

THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY
GLEANER.

1861.

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"LOOK ON THE FIELDS, FOR THEY ARE WHITE ALREADY TO  
HARVEST."—JOHN IV. 35.  
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FORT NORMAN MACKENZIE RIVER.—1746 p. 3.

# THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

## A NEW YEAR'S SALUTATION TO OUR READERS.

ANOTHER year of our little periodical commences. It is still our pleasing task to glean after the reapers in the great harvest of Missionary information. May we, like Ruth of old, glean with the permission and under the protection of the Lord of the harvest ; and may our gleaning be as successful as was her's—"So she gleaned in the field until even, and beat out that she had gleaned ; and it was about an ephah of barley." We trust, too, that in our unpretending work we may find favour in the eyes of the reapers ; that they will let us "glean even among the sheaves, and reproach us not ;" nay, that they will kindly "let fall some of the handfuls of purpose" for us, "and leave them, and rebuke us not."

It is true we cannot expect to gather very much at any spot, and we must be prepared to roam here and there over the whole field, in order to collect what is left for us. Still there will be an advantage in this. There will not be too much of one subject, but there will be a handful from many subjects. There will be a grouping together of many points of information. There will be a variety, and there ought to be beauty ; for the gleanings of the various Mission fields are not like the gleanings of the harvest fields, in which there must be a sameness. The gleanings of the Mission fields are beautifully diversified. They are the product of the Lord's seed, grown in different soils. The races of men amongst whom our Missionaries labour, when compared with each other, have indeed the one great common likeness of man ; but in lesser points they vary greatly from each other, and that not merely in complexion, feature, and language, but in character, superstition, habits, &c. The New Zealander and the Chinese, the Singhalese and the Cree, the Hindu and the Negro, contrast strongly with each other. Yet amongst them all are to be found the fruits of Gospel teaching, nor is there one field over which the Gospel plough has passed, and where the Gospel seed has been sown, which has not yielded a harvest. The specimens, therefore, which we shall cull from these fields of labour will be diversified in a very singular and interesting manner. The trials and afflictions to which native Christians are exposed in different parts of the world assume various shapes and forms, and differ like the climates of the numberless places over the face of the earth where man is permitted to gather in his harvest. In one country the harvest is tried by extreme heat, in another by extreme cold ; in one there is a drought, in another an overplus of rain ; but the various changes are so tempered as that the harvest reaches its promised maturity. So, in our Mission fields, the climate varies, the trials are manifold ; although, whatever they be, He who watches over his husbandry takes care to fulfil his own promise to his people—"No trial shall take you beyond what you are able to bear." But sanctified trial, according to its peculiarity, brings out special graces ; just as we find Moses remarkable for his meekness, Job for his patience, Daniel for his fearless resolution.

And thus, in the various specimens of Christian character which present themselves here and there, we are presented with beautiful contrasts, so as to afford the opportunity of grouping them together in a pleasing manner. One needs here the taste with which a florist culls the flowers as they grow richly in his garden, and blends them together with a skilful adjustment, so as to bring out the colouring and particular beauty of each to the best advantage.

It is our hearts' desire, that in preparing these pages throughout the coming year the prayerfulness, and the diligence, and the taste which are needful for this gleanings, may not be wanting. Perhaps our readers will wish us, at this beginning of a new year, that good and best wish, which Boaz offered for his reapers, when he said unto them, "The Lord be with you;" and we will not fail to respond to the friends and supporters of the Church Missionary Society the reaper's answer, "The Lord bless thee!"

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#### FORT SIMPSON, MACKENZIE RIVER.

IN our frontispiece we present a sketch of a far-off station—the most northerly of our stations, Fort Norman, on the great Mackenzie River—where the winters are rigid with the arctic cold, and our poor humanity suffers in proportion. At Fort Simpson, from which Fort Norman is visited, a lone Missionary is at work, the Rev. W. W. Kirkby. In this our mid-winter we find it cold; yet how the severity of the season is mitigated by the comforts of an English home. But what must the cold of the Mackenzie River be, where not only is the circulation of vegetable life suspended, but the flow of mighty rivers arrested by the power of frost, which binds them with chains and fetters? Our readers would like to know something of his position, that they may the more readily sympathize with him. We shall let him speak for himself—

