called upon to part with life for Christ and His cause," writes Mrs. Johnson, "may we not glorify God more by our deaths than by our lives? Each day we look upon as our last upon earth; but oh how delightful are our seasons of prayer together, imploring the care and protection of God, who alone can save us!" "We have no place to flee for shelter," writes Mrs. Freeman, "but under the covert of His wings; and there we are safe. Not but that He may suffer our bodies to be slain; and if He does, we know He has wise reasons for it. I sometimes think our deaths would do more good than we would do in all our lives. If so, His will be done. Should I be called to lay down my life, do not grieve that I came here, for most joyfully will I die for Him who laid down His life for me."

On June the 3d, information was received that the troops really had mutinied, and that a body of Oude mutineers, consisting of an infantry and cavalry corps, were marching into Futtegurh. That night a consultation was held, and it was considered absolutely necessary to send off the ladies and children to Cawnpur; and as boats had been secured, it was settled that a start should be made at once. The Missionaries, with their wives and children, were of the party. The day after their departure they were fired at by the villagers, but one only of the party was wounded. The next day they had not gone far when a report reached that Oude troops were crossing at one of the gháts, a few miles below. The boats were anchored for a while, and the party being large, it was thought better they should divide, a Hindú chief, Hurdeo Baksh, having offered protection to some. About forty Europeans availed themselves of this offer, the rest of the party, with whom were the Missionaries, to the number of 126 souls, dropping down the river to Cawnpur, not being aware of the outbreak in that quarter. At Bithúr they were fired upon by Nana Sahib, and all foully murdered.

And this Nana Sahib, the deceiver and murderer of Englishmen and Englishwomen who trusted him, the murderer of Missionaries, their wives, and children, and who is he? An educated East-India gentleman, of pleasing manners and address, who, in the Government schools and colleges had access to English literature, but no opportunity of instruction in the truths of Christianity, and who, beneath a polished exterior, retaining a savage nature, has shown what we may expect as the result of cultivating the intellect while we neglect the heart.

“Meanwhile the storm is subsiding”—thus writes a friend from India—“the sea has gone down. The waves were mountains high. Many vessels have been lost: some that were considered lost or stranded are yet riding on the billows; and peace is likely to be the end of all our troubles. The Lord Jehovah, who permitted these troubles to come upon us, is now delivering us, not with many, but with few, even with three hundred. Surely the eyes of millions will behold this miracle, and praise the Lord of Hosts. And now I want to know what your Committee are going to do: now is their time. Such an opportunity may never occur again in their lifetime. We are looking for great things. I hope you are prepared to make great sacrifices.”

The church may well make sacrifices of evening services and pecuniary means, when faithful men have gone before, and pointed out the way by laying down their lives. The American Society, to whom the murdered Missionaries belonged, expresses its high resolve in the following words—“India will hereafter be the favourite field of Missionary labour. The seed of martyrdom has been sown, and an abundant harvest is in store for whoever may enter upon the work. Yes, the field is white and ready to the harvest: before our reapers can reach it, the land will be at peace, and we may begin to shout the harvest home.”

#### FRESH OPENINGS IN RUPERT'S LAND.

It is truly interesting to mark the growth of the Rupert's Land Mission, and the persevering efforts made to bring the poor wandering Indians to the knowledge of the truth. The older stations

have now become great centres, from whence exploratory tours are made in different directions, and distant points taken up which become more and more important, until at length an evangelist is placed there, and they become fixed stations. Thus the work increases, and a network of Christian benevolence is spread over the land. In this extension of the Mission the Native Missionaries are found to be especially useful, conversant as they are with the peculiarities of their heathen countrymen, and the best way of approaching them. The Rev. James Settee was engaged in an undertaking of this kind during last summer, to a place called Split Lake on the Nelson River. It was his birthplace, and, therefore, as we may well conceive, he felt an especial interest in it; nor was his interest diminished by the reception which he met with from his countrymen, which appears from the following account to have been of a very encouraging description :

“I must now relate to your Committee the nature and circumstances of my journey last June and July. In the year 1853 when I came out from Lac la Ronge with his Lordship the Bishop of Rupert's Land, a message to our beloved Society was sent by the Nelson River Indians; the worshippers of the Evil One wished to be taught to worship the living and true God. The second cry from that quarter reached in 1855, saying, ‘Why should the praying Fathers let our souls perish in not coming to tell us the way of life?’ The last winter, their cry to come and help them was very urgent. It stirred and moved us to seek after the welfare of those poor perishing souls. My worthy and reverend friend, the Rev. W. Stagg, of Fairford, Manitoba, asked me to go. I was ready to go and see those poor people with all the fulness of the gospel of peace.

“On the 12th of June last, I commended my poor family to the care of our merciful Father. My reverend friend bade me God speed. I embarked in a boat belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. I must name to you the name of my benefactor, William Joseph Christie, Esq. He landed me at Norway House, where the rivers parted: he followed the one running to York Fort, I followed the Nelson River. On the 1st July we arrived at Split Lake. At this place we saw those poor people who had repeated their petitions for a teacher to be sent to them. They asked my guide if I was a trader. He replied, ‘I was the best trader they had ever seen.’ The poor people looked at me very intently. In a short time I told them of the nature of my visit, and preached salvation through faith in the blood of Christ to them. I have much pleasure in informing your Committee that these poor, *very poor* people of Nelson River received the Word of the Lord with all readiness of mind: they were hungry and thirsty in a hungry and thirsty land. When I concluded, my guide, who is a member of the Wesleyan Church, said, ‘that is the best trade; better than silver or gold.’ The poor people would not leave my tent until after evening prayer. I read Scriptures and prayed with them during our stay, till boats from the Nelson House arrived, which post lies near the Churchill River. Before we left the Split Lake Indians, fourteen persons came forward for Christian baptism. Being assured of their sincerity, I

received them into the visible church of Christ. They offered themselves with much trembling, but said to their fellow-conjurers, that they would no longer worship the Evil One, the enemy of their souls. They would cry to God. Such is the expression in the Cree language, *mawemoostawaw* (crying to him). On embarking all came to say, 'Tell the people of God (*manito aysiyenewuk*) to send us a teacher.' It was said with tears. Now, this is the encouraging state of the heathen in Nelson River. My son James, who accompanied me, would have remained with them, but I had no food or clothing to leave with him. I was born at Split Lake. I left the Lake in 1824 at eight years of age, and went to school at Red River, and really I felt truly humbled when standing before the few Indians preaching the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ to them. All the old men had died, but all above forty years of age knew me."

We may well conceive how gladly Mr. Settee would have remained amongst them, but this was impossible, as he was intended to be transferred to a distant part of the country. On this point he says, "I am ordered elsewhere, but I may say, I can offer one arm as part of myself, that is, I can offer to your Committee my eldest son James, who received his education at St. John's Collegiate School. I can do no better."

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DIVINE ORDER.

'Tis first the true, and then the beautiful,  
 Not first the beautiful, and then the true ;  
 First the wild moor, with rock, and reed, and pool,  
 Then the gay garden, rich in scent and hue.

'Tis first the good, and then the beautiful,  
 Not first the beautiful, and then the good ;  
 First the rough seed, sown in the rougher soil,  
 Then the flower blossom, or the branching wood.

Not first the glad, and then the sorrowful,  
 But first the sorrowful, and then the glad ;  
 Tears for a day, for earth of tears is full,  
 Then we forget that we were ever sad.

Not first the bright, and after that the dark,  
 But first the dark, and after that the bright ;  
 First the thick cloud, and then the rainbow's arc ;  
 First the dark grave, then resurrection light.

'Tis first the night, a night of storm and war ;  
 Long night of heavy clouds and veiled skies ;  
 Then the fair sparkle of the morning star,  
 That bids the saints awake, and dawn arise.

ANON.

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ACCOUNT OF ABRAHAM AND SARAH, TWO CONVERTS AT  
 AMRITSAR, IN THE PUNJAB.

BY MRS. STRAWBRIDGE, AMRITSAR.

SARAH was born in a village near Kangra. When quite young, her parents died ; and at the age of about twelve years she was sold for a

trifle by the woman who had taken charge of her after her parents' death, to a European gentleman, an officer either of the Queen's or East India Company's Service. In his home she remained twenty-seven years, at the expiration of which time the above-named gentleman returned to England. Previously, however, to leaving India, he settled on Sarah twenty rupees per month for her life. While residing with him she was taught to read Hindú and Persian, though the Word of God was never during this period put into her hands. Before Captain ——— left India, and during one of his absences in the hills, Sarah (who remained in his house at Agra) saw a man come to the compound, and ask a female servant for some water. She (the servant) told him to come to the house, and she would give him some. He did so, and after drinking the water, he entered into conversation with Sarah and her servant. After she had left, she observed that he had left behind him a book. She says the man was a book distributor, *i.e.* probably, a colporteur. She put the book aside, and seeing him pass by another day, she had him called, and told him he had left one of his books at her house. He said, "Never mind, let it remain." Still she expected he would call for it at some future time: but finding he did not, she put it away in her box with her clothes.

When Captain ——— returned from the hills, Sarah showed him the book, and told him she understood it was one of our Christian books, and she should like to read it, but, as every native does, she first wanted her master's order to do so. He told her he would not forbid her doing so, but she must not ask him any more about it. She saw he did not wish her to read it, and therefore she did not. In her box the book remained for twelve years, without her once opening it. One day, in going to the box, the book attracted her notice, and she thought she would take it out, and see what kind of book it was. Her heart at this time, she says, was sorrowful. She read a little, and liked what she read. She continued to read till she had read it entirely through. This book was no other than the New Testament. This was nine years ago. She says, that having read through the whole once, she began it again, but this time she read only a small portion, and thought over it for a long time, when a little light broke in upon her mind, and she began to pray that God would make her to understand what she read. In this way she went on reading and praying for three years and a half, when, to use her own expressive words, "her faith became strong and firm." Soon after this, the Regiment (the 35th Native Infantry) to which her husband belongs, was ordered to Lucknow. (After Captain ———'s departure for England, she was married to Abraham, who is armourer of the above Regiment). While in Lucknow she experienced a great deal of annoyance and persecution, as well from her husband as from others, but she told her husband that she would give up every thing in the world if she were obliged, but she would never give up her book, or the reading of it.

Finding she was not to be moved from her purpose, they desisted from their endeavours to persuade her, and she had peace from without as well as peace within. At length she gained more courage, and read her book in a voice so loud from behind the *punda* (the curtain separating a tent), that she could be heard by those who were on the other side. Thus, her

husband, and other Sepoys who may have come to his tent, heard the Word of God read. It fastened upon her husband's mind, and he told her he should like to hear more of that book. She then began to read to him of an evening, while he was eating his food; and here one cannot but feel and remark what a contrast she was to many Christians who have enjoyed the privileges of religion all their lives. She not only read to her husband, but (she told me) she never omitted night and morning praying for him, that God would bless His Word, and turn the heart of her husband to Himself. She was also in the habit of talking to her husband of what they thus read together; and used to ask him if he did not believe that all that was written in the book was true? He told her he would not yet say he believed. "Well, then," she replied, "when you do, tell me." She continued to pray for him, and at length God showed her that her prayer had been heard and answered. One day her husband came to her and said, "Now, I believe, my faith is being strengthened." It is now nearly four years ago that he thus professed his faith in Christ; and at that time the regiment was at Sealkote in the Punjab, where it remained till May 1857, when the disturbance in India commenced. It was then chosen to form part of the moveable column of the Punjab, but afterwards, its loyalty being suspected, it was disarmed and detached from the column, and eventually sent to Amritsar, where it remained for some months under the guns of the fort. It was during this time that Abraham went to the colonel of the regiment, and told him that he wished to become a Christian. The colonel asked him what had made him entertain such a desire, and if the thought that he should benefit himself in worldly matters at all influenced him? He replied, "No; I wish it because I have learned that I am a sinner, and my only hope of salvation is in Jesus Christ." The colonel then gave him a note, and sent him to my husband, who, after questioning him as to his wishes and motives, told him to come himself, and bring his wife also, for regular instruction. They came regularly twice or thrice a week: the man daily went either to Mr. Strawbridge, at the City School, or to Daoud. Sarah came to me. The first time she came she showed me her New Testament, with the Old Testament also, which had since been given her. "These," she said, "were her treasures, her wealth, more and dearer to her than all her worldly goods." As a proof of her sincerity, it may be stated, that when the regiment was ordered to join the moveable column, she left behind her at Sealkote the best of her clothes, &c., taking with her only the clothes she had on and her Bible, or, to use her own words, "her wealth." All her property, clothes, jewels, and tools belonging to her husband, of the value of about 500 rupees, was subsequently lost when the 45th regiment mutinied at Sealkote, with the exception of one earring and a little curiously-made scent bottle, inlaid with gold and silver, and which she afterwards begged me to accept as a remembrance.

After some weeks, circumstances required that the regiment should be sent a few miles away from Amritsar, and its destination was quite uncertain. On this account the couple became very anxious to be speedily baptized, and one day Sarah, with tears in her eyes, begged of me to intercede for them that they might *soon* receive baptism: "Otherwise," she said, "they feared the regiment would be moved before they



had come into our hands ;” meaning before they had been admitted into the visible church as Christians, and that this would be a great grief to them. A few days before that which had been fixed upon for their baptism, she came as usual to our house. I had been confined to my bed for some days with fever, but not liking that she should come so far and return without speaking to me (Mr. and Mrs. Keene being at that time in the hills), I had her into my room, and, after some little conversation, I said to her, “ You are soon now to be baptized, and perhaps afterwards the men and women of your regiment will annoy and persecute you and ridicule you, and say you are gone mad by becoming a Christian. Do you think you shall be able to bear their ridicule and annoyance ? or will you be afraid of them, and be ashamed of being taunted with being a Christian ? ” She looked at me stedfastly for a few moments, and then said with great earnestness, “ Why should I be afraid of them, or why should I be ashamed ? Should I be afraid of man who can only kill the body ? No, I would rather fear God, who can not only kill my body, but can afterwards cast my soul into hell ! And of what should I be ashamed ? Not of Jesus Christ, for is He not my only Saviour from sin and its punishment ? No. I will never be ashamed of Christ.” I was very much struck with her words, and especially with the earnestness with which she spoke them. On Friday, the 27th of November last, they were baptized by the names of Abraham and Sarah. (Their native names had been Jhumuh and Hera.) Their behaviour was strikingly serious, and they made their responses with much earnestness of manner. Since then, they have been regular in their attendance at public worship, though, as Sarah is able only to walk a very short distance, and their camp is fully two miles from our house, and the church is another mile further, every time she goes to church she has to pay eight annas for a conveyance. They manifested a great desire to partake of the Lord’s Supper ; and after some further instruction and examination, Mr. Keene admitted them to that other Sacrament on the first Sunday in the new year. Sarah continued to come to me till the 12th of January, when we left Amritsar for Kangra. The last time I saw her, she said she wished to tell me something that was on her mind ;— that during the insurrection, and while an army was before Delhi, she constantly prayed that God would preserve the dominion of the English in this country, and that she then made a vow of an offering to God should her prayers be heard ; that as yet she had not been able to fulfil her word ; but that she would do so as soon as she had the ability, and she wished to know in what way she should devote her offering to God’s service.

Other very interesting remarks have been made by her in the course of conversation, during the time of the insurrection, but these will suffice to show the earnestness of these new converts, and the power of the Word of God (under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, unassisted by any human aid) to change the heart, and to bring even the heathen out of their blindness, to enlighten their hearts, and make plain before them the way of life. In concluding this account, and remembering how very little we have had to do with the instruction of these two people, we cannot but quote the language of the Psalmist, and say, “ Not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name be all the glory for ever. Amen.”

## SOMETHING TO BE REMEMBERED.

SEVERAL years ago, a little black boy, only ten years of age, whose father was a slave, was brought to England from Jamaica in the West Indies, by a kind gentleman, who gave the poor boy an education, and took him into his own service. Joseph Bartebo (for that was his name) remained for years in his situation, till he was compelled to seek another in consequence of the death of his friend and patron. He went as servant in the establishment of a wealthy family, where, by his prudence and care, he was able to save some money. Next, he became servant to a good clergyman in the south-west of England, who, convinced that Joseph was a faithful servant, as well as a truly converted man, became to him a real friend, the only one whom he could count on in the whole world.

With this gentleman Joseph remained as long as he lived. He died lately at Bath, but a few months before his death, as if he knew he was not to live long, he one day surprised his master by asking him if he would kindly become his executor, saying that he wished to leave all his money for the salvation of the heathen, of whom he had been one. His master consented, and Joseph bequeathed no less a sum than 527*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* to the Church Missionary Society, which has been paid since his death.

Thus did this good man lay up treasures, not for earth, but for that kingdom, where "neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

## MORNING WORK.

*Extract from a Letter of a Missionary in South India, Sept. 26, 1857.*

I SHALL take you a walk I went this morning. I woke before it was light, called the two little boys who cook for me, told them to make haste and get my tea ready, for I always take a cup, with some rusks, before starting. It was very soon ready. Then I called in the two catechists from their corner, prayed with them, and told them to what villages to go, and then I started on foot to a little hamlet of two farm-houses, rather more than a mile from my tent. The sun had hardly risen when I reached it. I found what must have been the whole population just stirring. One young man was busy pounding or mashing cotton kernels in a large stone mortar: they are the common food of the oxen here.

On seeing me, two or three began to laugh, showed an inclination to be rude, and one said, "Give me ten pagodas (3*l.* 10*s.*), and I will join your religion." I said, "Ten pagodas! that is quite a trifle: I want to give you much more than that. Look here. If I were to give you 100 pagodas, and you were to die to-morrow, would it go along with you? There is something that *will* go with you." Here I opened my Testament, and read a small portion from St. Matthew. An elderly man now came up, and, motioning me to sit down on some stones, put there for the purpose, sat himself beside me: three or four others sat down also. An old woman, who, five months ago, was very attentive, and was, indeed, then my chief hearer in the place, stood against a tree near by. After a little introductory talk, I read Eph. iv. 31, 32. I very often read this to the heathen, as it speaks of a sin—that of quarrelling and con-

tention—of which they are universally guilty, and the opposite grace there enjoined would so evidently be for their good.

This time, however, I spoke chiefly on the words “God, for Christ’s sake, hath forgiven you.” Forgiveness, I said, was the first, the foundation blessing which they needed. “If you had for two years not paid your tax to Government, and the authorities had sent to exact it, would you not be very thankful if the accountant of a large place close by, were to beg that it might be remitted for this once, and were to offer for the time to come to be himself answerable for you?” Then I spoke of Christ’s atoning sacrifice, and of the duty of constant prayer to God in His name for forgiveness.

As I walked back across the rough uncultivated plain, with the comforting sight of the mountains rejoicing in the morning sun, I felt that God had heard our prayer. Such is a sample of our morning work.

#### A CHILD AT PLAY.

A rosy child went forth to play,  
 In the first flush of hope and pride,  
 Where sands in silver beauty lay,  
 Made smooth by the retreating tide;  
 And, kneeling on the trackless waste,  
 Whence ebb'd the waters many a mile,  
 He raised in hot and trembling haste,  
 Arch, wall and tower—a goodly pile.

But when the shades of evening fell,  
 Veiling the blue and peaceful deep,  
 The tolling of the evening bell  
 Called that boy-builder home to sleep.  
 He passed a long and restless night,  
 Dreaming of structures tall and fair—  
 He came with the returning light,  
 And lo! the faithless sands were bare.

Less wise than that unthinking child  
 Are all that breathe of mortal birth,  
 Who grasp, with strivings warm and wild,  
 The false and fading toys of earth.  
 Gold, learning, glory—what are they  
 Without the faith that looks on high?  
 The sand-forts of a child at play,  
 Which are not when the wave goes by.

#### GENERAL MISSIONARY RESULTS IN AFRICA.

At the mouth of the Gambia, at Macarthy’s Island, at Sierra Leone, at the numerous points from that region for many hundred miles to the kingdom of Yoruba, Badagry, Accra, &c., there are numerous Mission stations, sustained by English and American friends of the African. More than eighteen hundred miles of that coast is now under British or Liberian law. Churches have been gathered at the Mission stations, portions of the Gospel translated into the native tongues, and flourishing schools are in active operation. Since 1840, more than 3000 liberated Africans from Sierra Leone have found their way to Abbeokuta. “A great portion of that people are enlightened by the Gospel, and they carry with them the habits and arts of civilized life.” From all these

points excursions are made by Missionary enterprise into the interior.

But it is not only in Western Africa God is doing great things. The last Report of the American Board says—

“The Zulu Mission, Southern Africa, has made all the progress that is usual in enterprises of the same age among a barbarous people. Ten years ago there were no churches, and not more than two converts: now, eight churches contain nearly two hundred members. In a nation of inveterate polygamists, a hundred married men now reside at the stations, each the husband of only one wife. In two-thirds of these families, both husband and wife are professors of religion. In twenty others, the husband is a church member. There are at least eighty households, containing one hundred and sixty baptized children, in which family religion is, to some extent, maintained. More than threescore of these families have exchanged the rude Zulu hut for civilized dwellings. The power to read and write is beginning to gain ground, and the older stations show a decided advance towards civilization. The prospects of the Mission have never looked quite so cheering as now.”

In the last Annual Report of the London Missionary Society, it is stated, that among the natives north of Orange River, Southern Africa, there are five principal stations—Griqua Town, Kuruman, Parens, Lekatlong, and Philippolis. In connexion with these stations are about thirty out-stations, at each of which Divine services are held on the Sabbath. The aggregate attendance is estimated at 2000 souls, occasional hearers about as many more. At the station at Philippolis the attendance varies from five or six hundred to seven or eight, and sometimes nine hundred hearers. On the sacramental Sabbaths, which occur at this station monthly, there may be seen frequently forty or fifty, or even sixty waggons arriving on the Saturday preceding, all well laden with people coming to church. The aggregate of church members at all the stations is about 1500. The liberality of the people is remarkable.

One who has laboured in Africa for several years, and is believed to speak authoritatively, gives the following—Fifteen Societies have a hundred stations, and a hundred and fifty Missionaries. In connexion with them have been 14,900 members, and 12,000 children are gathered into schools.

*Colonization Herald (American.)*

#### THE ISLAND OF LAGOS.

THIS small island on the coast of West Africa, from which so many cargoes of slaves were shipped for Brazil, Cuba, &c., is now rapidly becoming a centre of commerce and civilization, where the natives bring their produce of palm-oil, ground nuts, cotton, &c., for transmission to British and other ports. Good buildings and warehouses are in course of erection, and the whole face of this furnace of Satanic cruelty is changed, and it is likely soon to become a place of importance. Its position is very happily chosen for the benefit of the active trading Yoruba nation, having a free water communication with Abbeokuta, by the River Ogun: indeed it is expected that as we become more acquainted with the rivers, water carriage will be found to reach within very short distances of Ibadan, Ijaye, and other important places. The lagoon—backwater—running parallel with the whole coast line, and into which many small rivers flow, affords additional facilities of traffic.

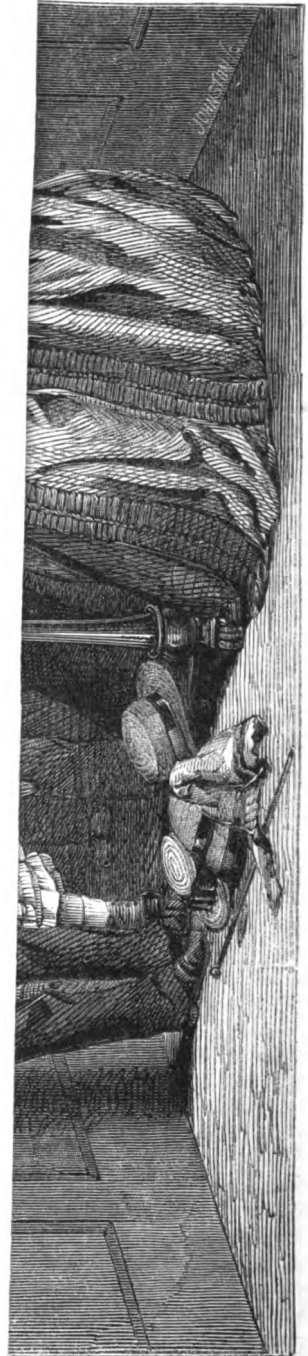
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YOUTHS OF TASMANIA BRINGING IN THEIR MISSIONARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

## TASMANIA, OR GOOD NEWS FROM A DISTANT LAND.

WE are sure it will gratify our friends at home to know that the Lord has touched the hearts of both old and young in those regions of the earth which are furthest removed from us, and inclined them to give their support and prayers to the great cause of Missions. In proof of this we will give a little account of what is doing in Tasmania—sometimes called Van Diemen's Land—from the name of its discoverer.

This island was long supposed to form the southern termination of New Holland, or as it has long been since termed Australia, and was only discovered to be a distinct island in 1798. It is situated between the parallels of 41° 20' and 43° 40' S., and the meridians of 144° 40' and 148° 20' E. It is about the size of Ireland, of an irregular shape, somewhat in the form of a heart, its broadest part being towards the north. It was first occupied by England as a penal settlement, but happily for the island this is no longer the case, and it is now a flourishing colony. It has a fine climate, well adapted to the European constitution, a fruitful soil, and an industrious population. The fine wool it produces is a great commercial staple, which must command its price in the chief manufacturing districts of Europe; and this valuable produce will increase as cultivation extends over the interior deserts. The nature of the country, both in point of climate and soil, presents every inducement to emigrants, who have of late been drawn thither in great numbers, bringing with them their capital, their European skill and their industry. To all these external advantages we are glad to be able to add, that in a spiritual point of view the colony is advancing, and that we have faithful men, belonging to the Church of England, who are labouring to advance the cause of Christ. May the Lord raise up many more; and may our prayers ascend for this far distant land, which is being redeemed from the slavery of Satan to the happy service of our King and Saviour!

The last accounts in connexion with our Society are very encouraging. To our active and zealous friend, the Rev. Alfred Stackhouse, at Perth, who originated the Missionary movement in Tasmania, we are much indebted, and we have received liberal contributions from the Tasmanian Auxiliary for some years past. In 1855-56 the amount was 160*l.* 18*s.* 9*d.*; in 1856-57 180*l.* 14*s.* 11*d.*; and this year (1857-58) we have received from the same source 192*l.* 15*s.* 7*d.*, exclusive of the collection from Hobart Town, this branch having become sufficiently established to correspond with the Parent Society, and to send its remittances separately.

We will give a few passages from Mr. Stackhouse's last communication—"My population is very scattered; so, to accommodate all, I have four meetings every month, in different parts of the district. I have the children by themselves, and the adults at another time; and usually only six or eight persons attend, sometimes not even so many, unless I have a special meeting, or the magic lantern. However, though so few in number, I do think our juveniles have shown some little zeal in the work. I trust they may derive a blessing therefrom by themselves receiving the influence of divine grace. I look for this in directing their attention to Missionary work. I hope for an increase during this year, for a begin

ning has been made at Launceston, and some children in a country district, not far from Perth, have taken it up with great vigour. I am to meet them once a quarter, and show them views, &c. You would be amused if you could take a bird's-eye view of Perth, which sends so much. It is much smaller than Campbell Town, or Ross, or any of the townships on the road between Hobart Town and Launceston, in fact, not larger than a mere hamlet in England; but we keep the children and the adults also continually in mind of the work by meetings. I have lost some collectors and some subscribers, but found others: the Lord has raised these up in different places where I least expected to see them. For instance: a young person at Fingal, the daughter of the postmaster keeps a Sunday-school, and carries on a Missionary collection by herself, without any aid from the minister."

We also gratefully acknowledge the labours of the Rev. Dr. Fry at Hobart Town, who is promoting the Missionary cause with diligence and success. His wife, who seems to be a true helpmeet to him, devotes much time to the young people under her charge, and it is gratifying to hear that they take a deep interest in the Missionary cause.

A Juvenile Missionary Association was formed four years ago which is progressing favourably: in proof of this we may state that the Church Missionary Society has just received a remittance of 84*l.* 15*s.* 8*d.* from the Sunday-school Missionary box and the juvenile collectors in connexion with Dr. Fry's church. Mrs. Fry writes—"The children contribute their Sunday pennies, and even the very little ones feel quite overjoyed to think that they also can do something to help the Missionary. We are sometimes delighted by the earnestness and self-denying spirit shown by some of our little collectors; and we trust the connexion with the Missionary Society has been the means of leading several to receive the love of Jesus in a converted heart. Two or three have died enjoying the fulness of peace, and the presence of the Saviour in their souls. One little girl, in a long sickness, used to sing her Missionary hymns in a sweet weak voice as she lay on her bed of pain; and her father, who often listened with tears, has, I trust, been led to feel the beauty and power of religion through his child's love for her Redeemer. This little girl always kept her Missionary box under her pillow, or at the bedside, and when required to take medicine, she generally begged for a penny for her box. I am sure there is no better way to inspire the children with pure and disinterested feelings of religion, than by leading them to imbibe a Missionary spirit." A working party meets weekly at Mrs. Fry's house, when thirty little girls, of different ages, are generally present, and the ladies who teach in the Sunday-school assist in cutting out and fixing the work, which is sold at Christmas, on the day of the school feast, to the friends and parents of these children. There is also another working party, the proceeds of which are sold for the benefit of the Church Missionary Society.

About six months ago an Association was commenced among the boys of the Sunday-school. There are at present sixteen members, who exhibit an amount of persevering labour in the cause which it would be well if older Christians displayed, according to their greater means and opportunities. They meet once a month, for prayer, to receive the last Missionary intelligence, to pay in their monthly collections, &c. Our



engraving is taken from a photograph of some of the Boys' Committee of Collectors, bringing in their cards, and paying their monthly collections. The scripture reader stands in one corner, Dr. Fry on the opposite side. The Missionary boxes are opened at these monthly meetings, and this year they averaged about 1*l.* a month, contributed chiefly in pence; one box is the boys', the other the girls'. We have received an interesting account of a Missionary meeting, held a few months ago at Hobart Town, in the Mechanics' Institute. Mr. Huston, the head of the Government, opened the meeting with a forcible and suitable address, after which Dr. Fry exhibited Missionary views through the magic lantern, whilst the children sang appropriate Missionary hymns. The Hall was crowded to overflowing, and many had to go away, unable to gain admittance. Besides the grown up people there were at least 300 children present, whose quiet and orderly behaviour was quite remarkable, when we remember the hall was dark, and their feelings in a high state of excitement. During the closing prayer a solemn stillness pervaded the assembly. "You would have rejoiced," Mr. Fry writes, "to have witnessed such a scene in Tasmania, and I think you will be pleased to hear that the Church Missionary Society has gained a place in the hearts of our people. I pray it may take deep root, grow, and multiply. And it may be refreshing too for the laborious and honoured Missionaries in Africa and India to know, amid their labours, toils, and privations, that many a prayer is wafted to heaven for them from this remote part of the world, and from the mouths, I may say hearts, of even little children."

#### PHYSICAL STRUCTURE OF AFRICA.

DURING the fifth day's sitting of the American Association for the advancement of Science, at Montreal, Professor Guyot read a paper on the Physical Structure of the Continent of Africa. This has been reported as follows:

"Hitherto Professor Ritter's theory has been accepted, but the researches of Barth, Vogel, Livingstone, and others, have put a new face upon this subject.

"Africa may be divided into two grand portions, that huge mass lying north of the parallel of five degrees north, constituting High Africa, and the great triangle from that line south constituting Low Africa. The structure of Low Africa has been considered one vast homogeneous table-land. This idea must now be modified. Russiger, an Austrian *savant*, has made known two long chains of mountains, one near the eastern coast and the other near the western, with a vast hollow between. We thus have two directions and two upheavals. The eastern reaches northerly to Abyssinia, where it breaks into irregular ranges. No region in Low Africa can properly be considered as low, Russiger giving a general elevation of 1000 feet. Barth and Vogel give us new notions of the north, as Livingstone, Dalston, Andrews and others of the south.

"South Africa is, on the whole, a high table-land. The centre of that part of the continent is a depression, which runs northerly, and finally joins the Nile valley. The eastern swell of Low Africa is not exactly a mountain chain, but the vast main swell of the continent, 15,000 to 20,000 feet in elevation. That on the western border is some 8000 feet lower. They both run up to nearly the same latitude north—to Abys-

sinia on the one side, and Guinea on the other.\* Where the western swell falls off, Barth found a vast plain with mountains; the eastern swell runs off into the Arabian mountains. The African continent may be considered a hollow continent.

"In Northern Africa the grand elevations have an easterly and westerly course, and Sahara is in fact a vast table-land, 1500 feet above the sea level. South of Sahara we find Lake Tchad, elevated but about 800 feet. North of Sahara we have the Atlas chain, south the Kong mountains; and the Desert, though diversified by mountains and hills, is a grand depression across the continent.

