

THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY
GLENER.

1852.

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THOU, LORD, HAST MADE ME GLAD THROUGH THY WORK :  
I WILL TRIUMPH IN THE WORKS OF THY HANDS.  
PSALM XCII. 4.  
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*Two Shillings.*

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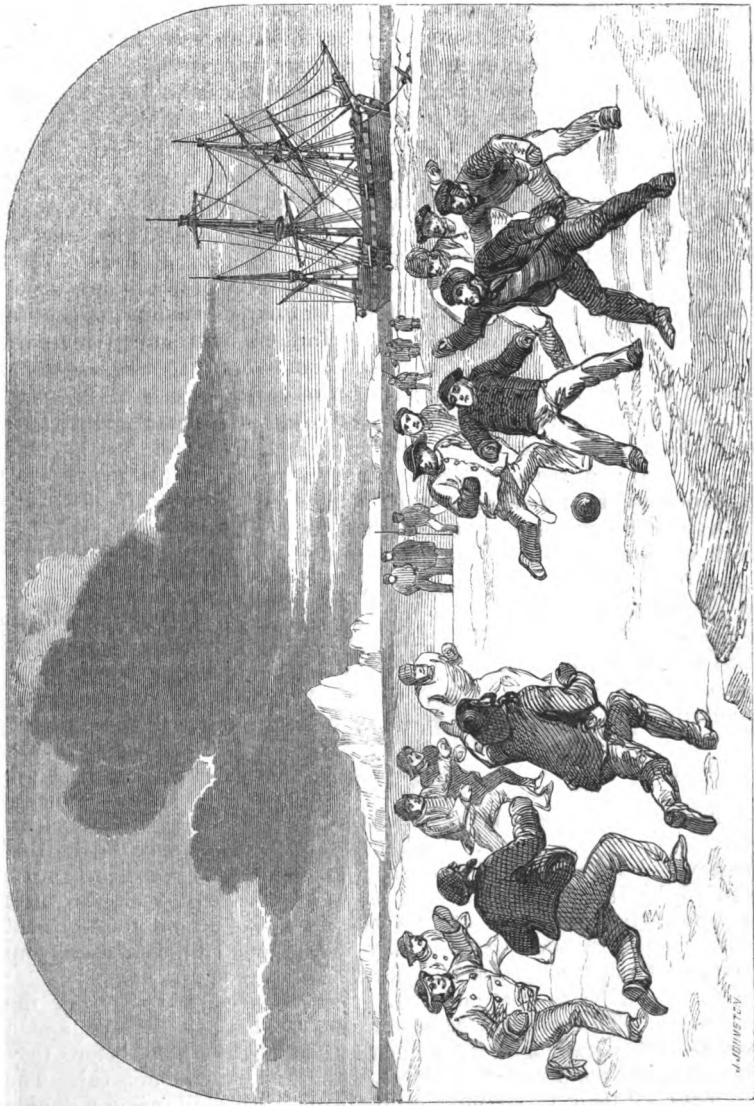
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THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



BRITISH SAILORS ON A FIELD OF ICE.—V. de p. 4.

## HUDSON'S BAY.

HUDSON'S BAY is an immense arm of the Atlantic ocean, which extends far into Rupert's Land from its north-eastern shore. It is 900 miles in length, and at its greatest breadth 600 miles, and is surrounded by a coast of 3000 miles in circuit. It can be navigated only for a few months in the summer, and then not without much danger, from the shoals and sand-banks, &c., which abound in it. During the remainder of the year it is filled up with fields of ice. The severity of the winter in these regions is extreme. At York Fort, on its western shore, brandy freezes into a solid mass even in rooms where a fire is kept perpetually burning; and rivers and lakes, from ten to twelve feet deep, are frozen to the bottom. The air is filled with particles of sharp ice, and these, when driven by the wind against the hands and face, raise white blisters on the skin.

On the southern shore, where the climate is a little less severe, and potatoes and garden produce may be reared, although with difficulty, Moose Factory is situated, about 700 miles distant from Montreal, in Canada West: it is the Company's principal dépôt on the southern shores of the Bay. The Indians inhabiting this part of the country are of the Swampy Cree tribe. It having been resolved by the Church Missionary Society to place a Missionary at this spot, to dispense to these poor Indians the bread of life, Mr. and Mrs. Horden sailed from England for this Station on the 1st of June last, and reached Moose Factory on the 26th of August. Mr. Horden has forwarded to us a journal, some extracts from which will be interesting to our readers. The paragraph with which we commence refers to the entrance into Hudson's Bay.

*July 26, 1851*—The sun shone very brightly in the morning, and we saw several large icebergs. In the afternoon the atmosphere became very thick and cold: all felt that they were experiencing the rigour of winter in the month of July. About six the mist almost instantaneously cleared off, the sun shone forth, and land was visible. Yes! we had entered the Straits, Resolution being to our right—a barren, bleak, but lofty and majestic shore; while on our left lay an immense field of ice, extending many miles. We passed thousands of pieces of every description and size; some resembling churches, others hills, valleys, mountains, and houses. It was most amusing to hear the sailors give names to the several pieces. "This is such a head, that the hull of such a vessel or barge," and so forth. All the sights I ever beheld were exceeded by this in boldness and majesty, combined with the most delicate colours. The men who traverse these seas behold the works of nature on the grandest scale. May they "look through nature up to nature's God," and praise Him for the wonders of His hands!

*July 29*—A very fine morning. We received a visit from the Esquimaux. Three canoes came off to us, with a man in each, and a luggage-boat containing some women and children. Long before they came alongside we heard their voices, which are nowise musical. The men managed their pretty little canoes with great skill, using a double oar: their first salutation was, "Good day!" then, "Will you give a saw?" &c. The men were fine strong-looking fellows, dirty, but not so bad as I had expected. Their features were regular, and eyes rather

small. One of the women, who had a child in the hood for her head, was a very fine-looking person, not to say handsome. The face of one was tattooed with a needle, and another was very filthy. We obtained several of their seal-skin dresses, elk horns, fox skins, a spear, &c. Two men and a woman came aboard, and took great notice of Mrs. Horden, to whom they—particularly the women—began to chatter very earnestly. O that they were under the influence of the Gospel, that these children of nature might become children of God! that their intellects—for I do not think they are even dull—might be used in the cause of Christ! But when, when will that come to pass?

*Aug. 2*—To-day set in with heavy rain and strong wind: very little ice near us, but every thing threatened an uncomfortable day. The breeze increased to a gale, snow fell in large quantities, the sea rose, and the ship showed signs of derangement, and soon began to jump about as if it were mad in reality. We who were lodged in its bosom caught the infection slightly, feeling uncomfortable, and wishing for night. We were tossed about a great deal, yet obtained some hours' sleep.

*Aug. 3: Lord's-day*—The gale increased. Larger quantities of snow fell than on the preceding day, the sea rolled more heavily, the ship jumped more fearfully, and we felt much more uncomfortable. We carried scarcely any sail, and, the wind being directly against us, made little or no progress, constantly tacking. The deck presented a curious but animated appearance, the men running about, with water falling in streams from them; yet they did their work cheerfully—with alacrity they were obliged, in consequence of the heavy wind.

*Aug. 8*—A fine, cold morning. Large pieces of ice ahead, to avoid which we tacked. In the evening we saw a large white bear, the first during the voyage: it did not come near the ship.

*Aug. 9*—A fine morning, scarcely a breath of wind stirring. Ahead was a field of ice, about fifteen miles in length: we sailed eastward to avoid entering it. We fell in with another pack about six, and sailed westward, having a good breeze, but were obliged to enter it. At first it caused little inconvenience, as it was rather slack; but as night came on we met with much larger blocks, and, sailing at eight knots an hour, the blows the ship received were tremendous, making her shake greatly.

*Aug. 10: Lord's-day*—Surrounded with ice: atmosphere very thick. It fell calm about ten, and we anchored to a very large piece of ice, and filled our water-tank. We could have no service in the morning, but held full service in the afternoon, with the eighth homily. The ice opening, and a good breeze springing up, we got under weigh about seven, sailing through very thick ice. At nine, and afterwards, the sight on deck was exceedingly beautiful: the sun had sunk into the west, but had left a most beautiful horizon; while at the opposite point the moon rose in all her splendour, looking more beautiful from the dark clouds which lay behind her: she cast her delightfully pale and subdued light over the vast extent of ice and water which lay intermixed, producing a most brilliant and striking effect. All were busy, for scarcely a moment passed without alteration in the position of the sails being required, and the helm forcing the ship in another direction. Having sailed a few miles we were again fast, and for four hours, though toiling laboriously, gained nothing.

*Aug. 11*—We anchored to a large piece of ice at 4 A.M. It rained

or snowed almost the whole day. The wind blew very strongly, but did not open the ice; and being directly against us we did not endeavour to force our way, but lay quiet the whole day. Some of us went on the piece to which we were fastened: it was about two miles in circumference.

*Aug. 12*—About 3 A.M. we loosed from the ice, and, having proceeded six miles in five hours and a half, were obliged to anchor again, the ice being very close and heavy around us. In the evening the men enjoyed themselves by playing at foot-ball on the ice, as the piece to which we were anchored was unusually flat.

It is hardly needful to say that this is the scene represented in our frontispiece. We shall recur to Mr. Horden's journal in our next Number.

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OTAWHAO, NEW ZEALAND.

OTAWHAO is an interior Station of the New-Zealand Mission in the valley of the river Waipa. It was first visited by the Missionaries from Waikato Heads, and many of the people became Warekura, or professing Christians;* and finding that they were exposed to much evil by dwelling in the same confined pa, or fortified village, with their heathen relatives, they built another, in 1839, at a short distance from the old one. A code of Christian regulations was drawn up, to which every inhabitant of the new village was to be conformed: it was, as they said, to be a pa for Christ; and all tattooing, disfiguring of the face, and other heathen customs, were to be disallowed, four of the principal Chiefs being charged with the due enforcement of the regulations. About a year afterward, our Missionary, the Rev. J. Morgan, was stationed there.

Perhaps there are few places in the world where the tranquillizing influences of the Gospel are more apparent in their results than in New Zealand. Previously to the commencement of Missionary efforts, there was to be found, in that part of the island where Otawhao lies, an immense extent of country, more than forty miles square, without an inhabitant, although it had once contained many strong, well-filled pas. Some thirty or forty years previously, the powerful tribe of the Waikatos, situated on the river of the same name, had burst forth in torrents of furious war on the adjoining tribes, and nearly annihilated them. The whole region from Otawhao to lakes Rotorua and Taupo was wasted, pa after pa stormed, and much people devoured: the rest saved themselves by flight, and remained dispersed in different parts of the island, until, the Gospel of Peace having subdued the Waikatos, they were enabled to return to their former homes.

The people of this district are now professedly Christian, improving as a body in industry and civilization. They grow large quantities of grain, and have erected water-mills. The inhabitants of Rangaiohia, four miles distant from Otawhao, forwarded to the late Great Exhibition a specimen of flour from native-grown wheat

* They were known as "Warekura" from their meeting in the Warekura, or school-house, for instruction.

ground in these mills. Nor has the bread that perisheth engaged their sole attention. They have been for some time very anxious for the erection of a Christian place of worship, commodious and convenient; and these people, who ten or twelve years ago were cannibals, have offered to subscribe 100% toward its erection, if the Church Missionary Society will kindly assist them. At Otawhao itself the Natives are equally forward to aid in the building of a substantial church. Such measures are the more urgent, as there are, we regret to say, a Romanist party, with a resident priest, in the district—the tares having been sown just at the time when the good seed was first introduced there by the Protestant Missionaries. We rejoice in the prospect of the speedy erection of two buildings, in which the Gospel will be preached in its simplicity and purity.

Mr. Morgan, in a letter recently received from him, gives us the following graphic sketch of the improved habits of the Natives—

A few weeks ago, I married a native couple at Rangiaohia. When it became known that I had published the banns for this marriage, the Roman-Catholic party held a meeting to oppose it, as they wished the bride to marry a Roman Catholic. Hori-te-Waru—grandfather of the bridegroom, a pleasing young man—opposed them, saying that the girl was a Protestant, and must marry a Protestant. On the appointed day I rode over to Rangiaohia, accompanied by about thirty-five of the school-children and my own family. It was a general holiday. On arriving at the chapel, I found about 400 natives, Protestants and Roman Catholics, assembled, and all the Europeans of Rangiaohia and Orakau, about twelve in number. They had come to witness the ceremony, as one of them informed me, out of respect to the bridegroom. Some of the natives sat in groups, conversing, while others were busily engaged in killing pigs, and preparing abundance of other provisions for the feast. Instead of these provisions being brought to the spot, as formerly, by the women, they were brought down in carts, the property of, and driven by, natives. The sight was altogether novel in New Zealand, and I rejoiced at the very great improvements within the last year. Munu sent two cart-loads of very fine peaches, and another cart drove up with several large dead hogs. The native ovens were lighted, and the hogs, eight or ten in number, having been cut up, and—with abundance of kumera, potatos, and hues—put in, the bell rang to invite the natives to witness the marriage ceremony. The bride and bridegroom, with many of their friends, were dressed in European clothing. After the ceremony, the feast followed, and then the company separated.

How different the scene from what I have witnessed in former years! When in a heathen state, marriages were seldom contracted from affection, but according to the will of friends. Here disputes would often arise: two persons, each supported by their friends, claiming the same female. On finding that the female and her near relatives favoured one of the two, the disappointed lover would frequently take a taua, or fight, consisting of twenty, or perhaps a hundred, men and women, to the house in which the female resided. These parties generally went armed with spears or guns. Her friends, if apprised of their coming, would assemble to protect her. Here the struggle would commence, and it frequently happened that the female got into the midst of it. If she

fell into the hands of the opposing party, and they were unable to bear her off in triumph, they would fight for her person. Every vestige of clothing being torn off, the two parties would seize her by her head, hair, legs, and arms, and pull away until one party gained the savage victory. The female was, of course, the main sufferer. Sometimes she would sustain only slight injuries; but at other times I have seen her nearly pulled limb from limb, the contest only ending to leave her to linger for a few days, and then to die from the injuries she had received. In other cases, one of the disappointed party, on seeing that they could not hold her, would plunge a spear into her breast, that she might die on the spot, rather than become the wife of the other, who was, in many instances, the person to whom she was attached. How thankful we ought to be for the Gospel! How many temporal and spiritual blessings it brings to those who receive it!

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### THE AUSTRALIAN TRIBES.

WE should be sorry if the sympathy of our readers were to be confined to those tribes of man amongst whom Missionaries are labouring. We should endeavour to take a more extended view; to look beyond the limited range of Missionary exertion to the nations beyond, for whose instruction little or no effort has yet been made, and who are in midnight darkness. We have introduced in the Engraving, as a specimen of such, an Australian native, belonging to one of the interior tribes.

Colonel Mitchell, in exploring the course of the River Darling, first met with this tribe in 1835, on the banks of the Bhogan, a tributary of the Darling. They glory in the name of "Myall," which the natives nearer the colony apply to the wild blacks of the interior; nor did they appear ever before to have had intercourse with an European. A few natives who had been at some out-station, and could speak a little English, had joined the exploring party as it proceeded along the banks of the Bhogan, whose woods, from the abundance of acacias of various kinds, are of a very pleasing character. The friendly natives were very anxious that Colonel Mitchell should accompany them to the bush beyond the river, in order that he might have an interview with the Chief of the Bhogan. There, in the deep solitude of the woods, they had to wait for about an hour, the guides silently expecting the appearance of the Chief. Col. Mitchell says—

At length a man of mild and pensive countenance, fine athletic form, and apparently about fifty years of age, came forth, leading a very fine boy, so dressed with green boughs that only his head and legs remained uncovered, a few Emu-feathers being mixed with the wild locks of his hair. I received him in this appropriate costume, as a personification of the green bough, or emblem of peace. One large feather decked the brow of the Chief, his nose and brow having a tinge of yellow ochre. Having presented the boy to me, he next advanced with much formality toward the camp, having Tackijally, the most intelligent of the friendly natives, on his right, the boy walking between, and rather in advance of

both, each having a hand on his shoulder. The boy's face had a holiday look of gladness, but the Chief remained silent and serious, without any symptoms, however, of alarm. Not a word could this Chief of the Myalls speak besides his own language; and his slow and formal approach indicated undoubtedly that it was the first occasion on which he had seen the white man.

It is to be regretted, that when the Australians have come in contact with the white man, it has been too frequently to their injury instead of to their benefit. The escaped convict from the settlements has frequently been the only European they have known, and in many instances the injuries received from this depraved class have rendered the native hostile and dangerous. There is found to be a great diversity of disposition in the different tribes. Some have proved to be relentlessly fierce, while those on the Bhogan appeared to be friendly and inoffensive. On the return of the expedition, four months subsequently, from amongst the wild tribes on the Darling, Colonel Mitchell and his party found themselves again amongst the haunts of the Bhogan natives; and at sunset were visited by their old friend Dalumbe, the youth in the green bough vestments, whom the Chief had put before him as an emblem of peace. In the Engraving he is represented in his



opossum cloak, his head curiously decorated with the feathers of the cockatoo, &c.

These poor people believe in the existence of malignant spirits, whom they greatly dread, seldom venturing after dusk from their encampment, and never without a fire-stick in their hands, which they believe has the property of repelling the evil spirits. Of God they appear to have lost all remembrance. It is in connexion with this sad thought that the burial-places of the natives are so mournfully touching. They may be sometimes found in the midst of a shrub of drooping acacias, a wide space, laid out in little walks, running in gracefully curved lines, and enclosing the heaps of reddish earth where lies the dust of many generations, who have lived and died without the opportunity of knowing God. In passing through these places the natives scarcely venture to raise their heads. And are not such lands as interior Australia the burial-places of *living* men, where they lie "dead in trespasses and sins?" Lord, hasten the time when these "dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live!"

#### TRAVANCORE AND ITS SLAVE POPULATION.

TRAVANCORE, situated at the south-western extremity of Hindustan, is one of the most fertile and best cultivated provinces of the peninsula. It is a narrow strip of land between the sea and the ghauts, exhibiting a pleasing variety of surface, watered by continual springs from the mountains, and clothed with verdure. It is ruled by its own Rajah,\* under British influence, and is governed by its own Hindu laws. These laws have been considerably modified by English interference; but that much remains to be done will appear from the following statement of one of our Missionaries in Travancore, as to the existence of a considerable slave population in the province. It is from the journal of an ordained Syrian, the Rev. George Matthan; Travancore being that part of India where the Syrian Christians are found, for whose reformation the Church Missionary Society has been labouring for many years.

*Dec. 5, 1850*—In the course of my visits to the people I met with some slaves, with whom I was glad to enter into conversation. The condition of these unhappy beings is, I think, without a parallel in the whole range of history. They are regarded as so unclean, that they are thought to convey pollution to their fellow-creatures, not only by contact, but even by approach. They are so wretchedly provided with the necessaries of life that the most loathsome things are a treat to them. Their persons are entirely at the disposal of their masters, by whom they are bought and sold like cattle, and are often worse treated. The owners had formerly power to flog and enchain them, and in some cases to maim them, or even to deprive them of their lives. Though these

\* The magnificent carved ivory throne, or chair of state, presented by this monarch to our Queen, will not soon be forgotten by those who saw it in the late Great Exhibition. What a contrast between it and the unhappy subjects of our article!



cruelties are not now sanctioned by law, their condition does not, in a practical view, appear to be improved, as they have no means to get legal redress against their cruel tyrants. They are everywhere paid for labour at the lowest possible rate consistent with keeping life. In places where the spontaneous produce of the earth is abundant, and where they have work every day, the rate of their daily wages is so low as a pice and a half—three-fourths of a farthing—while the highest rate does not exceed seven pice—three farthings and a half. The common coolies are paid at the rate of somewhat more than an anna—three-halfpence—per diem, while carpenters and other artisans are paid at double the above rate, their usual daily wages in the interior being exactly two annas and three pice—three-pence farthing and a half—for each man. The slaves are of course paid in kind. They are also entitled to certain portions of the produce of their labour, which in a great measure makes up for the low rate of their wages. They are valued differently in different places. The price of an able-bodied slave in the low country, where their wages are comparatively high, is not more than six rupees—twelve shillings. In Mallapalli it comes to nearly eighteen rupees; and in places nearer the hills it rises considerably higher, even to double the above amount. The children of slaves do not belong to the father's master, but are the property of the mother's owner. In some places, however, the father is allowed a right to one child, which of course is the property of his master.

The slaves form a great proportion of the population of this country, being probably one-sixth of the whole. In the village of Mallapalli alone their number amounts to 520 souls, while all the other classes together fall below 1500 souls. A great landlord in a neighbouring village has nearly 200 of them daily employed on his farms, while three times that number are let out on rent to inferior farmers. The slaves are chiefly composed of two races, the Pariahs and the Puliahs, of whom the latter form the more numerous class. The Pariahs appear to have been of the Hindu stock, and ejected from society for violating caste. Their own tradition has it, that they were a division of the Brahmins, who were entrapped into a breach of caste by their enemies, through making them eat beef. They now eat carrion and other loathsome things: the carcasses of all domestic animals are claimed by them as belonging to them by right. They frequently poison cows, and otherwise kill them, for the sake of their flesh. They are also chargeable with kidnapping women of the higher castes. In former times they appear to have been able to perpetrate these cruelties almost with impunity, from the fear of which the people still betray great uneasiness, though now, through the greater efficiency of the police, the custom is nearly grown into disuse.

The Puliahs appear to be quite a distinct race—perhaps the aborigines of the country, like the Bhils, &c., in other parts of India. They do not wear the kutommy on their head, which distinguishes them from the Pariahs and other Hindu castes. They are more particular as to the kind of food they take, abstaining from the flesh of all dead animals. They are considered superior to the Pariahs, who have great fear of offending them. They are thought much better servants, being more faithful to the interests of their masters. There is a division of them known by the name of Eastern Puliahs, who chiefly inhabit the hills. They are, if possible, in a more degraded state than the Western Puliahs

and the Pariahs, who would consider themselves polluted by coming in contact with them. They generally go without any other clothing than a string of leaves round their loins. They eat all the refuse which the Pariahs eat. They appear to be outcasts of the Puliahs, as in language and other particulars they do not differ from them, while there is a marked difference between them and the Pariahs. They are considered better servants than even the Puliahs, and consequently are valued at a higher rate.

Lying, stealing, and drunkenness are the prevailing vices of these different tribes of slaves: crimes of an aggravated nature are very rare, except among the Pariahs. With respect to their religious notions and practices, they admit the existence of a Supreme Being, but are unable to comprehend how the government of this vast world can be carried on without the assistance of subordinate agents. They believe that the spirits of dead men exist in a separate state, but do not seem to think that their happiness or misery depends upon their conduct in this world. They believe them to be moving about the earth, watching over the interests of their friends in the body. They pay them offerings of rice, arrack, cakes, and other things; which if they withhold, the spirits are believed to haunt them, to take possession of them, and to punish them with maladies. The principal object of their worship is the bloody goddess Kali, whom they propitiate by offerings and sacrifices. They also worship hill gods, in order that the harvest may be plentiful, and that they may be secure from the attacks of wild beasts.

This account of the slaves in this country is intended to show to what a miserably low state they are reduced by the cruelty of their fellow-creatures; for I am sure if their case be only known fully, it will raise many benevolent and Christian friends who will sympathise with them, pray for them, and advocate their cause.

It is generally supposed that the Brahminical idolatry did not spring up in India, but was introduced into it by a race of conquerors from the north-west. Many aboriginal tribes remain to this day, inhabiting principally the forests and mountains of the country, some of whom have never received the Hindu religion, and others having done so only after it had been much altered by an admixture of their own superstitions. The numbers and condition of these tribes form an interesting subject of investigation.

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#### ROMANISM AT CHUSAN.

THE Chusan Isles are a group of very beautiful islands on the Chinese coast, lying immediately opposite the entrance of the Ningpo river, the Tahea. They are thickly scattered, and are well cultivated. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the harbour at Tinghae, the capital of the group. The entrance is narrow, but the land-locked harbour within is secure, and could receive a hundred sail of the line.

The town of Tinghae stands at the mouth of a gorge, or valley. At the rear rises a beautiful hill, which commands the town, having on its summit a joss-house, or temple. The hills around are clothed with wild shrubs, among which the tea-plant predominates. When,

in 1840, war commenced between England and China, this place was the first against which hostilities were directed; and, the Chinese having been overcome, it was taken possession of by a British force. The following description of it will be found interesting—

Tinghae is surrounded by a wall, about sixteen feet in thickness and twenty in height: there are four gates, agreeing with the cardinal points of the compass, traversed much in the form of Marathi forts, the principal one being on the southern point, facing the sea. The wall is surrounded by a canal, which acts as a ditch to the fortification, except at the north-west angle. \* \* The streets are narrow, and many of the houses dry-rubbed, and polished outside; but the roofs are the most picturesque part of the buildings. Many of the respectable houses have pretty gardens attached to them, with a high wall shutting them out entirely from the town. The interiors of some of the houses were found beautifully furnished and carved; one, believed to have been the property of a literary character, was, when first opened, the wonder and admiration of all. The different apartments open round the centre court, which is neatly tiled; the doors, window-frames, and pillars that support the pent-roof, are carved in the most chaste and delicate style, and the interior of the ceiling and wainscot are lined with fretwork, which it must have required the greatest nicety and care to have executed. The furniture was in the same keeping, denoting a degree of taste the Chinese have not, in general, credit for with us. \* \*

Many of the public buildings excited great astonishment among those who fancied they were in a half-barbarous country. Their public arsenals were found stocked with weapons of every description, placed with the greatest neatness and regularity in their different compartments; the clothes for the soldiers were likewise ticketed, labelled, and packed in large presses; and the arrows, which from their size and strength drew particular attention, were carefully and separately arranged. To each arsenal is attached a fire-engine, similar to those used in our own country. The government pawnbroker's shop was also a source of interest: in it were found dresses and articles of every kind, evidently things belonging to the upper as well as to the lower classes, for many of the furs here taken were of valuable descriptions: each article had the owner's name attached, and the date of its being pawned: this is another of the plans of the local government for raising their supplies. \* \*

The town is intersected with canals, which run at the back of many of the principal streets, thereby enabling the inhabitants to take their goods without trouble from their own doors to any part of the city, and thus communicate with the suburbs and port, with the greatest facility, by the water-gate, which was blocked up at our first entrance.\*

Chusan, after having been restored to the Chinese Government, was again taken possession of by the British, in October 1841, and remained for four years under British rule. We regret to find that at present Chusan is left without a Protestant Missionary, and that the Romanists, taking advantage of the close similarity which exists between their system and that of Buddhism, are endeavouring to transfer the natives from one form of idolatry to another. Within twenty-four hours of Ningpo, Chusan is occasionally visited by our

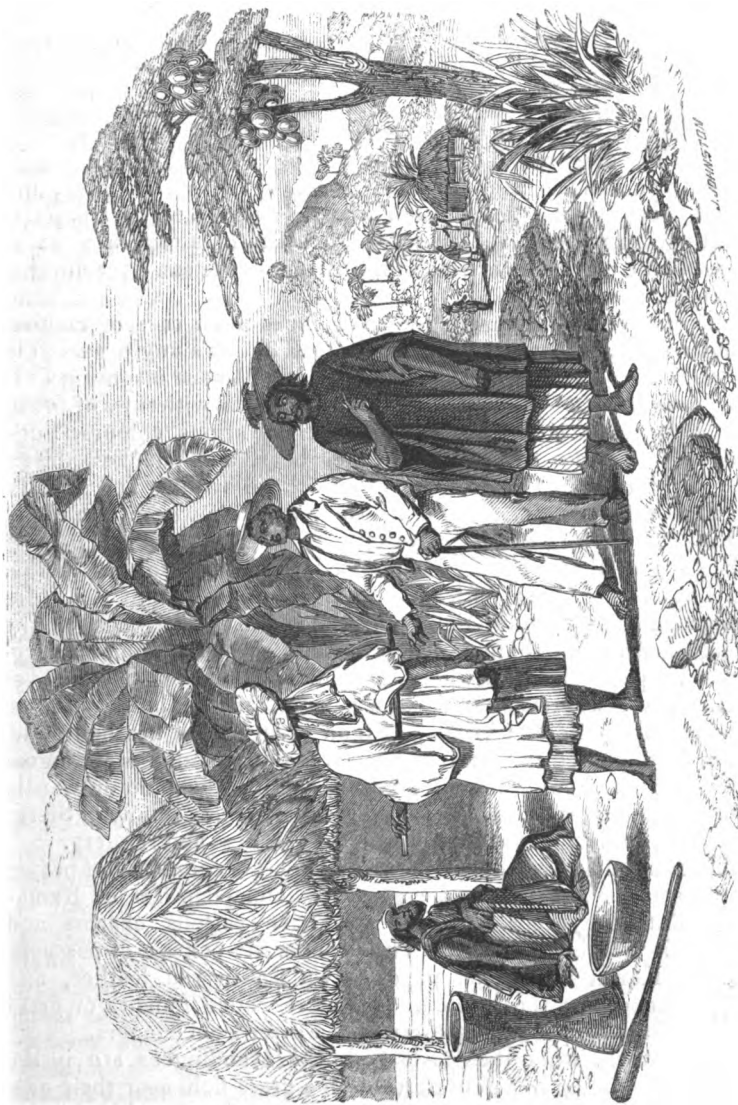
\* Lord Jocelyn's "Six Months with the Chinese Expedition," pp. 64—67.

Missionaries from that city, one of whom, the Rev. F. Gough, has communicated to us the following particulars in a recent letter—

I found the Chusan people still more accessible, and having greater confidence in us, than the Ningpo Chinese; but, alas! Popery, with its seductive doctrines, has the field to itself; and it would seem that its spread would be greater still, were it not for the scandal arising from the practices of some of its converts. A Protestant Missionary stationed there would be confounded, by the mass of the people, with the Roman Catholics; but when the difference came to be generally apprehended, and the Gospel began to make way, the opposition from the Roman Catholics would be bitter. I know the spirit of some by experience. In the interior of the island, Russell and I called at one of their chapels, called "The Chapel of the Holy Heart." It was formerly a Buddhist temple, or monastery, and, alas! we found it used still for purposes of idolatry, only of a more refined kind. On entering, we saw before us a high altar, with two lighted candles placed upon it. On the wall above the table was a picture, to which the person who addressed us bowed, and I believe crossed himself. He had, as he said, received baptism, and was in charge of the temple, being teacher also to some little boys. We asked him, in returning, what the picture over the altar was. He said it was the likeness of Teen-choo, that is, of God, for Teen-choo is the term by which the Roman Catholics render that word. We reminded him of an expression in their standard Catechism, that God is without material form or likeness. He seemed puzzled for a moment, and then said, "It is useful for making Him manifest or cognizable to our senses." He was reminded that Buddhists say the same in defence of their idolatry; to which he appeared to have nothing to say. I believe it was intended to represent the bodily form of the Lord Jesus, but all he could tell us was, that it was the image of God. The remainder of the interior soon explained the meaning of the name of the chapel. Amongst other saints, predominated the picture of Mary, with her heart transfixed with a sword. All the prints were French, as appeared from the accompanying inscriptions or names in that language. The interior of the temple seemed to say to us both, the gross idolatry of Buddhism had been supplanted—by what? by the alike idolatry of pictures, and the trust in false mediators, instead of the true and all-sufficient one.

The efforts of the Romanists to proselyte in all directions from among the heathen, ought to increase the Missionary zeal of all who value pure, uncorrupt Christianity. The heathen, when perverted to Romanism, are much more inaccessible and indisposed to listen than they were before. The heathen systems are fast giving way: their place will assuredly be supplied by something. Shall Romanism be the substitute? Blessed be God! we have the happy assurance that "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of the Lord, and of His Christ." With this promised consummation to cheer us onward, let us strive and pray that "the mystery of iniquity" be not suffered to attain even a temporary triumph.

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



A CHRISTIAN LIBERATED AFRICAN IN CONVERSATION WITH MANDINGOES.—Vide p. 15.

## THE MANDINGOES.

THE inhabitants of that part of the African continent which lies to the west of the great river Niger are divided into a great number of tribes and races, speaking different languages—the Mandingoes, Fulahs, Jaloffs, Timmanis, Susus, and Bulloms; besides the powerful nations along the coast of Guinea—the Ashantis, Dahomians, and Yorubans.

The country of the Mandingoes lies about 700 miles inland from the coast. It is called Manding, or Jallonkadu, and is well watered by the numerous streams of the Niger, which is there called the Joliba. It is not necessary, however, to travel so far to meet the Mandingoes. They do not confine themselves to the limits of their own land. Many of them are engaged in commerce, and almost every district of Western Africa is traversed by troops of Mandingo merchants. Their dress consists of a cap, a shirt or frock of blue or white native cloth, trowsers of the same reaching to the knees, and sandals.

The old Mandingo merchant, with his Jewish cast of countenance, restless eye, and compressed lip, and unlike a negro, except in his swarthy complexion, may be seen in Sierra Leone disposing of in his country goods—powder-horns, roughly bound with rows of brass, neat cloth caps, embroidered with silk of various colours, huge wooden bowls, coarse sandals, leather bags, and pouches, drawn close by thongs. The Mandingoes work in leather and metals, and their women dress and spin cotton, which is woven into cloth, and dyed, by means of indigo, a rich permanent blue.

We regret that they are Mahomedans, as are also the Fulahs, and many of the West Africans. It is a painful thought that Mahomedanism, a false religion which dates only as far back as the seventh century, should have penetrated into, and made numerous proselytes in, parts of Africa where the Christian teacher has not yet reached: and wherever the African has embraced it, he is found to be more indisposed to Christianity than when in his heathen state. Nor is he improved in moral character. The genuine Mandingoes and Fulahs, although more ingenious, neat-handed, and outwardly civilized than most of the tribes to be met in the colony of Sierra Leone, are said to surpass the rest in thievishness and roguery.

The Mussulman Mandingo goes through his ceremony of prayer five times a day. He keeps the great Mahomedan fast of Ramadan. But, like other Africans, they have various charms and amulets in which they trust. These generally consist of passages from the Koràn, written on paper, sewn up in red leather, and neatly stamped on the outside. They are called fetishes or gree-grees, and are supposed to preserve the wearer from dangers.

In Freetown, when their fasts end, the Mandingoes are in the habit of assembling in a dense crowd on a grass field near their own quarter. There they may be seen, each seated on a white sheep-skin, and holding an umbrella of red, or green, or yellow over his head; the women dressed in the gayest scarf head-dresses, and

the children seating themselves at some distance on the grass to hear the palaver. During the remainder of the day the firing of muskets and the beating of drums never cease.

The Mandingo huts are often solidly built of mud instead of wattle, the walls being occasionally two or three feet thick, and without windows. The thatch projects very far, and makes them look lower than is really the case. Within, the hut is divided by clay partitions into several apartments. In Freetown the native hut is generally shaded by orange and lime-trees, plantains, and bananas: climbing plants twine round the rustic fences, and sometimes a clump of palms throws along its dark shadow. At the close of the day the natives may be seen in groups seated at the low doorway of their huts, the women preparing the evening meal in bowls made of the rind of large gourds.

In our Frontispiece a native Christian is represented in conversation with the Mandingoes. We rejoice to say that there are very many of the Liberated Africans, who, having been brought to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as the only Saviour from sin, are faithful in their endeavours to persuade others, as well Mahommedans as heathen, to follow their example. Many of the Communicants in the different districts are diligent in visiting the sick and afflicted. There are no fewer than fifty-three male and four female helpers engaged in the service of the Mission; some as Catechists, others as native Teachers and Assistants. Several of the villages where an European Missionary was wont to be resident are now in the care of natives—such as Wellington, Gloucester, Leicester, Bathurst, and Charlotte. They labour with much acceptableness amongst the people, and not without evidence of the Divine blessing on their work. Our native Missionaries, Messrs. Nicol and Maxwell, are also engaged in the service of the Gospel at Sierra Leone.

Our African Christians in that colony take a deep interest in the Missionary efforts that are being made at Abbeokuta. Abundant proof of this was afforded when the Rev. S. Crowther visited Sierra Leone, on his way to England. He preached in several of the churches, and Missionary meetings were held in many of the villages. The following extract from a Journal of the Rev. N. Denton shows with what attention and hearty sympathy they received the glad tidings of Gospel progress amongst the Yorubas—

*July 13, 1851*—Mr. Crowther had accepted a proposal to come to Regent for the service this evening. The tidings of this quickly spread through the Mountain District, and long before the time of service our church was densely crowded. Every nook and corner was filled. I think there could not have been fewer than 1200 people within the church, while a large number were obliged to remain without. Mr. Crowther gave us a most excellent discourse. I listened to it, and so, I think, did the whole congregation, with the greatest interest and pleasure. For earnestness, interest, and adaptation to the people, nothing could exceed it. So deep was the interest felt, that at times the people could not restrain their feelings. While he described a scene, or related a

touching incident connected with his work, they hung upon his lips with breathless silence; but when he came to the climax of his story, there was evinced a strong sensation throughout the church, which vented itself in sounds of disapproval or sanction as the subject affected their minds.

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SHANGHAE.

Two interesting facts have recently taken place at this Chinese free port—the ordination of a Christian native by the American Bishop Boone, and the baptism by our own Missionary, the Rev. T. M'Clatchie, of his first convert. We recently communicated the commencement of the work of conversion at Ningpo: we rejoice to find that at Shanghae, likewise, native apathy is so far giving way, that one is found willing to make a public profession of Christ before his countrymen, while others are beginning to inquire, "What must I do to be saved?" When we remember that upwards of ten years elapsed in New Zealand before a single convert cheered the hearts of our Missionaries, and that Shanghae, our oldest Station on the Chinese coast, has not been occupied eight years, and Ningpo not five years—while during this period the Chinese language, one of the most difficult of the many which are spoken in our world, has been so far overcome as to afford our Missionaries access to the understanding of the people—we cannot but feel that in the prospects of Missionary work in China there is much to encourage us. The particulars to which we have referred will be found in the following extract from Mr. M'Clatchie's Journal—

Sept. 7, 1851—This was a day of much rejoicing and thanksgiving to God with us. A Christian Native was set apart to the office of Deacon by Bishop Boone, of the American Episcopal Mission. This young man, Cha-e by name, has lived a godly and consistent life for some years past. I was present at his examination for Deacons' orders, and was much gratified in hearing his answers to the questions propounded to him. His views of Christian truth are very clear and sound, and he passed a highly creditable examination. The ordination took place at Morning Service in the Bishop's Church in the city. A very large Congregation assembled on the occasion, to whom, being kindly invited by the Bishop, I delivered a sermon on 1 Tim. iii. 8, 9. The Congregation was remarkably quiet and attentive, notwithstanding the large number present, and seemed much interested in the solemn ceremony. In the afternoon Cha-e preached his first sermon; and his excellent discourse will, I am sure, be long remembered by those who heard it. It was refreshing to hear a Chinese clergyman in the midst of a Chinese congregation praying for our "Emperor and Magistrates;" that God would behold them with His favour, replenish them with the grace of His Holy Spirit, and, leading them to renounce idolatry and every evil way, bring them into the way of peace. With much thankfulness to God we heard such declarations as, "The gods whom we worship are no gods. Jehovah alone is God, and beside Him there is no other."

Sept. 28—To-day, with thankfulness to God, I admitted my first con-

vert, one of my blind class, to baptism. Sung has been under instruction for nearly two years. He has a very good knowledge of divine truth. I requested the newly-appointed Deacon, and also Bishop Boone's Catechist, to examine him with reference to the solemn ordinance of which he desired to be partaker, and they expressed themselves satisfied as to his fitness to be received into the Church of Christ. I therefore baptized him to-day at the Afternoon Service. A large Congregation was present, and Cha-e preached a sermon, explaining the nature of the Sacrament just administered. I have three other Candidates at present, who have been a long time under instruction, but I am not quite satisfied yet as to their state of mind.

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### MISSIONARY TRAVELLING IN NEW ZEALAND.

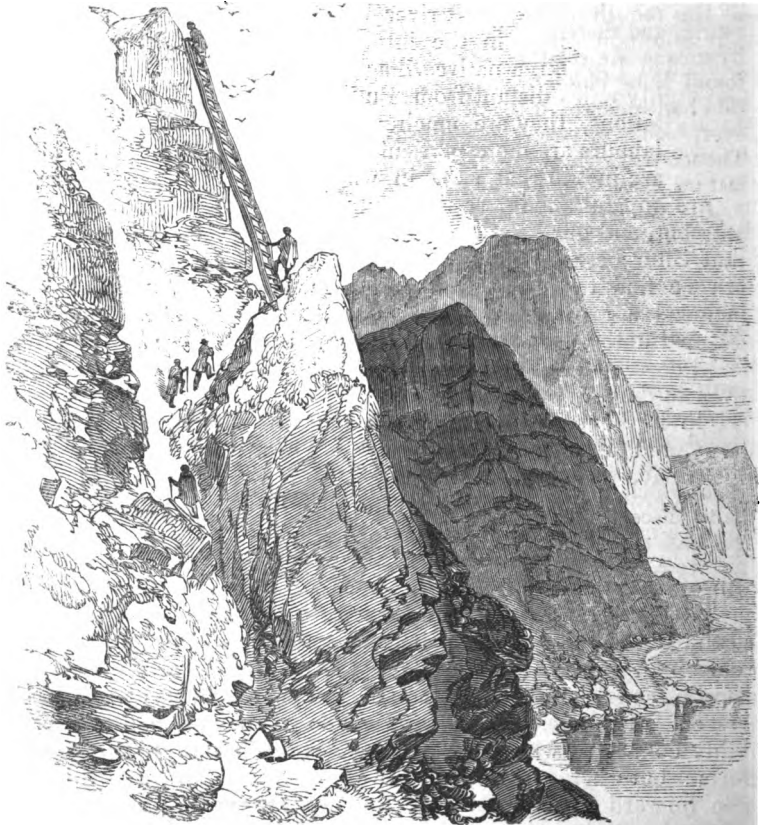
THE Missionary district of Wanganui, on the south-west coast of New Zealand, is of great extent and well peopled, and half a dozen Missionaries might find amongst its scattered villages abundance of employment. We regret to say that in this wide field of labour we have only two Missionary labourers—the Rev. R. Taylor, at Putiki, near the mouth of the great river Wanganui, which flows from the high mountain range in the interior, and Mr. J. Telford, who is stationed at Pipiriki, a native village on the banks of the same river, about eighty miles distant from Putiki. Besides the duties of the central Stations, they are much occupied in itinerating, and Mr. Taylor's labours are more particularly arduous. Our New-Zealand converts are just in that state in which they require special care: they are hopeful and interesting, but needing confirmation and establishment, and our Missionaries, in toiling to meet the wants of the infant Churches, are often pressed beyond their strength. How often we find them like Simon and his assistants, when, having "inclosed a great multitude of fishes, their net brake. And they beckoned unto their partners, which were in the other ship, that they should come and help them." May the hearts of many at home be moved to do so!