"The slopes of the Atlas fall off south to a very deep depression, rising again to the level of Sahara. The great northern chain of Africa is, in fact, a continuation of the vast ranges of Himalaya passing to the westward and across Southern Europe.

"Africa exhibits the form and configuration arising from the compound of the two great upheaving actions which severally produced North America and the Continent of Europe and Asia—the north and south action in Lower Africa, the east and west in the Northern portion. The great correspondence of Africa with South America and Australia in form and in the position of the grand ranges of upheaval was noticed—showing the three southern continents to be very essentially alike. All have lofty swells on each side, with a great depression between. In one respect Africa and South America present a marked difference—the sterility of portions of the former, the fertility of the latter: which difference may doubtless be traced to the fact that Africa has its loftiest swell on the east, cutting off the moist winds of the ocean, while the east swell of South America may be considered a lofty table. Africa is literally a shut-up continent, hence its dryness. Further comparisons were made between the continents, and their analogies exhibited; and, in conclusion, Professor Guyot announced as fixed principles that all the continents are due to two systems of upheaval; the differences in them, climate, productions, &c., to results from those upheavals; their grand general character to some universal plan, their diversities to secondary causes."

#### MOOSE FACTORY, HUDSON'S BAY.

THIS station, about seven hundred miles from the city of Montreal, in Lower Canada, is the principal dépôt of the Hudson's-Bay Company on the southern shores of Hudson's Bay. It is one of the most important of our stations; the Christian Indians when not dispersed abroad at their hunting grounds in search of means of subsistence, forming a considerable and interesting congregation, many of them being really influenced persons, valuing the means of grace, and leading Christian lives. Around are numerous stations, which the Missionary visits as he has opportunity.

The intensity of the winter's cold on the shores of Hudson's Bay

\* Dr. Livingstone crossed both these ranges, the western one at about the latitude of 10° south in his journey to Loando, and the eastern one at a lower latitude, some months afterwards on his way home to Europe. In his book will be found a plan of the section of the South-African continent, showing the elevation of the two great ridges and their geological construction. He considers the high lands of the eastern range to be healthy.

is scarcely conceivable by our readers. We think our own climate sufficiently rigorous. But let them read the following letter from our Missionary, the Rev. J. Horden, and they will feel thankful for the comparative mildness of their English home. It will be needful to say that his letter was written in June, when our English winter had yielded to the warm influence of summer :

“ I cannot allow the packet to take its departure without writing a few lines to acquaint you with the manner in which the last few months have been passed, and of my Missionary prospects for the present season. There are now not more than four or five Indians at Moose, all the rest having gone off in the Company's boats on Monday last. They had been with me an unusually short time, for the season has been such that they could not come in from their hunting grounds; the river having broken up later than it had done for forty years previously, while the weather has been so severe as almost to induce one to believe that the personification of winter resides within the Arctic Circle. During the whole winter very few opportunities were afforded me of instructing the Indians, as scarcely any came to the house; such as did make their appearance heard the Word with their accustomed readiness. In the present condition of the Indians their absence from the posts during the winter is an indication of their being in tolerably good circumstances; were many to come in, it would be to relate their sufferings, and to expose to our view their emaciated and famished bodies. Sights of this kind I have beheld; to the relation of tales of woe I have listened; but happy indeed I am to state that of late I have been saved from the powerful feelings to which such incidents give rise, as God has been merciful, and for the last few years no death from starvation has taken place in the district under my care. It would indeed be a happy sight to behold them assembled in a large village, scarcely ever having occasion to leave their pastor, but here I do not think it practicable, and we must be content to find them growing in grace, although living in their nomadic state. As the spring came on, a few came in expecting to find a sufficiency of food from the flocks of wild geese and ducks which feed in our marshes; but although the time of spring arrived, the spring weather delayed its coming, and the poor natives were in a very bad condition, but happily the factory was near where their necessities were relieved. Immense quantities of snow fell during the winter, which led us to apprehend an early break up of the river, accompanied by a flood. Respecting the former, our expectations were disappointed, but the latter fully realized. Until about the 18th of May the weather continued very cold and winterish, then a few warm days succeeded; and on the night of May 21st, the noise as of many distant thunders told of the conflict going on between the rushing waters and the still compact ice, great masses of which were being occasionally thrown up in heaps. During the evening I went to the bottom of the island to see that Mrs. Gladman and Mrs. Vincent, two bedridden old widows, were provided with the means of safety should the water get into their house. While returning I heard noises similar to those of the preceding night; on returning home I found Mrs. Horden with the baby in bed, sound asleep, for she was much fatigued, having sat up the whole

of the preceding night. Within five minutes the alarm-bell was rung, which informed us of danger, and some gentlemen from the factory instantly came to conduct us thither, as our own house is in a very exposed situation: we reached there in safety. The river was now twenty feet above its usual level, and large hills of ice, twenty feet high, were thrown up in several places. The water continued to rise until it was five feet higher, by which time every house on the island, except the factory, was flooded; the water, as we afterwards ascertained, having been five feet nine inches deep in my own kitchen. We remained at the factory ten days, where we were most kindly treated by Mr. Miles and family. Our house, on returning home, presented a rather melancholy spectacle, for immense blocks of ice were yet piled close to our garden fence, while the condition of the interior may be easily imagined. But God remembered us with mercy; no accident occurred, no life was lost, and the coldness of the weather had prevented the snow from thawing with that rapidity which would have greatly increased our danger by adding so considerably to the water already in the river. It is yet lying very deep in our woods, while our shores are lined with large blocks of ice; at the distance of about eighteen miles from this place no water is visible, the ice lying in the bay to all appearances as in the winter."

#### A MISSIONARY'S FIRST JOURNEY IN NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

WE present the following interesting extract of a journey performed by the Rev. T. Fleming, immediately after his arrival at Moose Fort, where he has been appointed to labour with the Rev. J. Horden.

"The dogs ran very quickly, notwithstanding the great weight they had to haul; so we were obliged to run too. But as the ice was very rough—it was on the river we were walking—and the snow in deep ridges before us, over which we were frequently stumbling, we were forced to fall behind, keeping one of the men for our guide: the rest went on with the dogs. It was very dark. At length, however, the stars shone out, casting some light upon our path, while the first grey streaks in the eastern sky proclaimed the near approach of the king of day, and showed us that we were fairly out to sea in James's Bay. Our course now lay along the coast. We ran for many hours, so as to keep up with the dog, and also that we might reach a good camping place for the night. At 9 A.M. we arrived at the first stage of our journey, called 'North Bluff,' where we made a fire on the ice of the drift-wood we picked up. The kettle was soon boiled, and tea—that truly cheering cup to the 'nor'-wester—made, beef-steaks cooked, and bread thawed. Our meal was hearty and hasty; and at 10 o'clock we set off again, to run, of course. This was eighteen miles from Moose. And now, nearly as far as the eye could reach, we could see the point we should reach if we wished to spend any thing of a comfortable night, but at a distance of eighteen miles. It is most wearisome to see a point from so far in the distance, for, appearing ever the same, it deprives one of strength and courage, until one comes very close to it. We pressed on, however, and at 4 P.M. turned into the woods at the long looked-at point. The place is called 'Piskwamisk.' I was ill able to go into the woods, so thoroughly tired was I, and when I strove to do so, I sunk nearly to my waist in the snow, and

cared little to extricate myself. I got into the 'barricade,' however, and quickly lighted a fire, for the sight of the camp infused new life into me, inspired me with fresh courage, and roused my drooping spirits. The dogs were soon tied up, the sleighs unlashed, dry wood chopped, and brought into the camp, and the barricade formed, all being preliminaries to the hissing of the tea-kettle, the crackling of the frying-pan, and the clatter of knives and forks, which followed in due course and quick succession, for we were very hungry. Supper being ended, I took out my Bible and read the twenty-third Psalm, and offered up our praises and thanksgivings to Him whose love had spared through the day, and given us health and strength to perform our journey, and commended ourselves to His pastoral care during the night. Thus, tired and weary, after eleven hours walking and running, in which period we accomplished a journey of thirty-six miles, we lay down to sleep, resolving, if possible, and if spared, to start early on the morrow. Perhaps the word camp may convey the idea to some of a house, or tent at least. There is no house at Piskwamisk, and we had no tent. Our house was the dark woods, our tent the vault of heaven, our watch-fires the glittering stars which peered through the sombre veil of night, and shot their frozen beams through the thick and brushy heads of the tall dark pines. Our bed was the hard cold ground strewed with pine brush, blankets our covering, while a tremendous fire roared at our feet. I slept badly until 10 o'clock, when I got up and sat by the fire until midnight, then I laid down again, and slept worse until 3 A.M.

"The next day, the 22d of August, we rose at 3 A.M., had breakfast, and, all being ready, we left Piskwamisk at 5 A.M. The morning was very cold and dark, and the ice rough and craggy. One of my feet was very sore from the previous day's journey, so I was obliged to sit on the sleigh until daylight. We walked on and acted as the day before, with this difference, that the dogs did not run so well, being rather tired. We made a fire at half-past 10 A.M., at a place called 'Half-way point,' after which we proceeded on our journey. 'To make a fire,' is a sort of generic term among travellers in this country, and contains under it all that is implied in it, and for which it is used, such as rest, heat, cooking, &c. &c. The 'Cock' was to be our next night's resting place, so we set our faces towards the Cock. As we approached him, I began to feel very tired; but as there was no assistance for me, the dogs being ill able to haul their sleighs, I was obliged to take fresh courage and press on, more especially when I was told we should 'cross the neck of the Cock that night. We did cross the neck of the Cock, and such feathers! Snow knee-deep, willows and small pines as high as myself, and so thick I thought I never should get through. At half-past 3 P.M. we arrived at our camping place, and a wretched camping place it was. No trees to shelter us from the cutting wind; no brush to soften our couch, except bad brush; no wood to burn except green wood, and what drift-wood we could pick up off the ice: it was a wretched camp. Acted in this as in the last night's camp, if I except that I did not sleep half so well. After supper I read the forty-sixth Psalm, and had prayers, and at 8 P.M. laid down tired and weary after our journey of twenty-six miles. Not being able to sleep for the hard sticks under me, and the cold wind which seemed as though it would cut through me, I rose

again at ten minutes before 12. All the rest got up now, and we prepared our midnight meal, ate it, and having made all ready, I was not sorry to leave the Cock before 'cock crow.'

"At twenty minutes to 3 A.M. on Wednesday the 23rd we set off on our journey. This should be our longest day's journey, did we succeed in getting to Albany at its close, as we proposed to ourselves. Pressed on in solemn silence, through deep snow and darkness that might be felt for five long and dreary hours. Oh, how I wished for the day. The day came, and what a day! wind, snow, frost. One of my ears and my nose were frozen. Never made a fire all that day; one reason for which was, that we were too far out to sea, and could get no wood; but in addition to this, we wished to press on. We did press on, until I thought I could press no further. But just then the fort appeared, and the houses of the tiny little settlement, with their snow-capped roofs, which so encouraged me as to make me do something more. We could see the houses about ten miles off, and I think that was the worst ten miles, not only of that journey, but of any journey I had ever made: it was dreadful. There was no help for me; the dogs could scarcely haul their sleighs, not to speak of hauling me; and, indeed, if any one needed a ride it was poor Mr. Crowe, who sprained his foot the first day. At length we got into the Albany river, where the walking was much better; and shortly after arrived at the Fort, where we received a hearty welcome from Mr. Hardisty, the gentleman in charge, and from Mrs. Hardisty, who did all in their power to make us comfortable. It was half-past 3 P.M. when we arrived; we had been walking for twelve hours and three-quarters, and had made a journey of forty miles."

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### LONGINGS FOR PEACE.

"As I directed their attention to Jesus, their Saviour, whose word is, 'Peace on earth, goodwill to men,' they called out, 'We are tired of fight! Give us rest and sleep.' It was no wonder that they eagerly seized the idea of peace. Their country has been visited by a series of scourges, during the last half century, and they are indeed a nation scattered and peeled."

[*Dr. Livingstone's Missionary Travels*, 553.]

The sun was hiding in the west,  
When to a village, ere the daylight's close,  
Worn by long travel, came a pale-browed guest,  
For shelter and repose.

With rude, yet kindly care,  
These sons of Afric bring their choicest food,  
Then list with wonder, when he bids them hear  
A message from his God.

Old veteran warriors came,  
And women, long subdued by toil and fear,  
And children, early used to spear and flame,  
The gracious news to hear.

Then first a Saviour's name  
The echoes of their gloomy hills awoke;  
Then first the glimmer of a heavenly flame  
On those dim forests broke.

He told how Jesus gave,  
To sinful men, good-will and peace from heaven,  
And how to all whom Jesus died to save  
This precious boon is given.

“Oh, speak those words once more!  
Is there a time when strife and blood shall cease?  
Our souls are weary of the noise of war:  
We long for rest and peace.

“When nature fain would rest,  
Our very dreams are all of fire and blood;  
And still, from morn to eve, our children haste,  
Pursuing and pursued.

“To many a hapless head  
The walls of home no shelter can afford;  
For them, full oft, that ordeal dark and dread,  
The poison-draught is poured.

“We court the grave, for there  
Seems to be rest from battle and from pain;  
And yet, you tell us, rest is only where  
Our souls may live again.

“Stay with us, we will hear  
Your fuller message, and our wars shall cease,  
And quiet take the place of gloomy fear,  
Stilled by the word of peace.

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A HEATHEN SABBATH IN BURMAH.

BY MRS. INGOLLS, RANGOON.

(*Concluded from p. 36.*)

THE next company consisted of a middle-aged man, his wife, two sons, and a daughter. He bore in his hand some white flowers, while the wife bore on her head a large dish of rice, fish, and flowers. The daughter carried small wax tapers, and the little boys cups of water. As they emerged from the dark steps, they prostrated themselves and bowed with great reverence, repeating a prayer. Then they proceeded to the temple with a slow, solemn step, where the man held the flowers in his clasped hands, and prostrating himself before a large idol, offered them with a prayer that he might become a god. The wife bowed, and deposited her offerings in a jar, with a prayer that she might become a man in her next state. The daughter lit her tapers and placed them near the gods, with this prayer: “May my wisdom be like the shining light of this taper!” The little boys then went and struck the big bell, the daughter poured water from the cups, while the father and mother offered up prayers before the golden pagoda.

We had watched the devotion of this family, and, after their prayers, we made our way to them, and asked them why they poured the water. They said, it was to announce their offerings to the *nat* who governed the earth, and that when the future god made his appearance, this *nat* would wring the water from his hair as a witness of their devotion.

We looked about for a place free from intrusion; and, seeing a large banian tree, we invited the family to go and sit with us, and we would

teach them the true way of salvation. They followed us, and we told them of the God who made them, and from whom they received all their blessings, and that this God had said, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else." They were from a distant village, and had never before heard these words of hope and comfort, and they listened with great attention. One of our Christians read Christ's Sermon on the Mount, and soon we had a goodly number of the people with us.

We were almost lost in our loved theme, when we were interrupted by the voice of prayer to the idols, and on looking to the right of our ring, we saw many of our hearers prostrated before the banian tree, heedless of our words. We tried to get their attention, but their ear was closed.

On the people came, and soon we were enclosed by a large company of old and young, making offerings to the tree. Our hearts sickened at the sight of that people, who paid adoration even to the trees. They told us that this tree was sacred on account of Gaudama receiving infinite wisdom under a banian tree; and that they could get merit enough to cancel many sins by illuminating this tree, which they sometimes did.

We read again to the man from the country, and he asked for a book. We gave him one, and he promised to read it; but soon he was called away by the priests, who were engaged in offering up prayers and reading from the sacred books. Soon he rejoined us, begging to return the book we had given him, as his friends told him he would be a heretic if he read it. The devices of Satan prevailed, and in a few moments we were alone.

We passed on from group to group, with a word here and there, and gave some books, after which we made our way to the steps. Here our attention was attracted to an old man, leading a small boy some four years old. The old man laid down his shoes and bowed his grandchild down to the ground, teaching him to repeat a short prayer. We watched him, and saw him point to the tall pagoda, and explain its object. Then they went before a large idol and presented their offerings. The sight of this old man and the child was deeply affecting, and their devotions made me ashamed of my poor acts of devotion to the living God. I thought, too, of those parents in my native land, who neglect to teach their little ones to lisp the name of Jesus. God forbid that those heathens should rise up in judgment to shame them.

We saw, also, a little boy of ten years old burning tapers before an idol. We went to the child and tried to tell him of his folly, but he tossed his head with an air of dignity, and told us he lived with the priests, and knew every thing. As he left, we extinguished the taper, and kept it to remind us of a heathen child's devotion to his god.

As we descended the dark steps, we came by the *zayats*, which were crowded with men, women, and children. We listened and heard the voice of mirth, and the smell of savoury dishes was borne to us on the breezes. We went into some of the *zayats*, and, on inquiry, found that they had brought their food, and were now having a repast. The brilliant colours of silk in which all were dressed, and the display of gold ornaments, made it truly an imposing scene. Here were groups of young men and gaily-dressed damsels, smoking their cigars and eating their betel-nut; yonder were groups at the chess-board; and before some of



the zayats were companies of middle-aged men, playing at foot-ball. The whole scene had the aspect of a pleasure or picnic party, rather than of a Sabbath or day of worship.

Their prayers and offerings once over, they had forgotten their god. We talked with some of the people, and reasoned with them about the folly of making offerings to dumb images; but they only replied that it was the custom of their ancestors, and, right or wrong, they ought to adhere to those customs. We gave a few books, and left for home.

As we passed by a little street that led to the river, we saw the Burman family of the morning, who, as soon as they recognised us, stopped and asked for a tract. We reminded them that they had returned the one we gave them in the morning; but they said the people at the pagoda made them return it. They liked the way we told them about, and begged we would tell them more about it. We went by the river side, and talked with them and gave them books, which they promised to study, and the mother said her daughter should come to our school after she had gathered in the rice.

The following day was our Sabbath, and oh the contrast to the heathen Sabbath! We had no golden temple in which to worship our God; but we met in our own plain dwelling. The Christians came not with bands of music or loads of flowers, but with the heart's true offering of love and praise to Him who had washed them in His own most precious blood.

#### INFATUATION AMONGST THE KAFFIRS.

SELDOM, if ever, do we remember to have read of such astonishing infatuation as that which has recently prevailed in Kaffirland. An impostor has arisen amongst them who predicted that on a specific day there would be a resurrection of all previous generations, both of men and beasts. But as a preparation for it, and that they might share its benefits, they were commanded to slaughter their herds, the riches and staff of life to the Kaffir. With miserable credulity they obeyed the mandate, and the misery which has ensued, as described in the following letter from one of the Wesleyan Missionaries, is fearful.

“Four months have now passed since my arrival in South Africa; and no change has taken place but in a downward direction, from bad to worse, so far as the poor Kaffirs are concerned, misery becoming more complete every day, the result of one of the most extraordinary movements which has ever taken place in South Africa.

“Yet of Kaffirland and the Kaffirs what can we say? To say they have confounded the whole of the civilized community who knew any thing of their previous history, and have become acquainted with their late infatuation and present position, is saying but very little. Surely superstition and infatuation never sported more at ease with its victims, nor ignorance paid more profound submission to delusion, than in the case of this people and their prophet, so entirely changing the very nature of its votaries, and holding by some unseen spell tens of thousands.

“Yet such has been the influence of this superstition, that the ties of past generations have been severed in a few months, and herds of cattle, which have come down from father to son, from generation to genera-

tion, have been swept off by the mandate of the prophet in a year. Kaffir herds never die out, they always descend to the oldest son, and are to all intents and purposes heir-loom property. Famine has set in, with all its awful attendant circumstances; for not only was the ban set upon the cattle, but every thing that could support life, vegetable as well as animal; so that corn in their store, as well as every thing that could yield sustenance, was destroyed: so that on the promised resurrection-day all support was cut off from every believer. All was brought to an end, except perhaps some solitary cow which had been retained to sustain the life of some infant child. The eve of that day saw the life-blood of every victim flow; for nothing was to interrupt the new order of things on the coming day. Even the domestic fowl was not allowed to live to disturb the peace of that morn; when the sun was to rise divided into halves, and do battle in the heavens; and when the heavens were to descend to the earth and crush all the unbelievers; when the generations past should arise out of the earth, bringing the cattle before them; when young Kaffirland should spring into life and epicurean enjoyment, and only the faithful would be left to enjoy the new state of things. At early dawn the faithful were awake, if they had slept at all; and were moving. All was prepared for the reception of the Kaffir patriarchs; houses swept, not a straw lying loose was overlooked; and all, men, women, and children, posted off each to some height, and waited with the most intense anxiety, stretching their eyes to catch the first movements of the heaving earth, out of which cattle first, and past generations in the rear, were to proceed. And as they were to rise with the sun, so as it pushed forward its morning rays brighter and yet brighter still, so did these poor creatures stand, and become excited to the highest pitch of expectation. And the sun did rise as round and as full as ever, and seemed as much at peace with itself as it had ever been. And up it went. Nor did it divide, nor did the earth heave. And all was still; it was never so still before, since the Kaffir first trod the soil. And why? all the cattle, small and great, were dead, no lowing, and the people were still; for they were confounded, and the Kaffir laid his hand upon his mouth in token of astonishment and dismay. It was more like universal death than an appearance of a universal resurrection: until at last one more sanguine than the rest intimated there might have been some mistake, and that in all probability it would take place when the sun became strong, and if so, it must be looked for at mid-day: so hope gleamed through the dark soul, and all were anxious to see the sun reach its meridian. And it did reach it, and it passed it, and it did not divide, and it did not battle, nor did the heavens come down to earth as was promised. But on it went; and again some, like the prophets of Baal, prophesied it must take place at eventide. And yet, after all, the sun went down, and left them all in disappointment. And now was sent up one universal yell of despair; by women and children, literally destitute in the world, and the maddening lamentations of the women seem to have driven some of the men to frenzy. One man, it is said, first put all his children to death, and then terminated his own existence; another is said to have upbraided his chief for destroying his people, and then, falling on his spear in the chief's presence, died at his feet.

*(To be continued.)*

## A BESIEGED CITY.

I DARE say you have noticed this expression, dear readers of the "Gleaner," when reading the first chapter of Isaiah; but happily few of you can enter into the full meaning of it. It is many a long year since happy England has seen a besieged city.



SCENE AT THE GATE OF THE BESIEGED CITY.

But now I want to take you to China, that you may both be made acquainted with the force of this comparison, and also with the difficulties under which our Missionary work in that land is carried on. Come, then, for a walk into the city, in company with a Shanghai Missionary.

Our way lies through deserted houses, and over heaps of bricks and mortar, the only remains of what was once a large and busy suburb. It lay too near the walls, however, and has all been burnt down by the rebels. Now and then you may see a skull peeping out from the ruins, or the remains of an old coffin, burnt with the house; for the Chinese often keep their dead for many months, while looking out for a good bargain in the way of a grave.

At last we come out in full view of the city walls, with gay-coloured flags fluttering in the wind, red, black, white, and blue. Some have on them the characters of the T'ae Ping T'een Kwoh, or "Celestial Kingdom of Universal Peace." Others profess to restore the old "Ming," or native Chinese dynasty, which flourished some 230 years ago. But to neither of these titles have our Shanghai rebels any claim. They are only a band of robbers and pirates, the scum of Canton and Fokien. However, we must be civil to them, for our works' sake. So as the gentry go trotting by on their ponies, dressed in silks and satins, scarlet, and blue, and green, and armed with English fire-arms, you can do no less than nod to them in return for their "chin chin."

And here is the gate—the only one out of six that is allowed to be opened. The others are all too near the Imperial camps, and have been stopped up with earth. This is the *Siam Toong Mung*, or Little East Gate; and small enough you'll say it is, for, if a tall man, you cannot march through without putting your hat in danger. But see! the gate is a double one. Having passed through the strong wicket outside (armed with cannon, so as to sweep the whole length of the wall), you turn sharp round a large bastion, and enter under the low thick arch of the gate proper. Just in front, taking up one side of the square court in which we find ourselves, is the guard-house: more flags, more fire-arms, and two more cannon, loaded you may be sure. The powder lies in a heap on one side, the shot on the other, and a lighted match, with men smoking, uncomfortably near. How careless these Chinese are!

Again we turn round, to the left this time, and another low arch, at least ten feet thick, ends in the last gate, made of enormous timbers, studded with large iron nails.

"No admittance to-day."

"Why not?"

"Going out to fight the Imperials."

"But I must come in. It is *my* fighting day as well as yours, for I have to fight the Devil, and all error and wickedness."

Then you hear a laugh from the Shanghai men standing round, for they are always ready to be pleased with the pleasantries of the foreign teachers; and the "old brother" who has charge of the gate comes forward. His is a very important post, and you can see by his very long hair and his determined face, that he is the right man in the right place. He is a good friend of ours, and gives a significant nod as we creep under the bar, and squeeze ourselves between the partly-opened gates.

And now we are in the besieged city. Just in front of us are planted two more loaded cannon, with pieces of red cloth, the rebels' badge, tied round their muzzles. A few doors further on, on the right hand, you see the gate-guard, a band of fierce-looking Fokien men, who have taken possession of a large handsome house, formerly a rich silk mercer's. Some of them are gambling, others smoking, others sleeping, and most of them talking very loud in their peculiar sharp dialect. Now as we pass along, what a dead silence in the once noisy streets! Every shop and house is close shut up, except one here and there with the door open, where vegetables or meat is sold. And now and then you meet a miserable creature slinking along close to the houses, who has been to buy the oil, &c. for his daily meal. How different from the sleek, well-to-do tradesman he once was—cheeks shrunken, face sallow, eyes staring, and knees trembling beneath him. In place of the clean-shaven heads of the Chinese outside, the hair stands up like stubble, the growth of many months; for, by order of the rebel chiefs, no barber is allowed to shave the people's heads, on pain of losing his own. The poor man shrinks from us, as we attempt to speak to him, and soon disappears in his house, close barring the door. Oh, how we long to impart unto these poor creatures the Gospel of God, which could cheer them in their sad estate, and give hope to the most despairing! See here! how vain it is to bar their doors in the hope of escaping plunderers. There is a small band of rebels, some of whom have forced their way in by this broken door; some stand without, to carry off the goods and money as they are thrown forth. A Canton man, their leader, stands with loaded pistol in hand, on the opposite side of the street, and eyes us sulkily as we pass. He would have very little objection to lodging the bullet in our heads if we attempted to interfere. Crash go the boxes and chests under the heavy axe, and you may perhaps hear the earnest voice of the owner imploring and supplicating, or the screams of the poor women and children. The former will be fortunate if he be not taken off to torture till he reveals the hiding-place of his treasures. Some of these poor Chinamen I have known even to die under the torture rather than tell where those riches are, which they could never hope to enjoy. What foolishness is in the worldly heart!

“Whor-o-o-osh!”—Every head is unconsciously bent low. “Cra-a-ash!”—all feel relieved again, for we know the cannon-shot has lodged itself *somewhere*. We must make up our minds to these visits, just as the besieged ones have done, for there are batteries on three sides of the city, and one at least is always at work. But at the same time we must hurry on, for only in the path of duty is the path of safety. Notice again the death-like stillness, for we hear our footsteps echo again in these deserted streets. Now and then a window cautiously opens above, or a rebel leader dashes past on his pony, with a few dirty attendants, and all is still again. There, on that open space, are two corpses. One is that of a townsman, killed last night by a stray shot, the other was blown up with gunpowder. No one cares to bury them. A little beyond are a few children digging up *grass-roots*, to save themselves from famishing. In a house hard by some one has hanged himself, to escape the same fate. On all sides are heaps of filth and refuse, which cannot be carried forth for manure, as in times of peace, and are destined to add pestilence, next summer, to all the plague of war and famine.

And so we pass on to our church, gather our congregation at the sound of a gong, tell some fifty or sixty souls of that hell which a besieged city but faintly prefigures, and of those promises of pardon, life, and happiness, which it is our blessed privilege to announce. We have some inquirers to meet in the little vestry, and then we make the best of our way homeward; and the last sound we hear, as we pass under the wall outside, is the roar of a gun fired over our heads; and the last sight is that of two young women lying on the bank of the moat, shot dead in trying to escape from the "besieged city"!

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BURY THE HATCHET.

A DARK and savage warrior band,  
 Held council in that far off land,  
 Where sinks the weary sun to rest,  
 In flower-gemmed prairies of the west.  
 The pine-torch blazed; its ruddy light  
 Showed chief with spear and plume of white;  
 And lit the brow of sachem old,  
 Whose days an hundred years had told.  
 "Give us thy blessing, and let us go,  
 To lay in dust our pale-faced foe."

Out spake the patriarch gray and old;  
 The love of war in his heart was cold:  
 "I heard in midnight's whispering breeze,  
 In the low murmuring of the trees,  
 And in the war-bird's chastened cry,  
 A mighty voice from yonder sky:  
 'Man lives but once,' the spirit said;  
 'Pale Face is brother to the Red.'  
 Bury the hatchet, bury it low;  
 Under the greensward, under the snow."

Answered the warriors brave and strong,  
 "Behold, O sire, our shame and wrong!  
 We gave the white a brother's hand;  
 We shared with him our home and land;  
 Back with a traitor band he came,  
 Our fields and wigwams wrapped in flame;  
 Our fathers, slain for vengeance, cry—"  
 Still did the sachem old reply:  
 "Bury the hatchet, bury it low;  
 Under the greensward, under the snow."

And shall that dark-souled Indian sire,  
 Grown old mid strife, and blood, and fire,  
 Love's lesson hear in Nature's voice,  
 And in the Spirit's will rejoice;  
 While we who dwell beneath His wing,  
 Who sing the song that angels sing,  
 Strive with each other fierce and long,  
 Battling for *right* with spirit *wrong*?

*The Macedonian.*      Bury the hatchet, bury it low;  
 Under the greensward, under the snow.      J. D. C.

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## TRIALS OF A YOUNG CONVERT IN THE NATIVE ENGLISH SCHOOL, AT STREVILLAPATHUR, NORTH TINNEVELLY.

THE following narrative has been communicated to us by Mr. George Huffton, the master of the school. It presents a touching picture of the domestic persecution to which a confession of faith in Christ exposes a convert in India.

Alegherry Ramasawmy Naick was admitted into school on the 5th February last year (1857). The first time I saw him his father told me that I would find him an unruly boy, and that there would be a necessity for chastising him sometimes, which afterwards led me to say to the lad, "Your father does not give you a good character." He replied, "O, no; he does not speak well of me, as he knows that I don't like his ways." What those ways were he did not then tell me. I had occasion afterwards to remark, that he was a lad of spirit, for on two occasions I was obliged to punish him for striking two boys who, he said, had insulted him by using language of a tendency to lower him in the eyes of others, in point of caste. But though he thus showed spirit and resolution, yet he was in the main social in his habits and amiable in his disposition. I mention these circumstances to show how my attention was at first particularly drawn towards him.

He is a youth of quick parts, persevering and industrious, and possessing originality of thought; hence when I had from necessity occasion to strengthen my first class, after the break down the school had in the middle of last year, he was one of those received from a lower class. Shortly after his admission he seemed diligent in searching the Scriptures, but more, I believe, at the outset, to find fault than any thing else; for, now and again, he would trouble me with captious questions, pointing out what he considered injustice on the part of the Deity. On a recent occasion, when Nathaniel, the Brahmin convert, was with me, he asked, whether God had foreknowledge? And being answered in the affirmative, he again asked, why then had He placed the tree of the knowledge of good and evil in the garden of Eden, when He must have known that it would cause the destruction of the man whom He had created?

Gradually he began to be less captious and to allow that idolatry was both sinful and foolish. In short, he latterly carried his contempt of idols so far, that one day, while passing an idol in company with another boy, he threw a stone at it, saying, "This is no god, but a stone." The other lad was shocked, and exclaimed that the god would certainly do him some injury for the insult that had been offered to him. "Let him do so if he can," was the instant reply of Ramasawmy.