Help is the more necessary, as the Romish party are full of energy, and incessant in their efforts. The Romish natives at Wellington have recently purchased a piece of land on the banks of the river, and one of the Romish Bishops is shortly coming to Wanganui, to erect a Chapel and establish a priest there. We have succeeded in awakening the New Zealanders to a conviction of the truth of Christianity; but the work so well begun must be followed up. Otherwise, if the Christian Teachers are few and overburdened, and the Romish agents numerous, and ready to take advantage of every opportunity to intrude themselves in the present tender and infantile condition of our native Churches, much evil may be foreseen. The Society, although no longer alone in the responsibility connected with New Zealand, is willing to put forth new efforts; but where are the men—where are they who are willing to come forward "to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty?"

We have just received despatches from our Missionaries in this district, who, notwithstanding their pressing duties, find time to communicate to the Society at home full reports of the work in which they are engaged.

The first part of Mr. Taylor's Journal is occupied with an account of a journey to Auckland in January and February of last year. The route pursued lay along the western shore as far northward as Kawia, from whence Mr. Taylor proceeded across the country to Mr. Ashwell's Station at Kaitotehe. Some extracts from the Journal will afford us an insight into the character of Missionary travelling in New Zealand, the aspect of the country, the state of its inhabitants, and the progress amongst them of the work of evangelization—

*Jan. 14, 1851*—After a wet and fatiguing walk of about twelve miles through high fern to Manawapou, where we dined, we walked from thence along the beach to Waokena, where we ascended the cliff, about 300 feet high, by a very precipitous path, and the top part by a ladder.



Here we met Piripi and his wife, who regaled us with the juice of the tutu,\* converted into jelly by being boiled with sea-weed.

Hence we walked inland to Wareroa. My feet were much blistered, and it was with great difficulty I got there. We found the inhabitants all assembled in the wood, about a mile from the pa, busily engaged in making canoes. They gave me a very cordial welcome, and cooked food immediately for the party. The scene was very picturesque, the wood being skirted with well-cultivated grounds. The head Chief—old Te Rei—was sitting in the new canoe, contemplating with satisfaction the work of his tribe.

Visiting the villages along the line of road, and giving instruction and advice to the natives, Mr. Taylor pursued his way until the 22d of January, under which date we find the following entry—

We arose about four o'clock, and started early, in order to pass some bad points. The cliffs are extremely bold and lofty, especially one called Parininihi, which is full 400 feet high, and, being of white clay, is a very conspicuous object at a great distance. There are several romantic arches and pillars in the neighbourhood. We found it difficult to pass some points, having to run as hard as possible, and then to go through the water knee deep. One headland we could not get round, and therefore had to climb up a cliff, which we managed to do by means of a rope made of flax leaves, and a tree which we fortunately found lying close by. On arriving at the Mangakino, we found the tide had rendered it too deep to ford. We had not waited long, however, before we espied a small canoe, in which we crossed one at a time. Thence we reached the Mokau, which we found difficult to pass. At last an Englishman came and ferried us over.

*Jan. 23*—We arose about four, and started. The cliffs were remarkably lofty and perpendicular, and some of the points were very bad to pass. We reached Waikowaita about ten, and stayed under the shade of some trees to dine. The tide being unfavourable, we could not leave before four. The descent hence to the sea was very precipitous, being full 400 feet. Here we met with many difficult places, being obliged to jump from rock to rock and ledge to ledge. A weary walk on a path overgrown with fern and tutu brought us to a small stream, and thence the road ran along a large swamp. We pursued our way with doubt, the sun having set. At last it became so extremely dark that we stopped, lighted a fire, and then made torches of bundles of dried rods, which were tied with green flax leaves, and, when lighted, enabled us to discern our way. We then entered a wood, and when we had got half through we met a man sent to look for us. About half-past ten we reached a small kainga (place of abode) named Te Hanga, very much wearied.

*Jan. 24*—I arose by five, after a good night's rest. We left by six, and commenced our journey by ascending a very lofty mountain, full 1000 feet high, named Moe-atoa, rising abruptly from the shore: the ascent, though steep, was good. We had again to descend to the shore, and in many places the road was very bad, I may say dangerous. We went but a few paces before we commenced a second ascent, to another

\* A shrub—*Coriaria sarmentosa*.

mountain equally bad: thence the road lay along the beach, I should say rocks, many of which, full 50 feet high, we had to climb like so many goats. We reached a small village to dinner, and thence they sent a guide on with us. We slept at a small kainga called Muku-hakari.

Leaving the sea coast at Kawia on the 27th, they entered a forest by an ascending path, and proceeded along an elevated ridge nearly parallel with Pirongia, a fine isolated mountain, which stands near the edge of the Waipa valley. Having been hospitably entertained at the house of the Rev. T. Buddle, Wesleyan Missionary, on the Waipa, they embarked the next morning in a large canoe 60 feet long by 7 feet wide, and proceeded down the stream until three P.M., when they landed, and struck across the country for Kaitotehe, which they did not reach until eleven P.M. The following extract from Mr. Taylor's Journal shows the security in which our Missionaries dwell amongst the Christian natives—

*Jan. 28*—I found all the family in bed. As no reply was given, and the outer door was open, I entered and proceeded to the sitting-room without any obstacle, and then, after some further rapping, my dear brother made his appearance. He gave us a hearty welcome.

We conclude these extracts with some interesting particulars mentioned by Mr. Taylor with respect to Mr. Ashwell's Station—

*Jan. 30*—In company with Messrs. Wallis and Hazlewood, Wesleyan Missionaries, I attended Mr. Ashwell's School. He has 26 girls and 10 boys as boarders, and about 4 Teachers. Their progress in geography and singing was very creditable. Mr. Wallis, whose Station is Waingarua, has a boat fitted with wheels, so that when he arrives at the Awaroa, a tributary of the Waikato, which runs within three miles of the Manakau, the boat is drawn out of the water, fitted with its wheels, and thus dragged the three miles overland into the waters of the Manakau harbour.

*Feb. 2: Lord's-day*—I preached morning and evening. Mr. Ashwell's church is a neat native building, and was well filled at the first service. The singing of his scholars is the best I have heard in New Zealand: his School is a credit to him. The scenery here is very beautiful. Opposite the Mission-house rises Taupiri, a mountain about 1000 feet high, and behind the house there is another mountain of half that height. In front is a fine level space, bounded by the noble river, with two native pas on its banks. In fact, the hills form a complete amphitheatre around the Station.\*

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EFFORTS BY CHRISTIAN CONVERTS FOR THE CONVERSION OF THEIR HEATHEN COUNTRYMEN.

THE Gospel of Christ is peculiarly communicative in its character. He who has "tasted that the Lord is gracious" is desirous of making known the glad tidings to others, and as he has freely received, so he would freely give. It is in the highest degree satisfactory when we are enabled to trace the working of this Missionary spirit in our con-

* An engraving of the Station will be found in the "Church Missionary Paper" for Midsummer 1847.

verts from heathenism. It affords to us the blessed hope and expectation that they are converts not merely in name, but in deed and in truth; and it opens to us the happy prospect of the leaven of Christianity extending itself more and more amongst the surrounding heathen. The Rev. Septimus Hobbs, of the Paur District in Tinnevely, has communicated to us an instance of this kind, which will be read with interest.

The Paur District is separated from Travancore by a range of mountains, the interior of which is covered with a dense jungle, consisting of an almost endless variety of trees, and infested by elephants, bisons, &c. This jungle has also its human inhabitants, in a rude state. They are not, however, of a fierce temperament, and are not dreaded by their more civilized neighbours. They do not speak the Tamil, which is the language of Tinnevely, nor the Malayalim, which is the language of Travancore; and the jargon which they use is unintelligible to the Tamil people, with whom they barter dye-woods and other produce of their mountains. We now refer to the extract from our Missionary's Journal.

March 6, 1851—This evening Vathamuthoo, one of my Readers, came to me, saying that he had a request to make. On my asking what it was, he said, "I understand that on the mountains between this province and Travancore, in the heart of the jungle, there are some regular settlements of wild men. I do not think that they have ever heard the sound of the Gospel. May I have leave to go for a few days into the jungle and see if I can find them, and if I can ascertain whether they will be willing to be instructed in the Truth?" I asked him if he knew their language, and he told me that he did not, but that he thought there were some amongst them who understood a little Tamil, or that at all events he should find some means of making himself understood amongst them. I told him that he certainly might go, and that I should be much pleased if any of them should be willing to embrace Christianity. He replied, "Perhaps this is too much to expect at present, for as yet they know nothing of it, and there are great difficulties in the way of teaching them. If we can prevail upon them to accept a Schoolmaster amongst them, perhaps this is as much as we can expect for some little time." I was glad to hear him speak thus, for it showed that he had thought much on the subject, and was not acting from a mere momentary impulse. He asked if his friend and neighbour Masillamany might go with him, and I consented to this also. It is very gratifying to me to find these two young men come forward, of their own minds, with a desire to carry the Gospel of Christ amongst such a people. This is the most truly Missionary enterprise I have ever been acquainted with amongst the Natives, and I am glad that it originated entirely with themselves. May God, in His goodness, prosper it! I should have been amongst these wild men long ago, had it not been necessary for me to take temporary charge of the Nullur District, in addition to my own, which rendered it impossible for me to carry out my intentions and wishes. I rejoice, however, that the first Missionaries to them are Native Christians, who willingly offer themselves. I shall not be long after them, however, should it please God to

preserve me in health to the end of the fever season. No European can remain one night in the jungle at this time of the year.

Mr. Hobbs subsequently wrote—

The two young men went on their mission, and returned to me on the 24th, bringing a most interesting account of their journey and reception. They found several settlements of jungle men, and communicated with them chiefly by means of some man whom they found out, who had been accustomed to barter with them for wild honey, and other products of the jungle. They tell me that these secluded people have a great regard for truth and honesty; that they have no idols, nor any distinction of caste; that their religion consists in a few simple ceremonies, and that they worship Agastree as the god of the mountains; that they very much wish to learn Tamil, and are anxious to have a School-master; also, that they have a strong desire to see me. I hope soon to afford them and myself that gratification.

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MOOSE FORT, HUDSON'S BAY.

WE left the ship in which Mr. Horden sailed fast locked in the ice, and in this position it continued for a week before it was liberated. In his Journal of August 16th are the following observations—

This has certainly been a week of weeks. Last Saturday we had expected ere now to have arrived at the place of our destination: now, we know not when we shall. The experience of the week has taught us that we must await the Lord's pleasure: it will, I hope, cause us to meet with resignation whatever discouragements and disappointments may lie in our way while prosecuting our Christian calling; and induce us to consider that as now we are quiet, and navigation is more difficult because we are in that state, so among the Indians, whose manners are so gentle, we may find that gentleness associated with a dogged and sullen stubbornness. Moreover, the conduct of the officers and men must make us content to labour without intermission, even if our success be but nominal; for no men could work with greater diligence and constancy than they, yet during the whole week they have forced the ship—for I cannot say we sailed—not more than fifty miles. In England the description of such a scene as we have beheld would have failed to produce the effect which an hour's sight here does, for the scenes truly baffle description. The best that can be given I think is contained in the 38th chapter of Job. "Hast Thou entered into the treasures of the snow? or hast Thou seen the treasures of the hail?" And again, "The waters are hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen." These two verses form the best description I can give, as we are not only visited by snow storms, but almost every piece of ice is covered with deep frozen snow. The thermometer has averaged 33°.

At length the ice opened a little, the weather became clearer, and a beautiful day, gentle as summer, invited them to press forward, and promised them a speedy termination of their journey. The barrier of ice which had so long detained them was nearly passed; and although the weather again became dark and luring, and the straggling pieces of ice sometimes smote the ship with such heavy blows as to threaten serious damage, yet they were enabled, amidst

much anxiety, to make way, until, on August the 23d, they anchored in outer Moose Roads, about 40 miles distant from the Fort. We now introduce Mr. Horden's account of his landing at Moose Fort, and first interview with the Indians.

*Aug. 26*—A most delightful morning, with a light wind. At eleven, in company with Captain Royal, we left the ship. The river here is about three miles broad, and studded with islands. The first we passed was Middleburg, a long and narrow island covered with trees, mostly of the fir kind, although there were some of a different species—all rather diminutive. The next was the Pilgrim, a most beautiful little island in the form of an ellipsis, well suited for a pilgrim's retreat, covered somewhat similarly to the other, but the trees of a more diminutive stature and in greater variety. The scenery altogether was very beautiful, far superior to what I had anticipated. On nearing the Fort, which stands on a rather large island, wigwams, houses, and inhabitants began to present themselves. We first saw three Indian boys, dressed in flannel coats, playing on the beach, then a house, then many Indian wigwams, and the old factory and stores. Here the windings of the river showed themselves beautifully. Near us stood the new factory, composed of two fine new-built houses, the one inhabited by the chief factor being a very pretty building of three stories, with a verandah around two sides. Some way beyond, on the same side of the river, stood a neat little Church with a suitable tower: while still further on were a few Indian tents, near which was situated the building intended for my future abode. After dinner we visited almost every one on the island, including nearly 150 Indians, all of whom were very glad to see us. We shook hands with all. One family was very joyful: they came up to us, and apparently the mother told us, in broken English, she was glad I had come, and that it was a long time since a Missionary was here: the females all kissed Mrs. Horden. My feelings may be better conceived than described. Here were my flock receiving us with great joy: how different our prospects from those of many of our Missionary brethren! Most of their tents are of a poor description, but some are superior, in the form of marquees. Most of them were dirty. The general clothing of the men is a flannel coat bordered with red, with trousers of the same material: some, however, have decent blue cloth coats and trousers. A part of the women wore gowns, others a petticoat, with a blanket thrown over their shoulders. This is indeed a day of hope, a day of great thanksgiving: my prospects—judging, certainly, from appearances—called forth the warmest expressions of my gratitude to God. May our hearts be kept from despair should our present hopes fail of being verified!

Mr. Miles, chief factor, then took us to the Church. It is neat, but small—scarcely large enough to contain the Indians who sometimes congregate here.

*Aug. 27*—Notice having been given of service in the Church in the evening at half-past six, at the appointed time Mrs. Horden and myself proceeded thither. The Indians were flocking to the place of worship: they waited for us at the gate. I stood at the door and shook hands with all of them as they went in, Mrs. Horden standing inside. The Church was crowded, and never in my life have I seen a Congregation behave better or pay more attention: no sitting at prayers: all devoutly kneeled: the

Lord's Prayer they repeated themselves in Indian : they sang two hymns, and kept good time. I could now scarcely contain myself: tears were in my eyes, but they were tears of joy. O may they sing hosannahs around the throne of Christ, never more to part with Him! I read an address which I had prepared, and the rest was rendered into Indian by the interpreter. Many of them repeated the words after me, to impress them on their memories. We concluded with prayer. When almost all had departed, one woman came up and kissed Mrs. Horden: she turned to me, and with tears in her eyes said, in broken English, "I thank you for your kind words. I will keep them to my heart." All waited for us at the gate and followed us to the factory, where we wished them good night. If ever my prayers were fervent, they were to-night: if ever my thanksgivings heartfelt, they were to-night.

In a subsequent letter Mr. Horden writes—

I am happy to say that here the Romish priests\* have met with very little success, for I do not think there are ten Papists in the place. At Albany it has been quite different: there, nearly all who were baptized by Mr. Barnley† have been re-baptized by them. On Saturday, hearing that two Albany Indians had arrived, I went to look for them. Having found them, I asked them to come with me, as I wished to speak some good words to them. One told me he did not want any of my words. After further conversation, they said they would come when they had taken breakfast. When they came, I discovered that he who had spoken so abruptly before had been baptized by the Romish priest. He said he should not have been baptized had not the priest been continually telling him that otherwise he would surely go to hell.

At Rupert's House, which the Romish priests have not yet visited, there is a large field open: many of the Indians retain several of their old ways, some being celebrated conjurors, one of whom I have now with me. On the east main coast they appear to wander a great deal more than on this side of the bay, never coming to the posts but for the purpose of trading: this they do in the spring, remaining at the posts about a fortnight. Whether I shall visit Albany or Rupert's House in the spring I know not; but I expect to receive advice from the Bishop, to whom I write in the course of a few days.

With respect to the language, I certainly find it difficult, but hope in the course of a little time to be able to converse in it.

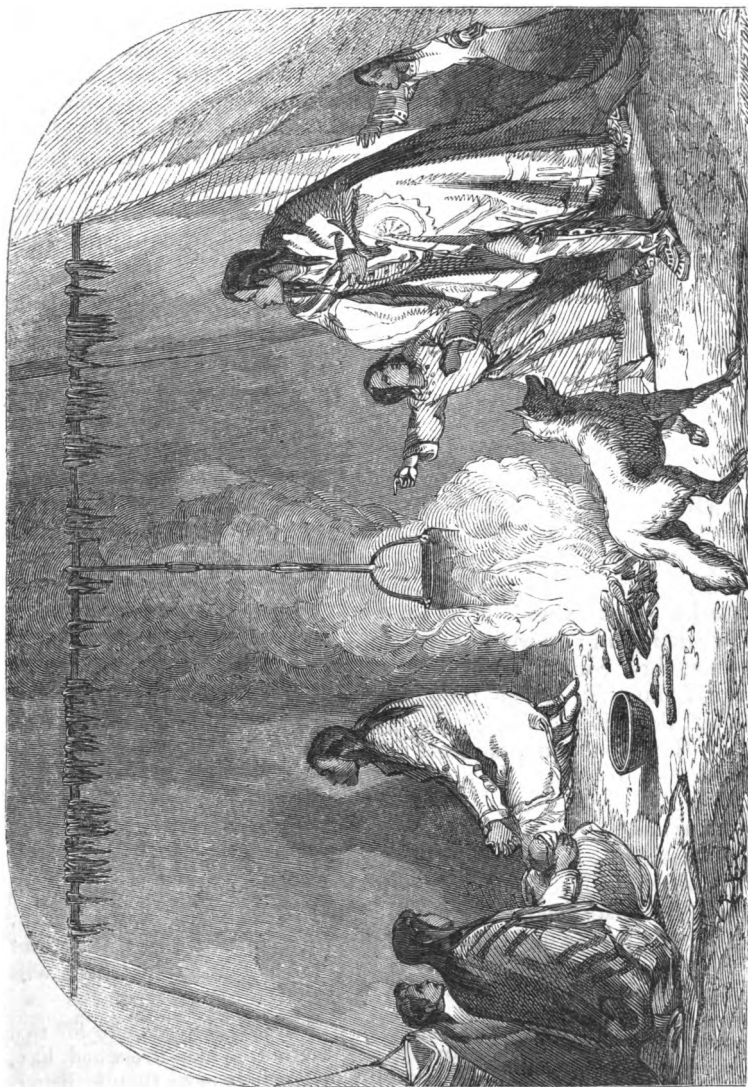
Many of the Indians know something of the syllabic characters, and I have just seen some beautiful writing, in which they are used, by an Indian. I think that if the Committee could grant me a printing press, and a stock of syllabic type, a great deal of good would ensue, as all the Indians have a great desire to learn to read. At present there is no school on the island, even for the residents, and consequently education is at a rather low ebb.

\* Two Romish priests had been labouring for a time at Moose Factory, but they found their teaching so unacceptable to the Indians that they left for Canada. This is the more remarkable, as one of them was well versed in the Indian language, so as to be able to do without an interpreter.

† A Wesleyan Missionary, who laboured at Moose Factory.



THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



JOHN HUMPHIBLE DISCOVERING THE DEATH OF GEORGE JEBB.—*Vide* p. 27.

## GEORGE JEBB, OF MOOSE LAKE.

THE Crees and Ojibbeways, or Saulteaux, amongst whom our Missionaries Hunter, Hunt, Budd, and Horden, are labouring in Rupert's Land, are the remnants of a great American nation called Ethinyu, or Inin-yu, which, in the year 1600, possessed the whole area of the United States east of the great river Mississippi. In 1603, when the French settled in Canada, they were the most warlike and polite nation in Canada. They have now dwindled down to a few thousands, scattered over the more northerly regions, from the south of Lake Superior to the Churchill River; so rapid has been this diminution of a once powerful and numerous people. And now, at the close of their history—for the American tribes of Indians appear to be fast hastening to extinction—Christian Missionaries have arrived amongst them, ministering the Gospel of Christ.

A new Station was commenced amongst the Crees in the summer of 1850, at a place called Moose Lake, about two days' journey east by south from Cumberland. A Christian Indian, of the name of John Humphible, was selected to begin the work of instruction. He was one of the first converts at Cumberland in the year 1840, when the Rev. H. Budd arrived there from the Red River to lay the foundation of Missionary work amongst the rude Indians, in circumstances very similar to those in which Humphible has more recently commenced at Moose Lake. Henry Budd was one of the first Indian converts at Red River, and he commenced the Cumberland Station, which is now in a flourishing and prosperous condition. John Humphible was one of the first converts at Cumberland, and he has now commenced the Moose-Lake Station. Thus we see Missionary work reproducing itself in a very remarkable manner; and we trust, by the blessing of God, it may continue so to do.

The Indians at Cumberland are a very earnest and devoted body of Christians, and unwearied in their efforts to make the Gospel known to their countrymen, and, amongst others, to their kinsfolk at Moose Lake, with whom they have constant intercourse. As yet, however, the latter continue very averse to its reception, and cleave fast to their heathen practices. This we have almost invariably found to be the case in the first instance, until the prejudices of the Indians have had time to give way, and the hard heart has been softened by the continued droppings of Divine love and mercy. It is remarkable, moreover, that at this Station, brief as the period is in which it has been in existence, there have occurred two remarkable instances of faith in Christ triumphing over death, attesting the power of Christian truth, and specially fitted to attract the attention of the heathen. One of these touching instances will be found in the following extract from Mr. Hunter's Journal—

*Nov. 29, 1850*—John Humphible arrived from Moose Lake for two horses I had promised to send down to that Station, to haul fire-wood, hay, fish, building-wood, &c. He brought the melancholy news that the fisherman I engaged, George Jebb, had since died, and left a widow and four children behind. He was one of the first Indians whom I baptized at Moose Lake, in May 1847, when I visited that place, and I believe he has been

a consistent Christian ever since. He came up with me in the autumn, on my return from Moose Lake, for some little articles I promised to give him, and I had several conversations with him. I remember asking him, "Do you still love your Saviour?" He replied, with great earnestness, "Truly I love Him."—"Do you still love religion?" "Truly I love it: never will I give it up." These were almost his last words when he parted with me, and little did I expect to hear so soon of his removal to a happier and better world. Thus, at the commencement of our labours at Moose Lake, we are permitted to see one of our converts dying in the faith, and professing, with his last breath, his love and attachment to the Saviour. I subjoin an account of his last illness, drawn up by Mrs. Hunter, as related to her by John Humphible.

George Jebb, or "Kissa-Ookemahw," the "Old Chief," was taken ill rather suddenly. He complained of a pain in his back, and coughed very much. He bore his sufferings very patiently, and often expressed the satisfaction he felt in having embraced Christianity. He frequently exclaimed, "Nothing else could satisfy me now." He told John Humphible not to allow his children to be taken by their heathen relatives, for he wished them, he said, to be brought up as Christians. He never omitted holding morning and evening prayers with his family. On the morning of the day in which he died he engaged in private prayer as usual, and, from the loud clear voice with which he sang the hymn, no one would have suspected that his end was so near. On John Humphible going in to see him, he told him he was quite happy, and requested him to sing and pray with him; after which he said, "I feel as if I had two distinct beings—an inner and an outer man. My inner man is, I feel, already clean through the blood of Christ; but the outer man is still unclean." After some more conversation, he left him for the night to the care of his wife and children. About twelve o'clock, two of his little girls went to John's house, saying that they did not know what to think of their father; that soon after John had left him he had risen from his bed, and knelt, as he frequently did, to pray; but that, as he had not moved since, they wished John to go and see him. On entering the tent, John found him, just as the little girl had described, on his knees;\* and at first thought that perhaps he was asleep, but, on examining him, he found he was dead. The poor man, feeling conscious that he was dying, had no doubt commended his departing soul to the God who gave it. Who can doubt that this, his last act, was witnessed and accepted by the Saviour who loved him, and gave Himself for him?

In our Number for July last, we stated that we should remind our friends of the claims of Moose Lake and Moose Factory for gifts of clothing and other useful articles, for the use of the poor Indians. Moose Factory was described in our last Number by Mr. Horden, who is stationed there. Moose Lake is under the care of a Christian Indian, John Humphible, as related above. But besides these there are other Stations, as Lac-la-Ronge and Islington, formerly called White Dog, that greatly need assistance. At Lac-la-Ronge they much want clothing, as will be seen on reference to this month's "Church Missionary Record," and Islington has also strong claims upon us. A full account of the commencement of Missionary work

\* This is the scene represented in our Frontispiece.

there, under the native schoolmaster Philip Kennedy, is given in the "Church Missionary Intelligencer" for the present month, to which we refer our readers as a narrative of no common interest. The following articles are the most useful—

Blankets, small and large.

Strong warm flannel, white, red, or blue. Woollen shawls.

Stout washing prints. Stout unbleached calico.

Strong coarse woollen cloths for coats, &c. (Stroud's).

Strong striped cotton for men's shirts, blue or pink.

Any useful article of clothing for man, woman, or child.

Strong common combs, for use after washing.

Needles, thimbles, and scissors. Strong pocket-knives.

Twine for fishing-nets, Nos. 1, 6, 10. Fish-hooks of various sizes.

Carpenters' tools, as hatchets, hammers, saws, &c. } These must be of the best

Farming implements, as plough-irons, hoes, spades, scythes, &c. } quality, the work to be done being rough, and the workmen not the most skilful.

All these things are needed by the Indian when he exchanges a barbarous for a civilized life. As a heathen, he possesses no property but a canoe, a kettle, and a gun. The supplies he wants as a settler can only be obtained in the country at a price far beyond the means of a destitute Indian. The articles should be well secured in a substantial packing-case, and sent to the Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square, by the middle of May. A list of the contents, with the value of the whole, should be put into the case, and a duplicate copy forwarded to the "Secretaries, Church Missionary House." If a letter be also sent, addressed to the parties for whom the box is intended, or to the person in charge of the Station, requesting information, they will answer it themselves, giving any interesting particulars of recent occurrence.

#### CORONATION OF THE KING OF SIAM.

ON the 3d of April last year the king of Siam died, having first caused the chief officers of his kingdom to enter into a solemn oath, before the idol Buddha, that they would proceed to the election of a suitable successor. They chose the younger brother of the deceased monarch, then abiding as chief priest in the Buddhist temple of Bowavaniwate, who accordingly took leave of the priesthood on the 4th of April, by laying off his yellow robes, bathing in consecrated water, and clothing himself with figured white-cloth.

His coronation took place in the middle of the month of May, such having been indicated by the Buddhist priesthood as the most auspicious period; and a curious document, containing an account of the ceremonies practised on the occasion, has been forwarded, by the king's order, to the British Governor of the Straits Settlements. These ceremonies were tediously complicated; but we select some points as illustrative of the semi-civilized condition and gross idolatry of this oriental kingdom.

His Majesty commenced by presenting yellow robes and costly

presents to a company of chief priests of Buddh, consisting of 85 persons, to whose incantations and daily chanting and worship he had to listen until the third day. On that day his Majesty was preceded by two idols to a consecrated bathing-place. Parched rice was scattered in the way, and trumpets sounded. He was then placed on a royal throne, having eight different seats looking towards the eight points of the compass. Surrounding this circular throne were eight seats on which eight wise men were seated. Commencing with the seat which looked eastward, His Majesty transferred himself from one seat to another until he had completed the circle of the throne, each wise man, as the king appeared opposite, pronouncing a blessing, and delivering up the kingdom of the Buddhist religion to his charge. He was then decorated with the royal insignia—amongst others, a sheet of gold being presented, on which was written, "Somdet Pea Chom Klow," the name by which he was to reign—and received the homage of all the chief lords and officers of the kingdom, in language such as this—"We all beg to offer our salutations, bowing our heads to the feet of thy glorious majesty, our refuge, who hast ascended the throne of the kingdom, clothed with supreme power, authority, and excellency, having honour most glorious, being established upon the royal diamond-decked throne, a king exceedingly great, whom we call of the race of angels—a king more exalted than all previous kings, having power as the being who stands in the centre of the four continents—a king of most exalted righteousness, being at the head of the illustrious, the angelic kingdom of Siam." Seating himself in his royal palanquin, made of fine plated gold, and richly decked with nine different kinds of diamonds, the king proceeded in state to the temple of the emerald idol, strewing handfuls of silver coins as he passed along. On entering the temple he lighted the incense-sticks and candles, and offered flowers and various things to the idols. The bones of his father and grandfather were brought forth, each in their golden urn, when he made to them offerings of incense-sticks, candles, and flowers, a company of chief priests pronouncing a series of solemn reflections on the occasion of offerings being made to the sacred relics. He then proceeded to the most splendid building of the royal palace, and presented offerings to the corpse of the late king, which was there seated in state in a golden urn, the priests pronouncing solemn reflections as before.

On the 20th of May took place the royal procession called Seiup Müang, the object of which is to give all the people an opportunity of seeing their new king and prostrating themselves before him. The streets were thickly studded with royal chats, or ensigns, consisting of poles ten or twelve feet high, fitted with a series of canopies, or umbrellas, the lower one being four or five feet in diameter, and thence gradually diminishing to the highest, which was not more than eighteen inches, each pole being surmounted with a small flag. Along the sides of the way were erected neatly-ornamented screens of lattice-work, behind which stood the trumpeters and

drummers. Tables were ranged by the Siamese and Chinese on either side of the streets, on which were placed various tokens of respect, such as flowers, pictures, mirrors. Ten thousand troops were then brought forward to escort the king—cavalry, artillerymen drawing their cannon, uniformed in imitation of the English sepoys, soldiers in Siamese uniform, carrying swords and shields, spears, bows and arrows, &c. At the most propitious hour, the king, arrayed in his most splendid habiliments, put on the crown of victory, and, ascending his golden palanquin called *Rachen*, richly adorned with embossed golden figures and diamonds of all kinds, proceeded to a temple—the Portuguese artillerymen firing a royal salute of twenty-one guns—and, putting off some of his royal attire, went into the temple and worshipped the idol. Other processions, some by land and some by water, continued to occupy the attention of the people until June, the monarch on each occasion presenting gifts to the priests and offerings to the different idols.

It is remarkable that the heathen religion which prevails in this kingdom, that of Buddhism, makes no mention of God. He in whom men "live, and move, and have their being," is not recognised. The highest object of worship is the image of a dead man, the founder of the system, who died four centuries and a half before the Christian era. His relics, as priestcraft asserts them to be, are worshipped in various kingdoms, and receive the veneration of his followers. His images and priests are innumerable; and this deadening system, of all the false religions which exist in the world, is the most widely extended. Over Ceylon, Thibet, Tartary, the whole of the peninsula of India beyond the Ganges, containing many populous and half-civilized kingdoms like Siam, half the population of China, Loochoo, Japan, it spreads its gloomy shade, and millions and millions of our fellow men live as if this life were all, and beyond it was a blank in which man ceased to be. It is no wonder that the nobles of Siam, when the new-crowned monarch ascends his throne, address to him language which ought not to be offered to any mortal. They know of no living being greater than himself. They have nothing else to honour except a dead man, lifeless relics, and lifeless images. But the time shall come when He who is "the brightness of His Father's glory, and the express image of His person," shall be honoured as "King of kings, and Lord of lords," when "all kings shall fall down before Him, and all nations serve Him."

#### INDIAN SNAKE-CATCHER.

THE colony of British Guiana is covered with vast forests, which are traversed by no foot of man, except that of the wary Indian in pursuit of game. There the panther has its lair, and the jaguar prowls for his prey. Amidst the magnificent timber-trees macaws of splendid plumage may be seen, and flocks of parrots, as numerous and as noisy as rooks in England; and there may be seen, hanging in clusters from the branches, vampyre bats, the largest

of which suck the blood of men and animals when sleeping. Nor are these the only inhabitants of these forests. Serpents are there of enormous size, and mostly of a venomous nature. With these the Indian wages a deadly warfare, destroying them wherever he meets them. They are the objects of his disgust and hatred: nor is this surprising, when we remember how painful and how fatal the wound of the serpent is to man. A British-Guiana Missionary writes—

It has been my lot to witness, on more than one occasion, the effects of the bite of the labaria; and there is perhaps no person who has lived for years in the interior who has not been in imminent danger at times from the proximity of some of these creatures. I have, however, only heard of one instance in which a full-grown man has been seized by one of the boa species. This occurred in the swamps of the Akawini. The reptile, a large camudi, sprang upon him, and coiled round his body, confining one of his arms. Providentially, before it could master the other, his wife, who was near, handed him a knife, with which he inflicted a deep cut, causing the snake to quit him, and make its retreat. The Indians, also, once told me of a large camudi having been killed in a state of torpidity, which had just swallowed a boy of the Caribi nation.

To any one who knows what destructive creatures abound in these forests, it is surprising that accidents of this kind do not more frequently occur. But the great characteristic of the Indian is caution, and his keen eye and acute hearing are constantly exercised by the nature of his



situation. He displays a subtilty of artifice in capturing these reptiles equal to that which is usually assigned to the serpent himself. I have seen an Indian creep under a low bush on his hands and knees, and capture a kolokonaro by means of a noose, which he dropped over its head with a forked stick as it raised it to look at the intruder: the stick being then quickly placed on its neck, and the noose drawn tight, the reptile was hauled forth, and its capture completed. In this manner the Indians catch such snakes as they wish to preserve alive for sale. If the snake be not too large or venomous, the man grasps it tightly by the neck, and allows it to coil itself round his arm [see the engraving], until he is able to place it in secure confinement. The kolokonaro was only about five feet in length, but so thick and strong that the Indian who carried it was soon obliged to call for assistance, to remove the snake, and release his arm from its pressure. This species is beautifully marked with brown, orange, white, and other colours. It is sometimes called the *land-camudi* or *boa*, to distinguish it from the other *camudi*, which takes to the water, and is found in damp places. They both attain to a great size.

Some of the larger snakes are said to attain to upwards of thirty feet in length. I never saw any near that size. The largest that I knew of was about twenty feet, and was captured by some of our Indians in a similar manner to that related above, while gorged with food. They then tied it to the stern of a canoe, and towed it through the water to the residence of a settler, to whom they disposed of it alive.\*

The following remarkable circumstance is related of Daehne, the Moravian Missionary, who laboured amongst these Indians about a hundred years ago—

The Indians having forsaken him, he was left alone in the Mission Settlement, and was often in no small danger from wild beasts and other venomous creatures. Thus a tiger for a long time kept watch near his hut, seeking an opportunity, no doubt, to seize the poor solitary inhabitant. Every night it roared most dreadfully; and though he regularly kindled a large fire in the neighbourhood before he went to bed, yet, as it often went out by the morning, it would have proved but a miserable defence, had not the Lord preserved him. The following circumstance is still more remarkable, and illustrates, in a singular manner, the care of God over His servants. Being one evening attacked with a paroxysm of fever, he resolved to go into his hut and lie down in his hammock. Just, however, as he entered the door, he beheld a serpent descending from the roof upon him. In the scuffle which ensued, the creature bit him in three different places; and, pursuing him closely, twined itself several times round his head and neck as tightly as possible. Expecting now to be bitten, or strangled to death, and being afraid lest his brethren should suspect the Indians had murdered him, he, with singular presence of mind, wrote with chalk on the table—"A serpent has killed me." Suddenly, however, that promise of the Saviour darted into his mind, "They shall take up serpents, and shall not be hurt." Encouraged by this declaration, he seized the creature with great force, tore it loose from

\* Brett's "Indian Missions in Guiana," pp. 35—37. Our illustration is from this work, having been kindly lent to us by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.



his body, and flung it out of the hut. He then lay down in his hammock in tranquillity and peace. This was most probably a boa-constrictor, whose bite, though painful, is not venomous, and which destroys his prey by crushing it to death and gorging it whole.\*

May the old serpent Satan become as universally an object of antipathy to men; and may they be taught to dread that deadly poison of sin with which he destroys the soul! May the great Deliverer who bruised his head make us strong to wrestle with our great adversary, and "bruise Satan under our feet shortly!"

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FEMALE INFANTICIDE AMONG THE RAJPUTS.

AJMERE, or Rajputana, is a large province of India, lying between Agra and Delhi on the east, and bounded by sandy deserts on the west, which separate it from the countries on the Indus. Remarkably destitute of rivers and means of irrigation, except in the southern parts, where some mountain streams descend, it is greatly inferior in fertility and productiveness to other provinces of Hindustan, which are watered by the course and tributary streams of the Ganges, the Jumna, the Nerbudda, and many others which might be mentioned. It is the country of the Rajputs, a stout and handsome race, with hooked noses and Jewish features. They are excessively proud—proud of their caste; and the higher the subdivision of the caste the more their pride increases. The Seesodeas, Rahtores, and Chowhans, are the principal Rajput families.

Pride is a parent vice: it is productive of many others. It leads to mean and unworthy actions, and to harsh and cruel ones. The family pride of the Rajputs has brought forth amongst them many bitter fruits, and one in particular, that of female infanticide.

Scripture tells us that the heathen are "without natural affection." The fearful extent to which the unnatural crime of child-murder is practised through the heathen world affords melancholy proof of the truth of this. In China, where it still pollutes the land; in New Zealand, until the Gospel came and "turned the heart of the fathers to the children;" in the South-Sea Islands, from whence, by the same blessed influence, it has been partially expelled, but in the dark places of which it still lingers; "in all continents, in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; in almost every island, from the rocks of Iceland to the reefs of the Pacific; the hand of the parent has been lifted against his child." In the perpetration of this unnatural crime India has held a foremost place. Until the strong hand of British power humanely interfered, thousands of hapless infants were thrown as offerings to the river-gods; and often has the Hindu mother, deaf to the pleadings of natural affection, with her own hand consigned her infant to a watery grave.

But perhaps in no part of India has this crime so fearfully prevailed as in Rajputana. Until within these last few years, the

* Bernau's "Missionary Labours in British Guiana," pp. 69, 70.

girls of the highest Rajput clans have been unsparingly sacrificed, *hundreds of families sparing not one female!* It is remarkable how this was brought to the notice of the British authorities. In 1838, the north-west provinces of India were wasted by a tremendous famine. So fearful were the sufferings of the people, that mothers would gladly sell even their sons for a piece of bread; and Brahm-ins, forgetful of the distinction of caste, ate without scruple whatever would satisfy the cravings of nature. Entire villages were left without an inhabitant; and the circumstances of the population became so altered, that it was found necessary to lower the revenue demand in many villages; and in the year 1842 Mr. Unwin, the Collector of Mynpurie, pitched his camp for this purpose among the villages of the Chowhan Rajputs. In the course of his inquiries, it became desirable to ascertain how far the population had been diminished by the famine. This he proceeded to ascertain by personal inspection, taking ten villages in each pergunnah,* and visiting one house in each village. In not one of them was there a single Chowhanee—female Chowhan—young or old, forthcoming. Females there were whom the Chowhans had taken as wives from other Rajput clans, but a Chowhan-born female was not found. They had been all destroyed in infancy! Since then the Chowhan villages have been placed under close inspection. As soon as a female infant is born, the watchmen are to give notice at the police-station. The house is visited, the child seen, and its health ordered to be reported at the end of a month before the magistrate. If the child is taken ill, the watchmen give information, and a superior police-officer sees the child and reports on its case. In case of suspicious circumstances attendant on the death of a child, the civil surgeon is sent for. In consequence of these humane measures, there were last year 1400 Chowhan girls, between the ages of one and six, living in the district; whereas, in the year 1843, not one was to be found.

Mynpurie, which has been mentioned, is an old Rajput fortress, which looks far over the valley of the River Eesun, the stronghold for centuries of Chowhan Rajahs. Often, from its old walls, has been heard the sound of wall-pieces and matchlocks, to notify the birth of a grandson, son, or nephew of the reigning Chief; but no infant daughter had lived to smile within its walls. For the first time, in 1845, a little granddaughter was spared. The reigning family having been induced, by the humane interference of the British functionaries, to set this example, they have been imitated by the people in the district. In 1845, fifty-seven infants were spared; in 1846, 180; and the number has gone on steadily increasing.

We would request our readers to remark the great difference which exists between the influence which heathenism exercises on man, and that which Christianity exercises. Here we have a

* A pergunnah is a district consisting of a certain number of villages.

Christian Government interfering to rescue the poor babe from the murderous grasp of its own parents, and Christian gentlemen diligently and perseveringly exerting themselves to carry out its humane intentions. We see how much the heathen are benefited by becoming the subjects of a Christian Government: how much more shall not this be the case, when, by the grace of God, they become themselves Christian; when they shall have within their own hearts that blessed principle which shall make them, of their own accord, tender-hearted and loving in every relation of life?

We shall not shock our readers by sad details of the various processes of murder by which Rajput parents destroyed their daughters; but we shall proceed to inquire why they did so. The real cause of it is the sinfulness of man, his estrangement from God, and then the influence of heathenism acting upon this estranged heart, so as to make it more hard, and estrange man from his fellow, the mother from her daughter, and the parent from the child. There are parts of the desert, to the west of Rajputana, where you travel over a hard flat clay. The clay has a natural tendency to harden, and the hot sun, and the absence of water, combine to make it so hard that it sounds like a board beneath the horses' feet, and *there* is to be found no trace of vegetation. So, where the Gospel is unknown, the natural sinful heart grows more hard under the power of heathen ignorance and superstition, and no lovely tempers find room to spring up. The more immediate motive with the Rajputs is their family pride. According to Rajput customs, a girl of that race must not marry one of her own clan. This would be looked upon as a most criminal act, and not for a moment to be tolerated. Yet family pride will not suffer that she should marry one of a clan lower than her own. A husband must be sought for her in a subdivision higher than, or at least equal to, her own. But where the clan is amongst the highest, as is the case with the Chowhans, to find a suitable match for a daughter is always difficult, often impossible. Nor can it ever be accomplished without expensive presents on the part of the girl's father. The husband must be paid for in hard coin. That a daughter should not be married, is, in India, esteemed a deep family disgrace; and thus, among the high Rajputs, the unhappy daughter is viewed as one who is sure to entail either heavy expense or heavy disgrace upon the family; and the moody father, when her birth has been announced, has at once condemned her to death. Surely "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." It is now believed that one out of every two of these children is preserved, and Rajput fathers are beginning to take pleasure in their little daughters. But much more remains to be done, and totally to extirpate this "root of bitterness" must be the work of the Gospel. And yet we do not know of one Christian Missionary in Rajputana!