As soon as the last half-yearly examination was finished, I went to Palamcotta with my family, and spent the greater part of the vacation there. During my absence, a heathen festival of several days' continuance, was celebrated here, and Ramasawmy, fearing that his relatives would insist upon his attending with them at the pagoda, to perform acts of worship, avoided them by going to my native assistant's house; and, while there, he busied himself with reading the Scriptures, and asking for explanations on such passages as he could not comprehend. One day he seemed very sad, and, on being asked the cause, he replied, "I do not like heathenism; I wish to be a Christian, and desire to have Christian

baptism. Cannot you speak to Mr. Huffton about this matter for me?" Isaac replied, that he would, as soon as I returned from Palamcotta. On my return, he immediately mentioned the matter to me, adding that he thought the youth very sincere, and quite free from caste prejudice. Shortly afterwards, Ramasawmy himself came to me and made the same request, which led to the following dialogue:—"Why do you wish to embrace Christianity?" "I desire to seek the salvation of my soul." "Cannot you obtain salvation by remaining in heathenism?" "How can I obtain salvation, if I worship bullocks, dead men, and serpents?" "How can it be obtained if you embrace Christianity?" "If I believe in Christ, His blood will take away my sins, and God will accept me for His sake." "Have you ever sinned?" "Yes; a thousand times." "How?" "I have often worshipped idols—often told lies—often coveted what I had no right to desire, and often taken up the Bible with intent to find fault. All these are sins, and I am very sorry for them now." "Have you counted the cost? Your father is a man of property, and will likely disinherit you if you embrace Christianity." "I don't care about property; but my father cannot deprive me of my inheritance, as there is a law that no person can be deprived of his property for changing his religion." "How much is your father worth?" "I don't know exactly, but I suppose about ten or twelve thousand rupees in landed property; what he has besides in jewels, I don't know." "Is this property of your father's own getting?" "No. My grandfather left a good deal more; but my father's vicious habit led him to squander a good deal away after my mother's death." "Are you entitled to the whole of the estate?" "No. My father's daughters, by his second marriage, can claim half." "Have you considered the ordeal through which you will have to pass? You will have to appear before the magistrates and rulers, be confronted with your relatives, and openly declare that you are determined to become a Christian. What will you say when such a crisis comes on?" "I fear no ordeal: I need not think about what I shall say: God will at the time put into my mind what I ought to say." "What is your age?" "Sixteen; which is the age Hindoos are allowed to judge for themselves." "Your father will struggle much on this point, will he not?" "He may, but a doctor's opinion can settle the matter."

After having heard all this, I said, "Well, Ramasawmy, I am glad that you have these desires and feelings; but, as I am only a layman, I can do nothing beyond recommending your case to the serious consideration of the Missionaries who visit our school, and who will, no doubt, if they are satisfied with your views and feelings, do the needful for you."

A few days afterwards he again came, and asked me if I had written to the Missionaries? I replied that I had not—that they had gone to Palamcotta, and I had not heard that they had returned. I then asked him why he was so pressing? He replied that his father had begun to suspect him, and he feared that if his suspicions became strengthened, he would remove him to Madura. I asked him how he knew that? He answered, "Last night, while at supper, my father asked me if I was not under a promise to my master that I would embrace Christianity? To evade answering such a question, I asked him when such a promise had been made? "Before your master went to Palamcotta." "O, then



it must be true." I adopted this method with him because I have found that whenever I assented to what he said he took it for granted that the reverse must have been the case. My stepmother has also commenced ridiculing me, saying, "There is the Christian lad; he will not go now to our pagoda to worship unless compelled."

About the 23d of January, Isaac received a note from Mr. Ragland, requesting him to send such clothes as had been left with him at the time of the examination to a village called Punadeputti, as he (Mr. Ragland) expected to arrive there the following day. On receiving this information, I wrote to Mr. Ragland, mentioning Ramasawmy's case, and requesting that he would let me know his mind on the matter. Instead of sending me a reply, however, he surprised me with a visit so early next morning, that I was obliged to get out of bed to receive him. He told me that he had felt it his duty to act at once upon my letter, and he had therefore come to see me and Ramasawmy, and make inquiries. It was Sunday, and as the boys would not attend school, I said that I thought he could not see the youth before 9 or 10 A.M. "That will do," he said, "as I have arranged that the native Christians should meet me in the traveller's bungalow for service at 11 A.M." At 9 A.M. Ramasawmy made his appearance, when I said to him, "Mr. Ragland has come, and wishes to see you." His face brightened up, and he said, "I will go to him now; but will not you come with me?" I replied, "Go, and I will follow in about ten minutes." When I arrived at the bungalow, I found Mr. Ragland on his knees, the lad seated near Joseph Cornelius Pillay. He got up from prayer in a few seconds afterwards, and came to me, when, pointing to the lad, I said, "This is Ramasawmy." Mr. Ragland took him into a private room, and, after conversing with him for about half an hour, he returned to us, saying, "I am very much satisfied with all that I have heard. Would you like Joseph to put a few questions to the youth?" On Joseph assenting, he and Mr. Ragland went towards the room in which the lad was. Joseph proposed several questions, to all of which he received satisfactory answers. Mr. Ragland then requested that he would ask whether the youth would give up his *gkodamby* when baptized. The youth gave for answer, that he would have no hesitation in taking it off. The last question proposed was, whether he would rub off the heathen marks on his forehead, go and tell his relatives he had done so, and his reason for so doing? He replied that he could not do so then, as his father might shut him up, and not allow him to go to school. It was then arranged that if the youth made his appearance about twelve o'clock at midnight, Joseph Cornelius should take him away in a cart, which would be ready for the purpose, to Panadeputti, and there deliver him over to Mr. Fenn.

*(To be continued.)*

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INFATUATION AMONG THE KAFFIRS.

*(Concluded from p. 60.)*

"NOT yet was the spell completely broken. Those who knew the tact of the Kaffir rain-makers and doctors of the old school, were prepared to look upon this as only the first act, the first chapter in a volume of lies. I understand the prophet has plenty of reasons to show why the cattle and the old people did not come; one of which is enough to satisfy his credulous

disciples. Thousands have died of starvation, and are still dying; thousands, who can reach so far, have found, and are still daily finding, their way into the colony. Multitudes never reach the border, but die far back; and here, as everywhere, famine brings out some of the most selfish forms of human nature. The weakly children are often picked up by our countrymen by the road-side, where, not being able to get along as fast as the parent, they have been left to die.

“I know, upon the best authority, that in Pato’s tribe alone, even some weeks ago, as many as three hundred of his principal men had died, exclusive of young men, lads, women and children; and that that chief, a few weeks since, went to beg a cow of his brother Kama, who gave him three, and an ox for slaughter. Yet in a short time only one cow of the lot was left; and this, not now from superstition, but the pressing demands of hunger. And yet this is the chief who, after the war of 1835, returned three thousand head of his personal cattle; who has not now, it is said, one single beast remaining, and was at that time considered one of the richest, if not the richest, of the chiefs of Kaffraria. Yet, with all this suffering and dying, the people are still spell-bound; and although they yield to their circumstances, they do not yield up their faith in their prophet. Large cattle-folds have been built, and immense corn-holes dug in them, to receive corn miraculously, for which the starving infatuated people still wait. These corn-holes are excavated in the cattle-folds, in the form of a cone: the opening into the earth is just large enough to admit the body of a man; but, descending to the depth of five or six feet, they are at the bottom from five to eight feet in diameter, and capable of holding eight or ten sacks of corn. When filled, they are covered with a flat stone, and corn, thus well secured, is better kept than in any other way which the Kaffir has at his command, free from mildew and free from insects. These holes the believers in the prophet are taught to expect will some morning be found full of corn; for it will be put in from below, through a hole which *they below* will fill up, or cover over with a plank! And it is only a few weeks since that these poor deluded people were seen carefully peeping into the hole in the morning, to see if it was full; for they only are allowed to peep once a day, and then wait patiently until next morning, when they may again peep; which they may do until the hope is realized. Yet they still cling to hope. What shall we say to all this? I have told as many of them as I could find access to, that I believe it is the hand of God upon them—a judicial punishment from him for their rejection of the truth; and now God has permitted them to believe a lie.

“As a nation and as tribes they have had the truth offered; and as a people for forty years they have rejected it, although many in the mean time have been saved. The leading truths of the Bible are pretty generally known throughout Kaffirland; and if it be asked why as a people they are so ready to follow blindly a superstition, and reject the Gospel, the answer to that question will be found in the remarks of the warlike chief, Makomo, who ten years since said to the Chief Kama, when the latter was being persecuted for his Christianity, ‘Kama, hold you fast where you are. We Kaffirs do not reject the word of God because we do not believe it, but because we love our sins. We know the word of God is true.’ This, then, is the state of the mass; at least, so Makomo believed ten years ago; and it is the old customs, yea, their

sins, and they are 'old' sins too, and they cannot bear to have their nationality broken: this is what they have feared above all things. It is this their chiefs have feared: it is this which produced the last two wars; and yet now all is going: the chieftainship at present is a shadow that is daily declining, and must soon go. We are told that all young children now, as soon as born, are taken to the woods to be left there, either to be carried off by wild beasts, or perish with cold and destitution. The fact is, none can have any conception of Kaffirland now from any previous knowledge of the Kaffirs. I could never have been brought to believe such a state of things from such a cause; and what the end will be is not certain. Missionaries should be on the ground to take advantage of the movement; but every thing should be done with great caution. Never, surely, did there appear so favourable an indication that God was about to remove every barrier (especially of a national character), and bring every individual Kaffir within the influence of the Gospel, as there is at this time; and we should be ready to seize on the openings of Providence, but not by any stiff and unyielding plans endanger our future usefulness and success."

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#### THE MARTYRS AND CONFESSORS OF DELHI.

WE lay before our readers with feelings of intense interest the following narrative of Fatima, the wife of the estimable Walayat Ali, whose constancy in the hour of trial, and heroic death, it so touchingly narrates. In forwarding the document, the translator says, "With a heavy heart she told her sad tale. But the recollection of the noble testimony which her husband had borne for Christ gave her at times an air of triumphant satisfaction, and seemed to quell the sorrow of a deeply wounded heart. She would wipe off her tears, and say, 'Well, why should I sorrow? He gave his life for Christ, who died for him, and he is now with Jesus.' Her narrative I give in her own words, as nearly as the translation will admit. The fact that she is a truly Christian woman, and a truthful character, so that we can take all she states as the simple truth, adds much to the interest of the narrative." It is a tale worthy of the best days of the Christian church.

#### FATIMA'S NARRATIVE.

"On Monday, the 11th of May, about nine o'clock in the morning, my husband was preparing to go out to preach, when a native preacher, named Thakur, of the Church Mission, came in, and told us that all the gates of the city had been closed, that the Sepoys had mutinied, and that the Mohammedans of the city were going about robbing and killing every Christian. He pressed hard on my husband to escape at once, if possible, else we should all be killed. My husband said, 'No, no, brother, the Lord's work cannot be stopped by any one.' In the meanwhile fifty horsemen were seen coming, sword in hand, and setting fire to the houses around. Thakur said, 'Here they are come! now what will you do? Run! run! I will, and you had better come.' My husband said, 'This is no time to flee, except to God in prayer.' Poor Thakur ran, was seen by the horsemen, and killed. My husband called us all to prayer, when, as far as I recollect, he said—

"O Lord, many of Thy people have been slain before this by the sword, and burned in the fire, for Thy Name's sake. Thou didst give them help

to hold fast in the faith. Now, O Lord, we have fallen into the fiery trial. Lord, may it please Thee to help us to suffer with firmness. Let us not fall nor faint in heart under this sore temptation. Even to the death, oh, help us to confess, and not to deny Thee, our dear Lord. Oh, help us to bear this cross, that we may, if we die, obtain a crown of glory !’

“ After we had prayers, my husband kissed us all, and said—

“ See that, whatever comes, you do not deny Christ ; for if you confide in Him, and confess Him, you will be blessed, and have a crown of glory. True, our dear Saviour has told us to be wise as the serpent, as well as innocent as the dove ; so, if you can flee, do so ; but, come what will, don’t deny Christ.’

“ Now I began to weep bitterly, when he said, ‘ Wife, dear, I thought your faith was stronger in the Saviour than mine. Why are you so troubled ? Remember God’s word, and be comforted. Know that if you die, you die to go to Jesus. And if you are spared, Christ is your keeper. I feel confident that if any of our Missionaries live, you will all be taken care of ; and should they all perish, yet Christ lives for ever. If the children are killed before your face, oh, then take care that you do not deny Him who died for us. This is my last charge, and God help you !’

“ Now some horsemen came up, and the fakirs who lived near us told them to kill my husband ; that he was an infidel preacher ; and that he had destroyed the faith of many by preaching about Jesus Christ. The troopers now asked him to repeat the Kulma (the Mohammedan creed), but he would not. Two of them now fired at us, and one shot passed close by my husband’s ear, and went into the wall behind us. Now all the children fled through a back-door towards the house of Mirza Haji, one of the Shazadas (princes), who respected my husband, and was fond of hearing of the love of God through Christ. He dressed like a fakir, and seemed partial to the Gospel. He took in my seven children, who fled for refuge. One of the troopers now interposed, saying, ‘ Don’t kill them ; Walayat’s Ali’s father was a very pious Mussulman, who went on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and it is likely that this man is a Christian only for the sake of money, and he may again become a good Mussulman.’ Another trooper now asked my husband, ‘ Who, then, are you, and what are you ?’ He answered, ‘ I was at one time blind, but now I see. God mercifully opened my eyes, and I have found a refuge in Christ. Yes, I am a Christian, and I am resolved to live and die a Christian.’ ‘ Ah,’ said the trooper, ‘ you see that he is a Kafir (barbarian) : kill him.’ Again he was threatened with loaded muskets pointed at his breast, and asked to repeat the Kulma, with a promise of our lives and protection. My husband said, ‘ I have repented once, and I have also believed in Christ, so I have no need of further repentance.’ At this time two European gentlemen were seen running down the road leading to the river, when the troopers said, ‘ Let us run after these Feringhis first, then we can return and kill these infidels.’ So they went.

“ My husband now said to me, ‘ Flee, flee ; now is the time, before they return.’ He told me to go to the fakirs’ tukia, while he would go to the Rev. Mr. Mackay’s house to try to save him. I went to the tukia, but the fakirs would not allow me to go in, and would have had me killed, but for the interposition of Mirza Haji, the Shazada, who said to the troopers, ‘ This woman and her husband are my friends : if you

kill them I will get you all blown up.' Through fear of this they let me go, when I began to cry about my children; but Mirza Haji told me that he had them all safe. I now went after my husband towards Mr. Mackay's house in Dyriagunge. On the way I saw a crowd of the city Mohammedans, and my husband in the midst of them. They were dragging him about on the ground, beating him on the head and in the face with their shoes; some saying, 'Now preach Christ to us.' 'Now where is the Christ in whom you boast?' And others asking him to forsake Christianity and repeat the Kulma. My husband said, 'No, I never will. My Saviour took up his cross and went to God: I take up my life as a cross, and will follow him to heaven.' They now asked him mockingly if he were thirsty, saying, 'I suppose you would like some water?' He said, 'When my Saviour died, he got vinegar mingled with gall. I don't need your water. But if you mean to kill me, do so at once, and don't keep me in this pain. You are the true children of your prophet Mohammed. He went about converting with his sword, and he got thousands to submit from fear; but I will not. Your sword has no terror for me. Let it fall, and I fall a martyr for Christ.'

"A trooper now came up and asked what all this was about. The Mussulmans said, 'Here we have a devil of a Christian who will not recant, so do you kill him.' At this the Sepoy aimed a blow with his sword, which nearly cut off his head. His last words were, 'O Jesus, receive my soul!'

"I was close by under a tree, where I could see and hear all this. I was much terrified, and I shrieked out when I saw my poor husband was dead. It was of no use my staying there, so I went back to the chapel compound, when I found my house in a blaze, and people busy plundering it. I now went to my children, to the house of Mirza Haji, where I stayed three days, when orders were issued to the effect, that should any one be found guilty of harbouring or concealing Christians, they would be put to death. The queen, Zeenut Mahal, had some fifty Europeans concealed, and she did all in her power to save them, but was compelled to give them up. Mirza Gohur, a nephew of the king, knew that I was with Mirza Haji, and he remonstrated with him, and warned him of the consequences of keeping me. Mirza Haji now told me that I must at once take one of two steps, either become a Mohammedan or leave his house. Both of them urged upon me to leave Christianity, saying that every Christian in India had been killed, and that for me to hold out would be great folly. I was promised a house to live in, and thirty rupees per month to support myself and children, and that no one should molest me. God helped me to resist the temptation, and I said, 'No, I cannot forsake Christ. I will work to support my children, and if I must be killed, God's will be done.' I had now to go out with my seven children. A coolie (porter) who came with me led me to the police station, and some Sepoys there attempted to kill us. One man, however, knowing who I was, told them that I was under the protection of the king, and not to kill me. I now went about seeking for some place to dwell in; but no one would take us in, lest they should be murdered on our account. So I had to wander from one place to another for some ten days, having no place to rest, and nothing hardly to eat. Out of the city we could not go, for all the gates were closed, and strict orders given not to allow any woman to go out.

“On the thirteenth day a large body of the Sepoys went out, and I managed to mix with the crowd, and got out with my children. I now went to a place in the suburbs of Delhi, called Tulwarí, where I got a room for eight annas a month. Six rupees was all the money I had, all the rest having been taken from us by the Mohammedans.

“When the English soldiers arrived before Delhi, I found my position any thing but safe; for the Sepoys had a strong party there, and we were exposed to the fire of friends and foes. Cannon-balls came near us again and again, and one day one even got into our room, but did us no harm.

“I heard that many people went to a place called Súnput, twenty coss (forty miles) from Delhi, so I accompanied some people there.

“In this place I remained for three months, working hard to keep my little children from starvation. I was chiefly engaged in grinding corn, getting but one anna for grinding nine sírs (18lb.), and in order to get a little food for all, I often had to work night and day; yet the Lord was good, and we did not starve.

“When I heard that the English troops had taken Delhi from the city people, many of whom came into Súnput in a great terror, I left, with two other women, who went in search of their husbands. I again came to Tulwarí, where the whole of my children were taken ill of fever and cold, and I was in great distress. The youngest child died in a few days, and I had not a pice to pay for help to get it buried. No one would touch it. So I went about the sad task myself. They indeed said, that if I would become a Mohammedan, they would bury it for me. I took up the little corpse, wrapped in a cloth, and took it outside the village. I began to dig a little grave with my own hands, when two men came up and asked why I was crying so. I told them, and they kindly helped me to dig a grave, and then they left. I then took up the little corpse, and, looking up to heaven, I said—

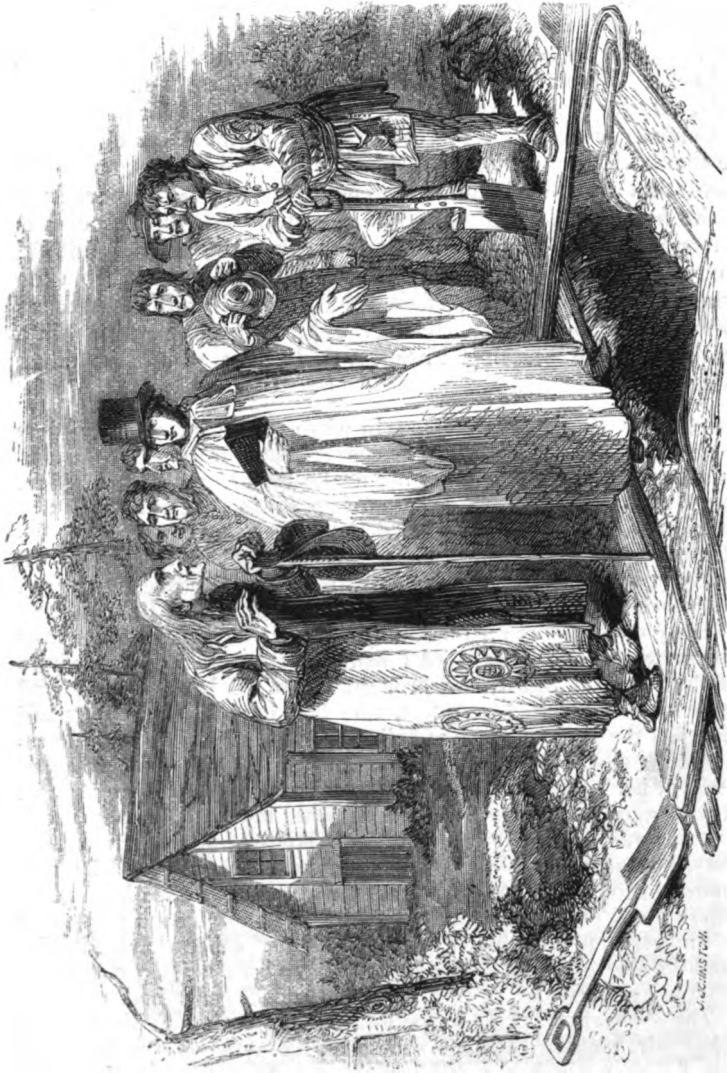
“O Lord, Thou hast been pleased to call to Thyself this little child, and I have been able to bring his little body to be buried. But, O Lord, if Thou shouldst call one of the big ones, how can I bring it? Have mercy upon me, O Lord, and permit me to meet with some of thy dear people again; and if not, O Father, take to Thyself the mother with the children.”

“Now I was anxious to get into the city, and sent a message to a native Christian, Hira Lall, who knew us well. I at last found him, and got into Delhi, where I was kindly treated. I got Hira Lall to write to Agra, in hopes that some of our Missionaries might be alive; and when you wrote back I cried for joy, and thanked God; for I now knew that what my dear husband said would be fulfilled—that if our Missionaries would be spared, I and the children would have friends.

“Of the Rev. Mr. Mackay, and Mrs. Thompson and family, I have to say, that before I left Delhi I went to Mrs. Thompson’s house, where I saw a sight which horrified me. Mrs. Thompson and one daughter lying dead on a bed grasping each other, and the other on the floor by the side of the bed. The heads were quite severed from the trunks. Of Mr. Mackay I heard that he, with several other gentlemen, was killed in Colonel Skinner’s house, after a resistance of three or four days. The king ordered the people to dig up the floor of the cellar where they had taken shelter, and to kill them.”—*Missionary Herald*.

MOOSE FORT, HUDSON'S-BAY.

THIS is one of our most remote points of labour, situated on the bleak shore of the great inland sea called Hudson's Bay. One of its principal bays is James' Bay, in the south-east, and at the extreme south of this, Moose Fort is situated. It is about



"THE OLD MAN, LEANING ON HIS STAFF . . . REPLIED, 'IT IS GOOD.'"—*Vida* page 74.

700 miles distant from the city of Montreal, and is the Company's principal *dépôt* on the southern shore of Hudson's Bay. Around, in different directions, are trading posts, where the Indians assemble at certain seasons of the year, and where the Missionary has to pay periodical visits. In one direction, to the northwest, are Albany and Martin's Falls; inland are Kenogoomissee, the Flying Post, and New Brunswick; and skirting the southern and eastern shores of the bay, are Hannah Bay, Rupert's House, Fort George, and the two Whale Rivers. The centre point is at Moose Fort, and there the summer is chiefly devoted to the Indians, while in the winter, the Indians being absent at their hunting-grounds, a larger number of English services are held for the benefit of the Company's officers and servants. In both classes of people, we are thankful to find that the word of the Lord is not taught in vain, and that the Missionaries are encouraged by being permitted to see the fruits of their labours, and that thus the same process is going forward which is ever sure to take place under the faithful teaching of gospel truth. Some are brought into the fold from the wilderness around; others transferred to the security and blessedness of heaven. Our Missionary, the Rev. John Horden, mentions, in a recent letter, some pleasing instances of Indians who have fallen asleep in Jesus.

One of my young Indian women, in whom I had taken a very great interest, has been taken from us. She endeared herself to me by the constant steadiness of her conduct, and her unaffected piety and intelligence. Arrangements had been made for her marriage with a young man who was exceedingly fond of her. When married, they were to have taken some Indian children under their care, for which duty they were well qualified; but God's ways are not as our ways: she was ripening for heaven, and God took her to himself on October 14th. I felt her loss, as I should that of one of my own children: indeed, spiritually she was so. She had been instructed by me. The word I had addressed to her, having been watered by the Holy Spirit, had brought her to feel her sinfulness, and to cast herself at the Saviour's feet, who had not cast her off, but had made her feel the joy and peace of believing. She felt that her sickness would end in death, long before we did; but she was quite resigned to the will of her Father: no word of complaint ever issued from her lips, and all who approached her were struck with the patience she manifested. She was originally from Rupert's House, but had lived here five years, two of which she was a communicant. Long shall I retain a remembrance of poor Jane, even until, as she hoped, I see her in that land where death obtains no admittance. She is not the only member of our congregation who has been called home: others have likewise gone, and among them old Eve, who must have been verging on ninety. Old Adam, her husband, a centenarian, attended her remains to the grave. The old man, standing in the grave-yard, leaning on his staff, his long grey hair hanging over his shoulders, his eyes nearly closed, his stooping figure, made him a striking object. I went up to him, and asked him what he thought of the occurrence. He replied, "It is good."



He knows in whom he has believed: he knows too, that He does all things well. The old man is quite well, and was with us on Christmas-day, when we met around the table of the Lord.

Let these remote points of labour be remembered by us in our prayers to Him who is "the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off on the wide sea."

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THE REV. GOPENATH NUNDY.

IN our Number for January last we introduced a deeply interesting and affecting narrative, taken from an American periodical, the "Foreign Missionary," of the dangers and sufferings to which this esteemed native brother and his family were exposed in their attempt to reach Mirzapur from Allahabad, and the remarkable preservation experienced by them at the Lord's hands, when dragged into the presence of the moulwí, who was the insurgent leader at Allahabad. We have since received a letter from Mr. Nundy, dated Calcutta, March 22d, which we have great pleasure in placing before our readers. It brings out, with great accuracy, the extreme peril in which he was placed, and enhances the deliverance which was vouchsafed to himself and his family.

A friend of mine lent me the last January's Number of the "Gleaner," in which I read an account of our trials and sufferings, taken from the "Foreign Missionary," published in America; and, as it was only a part, and supposing you and your readers would feel interested, I have despatched, by to-day's mail, a copy of the discourse delivered in December last in the Union Chapel, in a Missionary prayer-meeting, and which, since, has been published in the "Calcutta Christian Observer" of January last. In it you will find the other, I mean, the first part. The account is a short one, as I had to leave off. Many points, which are no less interesting for brevity's sake, yet will give you some idea of the extent of our sufferings from the hands of the mutineers.

A mistake or two in the engraving, though immaterial and trifling, if you would kindly excuse, I would take the liberty to mention. You have exhibited us, not in the attitude of prisoners brought to be slaughtered, but rather like friends, with our full dress. We were without clothes, and had only a piece of rag, about a foot wide and a couple of feet in length, and the children were altogether naked. Every thing we had was plundered, even the very clothes on our bodies, by villagers where we took shelter before we were brought into the presence of the moulwí. In place of clothes, if you were to have put dirt and mud, of which we had abundance on us, it would have been correct. Then we had three children on us, and not two: two about six years old, twins, and the third a baby of one year. Of course you have drawn the picture merely by supposition, having never seen us; and therefore I admire it very much. If you have any spare copies of the "Gleaner" I wish you would kindly send me one, for the copy we had was borrowed and returned. Should you comply with my

request, please to direct it to my address, the Rev. Gopenath Nundy, care of the Rev. Dr. A. Duff, Calcutta.

I cannot conclude this without inserting a few words about the manifestation of God's goodness towards us. The saving of our lives was a miracle. Other dear Christians, both European and native, were exposed to similar dangers, but most of them were slaughtered. No less than ten or twelve times we were brought to the very brink of the grave. Every thing appeared as against us. The sun beat upon us with all its powerful rays; the hot wind—of which you cannot form any conception, as you were never in the country—pierced like deadly arrows; the sword hung, and was ready to fall upon us, to divide our bodies from our heads; starvation and nakedness brought our mortal frames into a state of wretchedness; yet none had power to injure us, because such was not the will of our heavenly Father. Again, the trials were so great and incessant, that nothing but the grace of God alone kept us faithful. The moulwí, when foiled by arguments to bring us to renounce the Christian faith, brought forward all the threats which a wicked heart could invent. He threatened to take off all the limbs of our bodies, and thus torture us to death; but when he saw that these even had no effect to change our creed, he then promised to give us riches, land free of rent, and other worldly grandeurs; but, thanks be to God, he soon received a negative answer. His next attack was on my poor wife, who, though naturally a timid woman, yet at that moment she was astonishingly bold in declaring her faith. Well may I insert the sweet words of our blessed Lord—"And ye shall be brought before governors and kings for my sake, for a testimony against them and the Gentiles. But when they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak, for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak: for it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you." Surrounded as she was by no less than a hundred infuriated and savage-looking men with drawn swords, ready to inflict torture, yet she defended her faith most gloriously. When the moulwí appealed to her, and said what he would do—thinking, no doubt, that her natural weakness would yield to his proposals, but not knowing that a greater Power than his was directing and supporting her—she humbly, and yet with a loud voice, declared that she was ready to undergo any punishment he would inflict, but would not deny her Master and Saviour. While the man was arguing with me she felt somewhat assured that we should be called to seal our faith with our blood. She began to teach the little boys in presence and in hearing of all; and thus she said—"You, my sweet children, will be taken and kept as slaves, when we will be killed, but do not forget to say your prayers every day; and when the English power is re-established, fly to them for refuge, and relate the circumstance of our end." And, while instructing, she was kissing them all the time. This pitiful scene no doubt touched their hard and stony hearts. The moulwí ordered us to be taken into the prison, and kept for a future occasion. Thus came we out through our fiery trials, praising and glorifying Jesus for giving us grace and strength to confess Him before the world.

A short account of the Futtehpur native Christians I am sure will not be uninteresting. All of them, with their families, remained in the Mission

premises to the last moment. When the mutineers attacked and burnt all the houses, they then fled in different directions. Some of them, after crowding in jungles for more than a month, came to Allahabad for shelter: the others, no one knows whether they were killed by the mutineers or fell victims to the climate. One family, a man and his wife, who were both baptized and admitted into the Christian church, were caught by the mutineers. One of the man's hands was cut off, and the woman, after being savagely treated, was shorn of her hair. The English army arriving in time, saved their lives. They are now at Allahabad.

This heavy chastisement, which our heavenly Father sent upon His own people, is doubtless to humble us to the dust, to convince us of our weakness, and to make it a means to draw us nearer to himself. But something more than these He has in view; that is, that his blessed gospel may not only be freely preached, but believed by the inhabitants of this land. All those rajahs, nawabs, pundits, and moulwís, who were bitter enemies to Christianity, and who, hitherto, stood as a great barrier to the propagation of his true religion, will no more be obstacles in the way: most of them had joined this mutiny, and now they are daily paying the penalty of their wickedness, and we have every hope and belief that the gospel will have a free course throughout the length and breadth of this dark and benighted land: then the declaration of the Scripture will be fulfilled, "that, at the name of Jesus, every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."



LETTER FROM A CATECHIST AT NINGPO TO HIS ABSENT  
FRIEND AND PASTOR.

SIR—I your disciple have just heard that a letter has come from you. Thanks to the Lord's protection, all your way has been prosperous: your wife, your boys, your girl, were all well: not that I did not daily remember you, but now my heart is at rest about you.

Because of the distance of the way, I can only confer with you by letter, and wish you prosperity. To your father, mother, wife, boys, and girl, I beg you will give my heart's wishes for their prosperity, also the elders of the church, although I have not personally met them, yet I beg you will for me wish them well.

At present all who are here, all the ministers of religion, all the brethren of the churches, thanks to the protection of Jesus, are well; only Mrs.—, the month before last, had a very severe illness, and was on the point of sleeping (*i.e.* death). At that time I was exceedingly cast down; but owing to the favour of Jesus, her illness was healed, and she is even better than she used to be: her appetite is improved, and altogether she is much stronger. Sir, my wife and my little daughters all want to present their respects to Mrs. C—— and your children, and I must ask you to convey their message to her. There is also another matter. Tell your eldest boy that when he was leaving Shanghai I heard of the message sent to aunty: tell him that the nurse delivered his message, and that aunty is now quite strong. My younger brother, may Jesus give you His Holy Spirit in full measure, that you may come

to Ningpo and preach the truth. I also hope that your younger brother may come too.

Sir, at Ningpo the lesson of Jesus is now working. There are several matters which I have to tell you. In the first part of the fifth moon, when Mr.— and I were returning from Seen-Poh, our boat stopped at the Zah-san ferry: there was also another boat besides ours moored there. In the boat was a young man of the name of Dzing. When we met him, we spoke of the truth to him. He was a scholar and a gentleman, and listened with much interest: so we gave him a book, and he asked us to call at his humble cottage when we went by. Afterwards we returned without going to his house (here I must confess we were greatly at fault), and not only this, but we even forgot the name of his place. Very lately this person has found his way to Mr.—'s house, and has invited us to visit him. He made use of a remarkable expression, and said, "This doctrine of yours must first be received by the illiterate, and will spread from the lower to the higher ranks: afterwards the upper classes will receive it, and even we scholars shall come to believe it." When I heard what he said, I was greatly pleased, and Mr.— has said that we will go there next week. How this will end I will tell you the next time I write. May he only prove to be another Cornelius!

There is also another person who comes from the village of Lih-dzo, outside the south gate, who came to Dr. P— for the cure of an ulcerated leg. He, on hearing the truth, believed it, but has not received grace (openly to confess it). He has lately been married, and was desirous of following the rites of the Christian religion, and invited Mr. Martin to go to his house to have prayers. Also Mr. J— has met with a person who lived outside the west gate, one of the heads of the do-nothing sect, who has believed, and received baptism in the Tzing jing chapel.

In our own church there has been an increase during the year of eleven persons—eight from Ningpo, three from Seen-Pob. Two of the former were from the boarding-school, very excellent youths. Ah! this is the grace of Christ helping us; if it were not so, what could we do? I only pray that Jesus would send His Spirit, and move the heart of our Emperor, that we might go everywhere preaching the truth, and, by men believing in Jesus, bring glory to God the Father. Amen.

Your disciple BAO-YUOH-YI wrote this.

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#### TRIALS OF A YOUNG CONVERT IN THE NATIVE ENGLISH SCHOOL AT STREVILLAPATHUR, NORTH TINNEVELLY.

(Concluded from p. 67.)

A FEW hours after it had been thus settled, Mr. Ragland reverted to his former desire, that the boy should be made to demonstrate the sincerity of his intentions by rubbing off his heathen marks, going to his relatives, and telling them what he had done. The youth would not assent, saying, that his father would lock him up, and take measures for removing him to Madura, and thus great obstacles would be thrown in the way of his embracing Christianity. Mr. Ragland, however, continued to press his point, which caused the lad at last to say, "Suppose I agree to your proposition, you have no means of knowing whether I act honestly or not. I may not do what you require, and yet come back and tell you that I have done so, and you must of necessity believe me."

“O,” said Mr. Ragland, “we would hope you would act honestly.” “Yes; but why force such a matter upon me now.” At last, Mr. Ragland came down to a kind of compromise, which was, that the youth should rub off his heathen marks; and if his relatives asked why he had done so, he should tell them; but if no questions were asked, he was at liberty to remain silent. The lad assented to this, rubbed off his heathen marks and went home; and, as no questions were asked, he was silent.

That night, after supper, the youth’s father left his house, but returned in about an hour quite enraged, and calling the members of his family together, he thus addressed them:—“This boy, I hear, intends to embrace Christianity shortly; he was seen this evening conversing with a catechist; and perhaps he meditates making his escape from us soon; but I will take care to frustrate his plans. I will not allow him to go to school any longer, and to-morrow I will insist upon his giving me a document upon stamped paper, to the effect, that he relinquishes all claim to my property; and thus I will keep my hold of him.” All this was said in great anger and coupled with abuse.

If the youth’s moral courage was not wound up to the highest pitch before, this outrage upon his feelings was sufficient to do it, and inspire him with the boldness necessary for carrying him through his undertaking. He made no reply to his father’s abuse but tears, and went and laid himself down to sleep in his usual place. His friends thinking, however, that he might make his escape, made him go and sleep near his stepmother; and, for further security, servants were placed in the court-yard, and at the front door of the house. A light was burning in the room in which he slept, but about eleven o’clock he got up and put it out. His stepmother observed him, and asked why he had done so? He replied, that he did not like to have a light burning in the room. “But there must be a light,” she said, and got up and lit the lamp again. About twelve o’clock at night he found that she had fallen asleep; he therefore got up, blew out the light, and, to avoid detection, left the house by a back door which led into a different street. The distance he had to come was about a mile, and his road led to the south of the large tank, a path unfrequented by the people at night, from a superstitious dread of encountering evil spirits; but, regardless of all fear, the youth pressed on his way, God having given him, as he said, courage for the occasion.

• My own mind was occupied for several hours in thinking whether the youth would be able to make his appearance at the time appointed. Probability seemed against the idea of his coming at midnight, and, should he come near morning, the chances of escape would be rendered more difficult, as he would soon be missed; and if his pursuers were once upon his track, the likelihood was that he would soon be overtaken, more especially, as the arrangements for his flight were of so imperfect a character, as to afford no facility for quick movement. Wearied with these thoughts, I at length fell into a slumber, from which I was roused about half-past twelve o’clock at night, by a loud knock at the door of my bedroom. On inquiring who was there, I was answered by Isaac, who said, “Ramasawmy has come.” I immediately got up, and, on opening the door, found the youth standing before me: then, turning to Isaac, I said, “You had better go and fetch Joseph Cornelius.”

He went; and, while he was absent, the lad said, "I hope I am not to be sent back to my father." "O, no; you will, I hope, be on your way in a few minutes." He then told me what had transpired during the night, and the manner in which he had escaped from his house. In about ten minutes Isaac returned with Joseph Cornelius, and, addressing the latter, I said, "You had better lose no time, as the matter has already transpired;" then, patting the youth on his right cheek, I exclaimed, "Now, Ramasawmy, go, and may the Lord protect you." He made me a salaam, and disappeared with Joseph Cornelius and Isaac, the latter of whom accompanied them as far as Katheaputti, distant six miles on the Sivagasi road.

About four the next morning the youth was missed, and search was made for him till about half-past seven, when his father, finding that he was not here, and that the catechist had also disappeared, concluded that they had gone to the Missionary bungalow, at Katheaputti, whither, accompanied by a few friends, he proceeded. Not finding him there he proceeded to Sivagasi, where, being overcome with heat and fatigue, he tried to procure a cart, but did not succeed till five in the evening.

This was an anxious day, both with Mr. Ragland and myself. Many a time did this good man fall on his knees, and pray that the Lord would prevent the youth from falling into the hands of his pursuers, and that those who were guiding his flight might have wisdom given them to act rightly; and not only did he pray; he exercised strong faith and hope in God. Again and again did he repeat, "God will bring the counsel of the heathen to nought:" and, when informed that the youth's father had been detained at Sivagasi till late in the afternoon, trying to get a cart, he exclaimed, "God hath taken off the chariot-wheels of the Egyptians, so that they drive them heavily."

As I have no certain knowledge of the particulars that transpired during the flight, and the manner in which matters connected with Ramasawmy have been brought to a successful issue, I must now leave him, and relate briefly what took place here with ourselves.

The people of this place for a long time have had a character for being more troublesome and outrageous than those in any other part of the zillah; it was therefore expected, that on a conversion taking place, they would not fail to give rise to much opposition, and perhaps proceed to inflict injury upon parties whom they suspected of having brought about such an occurrence. Under this impression, Mr. Ragland being the most responsible party, kindly consented to stay with me, to answer for himself, and see what turn matters would take. Contrary to expectation, however, the people manifested no sign of hostility, beyond assembling in small parties, talking over the matter among themselves, and withdrawing their boys from school. This being the case, Mr. Ragland, six days after Ramasawmy had disappeared, waited upon the sub-collector, who had arrived in the meanwhile, explained matters to him, and quitted to resume his labours in the south.

The unexpected stillness on the part of the people I ascribe, under Providence, to the following causes. Firstly, Ramasawmy's father on finding that the lad was not here, went out in pursuit of him, contenting himself with threatening, that if he did not find his boy he would return, and wreak his vengeance on those who had been instru-

mental in sending him away. Secondly, the people are divided into two strong parties, one composed of Naicks, and the other of Brahmins, Mudelies, &c. These entertain a strong feeling of animosity towards each other, and though they have a common hatred of Christianity, their enmity towards each other is at present the stronger feeling; hence, when the Brahmins, &c., heard of what had occurred, so far from showing sympathy, they stood aloof, rejoicing at the great misfortune which had, in their estimation, befallen the head of the opposite party. Thirdly, Ramasawmy having appeared before the chief collector of Palamcotta, an order was received from him to the Tahsildar here, directing, that as Ramasawmy was at Palamcotta to answer for himself, persons having any thing to object should appear before him to plead their cause; and that no disturbance on his account should be allowed, and that my house and property, together with the school, &c., should be taken care of. Fourthly, the sub-collector on being informed, through Mr. Ragland, of the circumstances of the case, sent for the Tahsildar, and gave him a similar order. Fifthly, ever since Mr. Ragland left, the sub-collector with his cutchery has been here, and it is given out that he will continue in this part of the zillah for fifteen or twenty days more.

I have only six pupils attending school at present, and when I shall have more I cannot say; as the feeling of dislike to the school is at present so strong, that the whole of the boys who formerly attended are kept from coming near. There may be a change of feeling in a short time: still, I don't expect that I shall have as many as I had lately for some months. This is the most hopeful view I can take now.

A brief letter from the Rev. D. Fenn, dated Surangudi, near Sathúr, February 5, gives further particulars.

You will most likely have heard flying rumours long before this of what took place in Palamcotta last Monday, and how wonderfully and most mercifully our gracious God carried his young servant through the fiery furnace.

After the interview with the collector on Thursday, nothing more occurred till Monday at half-past twelve, when two peons arrived at the printing-office, bringing a letter from the collector, telling me to bring the youth Ramasawmy at once to the cutchery, as his father had come. Mr. Bensley and Joseph Cornelius accompanied us. We reached the cutchery at half-past one. The father was waiting for us in the verandah, and, directly he saw his son, shrieked out words of the tenderest affection, fell down at his feet, embraced him, and continued uttering such loud cries, that he was ordered to be taken on one side. He soon came back quite calm, and did not again, for the hour and a-half we were there, once raise his voice or make any commotion. But instead of this he embraced, and kissed, and fondled his son over and over and over again, trying all he could to make him look up at him in the face. Besides this, he continued whispering in his ear, while the poor youth remained quite passive, only saying "No," every now and then. The father kept on acting this so long in the presence of the collector, that he twice said, "That is enough &c.," and told the peons to stop him. I was then informed that a suit had been brought against me

for violently taking away the boy, who was said to be but thirteen. Ramasawmy was asked what evil influences had been employed to take him away, and where he now wished to go? He replied clearly, and in a firm tone. Two witnesses named by the father were then called to prove his age; but both said, that though they knew the man, they knew nothing of the boy. The doctor was then written for, and we were then sent to another room, that the father might have every opportunity of endeavouring to move his son, and that the collector might again examine him in the great truths of Christianity. It was rather more than an hour before we were called in again and sentence was given—a long, long hour. Joseph was providentially not sent away, and though he could not stand close to Ramasawmy all the while, yet he could now and then catch his eye, and once or twice had an opportunity of whispering in his ear, “Now pray to God,” and soon. The father had the youth in the verandah, and other relatives also, though forbidden, managed to get near: they were rather violent, but the father showed nothing but the tenderest affection. Never, as Ramasawmy told me afterwards, had he heard his father speak so kindly to him. He would die if he was separated from him. He had not eaten food for five days. He would on the spot draw up a deed giving him his entire property. Or, if he must become a Christian, let him at least come home: he should not be hindered, &c. &c. I grieve to say, that when taken from his father, and brought in to be examined before the collector, poor Ramasawmy had as severe a trial to undergo. He was then urged to go back to his father and told that Christianity did not require separation from, but rather obedience to his father; and was really blamed for treating his father, it was said, like a dog. His replies to all these remarks were from Scripture. “He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.” At last sentence was given, and we were allowed to bring the dear boy away. He was very calm throughout, but on reaching the room at the printing-office, he gave two or three deep sighs which seemed to relieve him. We then fell on our knees and gave thanks to God who had delivered us from the mouth of lions. Poor Ramasawmy the next day seemed to feel for his father, even more in the retrospect than he had at the time I left on Tuesday evening. He was to start with Joseph that night for Mengnanapuram, where I fancy he will remain till the Preparandi opens again; there is just now so little company, I mean Christian society, for him in Palamcotta. Excuse more and forgive me for not sending to you earlier. Many, many have been my prayers for you and yours the last week. God will give you more fruit yet.

Let us pray for this young convert that he may remain stedfast, unmoveable, and, by his consistency, commend the gospel.

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#### ENGLAND AND INDIA, OR PARENT AND CHILD.

Clouds but o'ercast the sky:  
 E'en though they drench thee in thy children's tears,  
 They soon shall break, and, scattering all thy fears,  
 Sunlight shall beam on high . . .



Where is thy wayward child?  
 The child I gave in token of my trust;  
 A naked foundling, rescued from the dust,  
 An outcast on the wild.

I lent him as my loan,  
 That thou might'st nurse and train him to my ways,  
 While all the earth should ponder, and give praise  
 When I took back my own.

And thou, what hast thou done?  
 Long years have passed, and what hast thou to show?  
 Scarce hast thou taught the child my name to know;  
 His training scarce begun.

Had'st thou but wisely dared,  
 And taught thy nursling first to honour me,  
 Not less obedient had he been to thee,  
 And thou had'st now been spared.

Now thou hast felt the smart,  
 And proved the ill that lurks his breast within,  
 Know, while his hand hath pierced thee for thy sin,  
 Thyself didst forge the dart.

Then, with the uplifted rod,  
 Lift up the prayer ye both may be made whole,  
 And, in the anguish of thy smitten soul,  
 Look up to me, thy God.

So shall that rebel hand  
 About thy neck in soft affection twine;  
 And, in the day when I proclaim thee mine,  
 He, too, with us shall stand.

C. S. H.

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 A SIGNIFICANT EVENT.

THE following extract has just been placed in our hands. It bears date Futtegurh, the place, in flying from which so many of the residents, civil and military, English and American, fell into the hands of Nana Sahib. Let our readers ponder it. It speaks volumes as to the coming events in India.

“I have told you about our Missionaries here, and have to add an anecdote which struck me as singular, and possibly as predictive of coming events. A pundit, who had originally instructed the Missionaries of this station in Hindustan, a very high-caste Brahmin and learned man, who had read the Scriptures before the outbreak, presented himself to these two gentlemen, soon after their arrival the other day, and asked to be baptized, as he was prepared to become a Christian.

“Of course, as they did not know the pundit, to be able to judge of the sincerity of his desire for baptism, they postponed meeting his request. The singular part is, that this man, urging his wish, said that he did not wish his conversion to be a secret; on the contrary, he desired his

baptism might take place in the most public manner, before all the people when assembled at a fair held close to Futtegurh.

“The Missionaries referred to the probable danger, but the pundit declared otherwise. No result has come of this yet, I believe; but the Missionaries were struck, as I was, with this man’s readiness to acknowledge his conversion in a public manner. Of course this is a solitary instance, at a time of unusual excitement, perhaps, on this very point, and therefore should be considered as a singular case by itself. His study of the Scriptures during the outbreak, when any communication with teachers was impossible; and his heart being softened at such a moment to receive the truths of the gospel, when anarchy and the reign of all bad passions were triumphant around him—these are very singular instances of the work of the Spirit. Who can tell whether, out of all this frightful toil, some great good will not flow? It is not for us to judge, but we may hope, and ought to pray, for the extension of the knowledge of the truth, the only thing that will ever work any great good to the millions of this continent, the only means of any heart-union between Europeans and natives of India. Commerce and civilization (except as they lead to open the way for the truth), what can they do towards purifying the heart, and overcoming its inherent evil? This, I believe, has been the mistake of our connexion heretofore with this country—a vain endeavour by the material improvement of this people to raise them in the scale of civilization and virtue.

“I was much touched and gratified by the scene of this morning; and I cannot but believe that it is the very centre upon which balances all our future success in this country. God’s hand has been too manifestly extended over us, and we have been kept by Him through too many difficulties, for us to doubt that we have some great work to perform for Him—that we are to be instrumental, I mean, in working out His will in some great work. And what greater can there be than in making known His love for His creatures, and His mercy to them in Christ Jesus?”

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#### FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

OUR African Missions have been severely visited with calamities during the last few months, as well by the hand of death as by illness. In the Yoruba Mission, two out of six catechists have died, and a third has been compelled to return home. They had only been labouring a short time. Mr. J. Carter, one of the above, was called to eternal rest last April. When leaving home to engage in Missionary work, he asked his mother what was her final message to him. She replied, “Be thou faithful unto death.” He was so, and now wears the “crown of life.”

After the afflicting tidings of his death had been conveyed to his mother, she said, “Ah! I feel now as if I had no part in the work.” She regarded her son as her representative in Africa, yet she was able to say in the sublimity of faith,

“Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were an offering far too small:  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.”

## PEKIN.

LORD ELGIN, with the other plenipotentiaries, has proceeded northward from Shanghae, with the object of placing our relations with China on a satisfactory footing. It may be that a visit may be found necessary to Pekin itself, and the Celestial Emperor be found



STREET SCENE IN A CHINESE CITY.

inexorable to all entreaties, until alarmed by the near approach of a British armed force, and thus Peking, and what is going forward there, will become for some months an object of deep interest. We give the following account of Peking, as it appeared to Mr. Kowalewski in 1849-50, at which period he visited it with the Russian Mission. The following is a translated extract from his description of the entry of the new Mission as given in a Berlin scientific periodical—

“It is ten versts from Ging-che to the walls of Peking: the road leads through a wide plain, in the background of which lies the capital of China. On all sides were fields, and the harvest had already been gathered. Here it is not as with us, where the fields give the peasant corn, and retain a part of the vegetation for themselves, with which they are adorned throughout the whole autumn: no; here the earth gives to its possessor every thing that it produces in the course of a summer: the smallest haulm of grass, and even the roots of the corn, are pulled out, partly as food for the cattle, partly for firing. The Chinese leave nothing over, and in autumn their fields have a barren, sad, colourless appearance, and blend with the burial-places, which are everywhere scattered about, into melancholy landscape. Only the thick willows, the beautiful willows of this country, which surround the burial-places, somewhat enliven the whole. The vicinity of the capital is not marked by any thing to put one in mind of it. We wandered between groups of trees, small houses, fields and burial-places, getting from one bad road to a worse. All these roads appeared to us as foot-paths, and yet we feared we should never be able to find our way out of the labyrinth. Yet it proved that this was the main and direct road to Peking. At length the plains become wider and more desolate; the graves surrounded us even more thickly: some were shaded by groups of trees, others scattered confusedly over the plain; the road became still worse and worse; gun-shots (which we had, by the bye, heard for a long time) sounded louder; at a short distance an enormous dark mass raised itself before our eyes, and, out above that, a splendid roof, with somewhat raised edges. A small body of men in the ordinary Chinese dress appeared. “What are those people?” “Soldiers;” answered our coachman.—“These are soldiers?” “Yes.”—“What are they doing there?” “Do you not see? they are exercising.” And so, indeed, I saw that one after another went towards a row of guns that rested against the wall of a sort of a little house. Then he took one of the guns, fired, and moved off. “Why don’t they take the guns away with them, once for all?” asked one of us. “The arms are the property of the Crown: they are kept in the arsenal.”—“So a Chinese soldier carries no arms?” “No.”—“Strange. But where is Peking?” “It lies before you, behind that wall.”

“We had, in truth, a gigantic wall with a great tower over the gate before our eyes. At the embrasures we perceived certain black marks which we at first regarded as the mouth of cannon. But we soon convinced ourselves that they were only painted cannon: the real ones were kept in the arsenal, if, indeed, the officials had not already sold them for all sorts of purposes. Before the gates we rested awhile; then we made our entry. At the gate already there was no longer any doubt that we

had entered into an enormous, populous city, and, in particular, one of the nastiest that I have ever visited. I do not know how we should have succeeded in getting out of the throng of human beings on to the street, had not certain tattered fellows, who grew, as it were, out of the earth before us, cut about them with long whips, and so divided the waves of the people. Subsequently we learnt that these gentlemen were policemen. At first one is reminded by the scene of life in the streets, by the throng and tumult, of some other cities of the east; but after you have seen and heard for a time, you come to the conclusion that it is something different. Moving pictures of quite a different kind exhibit themselves, and broken sounds of a language reach our ears which we have never heard.

“Amidst the dull roar of the mass of the people, it appeared as if the sellers of all sorts of articles were resolved to drown the cries, as well of each other, as of the beasts of burthen, with their noise. One beat a basin, another tooted on a horn, a third clattered with iron plates, a fourth bellowed. Naked beggars stretched themselves out at full length on the earth, and groaned with all their bodily strength. To all this, imagine the carriages, the herds of swine and flocks of ducks which were driven through the crowds, and the emaciated dogs that were snuffing about everywhere. What was most remarkable was to see how two carriages that met each other in this press would suddenly stop, the persons sitting in them spring out as if they had forgotten something important, and, standing there before each other, would make bows till one was inclined to take them for moving puppets.

“The main street, through which we rode, was long and broad: we went eight versts in nearly a straight line before we reached our southern monastery, and the breadth equalled at least that of the Newskii Prospekt.\* In the middle there is a raised portion, a bank that serves as a *chaussée*. There were constantly moving two lines of small one-horse vehicles, but drawn either by a mule or an ass. They are covered, have two wheels, and quite a pretty appearance, and form here the common carriages. The road on both sides is given up to waggons and foot passengers: it also serves, in the absence of public squares, for all representations and temporary exhibitions. Sitting on horseback on the elevated roadway, I could see what was going on in the half-open booths. In one, itinerant players were giving their representations with deafening music; in another figured a tale-teller; in a third, a fortune-teller, or wandering doctor, who explained to the people assembled before him the anatomy of the human body. Behind the booth, a line of shops showed themselves, which was scarcely broken for a distance of seven or eight versts. Many of them are very fine, and of peculiar architecture: in particular the druggists shops distinguish themselves in this respect: they are gilded from top to bottom, adorned with lively colours and filagree work, and would ornament any street of an European capital.

“In other cities of the east, the light, airy minarets make an elevating impression on the traveller. In Pekin his eye meets everywhere figured roofs: in fact, every thing is covered with roofs, even the people's heads, and all these coverings have turned up edges, as if they were on the point of flying away. In other cities of the east the dogs are most trouble-

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\* A leading street in St. Petersburg.

some: in Peking the pigs. It is true, there are also dogs in no small number, but they are here so quiet and modest, that they don't even bark.

"You see that there is more here in the streets to be looked at than in any other city of the east, and at the least quite as much as in the principal cities of Italy and France. We rode for an hour and a half, surrounded and stared at by various throngs, till we reached our southern monastery, where the archimandrite, the ecclesiastical members of the Mission, &c., awaited us. We have at Peking two monasteries. The southern lies in the street *Dung-dsian-mi-siang*, and the Chinese know it under the name of *Choi-t'ang-guang*: to it belongs the monastery *Strjetensk*, &c. &c. &c."

#### A YOUNG MISSIONARY'S EVENING WALK IN MADRAS.

I WISH to give you an account of an evening walk in Madras.

It was cloudy, and therefore cooler, on Saturday afternoon, so that I could start from home earlier than usual. I set out and wended my way to the north. For some distance I did not accost any one, as I wished to get right out of Madras, far upon the great northern road. In *Vanara pettah*, or *Washerman* village, one of my schoolboys ran over the road to meet me. His name is *Rungiah*, and he stands high in my second class. His *namān*, or *Vishnavan* mark, was fresh painted, his body newly washed, and his graceful robe spotlessly white. I spoke to him about the deity he worships. He replied, "I chiefly worship *Ammā*, and her temple is in that tope at the end of the lane." This *Ammā* is the goddess of small-pox, and, with *Ganesa*, the belly-god, monopolizes much of the worship of the people of Madras. In reply to all my questions, he used the words, "perhaps" and "may be," which led me to speak of the necessity of certainty in religion. While thus engaged, an acquaintance of his joined us, having in his hand a Christian book about the creation. When we had spoken a little about this subject, he said, "I cannot give you proper answers, but here is a Brahmin, a learned man: he will satisfy you." Upon this he called to the Brahmin, and the conversation lay chiefly between him and myself. He endeavoured, in the first place, to overwhelm me with a mass of Sanskrit and Telugu learning, and then attempted to show that the accounts of creation in the Hindú and Christian Vedas, or sacred books, are substantially the same, while the Hindú Triad of *Brahma*, *Vishnu*, and *Siva*, is really the Christian Trinity of *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghost*. I pointed out some very essential differences between them in reply; and as we became warm in the discussion, we stood still in the road, while the people collected around us. These persons being initiated in the Brahmin doctrine of the unity of the Godhead, for which he was arguing, and he being unwilling that they should hear it, would speak in English, and it was with difficulty I secured any remarks in Tamil: however, the people heard some things. I pointed to a temple by the roadside, and asked what deity was worshipped there. They said *Ganesa*. Pointing to another further off, I asked the same question, and was told *Krithica*. I then asked how, under the very shadow of such temples, it could be maintained that their deity was one and indivisible. The Brahmin, at this, entered into some metaphysical subtleties very little to the point. Tired at length by the quotation of Sanskrit slokes, I stopped, and said—

“ Now, in the face of all these people (a fresh group had gathered round us), I want a plain answer to a very important question.” They all listened carefully while I said, “ Tell me, how can I, a poor sinful man, get rid of my guilt ?” “ Oh,” said he, “ I will tell you very plainly. First get rid of ghāmum, k’rogum, lopum, and mogum, the four chief vices, and, secondly, pray to God.”

The people seemed to understand my remarks in reply, which were to the effect, that his first rule was merely *what* must be done, and not *how* ? and that, if any criminal were to try the efficacy of his second rule before some earthly judge, he would soon discover its uselessness.

We again moved on, a few people following us, till we came to a very fine temple by the roadside, with the row of Brahmin’s houses under a cocoa-nut grove. I here asked a few questions about the temple, its priests and endowments, which led to some conversation on the impurities of Hindúism, and specially the system of dancing-girls. I insisted that a system so filthy in itself could not lead men to holiness, and again demanded how man can be pure. My Brahmin disputant was, by this time, somewhat less talkative, and gave me a fair opportunity of setting forth the blood of Christ as the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. I did this by way of question to my scholar, who knew enough of Christian truth to give me correct answers. We made one more advance, and came to a nice place shaded with trees on either side. My Brahmin friend took occasion from this to hint, that, in passing from the temple to the grove, we had done that which Hindúism must do to be the pure and holy religion it once was, and proceeded to state that natural religion was, after all, the best. In a word, he turned deist, maintaining that the leaves, and woods, and flowers, are the best masters, and nature the best theological teacher. On this subject he was really eloquent, and repeated some good passages both from English and Hindú books.

The sunset hues in the west were now getting few and dim, so we turned homeward, and, for some distance, followed the road by which we came, now and then stopping in our walk, and gathering a few persons round us, and then going forward again. At the junction of the road down which I was going home there is a school at which Brahmins read, and when I stopped to bid adieu to my companions, several came over into the road and gathered round. We stood here some time discussing. I told them there were things in which they were wiser than I, but that I knew one thing which not the most learned of their Shasters could tell them. This piece of presumption, as it was in their eyes, from its very impudence, engaged their attention, while I preached Christ as the Saviour of poor sinners. One of my listeners is a teacher in a Mission school, and asked me to give him a post in my school. I turned to a temple close by, and asked them what they could say about a Hindú who, digging a hole beneath it and filling it with gunpowder, should blow it to ruins. They said, “ He would be a sacrilegious rascal.” I replied, “ This those Hindús are doing who teach in our schools. You are placing the explosive elements of Christianity beneath your monster system. You are digging down the foundation of your ancient faith, and soon the explosion and the crash will come, and Hindúism will have passed away into the darkness of ruin and forgetfulness.” I then explained that I would have only Christian teachers in my school, and therefore could not listen to his request.

We then spoke about the British rule in India, which they confessed had done good. They asked, "Would it be permanent?" I replied, it would continue till caste was abolished, and till, from the Himalaya to the Comorin there should be Christian teachers, and in every place Christian congregations.

I was now tired with talking and walking, and so bidding them farewell, and accompanied by one lad, I hastened home.

The Missionaries in Madras are too engaged with the care of schools and congregations, and settled Missionary efforts, to give much time and strength to work such as I have been describing; and I believe they are wiser to work in a more fixed and less desultory manner. It is, however, a work well worth doing, and peculiarly fit for young Missionaries, whose hands are not yet filled with other work.

It is also a good way for the practice of the language, and by this course those are met who never will come near our fixed preaching stations. My own difficulties are many when I engage in such a work, and at times I seem to have lost all my Tamil, and to be almost dumb; but God gives me so sweet a sense of his favour, when in my weakness I speak for Him, that I am encouraged to try. It is, too, among people thus met with, that I find those who come to my house afterwards to hear more of our Christian kingdom. Thus, while I get quickness by street speaking, I also, when inquirers meet me in my study, where I have my lexicons and books, enlarge my vocabulary, and lay in fresh stores.

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#### OPEN-AIR MISSIONARY MEETING.

MISSIONARY meetings in the open air are not so common as they might be, and yet it is the pleasantest way in these hot summer months to listen to "good news" from the "far countries" which England is trying to dispense. Indeed, there is always something peculiarly appropriate and interesting in an open-air Missionary gathering. It seems to bring us into closer connexion with the labours of our brethren in other lands, and to resemble their work, for they gather their people together in "the cool of the day," when they proclaim unto them God's salvation; and they preach Christ crucified most frequently in the same great temple of God, "made without hands," in which we thus meet at home. And while we are standing in the pleasant shade, and on the cool turf, with a girdle of uplifted eager faces around us listening to news from India, Africa, China, or "the islands of the sea," so, too, perhaps a crowd of dusky, yet not less intelligent or less interested hearers, are pressing round some friend of ours who is far away, as he proclaims to them in "their own tongue the wonderful works of God." We wish, therefore, that open-air Church Missionary meetings were more common.

There was a very interesting gathering for this purpose at Wickwar, in Gloucestershire, a week or two or ago. The rector of the parish, the Rev. C. E. Oakley, the Society's Association Secretary for Gloucestershire, who is instant "in season," yea, and "out of season" also, for the Mission work, summoned his friends to meet him upon the rectory lawn, to listen to "Missionary news." Nor was this all. The annual school feast and distribution of prizes was to usher in the Meeting.

The day before was dismally wet, and the morning of Friday



(June 18th) itself more than doubtful, but the sun drove away the clouds before mid-day, and our work commenced.

The children's sermon was preached by the Rev. David Cooper, of Bristol, who, in plain and simple words, pressed home the invitation of his text—"Come, ye children, hearken unto me, and I will teach you the fear of the Lord."

After service they marched to the rectory, and sat down "by fifties" and "by hundreds" until tea was ready. In order to give the little ones something to amuse them, at the bottom of the lawn were hung the Missionary cartoons of the Working Men's Association; and right well they looked, standing out against a dark back-ground of furze and laurel.

Meanwhile the feast was made ready, and not only did the children "eat, drink," and become "merry," but the aged poor and parents came trooping in to share the good things, and to be cheered with a kindly word. Soon the visitors arrived, and then all was hospitality, bustle, and happiness.

After tea came the distribution of prizes. Each child received some little token of their pastor's interest in them, made more welcome by a few discriminating words of praise or warning, and by a hearty shake of the hand. Then he asked the excellent superintendant of the boys'-school, in the name of himself and the other teachers, to say a word to them; who, in a few plain sentences, which came straight from the heart, told them how they loved them, and how they desired to do them good and be their friends for ever. And as he spoke I could not but wonder whether many parishes were happy enough to have in them farmers and Christian labourers of this stamp; persons who, although rich in the comforts of this life, cannot rest without seeking to make others rich with the only "true riches;" who esteem it a pleasure to give up their Sundays to the Sunday-school as a free "labour of love;" who are warm in the cause of Missions; and who are the right hand of their pastor in all things; for such persons are William B—— and his fellow-helpers. When he had finished, the rector delivered a short address to the parents, and then with the children's "Parting Hymn" we wound up the first part of the day's proceedings.

The gathering then changed itself into a Church Missionary Meeting. The benches were shifted to a sloping part of the pleasant lawn, and placed in semicircles facing a small table filled up with Reports and Missionary Papers, round which the speakers stood.

It was a pretty sight. Five hundred or six hundred people clustering close together that they might lose nothing of what passed—children, fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers; labouring men, whose masters had given them a holiday for the purpose; clergy from the neighbourhood; friends from every part—all come to hear of God's work in other lands, from those who had been labourers for Him.

It was a pleasant time and place also, for the lawn was shaded by high trees, and a noble acacia, white with blossoms, was lit up by the setting sun into a cone of gold, while the church, with its fine old tower, looked right down on us from a neighbouring hill.

The Rev. W. J. Coplestone, of Cromhall, opened the Meeting with prayer. The rector said but a few words to introduce the speakers. His interest and voice in the Mission work were too well known to need a long speech.

He would only press home once more the importance of the work—the reality of the progress—the shortness of the time—the fewness of the labourers. He could only ask them, as their district had already sent forth *one*, so to strive yet more earnestly to send *another*, into the “great vineyard of the Lord.” Mr. Cooper, of Bristol, and Mr. Harkness, of Malvern, followed.