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

WE have been furnished by a correspondent with an extract from a letter of so gratifying, and, at the same time, instructive a character, that we have no hesitation in laying it before our readers.

MY DEAR F.—I enclose you a cheque for the balance of our Church Missionary Society Contributions for 1851. I was much afraid that, owing to the great falling off in the collections after the sermons and meetings, we should come far behind the amount of the preceding year; but this, I am very thankful to say, has not proved to be the case: by dint of very great exertions, we have succeeded, not only in reaching the former year's amount, but also in advancing somewhat beyond it. This, too, has been accomplished in a most satisfactory way, viz. by raising ten pounds additional in *permanent annual subscriptions* among my own parishioners, which I value far more on account of the good effects resulting from it to themselves, than double the amount raised by casual donations from visitors. We have also succeeded in obtaining many additional subscribers to the "Gleaner" and "Green Book;" and altogether, I am rejoiced to say, a greatly increased interest is taken in the Missionary cause throughout the parish. My remittances have been—July 14, 1851, 34*l.* 14*s.* 10*d.*; Jan. 6, 1852, 39*l.* 5*s.* 2*d.*: Total, 74*l.*

When we further add that this noble contribution is from a small village in Durham, and consists of two sermons, a public meeting, a basket of work, eleven subscribers of one pound and upwards, thirty-eight subscribers under one pound, and twenty-one Missionary boxes, it will be seen that the field must have been thoroughly worked and efficiently managed.

There is one part of the above letter to which we would particularly call the attention of our friends. In consequence of the Great Exhibition the number of summer visitors had been much fewer than usual, and it was this which caused the diminution in the collections at the sermons and meetings, and led to the fears lest the proceeds of the year should be behind. Now there are probably many other parishes similarly circumstanced from time to time: from some cause or other subscriptions fall off, and receipts are diminished; but how seldom is it that the anticipation of such unpleasant results stimulates to greater exertions, as in the case before us. At great personal effort and trouble our friends in this little model Association have thoroughly canvassed the parish, and gathered up additional subscriptions, in sums of from one to six shillings, amounting to ten pounds a year. This is "a good example," worthy of imitation far and near. How greatly would the income of our Society be increased, were instances of this quiet, unobtrusive zeal more common! Here are some of the clearest proofs of a tender love for souls, springing from affection to our blessed Lord; and they contrast strongly with those whose profession frequently so far exceeds their practice.

THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



A HINDU RYOT AT PLOUGH.—Vide next page.

THE HINDUS.

WE have introduced the picture of a Hindu ryot, or agriculturist. From the earth our "house of this tabernacle" was taken, and from the earth its sustenance must come, and that, in most countries, through agriculture. We say, in most countries, for in some lands tillage is not practicable. The Eskimos, on those northern shores where, in mid-winter, continued darkness reigns, hunt the rein-deer during the summer months, and find a supply of food in vast multitudes of swans, geese, and ducks resorting to those quarters, or in the pursuit of whales, which frequent their coasts. Other tribes there are who distaste agriculture, and, like the Red Indians, prefer a precarious subsistence by the chase and fishery. The Kaffir tribes of the great African continent depend more on their flocks and herds than on the productions of the soil. But with the Hindus it is different. They are peculiarly an agricultural people, abhorring animal food. Milk, indeed, in various preparations, is an essential article of food. Curds, and, more particularly, clarified butter, in a liquid state, called ghee, are highly esteemed; but rice, Indian corn, raagi, and some other grains, constitute, each in different parts of India, the staff of life. To till the ground is therefore the occupation of a very large portion of the Hindu people. The Hindu farmer is not ignorant of cultivation according to his peculiar mode. He understands the seasons, knows something of a rotation of crops, and rears a great variety of grain. Early in the morning he goes forth to his labour, his team before him, and his plough on his shoulder. It is of very simple construction, having neither coulter nor mould-board, the furrow required being only a scratch two or three inches deep: a piece of wood, tipped with iron, serves for sole and share: a long stick fastened into this serves for the beam, and a short one for the handle. The team consists of two oxen, or of a buffalo and an ox; the former, because of his laziness, being placed opposite the ploughman's right hand, which is armed with a goad. We look at him with interest, this brother of ours, in appearance so unlike ourselves, yet, like the farmer of our own land, "going forth to his work and to his labour until the evening." Alas! it is with a painful interest we regard him, for he knows not God: the God who quickens the seed which he sows, so that it yields to him a plenteous produce, he knows not. He cannot know Him except in the Gospel of Christ. It is only in that Gospel that the true God is so revealed to sinful man as that he may know Him, and love Him, and serve Him; and the light of that Gospel has, as yet, reached comparatively few of the great Hindu people.

And yet we would speak hopefully of India, for there are hopeful symptoms to be found there. Faithful Missionaries are earnestly labouring. They hold the Gospel plough: they are turning up the stiff soil, and are sowing abroad the Gospel seed. Not only are there European Missionaries, but faithful men from amongst them-

selves are being raised up to "do the work of Evangelists." The common people hear them gladly, and inquirers increase. They address their fellow-countrymen in their own tongue with great truthfulness and power of persuasion. We have been particularly struck with the following noble testimony to the power of the Gospel, delivered by a native Teacher, of the name of Gungaram, when on a Missionary tour in Gujerat with the Rev. W. Clarkon, of the London Missionary Society, early in the present year—

"We do not want you to receive what we offer on our mere word. We have tried the power of this medicine for the sin of the world, and, having found it effectual to ourselves, offer it to you. Look at me. I was formerly a great liar, and was always deceiving and telling lies in my trade. I was also little conscious that in doing so I was committing great sin. This word came to me. As I received it, and understood it, I learned to hate lying. Still, I did not at once abandon it, as the habit was so strong. But as I learned still more and more, and prayed more and more, and knew the death of Christ for sin more and more thoroughly, I was enabled to leave off the sin. I do not say that I am yet free from the sin; but this I say, that if I lie I sincerely repent of it, and am made very unhappy till I have obtained pardon. And so, likewise, with other sins. I do not say that I am perfect; but I do say that I have actually left off those sins which formerly I practised, so that if I were to do what is sinful I should be rendered miserable.

"Now, I never learned purity from reading about Krishna's wicked conduct, as recorded in the Shasters. I never learned to hate any sin, from all my knowledge of the gods of India, but from this word. The word of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners, who died for us, I have learned, and hope to go on learning till I shall be taken away from sin altogether."

We would add to this an extract or two from the Journal of one of our own native Catechists, which will show their mode of addressing the people, and the degree of acceptance they meet with.

Oct. 23, 1850—I left Nasik for Malligaum, with Appaji Bapuji and James Wilson.

Oct. 25—This morning, while we were preaching to the people at Pimplegaum, a conceited Brahmin, who wished to make a display of his wisdom before his countrymen, interrupted Appaji while he was reading a tract. He said, "You have just now read that there is only one God: pray who is this God?" Appaji requested him to be patient until he had finished his tract. The man remained silent, though not without some esteing and jeering at the solemn truths which Appaji was reading. After Appaji had finished the tract I went forward, and asked the man what was his question. He repeated it. I asked him what he considered himself to be. "I am a man," said he.—"How do you know that you are a man, and not a bullock or a cow?" "By means of my understanding."—"Well, then, you must apply the same understanding to know the only true God. You see with your eyes the lofty heaven above, the glorious sun ruling by day, and the bright moon by night: you observe the creation here below—the men, the beasts, the trees, and

the plants." "If I have faith," said he, "then God is in every thing that I can see or feel." To this James Wilson replied, "If you have faith that that ass yonder is your father, will the ass really be your father?" The man replied in the affirmative, and all the people burst out into great laughter, shaking their heads with contempt. After this we spoke for a long while, and the people heard us quietly. As we returned home, we visited a Marathi school, and distributed some tracts to such boys as were advanced in learning. In the evening we spoke again to a few Mahars, who came to us for some tracts.

Feb. 3, 1851—I left Malligaum on a Missionary tour to Hivella. I had heard of this place before, as a very populous and suitable place for Missionary operations. It contains about 12,000 inhabitants, mostly high-class natives. According to the Mamletdor's report, its climate is good, and not very hot in the hot season. It is a place of great commerce. Silk is chiefly manufactured here, but on account of its good market other articles are brought hither for sale from different parts of the country.

I arrived at Hivella about half-past six in the evening. No sooner had I entered the village than a respectable Bunia came down from his shop, and, after making me a salaam, asked me what purchase I was going to make. I told him that I wanted to buy *souls*. The poor man was quite confounded, and did not know what to make of me, repeating my sentence with exclamations of surprise. I then added, "And that, not with rupees and gold-mohurs, but with the Word of God." His curiosity was now still more excited, and he seemed very anxious to understand me. As he walked with me a part of the way, to direct me where I should find a place for the night, I explained to him the nature of my purchase, and recommended him to think seriously on the subject.

Feb. 4—In the evening I went to the market, as this was a market-day, and seeing a number of people sitting down in the yard of a Maharootu's temple—probably to take rest, as they appeared to have come from some distance—I began to read a tract. This attracted the people, and in about five minutes no fewer than about 2000 assembled. To make myself heard by everybody, I got upon the veranda of the temple, and read to them a part of the 55th chapter of Isaiah, which I afterwards explained, and exhorted the people to seek that which was more valuable than all earthly things. As I was returning to my lodging, a respectable Brahmin put his hands on my shoulder, and begged me to go to his house and partake of some pân-supari (betel-nuts). At first I was rather unwilling to go, but seeing him so earnest I went. No sooner had I entered his house than his good wife brought me some water to wash my feet. I told her that I wore stockings, and it being a cold evening I did not like to wet my feet. After we were seated she brought some pân-supari in a handsome brazen plate, and distributed with her own hands. I was rather surprised at this, as it is not common for the women of this country to make themselves at once familiar with those with whom they are not well acquainted.

We have one or two other interesting points, which we must reserve, lest we should lengthen this article too much.



A HOPEFUL INQUIRER.

THE following case, communicated in a letter from the Rev. H. M. Blakiston, Chaplain to the British Embassy at Constantinople, will be read with interest. We doubt not that there are many such poor wanderers throughout the world—men brought up in false religions, Romanism, Mahommedanism, Heathenism, who cannot extract from them rest for the soul; who feel they want something which they cannot find, something which shall still the troubled action of the conscience, and give hope and peace. How many our advantages, compared with millions of our fellow-men, in having our lot cast in a Protestant land, where Rome is not suffered to intrude between the sinner and the Saviour, between the mind of man and the will of God as revealed in His own book, the Bible! How great our privilege in having access to the waters of life, from whence, if we will, we may drink and be refreshed! How sad if we should neglect such opportunities, and, amidst them all, remain strangers to God! Surely such anxious sinners as the one noticed in this extract, groping for light in the midst of darkness, would rise up in condemnation against us at the last.

We have an interesting and important case in hand—that of an Indian-born Mussulman and Dervish, who wishes to become a Christian in open profession, as he declares himself to have been already for some years by conviction. He left India about fifteen years ago on a journey to Mecca; stopped at one of the Dervish colleges in Egypt on his way, and there first was convinced of the falseness of Mahommedanism by the working of his own mind, influenced, as he says, by God alone. At the same time he got access to a copy of our Scriptures; but on confiding his sentiments to a friend, he was cautioned to be quiet, for fear of persecution. From Egypt he went, not to Mecca, but to Jerusalem, where he opened his mind to some priest, as it appears, who gave him a similar caution. Thence he removed to Damascus, and after a few years' residence in Syria—as teacher, I believe—he came to Constantinople about three months ago, and entered a convent of his native sect, in order to perform some literary service which was required there, for which he receives pay, in addition to gratuitous maintenance. But he is unhappy there, and would fain leave at once, as his religious belief runs counter to every thing around him, and he is obliged to conform to what his heart opposes. More than a month ago he made known his case to our Consul-General, and then to an old dragoman of our embassy, who communicated on the subject with the ambassador, Sir Stratford Canning. At Sir Stratford's desire, he was brought to me for examination, and by his simple story gave me an impression—since confirmed more and more—that his conviction was sincere, and motive disinterested, although he is comparatively ignorant of Christian doctrines, as might naturally be supposed. Of course His Excellency is most anxious that every means should be taken to ascertain, as far as possible, the man's real feelings and object, before taking the new and responsible step of formally admitting him into the Christian community. He is a British subject by birth, and his admission therefore, politically

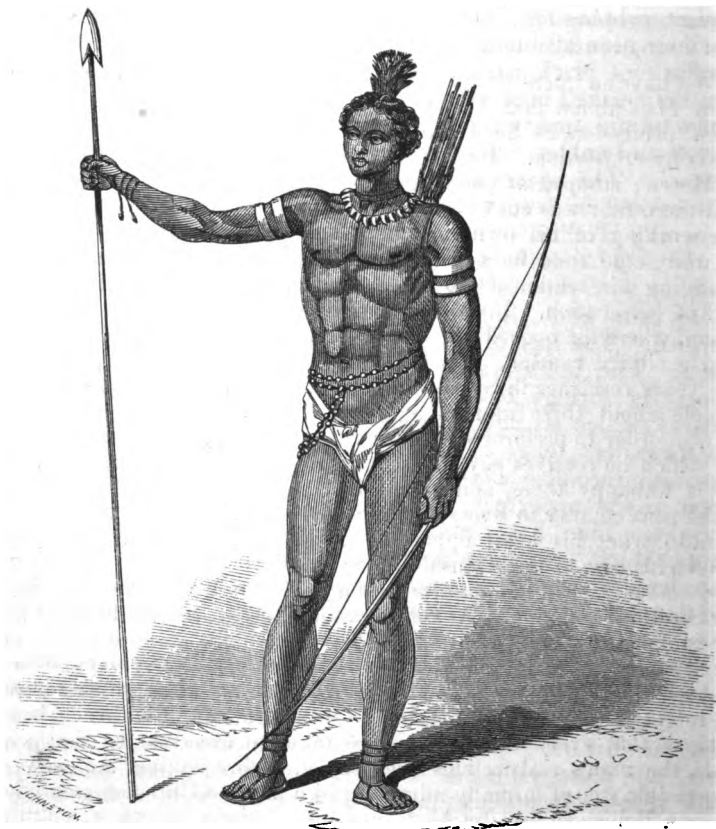
speaking, is facilitated. His age is forty-five. He knows Turkish and Persian, in addition to his native Arabic, and, I presume, Hindustani. He is willing to do any thing that might be arranged for him, as well as to go anywhere, for the sake of Christianity.

Let us pray for this man, that he may be taught of the Spirit, and be led on from hopeful inquiry to humble, thankful, settled faith in Christ; so that, if it please God, he may become the instrument of leading many whose tongues fail for thirst to those fountains of living waters which flow from the smitten Rock of Ages.

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### THE BARI OF THE WHITE NILE.

THE figure we have here introduced to your notice is one of a numerous and interesting people who yet remain to be visited by Christian Missionaries. Their country is on the great Nile river, far to the south, within  $4\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  of the Equator, and perhaps not much more



than 400 miles from that point in the Wakamba country, to the south of the Equator, where our Missionary, Dr. Krapf, has lately been. They are the most central people of Africa which have yet been visited by Europeans, and some account of them and their country we have thought might be profitable. It is our duty and privilege to bring unknown and neglected tribes of our fellow-men before the minds of Christians. Such notices—poor efforts as they are in themselves—may help to give them that place in the prayers and sympathies of God's people which is their due, and eventually conduce to the commencement amongst them of Missionary effort. We believe that the Lord has gracious purposes in store for Africa, and that Ethiopia shall at no distant period "stretch out her hands unto God."

The people of whom the above is a specimen are called Bari. They are an Ethiopian race, black, but without negro features. In stature they are tall, shooting up to a height of from six and a half to seven Parisian feet, and their limbs being large in proportion. The form of the face is oval, the forehead arched, the nose straight or curved, with rather wide nostrils, the mouth full, and the temples a little depressed; the hair generally long, and sometimes decorated with an elaborate coiffure of black ostrich feathers. They are in the habit of covering their naked bodies over with red ochre. They wear large ivory rings on the upper part of the arms, and numerous iron rings on the wrists and ankles. The men are all armed with spears, and bows and arrows. The spears are of much elegance in workmanship, and do not exceed in length the gigantic bodies of the men. They are generally javelins, seven feet long, with a shaft of the thickness of a thumb. The shaft is of bamboo, encircled with a narrow band of iron, or with skins of snakes or land crocodiles. At the lower end is an iron knob, in order to balance the spear aright when being thrown. The iron of the head is from one and a half to two feet long. The bows are of bamboo, from five and a half to six feet long, the strings being made of the inner bark of trees. The arrows, which are neatly wrought, have barbs, and are two and a half to three feet long. They have also harpoons, which they employ against crocodiles and hippopotami. The ivory rings which they wear on the upper part of the arm are two pounds and upwards in weight. They have iron in abundance brought from the mountains, which, beginning in their country, rise southward towards the interior. In the glens and clefts of these mountains iron is said to be found, like sand, in immense quantities, and is smelted by the men in earthen pots.

Their tokuls, or dwellings, are of the same form and construction which prevail among the various nations dwelling on the banks of this great river, the home of an abundant population. They are circular in form: the walls of reeds and poles, as thick as a man's arm, and plastered inside and out with a clay-like under-layer of Nile slime. In order to harden this circular wall, a fire is lighted within before the roof is put on, and thus the walls are rendered very solid. The roof is covered with meadow grass: it is some-

#### 44 NATIVE INSTITUTION AT WAIKATO HEADS, NEW ZEALAND.

times arched, but amongst the Bari rises into a high peak. The door is an oval hole, which one must stoop to enter. Villages of these tokuls stand thickly in the beautiful woody country of the Bari. Here and there are fields under cultivation. In some of them is the young tobacco-plant, protected from the sun by a roof of shrubs, and moistened with water; in others, small creeping beans of white and red colour, which appear to grow luxuriantly.

The Bari have large herds of cattle: they have also sheep, goats, and fowl in abundance. The climate is pleasant, the heat which might have been expected in equatorial Africa being tempered by the fresh breezes from the mountains. It is here that the Nile breaks forth from the rugged glens and mountainous ravines, through which its upward course had lain, to water the plain country below, and bring down yearly riches to the land of Egypt.

When shall the Gospel break forth from the narrow limits within which it has been so long confined, and go forth to gladden and make fruitful the moral wildernesses of Africa?

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#### NATIVE INSTITUTION AT WAIKATO HEADS, NEW ZEALAND.

THE Gospel has accomplished much for New Zealand. It was once a land of cannibals, which the English sailor was unwilling to approach. It is now a land where the English settler dwells in peace. The natives have undergone a remarkable change. The glorious Gospel has won its way amongst them, and turned many to righteousness. The majority of the New Zealanders are professing Christians; and there are many amongst them who "love not in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth." Cannibal practices have ceased, and the ferocity of the national character has been wonderfully subdued. Yet, while we are thankful for the improvement, we must remember that very much remains to be done. The Rev. R. Maunsell, our Missionary at Waikato Heads, on the western coast, writes—

To Christianize is one thing; to increase their habits of Christian graces is another, and perhaps the more difficult. To eradicate the old habits of deceit, dishonesty, and falsehood; to banish their idle, unprofitable, and time-wasting gossipings; to form correct views of Christian propriety; to establish a sense of responsibility; to create a genuine aversion to sin, based on proper motives; to induce habits of Christian liberality, and zeal for the cause of the Saviour; to excite the feelings, anxieties, and conduct manifested by the Christian in the various relations of life, particularly in that of parents; these are fruits which we ardently desire to see, and which can be reared only by the most anxious and close attention.

Now, it is impossible for a single Missionary, alone in an extensive district, where the natives are much scattered, and travelling, from the broken character of the country, is difficult and laborious, to give to the various individuals of his flock that close attention which is requisite. Hence the need in New Zealand, as in Tinne-

vely and West Africa, and wherever Christian flocks have been gathered together, of a well-qualified native agency: nor can we venture to hope that our New-Zealand Christians will be found to make any decided advance on their present attainments, until we have been enabled to place among them a superior class of native teachers, who will urge them by example as well as by word. It is with a view to this that Mr. Maunsell some years past commenced a Native Institution at his Station on the western coast, in which industrial employment is combined with Christian training and intellectual improvement. The adults who are received into the Institution are required to teach in the School and work on the Mission farm, receiving no remuneration except very plain food and a duck shirt and jacket; yet young Chiefs have contentedly submitted to these rules—so much have they valued the opportunities of instruction. The progress of this Institution has been very encouraging. In the first year the number of the pupil-boarders was 15; in the second year, 30; in the third, 47; and the number in June last was nearly 80. Mr. Maunsell says—

My scholars are obedient, docile, and industrious; and we ourselves, though completely occupied from peep of day till late at night, enjoy a very large measure of health and strength. I have now labouring in my district three valuable young men, whom I have trained here. I have also a staff of four native teachers on the Station, whom I send to visit the neighbouring settlements on the Saturday.

Mr. Maunsell commenced with a rush house which cost 6*l*. The Government of New Zealand assisted him with a grant of 250*l*. for building expenses; and the progress made in this respect is thus summed up by him—

Our Settlement now comprises eleven dwelling-houses, besides my own. We have timber cut, and are only waiting for a carpenter to put up another school-house and other buildings. We hope soon to have other native buildings erected, and thus to carry on my original intention of forming a Christian village. Agriculture is the employment I prefer beyond all others for my school. We are busily engaged in putting up our fences; and hope, with God's blessing, before many years are past, to see the surrounding desert waving with wheat ready for the harvest. Many of my scholars can now plough, drive the cart, grind with our horse-power mill, put up post and rail fencing, build chimneys, milk the cows, make butter, besides many other duties which are inseparable from farm operations. Our Girls'-school, besides washing, sewing, and domestic duties, sift and clean our wheat, sift flour, and make bread for the Institution to the extent of 400*lbs*. in the week. If I can procure the proper materials, I intend introducing the spinning-wheel, and thus work up our wool, which last year amounted to 500*lbs*. These articles are, however, very difficult to get good in this part of the world; and unless good they will be of no use to us, who have no carpenter to repair them when out of order.

All our time, however, is not spent in industrial employments. Every morning, at day-break, there is an examination of the whole school in

Scripture, besides morning and evening school. This regular alternation of work and school accounts in a considerable degree for the contentment and obedience that reign amongst us, and the attachment which the pupils entertain towards us after they have been any time here.

Of this attachment Mr. Maunsell gives us the following interesting proof—

An incident occurred this morning which caused me unfeigned pleasure. About three years ago, five boys from Mr. Morgan's Station came here to school. Four of them soon became discontented, and returned. The fifth, the son of a Chief of the highest rank, from Rangitoto, about twenty-eight miles south of Otawhao, and a hundred miles from hence, remained. He was a Romanist, baptized by the name of Titu, the rendering of the word Titus, which the priests prefer to our Taituha. As his whole party were Romanists, I felt unwilling to let him return, and contrived, by various expedients, to detain him. Lately, however, he seemed quite determined to leave, with the intention, however, of only seeing his friends, and returning to school. I succeeded in preventing him; and as he wished to go to Auckland to buy some clothes, I gave him leave. On reaching Auckland he fell in with his friends, who carried him to the priests, and detained him, with the intention of taking him home. I was much surprised and pleased to see him at our service this morning—June 12, 1851. It appears that he proceeded with his friends a certain distance, when, meeting a canoe that was coming here, he gave his friends the slip, and hastened on board. They, with the Romish priest of that district, gave chase, seized his arms, and tried to drag him back; but he was not to be persuaded, and returned in the canoe. This little circumstance has been most gratifying to me, not only as placing for a longer period under instruction an intelligent young Chief, who may, with God's blessing, be the means of benefiting his deluded fellow-countrymen, but also as evincing, in the eyes of the people, the attachment of our scholars to the Institution. These young Chiefs, when at home, are required to do no kind of work, but merely to enjoy themselves with their fisheries and their horses. In the Institution not the smallest difference is recognised: with the scholars of the lowest rank they engage in every kind of employment. If our natives wished to work at the township, they could get from 1s. 6d. to 2s. a-day. Here they barely get a sufficiency of clothing, and nothing else besides food; and yet they remain with pleasure, and, in some cases, have made earnest applications for admission.

Mr. Maunsell then adds a paragraph, to which we would solicit special attention.

Some kind friends at home have sent us very acceptable donations for our schools—male and female. From one we have received a cask of very useful ironmongery. These acts of Christian liberality very much encourage and assist us. I have thought that it would be well if our friends were informed of the kind of things that would be most useful. I therefore beg leave to furnish a few particulars respecting our wants. First, clothes of any description for young men, boys, women, and girls, particularly warm clothing—no matter how coarse. Cast-off clothes for our Native Teachers would be most thankfully received. Secondly, school apparatus, maps, pictures, comparative sizes of animals; any

thing that will enlarge the mind of an English child of ten years of age; steel pens, paper, pencils, rulers, ink-bottles, large and small hand copy-slips, and terrestrial globes. Thirdly, agricultural implements, axes, hatchets, forks, rakes, harness, spades. A donation of spades would be particularly useful, the spades we get in Auckland being so bad, and our young people so rough in using them. They should be small, but as strong as possible. Fourthly, a donation of blankets would be much valued. In many cases, one blanket is all that the boys have to cover them. Of kitchen utensils we have received a liberal supply; but too many iron plates and dishes, and tin pots and jugs, cannot be sent.

We trust that the Lord will put it into the hearts of many to help in this most important and interesting feature in our New-Zealand Mission—the Native Institution at Waikato Heads.

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LADIES' WORKING PARTIES.

THE following letter from our Missionary the Rev. A. Cowley, of Fairford, North-West America, to a lady who had forwarded to him a parcel of clothing, contributed by a working party of ladies, who have united together to aid in this way the Missionary cause, may serve as an encouragement to friends similarly occupied throughout the country, and serve to show that, as such efforts of love are not unnoticed by Him in whose name they are attempted, so neither are they without benefit to those distant Mission fields where faithful men are labouring to communicate the knowledge and the love of Jesus to poor heathen man.

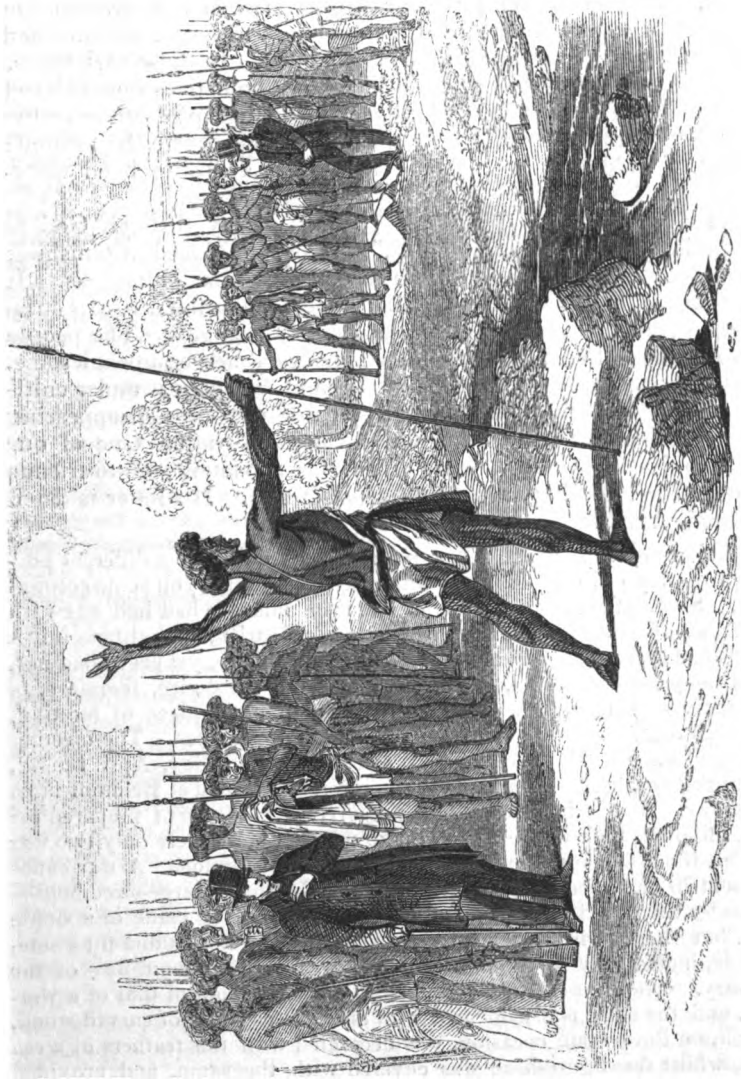
Mrs. Cowley begs me to offer a reply to your favour of May last. I do so gladly, and will begin by offering her apology for not doing so herself—a babe of five months with a cold; an increase of domestic duties at this season; laying up a store of provisions for five months of winter; many letters to write; besides other minor matters, which you will more readily and better imagine than I can express. Now I must thank you, and, if you please, through you, all and severally the good Christian people who so Dorcas-like have wrought with you to enrich our charity treasure-house for the destitute of my people, and particularly the school-children. May God reward you all a thousand-fold here, and in the world to come crown you with everlasting life!

The articles are most appropriate. In your future labours and selection—many thanks for your good intentions—you may be safely guided by observing what conduces most, or is most indispensable, to the comfort of the poor in the winter, not forgetting the difference of climate. Here, at times, the cold is so intense, that any part of one's body exposed to it, even for a few minutes, becomes frozen. I feel sure that no one who has never felt it can have any notion of the state of the atmosphere, when the thermometer is at 40° or 50° below zero, or even at 30° with a wind. Now it is to such weather that the dear children in this country are often exposed in out-door exercise. The school is the most hopeful part of my charge, though, I can assure you, a very troublesome one in many respects. There are, thank God! some exceptions. The old people are generally so sunk in barbarism, that I fear little if any good will ever accrue to many of them from our Mission. This being the case, we naturally turn to the young, who, if trained in the way they

should go, will not depart from it. To obtain scholars has been indeed no easy task : to retain them is perhaps more difficult still, as their parents, living by the chase, roam the country through ; and to keep them at school, we must of necessity take the entire charge of them—*i. e.*, feed, clothe, and lodge them. To supply with fish and fuel those we have at school, we employ two men regularly, and several men occasionally. All are clothed by voluntary contributions, such as yours and others, and by the Church Missionary Society ; and it is also at the Society's expense that suitable buildings are erected for them. This will, I trust, show how necessary to the existence of the school your contributions are ; and I will mention what may further encourage your labours, viz. that there are settlers whose children, though very necessitous, I could scarcely clothe at the Society's expense, whom your kindness enables me with less scruple to aid. We purpose disposing of all contributions sent to us, without specific instructions, as we would distribute any thing we ourselves may have to bestow. We hope and trust that the plan will be approved by all our friends who deem us worthy almoners of their bounty, or that such as desire a special application of their gifts will be so good as to apprise us of it. Heathenism is a dreadful evil. It is most distressing to know that human nature can be what we see it under its influence. The nakedness, filth, starvation, and real misery which the heathen endure, and seem almost as though they cared not for it, is perhaps impossible for you to conceive. And how can you imagine, or I describe, how dreadful that is which they do care for ? Death, I think, is the only thing they really fear. They habitually suffer so much, that they are scarcely to be influenced by a fear of evil ; and their enjoyments are so few, that an enumeration of the joys of heaven seems insufficient to rouse them to the pursuit of them. To take a child from such circumstances and such a condition, and to impress on it the image of Jesus, is what all who labour with you in the cause you have so nobly begun are striving to do ; and may the Lord recompense your work, and a full reward be given you of the Lord God of Israel, to whom you have done it !

These working parties throughout the country are of much interest and value. We trust they will be cherished and sustained, and that their number may much increase. They are an unobtrusive way of doing much good. They do good to our Mission school-children, and they do good to the friends engaged in them. They afford a small but grateful opportunity of doing something for the sake of that gracious Saviour to whom we owe more than ourselves. They promote a kindly feeling amongst those who are co-engaged in them. They are grateful to our Missionaries in distant lands, who are thus assured that they are not forgotten amidst their often painful labours, but that there are, at home, hearts to feel for them, and hands willing to help them ; and, finally, these working parties are the means of furnishing many a poor child with warm clothing against the inclement cold of North-West America, or amidst the rains of New Zealand, shielding them from the insidious influence of consumption. Any supplies for Mr. Cowley must reach the Church Missionary House by the middle of May. Full particulars on this point were given at p. 28 of our last Number.

THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



RECONCILIATION OF HOSTILE NEW-ZEALAND TRIBES.—*Vide* p. 51.

PEACE INSTEAD OF WAR.

“THEIR feet are swift to shed blood: destruction and misery are in their ways; and the way of peace have they not known!” This was indeed true of the New Zealander, and at no very distant period—nay, so recently as to be within the memory of many. New Zealand was an awful land, more like a hell than the habitation of human beings. War in its most pitiless aspect stalked abroad, and the bloody fight was precluded by the horrible war-dance, and finished by the sickening feast of assembled cannibals. In those dark times, when each tribe was the enemy of its fellow, the natives were obliged to crowd together in stockaded villages for mutual protection, in the immediate vicinity of which only they dared to cultivate the ground; so that, if sudden danger should arise, and a hostile band unexpectedly rush down, they might have a retreat at hand.

But God’s Word is powerful. It is “mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.” It has produced astonishing changes in individuals. It can effect the same in nations. It has done so in New Zealand; and, under the influence of Christianity, the national character has completely changed. The people now no longer live in crowded pas, in every sense unwholesome. They are scattered over the face of the land, bringing it under cultivation; and the war-dance and the battle-field are disappearing before the tranquillizing influence of Christian truth. One of our Missionaries in the Northern District has communicated to friends at home the following interesting proof of this. His letter is dated Hauraki, April 1851.

The journey from which I last returned was made for a different purpose from my ordinary ones. I will endeavour to give you some account of it. Some of the tribes of whom I am the minister had had war with the tribes of Tauranga, Archdeacon Brown’s district; and although it is now some years since any actual hostilities took place, yet peace had not, until the present occasion, been concluded. At the desire, therefore, of my natives, I accompanied them to the appointed place of meeting, about 25 or 27 miles from my house, on the river Thames. The meeting was held on Mr. Thorp’s farm. We set off on Thursday, April the 3d, encamped one night on the bank of the river, and landed at Belmont farm next day. The other party had not arrived. We went prepared for war, although their desire was to make peace. There were only two war canoes, though many others of the ordinary description. A war canoe is about 70 or 80 feet long, but not much wider than a large-sized boat—no wider than the long boat of a vessel. The hull is made of a single tree, but the height above water is increased by the addition of side-boards, ingeniously fastened to the hull with the common flax of the country. The figure-head is carved in representation of that of a warrior, and the stern is ornamented with an elevated piece of carved wood, which, on the present occasion, was decorated with the feathers of a sea bird, whilst the figure-head was covered with the same, and provided with a pair of huge antennæ, the whole resembling the head of an immense locust. This canoe was manned by about forty men, who were stripped to the waist, and plied their paddles vigorously, and in good

time. The whole presented an imposing spectacle. On Sunday we held our services in the open air: I officiated at three, besides Sunday-school twice, and one English service and school at Mr. Thorp's. We had morning and evening prayers every day. A great many of the natives present had not yet joined the Christian ranks, but I had good congregations. On Monday, April the 7th, the messenger arrived to say that the Tauranga tribes were coming, and Archd. Brown with them. At the request of my natives I set off on Tuesday to meet them, and to remain with them till the following day, whilst Archd. Brown left his people and came on to mine. The two parties thus exchanged ministers for a short time, the object being to facilitate the making of peace. On Wednesday I arrived with the Tauranga tribes at the place of meeting, Archdeacon Brown having reached my people the night before. On Thursday the Chiefs on both sides began making speeches, and peace was concluded before the evening service, the exchange of weapons of war being the token of it. The parties stood on opposite sides of a brook during the speeches. One of the Tauranga Chiefs threw down a spear,* which was fetched by one of my party: afterwards, one of my party threw down a mere, which was fetched by one of theirs. After this, all the believing natives met together at the evening service, at which Archdeacon Brown and myself officiated, and afterwards shook hands all round. There was more speech-making next day, and a general friendly intercourse. My people, before the beginning of the speech-making, presented the Tauranga people with 1500 baskets of potatoes and kumeras (sweet potatoes). On Saturday the 12th the assembly broke up, and I returned home. This peace is worthy of note, as having for its occasion the making up of a quarrel in which the last known act of cannibalism was perpetrated in New Zealand by some heathen natives belonging to my district.

THE PANGWES ON THE UPPER GABOON, WEST AFRICA.

OUR readers are aware that our East-African Missionaries occupy a field of labour amongst the Wanika and Wakamba, a little to the south of the Equator. On the western coast, very nearly opposite to them, only a little more to the north, we find Missionaries belonging to the American Board of Missions. The river, on the banks of which their Stations have been formed, is called the Gaboon, a very grand and beautiful river, which opens into the Atlantic Ocean. Many rivers from the interior flow into it, and on their banks are to be found numerous villages of the natives. The country in the interior is quite level for the distance of 100 or 150 miles. Dense forests cover it, through which it is difficult to pass, the native paths being too narrow for a horse, or even for a man with a pack of any size. But beyond the distance we have mentioned the character of the country changes, becoming in the first instance hilly, and at last rising into magnificent mountains.

From these mountains tribe after tribe, urged forward, no doubt, by various disturbing causes in the interior, have moved down to the

* *Vide* Frontispiece.

sea-shore, and there, under the evil influence of the slave-trade, and the vices introduced amongst them by its agents, have gradually wasted away. The Divwas are said to have been the first occupants: of that tribe one man only is now left. The Mpongwes next came down from the head waters of the river, gradually diminishing in number as they approached the sea. A fierce, wild, powerful, and numerous tribe, called the Shikanis, followed. The same blight came upon them, and their strength and numbers gradually decreased, until the Bakēlēs, overpowering their miserable remnant, became the principal occupants of the Gaboon River. Within the last ten years a new tribe, the Pangwes, to the number of 5000, have descended from the mountains, and taken possession of the upper parts of the river, driving down the other tribes before them.

Two of the American Missionaries proceeded to visit this people in September last. Leaving the broad bosom of the Gaboon, they began to ascend the Olombo Mpolu, the largest of the two rivers which, by their union, form the Gaboon, and which flows from the east. Proceeding about fourteen miles up the river, they came to a Bakēlē town, where they stopped to procure an interpreter who could speak Pangwe. We now merge into the narrative of the Missionaries.*

The women, when they found that the young man was going with us, set up a great clamour to prevent it, saying that the Pangwes did not want to see white men, and would kill us all. But the interpreter put on a red coat—procured, I suppose, from the English—and, taking a sword, went with us, saying, with a courage that was truly ludicrous, “If I die, then I will die.”

As we proceeded on our way, we passed two other Bakēlē towns, within about a mile of the one where we stopped last. Then, sailing through a wild region for some twenty miles or more, and passing a place which, we were told, the elephants had destroyed by breaking down the houses and driving away the people, we came to where the bush spanned the stream. We had gone some distance in fresh water; but the tide, as we were ascending the stream, was in our favour all the way, and it was now past noon. Our boys had been rowing vigorously at least six hours, and, as our boat sails finely, and the tide was quite strong, we thought it must be as much as 35 or 36 miles.

After landing, we endeavoured to find a Pangwe town. We soon came to a headman, with a native axe in his hand. He returned our salutations, and invited us to sit down beside him on a fallen tree. Several other men and one woman gathered around us, all uttering exclamations of wonder and admiration. As some came armed with spears and guns, the headman sent them away to leave their weapons, before he would let them approach us. We showed him some articles we had with us, as coin, pocket-knife, compass, &c.; but when a friction match was lighted he seemed frightened, and did not wish to see any thing else.

We wished to go to the town; but it was some distance off, the tide would soon ebb, and we were so far up that at low water our boat could not advance. The woman said, moreover, that we must not go, but stay

* Printed in the Boston “Missionary Herald” for March.

there, and they would call the people. As it was very warm, we concluded to return to our boat, where we could sit in the shade.

At length the people began to arrive, and soon there were nearly a hundred men, women, and children. We purchased a few things, and declared to them the words of eternal life. They listened with respectful attention, and when we left they were more quiet than the inhabitants at the Bakēlē towns usually are. We gained their full confidence, I think, and we were much pleased with their appearance. The men were very muscular and healthy, and all were uncontaminated by the vices introduced on the coast by unprincipled traders. How important that these people be met, as they come down, by the influences of the Gospel.

They are quite rude, wearing scarcely any clothing; but many of them paint their bodies with red wood, so as to give them a purple look. Nearly all wear ornaments of white beads, iron and ivory rings, &c. Their iron seems to be superior, and many of their implements are made with taste and skill equal to that of any people in the world.

While we were talking with the people, Dinbedambe, a Shikani who accompanied us, made a solemn covenant of friendship with the brother of the headman. They first chewed a kind of bush pepper; then scratched their hands so as to start the blood; then, having rubbed the places with the chewed pepper, they touched their hands together, so as to mingle their blood. "Now," they say, "if any persons belonging to either tribe go to the towns of the other, and are injured in any way, those who commit the wrong will die." None ever presume to break such a covenant.

Our readers will recollect the account given them in our last Number of the Bari, another tribe of Central Africans, on the banks of the White Nile. It is interesting to trace between them and the Pangwes some singular resemblance in habits and ornaments. The Bari paint their bodies with the red ochre of their mountain district: the Pangwes do the same with a red wood, which gives them a purple look. Both tribes wear ornaments of beads, and iron and ivory rings, and taste and skill are exhibited in the fabrication of the various implements found in their possession. It is probable that the causes of this similarity will be eventually found in some great centre of population lying far in the interior.