The Rev. G. Candy, Bombay, then spoke at some length on India, and the difficulties and encouragements which meet the Missionary there. And as he dwelt on the vast influence for good or evil which the example of the European exercised over the native mind, and on the too frequent disregard of all religion by Englishmen in India, which happily is now fast becoming a thing of the past, but which has laid a “stone of stumbling” in the way of the Lord which He only can remove, he made a graceful and touching allusion to the Christian manliness and earnestness of his early friend, Mr. Oakley’s father, who, in that day of rebuke and blasphemy, was not ashamed, as a British soldier, “to war” a still nobler “warfare” for “the Lord of hosts.” He then entered into many interesting details of his own experience in India for thirty-seven years. But as time was advancing, the Rev. Mr. Brodie, an old and tried friend of the Church Missionary Society, brought our meeting to a close with a warm and hearty appeal to all.

The intervals between the speeches were filled up by the Missionary hymns—“Come, let us join our cheerful songs;” “O Spirit of the living God!” “From Greenland’s icy mountains;” “All hail, the great Emmanuel’s name!”—which made pleasant breaks in the long meeting; and all seemed to enjoy most heartily thus praising God beneath the “firmament of his power.”

Nothing now remained but that test of all such warmth and interest—the collection—and the test answered well. Ten guineas weighed down the plates, besides seven previously collected in the church, and the numbers of pennies and halfpennies told us that those who had little had nevertheless been “scattering” “to water others;” and we hoped they did it in the spirit of her, who, when she cast in her penny, said in her simplicity, “May God do *great* things with it.”

Thus ended our day. May it be a day to be much remembered for its quiet and profitable pleasure; and may it prove the forerunner of many more like meetings!

Of course it is not always possible to hold such gatherings in the open air, nor, in a large town, would they, perhaps, be desirable; but for the country they seem the best. There is a freshness of scene and interest in them, and an absence of weariness, which are very attractive to many; and, as I said above, they seem to carry us back in thought and sympathy with a peculiar vividness to those who, in strange lands, are bearing “the burden and heat of the day,” in journeyings and wanderings from place to place; whose congregations assemble everywhere; whose church is often the forest, the cave, the boundless building of the sky; who labour late and early for this one end, that

The holy words, diffusing balm,  
The message of the sacrifice,  
May ring within the glens of ice,  
And sound beneath the cocoa-palm.

C. H. W.

## THE PILGRIM'S REST.

I saw an aged pilgrim,  
 Whose toilsome march was o'er,  
 With slow and painful footstep  
 Approaching Jordan's shore :  
 He first his dusty vestment  
 And sandals cast aside,  
 Then, with an air of transport,  
 Entered the swelling tide.

I thought to see him shudder,  
 As cold the waters rose,  
 And feared lest o'er him surging  
 The murky stream should close ;  
 But calmly and unshrinking,  
 The billowy path he trod,  
 And, cheered with Jesus' presence,  
 Passed through the raging flood.

On yonder shore to greet him,  
 I saw a shining throng ;  
 Some just begun their praising,  
 Some had been praising long.  
 With joy they bade him welcome,  
 And struck their harps again,  
 While through the heavenly arches  
 Pealed the triumphal strain.

Now in a robe of glory,  
 And with a starry crown,  
 I see the weary pilgrim  
 With kings and priests sit down ;  
 With prophets, patriarchs, martyrs,  
 And saints, a countless throng,  
 He chants his great deliverance,  
 In never ceasing song.

## THE MISSION WORK AT NINGPO.

THIS free port was visited by the Bishop of Victoria on March 19th of the present year, and on the following Sunday he held a confirmation for the native Christians. Several points of interest and encouragement, connected with the little flock at Ningpo, have been communicated to us by our Missionary, the Rev. W. A. Russell.

“Thirty-two were confirmed on the occasion ; who, after the ceremony, listened with marked attention to a very suitable address delivered to them by the bishop, through me as his interpreter, dwelling especially on the importance of private prayer, family religion, and a careful perusal of the Word of God. His Lordship also held a special service the following Wednesday for the confirmation of two more, who had been away in the interior at our out-station of Seen-poo, and who could not get to Ningpo in time for the Sunday services. On this occasion, too, the bishop made some very appropriate remarks to all assembled. In the afternoon of the same day his Lordship gave a feast to all the native Christians in a schoolroom adjoining my house ; and, when over, held a conversational meeting with them, at which all were invited to make such inquiries, and to give utterance to such sentiments, as they thought

proper. Six of them spoke on the occasion. The first requested to know what general advice the bishop would give them as to the study of the Scriptures, so that they might become better acquainted with them, and derive more profit from them. The second observed, in reference to his Lordship's remarks on the previous Sunday, as to the importance of cultivating family religion, that several of them had unconverted members of their families, some unconverted wives, some unconverted husbands, some unconverted parents, some unconverted children; and that it ought to become to them a subject of deep concernment and earnest prayer; that they should be brought under the influence of the precious gospel, and thus become members of the Saviour's family. The third stated, that while the observation of his brother, who had just sat down, was very important, yet, after all, the principal thing was the cultivation of personal religion; for if we attended more to ourselves, so as to act out fully in our own lives and conversations the principles and precepts of the gospel of Jesus, then we might expect to be more successful in our efforts for the benefit of our families and neighbours. Another feelingly observed that they were all very weak indeed, and could do nothing either for themselves, their families, or neighbours, without the help of the Spirit of God, and therefore that earnest prayer for the outpouring of the Spirit upon them was the great requisite. Another, taking up the previous speaker, made a special request on behalf of his brethren, that the bishop should remember them in his prayers before the throne of grace, that God would pour out his Spirit upon them, that so they might be strengthened to carry out in their future conduct the suggestions which had been that day thrown out. The last inquired how far it was desirable to combine the practice of medicine with the preaching of the word, so as thereby to secure a more acceptable entrance for it. At the close, the bishop remarked, that about twelve years ago he was living in their city—the only English Missionary—enfeebled in body, and unacquainted with their language, and therefore could only lift up his heart to God in fervent prayer for their conversion; and that now, in what he this day witnessed before him, he saw an answer to his prayers, as well as much ground, with reference to the future, to hope for still greater things. He trusted that when they again met he should have the privilege of finding their spirituality much deepened, and their number much increased. His Lordship then called upon our catechist, Beo Sin sang, to conclude with prayer, which he did in a very solemn and appropriate manner.

The following Saturday the bishop left us for Shanghae, leaving behind him, as I trust, a blessing to ourselves, and to our little body of native Christians.

“The little one shall become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation: I the Lord will hasten it in his time.”

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 “GO, AND DO THOU LIKEWISE.”—LUKE XI. 37.

THERE are many ways in which our wealthy mercantile friends may aid the work of Missions, and help forward the cause of our blessed Lord and Saviour, in addition to the giving of money. A kind friend has for some years past furnished gratuitously large supplies of fish-hooks for the Red Indians connected with our Missionary stations

in Rupert's Land—an article much needed by them, as it is principally on fish they are sustained throughout the year. Ladies working parties throughout the country also send annual supplies of warm and stout clothing to the same rigid climate, for the use of the Indians; and this year these contributions amount in value to some hundreds of pounds. Other working parties send clothing, &c., to India, Africa, and New Zealand. The personal efforts of one lady at Brighton, on behalf of Africa, where she sustains a native catechist, are well known to very many of our Church Missionary friends. But we have just heard of an instance of liberality in favour of a sister Society, which we would venture to place before Christian ship-owners as an example. A gentleman, largely concerned in ships for Australia and the East Indies, has lately offered to the London Missionary Society *a free passage to any of their Missionaries, at all times, and in any of his vessels.* This, probably, will be a saving of some hundreds of pounds to that Society annually.

Thus there are many ways of helping on the cause. Not the least, however, is prayer. All, whether high or low, rich or poor, young or old, can give that, and prayer

“Moves the arm that moves the world.”

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DECISION OF A NATIVE CONVERT.

THE Rev. E. Porter, of the London Missionary Society, stationed at Cuddapah, India, gives, under date of November 23, an interesting account of the conversion and stedfastness of a native woman at Burgala.

The woman, whose name is Nullamah, is about 40 years of age, and for a long time followed the religion of Siva. After many years' practice in this superstition, she found no rest in her mind: in consequence, she was led to seek for bliss by other means. She therefore resolved, in company with some of her neighbours, to visit other heathen shrines, thinking by this to obtain merit. After this she again returned to her own village, having travelled upwards of 150 miles in vain. Some time after this, a native convert, having been publicly baptized in the presence of a large congregation, after his baptism returned with a copy of a part of the word of God, in his own language, to his native village. Here he made known the glad tidings of salvation to his neighbours. Nullamah heard from him the good news, her heart was impressed, and she resolved to visit Cuddapah, to see and hear more of this good way.

She left her village, and came to one of our out-stations, where Moses, one of our catechists, instructed her in the great principles and facts of the Christian religion. When she heard the wonderful story of the cross, with great surprise, she said, “Oh, I never heard such a wonderful history as this!” Since that time she heard the instructions of the catechist with great joy. Having manifested a great desire to see Cuddapah, Moses came, with this interesting inquirer, to see us at our bungalow.

Nullamah was rather afraid to see a white lady, having never conversed with one before; but Moses told her not to be afraid, as Mrs. Porter would be very kind to her. She came accordingly, and we were much pleased to see this interesting woman, whose heart, we

believe, the Lord has touched. She is a person of modest and retiring disposition, and appears of a sorrowful spirit. Mrs. Porter took her by the hand, and told her to sit down on the mat, as she would like to converse with her about religion.

She then said how much she had been impressed with the wonderful story of the Saviour's love; that she thought this must be the true way; and that she wished to be baptized in his name. Mrs. Porter reminded her that her caste would go if she were baptized. Nullamah replied, "Never mind, my soul will last longer than my caste." Mrs. Porter replied, "But your husband: what will he think of it?" She replied, "True, I must tell him, and I hope he will come too." "But suppose he says no, what then will you do?" "I must come without him: my soul is of more consequence than my husband." She was then told, that if she were baptized she would take the name of Christ, and must walk in his holy ways. She replied, "Oh, that is what I want: I have seen enough of sin in my former ways. To become holy is the reason why I have gone to so many temples, but these journeys have done me no good." After the Sabbath service, she said to Mrs. Porter, "Oh, this is joy, to meet all the people of God for worship, and the singing, and the instruction. I am all joy." She afterwards came again to the Mission house, to take leave of us. She was advised by Mrs. Porter to defer her baptism until she had received further instruction in the principles of the Gospel. The next time she came she appeared as happy as ever. She sat down and had a long talk with Mrs. Porter. Among other things, Mrs. Porter asked her how she felt when she was sick. She replied, "Very happy. I thought I should go to Jesus and see God. How many miles I have walked to see God, but all in vain." Mrs. Porter then asked her how she felt when she was a heathen and in sickness. She replied, "Oh, all fear, all dark. Sometimes I thought my spirit would go away altogether; at other times I thought my spirit would go into some beast or insect, or it would be hunted down here and there by other spirits." "But how, Nullamah, do you now feel?" "Oh, now it is peace inside, such peace!" Mrs. Porter reminded her that she would have much trouble, after her baptism, from her heathen neighbours. She replied, "Yes, I think so. The heathen will not let me draw water from the well. Never mind," she said, "I can drink of the waters of salvation," (alluding to the story of the woman of Samaria, which she had heard read to her,) "and I can get a little water from the river, which is common to all. They will not give me fire either; but never mind, I must take care not to let mine go out. However, I must be baptized in the name of Jesus. I love Him, and rejoice in his salvation, and I must bear his name, cost what it may." Afterwards she was examined by me in reference to her views of Christian truth, and as her answers were satisfactory, it was decided that she should be baptized. She was, in accordance with her earnest desire, publicly baptized in the presence of a large congregation. Truly the lines of the poet may apply to her—

" Now will I tell to sinners round  
 What a dear Saviour I have found :  
 I'll point to his redeeming blood,  
 And say, ' Behold the way to God !'"

*Missionary Chronicle.*

## KO THAH A.

FORTY-FIVE years ago the first Christian Missionary reached Burmah. It was for India that Judson had left his home. But on his arrival there the British authorities ordered him away, and Judson



KO THAH A, A PASTOR OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, RANGOON, AGED 81.

transferred himself to Burmah, to find, under heathen rule, that liberty to teach Christ's Gospel which was denied him under a Christian Government. There, in Rangoon, a close and fetid town, he devoted himself to learning the language. There was much to remind him of the spiritual destitution of the millions around him. Two miles distant from the city of bamboo huts and narrow streets, on a small hill, stands the celebrated pagoda called Shoo-da-gon, surrounded by many smaller pagodas, its top among the clouds, and its golden sides glittering in the radiance of an eastern sun. There Gaudama Buddha, a dead man, who lived about the time of the Babylonian captivity, is the object of religious worship. His image occupies the shrine; nay, indeed, everywhere the idol is to be met with. The images are usually in a sitting posture, and are of all sizes, from half an inch long to seventy-five feet; of wood, stone, brass, brick, clay, and ivory. Thither the people bring their offerings—bunches of flowers, articles of raiment, nicest eatables ready cooked—and, with uplifted hands, recite their devotions, often with a string of beads counting over each petition. Indefatigably did Judson toil to acquire the tongue and gain the ear of these poor idolaters. Twelve hours out of the twenty-four were occupied in close study. There he sat in a large open room, bent over a table covered with Burman books, his teacher beside him, a venerable man in his sixtieth year, with his cloth wrapped round his middle, and a handkerchief round his head. He had his fruits. God gave him a first convert in 1819; and and then followed others; amongst them the Burman, whose likeness appears in our engraving, and of whom the following notices appear in the "Missionary Magazine" for January 1855.

Our earliest notice of him dates back to 1820. Ko (then Moun)g Thah A is first introduced to us by Mr. Judson, as being a frequent visitor at the Rangoon Mission house, and shortly afterwards as "giving good evidence of being a true disciple." He is described at the time as "a respectable householder, rather above the middling class," about fifty years of age, unmarried, and living with his aged mother, who was dependent on him, in a small village called Nan-daungong, about half a mile from the Mission. He had formerly been an officer under Government, and had amassed considerable property, which he mostly spent in building pagodas and making offerings. "But he obtained no satisfaction, found no resting-place for his soul, until he became acquainted with the religion of Jesus. He now," wrote Mr. Judson, "rests in this religion with conscious security; believes and loves all that he hears of it; and prays that he may become fully a true disciple of the Saviour." (Judson's Mem. vol. i. p. 277). He was baptized in August 1822, just previous to Mr. Judson's departure for Ava. His manner of application evinced his earnestness. "Early in the morning, Moun)g Thah A came in, and, taking Mr. Judson aside, knelt down, raised his folded hands in the attitude of reverence, and made a very pathetic and urgent application for immediate baptism. He stated that he had considered the Christian religion for above two years; that



his mind was completely settled on every point ; and that though he had been harrassed with many fears, he was now resolved to enter the service of Jesus Christ, and remain faithful unto death, whatever the consequences in this world might be." The rite was administered the following day, August 20th, making the seventeenth Burman who publicly professed his faith in Christ in baptism.

He was ordained to the ministry and pastorship of Rangoon church, by Messrs. Judson and Wade, in 1829. " He had spent a few months, at the end of the war, in 1826, at a large village in the neighbourhood of Shwadoung ; and there, devoting himself to the preaching of the word, had produced a very considerable excitement. Several professed to believe in the Christian religion ; and three of the most promising received baptism at his hands. Others requested the same favour, but he became alarmed at his own temerity, and declined their repeated applications. On his return to Rangoon, he continued to disseminate the truth, but in a more cautious and covert manner. He had now come to Moulmein to inquire what he should do with those who wished to be baptized, and to get some instructions concerning his own duty."

Succeeding years have shown that the " divine appointment " was not misapprehended. " The teachers have come and gone," he remarked on one occasion : " I have always remained here. When the teachers left Rangoon, the rulers seized me : they commanded me not to preach. They said, ' Do you intend to preach Jesus Christ ? ' I said to the rulers, ' I shall preach : Jesus Christ is the true God. ' "

Ko Thah A, as threatened by the rulers, has been subject to repeated persecutions, in common with his brethren ; has been fined and imprisoned, his feet set fast in the stocks. Of the horrors of a Burman prison, some conception can be formed from the records of Oung-pen-la. One of these persecutions occurred in the viceroyalty of Moug Kine-being, who was " envious at the religion of God." " I, with others," said Ko Thah A, (he had been requested to write out the particulars,) " was then greatly persecuted, and commanded not to worship Christ, but to return to our old religion, and worship Gaudama. Our property was seized ; I was cast into prison, put into the stocks, and swung up by the feet. I had then to endure for many days the most fearful threatenings ; till, by the grace of God, I was set at liberty. From that time till Pegu was conquered, I have been compelled to attend to my work, and preach with the wisdom of the serpent. Now," addressing Mr. Ingalls, who gives the narrative, " being permitted to live to the age of eighty-four, I can preach the glad tidings of God, with none to oppose, and can witness the multiplying of converts and the increase of the church." " The believers," he adds, " give proof that they have the life of Christ, for their prayers are attended with divine power."

At this advanced age, when no longer able to stand up in the church to preach, yet still preaching by his life, his likeness was taken. Those who knew him pronounce it true to the life.

It is strikingly in unison with our own recollections. There he sits with his pilgrim staff, robed in white ; his head crowned with a neat red turban ; his scarf of blue setting forth, rather than concealing, his aged hands, his feet exposed, in the fashion of his country ; his countenance sedate, grave, as of one who had known long service, but lighted up,

whenever he speaks, with an animation that still betokens the living soul within. The artist has well succeeded in transferring the features; save only, that we would have had more of Ko Thah A's beaming eye.

VISIONS OF THE PAST AND FUTURE—THOUGHTS SUGGESTED  
BY CONFIRMATION.

1.

Yes! I remember, there were many there,  
Youths in their promise, maidens bright and fair :  
They came, a willing servitude to take,  
A pledge to give, a covenant to make ;  
To vow themselves to Him, who, from above,  
Came with a willing sacrifice, in love  
Yearning for souls, content to suffer loss,  
To bear the shame and anguish of the cross,  
That sinners in his sorrows might be blest,  
And in the love of Jesus find their rest.  
And they had heard it all : this wondrous love,  
Which angels marvel at, had seem'd to move  
Their youthful hearts. As murm'ring leaves are stirr'd  
By the quick breeze, so many a voice is heard ;  
And life is pledg'd and earnest vows are giv'n,  
All mark'd above, and register'd in heaven.  
Who could survey that scene without a tear,  
Suggestive as it was of many a hope and fear !

2.

Years since have past : time, as it speeds along,  
Has separated wide that youthful throng :  
They meet on earth no more ! Some find a home  
In Albion's sea-girt isle, or wand'ring roam  
To fair Germania's plains, Italia's shore,  
Or the palm-groves of distant Travancore.  
But there are other changes ! Some, who seem'd  
So deeply mov'd, whose countenances, beam'd  
With the bright tints of promise, as they vow'd  
Fidelity to Jesus,—they have bow'd  
To other shrines. The mem'ry of that day  
Its hopes and prayers—all, all, have pass'd away.  
Vain pleasure, with its fascinating smile,  
Has spread its snares, and studied to beguile.  
There have been faithless Orpahs : they have wept,  
And kiss'd, and turn'd aside : they have not kept  
Their vow and covenant. Is there no stedfast Ruth ?  
No heart of mingled tenderness and truth,  
Faithful and loving, holding fast the cross,  
And, for his name sake, counting all else loss ?  
Yes, there are some : a beauteous wreath they wear  
Of amaranthine flow'rs. With holy care,  
As rob'd, in white, the path of life they choose,  
Strong in his strength, and stedfast to refuse  
The tempter's gloss, they on his steps attend,  
And find in Him a never-failing friend.

## 3.

The spring of youth soon fades, the sunny time  
 Of the quick summer has o'erpass'd its prime ;  
 Autumnal tints premonish of decay,  
 And earthly glories droop and die away ;  
 But Jesus is the same : He loves his own,  
 Shields them through life, and fits them for a throne.  
 Lo ! from the hills of promise we behold  
 Bright visions of the future, which, of old,  
 Psalmists have sung of, prophets have foretold,—  
 A heav'n of life, a Canaan of joy  
 Rivers of pleasures, bliss without alloy !  
 Who from amongst us, on that heav'nly shore  
 Shall stand triumphant, sin and sorrow o'er ?

Write down thy name anew— anew begin  
 The pray'rful toil, the conflict with your sin,  
 For he must faithful prove who would a kingdom win!

## BAPTISM OF THE FIRST AFGHAN.

LITTLE more than twelve years back fierce contests were raging on the Sutlej. They were contests for supremacy between the power of the Sikhs and that of Britain. The armies of the Christian country were triumphant, and the Punjab was annexed. The attention of our Society was drawn to it as a suitable field for Missionary operations, and we resolved on its occupation. We had thus to deal with the subject as one entirely new to us, and to make ourselves acquainted with the character of the people, and the localities most desirable to be occupied in the first instance. But now, from the western frontier of this land we are looking forward on a new country, so far as Missionary efforts are concerned, and a new people, who are coming for the first time under the sound of the Gospel, and in relation to whom we are situated somewhat as we were to the Sikhs twelve years ago. The Afghans come in sight. From our frontier station at Peshawur we look forward on Cabul, once invaded by a British army, and the scene of sad military disasters ; at no distant period to be entered upon by those whose weapons are not carnal, and who shall be the instruments of subduing the land to His sceptre who shall be universal King. Already we have encouragement, for, at Peshawur an Afghan has been recently baptized. It is the first instance, and one of deep interest, and we place it before our readers, earnestly soliciting their prayers on his behalf. The details are related by our Missionary, the Rev. T. Fitzpatrick, in a private letter to one of his friends, bearing date Whitsunday 1858.

I have had the great pleasure of baptizing this morning into the Church of Christ a fine noble-looking Afghan ; and the man and his history, his religious inquiries, and simple, childlike acceptance of the truth, with other circumstances, and particularly the associations of the day, combine to make it one of the most interesting cases I have ever witnessed. He is the same person about whom I wrote some time ago,

describing him as a subadar (captain) in the Guides Infantry. I was so strongly persuaded at that time that he had been baptized, and had gone to Delhi as a Christian (for Dr. Pfander had spoken of him as such), that it was with the greatest difficulty I could yield to the truth that he was not. Facts, however, are stubborn things, and I could not contradict them. He stayed here at the time I wrote about him for a few days only, and then went with his regiment to one of the out-stations. Colonel Martin was anxious to get him baptized before he left, or to obtain a few days' leave for him; but Dilawar felt that he could not solicit leave, as the whole regiment was moving to its station, and he thought there was an almost immediate prospect of active service against some hill tribes. A few days after, however, he came in quite unexpectedly to us. We had almost given him up. Colonel Martin had nearly despaired of his coming to Christ in the way of his appointed ordinance. His first interview, however, on this occasion, gave us great encouragement. He concluded a long conversation by saying, "I have come for this one object, that I may do what is required by God. Teach me what I am to do: only give me clear proofs for every thing from the word of God. I obey God, not man." Yesterday morning he came to me again, and I explained to him the doctrine of baptism, and read the whole of the service, with Scripture proofs; and when I saw that he understood the matter, I said, "Now tell me, what do you think of baptism?" He said, "Christ has commanded it: it is right." "Well," I rejoined, "my advice is that you receive it." "Very good," he replied: "you think it right: it is according to the Book." I then arranged that he should be baptized to-day, and truly it was a most delightful service. Colonel Martin, Mr. M'Carthy, and Anna, were his sponsors. I had the happy privilege of bringing him into the family of God. He was very solemn in his demeanour; and afterwards, when Mr. M'Carthy said how happy he felt in witnessing his Christian profession, Dilawar Massih told us all how happy he felt, and that his full purpose was, with God's help, to go and do His will to the end. His previous name was Dilawar Khan, the meaning of which is, A brave intrepid lord. Khan is the appellative of all the Afghans and, I believe, of the Beloochis also; but now, as the appellative Massih (Christ) is substituted, we understand by his name, Bold in (or for) Christ.

The history of this man shows what a remarkable instance he is of God's electing love. He was formerly a border robber, as very many of the Afghans are. He was brought up to this profession religiously. The moulvis inculcate solemnly, from the Korán and Traditions, the duty of killing and plundering all unbelievers, and hence for some time this was his pursuit; but at length he began to doubt if this could be pleasing to God. Enormities so glaring struck him as opposed to the divine attributes, and, I suppose, under these feelings he at length gave up this desperate life. About three years ago he obtained somewhere a copy of one of Dr. Pfander's works on the Mohammedan Controversy, and read it with avidity. The arguments seemed to him unanswerable; but to put the matter beyond doubt, he inquired from numberless moulvis what answers could be given to them. Not one could reply. He has waited now for three years inquiring from all he could meet; but not a single answer could he obtain to any

one of the arguments for Christianity and against Mohammedanism. He was delighted when he found that Dr. Pfander was alive, and even in Peshawur. Their interviews were frequent, and conversations lengthy, during the whole of this period, or at least the greater part of it, but Dr. Pfander had not the satisfaction of seeing him baptized; and when he left Peshawur, six months ago, it was only with the hope, that if Dilawar survived the siege of Delhi, he would at length become a Christian. He did survive, though one-fourth, perhaps I may say, one-third of his comrades fell, and he was promoted while there, from the rank of jemadar to that of subadar (or captain), and now this day, he has been publicly received into the church of Christ. He is a fine-looking man, about six feet high, and his age is perhaps forty-two or forty-five. He often tells me he only knows a very little, but I can assure you he knows very much more of his own religious books than the greater number of the mollahs, and can quote the Korán and Traditions, and go through subtle arguments, with a readiness and ability that all must admire. One very pleasing fact is, that he has been so open and so fearless in avowing his convictions, that all the men of his regiment, nay, all the learned natives of Peshawur, know that he has become a Christian, and often say to him, "Why do you confound us by our own books? If you are a Christian, leave our books alone." He said yesterday morning, "No other course is left to me: I have even tried to put these things from me, and cease to think about them, but I could not do it. I take this to be of God. Now then whatever is needful to do (i.e. to become a Christian) I am ready to do it."

Again, it is remarkable that he has been all this time alone amongst Mohammedans and Hindús. Great men of both parties have entreated him to follow the way of his fathers; but he has replied, "How can I? It would be idolatry to prefer them to God." And again he said this morning, "I take the Bible to be the word of God: it is proved by miracles. I will not reason about it. Whatever it teaches, that I will do and believe." And of this he has given several proofs: for instance, he received baptism, so soon as he had read the Scripture proofs of it, and the service. And after my sermon this morning upon the great topic of the day, he asked me how any might know that the Holy Ghost was given to him? and what were the special blessings He bestowed? And when I had explained these two points from Scripture, he said, "Well, I was in doubt, but now I see it is as you say, for thus 'it is written.'" Altogether it is a most remarkable and cheering case. May God keep, and strengthen, and comfort His servant through life, and at last receive him to glory!

#### CONVERSION AND BAPTISM OF A SEPOY AT BENARES.

THE following interesting fact is given in the Missionary Magazine for July last—

On Sabbath, March 6th, we had a very interesting service. Wazeer Singh, a Sikh by birth, and for several years a Sepoy in the 28th Bengal Native Infantry, was received by baptism into the Christian church. This man had heard the Gospel four years ago from the mouth of an American Missionary at Saharunpur. A favourable impression was then made in his mind, which has not been since effaced.

In April of last year he was sent with a company of his regiment from Shahjehanpur to Budain in Rohilkund. There was no Missionary at the place, but Mr. Edwards, the magistrate, was in the habit of collecting for public worship every Sabbath all who bore the Christian name. This man heard of the service, and wished to be admitted to it. His request was of course complied with. He then told Mr. Edwards he had long wished to become a Christian, but it was impossible for him to be so while he remained in the army, and he begged Mr. Edwards to obtain his discharge. This was done, and he was taken into Mr. Edwards' service. Less than a month elapsed when the whole country was in a blaze. Mr. Edwards survives that dreadful period after having passed for months through a series of adventures and perils more remarkable than those imagined by the liveliest writer of romance; and for his preservation he is more indebted to this man than to any other. Wazeer Singh clung to his new master with unswerving fidelity: he gave him most valuable counsel on some most critical occasions, and in his service exposed his life to most imminent danger. When at Allahabad, I met Mr. Edwards, whose schoolfellow I had been many years ago in the Inverness academy, and from him I heard first about Wazeer Singh. I conversed with the man, and was much pleased with his apparent simplicity. On his master's coming to Benares as judge, I had many opportunities of conversing with him, and of instructing him in divine truth. For some weeks he came almost daily to the Mission house. His knowledge was very limited, but he had got a hold of the great leading doctrines of Christianity: he had given no ordinary proofs of his sincerity. He was very eager for baptism, and we did not think it right to delay the administration of the rite. A large native congregation was present on the occasion, and I trust we had the divine presence and blessing.

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#### AN INCIDENT FROM THE PAGES OF OLD REDSTONE.

OLD REDSTONE is an historical sketch of the character and trials of those pioneer ministers, who, from 1778 to 1783, located themselves in Western Pennsylvania.

Our story will carry the reader back to the period when all north of the Ohio river was almost an unbroken wilderness—the mysterious red man's home. On the other side, a bold hardy band from beyond the mountains had built their log cabins, and were trying to subdue the wilderness. To them every hour was full of peril. The Indians would often cross the river, steal their children and horses, kill and scalp any victim that came in their way. They worked in the field with weapons at their side, and on a Sabbath met in a grove or rude log church, to hear the word of God, with their rifles in their hands. To preach to these settlers, Mr. Joseph Smith, a Presbyterian minister, had left his paternal home, east of the mountains. He, it was said, was the second minister that had crossed the Monongahela. He settled in Washington county, Pennsylvania, and became the pastor of Cross Creek and Upper Buffalo congregations, dividing his time between them. He found them a willing and united people, but still unable to pay him a salary which would support his family. He, in common with all the early ministers, must cultivate a farm. He purchased one on credit, promising to pay

for it with the salary pledged to him by his people. Years passed away. The pastor was unpaid. Little or no money was in circulation. Wheat was abundant, but there was no market. It could not be sold for more than twelve and a half cents in cash. Even their salt had to be brought across the mountains on pack-horses, was worth eight dollars per bushel, and twenty-one bushels of wheat had often to be given for one of salt. The time came when the payment must be made, and Mr. Smith was told he must pay or leave his farm. Three years salary was due from his people. For the want of this, his land, his improvements upon it, and his hopes of remaining among a beloved people, must be abandoned. The people were called together, and the case laid before them, and they were greatly moved: counsel from on high was sought; plan after plan was proposed and abandoned; the congregations were unable to pay a tithe of their debts, and no money could be borrowed. In despair they adjourned, to meet again the following week. In the mean time it was ascertained that a Mr. Moore, who owned the only mill in the county, would grind for them wheat on reasonable terms. At the next meeting it was resolved to carry their wheat to Mr. Moore's mill: some gave fifty bushels, some more. This was carried from fifteen to twenty-six miles on horses to the mill. In a month word came that the flour was ready to go to market. Again the people were called together. After an earnest prayer, the question was asked, "Who will run the flour to New Orleans?" This was a startling question. The work was perilous in the extreme: months must pass before the adventurer could hope to return, even though his journey should be fortunate: nearly all the way was a wilderness, and gloomy tales were told of the treacherous Indians. More than one boat's crew had gone on that journey, and had come back no more. "Who, then, could endure the toil and brave the danger?" None volunteered; the young shrunk back, and the middle-aged had their excuse. At length a hoary-headed man, an elder in the church, sixty-four years of age, rose, and, to the astonishment of the assembly, said, "Here I am; send me." The deepest feeling at once pervaded the whole assembly. To see their venerated old elder thus devote himself for their good melted them all to tears. They gathered around Father Smiley to learn that his resolution was indeed taken; that rather than lose their pastor he would brave danger, toil, and even death. After some delay and trouble, two young men were induced, by hope of a large reward, to go as his assistants. A day was appointed for starting. The young and old, from far and near, from love to Father Smiley, and deep interest in the object of his mission, gathered together, and, with their pastor at their head, came down from the church, fifteen miles away, to the bank of the river, to bid the old man farewell. Then a prayer was offered up by their pastor, and a parting hymn was sung. Then said the old Scotchman, "Untie the cable, and let us see what the Lord will do for us." This was done, and the boat floated slowly away. More than nine months passed and no word came back from Father Smiley. Many a prayer had been breathed for him, but what was his fate was unknown. Another Sabbath came: the people came together for worship, and there, on his rude bench, before the preacher, composed and devout, sat Father Smiley. After the service the people were requested to meet early in the week to hear the report. All came again. After thanks had been returned to God for his safe return, Father Smiley rose and told his story—That

the Lord had prospered his mission; that he had sold his flour for twenty-seven dollars a barrel, and then got safely back. He then drew a large purse, and poured upon the table a larger pile of gold than most of the spectators had ever seen before. The young men were paid each one hundred dollars. Father Smiley was asked his charge. He meekly replied that he thought he ought to have the same as one of the young men, though he had not done quite as much work. It was immediately proposed to pay him three hundred dollars. This he refused till the pastor was paid. Upon counting the money, it was found there was enough to pay what was due Mr. Smith, to advance his salary for the year to come, to reward Father Smiley with three hundred dollars, and then have a large dividend for each contributor. Thus their debts were paid, their pastor relieved, and, while life lasted, he broke for them the bread of life. The bones of both pastor and elder repose in the same church-yard; but a grateful posterity still tells this pleasing story of the past.

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### PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCES.

#### ASSAM.

THE following extracts of letters lately received from Assam, the one alluding to the mutiny, the others to matters of interest connected with the Assam Mission at Tezpoore, have been forwarded to us for publication.

Almost instantaneously with the open outbreak of the Sepoys at Mirut, excitement began to show itself in Assam: the Amlahs (Government native servants in civil employ) read the newspapers, and crowds collected round them to hear the worst news of the defeat of the English, and slaughter of women and children.

The occupation of Delhi, Lucknow, and many smaller towns and stations were eagerly told, and more eagerly listened to: the native merchants kept open house, and, after cutcherry, every one flocked to them for news. About June such remarks as the following might have been heard in the province—"Why, the country belongs to us: what is the Company? Who are the Europeans? A handful of men, whom we Hindús and Mussulmans, if we but stuck together, could crush in an instant." Men might have been seen seizing a rupee, spitting on the Queen's image, and throwing it on the ground, while, stamping upon it, they exclaimed—"This is not our Sovereign: the King of Delhi is the Emperor of India." Daily the reports grew sadder which we received from Calcutta: station after station, treachery after treachery, butchery after butchery, swelled the horrifying news. In July and August no one slept a night with real repose or confidence. The Sepoys at the Treasury guard, who saluted you in the evening, might murder you suddenly in the dark of night. Suspicion was the feeling everywhere: confidence in none who resembled sepoys, or natives in general. About this time a voluntary guard was formed; rumours of mutiny at Dibrúghur reached us; and shortly afterwards we were told that some tea planters had suddenly fled from the neighbourhood of Jurhat, and that Captain Holroyd (the assistant to the Commissioner in charge of Sibsagar) had declared he could no longer protect the residents of Sibsagar. I never went to bed, at that time, for a fortnight, without having first ascertained whether a boat was lying at the ghât for us to jump into should any



thing occur. Of our really unsafe situation though, at this time, we were all ignorant, and of the stretched-out arm of the Almighty we knew nothing: we only looked at the outside of danger. We heard of a conspiracy being discovered between the ex-king of Assam and the Sepoys of the first Assam Light Infantry, but we knew not that, instead of a discovery, we might all of us have been massacred. The ex-king's agent at Calcutta commenced the plot, by counselling the death of every European, and then by advising the ex-king to re-ascend the throne of his ancestors. The subadar of the first Assam Light Infantry detachment at Golaghat was in the conspiracy, and all the Sepoys under his command were ready to obey him. Attempts had been made to draw the Darogah (native superintendent of police) of Jurhat into the plot, but he stood aloof, observing their plans; and when he was sure of all, he gave timely information to Captain Holroyd; yet not before the rice was pounded, and tied up in bundles, that was to feed the conspirators on their way to Dibrúghur. Already the night had arrived for them to start; they only awaited the bugler's signal; when, by a most providential interference, he refused to sound the alarm, merely because he had not been consulted: neither threats or oaths moved him: the scheme had to be postponed.

That very night the adjutant of the first Assam Light Infantry, with some Goorkas belonging to that regiment, floated down the river from Dibrúghur, and, landing at Jurhat ghât, marched into Jurhat, and, surrounding the palace, made the king and ministers prisoners, and, placing his majesty in the boat they had come down in, sent him to Calcutta. Arrests were now made everywhere in the regiment and divisions, so as to weaken the force of the mutineers. This was the height of our peril. In the mean time one hundred sailors arrived, and their being placed over the big guns at Dibrúghur filled us all with confidence. We were, though, hardly out of danger. A portion of the Chittagong mutineers passed through the lower parts of the province, but soon another party of sailors arrived, and peace was restored. At one period of our unsafety we were threatened by a neighbouring hill tribe of Akas, who might easily have done us material mischief. Now, thank God! all is quiet again, and I hope that the future Government will do as the Earl of Shaftesbury proposes, viz. show a bold face, and bear testimony to the Saviour, as the only living and true God. It is clear to us that your own constant prayers, my dearest Christian friends, and, may be, the Lord's plans as regarded the Assam Mission at Tezapore, kept the mutiny from any fatal development here. With regard to the members of the Mission congregation, they daily prepared themselves for the worst: they knew they had no mercy to expect, and therefore resolved to live or die as Christians confessing Christ.

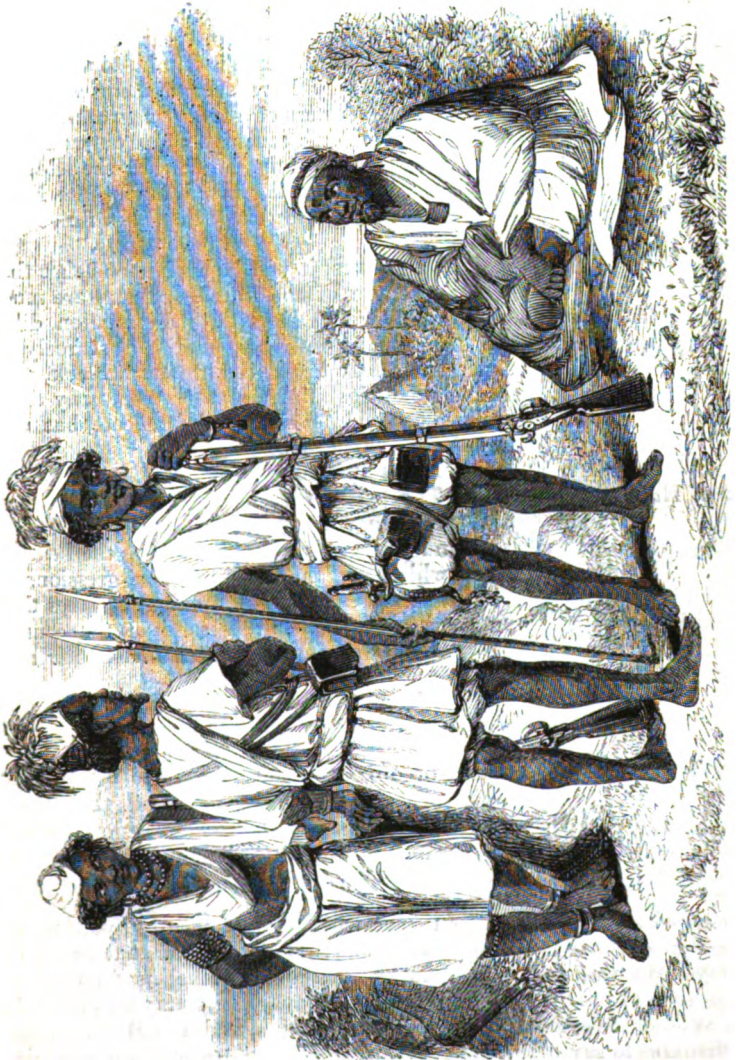
The following extract relates to Mission matters.

It may be of some use to you to put at your disposal the very interesting fact of a whole body of Kacharis, comprising several villages, having sought voluntarily to become Christians. The Kacharis adverted to, are the men of Dhúar Jhargong, a small independent district, for many years under managers, who have long oppressed them, whose yoke they have frequently attempted to shake off, but were unable to do, until at last they became acquainted with Mr D., the American Baptist Missionary, and induced him to bring their wrongs to the notice of the Collector. During this undertaking, in which were introduced a long course

of petitions and appeals, some scores of the principal villagers were either constantly staying at Gowhatty, or going to and from it, residing, when here, in a Namghur (a resting place for travellers) on Mr. D.'s premises. Latterly, during their residence here, they regularly attended divine service and morning and evening prayers, at Mr. D.'s, and listened very attentively to his lectures on Christianity. Eventually they won their cause, and, at Mr. D.'s suggestion, accepted one of his converts, Apintah as their chowdry, and took with them another as a catechist and schoolmaster. Just as these arrangements were made Mr. D. left the province, and the poor fellows are left at a very critical time, without any competent guide. During Mr. D.'s absence I should have liked Mr. Hesselmeyer to have kept an eye upon them, but it is almost impossible, he is so far removed from them. Had he an assistant, it might have been practicable for him to have extended some degree of surveillance over them, and, in case Mr. D. should not return, or any person come to take his place, it would have been desirable to invite them to join the Assam Mission at Tezapore, and I dare say they would have willingly done so, when they came to know what a large body of their own race were receiving instruction from Mr. Hesselmeyer, one of whose schools in Chutgari is a very short distance from Jhar-gong. In the present renewed attention to Indian Missions, it might be as well to bring to the notice of those who would set up a bishop in Assam the very urgent necessity (for the sake of the natives at least) that exists for placing our Tezapore Mission on a footing of greater efficiency. I am not disposed to speak lightly of dignitaries; but when I find that a really useful, promising Mission, like ours at Tezapore, which has been established for twelve years, can with difficulty be maintained on the weakest possible footing, I should really deplore any expense in the ecclesiastical establishment of Assam, until our Mission was made more efficient, and enabled to occupy the ground which the American Missions may be obliged to give up. I also beg to enclose a few lines from the officer in command of the second Assam Light Infantry, who was in England during the disturbances, but has recently rejoined his regiment, which for some years I had the happiness of commanding, during which period Tracts, and portions of Scripture were distributed among the children of the Sepoys.—“You will, I am sure, be glad to hear of the well-being of the regiment, that it has passed through a fearful trial unscathed. It has been thanked by the Governor-General, &c., from the commanding-officer to the lowest Sepoy. During the disturbances all the native officers behaved well, I believe, and I am thankful to say all is now apparently quiet.” The hand of the Lord in this miraculous preservation we thankfully acknowledge, particularly when we think of the isolated position of the Tezapore Mission, with its one Missionary in an unprotected situation, exposed to every evil feeling and ill-will; but we know that “not a sparrow falls to the ground without His permission, in whose sight we are of more value than many sparrows.” Our call for assistance waxes stronger, and we beseech you, brethren, as you prize your Gospel privileges, not to be slothful in coming forward to assist us in this work of the Lord. Two Mission stations, with their schools and converts, have lately been left without any pastors, and almost simultaneously a large number of the heathen, in the neighbourhood of one of these stations, desire instruction at our hands.

## THE FOULAHS.

**SENEGAMBIA** is the name given to that portion of Western Africa which is watered by the two great rivers of Senegal and Gambia. The face of this large tract, which extends interiorward to the distance of six or seven hundred miles, is generally flat and monotonous. The Senegal,



GROUP OF FOULAHS.

which is under the control of the French, is navigable for small-sized vessels some five hundred miles; the Gambia is navigable for vessels of the largest size some thirty-five or forty miles, and, for ordinary merchant vessels, to MacCarthy's island, 250 miles from the sea coast.

The principal native tribes of Senegambia are the Jaloffs, the Mandingoes, and the Foulahs. It is of this latter people that we have to speak. Their tribal name in the dialects of Africa undergoes many variations—Foulh, Foulha, poul, poulh, Fella and Fellatah, to which the French have added the word Toucouleurs. They occupy three large districts in Senegambia—Futa-torro, near the Senegal, Futa-bondu, and Futa-jallon, the capital of which is Timbu to the north-east of Sierra-Leone. From thence they have spread themselves into Soudan, and have made themselves masters of several negro kingdoms on the Niger; amongst others, of the Nufe country, where our new Missionary Station at Rabba, has been recently formed by the Rev. S. Crowther. The ruling princes, with whom the expedition up the Niger is in communication, and under whose protection it has been for several months past, are Foulahs.

From the French name, Toucouleurs, it will be understood that they differ greatly in complexion. Those of the interior regions are much lighter than those on the coast. "The Foulahs of Futa-jallon differ very materially from the ordinary negro races, and can scarcely be classed in the same family. Their complexion is a brownish black, with hair soft and curly, foreheads good, lips thin, and their noses any thing but flat. In stature they are of middle size, limbs delicate but well formed, and, in gait, graceful and independent."

The Foulahs have a tradition that they are descended from Phut, the Son of Ham. (Gen. x. 6). The prefix of the word Futa to almost every district of any extent, which they have occupied, is singular.

They are Mohammedans, and are zealous in proselyting the heathen tribes. The predatory bands which lead the way in their aggressions on the Soudan nations are, however, more intent on kidnaping slaves than in making converts, and are greatly dreaded because of the cruelty which characterizes them, and the devastations which mark their progress.



#### BAPTISMS AT PALAMCOTTA.

IT will gladden the hearts of our Christian friends to know that a work of grace is going forward at Palamcotta, and that there have occurred there several interesting cases of conversion, which have been communicated to us by our Missionary, the Rev. E. Sargent, in the following extracts from his journals—

*March 24, 1858*—Had you been with us last evening, you would have been cheered at the sight of the party that sat down to tea with us. On my right was, first, the múnshí, then one of the new men, then Ramasawmy from Strivilliputtur and Perianayagam; on my left, Edward, then another new man, then Danakudy Rajah, and the Brahmin. I am thankful to say every thing continues quiet. I expected a good deal of trouble on the part of friends of Sanmugam Pillay, the nephew of the tahsildar; but it seems the letter he left behind him was of so decided a

character, that they entertain no hope of seeing him abandon his purpose. The relations of the múdliar began to talk of a complaint against Subiya, that he had absconded after robbing them of 30,000 rupees ; but all this was idle talk, thinking to frighten him.

*March 29*—Our new converts have, since the third day of their joining us, occupied one of the rooms in the Preparandi Institution, and every day their friends have had access to them. I was at first rather anxious on this point, not knowing whether they had strength of character to abide such an ordeal ; but I am persuaded this is their right course to follow, so long as no violent means are used to draw them away. The people also, by this means, get to understand better what the real merits of the case are, otherwise many are persuaded that we use compulsory means to keep men with us after they have once entered our door ; that they act at first upon the impulse of excitement, and not from principle ; and that they would, perhaps, voluntarily go back to their homes, if we did not exercise custody over them. This opinion is now, I think, dissipated, and the events of yesterday have made the matter still clearer. The converts went down early, as usual, to the river, before dawn, when, as they were returning, the uncle of Sanmugam Pillay, a man of great notoriety and influence in the district, and who seemed to him to have been waiting for the opportunity, came up to him, and seized him by the hand, asking him how he could have acted so cruelly as thus to disgrace all his family. "Who will ever look up to us as respectable people after this? You must come home with me atonce." The reply was, "You don't consider the reason for which I have taken this step." "Of course," replied the uncle, "the Padre has been promising you a situation." "Why," replied Sanmugam "you know well that I could nowhere have greater expectations of that kind than from my family connexions. That is not at all the point. I have lost all faith in the religion of my ancestors, and the Christian religion is the only one that points out the way of salvation." "Well," said the uncle, "you can hold your views, and still live with us. You know that there has been between your father and me disputes about our property. Now, come home, and we will make over all the property, by registering it in your name." He replied that that would not accord with his determination of being a Christian ; that after a while he would gladly come and see his mother and other relatives at home, but that he had given up caste, and therefore they could not be on the same terms as before in one family ; that this Christian religion made men all of one caste, and he had made up his mind to put in his lot with them, and follow the principles which the true Veda taught. The river is about a mile from the Mission house, so the conversation was kept up in this style all the way, till they arrived at our gate, when Sanmugam persisting in his refusal to comply, the uncle proceeded homeward. Poor Sanmugam seems thankful that he has thus got over this trial, as he always had an undefined fear of this uncle, and was looking forward with some apprehension to an interview, whenever it might offer. I ought to have mentioned before that Sanmugam Pillay had been, for a short while, múnshí to Lieutenant Stewart, of the 51st, when he came to me to embrace the Gospel.

The relations of Subiya Múdliar, the other convert, determined, it seems, at first, to bring up a charge against him as having absconded

with 30,000 rupees; but on consulting the parties that were to act officially in the complaint, that plan was given up, and they are now making arrangements to give up to him what they think he can prove to be his own, and then break off from all connexion with him.

*Easter Sunday.*—This has been a day of refreshing from above. Our morning service was attended by 332 persons, exclusive of little children, and afterwards 136 partook of the Lord's supper. In the afternoon, after the second lesson, I baptized the Brahmin, Ramasamy, the young Naick, the first-fruits in the educational department of our North-Tinnevely Mission, Sanmugam Pillay, and Sabiya Múdlar.\* Every one seemed impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. So far as man can see, I feel persuaded that these adults are inearnest about the matter of salvation, and that they will endeavour to walk worthy of the Gospel.

*April 3.*—I had been informed some days ago that Ganabaddi Pillay, múnshí in our native-English school, was in a very anxious state of mind with regard to the day of publicly embracing the Gospel of Christ. He intended to have seen me last Thursday, but circumstances prevented. He came to day. He is between twenty-four and twenty-five years of age, married, and has one child. He says that his mind has been long exercised about religion, but that his family connexions had been a great impediment to him. Now he says he can hold out no longer. He feels that he is a sinner, and must go to Jesus Christ if he would hope for salvation. For many years he has daily, more or less, heard the Gospel, and at times had convictions of its truth, and of his duty to embrace it, but now he sees his absolute need of it; and upon speaking to his wife, who is sister to the Christian múnshí at Mengnanapuram, converted about three years ago, he finds her disposed to embrace it also; and he considers it a token of Providence that one of his brothers-in-law, who had hitherto helped to keep him back from a profession of the Gospel, is now disposed with him to give himself to the Lord. He was not aware of this change in his relative's mind, till he wrote to him, and stated his wish to see him, as he had a matter of much concern to communicate; and upon opening his mind to him, he found a response which at once encouraged him for the struggle. He seemed, in his conversation with me, to be deeply concerned for his soul, and said to me two or three times, "I cannot close this day without coming to a decision on this matter." The difficulty was, how he was to get away from his home with his wife and child, as his father is a very strict Hindú, a great hater of Christianity, and nothing pleasing him more than to have the opportunity of getting our tracts and destroying them. As far as he himself is concerned, we thought we could stand the assaults of his relatives, be they urged in the way of affection or of outward violence; but we would willingly spare his wife this trial, if we could. He thought, therefore, as I was to leave Palamcotta for the hills on Monday, the best plan would be for his wife to go to Mengnanapuram with her brother, while he should stay here with me till I start on my journey, by which time it would be evident what part his friends intended to take against him. I concurred in the plan suggested, and endeavoured to offer such arguments from God's word as might

\* The history of Ramasamy may be found in the "Gleaner" for the present year, pp. 65—67, and 78—82.

strengthen him for the trial before him ; and after uniting in prayer, and commending him to the guidance and protection of our covenant God in Christ Jesus, we parted.

*Easter Sunday*—Last night he left his home with his wife ; but when it came to the point that they were to separate, he thought his presence with her would be for her comfort, and so he accompanied her to Mengnanapúran. May the God of all grace be with them, and may the Lord arise as on this day in their hearts, and give them peace and joy in believing !

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PETER, THE CHRISTIAN ESQUIMAUX.

OUR readers will remember this convert, one of an interesting yet scattered nation, who came under the instruction of our Missionary, the Rev. E. A. Watkins, when he occupied the lonely station of Fort George, on the east coast of Hudson's Bay. He was very useful to our Missionary as his interpreter and instructor in the Esquimaux language ; and when Mr. Watkins was removed to the Red River, Peter accompanied him. There it has pleased God to take Peter to be with Himself, and to form one of the great multitude before the throne, gathered out of every kindred, and people, and tribe, and nation. Mr. Watkins thus details the particulars—

You will be sorry to learn that one member of our household has been called into another world. This was the Esquimaux young man Peter, who accompanied us from Fort George in preference to remaining amongst his heathen friends, or being engaged in the service of the Hudson's-Bay Company. At the close of last year he had a rather severe illness, which lasted altogether nearly a month, but he was restored to his usual good health, through the mercy of our God. In the course of a few weeks, however, he again became poorly, though we did not apprehend any thing serious. He was unwell for about a fortnight, after which the symptoms became more alarming, manifesting an evident affection of the brain. From the first time that we noticed an aberration of mind, every effort in our power was made for his recovery, but all was unavailing, and God saw proper to bring the poor fellow's sufferings to a speedy termination. After four days' illness, during which time entire consciousness did not once return, he was called to another, and, we hope, a better scene of existence. We should have felt it a privilege if we had been permitted to express our sympathy in his sufferings, and to direct his mind to the only source of true consolation. This, however, was denied us, as he never seemed to understand any thing that was said to him. We have, blessed be God a good ground of hope that his ransomed spirit is now amongst the glorified saints who have washed their robes in the blood of the lamb ; for though he never said much, yet his streaming eyes, and his stifled articulation showed very unmistakeably the depths of his feelings whilst I used to speak to him of the love of the blessed Redeemer. His first illness was, I think, the means, in the hand of God, for bringing him to a full sense of his danger as a sinner, and the suffering of his Saviour. Before then, though his conduct was most

exemplary, I never had evidence which was satisfactory to my own mind of his earnest desire for heavenly things; but after his recovery he manifested much seriousness, and was often in tears on Sunday evenings, when I used to hear him read in the Esquimaux Testament, and sing a few hymns in the same language. I do trust my faithful Peter is now amongst those who are redeemed out of many nations unto God.

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 "THE PATH OF THE JUST IS AS THE SHINING LIGHT,  
 THAT SHINETH MORE AND MORE UNTO  
 THE PERFECT DAY."—PROV. iv. 18.

Shadows of earthly griefs that fall,  
 Changing our day to almost night,  
 We watch you, and we say, "'Tis light—  
 The light from heaven—that makes them all."

Journey of life, up mountains steep,  
 Passing from happy homesteads bright,  
 From meadows with their flocks made white,  
 Through forests in their stillness, deep :

Still toiling on through regions bare,  
 With here and there a flower of hope  
 Smiling from out the barren slope,  
 Telling of love that placed it there.

Still onwards let thy pathway creep  
 Through lonely tracts and fields of snow—  
 Cold hearts around that chill our glow—  
 Rough winds that howl, and round us sweep.

Above, the heavenly temples rise,  
 Glistening like jewels in the light :  
 We see their walls of jasper bright,  
 We hear the music of the skies.

Then fear not : Though the sleep of death  
 Steal o'er us, and in shroud of snow,  
 Heedless of chilling gusts that blow,  
 We lay us down, and yield our breath ;

We shall awake, and, wondering, see  
 Kind looks, kind eyes, the fires of home :  
 Then all our journey's transient gloom,  
 One short, dark dream will seem to be.

And, standing in the light of day,  
 We'll view the path by which we came,  
 And turn to bless a Saviour's name,  
 Who chose for us that toilsome way.

E. A. R.

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 INDIA.

THE following letter from the Rev. Joseph Owen, of the American Presbyterian Board, dated Cawnpur, February 17th, 1858, giving an account of the destruction of Mission property at Futtehpur, and



various other matters in that region of country, will be read with interest.

I sent you a letter from Allahabad on the 4th inst., which I trust will reach you. In that I gave you an account of things as I saw them at that station on my return. On the morning of the 6th, I took the train, and came by railway as far as Rhága, twenty-two miles from Futtehpur, and completed the journey to the latter place in a government van. This railway, short as it is at present, has been invaluable to the Government at this crisis, in sending on troops, stores, and munitions of war. On the day I came, there was only one carriage for passengers: all the rest, some thirty in number, were bringing up commissariat and military stores for the Commander-in-Chief's camp, soon to be before Lucknow, and, we hope, to strike the last decisive blow. The East-India Railway Company purpose opening as far as Futtehpur, early in March, and to Cawnpur in June or July. On my way to Futtehpur from Rhága, I passed over the battle-ground of Havelock's first action, when advancing from Allahabad in July to recover Cawnpur and relieve Lucknow. Bones of cattle and men lie scattered about in many places, and by the side of the road are the bones of one of the Nana's elephants, knocked over by our artillery. The town of Futtehpur was plundered and burnt by the Sikhs. The conduct of the townspeople had been so singularly bad during the rebellion, that Havelock made over the place to the Sikhs to plunder and burn it, and they did the work so thoroughly, that the name of Futtehpur was long a terror to the natives in these parts. The town is still in ruins, but the people are gradually collecting there again. The railway and traffic will soon make it a large place. Futtehpur, as a European station, will be more important than before, and it will be necessary to have it well protected by European troops. On arriving, about five o'clock P.M. on the 6th, I drove to the camp at the entrenchment, the place where all the Europeans are at present residing, trusting to find shelter under canvas somewhere. An officer of the 17th Madras Native Infantry, at present guarding that station, took me into his tent the moment I arrived, introduced me to the officers of the regiment at their mess in the evening, where, as well as at the civilian's mess, I received genuine hospitality and kindness during my two days' sojourn. Before stopping to speak to any one, I drove to the Mission premises to ascertain the extent of our loss. The bungalow, chapel, and all the native-Christians' houses, except four, were burnt, and all the property, so far as I am aware, destroyed. I found Henry Trissler and his family living on the Mission premises, in one of the four catechists' houses still standing. Futtehpur has for some time past been much exposed, and, in November and December, was in danger from the Gwalior rebels, who actually did invade and take Cawnpur, and held it for several days, our troops holding only the entrenchments. Now, however, Futtehpur may be considered safe, unless the rebels, when driven from Oude, make a dash in that direction. I have therefore commenced repairing the four catechists' houses. It is desirable to let the people see, as soon as possible, that we have not left the ground. I advised Gopeenath to remain in Calcutta, where he is usefully employed, until he can be allowed to bring his family up. Until his arrival, I can, with the help of the

railway, look after the Mission at Futtehpur. I cannot yet say what it may be advisable immediately to do there, any further than to repair the catechists' houses, and set two or three readers there quietly to work among the people. During the Sabbath I was there, I preached to some of the men of the Queen's 2d Dragoon Guards, who were encamped in and about the Mission premises, on their way to Lucknow. The men were marched into the Mission compound in full dress, and stood in the open air in the shade of one of the catechists' houses during service.

The monuments in the small graveyard at Futtehpur have been sadly broken by the rebels. All the European bungalows, except two or three, were burnt. Mr. Edmonstone's house, like most others with roofs of incombustible materials, escaped the conflagration, and will soon be all right. You will be happy to hear that Mr. Edmonstone, who has been so kind to our Mission there, is to be judge at Futtehpur. I saw, with sadness, the place from which Mr. Tucker's body was thrown, after the rebels had murdered him. His skull, and some of his bones, have been recovered, and buried in the graveyard.

On the morning of the 9th inst. I left Futtehpur in a Government van for Cawnpur, hoping to get on to Agra, and consult with our brethren there, in order to secure, as far as possible, unity in our plans and labours. There is, however, some uncertainty as to the safety of the road, and friends here advise me not to go at present. The rebels are said to be crossing from Oude, between this and Futtehpur, to get into Bundelkund and Central India. The mail runs regularly between this and Agra, and passengers go on the mail cart and in vans, yet it is said there is a risk in doing so. It would, on many accounts, be desirable, and to me very pleasant, to meet the brethren at Agra, but the matter is not of so great importance as to require me to run any risk. If, therefore, I cannot proceed with safety, I shall soon return to Allahabad, and resume my work among the natives. I am awkwardly situated as to study, having no lexicons, concordances, commentaries, or book of reference, only my Hebrew Bible, Greek Testament, Tarretine, and a few small volumes of the Greek classics. However, God, who has been so good to me, will arrange all for his own glory. I shall probably at present give myself almost entirely to preaching. A few good books, however, for biblical and theological study, would be very desirable were I exclusively devoted to preaching. Perhaps, by and by, I may be able to resume some of those works in which I was overtaken by the rebellion.

This place, Cawnpur, of which you have heard so much of late, is a most dismal scene of desolation and ruin. The approach to it from Futtehpur is more marked by the rebellion than any other part of the trunk road, the dák, or staging bungalows all burnt, telegraphic wire destroyed, and posts torn up, and, in many places, villages in ruins. The rural cultivation through the country between this and Benares is as usual, and I never saw the crops appearing better. The fact is, the poor ploughmen care little who are their rulers, provided they can go on in their work and daily rounds of duties. Our chief enemies are the Sepoys—armed scoundrels of town and country, who have no fixed occupation, familiarly known here by the name of badmashis, a numerous class—and disaffected landowners, all instigated and led on by politic, crafty, and

malignant Mohammedans. The revolt is something more than a military mutiny. In Oude, Rohilkund, Bundelkund, and the Doab, as far as Allygurh, in the part of the country bordering on the south-east of Oude, north of the Ganges, and several other districts, the revolt has much the appearance of a national rebellion. While the whole country is not up in arms against us, yet it is too much to say that the mass of those who have not joined actively in the rebellion are warmly in our favour. Politic chiefs, knowing the resources of Great Britain, have come forward with assistance; landholders, from policy, or from kindness, have, in some places, been kind to Europeans; and among the rural population there have been acts of real kindness to European fugitives and strangers. But the loyalty of the mass of those who are called loyal is of a very passive, if not of a negative character. Cultivation has gone on through the country as usual under the native landholders, whom the ryots, or ploughmen, regard as their masters, and from whom the revenue is collected by Government. During this rebellion, the landholders have been paying rent to the native rulers that have set themselves up; but when order is restored, the revenue will return to the British Government, as it is already doing in many parts of the Allahabad, Futtehpur, and other districts. The trunk-road between this and Allahabad is kept open by troops constantly passing; but a few miles off it the life of a solitary European would not be worth many hours' purchase. What we have now specially to apprehend is, that the rebels may not stand to be well thrashed in Lucknow, but disperse all over the country, and, for months to come, render travelling very unsafe.

The Commander-in-Chief is now here, and troops, stores, and munitions of war, have for several days been passing over into Oude, and on towards Lucknow, preparatory to the final smash. Sir Colin Campbell will probably advance very soon. The preparation in artillery is said to be on a large scale—130 or 150 guns, from sixty-eight pounders down to those of mere ordinary calibre. The fight, if the rebels make a stand, will be a terrific scene. May it be blessed to the pacification and eventual good of this now distracted and unhappy land! Many prayers are in these days offered up on behalf of our military commanders and troops. The campaign, as well as the mutiny, has cost many valuable lives, the loss of which is deeply felt. The European troops, when rushing into battle, often cry out, "Cawnpur! Cawnpur!" and the Sikhs with them, fighting for us, cry, "Cawnpur ká badla! Cawnpur ká badla!" *i. e.* "Revenge for Cawnpur!" Allahabad is desolate enough; but the desolation of this once large, splendid, and gay station, is gloomy in the extreme. It meets one from every direction when walking or driving out, and has a depressing effect on the spirits. There is the sad recollection, too, that all who inhabited these desolate walls, and frequented these streets, only a year since, are, with three or four exceptions, now in eternity: it therefore seems like a city of the dead. There is, indeed, plenty of European life here now; but all are clothed in a costume, and have an appearance, not to be mistaken, as members of an army of retribution for the cruelties inflicted on the helpless and innocent, whose blood has moistened this soil, and whose cries have ascended into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. I have visited the places which have obtained such a sad notoriety. The place known by the name of "Wheeler's Entrenchment," where the European residents made a

stand when the regiments mutinied, is a melancholy spectacle. The error of entrenching so far from the river and the magazine, leaving the latter entirely at the Nana's disposal, was a sadly fatal one. The wonder is that the Europeans held out so long—twenty days—before capitulating with the Nana. They were in two long barracks, exposed to the enemy's fire from every direction, and had nothing between them and the enemy but a bank of earth, scraped up about two feet high, and in many places not even this. The buildings are battered, riddled, and, in many places, quite knocked in by round shot. On the fourth day after the siege began, the larger building was set on fire by ignited balls sent by the enemy on the roof, and the roof fell in. The poor women lay about in the trenches wherever they thought they could find shelter from the enemy's shot, and that, too, under an Indian sun in the month of June. But there was no escape; the enemy's fire came from every direction. The native servants all left; and the Europeans were obliged to draw water for themselves from a well entirely exposed to the enemy's guns. At night our people managed to get out of the trenches, and throw the dead into a well near. On the 26th of June they capitulated with the Nana, who promised to send them all off safe in boats to Allahabad. On the morning of the 27th they went on board the boats—about forty—which the Nana had provided. When our ladies left the entrenchment they appeared more like native than European women, so exposed had they been to sun, smoke, and dust, without any means of dressing or making themselves comfortable. After they were on board, the Nana opened his batteries, and sunk or burnt all the boats but two. Of the whole party who went on board, only four escaped; and one of these has since died, and another gone mad. The only survivor now here is in a house, wounded, a few yards from the tent in which I am writing, and has given me, in conversation, particulars of the most thrilling interest, which I have not time now to write.