THE NATIVES OF AUSTRALIA.

THE figure which we here present is that of a native of Western Australia. In their manner of life, their weapons, and mode of hunting, the western tribes closely resemble other portions of the singular race which are scattered over this continent; but in form and appearance present a great superiority to the southern, being in general tall, robust, and muscular. They wear no clothes, and their bodies are marked by scars and wales. Their arms consist of stone-headed spears, which are mostly thrown by means of the throwing-stick, and then with great strength and precision. The spear, when thus used, is as effective a weapon as the bow and arrow, and is more useful to the native in poking out kangaroo rats and opossums from hollow trees, &c. They also use the boome-

rang, a most singular weapon, formed with a curve, and requiring great nicety in the formation; but which, when duly balanced, and thrown by an expert hand, after taking a circuit in the air of several hundred feet, will return to the precise spot from which it had been cast. Clubs and stone hatchets are also frequent. The hatchet is used to cut up the larger kinds of game, and to make holes in the trees which the native climbs.

An Australian native going to hunt is thus equipped: around the head a neatly wrought bandage or fillet is worn, which the native whitens with pipe clay, as a soldier does his belt; around his middle is wound, in many folds, a cord, spun from the fur opossum, which forms a warm, soft, elastic belt, of an inch in thickness. In this he makes sure his hatchet—which is so placed that the head rests exactly on the centre of his back, the thin short handle descending along the back-bone—his boomerang, and a short heavy stick to throw at smaller animals. In his hand he carries his throwing-stick and several spears of different kinds, fitted for war or the chase. Over all is flung a warm kangaroo-skin cloak.

Thus prepared, the father of the family walks first: behind him, at a respectful distance, the women follow. In each hand they bear a long thick stick, the point of which has been hardened in the fire; and in bags on their shoulders the infants are placed. But in these bags many other things are to be found—a flat stone for pounding roots, prepared cakes of gum for making and mending weapons, &c., kangaroo sinews to sew with, needles made of the shin-bones of kangaroos, the shell of a kind of mussel to cut hair, a piece of paper bark to carry water in, a kind of dry white fungus to kindle fire rapidly, and many other things. Each woman generally carries a lighted brand under her cloak and in her hand.

The native when hunting is very different from what he appears at other times: his heavy, listless eyes brighten up. Noiselessly, yet quickly, he moves along, his eye roving from side to side and marking every thing. Suddenly he stops, as if transfixed. His eyes alone move, as he brings his powers of sight and hearing to bear on the discovery of his game. His wives, when they see him in this posture, fall to the ground as if they had been shot. About a hundred yards from the native is seen a kangaroo, erect on its hind legs, and standing thus five or six feet high: its short forepaws hang by its side: its ears are pointed—it is listening. The native is in the same place: he does not move, and looks like a burnt tree. By degrees the kangaroo becomes re-assured, and begins to feed. The native now raises his arm, with his spear in its throwing-stick, and moves stealthily towards his prey. If the kangaroo looks up, he instantly stops, until at length, the opportunity being gained, the native transfixes it with his spear: then the women and children spring up, pursuing with shouts the wounded animal, which, placing itself against a tree, prepares to seize any which come within its reach, and dies there under repeated spear wounds.

But it is when he is about to attack a fellow-man, whether native

or European, whom he considers his enemy, that the native puts on his most ferocious aspect; and this is the moment in which he is presented in the engraving. Then, with hideous shouts and demoniac



looks, he prepares himself for the contest, crouching and jumping to his war-song, and using every imaginable gesture of defiance—spitting, springing with the spear, and throwing dust. With measured gestures and low jumps he sings his wild song, while his black countenance seems all eyes and teeth. Alas! what can be expected? The poor Australians live in such dread of malignant spirits, that they seldom venture from their encampment after dusk. Of God, who is love, they know nothing. Little, very little, has as yet been done for them in the way of Missionary effort, and that little has been of a discouraging character.

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CASTE YIELDING TO THE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

CASTE, one of the most peculiar and hurtful regulations of Hindu society, is yet supposed by the natives of India to be of divine

origin. It is very different from the gradation of rank which exists in Christian nations, and which promotes intercourse and mutual kindness. The caste of the Hindu *prevents* intercourse, and severs those bands of brotherhood which ought to unite man to his fellow-man. Originally amongst the Hindus four castes were recognised, each being supposed distinct in origin and diverse in nature. Caste is the same with the Hindu as species, and the different castes of men have natures, in his estimation, as unlike as the different castes of grain, or as different castes of animals.

Each caste is a community distinct by itself. Brahmins and Sudras are both men, the natives will tell you, but only as the horse and the ass are both animals. The various castes, therefore, may not intermarry, may not live in the same house, may not follow the same occupation. The principal castes are subdivided into numerous lesser ones, and thus disunion and uncharitableness are perpetuated. To such an extent is the separation carried, that individuals of diverse castes may not eat together. A man cannot eat food cooked by a person of lower caste, or served by him, or placed on a vessel he has touched.

It is gratifying to find, that in proportion as Christianity is acquiring influence in India it is breaking down the caste of the Hindu, just as we find it subduing and changing the war spirit of the New Zealander. An interesting proof of this occurs in the following extract of a letter from the Rev. G. Candy, the Corresponding Secretary of the Society at Bombay. It is dated Nasik.

At five o'clock on Thursday afternoon I accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Robertson to a native feast, or entertainment, which had been prepared in Brahminical style, in honour of my visit, by Appaji Bapuji, one of the Catechists, a Brahmin convert. As I was particularly pleased with it, as exhibiting the fruits of Christianity, I will endeavour to give a full account of it. On reaching Appaji's house, we found the guests assembled and the feast nearly served up, waiting for our arrival. The number of guests was about twenty, consisting of a variety of castes, grades, ages, and conditions. There were Europeans, Indo-Britons, Parsis, Brahmins, Kunbis (cultivators), Kumbhars (potters), Mhars (one of the lowest castes), &c., all sitting down in sweet brotherly union. A table and three chairs had been provided for Mr. and Mrs. Robertson and myself; but all the rest squatted on small pieces of board, or on the earthen floor. Before each guest was placed a large plantain leaf, on which the different viands were deposited: these were all alike to each guest, and were as follows—a large rice dumpling, with dāl sauce poured over it; a wheaten flat cake, prepared with molasses; a little bowl of vegetable curry, the bowl being made of a leaf; some eight or ten little heaps of vegetable condiments of different sorts, placed round the inner edge of the plantain leaf; and a little brass pot, or lota, of drinking water, placed by the side. When all was ready for setting to, the Rev. James Bunter asked a blessing in Marathi, and then, not knives and forks, but fingers, were in full exercise. There was a spoon placed for each of us three Europeans, but we all discarded it, enjoying *the fun of our fingers*. I may as well mention, that, though James Bunter has an



English name, he is a pure native—a low-caste man from the Madras side, but a most solid Christian. The feast rapidly disappeared before the hungry guests, whilst the attendants were most assiduous in renewing the supply. We three Europeans had dined a very short time before we came, and so could do little more than taste the different viands. I found them very palatable. One of the Parsis came in after we had begun, and there seemed a lack of a dish for him, so I made him sit down by me, and transferred my leaf to him. As we felt the room rather oppressive, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson and I left the rest to finish the repast, whilst we went through the back door into the Mission garden to get a little fresh air. When all had been cleared away, and the room swept, we returned to join in the social worship. Mr. Bunter gave out a hymn in Marathi, which was sung by all present. He then read John xiv., and offered up a prayer in Marathi, after which we dispersed.

The points which pleased me in Appaji's entertainment were these—  
 1. The thorough breaking down of caste: all were on a level. 2. The raising of females to their proper position: among the heathen they never eat with their male relatives, but are expected to be satisfied with their leavings. 3. The brotherly feeling between persons previously so estranged. 4. The order, cleanliness, and temperance manifested. 5. The general pleasure and happiness. 6. The full consciousness that the feast must be sanctified by the Word of God and prayer. 7. The spectacle exhibited to the heathen around us; for the entertainment was in the heart of the idolatrous city of Nasik.

I have omitted to mention, that, when we broke up, *pān sopāree* (betel-nut and leaf) were distributed—the universal signal of dismissal in India.



BHIKHÁRI, A HINDU, BAPTIZED AT BURSAD IN GUZURAT,  
 DECEMBER 21, 1851.

How often does it not happen that they who have but little opportunity, in their earnestness and unwearied diligence put to shame others who have much: and how grievous, if the greatness of our privileges leads us to set the less value on them! In the Hindu inquirer, whose narrative we now introduce into our pages, we have an instance of persevering search after truth which is well worthy of imitation. The account is taken from the "Bombay Guardian."

Bhikhári is a native of Hindustan, of the Gávli, or cow-keeper caste. In his early days he used to go with other children to see the Collector, an English gentleman, who treated the native children with great kindness, occasionally giving them mangoes, &c. This first introduction to the society of white men gave his youthful mind a favourable impression of the English, and made him desire to enter their service. His predilections were sufficiently marked to elicit the observation from his friends, "He will one day join these people, and become defiled."

At the age of about sixteen he went from Hindustan to the Nizam's country, to become a sipahi [sepoy] in one of the regiments. From thence he was sent to Puna, where he was enrolled in the 17th regt. N. I.

When the regiment was at Scinde, he was persuaded by his comrades to join the sect of the Rámánandis, and accordingly became a disciple. The gúru blew into his ear, tied a necklace on his neck, uttered a few

mantras, took a few rupees, instructed him to reverence his gúrú, and esteem his fellow disciples as dharam ká Bhái (brother by religion) above his brethren by blood.

Bhikhári was far from being a perfect disciple, for he positively refused to drink the water in which the gúrú had washed his feet, an office of discipleship which the initiated cheerfully fulfil.

When the regiment was at Kolapur, Bhikhári, who had often heard the sipahis talk about the church of the Europeans, and their mode of worship, affirming that there was an idol, and that incense was offered, went himself to the church on Sundays, with a desire to ascertain the truth of the report. At first he took his stand on the outside of the church, fearful lest he should, by going in, subject himself to the displeasure of the officers. He saw no idol nor incense, but, on the contrary, observed a reverential mode of worship. He was in some degree impressed, and came to the conclusion, that, like the Mussulmans, Europeans recognised *one God*. Further than this he had not advanced. His mind at this time became restless about his own religious state. He said to himself, "I have become a Rámánandi, have spent much money, have submitted to a gúrú; I have been to Benares, have bathed in the Ganges, have seen many of the famous gods of my country, and been to several places of pilgrimage; yet, what benefit have I received? I have seen nothing but *stones* in the temples, besmeared with paint, and with ghee and other things placed before them. I have as yet found no religious knowledge, nor have I any satisfaction."

In a state of mind like this, he went to one of his officers (European), and said, "I wish to embrace your religion." The officer told him to learn and understand, after which he might do so. He afterwards went to the commander of the regiment, and made the same statement. That officer referred him to the chaplain. That clergyman was unable to give him personal instruction, from ignorance of his language, yet encouraged and advised him.

In the meanwhile, the Hindu sipahis, apprised of his intention, commenced a series of efforts to dissuade him. They employed remonstrances, threats, insults, and, as far as they dared, violence. The peculiar facilities possessed by a regiment of sipahis of harassing and distressing any individual comrade who may be an object of displeasure, especially of religious displeasure, will suggest themselves to any one conversant with the native army. They said, "Become a Mussulman, but not a Christian. The Christian is the worst religion and the lowest caste. Why should you ruin yourself, and spoil the name of the regiment, by becoming a Christian?" Unhappily, the sipahis' ideas of Christianity are chiefly derived from the Portuguese. How unutterably grievous is it that the very name of Christian, whereby the Portuguese are called, is identical with all that is low and corrupt. It is not merely that the Portuguese are, so to speak, ceremonially unclean in the sight of the Hindus, but they are morally corrupt. Had they high moral and religious qualities, they would be able to overcome Hindu prejudices founded on their social habits. As it is, "a Christian" signifies, to the intelligence of the Hindus, one who worships the Virgin, who eats pork and drinks spirits, and wears a jacket and trousers. This is the ideal of a Christian with, at any rate, the sipahis. When will this reproach be removed? One of the more aged, and a superior officer

(native), taking off his turban, and showing his hoary head, said to Bhikhári, "Young man, see the hairs of my head: they are white from age. Listen to an old man, who is experienced. Do not become a Christian—do not ruin yourself—do not dishonour us." Bhikhári replied, "Give me any other advice than that: with that I cannot comply. I am resolved to become a Christian." Others would say, "When you are a Christian, the Sahibs, who at first are kind, will make you eat the refuse of the food, and then will cast you off with insult. You will be forced to eat with Dhéds and Bungias. None will give you water or fire: you must be mad to expose yourself to all this." A few Jews of the regiment now and then gave a word of encouragement. When remonstrances were unavailing, they tried other methods. They stole his goods from his house, even went so far as to defile his house; and once a stone was aimed at him at dusk, which struck him severely on the forehead. The colonel of the regiment at once, by severe measures, put a stop to this kind of treatment, and they were forced at length to content themselves with railings and mockings. . . .

The young man was afterwards baptized at Baroda by Mr. Clarkson,\* who writes—

All were deeply interested in the account given of the way in which the Lord God had led him among us. There were none present who did not thank God, and take courage. May our dear brother be enabled to walk consistently with his profession, and may the Lord give unto us many more such, to the glory of His name!

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LETTER FROM THE REV. H. BUDD, OF RUPERT'S LAND.

IN our Number for May 1851 we mentioned the ordination at the Red River, Rupert's Land, of our Indian brother, Henry Budd. We now present to our readers a letter which has been recently received from him. It will encourage us much to mark the deep sense of his own unworthiness, and the simple dependence on the promised help of Christ, in which he is going onward with his work. May many prayers be offered on his behalf, that, being "strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus," he may be enabled to "endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ!"

Christ's Church, Cumberland, Dec. 10, 1851.

I cannot deny myself the pleasure of writing you these few lines, though not without reluctance on my part, knowing my insufficiency to do so. I cannot feel satisfied without writing you a little, when I know that you will be glad to receive a few lines from me, to hear of my welfare, and of the progress of the work in which I am engaged.

My present situation as a minister of our beloved church, and of my being the first-fruits of your North-West-America Mission, lies heavy on my mind, because it is connected with great responsibilities. I cannot think upon it without feelings of wonder and surprise. Sometimes I am ready to shed tears, at the thought that I should be called to such

* The Rev. W. Clarkson, of the London Missionary Society.

work as this—poor, unworthy as I am, scarcely fit to do the meanest office in the church of God, much less to be honoured with the ministry of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This is enough to humble my soul. When I “look unto the rock whence I was hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence I was digged,” I cannot help but exclaim, “What hath God wrought!” I am aware that there are high expectations kindled in the breasts of my Christian friends in England, as well as in the minds of all Christians in this country, respecting my being useful to the one great cause. I pray that God who has brought me thus far to lead me safely on, and keep me from temptations and from dangers, until, by His grace, I reach His heavenly kingdom; and keep me from doing amiss in any way, by which the expectations of my friends will be disappointed, and the beloved Society brought to shame.

I am at present labouring at this Station alone. I am endeavouring, by God's grace, to be useful, and to do my utmost. Brother Hunter is gone to visit Red River, and expects to be back again in June next. I do feel my weakness and insufficiency for the performance of this most important work; but I have learnt by experience to know where my “great strength lieth.” I do not set about it in my own strength. I feel my own strength as perfect weakness; but I trust in Him who hath said, “My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness.”

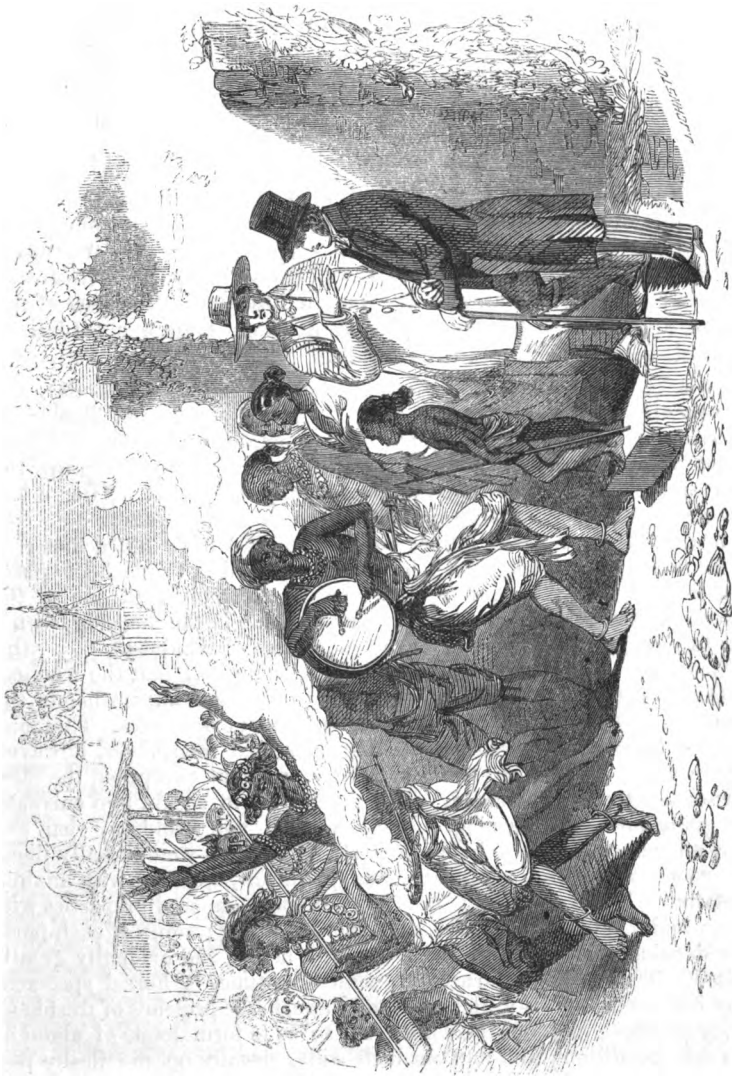
I am doing all the translations in Cree that I can do. The whole of my spare time is devoted to this work. I am now sending Mr. Hunter, by this mail, a sermon written in Cree, for his own use while at Red River; and a phrase-book in English and Cree, for the use of the Bishop, which I have done lately. But, my friends, when I am translating any portions of Scripture into my native language, I always feel that there is great responsibility connected with it. It would be well, therefore, that every portion of the Scriptures that is translated into Cree by me, or by any of my brethren, be properly inspected and closely examined by a body of men who know the language well, before it is sent to be printed. Happy shall I be, if, by the help of God, I am made the instrument in taking away the greatest obstacles and beating the path, by introducing the reading of the Holy Scriptures in the native language.

I have been greatly encouraged by the death of one of our Christian Indians, which took place lately. He was one of the young men trained up in this school, and was early in life brought to the knowledge of God's Word, and made to know his sinfulness and depravity. He died, manifesting the strength which Christ's own Word can give, He exhorted his friends, to the last hour, to follow the Lord closely, and spoke much of heaven, and said that he should soon be there. He died, sensible to the last, exhorting his friends, and encouraging them with his last breath. He fell asleep, I trust, in Jesus. I trust that his hopeful death has been blessed to many of us. But I must now conclude. Permit me to beg an interest in your earnest prayers for us. I in particular have much need of your prayers, that God may bless and own my feeble labours “to the praise of the glory of His grace.”

No. 6.]

[JUNE, 1852.

THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



SELF-TORTURE OF THE HINDUS - *Vide* pp. 62, 63.

A HINDU MELA.

WE have introduced into this Number an Engraving of a Hindu Mela scene, and now add, in explanation, an account descriptive of it by one of our Missionaries at Calcutta, the Rev. S. Hasell. When our readers have perused it, with all its sad accompaniments, they will be in a position to contrast it, in their own minds, with a happy assemblage of Christian natives meeting together in their village church on the Lord's-day, under the healthful, peaceful, sanctifying influences of a faithfully preached Gospel—the holy cheerfulness, the tranquil, serious aspect of the one, the wild excitement of the other, in the midst of which Satan reigns triumphant, and they have before them the very opposite results of which Christianity and heathenism are respectively productive. The mad idolater, frantic with the evil influence of the moment, forcing his way through the crowd, is a representative of the one; the subdued look of the Christian native listening attentively to the words of eternal life, the representative of the other. How thankful we should feel that the glorious Gospel is at work in India, supplanting idolatry in the convictions and affections of the natives, and that the time is approaching when Dagon shall fall to the earth before the ark of the Lord!

April 12, 1851—This week has been one of pujahs (festivals), and consequently we have had only about half our boys. On Thursday, and yesterday, and to-day, there has been an unceasing beating of drums almost night and day. These heathen festivals do more to deprave the mind of the rising generation than almost any thing else. After a few days thus spent, their minds appear to be like so many deserts.

During the three years I have been in India I have heard much of the far-famed Kali Ghât,* but I had never been able to reach the place on a festival day. Yesterday, however, in company with one of the General Assembly's Missionaries, I started at four in the morning, with a view to seeing for myself some of the enormities of Hinduism.

Those who are well acquainted with these things say that the whole of the Hindu festivals are becoming, year by year, of less importance in the estimation of the people, and less revolting in their ceremonies. This may be true: I hope it is. The sights that presented themselves, however, as we walked on towards the ghât, were, without exception, the most heart-sickening I ever beheld. There were, so to speak, two currents, one going and one returning. Men, women, and children, rich and poor, all seemed to take a lively interest. The roads were literally lined, and roofs of houses, verandahs, and platforms, crowded with anxious spectators. The stream going to the ghât was composed of parties with drums and cymbals, and here and there a gong; some of each party were dancing most wildly to the discordant music, and evidently greatly excited. The parties returning presented at times a horrid spectacle. They had danced down to the ghât, and there, in the presence of the blood-thirsty goddess, had had their flesh cut so as to form loops of about an inch and a-half long and half an inch wide, usually on the fleshy part of the upper arm; and into these they had introduced iron rods about the thickness of one's finger, and, in some cases, four or five feet long, and

* It is from Kali-Ghât that Calcutta derives its name.

leaving one end to rest upon the loop of flesh, they held the other in their other hand, and thus laughed and danced, covered with blood, as though greatly delighted. Others had their sides cut, and a coloured string drawn through each, and hanging like a festoon behind them. Others were carrying a kind of small fire-pan in front of them, supported partly by a chain round their necks, and partly by having an iron resting in the flesh on each side of their body. We walked on to the ghât, and saw the monster goddess, with crowds of her half-maddened worshippers reeking in their blood, and then returned, sickened at the sight. Such a picture of debased, degraded humanity I never before saw. Here truly Satan reigns: he leads the people willing captives. In one place we saw six men, all covered with blood, and sliding the iron rods up and down through their flesh, as they danced to amuse a crowd of women assembled in the verandah of a rich Babu's house.

Such scenes must be dreadfully degrading and brutalizing in their tendencies, to say no more; while at the same time they indicate what remains yet to be done, before "the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ." We were forcibly struck with the class of people thus torturing themselves: they were the lowest of all. Numbers of the higher classes were spectators, but, though tacitly sanctioning, were not willing to bear the torture of such brutal rites.

They argue, truly, a sense of one great principle, that "without shedding of blood there is no remission" of sin; but, while they make the believer weep, they are calculated to deaden every feeling of sympathy, and to harden the hearts of those who are accustomed to witness them.

We returned with humbled hearts, but with, I trust, our spirits stirred within us to strive more earnestly than ever at the throne of grace for the outpouring of the Spirit of truth upon these degraded sons of a debasing idolatrous system.

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#### NINGPO, AND OUR MISSIONARY PROSPECTS THERE.

WE are indebted to the Rev. R. H. Cobbold, who very soon will be returning to his station at Ningpo, for the following interesting paper—

Since my return to England from China, after a residence of three years and a half among the Chinese people at Ningpo, I have had many people ask me—"How do you get on? How many converts have you?" And when I have answered, "We get on very well: we have three whom we have baptized, and of whom we trust that they are sincere in their profession of Christianity;" some surprise has been shown that we had so few. "*Only three!*" said they: "*only three!*" and they seemed quite disheartened at the smallness of the result.

Now I wish to show, in this paper, the reasons why the Missionary work must be slow at first in China, and why we must not be discouraged if we have to wait many years, and toil many years, before we see what we see in parts of India—the net enclosing so many fishes that it breaks; that is, so many converts gathered in by the Missionary, that he really has not time fully to attend to them.

First of all, it must be remembered, that going to China will not convert the Chinese; trading with them will not convert them; showing them our superiority in war, and also in science, will not convert them:

we must place before their minds the truth of the Gospel, and this must be done, not in our own language, which we can turn and twist as a child twists a rush or osier twig, but in that most strange Chinese tongue, which has sounds altogether differing from our own; and which has such nice distinctions of sound, that you might live among the people many years and never find them out or learn them. And it must be remembered, also, that we have to speak about things very strange to the people. We bring "strange things to their ears;" and many of the very words we use are not understood in the meaning we wish to give them: it is only after hearing us some time, that they will know our meaning fully.

But as we cannot hope to speak to all the people, it may be thought that we can give them books to read, and so they will be able soon to have the knowledge of the Gospel diffused among them. This, of course, we wish to do, for we know in Europe what a blessing printing and the circulation of the Scriptures and religious books proved, and we might hope the same results would follow in China; but first think of the difficulty of writing these books: who are to do it? The Chinese cannot, for they do not know our doctrine; and we cannot, because we do not know their language. And as it is even more difficult to write in Chinese than to speak, therefore years pass away before it is accomplished; and afterwards, when we have done what we wanted—when, by the patient labour of the Missionaries, the written language is acquired, the Scriptures are translated, and Tracts written, and all are printed—then we have another difficulty: the written language is not only difficult for *us* to learn to read, but also difficult for the masses of the people themselves. Boys are at school four or five years before they can understand a single word of what they read: they only say their lessons like a parrot, without knowing a word of the meaning of what they utter. And if we go to the labouring-men, or the apprentices, or the artisans, or the small shopkeepers, we find that even a simple book of their own is not very intelligible, much less is one which treats of such strange subjects as ours: they can indeed read the words, but they do not understand the meaning. This difficulty of the *people* not being able to *read* seems greater than that of the *Missionary* not being able to *write*. Why is this? Because the Missionary might preach the Gospel, and be the means of converting some scholar, and then this Christian scholar would write books, and explain our doctrine; but if he did so, the people, not being able to understand the book, would not know what he had written. This difficulty seemed so great, that several Missionaries have made the attempt to write Chinese sounds with our letters. For instance, the Chinese have a sound "sing," which means the heart; and instead of writing this in their own strange way, we would write it just as we do—s, i, n, g, "sing." This has been tried at Amoy, and succeeded very well: the women have soon learnt to read. It has also been tried at Ningpo, and succeeded very well: a boy who had learnt this method wrote me a very good letter after about three months; and most of the little girls in Miss Aldersey's nice Christian school, and the women of her household, as well as our servants and schoolboys, can read in it; and we hope that the people, seeing how much easier this is than their own plan of writing, may be induced to adopt it.

But I have said quite enough about the language. Now let me tell you



something of another difficulty, that is likely to make our work at present very slow: it is, the policy of the Chinese Government. For many centuries the Emperor of China would allow no one to come to his kingdom unless they came as tributaries—brought him, that is, a present, and paid homage to him; and it was only ten years ago, after a war which cost the Chinese and us much money and much life, that permission was given to trade. After the war, things seemed to be going on fairly well: the Emperor did not seem so much opposed to Europeans as he used to be, and the mandarins and rich men did not mind sometimes associating with us. But now there is a great alteration: the old Emperor is dead, and his son has ascended the throne. He seems to dislike foreigners very much, and does not wish his officers to have any thing to do with us; and the rich people are afraid, if they come and see us, or have any dealings with us, that some spies will tell of them, and they will be pounced upon by the greedy mandarins, as the poor little dove is pounced upon by the hawk, stripped of its feathers, and eaten up. I could give several instances of this hostile spirit, but I will be content with one.

The Lieutenant-Governor of the Chinese province of Fokien was an enlightened statesman. He saw that his own countrymen were behaving in a most foolish manner in not learning more from foreigners; so he had much intercourse with Dr. Abeel, an American Missionary, and with other foreigners; learnt much of geography, history, politics, and religion from them; and he then wrote a book, quite a large work, of six volumes, giving an account of the position of other countries, their people, their produce, their trade, their religion, their history, their manners and customs: this book is perhaps the most valuable in the Chinese language, as it gives the true description of those things of which the Chinese before were totally ignorant. Such a book as this, if it had been written in England, would have gained for the writer great honour, and very likely promotion; but how was it in this case? Instead of honouring, the Emperor has degraded him: he considers such men as traitors to their own country, because they speak well of foreigners, and desire to be on good terms with them. While this state of things lasts, it will be very difficult to gain access to the rich men, or the officers of Government.

But there are other difficulties and hinderances to the work at its commencement, which we shall mention in another paper.

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THE KUTCHIN INDIANS.

IN North-West America are to be found the remnants of various nations, once powerful, but now reduced to a few thousands. Amongst the Crees and the Sauteaux, or Ojibways, two fragments of a powerful Indian nation which once possessed the entire area of what is now the United States, as far as South Carolina, the leaven of the Gospel has been introduced, and amongst the Crees in particular our Missionaries are labouring with much encouragement. The most northern Station is that of Lac-la-Ronge, where Mr. Hunt is located; and it is a pleasing fact that all the Indians in the district under his care, called the English-River District, are professing Christians. But further to the north are races for whom, as yet, nothing has been done.

A man and woman of one of these nations are represented in our Engraving. They are called Kutchin, or Loucheux. They occupy



the north-west corner of America, to the west of the great river Mackenzie, having on the south, interposed between them and the Crees, amongst whom our Missionary Stations are to be found, the nation of the Chippeways, who are quite distinct from the Ojibways or Sauteaux, and not to be confounded with them.

The Kutchin Indians frequent the Peel's-River Fort belonging to the Hudson's-Bay Company, not far from the confluence of that river with the Mackenzie. They are described, by the fur-traders who have had intercourse with them in those remote regions, as "an athletic and fine-looking race, considerably above the average stature, most of them being upwards of six feet high, and remarkably well-proportioned. They have black hair, fine sparkling eyes, moderately high cheek bones, regular and well set teeth, and a fair complexion. Their countenances are handsome and pleasing, and capable of great expression. They perforate the septum of the

nose, in which they insert two shells joined together, and tipped with a coloured bead at each end."

The outer dress or smock of the Kutchin is made of fawn reindeer skin, dressed with the hair on. Its edges are decorated with fancy beads and small leathern tassels, wound round with dyed porcupine quills, while on the shoulders and across the breast a broad band of beads is worn. A pair of deer-skin pantaloons, the shoes being either of the same piece or sewed to them, complete the costume. These also have their adornments. Along the seam of the trousers, from the ankle to the hip, runs a stripe of beads, two inches broad, consisting of red and white squares placed alternately, while similar bands encircle the ankles. Besides, the wealthier Kutchin load themselves with an immense quantity of beads on the breast and shoulders, strung in every variety of form, head-bands being also worn, formed of the same materials, having intermingled with them shells of the same description with those which are worn in the nose and ears. Their mode of arranging their hair is curious. A band of beads and shells confines it at the root. On escaping from this confinement the hair flows loosely down, and is loaded with grease, shells, and tail-feathers of the eagle or fishing hawk, until it becomes as thick as the neck. They pride themselves as much in this heavy and uncleanly appendage as the Chinese do in their cues. But besides these ornaments, to complete the elegance of their appearance, like the generality of the Indian tribes they paint their faces on all grand occasions, the women using a black pigment, and the men red and black paints; for the more ready application of which they carry red clay and black-lead in a small leather bag suspended round the neck. A circle of black is formed round the eyes; along the middle of the nose is to be seen a stripe of the same material; a blotch is placed on the upper part of either cheek, the forehead being crossed by many narrow red stripes, and the chin is streaked alternately with red and black. The men are armed with a bow, the quiver of arrows hanging on the left side. They have also a knife and dagger, and either spears or guns, which have been recently introduced amongst them.

In winter the women are laboriously occupied. They have to collect fire-wood, help the dogs to draw the sledges, and perform all domestic duties except cooking, which is done by the men. In summer they have little to do except drying fish or meat for preservation, and on the whole appear to be much better treated than amongst the Indian tribes southward. The men paddle the canoes, the women sitting as passengers, and husbands will even carry their wives to the shore, that they may not wet their feet. Their mode of carrying their infants differs from that of the Crees or Eskimos. The latter carry them in their hoods or boots; the former in a bag stuffed with moss. The seat on which the Kutchin child sits is not unlike a Spanish side-saddle. It is a seat of birch bark, with a pommel in front, which goes between the child's legs, and prevents it

falling out. This singular cradle is slung on the mother's back by a strap which crosses her shoulders. Like the Chinese, they bandage the children's feet to prevent them growing, and thus the feet of both men and women have a clubbish and unshapely look.

There are other points connected with this people, which, with one exception, our want of space precludes our touching upon. Their leading religious thought is a dread of evil spirits, whom, through their shamans, or sorcerers, they endeavour to propitiate. These persons are alone supposed to be capable of communicating with the unseen world, and, in consequence of the awe with which they are regarded, they have great authority. Like the evil spirits with whom they are supposed to have intercourse, these impostors are evil in their character, and exercise a pernicious influence on the tribe.

Here, then, we have another section of the human family whom the Gospel has not yet reached. Let our readers remember how many races we have already set before them in similar circumstances, and how many remain whom we have yet to mention; and then let them remember how far we are yet from having fulfilled the Saviour's command, "Preach the Gospel to every creature."

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LETTER TO THE COMMITTEE FROM THE BEREAVED FLOCK  
OF THE LATE REV. J. J. WEITBRECHT.

WE have to acquaint our readers with the death of one of our most devoted and experienced Indian Missionaries, one who had been labouring amongst the Bengalis for twenty years, and whose intimate acquaintance with their language gave him ready access to their understanding and their hearts. The Missionary we allude to is the Rev. J. J. Weitbrecht. He now no longer labours with us: he "rests from his labours." He had finished the measure of his work, and he has been removed. And yet this has been at the very moment when there were opening before him new and large prospects of usefulness, and when it seemed as if we could least spare him. He had observed the willingness of the Hindus to hear and receive instruction, which is so remarkable at the present moment; and he had resolved to take advantage of it by itinerating amongst them, from village to village and town to town, sowing the seed of the everlasting Gospel. But the Lord's ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts. The work is His own, and He will carry it on in His own way. And lest we should forget this, and begin to depend on the instrument more, and lean on Him less, He not unfrequently lays aside the strong instrument, and takes up that which is weak and apparently unfitted in its stead: yet His work goes on. He sends such dispensations, therefore, in love to us, to keep us in that state of due dependence on Him, without which we are not meet to be employed in it, and also in love to His faithful servants, whom the Lord does not wish should be always enduring the heat and burden of the day. It is, moreover, in the death of Missionaries that He calls forth new labourers to the

field: such a dispensation as this often calls so powerfully on the consciences of men, that they can no longer delay or hesitate, but are constrained to come forward and offer themselves for the work.

Mr. Weitbrecht, having just returned from a Missionary tour, had gone up to Calcutta to attend the Missionary Conference. On the Wednesday evening he had preached to the assembled brethren, selecting for his text the words, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." On the Sunday evening he preached again in one of the Calcutta churches, and on his return to the Mission-house was attacked with cholera. Medical aid was immediately called in, and every means that human skill could suggest was perseveringly applied to stay the progress of the fatal malady, but in vain; and at four o'clock the next morning our dear brother sank to rest. It was indeed a falling asleep in Jesus. He had been sustained throughout the whole period in blessed peacefulness. When asked, "Is Jesus near you?" his uniform reply was, "Yes, very near, and very precious."

The following letter from his deeply-sorrowing Hindu flock at Burdwan to the Committee will be read with interest.

*Burdwan Mission, March 10, 1852.*

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS—With deep regret and unspeakable sorrow we now announce the death of our faithful, honourable, and beloved minister and friend, Mr. Weitbrecht, who forsook his sweet native country, dear relatives, and kind friends, and spent many years amongst us, in order to preach the blessed Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in this benighted heathen land of ours. He, in order to hold a Missionary Conference in Calcutta, left us in a strong, lively, and healthy frame of body, sincerely hoping to return within a few days; and we ourselves hoped so too, for we never expected or thought he would leave us for the next world so soon. But, alas! a few days after, we heard, to our great grief and surprise, that he had slept in his dear Saviour Christ, whom he loved so much in this life. Ah, dear friends! you cannot, we think, conceive what deep sorrow and heartrending anguish we felt when this melancholy and mournful intelligence reached us. There was a general weeping and a long lamentation in the whole Christian village for this kind, generous, and sympathizing pastor and friend. It has, indeed, been well for him that he has gone to his beloved Saviour, for he is now in perfect joy and happiness. But it is a great loss to us, who will scarcely, or perhaps never, get another such kind and feeling master and minister as Mr. Weitbrecht was; for having continued with him, some seventeen years, some twelve years, and others eight or nine years, we can all well testify his Christian character. Though we repeatedly offended and grieved him by our misbehaviour, he never reprovved or punished us but with paternal affection and love. He behaved so properly towards every person, that we gave him among ourselves the name of physiognomist, or knower of characters.

What shall we say about his love to his fellow-creatures? If any were taken ill at any time, he would kindly carry him medicine, against all difficulties and inconveniences. Oh, how often did we see him go in

the rain, under the burning sun, and at twelve in the night, to administer physic to the sick folk! When any one fell into any distress or misery, he assisted him in his usual kindness and benevolence.

As to his manner of preaching, and his conduct as a Christian pastor, we cannot describe them in words. The words he used in his discourses would strike and pierce into the hearts of hearers like a winged arrow. This we all know from our personal experience, and shall never forget. God grant, in His infinite mercy and ineffable bounty, that we may receive another such qualified and worthy pastor to take care of His tender flock.

His humility during the past two years filled every body with wonder. We frequently said to one another, "Our Sahib has now humbled himself to the dust: nothing fierce can now be seen in him. Ah! this is truly the character of a really converted and renewed soul."

When we look at the poor orphan children we feel very sorry. Who will so kindly support them as he did? Many of them say, with a hearty sob, "Why did not two or three of us die instead of our dear benefactor, who, if he remained alive, would tenderly beg and raise subscriptions for our maintenance? Still, God has mercifully left us a patroness and friend in Mrs. Weitbrecht, who is also very kind and affectionate, and she will surely do much good to the Mission."

Besides, the heathen that dwell around us are also shedding tears for our late pastor's kind treatment and love, because, when they were unjustly oppressed by police people, Mr. Weitbrecht would, notwithstanding they are idolaters, deliver them from their distress by threatening the annoyers. Thus they were so much attached to him.

He preached this year to the heathen as diligently and as zealously as ever. He went through jungles, towns, and villages, carrying the healing balm to the sick and dead in sin and trespasses. When discoursing, either with the Hindus or Mahommedans, he frequently took this passage for his subject, viz. "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord"—Luke iv. 18, 19—and told them that, if they were not prepared and sanctified before death, they should never enter into heaven.

On Sunday evening, the 29th of February, he delivered a beautiful sermon to a vast congregation in Calcutta. His text was almost the last verse of the last chapter of the Book of the Revelation, namely, "Surely I come quickly; Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus." Rev. xxii. 20. After returning home he was taken with cholera morbus, and, in spite of all cares, troubles, prayers, and tears on the part of his beloved wife and other kind friends, he was summoned away, after an illness of ten hours, by his ever-faithful and blessed Lord Jesus Christ, to live and reign with Him for eternity.

Thus you see, dear friends, that till his death our valuable minister continued faithful to Him who shed His precious blood for him on the cross. Now, let us conclude by warmly requesting you all to assist us, who are in every way helpless and miserable, with your incessant prayers to Him who is the Giver of every good and perfect gift, and who is

really able to heal the wound He has made, to favour us with a kind, worthy, and bounteous pastor, such as we have just lost, according to His wise and holy will.

With best regards and most sincere wishes for your welfare, both in this world and in the next,

We remain, your's truly,

PHILIP CHUNDER DOSS, Teacher; ELIJAH MUNDUL, Teacher; NUDIA CHUND DOSS, Catechist; PRAN KISTO, Sircar, Catechist; BOISTOM DOSS, ditto; ABRAHAM RUXY, Teacher; GONESH CHUNDROO, Teacher; BOYCONTOO CHUNDRO, Reader; THOMAS CHRISTIAN, Reader; WILLIAM BUCKEY, Teacher; TIMOTHY CHRISTIAN, Teacher.

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THE LATE CAPTAIN ALLEN F. GARDINER, R.N.