The house where the women and children were murdered, on the 15th of July, has been blown up; and the well into which their bodies were thrown has been filled up. Some European soldiers of the Queen's 32d have set over it a neat little monument to the memory of the women and children of that regiment whose remains rest there.

“I have made many inquiries here about the Futtehgurh Missionaries. Some of the statements will need modification when I send you what I have collected here, particularly from one of the native Christians who came with the party to Bithúr, or Nawabgunge, a short distance below Bithúr, and five miles above Cawnpur, where they were seized by the rebels. The native Christians saw them no more after that. They were undoubtedly murdered here in Cawnpur; but how, when, and where, I cannot satisfactorily ascertain. I have met several of the native Christians of Futtehgurh here, and had worship with them. Most of them have situations under Government, and are now doing well in a worldly way. Ishwari Dás (Adam) is also here, and has given me an interesting narrative, which, with the other statements, I will send you when I have arranged them all. I must now close, but will (D.V.) write again soon.

“I remain, yours very truly,

“J. OWEN.”

## CHINESE WORSHIP OF THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD AT SINGAPORE.

. . . THE colonial chaplain called and asked me to dine, and, after that, to go to a church festival. I accepted, and at seven P.M. went up to his lodgings, where a large party of gentlemen were assembled. I had previously walked through the town, and seen the preparations. The festival was that of the dead. But to describe—

We came first to two large bonfires] of paper. They burn these by hundreds and thousands. Each one with silver upon it represents a dollar (4s. 6d.), and burning them is their means of remitting money to their dead relatives. Other pieces of paper have houses, gardens, &c., depicted on them; and thus they supply, as they think, the wants of their dead friends, as regards houses, land, or money. I rescued a piece of paper from the burning, and I am accused of defrauding a dead man of a dollar. However, I hope for forgiveness, as the Chinaman who was tending the fire, and gave it me, is, I think, most to blame. But their relatives want further provision yet. So next we came to four or six whole pigs, fat as Smithfield animals, laid out on stands, with red candles all round them, and burning joss sticks in mouth, nose, and ears. Beyond these was a table a hundred yards long (some of our officers say a hundred and fifty), with a regular colonnade of bon-bons, twelve or fourteen feet high, on each side, the columns distant two or three yards. These were composed of basket-work, covered with meats and fruit. At the end we reached first, was the priest, wearing a hat of black silk, a white silk under-garment, and red silk upper one. A few musicians were playing the while on flutes and flageolets, the whole sound produced being not unlike that of bagpipes.

We paraded down one side of the table and up the other, the mob in the street being kept off by the police in attendance. The whole table was loaded most profusely. There were hosts of pigs' faces, fowls, ducks, crabs, fish, cakes of bread, sweetmeats, bananas, sugar-cane, enormous jack-fruit, oranges, and many other things, of which I do not know the names. In the centre were a number of moving figures, of small size; one set representing a Chinese theatre; another a Mandarin's house; a third a group of Englishmen enjoying themselves. And how do you think they were pourtrayed? Encouraging two bull-dogs to fight. I felt somewhat ashamed of my country, when this was the idea with which they had inspired the ignorant and degraded Chinese. Lamps were hung all round, made of the inside of plantain trees, filled with oil, and Chinese letters inscribed thereon: these, with red candles, joss sticks, &c., made all as clear as day.

The fowls and ducks on the table were made into men and women, by placing them upright, putting paper clothes on the wings, throwing the head and neck back, as pigtail or hood, putting on artificial heads, covering the breast with a thin material, and then placing little bits of gilt paper over all. I forgot to say, that at the further end was a seat, nicely covered with carpet, and, on the table just below it, twenty-five small cups of tea, plates, chop-sticks (all new), wine, cognac vieux, and, by the side, a basin, with water and two towels. Their relatives were imagined to be sitting on this, and partaking of the food set before them, washing their hands and mouths afterwards. At midnight, the dead

being supposed to have feasted, the living are allowed to attack the viands, and I doubt not they vanish speedily. . . .

CHRISTMAS DAY AT WHATAWHATA, NEAR TAUPIRI, NEW ZEALAND.

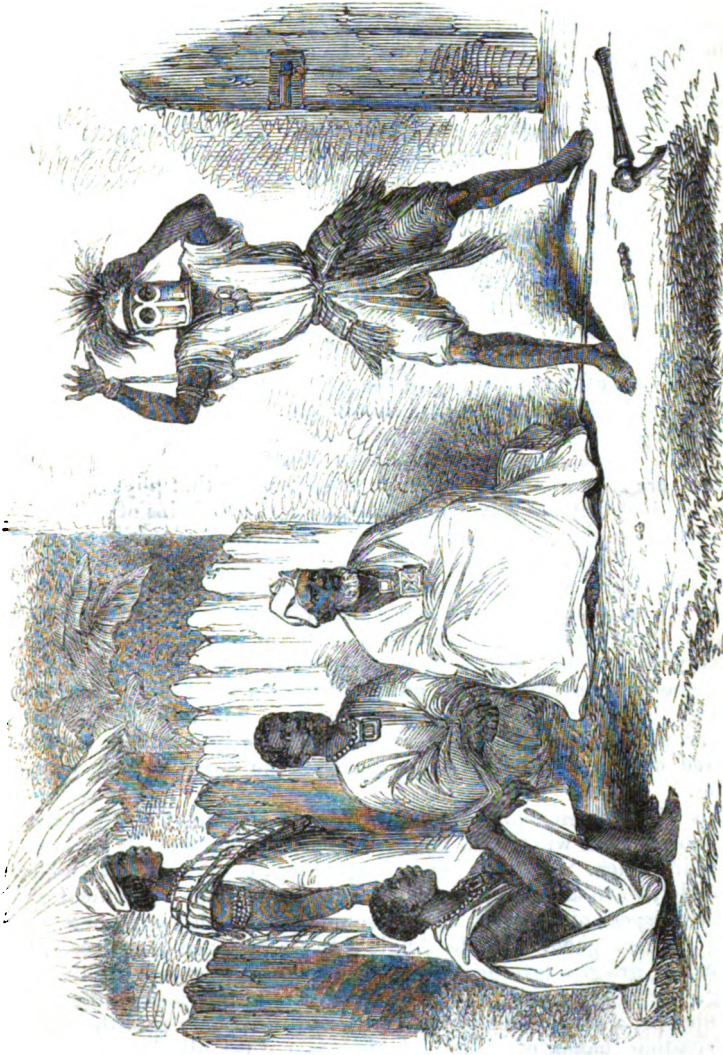
THE Rev. B. Y. Ashwell, our Missionary at the above station, has forwarded to us the following pleasing intelligence of what is going forward in New Zealand.

The following facts will show, that although a spirit of lukewarmness and indifference has sprung up among our people generally, still there are happy exceptions among our converts, which prove that the blessing of God is not withheld from His servants. Having received an invitation to take the school to Whatawhata, twenty miles from our station, and spend the Christmas with the natives there, we started in two canoes, one filled with the boys, twenty-five in number, the other with girls, thirty-five in number, who, with the adults and the others, formed a party of seventy. We found the natives had set apart two houses for the school. They gave us a hearty welcome: church crowded to excess in the evening.

*Christmas-day*—Church exceedingly crowded: many standing outside. Ascertained the number in the church to be 400: round the doors 150: they were very attentive: I was much cheered in making known the glad tidings of a Saviour's birth. We sat down to a Christmas dinner with 600 natives, all dressed in European clothing. The greatest order and decorum prevailed. Temporary benches and tables had been erected, capable of accommodating 200 natives. The house, 300 feet in length, consisted of raupo sides, and a roof formed of numerous tarpaulings, open at the ends, was cool and convenient. A long table at each side of the house was quite sufficient to give seats to 200 natives at a time. The dinner was set three times, that all might partake of it according to European custom. Twenty stewards, with white aprons, were waiting, filling the cups and panikins with tea, our only beverage. Our fare consisted of roast pork, plum-pudding, and bread, butter, and tea in abundance. I was glad to find that all our scholars were anxious for salt, which the natives are beginning to think a necessary. More than 1000 loaves were baked for the occasion. Much greater order and decorum prevailed than at European feasts, while the cheerfulness and good temper proved that the "cup which cheers, but not inebriates," is most suitable to the native constitution. After dinner the natives assembled in the church for a Missionary Meeting. The funds were especially to be set apart for erecting a weather-boarded chapel in the district. The chapel was crowded. Twenty speakers, chiefly teachers and chiefs, addressed the Meeting much to the purpose. Twenty-four pounds were collected, and a pleasing spirit appeared throughout the Meeting. Christ and the blessings of the Gospel were the theme; and many of the teachers declared they would give up their children, not only to the school, but to be Missionaries to the islands, or anywhere else. I felt cheered greatly at the result of this Meeting. In the evening the chapel was again crowded. I shall not easily forget this, one of the happy Christmas-days of my life.

## THE JALOFS.

WE referred in our last number to the great tract of Western Africa called Senegambia, and to one of its leading tribes, the Foulahs. We now introduce the JaloFs to our readers. They occupy most of the delta formed by the Gambia and the Senegal. There are four



THE MASKED PERFORMER OF THE JALOFs.

provinces, or kingdoms, united under one supreme chief, whom they call Barbi-Yalof (the emperor of the Yalofs), and who resides at a central spot called Hikarkor.

The Jalofs are said to be the handsomest negroes in Africa, as, although having woolly hair, thick lips, and a glossy black complexion, they are tall and graceful in their forms. Their religion is a medley of paganism and Mohammedanism.

There is said to exist amongst them a species of caste, resembling that of the Hindús. Besides the nobles, who are called the "good Jalofs," there are four other ranks, or castes—the *tug*, or smiths; the *oudae*, tanners or sandal-makers; the *moul*, or fishermen; and the *gaewell*, musicians or bards. The "good Jalofs" will not intermarry with any of the inferior castes; while the *gaewell* are not permitted to live within the walls of the towns, keep cattle, or drink sweet milk. They are not allowed to bury their dead, the popular superstition being that nothing will grow where a *gaewell* has been interred.

The Jalofs are very simple in their mode of living. Their houses are small, usually of a conical shape, every respectable man having two houses, in one of which he lives, the other being for cooking purposes. Their dress consists of two square cloths, one thrown around the waist, the other over the shoulders. Their cloth is of a better texture and wider web than that of the generality of the interior tribes.

It may be well that our readers should bear in mind that the enumeration of these outward details gives a very imperfect view of the real state of the African tribes. They need the deliverance of the Gospel, for they are slaves and unhappy. It is not merely that physical slavery prevail. But they are slaves in a worse sense—the chains of superstition are on their souls. They believe in the interference of spirits in human affairs—good spirits and bad spirits, the latter being far the most active. With this spirit world, the native priests are supposed to possess the power of communication, and hence the influence they exercise over the people. Witchcraft is also another ideal terror under which they suffer. "Every death which occurs in a community is ascribed to witchcraft, and some one consequently is guilty of the wicked deed. The priesthood go to work to find out the guilty person. It may be a brother, a sister, a father, and, in a few extreme cases, even mothers have been accused of the unnatural deed of causing the death of their own offspring."

It is with reference to these two sources of disquietude, the belief in demonolatriy and witchcraft, that the fetish system prevails to such an extent in Africa. "A fetish," strictly speaking, is little else than a charm or amulet, worn about the person, or set up at some convenient place, for the purpose of guarding against some apprehended evil, or securing some coveted good. In the Anglo-African parlance of the coast, they are called *grisgris* (*greegees*) *fujus*, fetish, but all signifying the same thing. A fetish may be a piece of wood, the horn of a goat, the hoof of an antelope, a piece of metal or ivory, and need only pass through the consecrating hands of a native priest to receive all the supernatural power which they are supposed to possess. Some fetishes are worn about the person, and are intended to shield the wearer from evil; others are kept in their dwellings as family protectors; and others have



a national character. Sometimes they are to be seen along the highways, or on rude shanties at the entrance of the villages, but the most important are kept in a house in the centre of the town, where the Bodeh, or priest, lives and takes care of them. Yet although fetishes abound, the poor people are not a whit the more secure. They are always in uncertainty and dread. What path a man follows, which house he enters, on these incidental matters, terrible evil may depend.

One more cause of terror throughout the African tribes is to be found in the secret associations which exist, of a national character, like the Oro of the Yorubas, and the Ndâ of Southern Guinea. The mysterious personage, who acts as the representative of this association, is supposed to dwell in the woods, where his cries are heard in the dead of night. Thence he issues when special events call him forth—a hideous masquerade—from whence the women and children fly in terror. Should they have the misfortune to see him, they are dreadfully beaten. Perhaps no woman has ever had the temerity to cast her eyes upon this much dreaded being. The object of this institution is to keep the women, children, and slaves in subjection. In some parts of the country the women have amongst them a similar institution, the object of which is to deter the men from the ill-treatment of their wives.

Besides these, there are other associations of a less sacred and mysterious character. These seem to be a mere theatrical affair, intended more as public amusements than any thing else. “From a queer-looking house, built chiefly of reeds and leaves, issues a man with a most hideous mask. . . . This mask is immensely large, and presents one of the most hideous faces that can be conceived.” He carries betimes a sword in his hand, with which he threatens the bystanders.

Poor, benighted tribes of Africa, when shall the day dawn and the Sun of Righteousness rise to relieve you from the spell of these dismal superstitions, and make you free?



#### A VILLAGE MISSIONARY MEETING IN NORFOLK, JUNE 4, 1858.

ABOUT five o'clock on a bright summer afternoon, our people arrived from the adjoining parish in two waggons, bringing with them their Missionary boxes, the fruits of collections at cottage lectures during the past year.

First there was a stroll round the gardens, greenhouses, and shrubberies, which surround the Hall. The May and chesnut, guelder-rose and laburnum were all more or less in bloom; and vegetable, flower, and blossom spoke to us the praise of his goodness who is the Giver of earthly and the promiser of heavenly joy. Grace having been sung, the evening meal began. It was no ordinary feast. During the year we had met in clusters to feed on the word of life: at the year's end we all assembled to wait with our offering on Him who satisfies with open hand the desire of every thing; who accepts love's smallest offering; and who hath promised a great festal day of meeting, when every effort and every prayer of each one of his people shall be answered, as He alone can answer it; to whom the widow's mite, and the gleaner's handful, and the orphan's tear, shall be precious jewels in the sight of

our God—memorials of his blessed Spirit, who first opened the blind eyes to see his glory, and then influenced hand and heart to spread it.

At seven o'clock troops of villagers assembled, and the Meeting opened in the schoolroom with a hymn of praise. The vicar offered prayer that our work might be acceptable before the face of Almighty God, and blessed by Him to the heathen, to our own people, and to ourselves; that the angels' spirit might be ours, rejoicing over one sinner that repenteth; and, that like our Lord and Master, we might watch and pray for those who as yet repented not.

The Squire then spoke of Sierra Leone; how the work was sown in tears; of the afflictions that arose from fever, and death, and climate, and the sword, and from the ill-will of those who made wealth by selling the bodies and souls of men. He spoke of the joy that was dawning on Africa, and the bright day when her deserts should blossom as the rose, when the curse of Noah should give place to the blessings of the Comforter.

But he had a bag of farthings in his hand: it contained more than three shillings. The giver was an only girl of nine years old. Her name was Hephzibah. She was not there: the Lord had sent for her;—"His delight was in her." She had listened at school and at lecture, and heard of "the good Shepherd who gave his life for the sheep." She had heard of those sent forth to call His sheep who were yet wandering in the deserts of darkness; she had listened to tales of them in the Missionary Green Book; and having heard that some children gave up their butter and sugar to the Missionary cause, she, in her measure, would do likewise, and, by little savings and little earnings, she never failed to bring her weekly penny to the Cottage Lecture-box.

"In the spring of 1857," said the Squire, "her brother was attacked by typhus fever, and I saw her watching over him. He recovered, but she sickened. For three weeks she was insensible, or hardly conscious of our words; but at last the smile of recognition came back into the blue eye, and the little sick one seemed recovering: yet not so, for water began to form on the chest. During this illness I frequently visited her, and I saw her, only a few hours before her death, in perfect peace. She hoped and longed for her Lord's presence. She would say, 'Mother, I watch for my teachers like as the birds watch for the crumbs in winter.' She fell asleep in the autumn of 1857, on Sunday morning; but before death she called her brothers, and divided her toys between them; and then she said to her mother, 'I have one shilling in farthings treasured for the Missionaries, and now I am going, so you will not have my schooling to pay, pray give that, and the penny that I used to put into the Lecture-box, and one shilling and twopence for my baby brother, and do not let the Missionaries lose by my death.' The mother has fulfilled the last wishes of her only little girl. This purse is the result. Amid sorrow and sickness, and want of work, it hath been a little ray of joy to drop another farthing into this little bag; for hope shineth through darkness, even that "hope which maketh not ashamed." Pray for them that it may shine brighter and brigher till the perfect day, and take comfort from the sweet words, "Sowing in tears, reaping in joy."

The Rev. H. Reeve, Missionary from Ningpo, China, then spoke of the glory of being "fellow-workers with God," who directed the work

of each one of his children, that, with the work of all the others, it might form one great design known to Himself; just as, in some vast factory, one sees strong men melting and hammering iron, and others working and planing wood, women polishing and burnishing metal plates, and children sorting and fitting, each doing his own work, the master alone knowing what each is doing, and what will be the effect of all when done. He then took us to in fancy China, and showed us gods, the work of men, and the devices of men who live at ease without God in the world. He showed us Satan's kingdom in its best and most civilized state, as yet only just ruffled by the influx of Christian light and truth.

The Curate then read Isaiah lxi., and made some impressive remarks in sympathy with the tender and devout feeling which pervaded the Meeting. We all united heartily in singing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and the Vicar pronounced the final blessing: after which the contents of the boxes were announced, which amounted to 16*l.* 15*s.* 2*d.*; the collection at the door to 11*l.* 13*s.* 10*d.*; including for Special Fund for India 5*l.*, and a Thankoffering 2*l.*

May this result of an effort amongst a rural population, the men in receipt of wages of only 10*s.* per week, encourage others to "go and do likewise." The blessing resting upon these single-hearted people, the holy gladness which breathed amongst them, was indeed a fresh testimony to the privilege of serving the Lord; and the joy to be found in his work a fresh fulfilment of his faithful promise to the searchers of his word, and an answer to the united prayer of faith. Souls nourished by God's word abound plentifully in fruit to his honour and glory, and have precious fragments remaining over their own feast to impart to others.

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### THE BULGARIANS.

IN presenting the first report of Missionary operations among the Bulgarians, Mr. Morse, of the Adrianople station, furnished the following "brief statement of the history, character, and language of that people."

The first mention of the Bulgarians is by the Armenian writers in the sixth century before Christ, when an invasion was made into Armenia. Ancient Bulgaria was situated near the banks of the Volga; and, from the name of the river, the people were called *Volgarians*, which in other languages has become Bulgarians. (The *v* of the Bulgarian language is in form precisely like the English *b*.)

In the reign of Justinian, an invasion of Bulgarians spread from the suburbs of Constantinople to the Ionian Gulf. They subdued thirty-two cities or castles, and recrossed the Danube, taking with them, according to Gibbon, 120,000 of the subjects of Justinian. In the seventh century, they permanently subdued the country between the Danube and the Balkan Mountains. Twice in their history they penetrated to the walls of Constantinople; and their heroic and educated prince, Simeon, dictated conditions of peace to the trembling Emperor. Basil II. acquired the title of the "Conqueror of the Bulgarians." He entered their territory, and having taken 15,000 prisoners, in a most cruel manner deprived them all of sight; except that to one of every hun-

dred one eye was left, that he might conduct his blind century back to the presence of their king. The Bulgarians were conquered by the Turks in 1397. To them they have ever remained faithful subjects, and it was from their ranks chiefly that the Janizaries, who in their early history were the glory of the Turkish arms, were taken.

The first religious influence exerted among the Bulgarians was by Christian captives taken in war. The first one mentioned was a bishop, taken at Adrianople when that city fell into the hands of the Bulgarians in 813. In the latter part of the same century two Greek brothers, Cyril (Constantius) and Methodius, laboured among the Slavonic races, including the Bulgarians, with great success. The former invented an alphabet, and translated the New Testament; the latter established a large school, for the purpose of raising up teachers for the people.

The Roman and Greek churches both struggled for the ascendancy among the Bulgarians, and sent numerous priests among them. Consequently the same corrupt form of Christianity was spread among them as prevailed in those churches in the seventh century. But a better influence was exerted by the Paulicians, that remarkable Christian sect which originated in Armenia in the seventh century, characterized by attachment to the doctrines of Paul, love for the Scriptures, and hatred of the prevailing corruptions in the church. At this time the Paulicians had been transplanted to Thrace, and held in full possession Philipopolis. Gibbon says they solicited, not without success, the infant faith of the Bulgarians; and it is probable that the remarkable love the Bulgarians still have for the Scriptures is owing the influence exerted among them by the Paulicians.

They eventually adopted the Greek form of worship, but had their independent organization, and cherished towards the Greeks none other than a deep national hatred. Under the Turks they enjoyed their religious privileges, till the taking of Constantinople, in 1453, a period of fifty-seven years, when the Sultan, classifying his subjects according to their creeds, ranked the Bulgarians among their enemies the Greeks. But they still had their own church organization, their own patriarch, bishops, and priests, till 1764, when the crafty Samuel I., then Patriarch of Constantinople, procured the abolition of the Bulgarian Patriarchate. From this time commenced the most cruel oppressions. Bulgarian books, literature, schools and language, in their churches, were swept away, and the Greek language and teachers substituted. The lower clergy were allowed to remain, but were compelled to pay, at their appointment, 50*l.*, and a yearly contribution. The higher clergy were superseded by rapacious Greeks, who regarded Bulgaria as a golden field, whence they were to obtain treasures for carrying on their intrigues at the Turkish court. To the present time, besides a certain portion of the increase of their flocks and the fruits of their fields, the people are compelled to pay yearly for each individual two piasters, called the little miri, and every seventh year the great miri, of seven piasters. This immense revenue, instead of being used for the benefit of those from whom it is taken, is only employed to crush out all efforts at improvement.

The only hope that has dawned upon the oppressed people was in the Hatti Húmayún of the 18th of February 1856. Stimulated by this, they applied for the independent recognition of their church; but this

was denied them. Yet, as the result of this charter of rights, Bulgarian schools are springing into existence in nearly all the villages. But for these schools there are no books; and there is no doubt that a judiciously prepared elementary book, abounding in selections of Scripture, would be joyfully received: and even our tracts, though illy adapted to the purpose, are already used in some of the schools. For these schools, also, teachers are greatly needed; and Russia, knowing the great importance to her interests of educating the people, is enticing every young man her counsels can influence to her territories, to be educated free of expense. For this purpose, it is said, there is a school at Odessa, and another at Moscow. For these schools two young men left Adrianople the day before our return, and it was said that ten others, although not all from Adrianople, had gone before them. A higher school among them, upon their own soil and in their own language, would probably be crowded with their choicest young men, who, though at first not pious, would be highly susceptible of religious culture, and as teachers of their people would exert a wide-spread influence. As the Bebek School, and the school among the Nestorians, have been among the choicest instrumentalities for religious culture and permanent success, so it is highly important that a similar institution should be established among the Bulgarians with the least possible delay.

The Bulgarians, in their early history, exhibited all the heroic severity of our Saxon ancestors. But when they laid aside their warlike habits, for the milder pursuits of a pastoral life, their character experienced corresponding change. Their appearance is European rather than Asiatic; their stature is usually above the medium height; cheeks ruddy; hair generally light, but sometimes dark. Everywhere they are spoken of as distinguished for honesty, and apparently they possess all the elements of an elevated, intellectual and religious character.

Their language is a dialect of the Ancient Slavonian, and the alphabet still used by them is the one invented by the Missionary Cyril, in the ninth century. Its general structure is similar to the English, while the richness and variety of its verbs, compounded with prepositions, rivals, and even surpasses, the ancient Greek. It is kindred to the Servian, Bohemian, Polish, and Russian. The prosecution of the Missionary work among the Bulgarians will be a partial preparation for more extended labours among other nations speaking dialects of the same parent language. And when we consider that, according to an estimate made by Dr. Hamlin, there are eighty millions of the Slavonic races in Eastern Europe, it invests the Missionary operations among those races with a grandeur hardly to be comprehended. *Missionary Herald.*

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#### SOWING IN TEARS.

THE following letter, from the Rev. T. G. Ragland, dated March 31st last, cannot be read without the deepest sympathy. It places before us most touchingly the trials which accompany our brethren who are engaged in the great work of Missionary itinerating to which they have given themselves. They are indeed companions in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ. Let them have the

largest interest in our prayers. This letter will have been written to some purpose if it brings many supplications to their help.

I have very heavy tidings to communicate. It has pleased our heavenly Father to take away our dear friend Mr. Barenbruck. He died, after a very short illness, the night before last, of cholera. But I cannot grieve for him. He is enjoying a blessed rest with the Saviour he trusted and loved, and whose name he was so anxious the poor heathen should learn to trust in.

We have had a very trying time, but still a time full of mercies. I joined dear Mr. Barenbruck from Sivagasi, the day I wrote to you, the 25th, at Sendhattianayanar Koil, about twelve miles west of Paneiadipatti. The next day I was a little unwell myself—not with cholera, but for which dear Barenbruck administered cholera medicine. I was quite well, thank God! the next morning. Soon afterwards he was unwell; but with the same medicine, and God's blessing, this passed off in a few hours. And a great mercy it was, that he thus recovered, and was able to succour the rest of the party; for that same day, Saturday, two of us—the child of one of our Lascars, and a catechist from Panneivilei—were for some time in a very critical state, from cholera, and a third was ill. The next day three more had cholera—a cook, my grass-cutter, and the other Lascar; so that we had six ill, or recovering. On Monday morning all were doing well, except the Lascar, who, though in great danger, showed such preparedness for death, that the bitterness of the trial seemed all neutralised. But, for so it pleased our heavenly Father, in His wisdom and love, just as—perhaps at about a quarter to three—we were going to sit down to dinner, dear Mr. Barenbruck said he could not join me: he had taken a chill from sitting in a draft of wind. And, perhaps, in about a quarter of an hour afterwards, all the symptoms of cholera were unmistakably upon him. He took the same medicines that he had prescribed for others; and we endeavoured to bestow the same attention upon him which he had bestowed so kindly, so unweariedly, upon the six or seven who had been sick before him. But it pleased God not to bless our efforts in the way we desired. And if we were to lose him, it was mercifully ordered that his sufferings were so short. I was obliged to give more than half an hour of the first part of his illness in preparing his will, of which only a week before he had written out a draft. He did not say much afterwards. "He knew whom he had believed." He was to depart, and that was his wish. "He had not a single care about his dear children. God, who had watched over him, would watch over them." These few words, and an expression of pleasing assent to some of the passages of Scripture I quoted to him in his last conflict, are about all I can recollect. For the next half hour he had very little pain, and might almost have been sleeping, and he expired without a struggle or the least sign of distress, about half-past nine or a quarter to ten. But, coming on me so suddenly, and after the anxiety of the three days which had preceded, and with so many still weak and sickly about me, and the necessity of instantly removing, it was peculiarly saddening and trying. But the Lord did not leave me. After making arrangements, I started very early in the morning for Paneiadipatti, where, in the afternoon, my much loved brother's remains were brought. Here—and none who have not been

in like circumstances, can understand the relief it was—I was able, though without any possibility of procuring a coffin, to make such arrangements for the interment as were decent, and not dishonourable for a dear member of Christ's body. In the evening dear Joseph and Sathianathan joined me. The grave had been dug abreast of that in which dear Every's\* remains lie; and we were only waiting for dear Brother Meadows' arrival, when news reached us, filling us with fears about dear Fenn, happily not realised. We had heard from Nathanael that Fenn had been taken ill that morning, with what he was afraid might be cholera. It was with a peculiarly heavy heart we went through the funeral service, not knowing but that before another evening a third grave might have to be dug. I started directly afterwards in a bandy; but, thank God! dear Meadows, who had reached before me, came out to meet me, with the good tidings that the illness had passed off, and only left our brother a little weak. We are now all three in his tent; and, if it pleases God, hope to go to night to Paneiadipatti, and before Sunday to Sivagasi, and on Wednesday to meet Mr. Sargent at Virdhupatti, with whom Fenn proceeds to the Nilgheries. But all this if it pleases God, and we live.

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#### ONE OF THE GREAT MULTITUDE.

THE Gospel is aggressive in its action on every thing of a spiritual character that is hurtful to man, whether false doctrines or vicious practices. It goes forth to emancipate souls, and bring forth the prisoners from the prison-house of superstition and sin. It is actively engaged in heathen lands, and in those countries where corrupt Christianity prevails. Thus the fields of Missionary labour are of diverse aspects; some, where Siva and Vishnu have their shrines, or where Buddhism fills its temples with numberless idols; some where the Greek church leads the multitudes astray with picture-worship, or the Papal church becomes more and more sunk in the idolatry of Mary. In each sphere of action the Gospel is at work, and souls have been rescued. Here we have a case from Ireland—the peaceful death of an Irish Scripture Reader, taken from the Irish Society's "Record" for October 1858.

I sincerely regret to have to inform you of the death of one of our Irish teachers and best of Irish scholars, but at the same time rejoice in his happy death.

I have known him for more than twenty years, but lost sight of him for a long time, by his going over to England; but, as he said himself, God in his divine providence brought him back to show him his great salvation. It was more than twelve months since he returned to this town, a bigoted Roman Catholic. I renewed old acquaintance. He argued most strenuously with me. I brought that most powerful of all weapons on all points of controversy, the word of God, and gave him an Irish Bible, with texts marked. He said, as I gave it to him, "Welcome to me, my old friend; I shall read you with more interest than ever:" and

\* *Vide* "Church Missionary Gleaner" for January last.

kissed it. He did read the word, and the Lord blessed it to his soul's eternal salvation.

After some time, he said to me, "I am no longer a Roman Catholic, as I hold not their doctrines, which cannot be supported by the word of God; and why should I seem to wear the trammels of Popery?" He came the following Sunday to church, for which he was severely persecuted by his friends and neighbours, and to the last he was threatened by some, and inducements held out by others; but he was faithful unto death: and I believe the Lord has given him the crown of life. His sister came to him, and said, if he would receive the priest she would look after his children. "No occasion," said he; "I have the great High Priest with me, who washed me from my sins in his own blood—that blood that cleanseth from all sin, and ever lives to make intercession for me and all that come to God by Him. And He invites you to come to Him, and will give you salvation free, without money or price." "Well," said she, "you are more learned, and ought to know better than me."

On my last visit, a few days before his death, I asked him if he had any fear to die. His answer was, "There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus; they are passed from death unto life. Being justified by faith, we have peace with God. The finished work of Christ, his righteousness, is put on all them that believe, unworthy though I be." He said a good deal of God's love to him, in leading him to see the error of his ways, and what a sinner he had been. "But," said he, "God tells me, though they were as scarlet, the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sins." He said, "Doubts often arise in my mind, but God enables me to look to the great High Priest. May He enable me to finish my course with joy! it may not be long, but the Lord's will he done."

When leaving him, he earnestly prayed for me and the work of the Society.

After his death, I visited his wife. She said, "I have lost my good husband: latterly he was the kindest creature in the world. He took his children and kissed them, and said to me, 'I entreat you, for the Lord's sake, do not neglect your immortal soul; read your Bible, and teach my poor orphans, and you will find that God is a father to the fatherless, and will give you eternal life.' He then closed his eyes and expired without a struggle."

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#### A MOHAMMEDAN CONVERT.

THE Mohammedan population throughout the Ottoman Empire presents itself at this moment under a most interesting aspect. There are to be seen, in many directions tokens of good—the awakening of an inquiring spirit, which, we trust, will wax stronger and stronger, until they outbreak into a flame; and, as might be expected, conjointly with this, the working of a fanatical spirit, showing itself in acts of violence, not only towards converts, but the Christian population generally. This shows that the enemy is alarmed lest the goods he has so long held in peace, be wrested from him by one stronger



than himself. Of the first class of facts, that of the more cheering and encouraging kind, we select one which will be read with interest. It is from the pen of an American Missionary at Tripoli, in Syria.