THAT remarkable instance of Missionary devotedness which we have just heard of—the death by starvation of Captain Allen F. Gardiner and his noble associates on the inhospitable shores of Patagonia—will not, we trust, be without its proper influence on the Church at home. They have been blamed for want of judgment in their undertaking, and unnecessary exposure of themselves to the sufferings which befel them. But they may, perhaps, be pardoned if they erred in this extreme, when we recollect how opposite it is to the spirit of the age, the tendency of which is quite in the reverse direction. The verse of the Psalmist—“For while he lived, he counted himself an happy man; and so long as thou doest well unto thyself men will speak good of thee”—appears to describe the prevailing temper; and in such circumstances, a striking and powerful example in the opposite direction is necessary to correct this spirit of self-indulgence, and shame men out of it. Whether, we would ask, of the two is the preferable extreme—to be so interested about others as to forget oneself, or to be so wrapped up in self as to be utterly negligent of others? We do not mean to say that these good men were negligent of themselves as to that which is of first consequence—the safety of their souls. For this they had provided: nor can we say that due forethought had not been exercised by them for the supply of their temporal necessities. Arrangements appear to have been made, but the supplies which they expected did not reach them. Extreme suffering, destitution, and wasting away of physical strength, were the necessary consequences; yet there was no want of heavenly support and consolation. Their souls appear to have been “satisfied as with marrow and fatness;” so that, in the midst of the most trying circumstances in which man could be placed, they were enabled to praise God “with joyful lips.” How touching the inscription on the rock at the entrance of the cavern in which the body of Mr. Maidment, the Catechist, was found: it was this—Ps. lxii. 5—8. We recommend our friends to open their Bibles and read that passage, so admirably does it express the holy principles of these devoted men, and the hope on

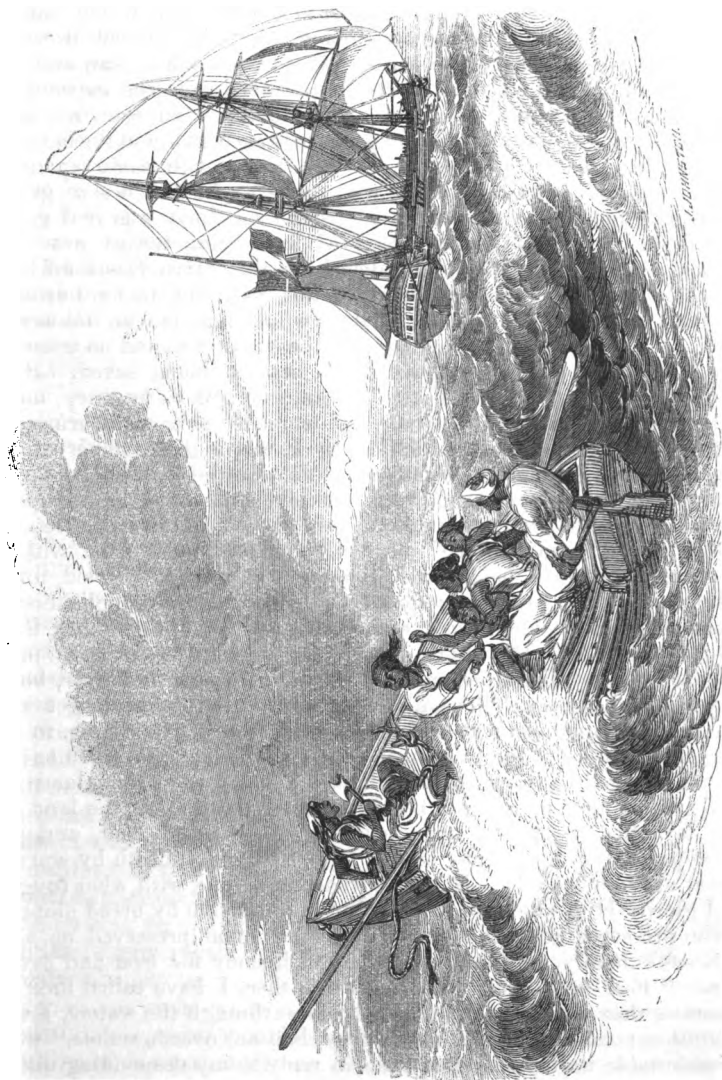
which they rested. And it did not fail them: it sustained them to the last. Read Captain Gardiner's own words, written in his Journal two or three days before his death.

Sept. 3, 1851—Mr. Maidment was so exhausted yesterday that he did not rise from his bed until noon, and I have not seen him since: consequently I tasted nothing yesterday. I cannot leave the place where I am, and know not whether he is in the body, or enjoying the presence of the gracious God whom he has served so faithfully. I am writing this at ten o'clock in the forenoon. Blessed be my heavenly Father for the many mercies I enjoy—a comfortable bed, no pain, or even cravings of hunger, though excessively weak, scarcely able to turn in my bed, at least it is a very great exertion; but I am, by His abounding grace, kept in perfect peace, refreshed with a sense of my Saviour's love, and an assurance that all is wisely and mercifully appointed, and pray that I may receive the full blessing which it is doubtless designed to bestow. My care is all cast upon God, and I am only waiting His time and His good pleasure to dispose of me as He shall seem fit. Whether I live or die, may it be in Him! I commend my body and my soul to His care and keeping, and earnestly pray that He will take my dear wife and children under the shadow of His wings, comfort, guard, strengthen, and sanctify them wholly, that we may together, in a brighter and eternal world, praise and adore His goodness and grace in redeeming us with His precious blood, and plucking us as brands from the burning, to bestow upon us the adoption of children, and make us inheritors of His heavenly kingdom. Amen.

How many a dying man, amidst the comforts of home, and surrounded by anxious friends and skilful medical attendance, might well be contented to be transferred to the outward circumstances of Captain Gardiner, if with these also he might have his inward peace and hope! And how many a healthy man might well long to catch something of that spirit of self-sacrifice and intense compassion for perishing souls by which he was animated! Had it been known that he and his companions were in danger of perishing for want of food, timely efforts would have been made for their relief. There is no want of enterprise in undertakings of this kind. Witness the exertions made for the liberation of the imprisoned Franklin and his crew, if, indeed, they be yet living. Along the shores, and in the depths of the great continents of our world, there are millions perishing from a famine of the Word, and what numbers are there not who feel no compassion for them!

We doubt not that the death of Gardiner may prove in many instances the kindling up of the genuine Missionary spirit where it is now smothered and kept down; that it may serve as a corrective to the calculating and self-indulgent spirit of the age; and that many may be ashamed to do nothing while others have been willing to endure so much. Let us pray that such effects may be produced, and then the deaths on the Patagonian shore will be as living seed bearing much fruit.

THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



PERILOUS POSITION OF A NATIVE CATECHIST IN THE ARABIAN SEA.— *Vide p. 74.*

DELIVERANCE FROM DANGER.

OUR Engraving represents the perilous position in which our Parsi Catechist at Bombay, Sorabji Carsetji, with some others, was lately placed, and from which they were mercifully delivered. His account of it is as follows—

Having been ordered by the Corresponding Committee to accompany the Rev. C. W. Isenberg in his Missionary tour down the coast, accordingly I embarked on the 17th of December in a small boat, which was to be tied to a French barque sailing for Cochin, and to land me at Mangalore. It was a great mistake to suppose that such a small boat, tied to a barque sailing through all hazards in deep waters, would be expedient. However, as the weather was calm, we entertained no fears for our safety. On the night of the 21st a strong eastern gale began, and the barque having all her sails set, she pulled our boat along with such rapidity, that her hindmost part was filled with water. As the breeze grew yet stronger, one of the side ropes by which our boat was tied gave way, and she was providentially preserved from being turned over by the other. Our yemdel, being frightened by this disaster, cut off the other side's rope also; and the result of this was, that we were driven away by the gale, which continued for three whole days, into an unknown deep.* Our water and food now began to be exhausted, and no trace of land yet having appeared, we gave up all hopes of being saved. But this was not enough for my trials. Satan, our great adversary, now began to dart his poisonous weapons, and tempt me to despair, bringing into my mind such thoughts as these—that I was a great sinner—that no mercy would be shown to me from the Lord—that I must have committed in my lifetime some such wicked action as to entail upon my head the curse written in Matt. xvii. 6, &c. However, blessed be God! "a still small voice" now and then responded from within my heart, "Get thee behind me, Satan." I prayed, I cried unto the Lord, and He graciously heard the voice of my supplications. I opened my Bible after these temptations, and the first thing that caught my eye was Ps. cxxx. Oh, how welcome were these precious words to my distracted mind! I read them over and over, both to myself and to my fellow-sufferers,† and I can never forget the peace of mind and comfort which I derived from them. Now, to go on with my account of the Christmas-day—oh, the happy Christmas!—the wind changed its course, and we hoped to get toward some land by the evening or next morning. But in vain we hoped to see the land so soon: day after day passed away without any water or food, and yet there appeared no sign of any land. Now we thought death by starvation was our inevitable lot. But with what mouth and with what tongue shall I glorify Him who hath said, "Man shall not live by bread alone!" He who preserved us from an immediate destruction, preserved us also in this our calamity, to whom be glory and honour for ever and ever! Amen. "Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee," were the comfortable words that often came in reply to my desponding mind. Prayers were the only means of keeping up my spirit, and the spirits of

* The cutting the rope was probably, under God, the saving of the party, as otherwise the boat must have capsized almost immediately.—Ed.

† These were, Timothy, our bookbinder, and his wife, with two little children.

those that were with me in these fiery trials. Pray without ceasing—pray fervently—Elias was a man of like passions—Jacob wrestled with God in prayer, and obtained an eternal blessing, &c.—were the sweet words now and then spoken, as it were, in my ears. Now, let the greatest atheist that ever lived on earth be with us in the boat, and he could not attribute this mighty deliverance to any thing else than an immediate interference of our Heavenly Father. Now what shall I say of this mighty deliverance? I am at a loss how to express my gratitude to Him who wrought this salvation for me, a poor miserable sinner. Shall we not “praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men? . . . For He commanded, and raised the stormy wind, which lifted up the waves thereof. We mounted up to the heaven, we went down again to the depths: our soul was melted because of trouble. We reeled to and fro, and staggered like a drunken man, and were at our wit’s end. Then we cried unto the Lord in our trouble, and He brought us out of our distresses.” We were altogether seventeen days in the sea; and the new-year’s gift which was presented to us by our Heavenly Father was our restoration to the land. May this unspeakable mercy which has been shown to us ever make us to live henceforth for His service and glory!

Such is a picture of life. We launch forth to cross its uncertain waters, clinging to earthly friends. But the ties by which we are bound to them are often broken, and we are left alone in our helplessness, and in the midst of difficulty and danger. It is well, if, under a sense of our own sinfulness and weakness, we are brought to turn to God for help, and cry to Him for mercy. “Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon Thee: Thou saidst, Fear not.”

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GAURI SHANKAR.

THE following account, by our Missionary the Rev. C. B. Leupolt, of a young Brahmin convert at Benares, will be read with much interest. It sets forth very clearly how difficult it is in India to escape from the prison-house of Hindu idolatry; how much of divine grace is needed to act according to the Saviour’s words—“He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me.” And yet, costly as it be, it is a sacrifice which man does not hesitate to make when once aware of the preciousness of Jesus. What fervent prayers should we not offer up on behalf of all who are convinced in conscience, that they may have strength given according to their need, and so may be enabled to say, “Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken, and we are escaped.”

A young Brahmin came from Jay Náráyan’s,\* and desired me to receive him as a candidate for baptism. He stated that he was an orphan, had heard us preach in the city, and wished to become a Christian; “because,” he continued, “I cannot remain a Hindu; for what are my gods? wood and stone! and my incarnations? the first four are beasts,

\* A large free school in the city, under the charge of the Missionaries.

the next a deceiver, the rest destroyers, and the worst of all is Krishna.\* But Christ is the Saviour of men, for He died for them." I said he might stay, but told him to take care not to destroy his caste, seeing he was but a boy as yet. He replied, "Your warning comes too late: I have cut my Brahminical string and lock of hair, and eaten with the Christians, and thereby put a permanent dye on my blanket"—*i. e.* destroyed my caste.

The day after, his friends came in search of him. I allowed them to see him, but would not allow the people to take him away by force; and when they had left, the boy threw himself at my feet, and begged of me not to send him away by force. I promised that, but the poor boy had to go through severe trials.

A few days after, two chaprasies (policemen) brought a note from the tháná (police-station), ordering me to send the boy there forthwith. Having my misgivings, I sent Mr. Broadway with him; and when he came out of the compound he found about forty persons ready to seize the boy. Mr. Broadway went on, and, meeting the thánádar (keeper of the tháná) himself, he found the order to be untrue. The thánádar merely came to deliver a message from the hákim (superior officer); and, unfolding a paper, he said, "I am ordered by the Assistant-Magistrate to tell you not to make the boy Gaurí Shankar a Christian." Meanwhile the people outside had come in, and urged the thánádar to take away the boy; but he again unfolded his paper, and said, "It is not so written here." The case was clear. Had we sent the boy with the chaprasies they would have received a beating, besides something else,† and given up the boy. It reminded me of Acts xxiii. 12—22.

Next day the boy's grandmother, aunt, and mother-in-law came. They wept bitterly, threw themselves at his feet, and knocked their heads on the ground: it was a heartrending sight. Next came his old grandfather, nearly a hundred years old. A bitter, bitter enemy of Christ, excessively proud and violent, he argued with the boy, flattered, scolded, cursed in turns. At last he flew into a passion, and said, "You good-for-nothing young scoundrel, I thought you would one day burn my poor old bones, instead of which you play me the trick of becoming a Christian." "Grandfather," the boy replied, "do not get angry: become a Christian too, and we can remain together."

About this time the excitement in the city ran very high. True, the boy belonged to a high caste of Brahmins; but still his father, he told us, was but a poor man. Yet high and low were in a ferment, and every means was used to ensnare the boy and to entice him away. The boy, however, stood his ground nobly; and when I saw his old grandfather at his feet, heard his aunt and mother-in-law wailing, heard the old man curse and flatter by turns, yet heard the boy again and again say, "Do not persuade me; I cannot remain a Hindu; I wish to become a Christian, for Christ died for me;" I was involuntarily reminded of Luther at Worms—"Here I stand: I cannot do otherwise. May God help me! Amen."

When his friends found that persuasion was unavailing, they resorted to legal measures. Gaurí Shankar was summoned before the Joint-Magistrate. The boy went, gave a clear statement of what had induced

\* The eighth incarnation of Vishnu, one of the Hindu gods.

† Mr. Leupolt here refers to the universal practice of native bribery. The beating would have been a sham one.

him to entertain the wish of becoming a Christian, and begged of the Magistrate not to send him back to his heathen friends. The case remained undecided. Meanwhile, we endeavoured to obtain copies of decisions of similar cases which had taken place at Madras and Calcutta. They arrived too late. The Joint-Magistrate, finding the boy to be under fourteen, and the law clear on that point, thought it is duty to make him over to his heathen relatives; under this condition, however, that the boy should be produced before him once every week at the kotwálí (chief police-station). When the papers had arrived, we resolved upon appealing to the Judge; and as the appeal must come from the boy, I requested the Joint-Magistrate to summon the boy to the Court. This was done, and I was permitted myself to put the question, whether he wished to stay with his grandfather or come to us. The boy's reply was decisive—"I wish to stay with my grandfather;" and we thought the question settled. When I left the Court some sixty people shouted, "Jay Vishnú! Jay Vishnú!"

The day following, who should make his appearance but Gaurí Shankar! He had escaped from his prison. He stated that about sixty persons had come with him to Court, to rescue him by force, should he be delivered over to me; and, fearing lest I might be injured, he had asserted that he wished to be with his grandfather. I told him I was sorry he had not told the truth.

The boy now appealed, stating that his grandfather was nearly a hundred years old, and therefore too old to take care of him, and also too poor to provide for him; but that he was old enough to take care of himself, and that he wished to become a Christian. The Judge, however, agreed with the Magistrate, that the boy, being a minor, should be delivered over to his relatives. We were sorry; but, remembering Rom. xiii., commended the boy to the grace of God, and, as to the future, looked up to Him who says, "Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth."

Two days after this, the old grandfather and grandmother came and told me the boy had again escaped. The old man's pride seemed to be broken. They both wept. I had a long conversation with the old people. If the old man was determined that his grandson should not become a Christian, the boy seemed equally determined to become one. I urged on the old man not to restrain the boy, but to allow him to read for the present at Jay Náráyan's; and the end of the interview was, that I was requested to keep the boy altogether.

About eight days after, the old man came again, evidently very ill. He stayed an hour with me. My prayer was, Lord, pluck this brand out of the fire! A few days after, I was obliged to go to Jaunpur, and just as I was stepping into the buggy (gig), the old man sent for me. What could I do? It was already late. He lived about three miles from my house, and I had no conveyance. I therefore left word with Mr. Broadway to go and see him, and went off. But I am sorry to add, Mr. Broadway was himself taken very ill, and on my return I found the old man had breathed his last the day he sent for me. I felt deeply grieved that it had been impossible for me to visit him, though I afterwards heard, that, on his wife's return, he was insensible. Thus the Lord decided the controversy. But my heart aches when I think of the poor old man. He had evidently the will to oppose Christ; but his arm was powerless.

Nearly one hundred years old, and yet an enemy to Christ! how awful! He bowed down, but I fear it was not from humility. What must his thoughts have been when he saw, on the throne of the Majesty on high, Him whom he persecuted here. He heard the gospel, and oh, may he have fled in his last moments for refuge unto Christ!

A short time ago I met the attorney, Shítal Prasád, who had pleaded in Court for Gauri Shankar's relatives. He asked after Gauri Shankar. I replied, "He is well, reading Sanskrit." "Well!" he said, "we opposed you and beat you." "True," replied my Catechist, "you did: you gained the victory over us here below, and we gained it over you above. The rulers of the earth decided for you, the God of heaven and earth decided for us: hence the boy is ours." "Very true," the lawyer replied, and rode off.

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POHIPOHI, OF MATAMATA.

MATAMATA is a New-Zealand village in the Middle District. Missionary work commenced here in 1839; but the savage disposition of the natives, and the breaking forth of war between them and some of the adjacent tribes, soon interrupted the proceedings of the Missionaries. The fearful scenes in which they found themselves at this period wrung their hearts with anguish; nor was their personal danger inconsiderable, as may be seen from the answer given by the old chief Waharoa, when one of them remonstrated with him on his wicked ways—"If you are angry with me for what we have been doing, I will kill and eat you and all the Missionaries."

Matamata is now an altered place. Cannibal practices are no longer known in New Zealand: disturbances amongst the natives are of rare occurrence, and are soon hushed to rest. In the general improvement Matamata has shared; and our Missionaries have been lately cheered by the anxiety of many aged people for Christian instruction and baptism. On Sunday, Jan. 21, 1849, Archdeacon Brown baptized forty-five adults, amongst whom were very many old women who had been for years under instruction; their knowledge of the great truths of the Gospel proving as well their own great diligence as the patient perseverance of the native teacher. In the Sunday-school which followed the service the Archdeacon selected an interesting class for instruction, that of ten old chiefs who were candidates for baptism.

The Archdeacon then returned to his own home at Tauranga, on the sea-shore, promising to return on a certain day for their baptism. But the old chiefs hearing subsequently that he was unwell, and fearing lest they might be disappointed, decided on making their way to him, although one amongst them—Pohipohi, the principal chief, a very aged man—had to be carried on a litter, by the young men of his tribe, a distance of more than twenty miles. Their examination and baptism were very interesting, especially when it was remembered that these men had been the leaders in the great southern war, which had occasioned such loss of life in New Zealand, and had lasted so many years. Pohipohi, alluding to his course at that period, struck his foot vehemently on the ground, and

said, "I thought then only of this earth: my thoughts are now fixed on an heavenly inheritance."

"How little," remarks Archdeacon Brown, "at that period of savage warfare, fearfully distinguished by murder and cannibalism, could the most sanguine of Missionaries have anticipated such a scene as we have been this day privileged to witness! Not unto us, but to the sovereign grace of God, be all the glory!" We give an engraving of Pohipohi, such as he was in those dark times.



The drawing from whence it has been taken was sketched many years ago by one of our Missionaries.

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**ABRAHAM, OF THE VILLAGE OF RATMEWELA, CEYLON.**

THE manner in which the leaven of the gospel spreads, laying hold first on one heart, establishing itself in the mind of one sinner, and thence extending itself to a few more, until by degrees the lump is leavened, and Christianity, with its hopeful, cheering aspect, and its happy influences and associations, is professed in what had been a dark heathen spot, is pleasingly illustrated in the following narra-

tive by the Rev. W. Oakley, our Missionary at Kandy, in Ceylon—

Ratmewela is a small village in the district of Yattenewere, and in the division called Kandy palata. It is about twelve miles from Kandy, to the north of the road leading from Kandy to Colombo, and three miles from the rest-house at the top of the Kaduganawe pass. The number of villages in the Kandy palata is twenty-eight, and the number of inhabitants (adults) about 3200. The people are all Kandians and Buddhists. The number of Buddhist temples in this district is fourteen, and the number of priests resident in them about thirty. The people, however, pay but little regard to the ceremonies of their religion, and, with the exception of occasional offerings at the commencement of the new year, and the beginning and close of harvest, they seldom visit their temples. Devil-worship, or the propitiation of evil spirits, is very prevalent, and is resorted to in every time of sickness, and in all their calamities. There are six devil-temples in the district, the services at which are most frequently performed on the Sunday evenings!

I became first acquainted with this district in the year 1837; when a person who had been for some time a prisoner in the Kandy jail expressed a wish to be received into the Christian church by baptism. This man's name was Rajapaxagedere Tikka. His village was Ratmewela. In consequence of some quarrel which had taken place between him and some of the people in his village, he was thrown into prison, and, while there, first heard of the Christian religion. He also received some tracts, and read them very carefully; and when he was released from the prison he came to speak with the late Rev. T. Browning and myself on the subject of the Christian religion, and expressed a wish to renounce Buddhism. His former character we knew had been very bad: he was not merely a heathen, and devil-worshipper, but also a devil-dancer, and one who took the lead in such ceremonies, and deeds of darkness.

On his liberation from the Kandy prison he returned to his village, taking with him some tracts and portions of Scripture; and, although living at a distance of nearly twelve miles from the town, he was seen in the Mission chapel every Sunday morning, listening most attentively to the different parts of the service, and evidently with a desire to learn the truth. He frequently brought with him his eldest son, a boy of about eleven or twelve years of age, whom he was carefully instructing in the truths which he had himself learned. He gave a strong proof of his sincerity, by bringing to me all his books connected with devil-worship, saying, "With these books I have for a long time deceived myself, and the people around me. I shall use them no more. God has shown me that I must give up all these things, and I now give them to you, lest my family should get hold of them, and be deceived by them."\* This bold step had nearly cost him his life. His friends, and particularly his two brothers, were greatly enraged with him for forsaking his old religion; and one of his brothers, when he knew that he intended bringing me his books, threatened to shoot him, and, I believe, actually procured a gun for that purpose. His life appeared at one time to be so much in danger, that I strongly recommended him to come and reside for a time in the town; but he preferred remaining with his family, and, with great

\* Acts xix. 19.



simplicity and earnestness, declared his willingness to submit to whatever God should be pleased to appoint.

Persecutions, however, continued, and they were often very severe, but, by the grace of God, he was enabled to hold on his way; and as I had every reason to be satisfied with the sincerity of his profession, I admitted him into the Christian church by baptism, on Sunday, June 3, 1838, by the name of Abraham. From that time he has continued steady, and has adorned his profession by a Christian walk and conversation.

But I must now say a few words about the family and relatives of Abraham. His wife was at first very much opposed to the step which her husband had taken. Some time, however, before his baptism, her views became changed, and she even expressed a wish to receive baptism herself, and became a frequent attendant at public worship on the Mission premises. But as she was unable to read, and had never been accustomed to commit any thing to memory, her progress in learning was very slow. The eldest son, however, who had continued to accompany his father on the Sabbath, and, being able to read, had become tolerably well acquainted with the first principles of the gospel, now earnestly requested me to admit him into the Christian church by baptism. He was baptized on Sunday, August 12, 1838, by the name of Isaac. I did not feel justified in receiving Abraham's wife into the Christian church until Sunday, January 3, 1841, when she was baptized by the name of Sarah. Her knowledge of the Christian religion was not so extensive as I could have desired; but I hope she was sincere in her renunciation of heathenism, and profession of faith in Christ.

The next step was to make use of Abraham's knowledge and zeal in behalf of his neighbours and countrymen, and this I thought could best be attained by giving him a school. As there was no school in that neighbourhood, and some of the villagers had expressed a willingness to send their children for instruction, I appointed Abraham schoolmaster in the village of Ratmewela, on a small salary.

About this time, one of Abraham's brothers—he who had threatened to shoot him—began to manifest a desire to read our books, and to inquire into the truth of the Christian religion. It was a cause of thankfulness to us to perceive, not only that the spirit of this haughty persecutor had been, in some measure, subdued, but more particularly to learn from himself that it was the quiet, inoffensive spirit of his brother Abraham which had deprived him of his enmity. The poor man, from the very first, manifested the greatest seriousness and earnestness in his inquiry after the truth. Every Sunday he accompanied his brother Abraham to the church on the Mission premises, and light seemed gradually to break in upon his mind. Having been a sufficient time on probation, and having shown, in his whole character and conduct, such a decided change from what he had formerly been, I admitted him to baptism July 21, 1844, by the name of Samuel.

His conduct from that time to the present, I am thankful to say, has been most satisfactory. Shortly after his baptism, he built a very neat little schoolroom in his village, at his own expense, for the service of the Church Missionary Society. It is still used, and in this schoolroom I recently baptized a Kandian woman, who received the name of Lydia. Samuel has not received any employment from the Society, being the owner of a number of rice-fields, and the garden in which he lives.

In November of last year Mr. Oakley again visited this Kandian village, and the promising aspect which it presents is embodied in the following extract from his journal—

I visited the school at Ratmewela. In a short time the schoolroom was filled, and a number of persons were sitting or standing outside. It was suggested, that, as the people are now willing to attend in greater numbers than formerly, the schoolroom should be enlarged. But Samuel proposed rather to erect a new room, somewhat larger than the present, and some of the people offered to render assistance.

I was much pleased to observe a number of women present this morning, chiefly the friends of those who are now candidates for Christian baptism. After expressing to the people my pleasure at meeting so large a company, and my hope that they would try to remember and understand the things which they now hear respecting the Christian religion, I called forward the three candidates for baptism, and requested them, in the presence of the people assembled, to state their reasons for wishing to renounce Buddhism, and embrace Christianity; as well as their reasons for believing that Buddhism was false and Christianity true. They answered my questions plainly and satisfactorily. They will, however, remain some time longer on probation. A class consisting of the three candidates above mentioned, a young man formerly instructed in our school—who states that he is carefully examining into the Christian religion, though not yet fully prepared to renounce Buddhism—and the three daughters of Abraham, read before me a part of the 9th chapter of Mark. Their reading was very distinct, and their replies to my questions satisfactory. I took the opportunity of pointing out to the people the advantage of teaching their daughters to read, showing them that their daughters were quite as well able to learn as their sons.

I afterwards returned to Abraham's house, inviting any to join us who wished to speak further on the subject of the Christian religion. Here again we had a good assembly. Several now joined us who had not been at the schoolroom.

Abraham has still a brother, named Singha (the Lion), who is a Buddhist. He is a man of violent temper, has a great hatred of Christianity, and is constantly endeavouring to injure Abraham, either by destroying his property, or bringing false charges against him before the magistrate. He is not, perhaps, a more violent opponent than Samuel formerly was; and it is our earnest hope and prayer that the same grace which subdued him may yet transform this "lion" into a "lamb."

#### NINGPO, AND OUR MISSIONARY PROSPECTS THERE.

WE now give the conclusion of Mr. Cobbold's paper on Missionary work at Ningpo.

The pride of the scholars and gentry is another obstacle that opposes us. Although they really are very far behind us in civilization, and though they have no knowledge whatever of things that a child would be ashamed not to know in this country, and though they have no knowledge of any language but their own, yet they consider themselves, and their own ways, and their own learning, far superior to ours. And if you saw one of these fine gentlemen, or good scholars as they think themselves, turn up their nose at you, you

would feel very much what the Apostle Paul felt when the proud scholars and gentlemen of his day called out, "What will this babler say?"

And with this pride there is another thing joined, which is very trying to us, and that is, apathy. The people are indifferent: they don't care any thing about religion. Talk to them of eating and drinking, of buying and selling, tell them strange stories of things that are not true, and they will pay attention; but directly you begin to speak of the Saviour they are ready to get up and go away: they don't care to hear. Some of the Missionaries used to go to many different villages around Ningpo to preach, and at first there would be a goodly number to listen; but directly the novelty wore off, then they would not come: hardly any could be gathered together, and these were not at all attentive; so this had afterwards to be, in a great measure, discontinued. How different is this from some places in the Missionary-field! I remember reading of one person who spoke for more than an hour to persons who came round his boat, and, when he was quite exhausted, they let him rest a few minutes, and then woke him up again, and asked him to speak to them again.\* Oh, how we long to see this among the Chinese—a real earnestness about the work of salvation! And they can be in earnest. You see them very much in earnest about getting on in the world, very glad to listen to any plan for getting dollars together, or benefiting their families; and so, if they are brought to a real sense of their own need, we may expect to find earnestness among them. If you wish to discover how indifferent the people are, you have only to stop in your address for a few moments: not one remark, probably, will be made about any thing that you have said; but the cost of your clothes, the length of your nose, the number of your fingers, the colour of your skin, will be the subjects they will observe upon. A Missionary, who has laboured in the West-India islands, has told me that it is very easy to make the blacks serious by merely naming the name of God in a solemn way, and they would listen as long as you liked to speak; but that he never could produce solemnity in a Chinese, and it was very difficult to keep their attention for five minutes together.

I will not refer to their idolatry generally, because this is a hinderance that applies to all heathen people; but I must just say a word about one particular form of idolatry which they are very tenacious of—I mean, the worship of ancestors. They can hear us talk of the folly of worshipping idols, and not care much, or even agree to what we say; but if you say they must not worship their ancestors, then you strike at the heart of one of their most cherished practices—you touch them to the quick. For however much their own idolatry may be objected to—and it has been objected to even by their own writers—no one ever ventures to say a word against ancestral worship: they follow in it the teaching of their most revered sage, Confucius, and no one ever questions the authority of his teaching on any point. This, then, seems a great difficulty. We must tell the people that it is wrong; we must require them to give it up; and we feel that this will be one of the last strongholds that will yield to the spiritual weapons of the soldiers of Christ.

The last point I shall mention, as among the peculiar difficulties of our work in China, is the ignorance of the people. And yet I do not

\* Leupolt's "Recollections of an Indian Missionary," second edition, pp. 66—68.—Ed.

know that this is peculiar to China, save in this way, that, while they think themselves so wise, they *are* so foolish. As the Chinese have schools of their own throughout the empire, as they have had much intercourse with Europeans, as they are so clever in many things, you might think that they could not be so very ignorant as they are; but the fact is, that in their own schools there is nothing taught but the moral sayings of Confucius and his followers—no arithmetic, no geography, no history, no Euclid, no algebra, no chemistry, no astronomy, nothing but dry, very dry books, of which they do not teach even the meaning till the boy has been at school several years: he only learns, parrot-like, to repeat the sounds. Consequently, with all their boasted learning, wherever there is an eclipse of the sun or moon, there all the people come out to the doors of their houses with gongs, and make a great noise to frighten away the celestial dog who is swallowing the sun or moon. We are continually met with the inquiry, “Where is the dwarf country, where the men are so small that they are obliged to walk in companies, lest the birds of the air should seize upon them and carry them away?” “Where is the loadstone rock which ships that have iron nails cannot pass, for the iron nails would be drawn out and the ship go to pieces?” You will hear them talking of the needle of the compass being tinged with the blood of the white stork, which always flies from the north to the south. They will tell you of the king of medicine, who had his glass stomach, wherein he could see the operation of the various kinds of medicine. They will tell you how you may learn to walk upon the water, namely, by wearing great thick iron shoes, and continually increasing their weight, till, all of a sudden, you take them off, and you are so light that you can go across the water. You will hear of the man who was so strong that he could lift himself up by taking hold of the hair of his own head. And all this is believed, not only by the common people, but by the teachers, who refer to their own books as proof of the truth of what they say.

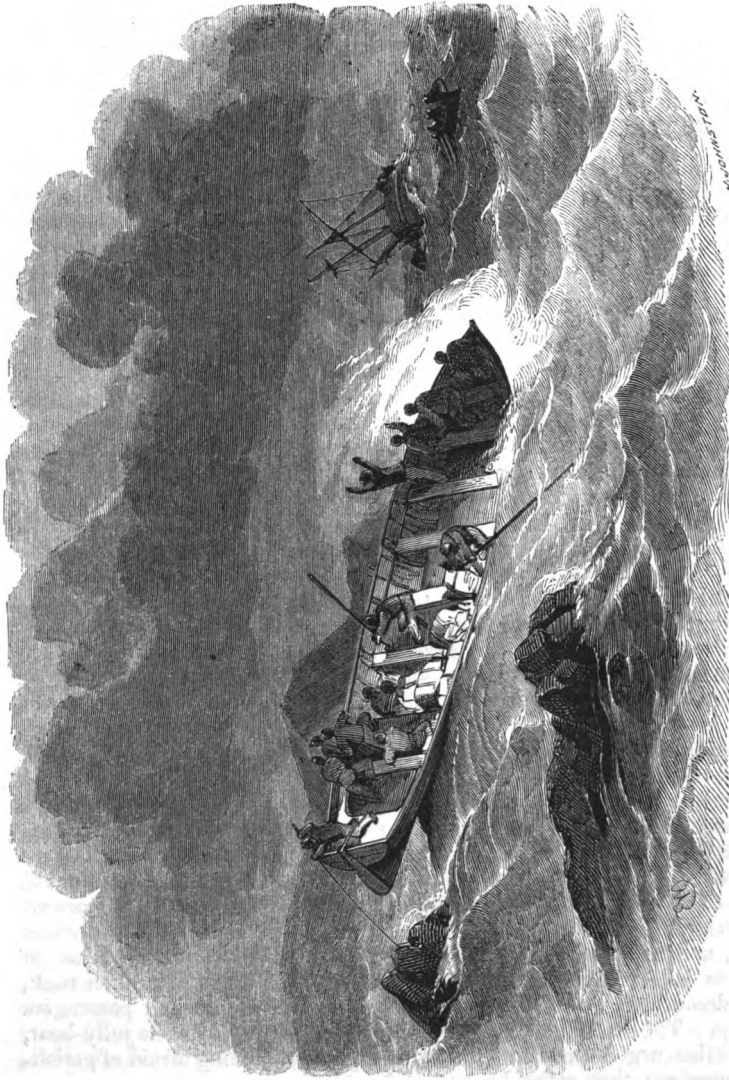
Now you will say this statement of difficulties is enough to discourage one altogether: surely it is better not to go to China, if there are such difficulties as these. Don't say so. There were plenty of difficulties in England when people came, nearly two thousand years ago, to convert the Britons; and yet these difficulties were removed, and England became Christian. There were plenty of difficulties in New Zealand, when we went to try and convert the New-Zealanders; and look how Christianity has spread in that once savage country. There were plenty of difficulties among the dark and cruel tribes of West Africa; and look how these are becoming Christian. Don't mind the greatness of the difficulties: only mind faintheartedness. Mind that your faith, and hope, and patience, fail not; mind that you send out men of faith and prayer; mind that you support them by your faith, your prayer, and your sympathy with them in their trials.

It is a day of small things with China, but the oak is wrapped up in the acorn; the great mustard-tree is wrapped up in the smallest of all seeds; and so “the little one shall become a thousand” in China, and the sowing of the Gospel seed shall produce great results. You will like to know something of what has been done, so of this I will give some account in another paper, if God will.

No. 8.]

[AUGUST, 1852.

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



PRESERVATION IN SHIPWRECK.—*Vide* p. 87.

## PRESERVATION IN SHIPWRECK.

OUR Christian friends, in perusing the following letter from our Missionary the Rev. J. Beale, dated Freetown, May 17th last, will unite with us in thankful acknowledgment of the deliverance vouchsafed to him and his brother Missionary, Mr. Young, and all who sailed with them, from the circumstances of imminent peril which he details. In reading of danger and deliverance such as this, we are reminded of that shipwreck which we have all suffered by sin, all hope that we should be saved by our own works or our own exertions being wholly taken away, and in the midst of the wreck and ruin in which we are plunged, the promise of deliverance in Christ, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" so that if we fly for refuge to lay hold on this hope, we also shall "escape all safe to land."

You will have been looking for our arrival in England by the "Dart." Addressing you, therefore, from my old residence, will at once strike you as something strange. As we are all disappointed in appearing personally, by the mail being full from the Cape, I have only time to inform you and the friends that we were cast away, on the evening of Easter Monday last, on the Conflict Reef, in lat. 10° 20' N., and long. 15° 17' W., when that beautiful vessel became a total wreck. We had been but five days at sea when the accident occurred. On the 11th, Easter Day, we distinctly saw Cape Verd, and during the night, though standing to the west, we saw the reflection on the horizon of fires on shore. The wind was freshening at the time the vessel struck—six o'clock P. M.—and was going from four to five miles an hour. She ran so far on the rocks, that it was plain to all from that instant that the vessel was lost. I need not say that the utmost consternation seized the passengers, thirteen in number. The boats were immediately lowered, and the three ladies and two little girls put in. Such was the violence and straining labour of the ship, as she rolled with the heavy breakers from side to side, that it was not until near eight o'clock P. M. that the long-boat could be got out. In doing this she received much injury from striking the ship's side, and in having the mast accidentally struck through her, near the bow. All the boats being exposed to the sun, and excessively dry, as well as injured, were with difficulty kept afloat. All that could be saved was placed in the long-boat, with water and provisions. To save the boats from being swamped by the rolling vessel, as soon as possible the captain ordered them to push off.

From the moment the long-boat let go, with the gentlemen passengers and three sailors, we found her quite unmanageable, and were drifted at a rapid rate by the wind and current among the breakers, which were now rolling their white foaming heads around us as far as the eye could reach. She was now far from the ship, fast settling down with the crowd of passengers, baggage, and provisions in her, with near two feet of water in her, and no possibility of baling her—in fact, without any kind of vessel to bale with. At this awful moment she struck a sunken rock, and a dreadful cry of distress ascended from the sailors and passengers for help. The ladies, being between us and the ship in the jolly-boat, hearing this, urged the sailors to row down to her. Being afraid of perishing themselves, they refused; but at length the cries of distress and the entreaties of the ladies prevailed. The long-boat was drifting stern first.

on the rocks, which we could distinctly see from their being covered with large white oyster-shells. At this moment baggage and provisions were cast overboard by the sailors, and a place made to get the water out. Pillows and blankets were placed over the large hole in the bow, with a person to sit against it. Brother Young had this office, until nearly paralyzed with cold and wet. Three times the midshipman with an oar pushed her from the rocks, but was just being overpowered when the gig took her in tow. At a late hour of the night we all got to the wreck again, and a long rope was made secure to the boats. The masts were cut away, and at midnight fell over the side of the ship.

All being done that could, about one o'clock A.M. we finally left the wreck, which was fast breaking up, and steered for the land, which we supposed to be about forty miles distant. I need not say that every soul felt that to be an awful moment—to launch forth on the mighty deep in our half-sinking boats, able to carry but little, and that with raw provisions, to seek a refuge we knew not where, on a coast inhabited by savages! By means of lanterns the boats were kept together for a short time, but soon our light went out, and we were gradually separated as far as the eye could reach. Strange to say, but one boat out of the three had a mast or rudder, and none proper sails. Hence, when the sailors put up temporary ones the boats could not be kept to the wind, and drifted away to the south instead of the east. The long-boat was the worst; but being dependent on her for water, we were obliged to keep near to her, though taking the wrong course. At day-break we were far apart, but succeeded, after a laborious effort, in reaching the long-boat for water. All looked in a sad, wet, forlorn condition; some being without hats. The daylight, for which we had longed, cheered us all, though there was nothing around us but the wide expanse of waters. The men pulled incessantly. In the course of the morning, the gig being considerably a-head, put up a pair of trousers for a signal. Soon the topmast of a ship was seen, and the men worked as for their lives to reach her. Now it was calmer, and we began to near her—then the breeze sprang up, and she left us, and finally disappeared. Then another came in sight and raised our hopes, and then another. Every effort to reach them seemed in vain. By noon the gig was nearly out of sight a-head, and the long-boat as much or more astern. As the sun passed the meridian a strong breeze sprang up, and in a few hours the sailors cried "Land a-head!" Through God's good providence, the very breeze which sped us on our way at the rate of a steamer so set in to land, that a little Portuguese schooner from Bissao had been obliged to come to an anchor. The sea was running high, we were nearing land, but had no anchor: to land was impossible. In this extremity God provided for us; and after a few more hours, just as night came on, we reached the little vessel, and were allowed by the sable master and captain to fasten our boats to her. In less than half an hour the long-boat, which had given us anxiety for some hours past, made her appearance, and was soon alongside. On this little craft, pitching as she was all night, we took our necessitous meal of biscuit and raw ham. We all got a good sprinkling from a rough sea, and fortunate was any of our number who got a plank to stretch himself upon. Most of us made our beds upon the wet, greasy, palm-oil casks, side by side with the Negro-Portuguese sailors. Having lost our clothing, we all suffered much from wet and cold.

The next morning, according to agreement, the Portuguese took us in tow for Victoria, on the Rio Nunez. The Belgian Consul treated us with great kindness, and placed at our disposal a small French brig, in which we arrived in the colony on the 22d of April. The deck was our bed, which was every morning wet with rain or dew, except where the passengers lay. I need not say all were jaded to the last extremity, and have since suffered from fevers, &c. Being again prevented from leaving by the mail, we have taken it as an indication of Providence that we should remain, and therefore, if the Lord will, shall return to our Station. Nothing can exceed the sympathy and liberality of our dear people on this trying occasion. We therefore, like Paul, "thank God, and take courage."

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MUNÍ LÁL.

IN our last Number we introduced an account of Gaurí Shankar, a young Brahmin convert at Benares. Another scholar from Jay Náráyan's school was baptized with him. The circumstances connected with his case are thus related by the Rev. C. B. Leupolt—

The second youth who was baptized with Gaurí Shankar was Muní Lál, another scholar from Jay Náráyan's. He had read in the Oriental department of the school for about six years, and made good progress in history, geography, arithmetic, &c. About a year ago he was reading the Rámáyan (one of the most celebrated of the Hindu books), and compared its contents, and what else he knew of his own religion, with the New Testament. The result was, a conviction of the truth of Christianity. For six months he came regularly to Sigrá, but wanted courage to renounce Hinduism publicly, and to embrace Christianity. Grace, however, prevailed. He came to me, stated his conviction, and gave "a reason of the hope that was in him." He begged much to be baptized immediately, for he said he should not mind facing any one, not even his father; but if his mother should come and throw herself at his feet he feared he should not have courage enough to withstand her. I urged him to wait a little longer; to which he agreed, but expressed a wish to go away from Benares. I consulted Mr. Smith, and it was agreed to let him go to Jaunpur. He went, and a Christian brother accompanied him.

Meanwhile, his father came and searched for him at Sigrá. On Saturday night I heard of the young man's arrival at Jaunpur, and on Sunday I sent for his father and told him where his son had gone to. I also told him what had induced the lad to renounce the belief of his forefathers, and to embrace Christianity. I further told him I was going over to Jaunpur, my family being there. I would give him a seat in my buggy, and bring him back again. There he might see his son. He declined my offer, and begged me to bring his son back with me. All he wished was, to see his son once more before his baptism, and to put the question to him, whether he became a Christian of his own free will, or whether he was compelled to do so. I conversed with him for upwards of an hour, and he several times stated, "If my son wishes to become a Christian, I can have no objection, for he is not a beast, that I should wish to bind him with ropes." I consented to bring the young man back with me, provided he agreed to it, for he was perfectly at liberty to do what he liked. I went over to Jaunpur, and,

after explaining matters, he returned with me to Benares. On arriving at home we found the lad's father waiting. We first thanked God for having brought us safely home, and then the interview took place. There was a good deal of crying. At seven o'clock evening service commenced: the church was filled: some babus (native gentlemen) and a number of school-boys from the city attended. During the time the lads were baptized, the babus and school-boys all stood. The ceremony was solemn, and we all rejoiced at this new token of God's grace and mercy. After the baptism, Mr. Smith preached a very impressive sermon from Matt. ix. 2—8, adapting the subject to the occasion.