We have recently been greatly interested in the case of a converted Moslem, who came to Tripoli, from Bagdad, on his way to some country where he could enjoy freedom of conscience, and study the Gospel, so as to prepare himself to do good, without fear of molestation. He came to our house on Sabbath afternoon, May 2, and listened to the Arabic preaching with great attention. After the audience had retired he remained and gave us some account of his conversion, showing us, in proof, a note from the Missionary of the London Jews' Society in Bagdad. He came from Bagdad, *via* Mosul and Aleppo, under French protection, and chiefly through the agency of Romish monks in the convents along the road. They had strong expectations of inducing him to go to Rome or Paris, to study for the priesthood; but he tells us he has continually replied to them, that he wished to follow the Bible alone, and was not a believer in the Pope. He came on the Austrian steamer from Scanderon to Tripoli, and was here the guest of the Carmelite monks. Their object in detaining him here was, probably, to keep him out of the way of English and American influence in Beyrout, until they could write to Beyrout and get permission to send him by the next French steamer directly through to France or Italy. On the Sabbath afternoon above mentioned he walked out from the convent, and, after considerable inquiry, found the way to our house without the knowledge of the monks. The next day he came again, and twice afterwards. On Saturday, May 8, we gave him an Arabic Bible, which he took with him to the convent, though expressing great fears in case the Papists should find it out. We urged him to leave them at once, and be at rest; but he thought it better to remain, and we took no special pains to get him away, being not quite sure of his sincerity, though our interest in him constantly increased.

After the 8th, we saw no more of him for nine days, and had concluded that he had gone to Paris or Rome, when he suddenly appeared in our house again, almost trembling with fear. He said that the prior of the monastery had been to Beyrout, and in his absence he had not been allowed to go out unattended by a monk, as they had some suspicion of his leaning toward the Americans. The prior had returned with authority to send him away by the next steamer, and had to-day gone up to a village on Mount Lebanon, intending to return in a few days. Meanwhile he (the Moslem) was to be kept under close scrutiny. A Maronite was brought in to instruct him in the Romish catechism, and warn him against Protestant heresies. He told them that the Bible was admitted to be God's book, whereas the catechism was only man's book, and he preferred to drink from the fountain-head. The teacher of the catechism soon gave up teaching Yusef as a bad case. When they urged the authority of the early Fathers, he asked them where the Fathers got their authority and wisdom. If they got it from the Bible, why should not he?

(To be continued.)

## " ABSOLVO TE."

*Thy faith hath saved thee ; go in peace.*—Luke vii. 50.

ONE Priest alone can pardon me,  
Or bid me " Go in peace ;"  
Can breathe the words—*Absolvo te*,  
And make these heart-throbs cease.  
My soul has heard His priestly voice ;  
It said, " I bore thy sins—rejoice !"—1 Pet. ii. 24.

He showed the spear-mark in his side,  
The nail-print on his palm ;  
Said, " Look on me, the Crucified.  
Why tremble thus ? Be calm—  
All power is mine—I set thee free ;  
Be not afraid—*Absolvo te.*"—Isa. xlv. 22.

In chains of sin once tied and bound,  
I walk in life and light ;  
Each spot I tread is hallowed ground,  
Whilst Him I keep in sight,  
Who died a victim on the tree,  
That he might say, *Absolvo te.*"—1 John i. 7.

By Him my soul is purified,  
Once leprous and defiled ;  
Cleansed by the water from his side,  
God sees me as a child :  
No priest can heal or cleanse but He :  
No other say, *Absolvo te.*—Matt. viii. 3.

He robed me in a priestly dress,  
That I might incense bring  
Of prayer, and praise, and righteousness,  
To heaven's Eternal King ;  
And when he gave this robe to me,  
He smiled and said, *Absolvo te.*—Zach. iii. 4, 5.

In heaven He stands before the throne,  
The great High Priest above ;  
Melchisedec—that name alone  
Can sin's dark stain remove ;  
To him I look, on bended knee,  
And hear that sweet *Absolvo te.*—Heb. viii. 1.

A girded Levite here below,  
I willing service bring ;  
And fain would tell to all I know  
Of Christ, the Priestly King ;  
Would win all hearts from sin to flee,  
And hear him say, *Absolvo te.*—1 John ii. 1.

" A little while," and he shall come  
Forth from the inner shrine,  
To call his pardoned brethren home.  
O, bliss supreme, divine !  
Then every blood-bought child shall see  
The Priest who said, *Absolvo te !*—Heb. ix. 28.

## THE INDIAN FEMALE.

IN family life, the husband and wife have each their special duties. As the weaker vessel, the woman's burden ought to be the lighter. We believe it never is so, except where Christianity has made its influence to be felt. In all other cases she is, more or less, overburdened, unless



INDIAN WOMAN RETURNING WITH FUEL.

she be one of many wives in the harem of some rich Mohammedan. Then, indeed, she is spared from the toil, but she is the victim of jealousy, and is doomed to a monotonous life, like a bird in a gilded cage, so wearisome, that many would gladly escape from it, although at the cost of hard labour all their days. Her position among the tribes of Central Africa may be seen in another article in the present Number.

Let us look into the domestic life of the Indians of America. The reader will be able, from our remarks, to judge for himself as to the actual state of the wife and mother while the tribe remains in heathenism.

The man's special business is hunting, or in other ways providing food, keeping off intruders and enemies, preparing the canoes for travel, and attending to the arms and implements of war. When not engaged in these occupations, he lies listlessly in the sun, and leaves all other arrangements to the wife. Should game become scarce, and he thinks it necessary to shift his tent, the labour of the removal falls on the woman. The lodge, utensils, and fixtures of every kind, are borne upon the women's backs, sustained by a strap of leather round the forehead. On reaching the intended place of encampment, she has to set up the lodge. The snow, if it be winter, has to be cleared away; the poles to be set in the ground in a circle, then bent over and tied at top; the long sheets of white birch bark to be unrolled and spread upon the poles, and made fast above and below, so as not to be blown away by the wind. Cedar branches or pine branches must then be had, and spread as a flooring; the moveables stowed away; and then the fire has to be kindled. The sticks for the lodge-pines must be gathered by the wife. She takes a hatchet, of one or two pounds' weight, and, after collecting dry limbs in the forest, she breaks them into lengths about eighteen inches, and, tying them in bundles, or faggots, carries them to the lodge. She then lights her fire, which is of small dimensions. The lodge being of limited circumference, but little heat is required to warm the air, and by suspending a pot from above over a small blaze, she cooks the provisions. When all this is done, the women may sit down, warm their feet, and dry their mocassins. Sometimes the husband is long absent on hunting expeditions, and then all the burden of caring for the family falls on the woman. In the fall season, she takes her children in a canoe, or, if she have none, invites a female companion to go with her along the stream to cut the rush, of which she is to make mats in the winter, or to gather the wild rice. She has not only the mats to make, but the skins of the animals, which the hunter has brought home, to dress for the clothing, as she had their flesh to prepare for food. When the spring season comes, and the little patch of corn-ground is to be planted, she takes the small hoe, and, opening up the soft ground, deposits the treasured seed.

But the Indian is a most superstitious being. He is always in dread of bad influences crossing his path, and spoiling his luck. Woman, unhappily for her, is supposed to be, however unconsciously to herself, very closely identified with these influences. The wife, therefore, never walks in the path before her husband. It would be unlucky for her to do so; and when he is about to start on a hunting or war expedition, should she cross his path his luck is gone. Should she be ill, she may

not remain in the same wigwam with him; nor can she use a cup or bowl without rendering it, in his view, unclean. Nay, more, the Indian may leave his wife when it pleases him. He decrees his own divorce, and, where there are no children to restrain him, he breaks away and leaves her.

Christian females, to whom the Gospel has brought honour and dignity, how earnestly ought you not labour to send it forth to your heathen sisterhood!

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### THE KAREN MISSION.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM M<sup>r</sup> LEOD WYLIE, ESQ.

*Calcutta, May 1, 1858.*

I MENTIONED in my last letter the difficulties experienced in the Karen Missions, in consequence of the commercial crisis in the United States. The "Friend of India" warmly recommended the case, and in the course of last month, eight thousand rupees were very cheerfully and promptly subscribed. The most interesting contribution was from our most distant station, Peshawur. As soon as the "Friend of India" arrived, Colonel Herbert Edwardes, the distinguished Commissioner, and Colonel Martin (of the Church Missionary Society), arranged a meeting; the General, Sir Sydney Cotton, took the chair; and Colonel Edwardes himself, I am told, spoke with remarkable effect. He sent me a message at once by telegraph, to say that three thousand rupees had been subscribed, and should be sent at once. "And that," as the "Friend of India" said, in noticing it, "is the way they do things in the Punjab."

The Peshawur people are not subscribing to Missions eighteen hundred miles off because they have no Missions of their own to attend to. Far from it. In writing to me about the meeting, Colonel Martin says, "I am just about to erect the first chapel across the Indus for native-Christian worshippers." And no one, I think, can consider the position and prospects of the Peshawur Mission, without feeling that there are very few stations in the whole field of Missionary labour of superior importance. But we see in this case a new illustration of the expansive character of Christian sympathy. The appeal from the Karens reaches the heart of God's people at Peshawur, distant as they are, none the less readily, but probably all the more readily, because they are engaged in similar work up there, and have made sacrifices to carry on their own Mission. It is by such men—men who have already done more than most others for the progress of the Gospel—that the discovery is soonest made, that they are able to do yet more.

It is probable that our friends in Peshawur were animated to offer their succour by the desire to present a thank-offering. Their mercies have been wonderful. It pleased God to place over them, in Colonel Edwardes, one of the most able men in India, and to surround him by men like the late gallant General Nicolson, and to associate with him a man of kindred spirit, in General Cotton. The moment the news of the mutiny of Delhi reached them by telegraph, they held a council of war with General Reed and Brigadier Chamberlain, formed a plan for the defence of the Punjab, and forwarded it to Sir John Lawrence. That letter crossed one from that eminent man, which proved to contain a

plan almost exactly similar; and from that time forth, there was manifested at Peshawur and at Lahore a remarkable unity of counsel and action, which appears to have been signally blessed and prospered, and by the effects of which, more than by any other measures whatever since the mutiny began, our empire has been preserved. It was by the blessing of God on the conduct of the authorities in the Punjab (chiefly Colonel Edwardes, General Cotton, General Nicolson, Sir J. Lawrence, Mr. Montgomery, and Mr. M'Leod) that that great and warlike province was kept in peace; and it was certainly by Nicolson's march to Delhi that our weakened army there was enabled, at a most critical moment in our recent history, to take that city. That other noble feats of arms have been performed, I should be sorry to question, but I entertain no doubt, that history will detect in the fall of Delhi the turning point of the insurrection. And it will be no less apparent, that the policy of those who in the Punjab mainly contributed to that success, was very different to the traditional policy of the Indian Government. I might go farther, and show that the only station in the Punjab in which there was serious disaster (Sealkote), was also the only one in which attempts had been made to arrest the work of Missions. But it is a sad and solemn story, and I have no wish to recall its painful memories.

The ready sympathy exhibited in this Presidency with our friends in Burmah, will greatly encourage them; but they have sustained a severe bereavement in the unexpected death of one of the most laborious Missionaries that ever laboured there, the Rev. J. H. Vinton. He came into Rangoon from a tour in the jungles, apparently quite well, but was seized with an insidious fever, and soon sank under its power in the midst of his usefulness, and in the prime of life. Very striking indeed is the recent history of Missions in Burmah! Four years ago there were twenty-three American Missionaries there. From various causes, the number is now reduced, I think, to thirteen; and among those who have been taken away by death, some, like Mr. Ingolls and Mr. Vinton, were eminently devoted men. In the same period, however, the progress of the truth has been more rapid than ever. There has been less of man's work, and far more of God's. And thus, apparently, it always is, in seasons of special blessing, "that no flesh may glory in his presence." For, as the patriarch said, "He sealeth up the hand of every man, that all men may know his work." (Job xxxvii. 7.)—*News of the Churches.*

#### THE NUFE COUNTRY.

SOME months have now elapsed since the "Dayspring," the steamship employed in the Niger expedition, was wrecked on the rocks above Rabba. Since that time the members of the expedition, and, amongst others, our Missionary, the Rev. S. Crowther, have been encamped on the river's bank, waiting until another steamer could be sent from England to relieve them. This period of time has not been lost. The opportunity of obtaining the goodwill of the chiefs and people, of learning their language, and becoming acquainted with their habits and customs, has been diligently improved, and much work, as preparatory to a commencement of a permanent Mission amongst the Nufe people, has been accomplished.

Some of the information which he has acquired, has been forwarded to us by Mr. Crowther. It is of an interesting character, and we proceed to transfer a portion of it to our pages. The Nufe country has been conquered by the Felani, or Foulahs, by whom the aboriginal people are very cruelly oppressed. The Felani are a Mohammedan nation, by whom a great portion of these interior African countries has been overrun. They are characterized by pride, which is much fostered by their religion, as well as by their being masters of a vast territory in the central part of Africa. In the opinion of a Felani, no nation is so powerful as their own, nor is it surpassed in holiness by any people, the inhabitants of Mecca excepted. All nations subject to them, whether they profess Mohammedanism or otherwise, are called *harbe* "slaves:" if Pagans, they are called black *kaferi*, or blind *harbe*. "These are considered as given to them by God, to serve them as rewards of their faithfulness as his servants: hence their constant demand upon the poor *kaferi* for cowries and produce have become very oppressive. Very often some of the sons or nephews of the Sultan of Sokoto, or of the Felani kings of Nufe go about the country with a number of savage followers, and plunder the roads or the markets, by taking away whatever suits them best, whether cowries, goods, produce or cattle."

Apart from the soldiers, who do not and will not work at all, the population of Nufe may be divided into three parts, the farmers, the canoe-men, and the general traders.

The *farmers* are the most numerous class of people in Nufe: they are mostly Pagans, and the most oppressed, the nature of their employment in the fields rendering them great sufferers during the time of war or of political disturbance, their produce, the results of a whole year's labour, on these occasions falling into the hands of the soldiers, who eat up every thing, as the locust does the grass of the field. Nor is it only their produce that is in danger, but their implements of husbandry, nay, their persons; for they are liable to be caught and sold into slavery, and then, if not immediately ransomed by their relatives, they are sold into perpetual slavery, foreign or domestic. To escape this, they must abandon their farms to the mercy of the soldiers, and keep out of the way. Besides all this, they are heavily taxed.

The next class of the working population is the *watermen*, who are divided into three sections. The first, called *Batasizi*, are the inhabitants of the swamps along the banks of the river, who employ themselves mostly in fishing in their little canoes, with a little farming, particularly cultivation of rice, and conveying farmers, passengers, and petty traders, to the other side of the river. The *Parongizi* are owners of trading canoes. These are very large, constructed of broken pieces of canoes, and rough boards, put together by iron nails or staples, the crevices being stopped by soft cotton instead of oakum. These canoes are very leaky, and require constant baling, yet, heavily laden with produce, they traffic from one market to another. When descending the stream, the boatmen leave the canoe to be drifted by the current, the people sitting comfortably on the cargo, the man who steers with his paddle at the stern, and another at the bow, giving occasionally a stroke. In ascending, they keep as near the bank as possible, to avoid the strong current, and, taking advantage of the bank, trees, roots, and shrubs, propel the boat with bamboo poles.

The Kedezi are the canoemen employed by the kings, and, when an highway is interrupted by the streams, ferry over the caravans from one shore to the other. The canoes used for this purpose are of one solid wood, some fifty feet long by five feet wide at the stern, propelled by bamboo poles. They can take from six to eight horses and donkeys, with the drivers. "Those owned by Pagans are known by a slip of white cloth besmeared with blood, or kola nuts used in sacrifice to propitiate the god of the river. Many of these canoes are ornamented with various cuts in the bows; amongst these, a cross is often met with, but they can give no account of it, except that they learned it from their fathers. Sometimes the canoes are owned by several persons; some belong to the kings themselves; others to persons of rank, who have a share in the proceeds; and others by persons of property, who hire them out. Such is the traffic between Haussa and the Yoruba country, that, at the single ferry at Rabba, about 7000 beasts of burden are supposed to pass in six months; the revenue arising from the various ferries along the Nufe portion of the river during that period of time amounting to not less than 8800 dollars.

The *traders* have very little to do with farming or working canoes, but pursue, as their chief business, buying and selling: of these, the women are the most active. They deal not only in cloths of native manufacture, but also in such European goods as they can purchase from traders from the coast. The men, many of whom are both weavers and tailors, deal in tobacs, shirts, country cloths and other garments used by men, while the women are mostly engaged in country cloths and caps for both sexes, beads, and other like articles in the shape of jewellery. A great deal of labour devolves on the women. The sole care of the children rests with them. Besides this, they are the chief carriers of loads, they grind the corn upon millstones, and they may be heard until a late hour of the night beguiling the tedious labour by songs. Early in the morning they have to prepare food out of the flour for their husbands' use or for sale, as they hawk it about from house to house. Thus they are soon worn out, and look ten years older than they really are. Perhaps, besides all this, they have been sold under a slave-bond, from which they have to redeem themselves or their children.

Mr. Crowther enumerates the produce of the country. In the interior, the palm-oil trees almost entirely cease, except on the banks of rivers, &c. : shea butter-trees take their place in great abundance. Cotton may be grown to any amount, if there were a demand for it: at present the people grow but a scanty supply for home use. They manufacture their own cloths, and for these there would be constant demand if the weavers were industrious, but they are too much taken up with slave-catching to sit long at the weaving process. Mats are woven by the hand in various patterns and colours, about three inches wide, and neatly put together. The women manufacture earthen pots of various sizes, holding from a pint to twenty gallons.

Thus are they labouring and heavy laden, and yet ignorant of Him in whom they might find rest to their souls. What suffering countries these are! When shall the promised relief come, and the earth be gladdened by the advent of Him, who "shall judge the poor of the people, save the children of the needy, and break in pieces the oppressor?"



## A SABBATH AT SEA.

(FROM WILKINSON'S "CHRISTIANITY IN NORTH INDIA.")

"ON going up on deck early in the morning, we rejoiced to find that it was possible to make a difference between the Sabbath and other days, even far out at sea. The awning was stretched over the poop; the deck beautifully clean, the long end of the halliards, sheets, tacks, and all the nautical assemblage of ropes, lay coiled in circles on the deck with almost geometrical exactness; the ship's officers were in their Sunday dresses, and the hardy crew in their new and clean clothes. . . The water was remarkably smooth, having only that peculiar swell and undulation usually attendant upon a calm; and though we beheld not the might of the Lord when He bloweth with his wind, and the waves thereof rise and swell, we confessed it in that power which could say to so fickle an element, 'Peace, be still!'

At five bells (half-past ten) prayers and muster was the order issued by the officer of the watch, and with ready obedience the crew assembled on the quarter-deck: their names were called over, and their respective posts assigned them. When this was done, the men uncovered and took their seats on some capstan bars, which had been arranged in parallel lines for their accommodation, supported on water buckets. The Missionary took his place at the cuddy, the capstan covered with a flag, served for a pulpit. The officers and passengers then took their seats above and below on poop and deck, &c. The service was quietly and solemnly performed, all in keeping with the scene. . . .

A poor pigeon which had escaped from his confinement continued for some time to hover about the ship, like the dove of Noah finding no rest for the sole of her foot, save the sea-girt citadel. Like her, O my soul, when thou dost madly forsake the shelter of thy Redeemer's bosom, mayest thou find no repose till thou fleest thither again."

## THE SABBATH BELL.

Bounding along the obedient surges,  
 Cheerily on her onward way,  
 Her course the gallant vessel urges  
 Across far Biscay's stormy bay.  
 In the sun the bright waves glisten—  
 Rising slow with measured swell;  
 Hark! what sounds unwonted—listen!  
 Listen!—'tis the Sabbath-bell.

Hush'd the tempest's wild commotion,  
 Winds and waves have ceas'd their war;  
 O'er the wide and sullen ocean  
 That shrill sound is heard afar.  
 And comes it as a sound of gladness  
 To thy tried spirit, wand'rer, tell?  
 Or rather does thy heart's deep sadness  
 Wake at that simple Sabbath-bell?

It speaks of ties which duties sever,  
 Of hearts so fondly knit to thee;  
 Kind hands, kind looks, which, wand'rer, never  
 Thine hand shall grasp, thine eyes shall see.  
 It speaks of home and all its pleasures,  
 Of scenes where mem'ry loves to dwell,  
 And bids thee count thy heart's best treasures,  
 Far, far away, that Sabbath-bell.

Listen again! thy wounded spirit,  
 Shall soar from earth, and seek above  
 That kingdom which the blest inherit,  
 The mansions of eternal love.  
 Earth and its lowly cares forsaking.  
 Pursued too keenly, lov'd too well,  
 To faith and hope thy soul awaking,  
 Thou hear'st with joy the Sabbath-bell.

#### THE CHIMSYAN INDIANS.

BRITISH Columbia, in consequence of the gold discoveries, will in all probability become for a time a centre of attraction, to which adventurers will rush from all quarters. It is greatly to be regretted, that before such a crisis arrived, Christianity had not been, to some extent, introduced amongst the Indians. They exist in considerable numbers, and are much more numerous in proportion to the extent of the country, than on the Atlantic side of the Rocky Mountains. It is to be feared, that, confiding in their numbers, they will not hesitate to interfere with the miners, and thus collisions will ensue. Had Christianity obtained some footing in the land, it might have exercised a protective and restraining influence, and shielded them, as it has, to a considerable extent, the New Zealanders, from the effects of colonization. But this, we regret to say, is not the case. The first Protestant Missionary (the priests of Rome had got there before him) did not reach Vancouver Island earlier than June 1856, or about two years and a-half ago. Of course little more has yet been done than acquiring one of the Indian dialects, and gaining the confidence of the particular tribe amongst whom his lot is cast. These are the Chimsyian Indians, on the mainland, opposite Queen Charlotte's Islands. How dark, how degraded they are, our readers will learn from the following passages, taken from our Missionary, Mr. Duncan's journals.

“Contrary to the custom of the Indians here (who always burn their dead), the chief begged permission to inter the remains of his daughter in the Fort garden, alongside her mother, who was buried a short time ago, and was the first Indian thus privileged. The corpse was placed in a rude box, and borne on the shoulders of four men. About twenty Indians, principally women, accompanied the old chief, whose heart seemed ready to burst, to the grave. A bitter wailing was kept up for about three-quarters of an hour, during which time about seven or eight men, after a good deal of clamour (which strangely contrasted with the apparent grief of the mourners), fixed up a pole at the head of the grave, on which was suspended an Indian garment. At the head of the mother's grave several drinking vessels were attached to the pole, as well as a garment. The scene was very affecting, and the reflections it suggested are indeed awfully solemn.

“Immediately after dinner, the second officer of the Fort, who had not been absent more than a minute, came rushing back, to report that an Indian had just been murdered close to the Fort gates. On repairing to the gallery I saw this shocking sight. Several Indians, with muskets

in their hands, were hovering about the dying man, and one or two ventured to go near and assist him. He was shot in the right breast, and apparently dying, but seemingly conscious of what had happened. In a few minutes, two Indians, looking as fierce as tigers, carrying muskets, came bounding to the spot, and, after ordering all away, one of them immediately fired at the poor fellow as he lay on the ground, and shot him in the arm. They then as quickly bounded away. All stood exceedingly alarmed at this dreadful tragedy, but none dared to interfere. My own feelings I will not attempt to describe. I found consolation in committing myself afresh to the care of that omnipotent arm that has brought me here, and in more earnestly beseeching the Sun of Righteousness to arise on this dark land.

“The particulars of this foul deed are as follows:—The head chief was the murderer. Being irritated by some other chiefs while partly intoxicated, he vented his rage upon the first stranger that came in his way, and, after shooting him, ordered two of his men to finish the horrible deed. His victim was a Queen-Charlotte Islander, a very fine-looking young man, who had been working for the Fort some few days. This morning I saw him in the garden working, while the chief was burying his daughter, which made the affair doubly affecting to me. The murderer, in order to extenuate his crime, gave out that a Queen-Charlotte Islander, of the same tribe as the murdered man, had shot a brother of his about ten years ago. Such is his idea of right. But the matter does not finish here. I learn that another from the same island must be killed before the affair can be settled. The chief under whose protection the murdered man had been living must revenge his death, in order to maintain his dignity. The victim will have to be one of the same people under the protection of the present murderer. Thus does one foul deed beget a never-ending strife amongst them. It is now dark, and I hear the firing going on outside.”

These poor people seem very willing to be taught, and very anxious that Mr. Duncan should be able to converse freely with them in their own language. Various little incidents occur which show this to be the case. One morning, as Mr. Duncan was having a little conversation with a Chimsyan chief, a group of Indians gathered round them, desirous to know what was going on. The chief, immediately turning round, spoke to them for about ten minutes with great earnestness. When asked what he had been saying, he said he had been telling them about the Missionary and his business. Their searching looks and happy countenances showed how pleased they were; and each, as he was leaving, greeted him with a smile. They are aware that he is engaged in learning their language, and declare, that as soon as he has got a house outside the Fort, they will come to him to be taught. Mr. Duncan is striving prayerfully to get the power of speech, for it is most painful to be with them, and not be able to speak to them of the things of God.

*Nov. 17*—To-day a chief called to see me, who is suffering from a bad cough, and seems wearing away fast. He very anxiously desired

relief; but it is to no use giving them any medicine for such complaints, as their habits prevent any good effects ensuing. I told him to keep his chest and feet warm, for he has plenty of property to make him comfortable; but, like his people, he prefers going barefoot and half-naked. I perceived he wanted to tell me something rather serious, by his countenance and muttering. Like a man about to take a long journey, he seemed gasping for directions about the way. Oh how I longed to tell him my message, but could not. I made him understand that I should soon be ready to teach all the Chimsyans about God; that I had God's book with me, which I should teach from; and my object was to make them good and happy. After a little pause, he remarked (in his way), "You are going to teach the Chimsyans not to shoot each other," which to him seemed, I suppose, about as great a boon as I could confer. I also made him understand something about what we did on the Sabbath. His constant response was, "Ahm, ahm," (Good, good).

*Nov. 24*—I have had the same chief mentioned above again to-day. As it was during school-time when he came, I got the little boys to sing him a hymn or two. This pleased him very much. He said by-and-by he would understand what we sang. He then asked me if I should expect pay from the Chimsyans for teaching their children. A volley of good expressions were the response he gave to my answer. I then tried again to make him understand my main object in coming here, with some account, also, of what we did in the Fort on the Sunday. He then requested to see Shimauyet Lakkah shahounsk (God's book), which I showed him. His anxious gaze and sighs told me how he longed to know its contents, and oh! how I longed to tell him. Again and again I mentioned the name of our Saviour, but could do but little else. I never felt the evil of Babel so keenly before. He is a delicate man, and, humanly speaking, cannot live long. I wonder if he will ever be able to hear the glorious message of salvation. That God may grant it is my earnest prayer.

*Nov. 27*—I had a fine old chief call to see me to-day. His name is Neeashwaiks. He sat very quietly during all our afternoon school operations. He heard the little boys sing and read, and seemed much delighted. More than that, he saw us go down on our knees, and pray in our Saviour's own words. In great seriousness he pronounced his "Ahm, ahm," (Good, good).

*Dec. 7*—Yesterday (Sunday) a chief and his wife were both shot in their own house by one of their own tribe, who had just been giving away his property (blankets, &c.). It is hoped the wounds are not fatal. It seems this chief had insulted the man by refusing his present, and that simply because another chief had a similar present made him. The boy I employ to get me wood, &c., asked me last night if he might stay in the Fort, as he was afraid to go outside. I have heard since that a party of men were watching for him at the gates; so that, had he gone out, he would either have been killed or enslaved, all because he belongs to the unfortunate chief's tribe.

We must reserve other details respecting this new field of labour for a future Number.

## A MOHAMMEDAN CONVERT.

*(Concluded from p. 131.)*

THE same afternoon that Yusuf had the conversation with the monks, he started out to walk, and a monk went with him. He asked the monk why he followed him. "Am I a slave still?" said Yusuf: "I escaped from the slavery of my master in Bagdad, and from the slavery of Islamism, and am I now in another bondage? I cannot, I will not return to the convent to stay." He then left the monk in the street, hastened back to the convent, and succeeded in getting his bed and a few books, with which he made his escape to the khan or inn, where he intended to sleep. In a few minutes, however, he came to us, and we had his things transferred from the khan to our own house. . . .

He then gave us a full account of his history, which is not uninteresting. He was born in Abyssinia, and was stolen as a slave, when an infant, by an Arabian Moslem, and sold to the Grand Vizier of the Persian Government. He was trained up as a Moslem, and while in Bagdad he became fully acquainted with the Korán, and learned the Arabic, Persian, and Turkish languages; and afterwards enough of the French to converse readily.

At length he fell in with a Moslem who had formerly been a Greek Christian, and from him he learned something of the Christian religion. The Greek had left his own church on account of its idolatry; but told him there was another class of Christians, who followed the Gospel only, and they were pure and upright men. Not long after, this Greek Moslem fell in with an English Missionary, embraced the truth, declared himself a Protestant, and was sent away to Bombay. This awakened Yusef's attention. He conversed with the Jews, anxious to see if their religion was any better than his own, but found nothing to rest upon. He then went to the Romish priest, who baptized him and gave him his present name, Yusef (Joseph). But he found their system to be so much like idol-worship, and their enmity to the Gospel so violent, that he had no rest, and determined to go to the "Gospel-men," or Protestants. He visited the Jewish Missionaries, and at length abandoned Islamism and embraced the truth as it is in Jesus.

As it would not be safe for him to remain in Bagdad after changing his faith, he proposed to escape to the westward. For a time there seemed no opportunity, and he was about giving it up, when the Jesuits renewed their efforts to convert him to the church of Rome. He came at last to Tripoli, and made his escape from the monks to our house.

The morning after his escape from their hands, he thought it best to return to the convent to ask for his baggage, but promised to return. Three hours passed, and he did not return. We began to be alarmed, fearing lest he had met with violent treatment at their hands. But at length he came, thanking God for his escape, although he did not succeed in getting his baggage. He narrowly escaped violence, as the monks tried to detain him by force. He had openly declared his Protestant sentiments, and set them all in an uproar. At first they tried honeyed words, but afterwards threatened. He told them of his love for the Bible, and his determination to read it at all hazards; to which they replied by cursing him and the Gospel-men who had taught him such heresy.

Having become satisfied of his sincerity, we immediately took steps to send him to Beyrout, as there was some ground for apprehension that the Jesuits might stir up the Moslem populace "of the baser sort" against him, and endanger his life. There would be no fear here from official interference, but from private malice and fanatical violence. Accordingly, we sent him away by land, at three o'clock P.M., May 19, commending him to the Lord, and giving him letters to the brethren in Beyrout. He was not overburdened with baggage, as the Jesuits had refused to give up his saddle-bags and clothing. When he left us, he had not decided between two prominent plans—one of which was to enter the seminary at Abeih, and the other to go to the Protestant College in Malta. When he reached Beyrout, the brethren consulted together, and it was finally decided to yield to his expressed preference to go to Malta, for which port he sailed last week from Beyrout, in an English steamer.

#### THE SILENCE OF AN ARCTIC NIGHT.

THE following eloquent description of the silence of an Arctic night occurs in Dr. Hay's lecture on the Arctic regions—

The moonlights of this period (winter) are the most grand and impressive of any thing I have ever witnessed. The clearness of the air, the white surface of the snow and ice, give an effect monotonous and cheerless, but truly grand. But there is a *new element* which makes this mid-winter moonlight seem almost terrible in its impressiveness—it is, *silence*.

I have often, to escape from the trying monotony of ship-board life, gone off six or eight miles into the interior, in search of novelty, and in order that I might be alone. There, seated upon a rock or snow-bank, I look around me, and see a great, uneven country; rocky hills and glaciers covered with snow; myriads of crystal gems sparkling in the light of the pale moon, which shoots its rays down through the crisp air, making it almost as light as day. I look seaward, and see a long plain of ice, melting into the horizon, dotted all over with huge towering bergs—nothing more. All nature is in the repose of death. I am too far from the shore to hear the crunching of the tables as they rise and fall lazily with the tide, or the roar like distant thunder, as some huge crack opens through the heavy floes. There is no animal to cross my path, no tree among whose stiff branches the wind can sigh and moan. There is no song of bird to enliven the scene—no wild beast to howl. I stand there alone, the only representative of God's living world—the only being that has life or can move. Every sound that I hear, every motion that I see, is made by myself: I hear nothing but the pulsations of my own heart, my own footsteps, or now and then, possibly, in the distance, the deep rumbling of a falling snow-bank.

The sensation of utter loneliness and isolation creeps over me. My heart beats as it rushes the blood through the sensitive organization of the ear: I am oppressed as with discordant sounds. Silence has ceased to be negative—it has become sternly positive. I hear, see, and feel it. Its presence is unendurable. I spring to my feet—I plant them heavily in the snow, to drown its presence, and I rush back to the vessel, glad even to find refuge in its dull, dull life of horrid inactivity.

