During the interview with his father the lad promised a visit to his mother, under the condition that no violence should be used towards him. To this his father agreed. Accordingly, the day following, the lad went to see his mother. He was accompanied by Nehemiah, Samuel, and one or two more. The father of the lad, knowing that we would be true to our word, had collected a mob, and, when the boy came, he was instantly seized and carried off. Our people had quickly to retreat, to escape a beating. Threats were uttered on all sides, and there was no want of abuse. As soon as I heard of it, I sent Christian Triloke to the thana, but the thanadar, a Hindu of the same caste, could do nothing. We knelt down to pray for the lad.

Next morning I went myself to see what I could do, but the lad was locked up, and I could see neither the father nor the lad; but was told that he was imprisoned, his family had cried all night, and the lad had preached to them all night; that he had eaten no food as yet, and did not wish to stay at home.

On my return home I instantly drew up a letter, and forwarded it to the magistrate, and next morning the lad was sent for. Meanwhile, his father set him at liberty, and in the morning I received a message from a babu, a friend of mine, to say that he was bringing the lad; but, before he could do so, the magistrate requested the young man's attendance in court. I went after him, and arrived just in time to hear his deposition. It was very short, and as follows—"No one induced me to go to Sagra, for how can the blind lead the blind? I became a Christian of my own accord, in order to obtain salvation; for there is no salvation in Ram-Krishna, because they do not possess the attributes of God." The magistrate declared the lad free, and he returned with me home. There was universal joy on our arrival, and Nehemiah proposed before all things to render thanks to our heavenly Father for the lad's safe return. We did so, and devoted ourselves anew to His service who had done all things well.

The young man's sincerity had been severely tested during his absence. Among other things, 100 rupees were offered him as a marriage present by a babu, if he returned to the religion of his forefathers. The boy's reply was in the words of St. Peter, "Thy money perish with thee," Acts viii. 20; and the babu who had offered him the money said, "A great change has taken place in that once timid lad: he has become bold, fearless, firm, and sincere." May he indeed become bold in his profession of the truth, fearless in proclaiming Jesus Christ and him crucified as the Saviour of sinners, and firm and sincere in his faith and devotedness to his God and Saviour!

THE PUNJAB.*

THE Punjab is the frontier province of India to the north-west, as Assam is to the north-east: it has been subject to many changes and fluctuations; and often, as the tide of conquest has pursued its course towards the rich plains to the south-east, has the Punjab been ruined and left desolate. Since 1848 it has been annexed to British India.

The plain of the Punjab is marked by dryness and warmth, and abundant irrigation is necessary in order to its being productive. If supplies of water be withheld, it becomes a sterile waste, overrun with low bushes. In the good providence of God, remarkable facilities have been afforded for the extensive use of artificial irrigation. It is intersected by five rivers, which, having their sources at different points in the mountainous range northward, converge in their respective courses until they meet in one large channel called the Punjnud—the conjunction of two words, meaning “five” and “river.” If the hand be stretched to its full extent, the five fingers will present an illustration of the five rivers, and the spaces between of the doabs, or different tracts of land that lie in the forks of the rivers—do-ab being the joining together of two words, which mean “two” and “water.” We at once see with what ease canals might be cut leading from each river to its neighbours on the right and left, so as to intersect the intermediate doabs with a net-work of irrigation, like the minute fibres with which the leaf of a tree is intersected. Indeed, in former ages, such canals had been constructed, but they were suffered to decay, and had become choked.

Extensive works are now being carried on by the Indian government for the purpose of supplying this deficiency; more particularly in the Bari Doab, lying between the rivers Beas and Ravi, and on which are situated the cities of Lahore and Umritzur. It is being intersected by four canals, which pass lengthwise through the Doab, and which are so extensive as to require 488 miles of channel to be excavated. Besides this, immense masonry dams are required at different points—one 500 feet long, another 300, and another 1200. At one point a large body of water, 120 feet wide and $5\frac{1}{2}$ deep, is carried for three miles along the top of a tortuous narrow ridge. The cost of such works will, of course, be very great, but the advantages will be proportionate. The extent of water-power placed at the disposal of the inhabitants of different parts of the country will be such, that, inasmuch as the Punjabis take to machinery more kindly than the inhabitants of the north-west provinces, the cost of the works required will be soon paid off.

But there is another irrigation required. “There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God,” and channels need to be provided by which these waters of life may freely flow forth amongst the people of the Punjab, who, for the want of this, have

* Punj-ab is the conjunction of two words, signifying “five” and “water.” The Punjab is therefore “the country of the five waters.”

hitherto been barren and unfruitful to God. The religion which has hitherto prevailed has been like the sandy bed of a choked-up water-course, and it yields no improving, fertilizing influences. It is a system midway between Mahommedanism and Hinduism. It rejects the Shasters and idols of the Hindus, and, instead of Mahommed, it holds Nanuk in reverence as its founder, and, instead of the Korán, an unmeaning rhapsody called the Grant'h. This is read aloud in the dharmshalas, or temples, to the people, who crowd round the officiating guru, or priest. The illustration presents one of



these native readers ; but such are as "clouds without water," and the Sikhs remain arid and dry as their own doabs.

But channels are beginning to be formed by which the waters of life may reach these thirsty lands, healing as they flow, and giving life to every thing they touch. Missionary operations have been commenced, first by the American Presbyterian Board, and more recently by our own Society. Our first two Missionaries, Messrs. Fitzpatrick and Clark, have been most kindly received by the

English residents in that country; large sums have been given, two in particular of a thousand pounds each, besides many others; and valuable co-operation rendered in every possible way. Our Missionaries are stationed at Umritzur. May we imitate the energy of the government in their efforts to benefit the Punjabis in temporal things, and labour diligently that, instead of being barren and unfruitful, they may become a Christian people, and bring forth fruit to God's glory! "Every thing shall live whither the river cometh."

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#### ENCOURAGEMENTS TO MISSIONARY WORK IN CHINA.

IN our last two Numbers we have given an account of Ningpo, and the difficulties connected with Missionary work in China. We now present the brighter view, as Mr. Cobbold has sketched it for us.

In a former paper I told you some of the difficulties of the Missionary work in China, arising from the language, the character of the people, their ignorance, and the policy of the government. Now perhaps you will think that it is of no use to labour among such a people—the money will be thrown away—the time and labour of the Missionaries will all be lost; that perhaps, after all, the money had better have been spent at home, and the Missionaries remained in England to work in some home parish. I will therefore show you what encouragements we have to go on, and why you ought not to think that the time, the toil, and the money, have been thrown away: and I think that if we, who leave our country and friends, and give up so much that is most dear to us, are not deterred by the difficulties, you at home, who are only asked to contribute your money to this cause, and to give your sympathy and your prayers, ought not to hold back these.

First, then, I would say that the simplicity of the Gospel is a great encouragement. If it were necessary first to go into some very deep mysteries, and use very deep and obscure language, before we could preach the Gospel, then we should almost despair of effecting any thing. But what is the fact? All men have got something of a conscience; they know something of what sin is; they all know what death is, for they see it constantly before their eyes; they all know what suffering is, for they are continually meeting with it in every form. We, then, tell them of One who hates sin, and punishes it; but who loves the sinner, and will freely pardon him: we tell of the abolishing of suffering and death, and of their place being taken by happiness and life: we tell them that, by the death of Jesus, the sinner may be pardoned, and so escape condemnation. All this does not require any difficult language: all is able to be taught by the most simple words. And is this enough? Yes, it is enough for salvation. Of course, if we get ability, we will go into deeper truths. When we know the language better, we shall be able to overthrow the false reasonings of the philosopher and of the idolater; but the simple preaching of Jesus, *without bringing forward any proof whatever*, has often been made effectual to the salvation of the soul.

And there is another thought that gives us encouragement to persevere: it is this, that we never know when the work may not take effect. We are told to sow our seed in the morning, and not to hold back our hand in the evening, because we cannot tell whether that sown in the morning

or that sown in the evening shall prosper, or whether they may not be both alike good. It may be that the seed sown by the first Missionaries shall prosper, and the fruit soon appear; or it may be, that, while their labours produce no fruit, those who come after them, and sow, as it were, in the evening, may be prospered; or, again, it may be that both the one and the other shall be alike good—shall both produce the fruit of the conversion of souls to the glory of God. Surely, then, this is an encouragement to go on, because we can never say when the blessing may be given. The apostles, when they were fishermen, had toiled all night and caught nothing; but when in the morning, tired as they were, their Master bade them throw in their net again, they obeyed, and immediately the net inclosed a great multitude of fishes, so that it was rent, and the boat was so filled with fish that it nearly sank. This is just the way with the gospel. Our Missionaries were very tired of waiting in New Zealand: they had gone on, year after year, for twelve long years, but not one of the people believed; and just as they were thinking whether they had not better go to some other place, the Lord, who was making them “fishers of men,” encouraged them; and not many years afterwards such numbers came in, that they hardly knew how to manage their congregations, their Bible classes, and their schools. Protestant Missionaries have hardly been labouring in China more than ten years; for, till the war with China had taken place, the Emperor would allow no one to go and reside among his people: any one who attempted to do so, would, if discovered, have been put to death; and yet there are some Chinese who are preaching the Gospel to their countrymen, and several who have cast away their idols, given up their former ways, and are followers of Jesus and His doctrine. Let us, then, be encouraged by this. The seed sown in the morning is being prospered, and perhaps the seed sown in the evening will be prospered too: both may be alike good, and a rich harvest be reaped.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

#### THE JUNGLE BOY.

MANY years ago a lady sat in the verandah of her Burmese house, endeavouring to decipher the scarcely-legible characters of a palm-leaf book, which lay, in all its awkwardness, upon the table before her. As she bent over her book, a little more wearily than in the freshness of the morning, and made a renewed effort to fix her eyes on the dizzying circles, a strange-looking figure bounded through the opening in the hedge which served as a gateway, and, rushing toward her with great eagerness, inquired—“Does Jesus Christ live here?”

He was a boy perhaps twelve years of age; his coarse black hair, unconfined by the usual turban, matted with filth, and bristling in every direction like the quills of a porcupine, and a very dirty cloth of plaided cotton disposed in the most slovenly manner about his person. “Does Jesus Christ live here?” he inquired, scarcely pausing for breath, though slackening his pace a little as he made his way, uninvited, up the steps of the verandah, and crouched at the lady’s feet.—“What do you want of Jesus Christ?” inquired the lady. “I want to see Him: I want to confess to Him.”—“Why, what have you been doing that you want to confess?” “*Does he live here?*” with great emphasis: “I want to know *that*. Doing! Why, I tell lies, I steal, I do every thing bad: I am

afraid of going to hell, and I want to see Jesus Christ, for I heard one of the Loogyees say that He can save us from hell. Does He live here? Oh, tell me where I can find Jesus Christ.”—“But He does not save people from hell if they continue to do wickedly.” “I want to stop doing wickedly, but I can’t stop: I don’t know how to stop: the evil thoughts are in me, and the bad deeds come of evil thoughts. What can I do?”—“Nothing, but to come to Christ, poor boy, like all the rest of us,” the lady softly murmured; but she spoke this last in English, so the boy only raised his head with a vacant, “B’ ha-lai?” “You cannot see Jesus Christ now—” She was interrupted by a sharp, quick cry of despair. “But I am his humble friend and follower—” The face of the listener brightened a little. “And He has commissioned me to teach all those who wish to escape from hell how to do so.” The joyful eagerness depicted in the poor boy’s countenance was beyond description. “Tell me, oh, tell me! Only ask your Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, to save me, and I will be your servant, your slave, for life. Do not be angry! Do not send me away! I want to be saved—saved from hell!”

The lady, you will readily believe, was not likely to be angry. Even the person who told me the story, many years after, was more than once interrupted by his own choking tears. The next day a new pupil was welcomed to the little bamboo school-house, in the person of the wild Karen boy: and oh, *such* a greedy seeker after truth and holiness! Every day he came to the white teachers to learn something more concerning the Lord Jesus Christ, and the way of salvation; and every day his mind seemed to open, his feelings to enlarge, and his face to lose some portion of that indescribable look of stupidity which characterizes the uncultivated native. In due time, a sober band of worshippers gathered around to witness a solemn baptism: then a new face was seen among those who came to commemorate the dying love of the Lord Jesus, and a new name was written on the church records.

Years passed away. Death had laid his hand upon the gentle lady, and she had gone up to that sweet home where pain and sorrow are unknown, and where “the weary are at rest.” On earth, another death-scene was enacting. A strong, dark-browed man tossed wildly on his fevered couch in an agony of physical suffering; but even then his unconscious lips murmured continually those precious fragments of scripture which he had treasured up in days of health. At last, there came a fearful struggle—then the convulsed features relaxed, the ghastliness of death settled upon them, and the spirit seemed to have taken its flight. Suddenly, however, the countenance of the dying man was lighted with a heavenly radiance, his lips parted with a smile, his eye emitted a single joyful flash before it turned cold and motionless for ever; and then the wild boy of the jungle was welcomed by his waiting angel-guide to the presence of that Saviour whom he had sought with such eagerness.

[*Mrs. E. C. Judson, in the “Macedonian.”*]

#### BAPTISM OF NATIVE FEMALES AT MADRAS.

FOUR of the most advanced pupils, belonging to the girls’ department in the Church of Scotland Mission, have been led to renounce idolatry and embrace the gospel. It appears that they have been for a considerable time convinced of the truth, and desirous of baptism. At length,

the oldest of these pupils was forcibly detained by her relatives from coming to the Mission school, and it seems she has since been sent by them to a distance from Madras. The following day several of the others stated to the Missionary, that if they went back to their homes they would not be permitted to return any more either; entreating him to allow them to remain in the institution, as they hated idolatry, and wished to obey and worship Jesus Christ. Arrangements were accordingly made for their remaining under the care of the female superintendant.

The relatives, especially some of them, became alarmed, and went repeatedly, sometimes twice a day, in parties of from two to twelve, to endeavour to get the girls away. As Mr. Grant wished to remove, as much as possible, all bitterness of feeling, and all groundless suspicions, while he at the same time had confidence in the enlightened views and firmness of the girls, they were allowed to see them. He was not disappointed; the pupils having firmly resisted entreaties and tears, and also violence when, once or twice, it was about to be attempted to be offered. They told their relatives that it would be better for them to leave the bad way, the worshipping of idols, and come, as they had done, into the good way, and worship Jesus Christ. Yet they seemed to feel deeply the separation. Once, when the mother of one of them fell down, in the Oriental manner, at her daughter's feet, and, weeping, laid hold of them, and entreated her to go home with her, the poor girl wept too, but said, she could not go with her, because then she must leave Jesus Christ; and she must obey Him rather than her parents. "And does your new religion," said the mother, "teach you to disobey and forsake your mother?" "It teaches us," the girl replied, "to leave father and mother, and all relatives, for Jesus Christ, though it also teaches us still to love them." The mother also sought to prostrate herself in the same manner before the Missionary, and begged him to send away her child. She of course did not succeed, and was at last obliged to leave, with the assurance that all affectionate care would be taken of her daughter.

The girls were baptized on Sabbath, the 30th of September. After the usual religious services, Mr. Grant questioned them for about half an hour, chiefly on the nature of real conversion, the means of abiding in Christ, with the necessity of doing so; and on the intent of baptism, and the scriptural authority for disobeying and leaving their earthly parents. Their answers were highly satisfactory to those present; and when they were admitted, by baptism, into the visible church of Christ, they manifested very deep feeling.—*Christian Recorder*.

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LINES WRITTEN BY THE LATE CAPTAIN GARDINER

ON HIS ARRIVAL AT TIERRA DEL FUEGO IN THE BARQUE "OCEAN QUEEN,"
AT THE HEAD OF THE MISSION INTENDED TO CIVILIZE THE NATIVES.

At length, on bleak Fuegia's strand,
A feeble but confiding band,
In all our confidence we stand.
Wild scenes and wilder men are here,
A moral desert dark and drear;
But faith descries the harvest near,
Nor heeds the toil, nor dreads the foe,
Content, where duty calls, to go.

In cloudless skies we ne'er descry
 Mercy's sweet bow enthroned on high—
 'Tis brightest seen where storms are nigh.
 The troubled sea, the desert air,
 The furnace depth, the lion's lair,
 Alike are safe when Christ is there.
 In perfect peace that soul shall be
 Whose every hope is stayed on Thee.

When faith grows dim, and prospects lour,
 In every dark and trying hour,
 Uphold us with Thy mighty power :
 Thy gentle chiding let us hear,
 Rebuking every doubt and fear,
 With, "Peace, be still ! for I am near."
 Thus, casting all our cares on Thee,
 As is our day, our strength shall be.

Arms of the Lord, awake, awake !
 Satan's remorseless empire shake,
 And bid the promised morning break :
 On every mountain's top pourtray
 The earnest of the coming day,
 Till all the shades of night decay :
 Fugia's tribes from war shall cease,
 Led captive by the Prince of Peace.

Anoint their eyes that they may see,
 Unclose their bands and set them free,
 Proclaim the year of Jubilee ;
 Till every rock and mountain round
 Shall echo back the joyous sound,
 "Come forth, whom Satan long has bound !"
 Redemption's glorious news we bring,
 A message from your God and King.

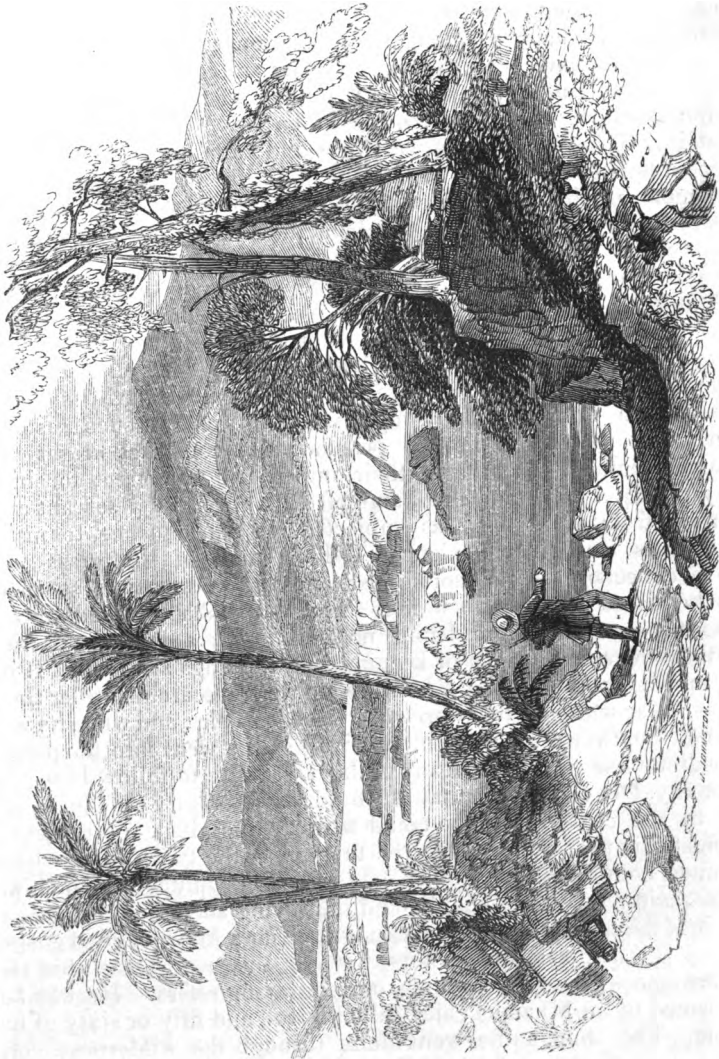
As once on Gadara's sandy shore
 The legion felt Thy sovereign power,
 And left the soul, possessed before ;
 Now, Lord, Thy saving grace display,
 Spoil Satan of his boasted prey,
 Let darkness be exchanged for day.
 Till on each dwelling, near, remote,
 The banner of the cross shall float.

And saints below with joy shall trace
 The triumph of redeeming grace
 In these poor outcasts of our race ;
 And louder notes shall rise and swell
 Through heaven's high arch, as angels tell
 The triumph of Emmanuel,
 Till heaven and earth united raise
 One long, harmonious song of praise.

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[SEPTEMBER, 1852.

THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



DR. KRAPP'S ARRIVAL AT THE RIVER DANA.—*Vide* p. 100.

DELIVERANCE FROM DANGER.

WE have, in previous papers, given our readers some account of our Mission at Rabbai Mpia, on the East-African coast. On that long line of coast it is the only Missionary Station, and in the interior are tribes and nations in midnight darkness, who have never yet been reached by one ray of gospel light. Our Missionaries have undertaken many and long journeys, in order to open communication with some of these long-neglected tribes, and eventually, as openings are afforded, to commence among them Missionary labours. In these journeys they have been exposed to many and great dangers; and, like the apostle of old, have been "in perils of robbers . . . in perils by the heathen . . . in perils in the wilderness." They have known what it is to have been "in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." The most perilous and distressing of these journeyings was one undertaken by Dr. Krapf to Ukambani, the country of the Wakamba, from July to September of last year, in the hope of commencing there a Christian Mission. He left the Station on the coast on the 11th of July, accompanied by several Wanika, as the people near the coast are called, as his porters. After difficulties and dangers of various kinds, which occurred during a fortnight's travelling, Ukambani was reached; but here disappointments awaited our Missionary. The Wanika whom he had brought with him were in such haste to return, that they could not be persuaded to construct aright the cottage which it was part of their undertaking to erect for him. They put up a miserable shed, and left him. His only servant also ran away from him. He was subjected, in consequence, to many discomforts and inconveniences. The smell of the grass was offensive because of its mouldiness, and the cottage was so small that he dared not kindle a fire. The Wakamba crowded into it without ceremony, there being no door, only a few sticks tied together for the purpose of keeping out the dogs at night. If he took up a book, they asked if he were looking or searching after their hearts, to see whether they were good or bad people: and when he was writing, they were still more inquisitive. If he went into the jungle to meditate and pray, a company of them was sure to follow him.

Finally, Dr. Krapf felt that it would be necessary for him to return to the coast before he could take up his abode permanently amongst this people, and resolved to employ the two months which remained before his departure in exploring the country, making himself acquainted with the people, and improving such opportunities as he might meet with of communicating to them a knowledge of gospel truth. It was on these journeys towards the river Dana that the circumstances occurred to which our engraving refers. He was accompanied by an Mkamba chief, called Kivoi, and fifty or sixty of his people. The chief, as he went along through the wilderness, continued to set the grass on fire, which attracted the attention of some

wild people, who, supposing a caravan was approaching, collected in considerable numbers, and fell upon them at a convenient place. A scuffle ensued, in which Kivoi and some of his people were killed, and the rest of his party dispersed, every one escaping in the best way he could. Our readers must now peruse Dr. Krapf's own account of his preservation.

The hostile arrows fell on my right and left, and, a few moments afterwards, I observed Rúmu wa Kikándi * and several others running away from the battle-field into the jungle. I now thought it high time to think of my own safety, being left almost alone. Besides, I could no more distinguish between friends and enemies after the confusion had commenced: what was going on in the rear I could not see, on account of the trees, which obstructed the sight; but I distinctly heard a man dropping to the ground. This circumstance confirmed me in the necessity of immediate flight, before the main body of the robbers should render it impossible. Hence I ran after Rúmu wa Kikándi and the men of his party. Having run about fifty or sixty paces, I came to a deep and broad ditch, or, rather the dry channel of a torrent, over which a native of Uémbu was just jumping, after he had thrown his load into it. Trying to jump over the ditch, I did not reach the opposite bank, and thus fell into it, breaking the stock of my gun, and hurting my loins, in the fall. However, I strained all my strength to get out of the sandy channel, but I found no outlet, as the banks were deep and horizontal, covered with thorns. Hence I walked along the channel in the sand, until I came to a place where I could climb up. Having reached the opposite bank, I ran as fast as I could, as the robbers pursued us to the torrent, and darted their arrows, if I remember well. Being then already much behind Rúmu wa Kikándi and his party, and being unable to run as fast as himself—as I carried my gun in my hand, and, besides, I had other heavy things in my pockets which impeded my movements—Rúmu entirely disappeared in the jungle, and I was thus left perfectly alone. . . . Being abandoned by every body, and compelled to shift for myself, I ran with all the speed which I could command into the thicket of the jungle, in a northern direction. At last I came again to the torrent mentioned above. There the jungle was less covered with trees and bushes. On a sudden, I espied from the banks of the serpentine torrent a multitude of people assembled at the distance of about 250 yards. On seeing them, I thought they might be the Waembu and Wakamba of our caffila, who might have recovered from their panic and flight, and re-assembled in waiting for those who had been dispersed by the enemy's attack. I therefore took courage to descend into the torrent and ascend the opposite bank, to join them. But when I had ascended on the other side, it occurred at once to my mind that I should look with my telescope whether they were friends or enemies. Thus I placed myself behind a tree and looked. But how was I terrified, when I saw distinctly among the party a man who wore a hat of ostrich feathers, the very man whom I had seen in the plain when Kivoi had an interview with the robbers.

* That is, Rúmu, the son of Kikándi. He was an influential native of Uémbu, a country situate to the north of Ukambani, to which he was now returning.

The others carried our baggage on their shoulders. . . . Therefore I immediately retraced my steps into the torrent, in which I walked on for about six minutes. It was very remarkable that the robbers did not see me, when I first saw them without my telescope, especially as they could easily distinguish me by my dress.

When I had found an outlet from the torrent again, I entered into the jungle, where two huge rhinoceroses confronted me at the distance of not more than twenty yards. When they saw me they were startled for a moment, and then ran into the jungle sideways, which I did in like manner. Thinking myself far enough from the pursuit of the robbers, I went slowly; and at last, when I came to an open tract of country, I sat down under a tree, thanking the Lord for having delivered me from imminent danger, and imploring His grace and protection in my present proceedings. Having finished my prayer, I reflected on my forlorn situation. . . . I could now consider myself really a *meskini ya Mulungu* (God's poor), as the natives on the coast often call themselves when they come to the Missionaries with their beggaries, the cause of which, however, is mere idleness in most cases. But I found great consolation in the idea of my being "God's poor," for whom He must and will look out, as I was entirely helpless and thrown upon His mercy. Besides, I remembered the needy Israelites in the wilderness, and the woman of Sarepta, who was a widow, and in the utmost need. After these reflections I rose from the ground, where I sat under a tree, and directed my course toward the river Dana. I did not yet know where it was, but I was sure it could not be far distant, as I was near to the mountain of Mbe, at the foot of which Kivoi had told me yesterday that the river was running. I observed a large and long forest of high trees, in the midst of which I supposed the river's channel to be. I felt that I must reach the river by all means, particularly from want of water wherewith to quench my excessive thirst, and to obtain water for my return journey. As the tract of country which I then traversed was almost treeless, I became much apprehensive of being observed by the robbers, or other people who might happen to meet with me. But go on I must, be the consequence what it might. After a short walk through the grass which was not yet consumed by fire, I fell into a good foot-path, which I pursued, and on which I had soon the unspeakable pleasure to observe the expanse of the river peeping out of a forest of large trees and bushes, which cover its banks.* From the point where I had resolved upon tracing the river I slowly descended till I reached it. When I saw the water, I took courage, and thanked God with feelings which raised me above all apprehensions and sorrows relative to my miserable condition, since I inwardly felt sure, that the Lord knows me and cares for my necessities. At first I quenched my thirst with the cool and delicious water of the river, to which a broad road led me. It must have been chiefly made by wild animals, for at other places the banks were steep and high."

How sweet that draught of water must have been to our poor exhausted Missionary! We can conceive only one thing more so—

* See our Frontispiece.

to be permitted, when oppressed by a sense of sin, to drink of the living water which flows from the smitten Rock of Ages.

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TAMAHANA TE RAUPARAHA.

OUR friend Tamahana Te Rauparaha, the New-Zealand chief, is now on his way to his native land. He has bid adieu to the shores of England, and all his friends here, who loved him as a true Christian man, and is crossing the wide, wide sea which spreads between England and New Zealand.

He has left us a sketch of his own remarkable history, in which we are enabled to trace the way in which the Lord led him, and how he has been an instrument of much good to his own tribe and people. Tamahana lived 500 miles distant from the Missionary stations, nor had any of the Missionaries ever penetrated so far. But a native youth, who had been in the Missionary schools, wandered down thither in search of his friends, and from him Tamahana first heard about the gospel. One of the people who had come with this young native had a copy of the New-Zealand Testament, which had been printed at the Mission premises, and from this Tamahana learned to read. He undertook a voyage to that part of the island where the Missionaries lived, and brought back the first Missionary to his tribe. The preaching of the gospel has been much blessed to them: they are now, all of them, professing Christians, and many of them, we trust, are such "in spirit and in truth." Loving the gospel himself, Tamahana has endeavoured to forward it amongst his countrymen, and to improve their characters and habits. At one time, when other chiefs were disposed to go to war with the English, he persuaded them to peace. It was then that he became strongly convinced of the necessity of giving useful occupation to his people, and leading them onward in the path of improvement. We give now his own account of the measures adopted by him to bring this about.

My heart said, "What shall I do for my people to make them work, not to be too much idle? For if they were idle, then there would be too much talk, and fights would come."—When I was at Auckland, I had read about Peter the Great, king of Russia, who learned to work that he might teach his people. My heart had thought I should like to be like him.—Then I had a meeting after prayers in the evening. Many people came. I said to my people, "It is the wish of my heart to make a town like the white man's." Then they said, "It will be very hard. We cannot do it." But I said, "The English have only two hands, and two feet, and one heart; not four hands, or four feet. We, also, have the same number. The only difference between us is, that their skin is white. Let us *try*." Martyn\* said so too, and another chief. Then the people said, "Very

\* A cousin of Tamahana. He accompanied him in his voyage to the Bay of Islands for a Missionary, received the gospel, and was afterwards baptized, with Tamahana, by the name of Henry Martyn.

well." I said, "Let us build the church first, then our houses. God's house first, man's the second, then He will bless our work." My people said, "Very well." Then I said, "Go and cut the wood." They went, and I went too. We had no minister then. He was sick at Wellington. God alone was our minister. We finished the church. It was but a little one; not the large one my father had begun. Then my people began to make their own houses. But some liked to stay in the old pa, in their little dirty houses, and not come to the new town; so I burned all the houses in the old pa. It was a very great fire. The flames rose up high: the people cried when they saw them, but I did not. I was very happy to burn all the bad ways. I told them not to make little houses, Maori way, but like English, with two rooms and a chimney, and only one family to live in one house. Then I built my house.\* I made four rooms, two down stairs and two up stairs. It was made English



\* Our engraving is copied from a sketch taken on the spot, and kindly furnished to us by a friend.

way, with Maori carving. All the English liked my house, but I do not like to talk about it, lest it should seem proud. Then all the people made their houses English way. It was the first time a Maori town had been built English way.

Then I began to think again. I thought, "What shall I do? The town is finished, the church is finished, the houses of the people are finished. What shall I do?" I thought, "I will go and buy a cow." We had no cows then. It took a great deal of money to buy a cow at that time. I sold some land to the English, and my friends lent me some money the English had given them for making the road. Then I went to Wellington to buy a cow. When my people saw my cow they laughed. They said I was proud, taking the English ways. I said, "Never mind, you will see." By-and-bye the cow had a calf. Then I thought very much. I said, "What shall I do? I do not know how to make milk or butter, but I will try." So I got some flax and made a strong rope, and I caught hold of the cow, and tied it round her horns, and tied her very tight to a tree. My people feared the cow very much: they all ran away. I milked the cow: I milked her every day, for there was no one else who could do it then. Then I thought, "How shall I make butter?" There were no English to teach me, and I did not know how. I thought very much, and I prayed to God to help me. I had read, in a newspaper, that one way to make butter was to tie the milk up in calico, and put it in the ground; but I feared to do that, lest it should get dirty. Then I thought of a bottle. I found one, and I put the milk into it. I shook, shook very long, till I was tired. Then I gave it to my wife. She shook, then she grew tired, then I shook again—a long time. The afternoon came, and the sun began to go down, but the butter did not come. Then I was very sorry. I thought, "This cannot be the right way, it is so long." But then, at last the butter came, and we all laughed, and were very happy. Then Ruta [Ruth, his wife] put it in water, and made it all right.

*(To be continued.)*

#### ENCOURAGEMENTS TO MISSIONARY WORK IN CHINA.

IN the previous paper on this subject Mr. Cobbold mentioned some of the encouragements in China which present themselves in connexion with Missionary work in general. In this paper he refers more particularly to the circumstances of our own Mission at Ningpo.

Our own Mission of the Church of England to China has only been set on foot for ten years, and for nearly half that time there were only two Missionaries sent, and one of these soon returned home from ill-health, so that there was really only one labourer for many years; yet he has baptized three or four of those who were brought to listen to his teaching. We have only been at Ningpo since the summer of 1848, just over four years. We had first to learn the language before we could do any thing: this took us two years before we could speak with any thing like ease; and yet we have three whom we have baptized, and several others on whom we hope the Gospel has produced some effect.

And this leads me to speak of another encouragement: it is this, that the Gospel may lay hold of the hearts of those who as yet have not courage to come forward and confess themselves Christians, or who may be deterred by other difficulties. I can tell you of a case of each kind, where we may really hope that Jesus was believed in to the saving of the soul.

We had an old schoolmaster, who certainly had as much head knowledge as most people in England, who call themselves Christians, have. So far as we could find out, his life was moral, and he had given up idolatry: but he wanted courage—he was like Nicodemus, who came to Jesus by night. When we asked him whether he would not be baptized, he said that he had been baptized in heart, and that he meant to be baptized openly soon, and confess Christ before his countrymen. But while he was delaying, that dreadful illness the cholera attacked him. He was soon in the most terrible pain, and his mind suffered as much as his body. He showed the deepest repentance, did not have recourse to any of the idolatries or superstitions of his countrymen, and seemed to look to no other Saviour besides Jesus. In a very few hours he died. We may hope that the Gospel had laid hold of his heart; and that, though we were not permitted to enrol him among the number of our converts, yet he may be found in the roll of the book of life of the Lamb.

Another case is of a man yet living: he, too, is a schoolmaster, and, after learning our doctrines, and paying the greatest attention whenever they were taught in the school or preached in the chapel, he wrote me a letter in Chinese, asking me if I would baptize him privately; not that he feared for himself, he said, but he had an aged father, and some brothers older than himself; and as he was indebted to his father for all he had, he felt he could not do that which might bring trouble and contempt upon his parents, and disgrace upon his family. Now, while we might do what the apostle did, and preach the Gospel privately to any who were afraid to come out to hear it, and do as Jesus did, and receive some rich and learned person at night who might be afraid to come in the day; yet we could not do *this* thing in a corner, and make disciples privately, because, at baptism, an open profession must be made; and if all the world were present, the person to be baptized must not fear—must not shrink back. We did not, then, baptize this person, but we hope we shall do so; we hope he will be brought to love Jesus Christ above father and mother and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also; and so shall we most gladly receive him into the company of God's faithful people. But is it not an encouragement to think that in these cases, and very likely in many others, the Word of God has taken effect, and some are instructed in the knowledge of Christianity, and perhaps converted, who never openly belong to us?

One more encouragement I must mention, and it is this—The work we are doing depends not on the excellence of the instrument for its accomplishment, but upon the power which God puts forth: whether the instrument be strong, or whether it be weak, the power is the same, and the work to be done shall be done. God doeth "all things after the counsel of His own will;" and He says, "My Word . . . shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." We sometimes lose sight of this: we think that God's purposes are



defeated, because a people do not quickly receive the gospel. But are they defeated? Who can resist God's will? Who can say that *shall* be, which God says *shall not* be? Or who can say that *shall not* be, which God says *shall* be? Jesus says, “This is the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all which He hath given me I should lose nothing:” therefore we have encouragement to labour. The Bible says plainly that the gospel is to be preached “to every creature.” Jesus says clearly that He has “other sheep” besides those gathered in. St. John tells us plainly that the innumerable company of the redeemed is gathered out “of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues.” We know that no one of the sheep given by the Father to Christ can perish, or be plucked out out of His hand. We know that it is by the ministry of the gospel these are to be gathered in, and instructed, and trained up for heaven. What have we then to do with difficulties and discouragements? “Who art thou, O great mountain?” we may ask—thou great mountain of difficulty! hard languages to learn, hard hearts to soften, prejudices to remove, opposition to encounter, scorn, and ridicule, and contempt to meet with—who, and what, art thou, O great mountain? Formidable art thou to man—human power and science, which have levelled so many mountains of earth, can do nothing to overthrow thee—but “before Zerubabel,” before the Captain of our salvation—the mighty God—“thou shalt become a plain.” All difficulties shall be overcome—“every mountain and hill shall be laid low . . . and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.” Be encouraged, then, by the sure promises of God, and carry on this “work of faith,” and this “labour of love,” in the “patience of hope,” and the recompense shall be sure. Only “*pray for us*, that the Word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified,” in the conversion of many souls.

Like Tamahana Te Rauparaha, Mr. Cobbold has taken leave of us, and, accompanied by Mrs. Cobbold, is on his way to China's distant shores. May many prayers go with him, and may he return to his Missionary work “in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ.” New encouragements have presented themselves at his Station, tidings of which reached us after his departure, and of which he is ignorant. We shall hope to communicate them at another time to our readers. Meanwhile, the aspect of the Chinese empire generally is dark and luring, and many troubles and changes seem to be at hand.

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 “GIFTS UNTO THE LORD.”

THE Report of the Church Missionary Society for 1851–52 was published early in August, and an interesting book it is. The first part of it contains the Anniversary Sermon, and the Report of the Committee; and the second part gives particulars of the money contributed for the spread of the Gospel by the Society's means. Into this second part, as into a rich gold-mine, we propose now to take our readers, that they may see some of the “gifts unto the Lord” offered during the year.

And first, as to

Benefactions.

Under this head the Society annually receives a very large sum.

During the year that we are reviewing, the largest sum given in this country by one individual was the 600*l.* from "U. C." noticed in our Number for June 1851. There are no fewer than five benefactions of 500*l.*, one of them coming from a gentleman who gives that amount every year. The next largest sum comes from a friend who has contributed nearly ten thousand pounds to the Society's funds. Then we have three hundred guineas from a gentleman, who has made it an annual gift for many years. The next in amount is 250*l.*; and of 200*l.* we have four examples, all from friends of long standing. Twenty-one friends have each given a hundred pounds, and many give it yearly. Two brothers and four ladies occur to us at once as instances. How delightful it is to find that so many of those who are blessed with this world's goods are not forgetful of their brethren in heathen lands!

Then we have

Thank-Offerings

in great variety, and given on many different occasions. There are thank-offerings for "journeying mercies," "special mercies," "family mercies," "multiplied mercies," "peculiar mercies," and from "one who cannot number his mercies." Who among us can? There are thank-offerings, and thanksgiving sermons, for the harvest, and an offering of "first-fruits to God." Many who have experienced God's goodness in time of sickness and danger, have raised a memorial of their gratitude when restored to health. Thus we have an "offering of praise for a most merciful preservation," thank-offerings for "recovery from sickness," "recovery from dangerous sickness," "restoration to health," "recovery from sickness of a member of the family." One who can say with David, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted," tenders a "thank-offering for mercies received on a sick bed." A thankful congregation dedicate nearly 14*l.* as a "gift to the Lord," for the restoration of their minister. There is a "gratitude Missionary box"—reminding us of the principle that should be at the bottom of all our Missionary efforts. There are thank-offerings on the recurrence of particular days, as, birth-day thank-offerings, "thank-offering on wedding-day anniversary," and a "new year's thank-offering for mercies received," with a reference to Psalm ciii. 3. One gives a "thank-offering for a Christmas free from debt," which we heartily hope he will every Christmas be able to repeat. One acknowledges that "the Lord is faithful," and some other cases are exceedingly touching. One who has been bereaved chooses for a motto, "One taken, another left," and so gives his thank-offering. We may always, if we only look for it, see the bright bow of hope in the cloudy and dark day—nay, the darkness itself may be the occasion of much inward and heavenly light. As Paul wrote, "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness." "Was lost and is found," is the motto of another, and reminds us that our own safety—if indeed we be safe—should lead us to desire, and do our part to secure, the safety of our poor heathen brethren.

But the most remarkable instance of thank-offerings occurs in Suffolk, of which we have given some particulars in our next article, reserving an account of many more "gifts to the Lord" for a future Number.

A THANKFUL VILLAGE.

A LITTLE to the right of the main road between Ipswich and Norwich, and about nine miles from the former place, is an agricultural village. Perhaps a casual visitor might think it chiefly remarkable for the peal of ten bells in the steeple of its parish church, and which give to the village one of the names by which it is known. But those who know the place can tell of a more interesting feature than its peal of bells, and one which is, perhaps, less frequently to be found. It is eminently a *thankful* village, and contributes to the Missionary cause, from its population of about 800 souls, more than many places of ten times the size. Last year, for instance, its contribution was 131*l.*, of which sum thank-offerings produced 36*l.* There were thank-offerings for "a beautiful hay harvest," "protection of crops in a storm," "first fruits of a farm (one bushel of each grain)," "blessing of health," "preservation in danger," "relief from pain," "spiritual privileges," &c. The amounts vary from upwards of a pound to a very small sum. Those who have much and those who have little seem to be alike animated by this thankful spirit, and even the very children bring their thank-offerings. This is surely a good example, and a pleasing way of recording the kindness of the Lord in helping us from time to time.

The Missionary meeting in this parish is nearly as remarkable as the thank-offerings. It is usually held in the height of the summer; but this year it was two months earlier, in order that a Missionary from China might be present. The 26th of May was first named, but this was afterwards changed to the 28th, and much thankfulness to God was called forth that it was so; for the 26th was a soaking wet day, and as the tea-party was obliged to be held in a tent, those who came would have been wetted through and through. As it was, the 28th was quite fine; some clouds made the party a little anxious, but at the same time made them feel more thankful that the rain did not come down. We drove into the village about one o'clock, the flag on the tower of the church giving token of some day of festivity, and the bells from time to time pealing out their merry sound. You may imagine that the preparation for 600 people to drink tea is a matter of no small trouble and anxiety to the rector and his wife, and they would never be able to get through it all, did they not meet with most cheerful and hearty co-operation from all classes of their parishioners. The cloth and poles for the tent, the waggons to take it in, the horses to draw it, and the labour of erecting it, were all readily given by the farmers and their men; the tables, the forms, the sixty urns and kettles, the crockery and spoons, were all readily lent; the hands that kneaded the cakes and the bread, the ovens that baked them, the labour that cut the piles of bread and butter, and the heaps of cake, were all given by the wives and daughters of the place; while the pretty flags, with their appropriate texts, and the wreaths of flowers and evergreens, were the handiwork of those whose taste ran this way.

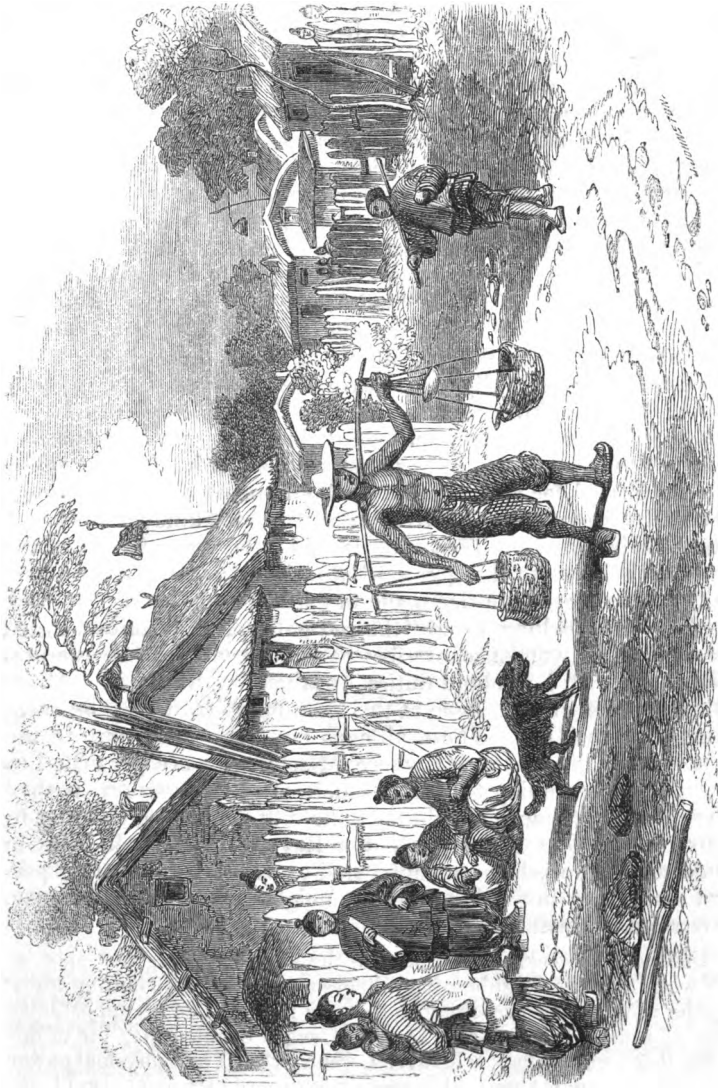
About half-past three o'clock those who had taken shilling and six-penny tickets* began to assemble in large numbers, and precisely at a quarter to four the gate of the schoolroom enclosure was opened, and the people, in a most orderly manner, took their seats. It was so arranged, that there was one tea-maker to about twelve persons, and each tea-maker had a Missionary box, which she was, if possible, to dispose of to one of those who fell to her part of the table. More than thirty Missionary boxes were disposed of in this way, the name of the person taking one being written down, that the rector might know where to apply at the end of the year. After all had satisfied themselves with tea, bread and butter, and cake, thanks were returned, a hymn was sung, and some addresses were given, full of simple illustration and anecdote, to stir up those present to love and good works.

Soon after six o'clock the bells struck up—the signal for those in the tent to separate till a quarter to seven o'clock, when they were to re-assemble in the church, and during this interval they were allowed to stroll over the rectory garden and grounds, while the friends of the rector, nearly a hundred in number, among whom were twenty clergymen, took a hasty cup of tea before going to the meeting.

On arriving at the church we found it quite full—there seemed not room for another person to sit down—while several were standing outside, and some were in the vestry. All the speaking was just what it should be for the occasion and the place; there were clearly set forth the great principles on which we should carry on this holy work, the sort of men required for it, the need of more earnest prayer, more hearty co-operation, more enlarged contributions. The meeting then separated in excellent order, and it was said afterwards that the only accident that had occurred was the breaking of the handles of two tea-cups. One very interesting part was, the reading out of all the “thank-offerings,” more than seventy in number, from the offering of 1*l.* 1*s.* for “spiritual assistance,” to the poor man’s offering, from a sick bed, of 6*d.* The collection after the meeting was more than 19*l.*; and in order to show the good feeling that prevails in this part towards the Church of England, we may state, that not only were many dissenters present, both in the tent and in the church, but one dissenting minister sent in the sum of 1*l.* 11*s.* 8½*d.*, collected in his chapel as an aid to the Missionary cause, and sent as “an expression of very kind feeling.”

* The 6*d.* tickets are for the labouring poor: they do not quite cover the expense of the tea; but altogether the tea gives a profit of 5*l.*, and this, with the produce of the Missionary boxes sent out, and the additional collection in the church, makes a profit of about 15*l.* for the Society.

THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



A CHINESE VILLAGE.—*Vide* p. 110.

CHINESE VILLAGES.

WE present to our readers, in this Number, a view of a Chinese village. The houses of a Chinese village are usually so contrived as to form a wall of defence round a long and irregular plot of ground, at each end of which is placed a gate, which is shut at night. Probably this mode of constructing a village has existed for many ages among the Chinese, who, we know, cling with great tenacity to every thing which their fathers have handed down to them. There is in it a sort of provision for the security of the inhabitants, and in disturbed times, arising from civil war or foreign invasion, was found convenient. The spectator is supposed to have entered within the gate. There is a path up the middle of the street, composed of slabs of granite, or some hard stone, and on either side are the houses. There the women, at least such of them as have had their feet cramped, occupy themselves with needlework. Two girls may be seen seated on a low stool, and extending their legs across another, of twice the height of their seat, and supporting in this way a frame on which a piece of embroidery is spread out. Their faces wear a sickly hue; but their feet are small, and they are therefore looked upon as the genteel members of the family, although, being unfitted for active employment, they are obliged to tease the sampler from morning until eve. Plaited skirts for ladies, and curious purses worn in the girdles of gentlemen, occupy much of their time. Beside each lies a book, with a cover of fair yellow, and studded with spangles, which she has purchased for 22 cash, that is, about one penny of our money. It contains between 200 and 300 patterns of various kinds, from which they take their dresses. This book is said to be "for the use of the person who belongs to the green window," that is, a poor woman, who sits beside a green lattice made of earthenware, while the rich lady is known as belonging to "the red gallery, or vermilion-tinted verandah." The women whose feet have been left in their natural state are busy with household duties, or labour in the fields. About the street of the village some of the male inhabitants may be seen, carrying waterpots, &c. These villages are very numerous in the districts around the five cities where Missionaries are permitted to reside, and are beginning to attract much of their attention, as they find the inhabitants more simple than the city people, and willing to be instructed. Our Missionary, the Rev. W. A. Russell, who is stationed at Ningpo, has communicated to us some interesting particulars respecting the villages in the neighbourhood of that city, which our readers will find in the following extract—

For the last few weeks I have been in the habit of going out once or twice a week into the neighbouring villages and towns, distributing tracts among the people, and preaching to them in the open air as opportunity offered—or rather, I should say, as my strength enabled me, for of opportunity there was no lack wherever I went. Had I had physical power for it, each day I might have addressed some twenty different assemblages of people, averaging in number from 50 to 200 persons, who in most cases, if I am to judge from those to whom I did speak, would have

listened attentively to me during a discourse of half-an-hour's length. Indeed, the little experience which I have lately had in itinerating in the neighbouring country surrounding Ningpo—where there is a countless population scattered about in villages at distances of one, two, or three miles, averaging, perhaps, from 500 to 5000 inhabitants—has left a strong impression on my mind as to the desirableness of stated itinerations among them. The happiest effects might be expected to flow from such a wide and extensive dissemination of the seed of Divine truth amongst a population whose simple and artless manners strongly incline me to feel that they would be much more susceptible of impression than the cunning, artful, money-besotted inhabitants of the city. I have therefore determined, with God's blessing, to continue these itinerating excursions, and gradually, as I get experience, to form fixed and definite plans with reference to them.

We introduce another extract giving information on the same subject. It is contained in a letter from a Missionary of the American Board at Canton, dated December of last year.

Our German brethren [of the Rhenish Missionary Society] reside in the village of Saiheong, which has about three thousand inhabitants, mostly traders. The Mission premises are in a very healthy location, facing the sea, and have rooms for preaching, lectures, and a boys' boarding-school. There are thirteen boys in the school, three of whom have been baptized. All the instruction is given in the Chinese language. Music and gymnastics form a part of the course of education. Three of the elder boys are very skilful and correct players on the violin. At family worship the school and all the household sing Chinese hymns to German music, while one of the brethren accompanies them on the seraphine. They have three out-stations within the distance of fifteen miles, which are under Mr. Krone's care. The school and the preaching service at the central station are assigned to Mr. Genaehr. Both prescribe for the sick, and perform surgical operations, as occasion offers; and this aids them in gaining the goodwill of the villagers where they reside, and in removing any prejudices that might exist at the out-stations because they are foreigners. Both dress in the Chinese costume.

They have admitted to the church sixty persons, male and female. For a week I had an opportunity to observe the deportment of those in their household who had been baptized; and I must say that I have never seen any Chinese who gave better evidence of an intelligent understanding of the Scriptures, and of sincere love to Christ. One old lady, aged sixty-four years, who has been baptized eighteen months, particularly awakened my interest. She can read and write Chinese well, which is a rare attainment for Chinese women. From eight to nine o'clock in the morning she hears the boys repeat from memory Scripture proofs for the fundamental Christian doctrines. This old lady acts the part of a deaconess for the other Chinese females who have been baptized.

My visit to this station has convinced me that it is practicable to open stations in the country, if they are managed prudently. Our German brethren appear to be much blessed in their labours. Their household and their school have the appearance of a Christian establishment. Order, harmony, the fear of God, a high regard for the Bible and spiritual wor-

ship, pervade it, as can be seen by any visitor. It was truly cheering to find a place with such a healthy moral atmosphere amid the corrupting idolatry of China.

ADULT SUNDAY-SCHOOLS AMONG THE NESTORIANS.

ADULT Sunday-schools are a very useful instrumentality, and we have known them worked with great effect in country parishes at home, where the services in the church have been morning and afternoon. The village school was filled in the evening with a number of persons, many of whom would find it difficult, if not impossible, to attend on a week-day evening—persons of different ages, and several amongst them very old. Such as could read occupied the foremost benches: the clergyman stationed himself in the midst of the circle. A chapter was read verse by verse, questions asked and encouraged, and instruction given; and, amongst other effects produced, many were induced to attend the week-evening adult school in the winter season, that they might also be able to read the Holy Scriptures.

We now give some account of an adult Sunday-school in a far-distant part of the world: it is in connexion with the work which the American Missionaries are carrying forward among the Nestorian Christians on the borders of Turkey and Persia. The account is given by Yonan, a native teacher, in a letter addressed to his friends in the United States. We think it will be read with interest.

I thought I had better teach the old women, because they are very ignorant, and very little esteemed in this country. I desired from all my heart to take pains with them. Miss Fisk gave me "Line upon Line," and I have taught them in this to the time of the Israelites' leaving Egypt. I also teach them more than this book contains; and there are women who can commence at the beginning of the Old Testament and recite as far as this perfectly.

When I commenced this class there were only six or seven women; but now I have thirty-seven, sometimes forty; for those women who come see how good it is to learn, and, like the Samaritan woman, go and proclaim it to others, and from this the number continually increases. The Nestorian women, especially the aged women, have a habit, when two meet together, to engage earnestly in relating old wives' fables, in slandering, and idle conversation. These women were such; and whenever they came to church, whether on the way or during the preaching, we could find no way in which to stop their injurious, lying conversation. Awakening sermons and fearful words were to them as seeds cast by the wayside. Though they have heard preaching for fifteen years, still we find them very ignorant; and they themselves are becoming sensible of their ignorance. They often say to me, "If you had taught us in this way during these years that are passed, we should now have been well acquainted with the Scriptures."

And, friends, it is true that we find this kind of teaching, these Sunday-schools, the best net we have spread for these women, as well as for others. What I teach on one Sabbath I require them to be

ready to repeat on the next ; and to do this they are obliged to almost entirely forsake their gossip. As soon as they come out of the church they lay hold of the readers on the way, and those in their houses, to ask them about what they have heard, that they may not forget it. If you were to see their diligence and great effort in this work, and the great change in their habits, you would wonder and rejoice. When we teach them about Adam and Eve, and their fall, or about the deliverance of Noah and the destruction of others, or about Abraham offering his son, or about the journey of father Jacob, or about Joseph in Egypt, and we ask them if they are like these persons—if they love God as they did—then the tears roll down their cheeks, and it is evident they are deeply affected.

There is one woman in the class who was a Nestorian by birth, and became a Mussulman for as many as thirty years. She followed the religion of the false prophet, but she is now again with us, studying the Scriptures. When we commenced the class there were several young women in it ; but I gave them spelling-books, and told them it was not proper for them to sit with the aged women : they were not too old to learn to read.

Another class is taught by John. At its commencement there were only ten in it, and sometimes there were less ; but now there are thirty or forty white-bearded men in this class. John takes a great deal of pains to teach them, and they have learned from the beginning of the Old Testament to the building of the tabernacle. He asks them questions, and they answer very well indeed. He was once asking them questions in regard to what he had previously taught them, when an old man cried out, "I know nothing ; but this I know, that the Missionaries, and this kind of instruction, are right." Though that man is very ignorant, still he rejoices in this work.

Before we had the school in the church we could not keep these men from going to the market on the Lord's-day, nor from idle conversation about this and that. They used to assemble in the streets, sit in the sun, and spend the Sabbath in idleness. About half the time they would appear in the preaching exercises, and then we lost sight of them. They would never spend an entire Sunday without bringing into it some worldly business. I blame them not, because they are not readers ; and weak human nature grew weary under six sermons. But they are delighted with the school, and when we wish to close the exercises they are not willing. They do not wish to sit in the streets now on the Sabbath, but to sit in the church and learn ; and when they see other men in the streets they bring them with them to the school. If one of these men is absent for a Sabbath he is very sorry the next time, because his companions have gone before him ; so all try to be present every week. There were at first some young men in this class who thought they could not learn to read, but we gave them books last Sabbath, and charged them to read.

Now I will tell you about the women and girls who have learned to read in these two years. One girl, who has never been to school, has read her New Testament twice through, and has begun to read the Old Testament, translating from the ancient Syriac. There are sixteen women who have learned to read well in the New Testament. These women have never been to school, nor have they time to go, for they are

labourers, and have a great deal of work. But they love to read; and when they go out in the summer to their vineyards or fields, to weed, they carry their books with them, and when they sit down to eat and rest a little, while their companions sleep, they read. Others, who have not oil to light their houses, read by moonlight. Others, when they are spinning, put their books on a little shelf, and spin and read. All these women love the Sabbath-school dearly, because it helps them in their reading.

Of the men who have these years learned to read, one has finished his Testament, and fourteen others read well. It is a very difficult thing for them to read, for they have a great deal of work in winter and summer. They are very poor, and cannot leave their work to go to school. This they do, that they may learn. When they go out to plough, or dig, or harvest, they put their books in their pockets, and at the time for rest, when their companions lie down, they read. Though they may be very tired when they come from their work at night, they always read, however late it may be. One of these men of whom I have spoken is so earnest to read, that when he gets up in the night, to take care of the cattle, he never sleeps afterwards, but reads till morning. When his family knew this, they waked him no more to work in the night, because he burned so much oil. There are some of these men who give a little child a cent, to give at the monthly meeting, for teaching them, and so they gather up knowledge. When they come to evening prayers they bring their books with them, and read till the people assemble. Besides these, we have men and women who read in the spelling-book. They read so well, that they are almost ready to go into the gospels. These, also, are very zealous in their work.

THE DAHOMIANS.

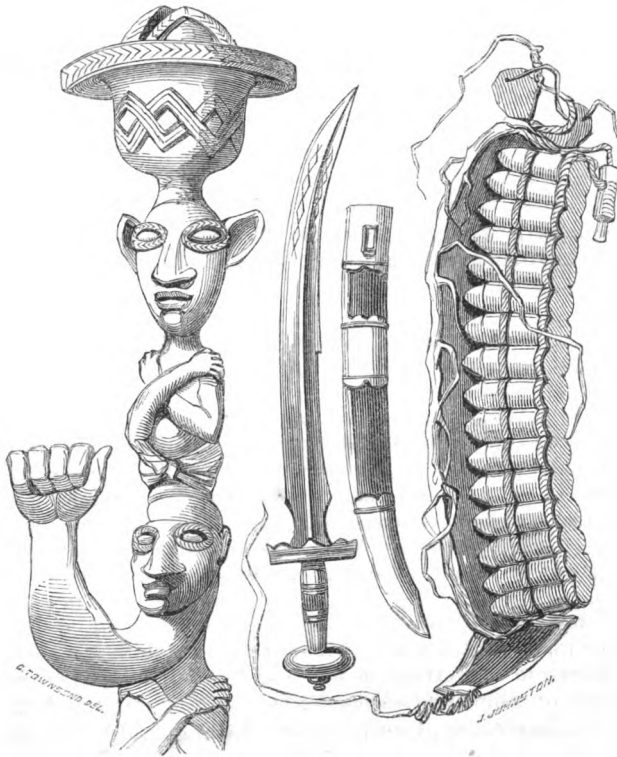
THE Dahomians are amongst the most ferocious and bloodthirsty of modern heathen nations. A people that delight in war, they have for upwards of a hundred years been the scourge of the African tribes and territories around them. We have now lying before us a curious letter, addressed by Trudo Audato, King of Dahomey, to George II., in 1732, and sent to England by a Captain Lambe, who had been detained for some time as a prisoner at his court. In this he thus reckons up his warlike exploits—

My grandfather was no warrior, and only enlarged his dominions by conquering one kingdom; my father, nine; but my brother fought 79 battles, in which he subdued several petty kingdoms; and I myself have fought 209, in which I subdued many great kings and kingdoms. In my brother's reign the king of Weemia, and his army of several hundred thousands, were destroyed, myself being then head general. The king's head we have preserved to this day, with flesh and hair on; the heads of his generals we distinguished by giving them places on each side of the doors of our fetish houses; those of his captains have paved all before the doors; and the heads of the common soldiers we have set round the walls of the palace of our ancestors, as close as they can lie, being in circumference about three miles.

Such were the Dahomians of old, and such they have continued

up to the present time. We trust that a limit is now being placed to their devastations; for in the Yoruba country they have failed, not only in their attack on Abbeokuta, but on other towns also.

We have given an engraving of some of the spoils taken from



them at Abbeokuta, the explanation of which is as follows—

No. 1 is a brass instrument, about four feet in length, made up of figures of slaves, of which the upper portion only is shown in the engraving: the top is surmounted with a bell, and the bottom terminates with a spike. The use of the instrument is not known; but, in default of better information, it would appear, from the projecting arm a little way down, to be a gun-rest: at all events, it is a curious and ingenious piece of native manufacture.

No. 2 is a Dahomian sword and sheath, one of the kind used by the Amazons. The hilt and sheath are protected with brass-work. You will see from its form that it is a formidable weapon.

No. 3 is a cartouche belt, made of skin. The charges of powder are contained in the wooden cylinders, each fitting into its cavity in the belt: the head unscrews when the cylinder is required to be emptied.

Nos. 2 and 3 may be identified by referring to Captain Forbes's figure of the Amazon, as given in the "Gleaner" for May 1851.

It is a singular fact that one of our native converts at Abbeokuta has been detained at Abomey, the capital of Dahomey, ever since the defeat of Gezo at Abbeokuta. This man, John Baptist Dasalu, was missed after the battle, and search was made for his body, on the supposition that he was amongst the slain. A decapitated body was found, which was identified by his brother, and buried accordingly; and we gave an account of John, as of one who had departed this life, in our Number for October 1851. On the Rev. S. Crowther's reaching the coast, when returning to England, reports there reached him that John was not dead, but a prisoner in Dahomey. We have waited until we should receive some decisive information on the subject, as it was doubtful whether he was indeed living. We now introduce the following paragraph from the Rev. C. A. Gollmer's Journal—

Jan. 16, 1852—Martha Dasalu, a communicant from Abbeokuta, the wife of John Baptist Dasalu, one of Mr. Crowther's worthy communicants, whom Dahomey carried away last year, came, apparently much distressed, and with tears in her eyes. When I inquired into the cause, she said, "I have just heard from my husband"—she had come down to Badagry that she might more frequently communicate with him, and to await his return; for Mr. Crowther and Mr. Townsend requested me, if possible, to redeem him—and showed me the symbolical letter her husband had sent her. It consisted of a stone, a coal, pepper, parched corn, and a rag, the whole being tied in a small piece of cloth, and the meaning—"I am as hearty as a stone, *i. e.* quite well; but, like coal, so is every thing dark before my eyes, *i. e.* my prospect is gloomy; my skin, or body, is as hot as pepper, so that one could roast or parch corn on it, *i. e.* greatly excited; and my cloth is no better than a rag." I tried to comfort her as much as I could, and she bears her trial with Christian resignation and patience.

May he have grace given him to be faithful, and be the instrument of good to the souls of some of the benighted Dahomians! They are under a worse bondage than he is; and John, although a captive, is a free man in the midst of them.

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#### TAMAHANA TE RAUPARAHA.

WE continue our account of this New-Zealand chief from our last Number, and of the efforts made by him to improve the habits and condition of his people. When he had made the butter, he wanted to show them how much better English ways were than New-Zealand ways. He shall now describe the manner in which he showed them this.

Then I went to Wellington, and sold my pigs for 5*l.* With the money I bought plates, knives, cups and saucers, sugar, and tea. My servant helped to pack up the things, and we brought them to Otaki. Then I made a feast. I got a large pot, very large, with no top. I put the tea,

and sugar, and milk, in it, all together. I had only a few cups and saucers, so I put a cup to two men, and a saucer to two men. Then I got plenty of food. I had a little mill. We ground some flour, and made bread. We had no oven then, but baked it in the ashes. We got, too, pork, and fowls, and geese. After all was ready, when prayers in the church were finished in the evening, I spoke to the chiefs, and the friends who had said I was proud—about twenty of them, or more. I told them to come to my house to a meeting, for I had new talk to tell them. I did not tell them about the feast. I went to the door of my house to see the people come in: those who had blankets on I stopped, but those who had coats and trousers I let come in. Then the men in blankets were very sorry. They said, "We are poor, we have no coats." I said, "I will not let people come to my house in blankets; but if you will tell me you will throw away your blankets and wear English clothes, then I will let you come this time." They said they would do so; so I let them come in, and they promised they would go to Wellington and sell pigs, to buy coats and trousers. I was not angry with them when I did not let them come in. I loved them, only I wished them to be like English. When the people saw the feast they all said "Oh!" and they held up their hands. I am sorry I cannot make a picture of my people when they first saw it, as they stood all surprised, with their mouths and their eyes wide open. Then they ate and drank, and were very happy. They could not cut with the knives: they took the food in their hands, and dipped their cups in the great pot, and drank them all off at one time. And they did not spread the butter on the bread: they scraped it up in large lumps, and ate it; and they said, "Ah! English food is very good. You are clever: we will follow you." I said, "Now you have finished the food for the body, I will tell you the other food for the heart that I wanted you to come here for. God has taught me this way, that we should all come together in it. I am glad you have come English way in making your town, your houses, and thrown away your bad ways. First of all, as we said when our minister baptized us, we threw away the bad works, and believed in God; then we threw away our bad houses, which before had been dark, like our hearts had been. Now I want you to *go on*, to throw away the bad food and bad customs. Have plates, knives, and forks. *Go on, go on*. Now, my dear friends, how do you like English food? I see how fast your hands have carried it to your mouth, and I think you like it very much." All held up their hands, and said, "Yes, yes! your words are true." I said, "Very well: all right. Now I want to talk one word more to you. We have finished the house of God, we have finished the houses for our bodies; and now it is right that we should take care of the food for our bodies. I should like you to make a water-mill to grind our corn—not a little mill for the hand, but a large one, fit to be the brother to the town." They said, "Ah! we cannot do that. Where is the money?" I said, "You sell flax, and corn, and pigs, to the English, and get money: with some buy clothes and things for yourselves, and give some to the mill. Go, too, and work on the English road, and their farms, and earn money for the mill." All held up their hands and shouted, and said, "Very true."

We did so. Ruta made butter, and I worked in my farm and sold my corn, and we gave 30*l.*; Martyn and his family 100*l.*; and all gave

some. In two years and a half we had collected 300*l.* Then soon we got another, for which we paid 200*l.*, and also one at Porirua, for 150*l.* I worked with my hands at the ground, to help get the money. Then all the people went the right way.

Then I thought again, and my heart said it would be a good way to have a baker, a butcher, and a store for clothes, in our town. After a time, that, too, was done.

Then I said to my father, "Now you have come on shore again,\* let us go on with the large church, the largest in New Zealand, which you began before, larger than the one in Waikanae." My father said, "O yes!" and he spoke to the people, that they should cut wood. I had then given up the power to my father, and when he went wrong I showed him the right way. Then we all went into the bush to cut wood—the totara wood—for the church. The totara is the strongest wood in New Zealand, and very beautiful too. When we had cut the wood, then we began to build. We were two years and a half in building it."

The next object which Tamahana thought of was a college, in which the most promising of the natives might be trained as catechists and schoolmasters, so that the people might be well instructed, and Christianity take root amongst them. It was the hope of accomplishing this which brought him to England, that he might bring his plans before the Committee of the Society. But we shall let him speak his own thoughts on this subject in a subsequent Number.

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"GIFTS UNTO THE LORD."

WE conclude our account of these "gifts" from our last Number. Our readers will remember that they are all to be found in the lately-published Report of the Church Missionary Society.

Juvenile Contributions.

We find that we have received from Juvenile Associations 1816*l.* Nearly two thousand pounds! The largest of the Associations are at Bath, Brighton, Hereford, and York. But besides the contributions through Associations, there are multitudes of sums through schools and similar sources, amounting to 1314*l.* more: so that the total of our Juvenile Contributions seems to be about *three thousand one hundred and thirty pounds*. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give the glory."†

We now proceed to another class of contributions, viz.

Missionary Baskets, Sale of Work, &c.

The sum received from Missionary baskets is 1025*l.*, and from other sales of work about 860*l.*, making a total of 1885*l.* How many busy fingers must have been employed to raise so large a sum as nearly two thousand pounds! Again, we have

* After his detention on board the "Calliope."

† We would respectfully suggest, that, in all cases, Juvenile Contributions should be made to form the nucleus of Juvenile Associations. While on the one hand it no doubt requires care, lest such a movement should take children and youth out of their proper sphere; yet, under judicious management, it would seem to be a means, not only of increasing the Society's resources, but of benefiting the youthful donors.

Contributions from Servants

amounting to more than a hundred guineas; and, no doubt, very much more, only it does not distinctly appear as coming from servants. There are also other instances of liberal contributions from persons in the humbler walks of life. Take the following—

A Labourer's Annual Subscription	£1	0	0
His Missionary Box	1	1	0
Thank-offering from a Working-man	1	0	0

Do we all come up to the standard of these working-men?

Legacies.

The Society has received many legacies during the past year, one being of very large amount, from a lady at Islington. She left the sum of eight thousand pounds to us, free of legacy duty. By so kindly directing it to be paid duty free, the Society benefited to the extent of eight hundred pounds. We have only received one legacy of larger amount than this during the Society's existence.

The next class of “gifts” we must call

Miscellaneous.

First we will notice sundry products of the earth that have been pressed into the service of Missions—

Produce of a slip of land	10	0
Sale of flower seeds	1	3 2
arrow root	10	0
lavender	17	6
Missionary apple tree	10	0
flowers	16	4
Gooseberry tree	1	18 2

The last is quite a veteran in the cause. For nearly twenty years has John Hoyle had a gooseberry tree producing Missionary gooseberries, that have sold for nearly *forty pounds*. The produce has always exceeded a pound, and in one year reached four pounds. Then we have—

Produce of tree	16	0
Missionary tree	14	13 5
Ditto	3	3 8
Ditto	1	13 0
Produce of Missionary trees	19	8 2

We rather suspect, however, that most of these trees, if not all, were so valuable because of the trinkets hung upon them—in fact, that they were Christmas trees, although not so called. We have besides—

Christmas tree	15	0	Bazaar tree	1	9	0
Ditto	2	0	0	Produce of Christmas		
Ditto	3	9	0	tree	21	3 0
Ditto (moiety)	5	0	0			

We come now to another class, animals and their products—

Missionary Lamb	1	5	0	First-fruits of a small		
Sheep	1	0	0	dairy	12	0
Hen	1	5	0	Profit on Bees	10	0
Pig	10	6		Beehive	1	0 0
Sale of a pet Lamb	1	0	0	Sale of honey	10	0
Ham	13	6				

In opposition to the honey we may put

Sale of Ink	1	0	0
Physic Box	1	10	4

Two fortunate persons have devoted rewards to this cause—

Reward for finding a seal	10	0
gold chain, &c.	10	0

Two others, who have profited by the repeal of the window-tax, send—

Moiety of late window-tax	5	0	0
Part of window-tax saved	1	0	0

Two others have adopted a plan that produces a good subscription in an easy manner—

A halfpenny a day for a year	15	3	
A penny per day for 1851	1	10	5

Others send the profit or produce of sales—

Sale of drawing-box	1	5	0	Sale of trinkets	1	15	0
a gold coin	1	4	0	pen-wipers	14	11	
book-markers	12	10		Proceeds of bracelet	3	0	0
books and markers, 1	10	9		Profits on sale of pictures,	1	10	0

Lectures also add to our funds—

Lectures on Palestine	7	3	9
a drop of water	2	9	0

Friendly dressmakers lend their aid—

Hint from the Croston Milliner*	11	6	
Friend, a farthing per 1s. gained in a year, in imitation of the Milliner at Drayton	2	10	3
Moiety of dresses made	1	0	0

And, lastly, under the head of Miscellaneous, we find two contributors who have "rested from their labours"—

One who loved his Saviour	10	0	0
Profits on sale of the first edition of "Memoirs of an Eton Boy"	21	0	0

Our review of the gold mine is nearly ended. But we must say one word as to the

Foreign Contributions.

By these we mean, contributions raised in the countries where our Missions are carried on, and spent there in furtherance of our work. Now of course persons in those countries are likely to know whether our Missions are worthy of support or not, and they will only give their money if they find that they *are* worthy. What, then, is the fact? Why, that the sum of about eleven thousand pounds has been raised within the year, chiefly in India, by friends of the Society abroad.

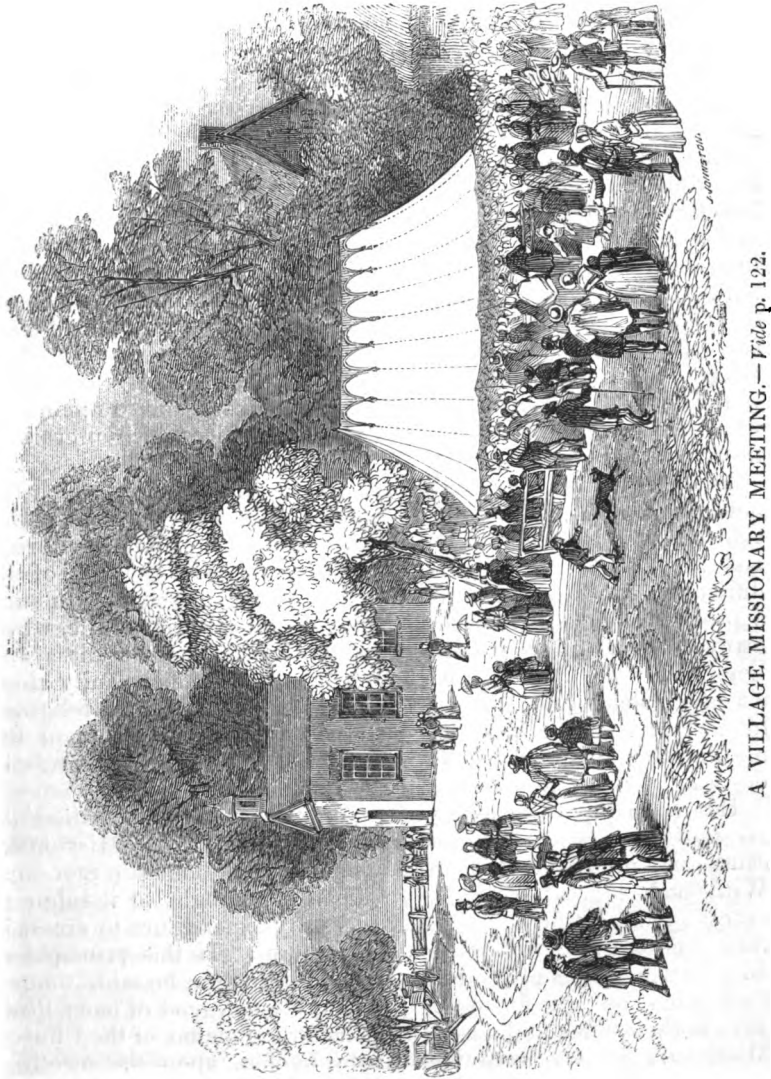
In conclusion, we would remind our readers that money in itself can do nothing towards the conversion of the world—absolutely nothing, even if spent in the wisest manner, and in support of the best Missions. There must be the outpouring of God's Holy Spirit before the dry bones can live, or the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose. For this outpouring let us pray more fervently, that our efforts may result in "glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

* See "Church Missionary Gleaner" for Jan. 1847, p. 9.

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[NOVEMBER, 1852.

THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



A VILLAGE MISSIONARY MEETING.—*Vide* p. 122.

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A VILLAGE MISSIONARY MEETING.

WE have given this month a sketch of a village Missionary meeting. The scene described takes place annually, in a pretty village in the North Riding of Yorkshire, close to the splendid castle and domain of one of our most distinguished noblemen. At an early hour in the afternoon the friends begin to assemble; tea is provided under the tent which appears in the sketch, the price of the tea tickets being sixpence; and then the meeting is held, which is usually addressed by two or three clergymen from a distance, as well as by some neighbouring clerical friends.

This year the noble earl himself presided on the occasion, and a degree of extra interest was occasioned by the former part of the meeting being held in the open air, immediately in front of the chapel. The scene during this part of the proceedings was very beautiful and striking. On the gradual slope of the village green benches were arranged in a semicircle, accommodating about four or five hundred of the neighbouring gentry, farmers, labourers, and their families. In the rear, and on the sides, of the circle, were the tent, the trees, gardens, and cottages of the village. Behind the tent, and directly facing the speakers, appeared the castellated mansion, with the sun shining full upon it, and rising above the dark foliage of the splendid trees which surround it. It was a scene well calculated to animate the various speakers, and to remind all who were assembled of the peace and prosperity which prevail in their own favoured land.

In the course of the interesting and excellent address which the noble chairman delivered on the occasion, he referred to this subject, and dwelt forcibly on the vast extent of our territories, and also of our commerce. He enlarged upon the fact of the different nations of the earth contributing to supply us with such a profusion of the necessaries, comforts, and luxuries of life, while many of them still continued in a state of heathen darkness and ignorance. He then showed how it was that to Christianity alone we are indebted for our great national pre-eminence, religious liberty, and varied blessings; and earnestly impressed upon the meeting the duty and privilege of imparting to those who are still destitute of them the rich benefits of the gospel.

His Lordship then dwelt much on the necessity of *individual exertion*—of *each one* contributing his mite towards the Missionary cause, and, in order to this, on the importance of domestic economy. With such a great work before them, none ought to indulge in excess: there ought to be no unnecessary expenditure in dress, in vain amusements, frivolities, and pleasures. If this principle of duty were more deeply considered and acted upon, he said, “much more might be done for the present and eternal good of our fellow-men, both at home and abroad.” The strong claims of the Church Missionary Society were then urged by him upon the meeting, and he concluded by expressing an earnest hope that their support would be heartily, liberally, and prayerfully afforded to it.

Other speakers then addressed the assembled friends. A striking anecdote was related by one of them, as illustrative of that truth of Scripture, that "there is that scattereth, and yet increaseth." Singular as the circumstances are, the speaker confidently assured the meeting that the facts could be vouched for. A pious widow in humble life, who had occasionally been in the habit of receiving a little pecuniary assistance from a few friends, was present some years ago, in a church in one of our large manufacturing towns, when the cause of the Church Missionary Society was pleaded. She was much impressed with the sermon, and felt a strong disposition to contribute, as liberally as her means would admit, to the benevolent object. She had, however, only a sovereign and two-pence in her pocket at the time. She felt a desire to give the sovereign, but prudence suggested that, as it was all she had, it would be more proper for her to give the pence. She therefore did so. In the evening of the same day the cause was again pleaded in the same church, and with equal effect. The poor woman was present. This time she felt constrained to part with her sovereign; and so, when the box came round, it went in.

A rich lady was laid upon her sick and dying bed in the same town. A friend was present in her room, who happened to mention the poor widow's liberal gifts, and the peculiar circumstances of her case. The lady herself was one of that large class who had not learnt that it was "more blessed to give than to receive;" but when the case of the poor woman was mentioned to her, she appeared to be much affected by her largeness of heart and Christian liberality. She made inquiry into her circumstances, found her to be a deserving person, became much interested in her behalf, and then left her the sum of one hundred pounds in her will!—thus verifying the declaration of God's Word, that he that "lendeth unto the Lord," it shall be repaid him again, and confirming the adage, that "we shall never be losers by what we do for God."

The narrative does not appear to have been related in vain; for the sum of upwards of seventeen pounds was contributed after the meeting, and, with the addition of the sum obtained by the sale of the tea tickets, the whole amount realized was about twenty pounds.

We shall be glad to hear of any of our friends making similar efforts; and we venture to suggest that our village Missionary meetings might be much improved by a similar process to the one we have described. Many, we doubt not, would come from neighbouring villages; and with good and hearty singing, and animated addresses, the meeting would prove lively and useful, and the people would go away feeling that it had been both good and pleasant for them to have been there.

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#### INUNDATION AT THE RED RIVER.

IN May 1826, in consequence of the rapid melting of immense quantities of snow, which had fallen during the previous winter, the

Red River was visited by a fearful flood, and the fields where, had the season been as usual, the plough would have been at work, were covered with a wide waste of waters. Almost every house in the settlement was destroyed; but the two churches were left standing, and the Missionaries' dwelling-houses, with the school-houses, were left alone, as monuments of the preserving mercy of God. This last spring the Red River has been visited by a similar calamity, the particulars of which are contained in the following letter from the Bishop of Rupert's Land, dated St. James', Assiniboine, May 31, 1852—

I avail myself of a special express of the Hudson's-Bay Company to acquaint you with the severe affliction with which it has pleased our heavenly Father to visit the upper part of the settlement.

On the breaking up of the ice, on April the 25th, the Red River and the Assiniboine rose very alarmingly. For some time we hoped that it would not overflow the banks; but it soon became evident that we must prepare for a recurrence of the flood of 1826. It has not eventually attained exactly the same height—perhaps about eighteen inches under the level of the highest mark on the former occasion; but the rivers are certainly deeper and broader than then, so that the volume of water is, I think, as great. The appearance has been very fearful—to see what was before prairie and plain turned into an open sea, the river widening in some places to a breadth of ten or twelve miles. At the crisis of the flood it was accompanied by very severe wind and storm, and this led to a great destruction of property. Houses were swept away by the resistless current, and barns full of grain; and the poor inhabitants have lost what is to all in this country all-important, the fences and pickets which bound their fields. My own house, the two schools, the Upper-Church school, and all the out-buildings, have suffered much: they look at present like a wreck. The window-sashes were removed, and the doors taken off, to allow a free passage for the water, which rolled in waves through the house. The height of the water in the hall and sitting-room was about forty inches. We remained in it for a long time; but when the water entered the house I sent the children up hither, where Mr. and Mrs. Taylor have most hospitably lodged them in the new parsonage-house, which was most fortunately roofed in, though not completed. After a few days I followed up with my sister, and have since passed to and fro to watch the progress of matters below.

There has been a great resemblance between this and the previous flood, the waters becoming stationary, and retiring very much about the same time. The loss has been the greatest among the Canadian population on the main river, above its junction with the Assiniboine: they have, for the most part, lost their all—their houses are swept away, and the little property they possessed. It is very heavy also in the Upper-Church and Middle districts, the two extremities of the settlement, the district of St. James at this end, and that of St. Andrew's and the Indian settlement, having been uninjured. This is indeed a special mercy from God, as no wheat can be grown upon the flooded land, only barley and potatoes. In this way we fear a pressure and scarcity in winter, but the apprehension is much diminished by the quantity of land

under cultivation below: a much larger breadth of land is sown there with wheat than in former years. I have, in consequence, ventured to put in some wheat on the Mission farm at the Rapids, which would otherwise have remained uncultivated. The whole of it will this year be occupied by Mr. Cockran and myself; and, if the season prove favourable, a large portion of grain may, with the blessing of God, be raised upon it.

The behaviour of the people under this heavy visitation is most praiseworthy. They manifest a patience and submission which are very striking to an European. I fear it will produce many changes, and that many may be led to settle elsewhere; but this rests with God. While driven from their houses, they have been encamped on the ridges and heights around. Here we have endeavoured to follow them with our services, and three happier Sabbaths than the last we never passed. On the 16th of May I preached on the Little Mountain, a small rising ground six miles off. It was a most beautiful sight, with twenty-four tents around, and 150 individuals in a semi-circle before me. The music was very touching under the clear canopy of heaven. I preached from Genesis xix. 27, 28, on Abraham regarding the ruined cities of the plain. Mr. Chapman had service at the same time in the Middle Church; but the following Sunday he preached on the next hill, six miles further on. Yesterday, to these two services were added a morning and afternoon service on the opposite side of the river, on the Little Hill, where Mr. Jones and Mr. Cockran used to preach during the former flood. These were taken by Mr. Cowley, who had come in from Fort Pelly and Beaver Creek during the week. While the services were proceeding on the Hill, Mr. Taylor had service also in his house, and before it on the banks of the river here, where a full congregation assembled morning and evening.

The only loss of life, of which we as yet know, is the accidental death of a very faithful and valued servant of my own, who ventured out very rashly in a dark and stormy night, wishing to see his wife, who was with her father twelve miles below. He was a great favourite with us all, having been in the establishment for the last nine years. His body has not yet been found.

The Society will imagine that it has been a period of much anxiety and painful thought; yet let me assure them that God has been very gracious, and very near to us in our season of trial. There has been very little illness, and only the one death; and all have enjoyed the services, while shut out from the ordinances of God's house, with a deeper relish and gratitude than even in former days of unmingled prosperity.

It may affect our out-stations for the want of supplies, but not, we hope, this winter: we shall be able to send out enough to all by the boats which leave this month; and, if God bless us in the weeks of harvest, there is so much grain in the settlement that we cherish fond hopes for next spring also. Indeed, our hope is great that the good hand of God may bring much good out of this dispensation, and that, by stirring us all up to renewed activity and prayerfulness, we may find that it has been a blessing to the whole land, and among those things which work together for the present and everlasting good of thousands.

I need not add, pray for us. The above recital will, I am sure, call

forth the deepest sympathy and the most earnest prayers from all. We have been indeed passing through deep waters, but now the flood is rapidly yet gently declining, and the fields beginning to re-appear. The past month feels almost like a dream to us; but throughout the whole we have felt that "the Lord of Hosts was with us, the God of Jacob was our refuge." Much of Scripture has become dearer to us; and if we have felt more the vanity of the things of time and sense, and the infinite value of eternity, the visitation will not have been in vain.

The Bishop has kindly promised a more detailed narrative of this time of trial, in which the sustaining power of God's gracious presence has been so remarkably manifested. This we hope to publish in the pages of the "Intelligencer."

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 THE SHENDOOS, OR HEUMÁ.*

WE have presented to us, in the engraving, one of a singular race



* Our information concerning the Shendoos is derived from an article in the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, No. 53.

of people dwelling in the mountains and forests which lie between the British province of Arracan and the great river Irrawaddy, up which, in the prosecution of the war with Birmah, a British naval force has advanced to a considerable distance. They are called Heumā, or Shendoos. Although bordering on our possessions in Arracan, they do not appear to have been ever visited by the people of the plains, nor is it thought that any specimen of the race had been seen by an European previously to the year 1850. The scanty information extant concerning them has been communicated by the chief the Shendoo village nearest to Arracan. They are one of the numerous races which have been long hidden from the view of Europeans, and whom no Missionary has ever visited.

They are rich in poultry and pigs, and cultivate the grains usually raised in jungly hills. They prize dogs as food, and also all sorts of game, as well as elephants, whose flesh they greatly prize. The elephants are generally shot with large arrows set in trap-bows of immense size, so disposed that on the elephant touching the connecting wire he receives the arrow in his side. Their weapons consist of bows and arrows, which are now beginning to be superseded by muskets, short spears, and shields of buffalo hide, ornamented with brass plates and tufts of goats' hair dyed scarlet.

Of their superstitions little is known. They are said to regard the sun and moon as deities, to whom, at the commencement of the rains, they offer sacrifices of pigs and cattle. They carry on some traffic in elephants' tusks, gongs, bees'-wax, spun plaids, and cotton turban-cloths, with the Koors, a tribe lying between them and the British territory; but with other tribes which lie beyond, towards the interior, they have constant feuds.

Poor, dark heathen! who can think of them in their secluded country, without hope and without God, and not feel for them, and others of our fallen race who are similarly circumstanced? When shall the light, the glorious light of gospel truth, break forth from its narrow confines, and shed over the face of our world an universal day?

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TAMAHANA TE RAUPARAHA.

OUR readers are already acquainted with the efforts made by Tamahana for the improvement of his people. The new town had been built, and the large church—estimated by one of the superintendants of government works as being worth from 2000*l.* to 3000*l.*—was also completed; and much had been done in the way of general improvement. About this time old Rauparaha fell sick and died. At this point we resume Tamahana's narrative.

Soon after, my dear father was very ill. Mr. Lloyd [the Rev. J. F. Lloyd] was very kind: he came to see him every day. Mr. Hadfield used to come too, only he was very dark to see my father so ill, for he loved him. When the time came that he was near to die, I spoke to him. I said,

“My father, who died to bear our sins?” He told me, “Oh, my son! Christ died for me.”—I said, “Who is the Resurrection and the Life?” He told me, “Jesus Christ.”—I said, “My father, my heart is dark that you are going, and I shall see your eyes no more. You will not come to me, my father, but soon I shall come to you.” He said to me, “My son, you take care of your people. Let there be love between the Maories and the English. I die in the faith. You hold fast your faith, firm to the end. ‘Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.’ Let the good things beat all the bad ones.”—I said, “I am not strong myself to do it, my father: only Christ can make me strong.” Then my father said, “Good bye.” We said good bye to him, and he went away: he fell asleep. It was about November 1849. My Minister had not baptized the forehead of my father with the water, but I think his heart had been baptized in the blood of Jesus.

Then all the work was finished. All was quiet. Then I thought about coming to England, to see the place from which the gospel had come to us. When this thought came to my heart, I prayed to God to fulfil that wish. I did not tell my people or my wife: I kept the thought in my heart. Soon my wish grew stronger. I thought, “Why should I go to England?” My heart answered, “To see the good ways, and the good works, to teach my people that they should grow in goodness.” It was on Tuesday, Oct. the 21st, 1850, that the wish of my heart grew fixed to go to England. On that day I heard that Mr. Williams was going, and I thought, by that, that God was leading me to England—making my way plain. Then I went to my dear Minister, Mr. Hadfield, to talk to him about it. My wish was strengthened by my Minister. He told me to go. Then I came back to my house, to think and to pray: then the wish grew very great. I told the thought of my heart to my dear wife, Ruta Te Rauparaha. I talked to her about my going to England. She cried, and was very sorry. She begged me not to go; but my wish was not put out: it still grew. Then my people heard about it. All came to tell me not to go. I told them, “I cannot stop, for my wish is too large to let me stay. My way has been made clear to go to England.” They all cried. My heart was very dark at that time to go, but my way was clear. I had prayed to God to make it clear to go. He had done so. If I had listened to my people, and not gone, I should have done wrong. I thought if I went I should do my duty to God, and to man also. I trusted in God to make me strong to do it. My people said, “If you go, who will take care of us?” I said, “Oh, my dear people, God will take care of you all.” I spoke also to Martyn and Hakaraia, and told them to take care of our people while I was gone, and that God would make them strong to do it. My Minister was in the meeting, and I told them all to obey him. I said also, “Do right behind me, as if before my face. If I hear that you go wrong, I shall be ill, and die in England; and all the white men will say, ‘Ah, you boasted that your people were good. You see they are bad!’ And I shall be ashamed of you. Love the English. When they come to your town take care of them, give them food and beds. If they come on Sunday, you teach them: tell them not to come on Sunday. Good bye, my dear people, the Ngatitōa and the Ngatiraukaua. If it be the will of God that I should die in England, do not be dark for



me. Pray to God for me, my people, that God may bless my return to you." My people cried very much. They could not say good bye: they could only cry.

On Friday, Oct. the 24th, I left Otaki. My dear wife rode with me on horseback to Wellington. On the 31st I went on board the "Victoria" brig, and said good bye to my very dear wife, and she went back to Otaki very dark. On Nov. the 14th we came to Kororarika.

On Saturday, Dec. the 21st, I went on board our ship, the "John Wesley." It sailed. On the 26th we lost sight of the mountains of New Zealand, my dear land. They sank down beneath the waves of the sea. I said good bye to them, and I cried much. I prayed to God that He would take care of me, and bring me back to see my land once more.

His thoughts about England, and his observations on what he saw here, we reserve for our December Number.

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 OBITUARIES OF CHRISTIAN NATIVES AT MADRAS.

THE Saviour's church on earth is a training-place for heaven. There is going forward, therefore, in connexion with it, a continual change: some are being brought by true conversion within its limits, and some are being continually removed from it to the heavenly kingdom. It is the Lord's garden, in which He causes His plants to grow; and when they have reached their maturity, He transfers them to His more immediate presence. It is thus the Great Head of the church is being continually employed, calling some into a state of grace, and others into a state of glory. The Journals of our Missionaries are in this respect similar to our own parochial records at home: there are gains, and there are bereavements; and each little group of the Lord's faithful people, at the end of each year, has to tell of some who have joined them from the world, and of others, whom they loved and valued, who have passed on before them into glory.

So it is in a report from our Missionary, the Rev. J. Bilderbeck, in which he notes down for our edification the events connected with his Missionary labours at Madras. It tells us of some who have been brought out of the darkness of heathenism into the light of Gospel truth, and of others who, having "fought a good fight" and "finished their course," have entered into rest: it tells how the Missionary rejoices over new instances of conversion, and yet has that joy tempered with much of prayerful solicitude, that they may continue in the faith, grounded and settled: it tells us how he sorrows over tried Christians when removed from him, and yet has his sorrow tempered with joy when he remembers that they are beyond the reach of sorrow and temptation. It is to those of his people who have died in the Lord that the following extract from his last report refers—

Among those removed by death were some who had adorned the Gospel while living, and experienced its comfort while dying. One was a real loss to the village in which he lived; as, from his age, experience,

and knowledge of the Scriptures, he had long shone in it as a light in a dark place, ordering himself and his household after God. We were accustomed, at his request, to meet in his house every week for reading, exposition, and prayer, when he used to get his friends and neighbours together to profit by the Word; and often did he beg us to warn and admonish the careless. When the infirmities of age disabled him from actively promoting their best interests, he still continued to witness for God by his steady and consistent profession, till the taper of life was exhausted; and then "he came to his grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season," declaring that "the Lord was his Rock, and there is no unrighteousness in Him!" He died at the advanced age of 75.

Soon after this, we committed to the grave the remains of another aged disciple, who had also given satisfactory evidence of a change of character, and of good hope in her Lord. She had lived upwards of thirty years in a nice Christian family, and, since her conversion, had maintained such an unblemished and exemplary character as to secure the confidence and esteem of her employers, who now treated her more as a member of the family than a servant. I visited her often during her illness, and found her mind at all times clear as to the ground of her acceptance with God: death seemed quite divested of all fears to her; and though her language, with respect to herself, was lowly and unpretending, yet she could speak of Christ as her "all and in all." In short, her removal was felt quite as a bereavement in the family, and can scarcely yet be adverted to but with touching emotions.

I shall allude to two more out of the several deaths which occurred in the past year, as I cannot properly overlook them: the names of the deceased were Senavooppoo and Sinnapen.

The former was a young woman educated in the Central School. Though born and brought up a Romanist, her training in the School was afterwards made the means, in God's hand, of opening her mind to the errors of that Church, and also of giving it a serious direction. She began to read the Scriptures diligently, to frequent the house of God regularly, and to evince an attachment to His people. Mrs. Winckler, to whom she owed much, always spoke of her with interest and affection, and in course of time had the satisfaction of seeing her comfortably settled. After marriage, she went with her husband to a station in the country, where I sometimes met them during my occasional tours, and always found them contented, active, and happy, their employers, at the same time, bearing them good testimony. She here used to assist in teaching a native-female charity-school, conducted by one of the ladies of the house, and was thus voluntarily helping to forward a good cause in a quiet way. But "she hath done what she could," and is now one of those who have fallen asleep in Christ, waiting for the resurrection of the just, and "the glory that shall follow!" Her death took place at Madras, she having been taken suddenly ill between that place and Poona-mallee on her way to the Presidency.

Sinnapen was one of those who spoke at the last meeting of our Native Association, and ably aided in carrying forward our views. Little indeed did I think, in writing an account of it, that I should have to record his death while the ink was still fresh in giving the details.

“Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight!” His removal is truly to us a great loss, for he was a most valuable and respectable member of our congregation at Black Town. He always led our singing in church, took regularly a class in our Sunday-school, was punctual in attending all the means of grace, and assisted us greatly as an efficient and active member of our Church-Fund Association. His talents were of a high order, and would have fitted him for any situation. He was one of those who not long since challenged examination, and obtained a Government prize of 200 rupees. Having been educated in our Mission Seminary at Palamcottah, and subsequently at Bishop Corrie’s Grammar-school, he came out thoroughly finished, and qualified to take a superior standing in native society, to which he might have proved an ornament and a blessing had he been spared. But “God’s thoughts are not our thoughts, neither are His ways our ways.” Caste was his stumbling stone, but it was evident he did not feel tenderly about it for its own sake, family influence alone prevailing to bias his mind. It seems, therefore, to have given him no little pain, in his last moments, to think that he should, on any account, have passed for one of its advocates. The tempter also took occasion from it to becloud his mind and distress his conscience, endeavouring to fill it with this and other misgivings, and for a time appeared to deprive him of every comfort; but he was a child of God notwithstanding, and the tempter therefore could not long prevail: the cloud, through God’s goodness, was soon dispelled, and he was graciously permitted to triumph over the last enemy “by the blood of the Lamb.” Peace was restored, and he died happy in the arms of his blessed Lord.

I send these little Obituaries, not to praise the dead, but to magnify God’s grace and goodness to poor sinners, and as a record of the power of the gospel in the happy experience and peaceful departure of so many of our native sisters and brethren in this heathen land, more especially as these are flowers which fall unobserved. It was well said by one, “Tell me not how a man died, but how he lived:” and the instances here given, will, I trust, show how the gospel tends to transform the character in life, and to support the mind in death. How precious then must be that legacy of our blessed Saviour which thus gives both “promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come!” And if it does so much, should we be justified in withholding it from myriads of our fellow-creatures, who, in this country, neither know how to live nor how to die, and who, if the Bible is to be believed, “have no hope,” and are “without God in the world?”

The Church-Fund Association, to which Mr. Bilderbeck refers, is a very interesting movement among the native Christians, in which they acknowledge it to be their duty to make provision for the support of their own pastors, and, as a first instalment, have set apart a sum of 100 rupees towards an endowment fund for the support of a native pastor in connexion with the Tamil congregation at the Black-Town Church-Mission Chapel. Sinnapen delivered an address in Tamil to a meeting held with reference to this object on the 31st of May last. This he afterwards translated into English—for he spoke and wrote English admirably—and

forwarded to Mr. Bilderbeck. We think a short extract from it will interest our readers. After enforcing the duty under consideration, he thus proceeded—

Why, friends, reasoning upon the subject even in a worldly point of view, our duty appears clear. I need not tell you that it is in our nature to find more enjoyment in the fruit of our own exertions, than in that which is obtained without any effort of our own. Though we might be well and daintily fed by another, yet you would not feel so much satisfaction in the enjoyment of the delicacies that cost you nothing, as in the “green herb and dry morsel” which you have earned by the sweat of your brow. There is no reason why this principle should not be called into action in spiritual things, as much as it is into that of things that are earthly. Let me further, in illustration of the duty to the exercise of which you are now called, point you to the banian tree, whose branches throw out long roots, which, fixing themselves in the soil, become trees themselves. These trees in time throw out their own branches, which repeat the same process as the branches of the parent stem. Mark here, that the many branches of that mighty tree are not entirely dependent on the parent stock for their support. The parent stock may in time decay, but the trunks formed around not only support the massive branches above them, but in due time become able each to act the part of a parent tree. Let us imitate these trees. In our infancy it was necessary that others should bear us in their arms; but, when come to age, we are expected not only to bear our own weight, but also to carry others in our arms.

But it may be asked, How are we to undertake so great a work, seeing that we all are poor, and placed in very limited circumstances? This consideration might harass us, my friends, if we ventured to accomplish the work in our own strength: the resolution, therefore, very justly says, “that, by the help of God, we shall endeavour to do so.” Our help is in the Lord, who, in the dispensation of His providence, works out the mightiest wonders by the weakest instruments. Let nothing, therefore, discourage you at the outset. Even in nature, great effects do not always require powerful causes. It requires, it is true, the force of an iron hammer to break a stone, but the same stone may be wasted in course of time—as a Tamil proverb says—“by the continual running of an ant over it.” Let me therefore beseech you, friends, cheerfully to respond to the resolution in your hearts, and to commence the work in the strength of the Lord, whom if we keep before us we are sure to succeed.

We may give a new direction to the last paragraph of Sinnapen’s speech, and, applying it to the Missionary work in general, it will be found to contain a valuable and encouraging exhortation to all who are engaged in promoting its interests, whether at home or abroad. That “great effects do not always require powerful causes,” is a pithy sentence, and well worthy to be remembered; and why is this true? Because the Lord often works mightily by feeble instrumentalities.

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THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



MODE OF ENCAMPING IN NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

VOL. II. NEW SERIES.

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SEEKING THAT WHICH IS LOST.

OUR Missionary, the Rev. A. Cowley, has sent us an account of a journey undertaken by him during the last winter, for the purpose of visiting the heathen Indians near Lake Winnipeg. It gives us a graphic picture of the privations attendant on such an undertaking, and shows that now, as of old, the Christian Missionary must be prepared to endure "journeyings often," and, in those journeyings, "cold and nakedness." It also exhibits the misery and forlorn state of those poor Indians who are as yet wanderers, without God and without hope. Mr. Cowley travelled in a cariole, and train of dogs to haul him, having his provisions packed on the tail or hinder part of the cariole, and being provided with wrappings consisting of two four-foot blankets and two buffalo robes. There was also another train and sled to haul provisions for the two men who accompanied him. As they approached the first encampment of Indians, about fifteen or twenty miles from the Station, the weather became unfavourable, and a heavy snow-storm set in. Their halting-place for the night was not a very inviting one. It consisted of three miserable tents of birch-bark and flag mats, which could scarcely be said to shelter a few Indians, more miserable even than their dwellings, who, from love of wandering and idleness, or prejudice against the gospel, prefer an unsettled life, with its attendant sufferings, to the conveniences and comforts of a more civilized state. Keshanootin, an Indian of this character, occupied the first tent. Fifty years he had pursued this life, and yet he had not wearied of it. There he sat, careless and at his ease, surrounded by his children and grandchildren, all training to be as apathetic under the endurance of evils which might be remedied as he was himself. This man has been known to enter the schoolroom at Fairford on the Lord's-day, before morning school commenced, and continue there through both schools and both services, the intervening time included, without once leaving the room till all was ended. Let our readers remember this man, and pray for his conversion.

After conversation with some of the people in the tents, Mr. Cowley proceeded to the hut which the men had prepared, and in which they were to pass the night. The snow was still falling, and the hut was cold, colder than the tents, but it was free from smoke. Here, after supper—a welcome meal, as they had fasted from morning—evening prayers were held in presence of the assembled Indians, and Mr. Cowley then proceeded to visit others of the tents. The first of these belonged to an Indian called Kahgamie. For years he had heard the gospel, but he had not embraced it: he had heard it, but he had not tasted its sweetness. Had he done so, he would have been willing to have given up one of his two wives who sat by him; but he kept them both, because he knew not that love of Christ which, when necessary, makes a man willing to part with all—"for whom I have suffered the loss of all things." And yet this man has Christian connexions. The daughter of one of his wives, Matilda Kewaytinos, was brought up in the Fairford school, and, having embraced

the faith, has been baptized, and married to a half-breed of great promise, named David Anderson; and there is a son of Kahgamie's at the school at present. Let us unite with Mr. Cowley in his prayer that, through these connexions, the gospel may reach him. On the opposite side of the wigwam lay a little Indian boy who used to attend the school, and to whom the name of William had been given. He had been then an obedient, quiet little fellow, and Mr. and Mrs. Cowley had grown fond of him, but his heathen mother had removed him. Soon all that was promising left him, and he lived a heathen life, growing up in vice and iniquity; but now he lay there a sufferer from a dreadful wound received in falling from a tree, and into his ear the Missionary dropped those sounds to which he had been accustomed, but which had now grown strange to him. The inmates of this tent were painful enough to look upon, but the next was worse. This man, whose Indian name was Weseka, had been baptized many years before, and had been married at the Red River; but he and his wife had disagreed, and he left her, and the settlement also. Nay, more than that, his Christian profession was abandoned; for, coming to Manitoba, he took to himself another woman, a heathen, with whom he lived, although she was not his wife. This man seems "twice dead," and utterly hard to every thing which can be said to him. Yet let us not so far despair, even of him, as not to remember him in our prayers.

After a comfortable night and refreshing sleep, "preserved to see the light of another day, and still to enjoy the hope of salvation," they had morning prayer in the presence of these unhappy Indians, partly in their own tongue; and having given them this one more opportunity, they proceeded on their journey. Their track lay through the woods to the Saskatchewan. Mr. Cowley had no compass. He was also obliged to cover himself so as to preserve warmth, and an occasional glimpse of the sun by day, or the north star by night, was all they had to guide them. They were anxious to reach a place on the Saskatchewan, where a man or two had been located in a temporary abode, but the track was very narrow, and, fearful of over-working the dogs, they gave up the effort, and encamped for the night.

The mode of encamping, and various incidents connected with it, will be best described by Mr. Cowley himself—

The usual mode is, to clear away the snow to the earth, procure pine branches, or grass, or rushes, or such material as the locality will afford, to cover the earth, and to set up to windward, around the hut, cut fuel, and kindle a large fire—say six feet by two, or upwards—billet piled on billet, till the heat is sufficient, if in a temperate climate, to roast a sheep whole, and then to recline almost close to it, cooking and eating till one has enough. During this process the poor dogs, having, when first disengaged from the harness, shaken themselves, and adjusted their coats of long hair to their own satisfaction, sit watching till their scanty meal is thawed, or take a short nap, the better to prepare for their frugal repast. Evening devotions ended, we all quickly yield to the influence of the

country sleep. Covered closely beneath blanket and robe, so that not an atom of one's whole surface is left exposed, one sleeps sweetly and soundly till morn, when nature bids us rise. Now comes the severest trial, and indeed it is that which, above all others, I dislike, and which, in my estimation, is most formidable, viz. to turn out from one's warm retreat to brave the pinching atmosphere of winter's early dawn. Literally before one can get into such outer garments as have been cast off at night, before retiring to rest, the cold seizes and shakes the whole frame, and for a time you seem to pay dearly for the pleasure of being disencumbered from the weighty garments which are necessary to protect one from the cold while travelling in this hyperborean clime.

Let our readers compare their comfortable English home, their warm house and cheerful hearth, on which the fire burns brightly, with a Missionary's encampment amidst the snows of Rupert's Land. Will it be much to ask for their sympathy and prayers? Will it be much to ask that they should thus identify themselves with those who in distant lands are bearing the burden of the day, whether it be in heat or cold, and co-operate with them in their efforts to bring wandering sinners to Christ? Then, "as his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff: they shall part alike."

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TAMAHANA TE RAUPARAHA.

TAMAHANA's account of the Lord's gracious dealings with him has now drawn to its close—the present Number contains the last portion of it. It is his farewell to us on leaving the shores of England; and on some points which grieved him he speaks with the faithfulness of an affectionate friend. Would that Protestant England would be upon her guard against the dangers to which he points—the peculiar dangers of the present moment—the danger of permitting either business or pleasure to intrude upon the sanctity of the Sabbath, or interfere with its undivided surrender to the service of God; and the danger of forsaking the simplicity of our Protestant worship for mawkish imitations of the Popish church, until, unconsciously to themselves, men drink in its spirit and are absorbed by it! We believe there is no surer way of furthering the designs of Popery than lowering the tone of our Christian Sundays; and sincerely pray God that the hour may be far distant when national sanction shall be given to a systematic profanation of the Lord's holy day.

On April the 29th our ship came near the south of England, to the town of Plymouth. When I saw England I was very happy. I thought it was a very beautiful country. On May the 1st I came to London in the railway. I feared at first, for it went very, very quick. But after we had gone some way my fear left me. I was happy to see the railway. When I was in the railway my heart thought, "Where shall I go?" and I prayed to God in my heart in the railway to lead me right. Mr. Williams found a house for me to live in. On May the 6th I went to the



very great meeting in the large room. It was the first time I had seen an English great meeting. I was happy at seeing it, and happy also on thinking how I would tell my people about it. When I saw England and London first I feared to lose my way—so many people, so many houses; but after two weeks I did not fear. In the middle of May Mr. Williams came to me to talk about my going to the college. I said, “Oh! I should very much like to go to the college to learn the good ways of God, and your language, that I may be able to talk to the Committee about doing the work of God in New Zealand, my land.”

On May the 15th I came to the college. This has been my *home* in England, and I have been very happy, very happy indeed here. I have seen and learned many things. My heart is very full of love to all my dear friends in Christ in the college.

Many are the good works I have seen in your land, but I have seen some bad ones also. I will tell them to you. One bad thing I have seen is, the people who sell on Sunday in the streets, and some who do not shut up their shops. I was very sorry to see it. If I had seen my own people doing it, I should have turned over their baskets and sent them away. I thought, “Why are not the chiefs of England strong to send the policemen to stop those people in their bad ways?”

I will tell you another thing, also, that has made my heart very dark. When I went to a church, I saw some candlesticks on the communion table. My heart was frightened, for I had seen that thing before in a Romish church in New Zealand. The Romans said it was the [sign of the] Holy Spirit. I thought, “Oh, why should the Protestants keep the things of the Romans? why should they not throw them all away?” The Protestants say the Romans go wrong. When the Romans see such things they will think, “Ah! the Protestants are coming our way;” and many Protestants, also, will go to the Romans, for they will think both ways are alike. New Zealanders did not pray to *their* idols: they only looked at the things, to make them think of their gods. I think that the Romans do just like the Maories used to do, with their candles, and their pictures, and their images. I was sorry to see those things, for I wish England to do right, to teach all the nations of the world right; and when England goes wrong she will lead the other people wrong. If I saw candlesticks in my church in New Zealand I should throw them down. Why do not the English chiefs do so?

Now, my dear friends in Christ, that is all about those things. Now I will tell you the thoughts of my heart. In the beginning, New Zealand dwelt in darkness. The Maories did the works of darkness. But then the light came, the darkness fled away before it, and we threw away our bad gods, our bad ways. Then we believed in God, we held fast the faith of the gospel. Then it was the wish of the Maories to leave off our old customs, and come in the way of the English. Now, my dear friends, that is why I have come to England, to learn those ways more, to teach my people. I hope English people will be kind to give me money to make a college to teach my people these good works and ways, and to teach them to be ministers, to preach the gospel of God in our own tongue, and to teach them also to make English clothes, to carpenter, to build, to print—every thing it would please God the Maories should do—and also to make a hospital for the sick people. It is the wish of my

heart, also, that, now that the light has come to New Zealand, we should carry it to Chatham's Island, New Caledonia, and our brothers in all the islands round, who are yet very dark, and fight like we did before. My heart is dark for them: it longs to send Maories there to teach them. Four years I have been wishing it, but New Zealand is very poor: we have not been able to do it. Now I have come to England. England is rich. Perhaps English people will help us. It is not my work, only the work of God. I will give plenty of land, plenty of food, plenty of wood. Will not you be kind to give money to buy clothes, plates, knives, all things, for the young men who learn, to make it like an English college; and will you ask all the good people who love the work of God to give money to that work in New Zealand? When I heard from my dear father, Mr. Childe, that you had been kind to give me a schoolmaster, to teach my young men, my heart was very happy indeed. I love you very much. You are the Committee who sent the first Missionaries to teach us. All the Maories love you too. That is why I wish you to be the nursing father to my college. Do not forget me or my people, my dear fathers in Christ. Let us, the children of the far-distant land, be taken care of by you for Christ; for your God is our God, your Father our Father. The God of England is the God of New Zealand and all the world. Pray for me also, my dear brothers in Christ, that when I go back I may be strong to teach my people. My heart does not stay among the good things of England. Every day, every hour, it goes up to God first, and then down to New Zealand. My body lives in England, but my heart still lives in New Zealand. And yet I think, when I go back to New Zealand, while my body lives there my heart will remain in England, with my dear, good friends in Christ here, whom I love very much indeed in the Lord. My heart will go up to God in prayer for them, and then I hope my prayer will come down in blessing upon my friends in England. I will tell my people also to pray for them to our God.

And now, my dear fathers in Christ, good bye. I thank you again for all your love in taking care of the souls of my people in New Zealand, and of my body while I have been in your land. Soon I am going back to home. God bless you all. Good bye. You pray for me: I will pray for you. You will not see my face again. My eyes will see you no more. But we shall meet again in our home in heaven.

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THE LOO-CHOO ISLES.

THE Loo-Choo group consists of about thirty-six islands, lying off the coast of China, between Formosa and Japan. They are generally insignificant in size, the largest of them being only about fifty miles long by from twelve to fifteen broad. They have been alternately under the power of China and Japan, and at present appear to be tributary to the latter kingdom. Fanned by sea breezes, which preserve them from the extremes of heat and cold, watered by numerous streams, which rise from the elevated land in the interior, the great Loo-Choo is delicious in climate and fruitful in soil. The orange and the lime, the banyan of India, and the fir of Norway,

alike flourish there. Agriculture, after the Chinese fashion, is carefully carried on—rice and sweet potatoes, the principal food of the inhabitants, being the chief objects of culture.

The Loo-Chooans are to a certain extent a civilized people, as indeed would be supposed from their appearance. We give below an engraving of a priest and a gentleman, in the usual dresses worn by these



classes. The gentleman wears a loose flowing robe, with very wide sleeves, tied round the middle by a belt or girdle, suspended to which is a tobacco-pouch, the pipe being in his hand. He also carries a fan, as do all classes of the people. On his feet are sandals. The hair is shaved off the crown, but the bare place is concealed by the knot being brought over it. The beard and moustache are allowed to grow, but kept neat and smooth. The priests, on the contrary, shave both the face and head, and go barefoot. The robe is also somewhat shorter, and much less free and flowing, and is confined round the waist simply by a string drawn through it. It does not seem that the priests are held in any respect by the people.

These islands were visited by captains Maxwell and Basil Hall, in the "Alceste" and "Lyra," in 1816. The British officers and people were on that occasion treated with much kindness by the natives, whose gentleness and amiability produced a very lively impression in their favour. Human nature presents itself in very different aspects: sometimes it assumes a fierce and sanguinary aspect, while in other instances it is clothed with a mild and inoffensive aspect; and some there have been who have thought that races of the latter cast of character would be found most accessible to gospel truth, and most disposed to receive it. But it has been found that the principle of estrangement from God, and the indisposition to the doctrines of grace, are as strong in the naturally amiable person as in those of more rugged and repulsive character; that the mild Loo-Chooan can become a persecutor; and that the same power is required to the conversion of one man as of another, namely, the power of God; for, as the Saviour expressly declares, "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him."

The Loo-Chooans, and their kind hospitality, were not forgotten by their English guests; and years afterwards, when some of them were brought to know the value of a Saviour, they resolved, with the blessing of God, to commence a Christian Mission. Accordingly, Dr. Bettelheim, a converted Jew, who had received a medical education—the first, and, as yet, the only Protestant Missionary who has been stationed in this group—reached this new Mission-field in April 1846. The language of the people is strange and difficult, its chief part being Japanese, with a mixture of Chinese; but in this he was enabled to make such progress as to give a public address to the people in November 1846. On this occasion he appears to have been heard with much attention, particularly when speaking of the nothingness of idols, and introducing the words of David—"They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not." A few days after, he preached to the people again, in the presence of some Popish Missionaries who had reached these islands before him. Besides this, he diligently plied his medical art to win the good opinion of the natives. The rulers now became jealous, and set themselves to oppose this new thing, devising various ways of preventing the Missionary from preaching and the people from hearing the truth. They became increasingly irritated against him; so much so, that a high Chinese functionary solicited the governor of Hong Kong to have him removed, as his life was in danger; and in 1848 it was reported that he had been murdered. This, however, was not the case. Although more than once in perilous circumstances, he has been preserved uninjured, and has been enabled to go on preaching and teaching to this day. Nor has his labour been in vain; and one there is in particular to whom it has been given even to suffer for the sake of Jesus. The following is a brief account of Satchi-Hama, the first martyr of Loo-Choo—

The Loo-chooans had built guard huts at the front and back of Dr. Bettelheim's house, with a view of keeping a watch on his proceedings. These huts he claimed as a part of his residence, into which he was entitled to come and put things whenever he pleased. So he kept, amongst other things, books printed in the Chinese language by Drs. Ball, Medhurst, Gutzlaff, and others; and the guards stationed there received regular instruction, each with his Testament in his hand.

Nor have these instructions been in vain. Satchi-Hama, who was one of the guards, an intelligent young man of about twenty-two years, was discovered on November the 24th, 1850, by Dr. and Mrs. Bettelheim, who were out together on a Missionary excursion, confined in a dark prison, his feet in stocks, and corded to a heavy beam, so that he could not change his position. The prisoner called to them as they passed, and told them that he had been beaten repeatedly by order of the mandarins; the worst food was given him, and that gradually diminished; in fact, he was condemned to an ignominious and lingering death by beating and starvation, simply because he avowed his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and refused to recant. He begged the aid and prayers of his Christian teachers, and also some books.

The Missionary rejoiced to find Satchi-Hama a true and earnest believer in the Saviour; but was, of course, deeply grieved at his sufferings and the impossibility of doing any thing for him; for if any thing were attempted the case would only be made worse. He said it was his Father had bound him, and he would not rebel.

On December the 29th they again managed to visit the prisoner, and found him much reduced in body, but the same in mind. He told them he was declared mad, and his cruel punishments were called remedies to effect his cure. The books and every thing else given him were taken away, as also every slip of paper on which he had written some Scripture sentences. He was forced to read the books of the Confucian religion.

On January the 26th, 1851, Dr. and Mrs. Bettelheim again made their way to the prison, but the martyr was not there. His step-father said he had been sent to the north of the island on account of illness. On being urged to send him some books brought by the Missionary, the reply was, "Those books were declared the cause of his madness: how can I dare accept them?"

As there was nothing to be lost then, Dr. Bettelheim next day wrote a respectful letter to the mandarins, urgently requesting immediate permission to see the convert. No answer was returned.

On March the 13th they heard of the martyr's death, and that it had been hastened by tortures alleged to be cures for his madness. May his blood be the seed from which a church of Christ may spring forth in Loo-Choo! And we learn that even already there are some appearances of it.

In consequence of this cruelty the Missionary presented a petition to the British government, praying for protection, and H. M. S. "Sphinx" reached the islands in February of the present year, bearing a letter from the British minister for foreign affairs, Lord Palmerston, to the regent of the island, who, with his ministers, received it in state. It has also been recently visited by the Bishop of Victoria, and a narrative of this will shortly issue from the press.

May the Word of the Lord have "free course and be glorified" amongst the people of Loo-Choo!

ENCOURAGING TIDINGS FROM NINGPO.

THE Rev. R. D. Jackson, having been recently transferred from Fuh-chau to Ningpo, has given us, in the following letter, dated July 7, 1852, his first impressions on arriving at his new Station. The hopeful appearances in connexion with Missionary work which presented themselves to him in the midst of that heathen city, were such as led him, like Paul of old, to "thank God, and take courage." May they prove in like manner encouraging to us, who are so far removed from our brethren and their work, that we may pray more earnestly for them and the little flock which God has given them, and by every means in our power endeavour to help forward the salvation of the heathen.

I arrived at Ningpo from Shanghae on the 19th of April last, and took up my residence in the house recently erected for Mr. Cobbold, and now tenanted by Mr. Gough. Here I had the happiness, as also at Mr. Russell's house, to find many Chinese attending morning and evening family service; at Mr. Russell's, from 12 to 20 in the evening, including servants and teachers; at Mr. Gough's, from 20 to 25 or 30. Many of these are very regular in attendance, and eight or nine are under instruction as candidates for baptism. I also found two day-schools in active operation, containing about 50 or 55 boys in regular attendance, and the numbers are only limited through the want of means and ability to carry out extended operations. The boys are sharp, clever, and intelligent, and in mental capacity not inferior to any in our own land. The two chapels are also well attended; but the Jing-tih-dông is best attended, in consequence of the favourable position in which it has been erected. During the Sundays I have been present at the chapels, at the one there has been an average attendance of from 100 to 150 adults; at the other of from 60 to 100; and these congregations have not, during the time of service, been so fluctuating as in general, in China, is the case.

It has now been my privilege to visit all the ports which are open to foreigners in China, and mix and converse freely with my Missionary brethren of various denominations; but at no Station have I heard or seen such tokens of the divine goodness displayed as have been manifested here, and especially to our own Mission; and the causes to which, under God, I would attribute this blessing are traceable to our living amongst the people, to our houses being opened to them freely for morning and evening prayer, and at other times when they may choose to call upon us. Our brethren Russell and Gough are also able to speak the language with considerable fluency.

Of the eight or nine who are now under instruction as candidates for baptism, and to whom I have above alluded, four will (D. V.) be admitted into the fellowship of Christ's visible church by baptism on Sunday the 25th inst. They are a father and two sons, the one seventeen, the other fifteen years of age. Both the boys are scholars in the school connected with the Jing-tih-dông. The father is a basketmaker by

trade. The other candidate is a needlemaker, and has been for a long time under regular instruction. Of the others, one is the teacher of Mr. Gough's boarders, and is the son of a convert. There is also another boy in the Jing-tih-dông, who is the grandson of Mr. Russell's teacher who died last year of cholera, and who commended his grandson to Mr. Russell's care. The father of the boy has given his permission to the baptism. With regard to the rest I cannot speak with certainty.

We have many come from time to time as inquirers. Some of these are receiving instruction, but at irregular intervals. Recently, brother Russell has formed a class composed of beggars, old and lame, and blind and deaf, to whom we have been in the habit of giving alms: to those we now seek to impart the true riches, the bread of life. Our brother Gough has also established morning classes twice a week for women at his house. The attendance is about 14 or 15, besides the children they bring. A French frigate and steamer recently brought from Hong Kong eleven sisters of charity to join the Roman-Catholic Bishop in his Mission here. We have heard that they have been studying the dialect at Macao for the last three years, and that they dress as Chinese. We trust that when Mrs. Cobbold arrives from England we may, under her countenance, and with God's blessing, be enabled to do much for the women of this city. The wives and the daughters of our converts are only waiting for this cause.

The tailor, Bao-s-vu, who was recommended to the Society to be engaged as a catechist, continues to give us every satisfaction, embracing every opportunity of "speaking the truth in love." As an assistant in the Missionary work he will prove very valuable. Upon a recent occasion, one, who had in the morning applied to be admitted as a candidate for baptism, in the evening brought a friend of his, a gentleman, to our evening family prayers. After the service was over, conversation ensued upon the points which had been dwelt upon by Mr. Russell, and Bao-s-vu frequently spoke with the stranger. Upon going away, the visitor asked his friend who had introduced him who was that man who spoke to him so much. On being told that he was a tailor, "How," said he, "does he know doctrines so well, being only a tailor?" It is an old question, and shows that they who have been taught by the Holy Spirit are wiser than they whose only knowledge is derived from books.

On the 6th ult. we had the privilege of admitting to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper Bao-s-vu and Ah Ling, two of our converts, for the first time; also three Chinese girls, pupils of Miss Aldersey. The service was conducted by Mr. Russell; the sermon being from Luke xxii. 19, "This do in remembrance of me." The Bishop administered the bread and wine. We afterwards heard that Miss Aldersey's pupils had said they never had attended so solemn a service. The sacramental service had recently been translated into this dialect by Messrs. Russell and Gough, assisted by Dr. M'Cartee, of the American Presbyterian Board.

THE POOR AFFLICTED ONE.

THE following account of a native convert has been written by the widow of a late revered and lamented Missionary, and forwarded by her to the Calcutta "Christian Intelligencer," from whose pages we

have taken it. It is a very touching instance, and shows us how, in cases of otherwise hopeless and helpless sorrow, the promises of Him who "came to seek and to save that which was lost" break in like a "day-spring from on high" on "darkness and the shadow of death," and illuminate the soul with bright hopes and unfailling consolations.

In January last, a poor sickly-looking woman presented herself to me one morning, accompanied by a girl of ten years old, and two little boys. On my asking her what she wanted, she said she had much sorrow, and was in delicate health, and she had felt a desire arising in her mind, under her distress, to become a Christian. We talked with her for some time, and feeling satisfied of her sincerity, by all we could gather from her, we made arrangements for her to reside on the premises and receive Christian instruction. Her daughter was at once placed, by her own wish, in my girls'-school. The inquiries we made concerning the character of this poor woman in the neighbouring village, in which she had resided, were satisfactory : her husband was not a good character, and her distress had often been great ; but it had the happy effect of leading her to seek after spiritual blessings, and these, it is hoped, she received. It is our Saviour's own gracious assurance—"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out;" and those He invites are the weary and heavy laden. This poor woman was such, and during the few weeks she lived to receive Christian instruction, it appeared to "drop as the rain," and "distil as the dew," and was as seed falling into good and prepared ground, which quickly sprung up. She manifested sincere sorrow for sin, and expressed that humble trust and dependence on Jesus, as a Saviour able and willing to save, which led her to look on the decline of her health, and on her approaching death, not only without fear, but with hope and peace. She gave to us all the impression of having "passed from death unto life;" and though she knew but little, that little was a saving knowledge, and enough to light her to heaven. Though very weak by the time she was considered fit for baptism, she slowly and feebly made her way to the house of God at the appointed time, and was introduced into Christ's church, and took her place as an humble member of that "little flock," to whom it is the "Father's good pleasure to give the kingdom." It was a touching sight—the trembling woman, hardly able to support herself, standing beside her own and several other children, of various ages, who were all united to the visible church at the same time. Her eyes looked bright, and her poor faded countenance expressed much inward joy, which she evidently felt. About three weeks after she gently "fell asleep," expressing to the last her simple trust in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Truly may it be said, that even the dark side of our Lord's will hath more of light in it, than the greatest brightness of this world. A poor humble Bengali female, brought up in idolatry, surrounded by heathen relatives, connected with a wicked husband, is visited by a ray of divine light, becomes illuminated, and is guided thereby to glory. "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves : it is the gift of God."

W. M. Watts, Crown Court, Temple Bar.