God has enabled me to preach the Gospel to many a poor wanderer who had never heard its precious sounds before; and to proclaim it in its purity and simplicity to many others, who had only received it with the errors and additions of Romanism; but with what real success I know not. The poor Indians cannot remain here sufficiently long at a time to manifest the fruits of the Spirit in their lives. They are obliged to be continually on the move in quest of either food or furs. And this I fear must ever be the case, as it is their only means of obtaining a livelihood. And when, too, we consider how very low they are sunken in ignorance and degradation, it would be unreasonable to expect much from them; yet poor creatures, they are, by their peculiar lives and habits, so completely animalized, that one has almost to create a conscience within them as well as an intellect. One can form but little idea of their real state, especially that of the females. It is much worse than that of the men. In some tribes they are regarded by the men as inferior beings; certain kinds of food are forbidden them, whilst all the drudgery of the march and camp falls to their lot. But though all this, and very much more than this, is perfectly true, yet am I filled with hope regarding their future,



for they are teachable, submissive, and, when not influenced by the Romanists, willing to hear the word of God. I have also full confidence in the remedy I have for their spiritual malady. The Gospel is still "able to make wise unto salvation;" the Holy Spirit is still able to enlighten the most darkened, instruct the most ignorant, and to sanctify the most depraved. And therefore it is that I fully and confidently believe that here also Jesus shall yet have a people to call Him blessed. God is no hard master: He is ever ready to aid and bless his own cause. We cannot be more anxious to labour than He is to own and bless our labours. I therefore confidently look for his blessing. I am endeavouring all I can to acquire their language, but it is exceedingly difficult. It must, however, be accomplished.

There is one difficulty with which our Missionary has to contend, and yet it is one which renders it imperative on us to follow on our work amidst these few stray sheep of the wilderness. The priests there are busily at work, taking advantage of the deep ignorance of these poor creatures to impose upon them as genuine that spurious article which Rome has wrought up, and which she calls Christianity.

The Romanists here are exceedingly vigorous. A Bishop has been appointed to Isle à la Crosse, and is coming there this summer. He brings two more priests with him, one for Fort Rae, and the other to be associated with Mr. Grollier till he knows the language, and is ready to enter upon a new Mission. It is astonishing to see how quickly and deeply the priests obtain an influence over the natives. Archdeacon Hunter was the first to visit Fort Norman: the priest only spent about an hour there last fall, *en passant*, and yet I never heard the former mentioned, whilst the latter was spoken of as if divine. The cause of this influence must be in their possessing the language, for their books are everywhere, and of course are so many noiseless emissaries propagating their erroneous pretensions. They contain prayers, hymns, catechisms, &c. The characters are pretty much the same as those used by our Missionaries at York, Moose, &c. They are remarkably easy, and are learnt by the Indians with great facility. Our great aim must be to give them similar books *in the same characters*, but of course containing truth instead of error. A good linguist is the want of this Mission: without such we shall not be able to cope with the priests, most of whom are able and talented men.

A Mission house is being built, and a church is contemplated. Much of the former has been done by the chief factor, without expense to the Missionary; and the latter will be erected entirely at the charges of the gentlemen of the district, who have already raised 300*l.* for this purpose.

May the Lord be with our Missionary, cheering him in his work, and making his heart glad!

## THE REVIVALS IN TINNEVELLY.

AMONG the many points of interest to which, at the beginning of the year, the attention of our readers might be directed, none is more worthy of our attention than those awakenings which are going forward in our North-Tinnevelly Mission, and which closely resemble the remarkable movements in America and Ireland which we call Revivals. Upon a people, "having a name to live whilst they are dead," a sudden influence descends, and men who had been utterly careless about their spiritual necessities, and the Gospel supply which God has provided to meet them, become suddenly alive to the extremity of the one, and the readiness and desirableness of the other. There is a great stir in people's minds on the one grand subject of religion; there are many to ask, "What shall I do to be saved?" The ministers and servants of the Lord are pressed by eager inquirers, to whom they have to tell, in every possible way, the great Gospel message, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" and although, in so powerful an agitation of men's minds, there are not a few extravagances, of which Satan takes advantage to try and bring into disrepute this wondrous dealing of God with perishing souls, yet that the Spirit of the living God has been moving over the dead mass, as of old He moved over the face of the waters, is evidenced in the realized gain which such movements leave behind them. They are like the effects produced by the force of earthquakes in New Zealand, where the land-level is raised, and the sea is put back several feet, so that it can no longer reach the high-water mark that it used to do. So when we see communicants increased, congregations enlarged, men anxious to attend ordinances who had before despised them, and they who had been notorious for their evil ways, living soberly, righteously, and godly—it is like the raising of the land; there has been so much recovered from that deep sea of ungodliness in which the generality of men are lying, that we cannot hesitate to say, "This is the Lord's work." What God has done elsewhere, he is doing in the Mission fields of South India: there also He is dropping fatness on the pastures of the wilderness. Careless professors have been aroused, and careless congregations quickened. This is especially important, for amongst the vast masses of the heathen the spread of Christianity depends upon its liveliness and genuineness: a dead Christianity is worse than nothing—it is a positive obstruction. We cannot say that all our little plantations of Christian profession have been as full of life and energy as we would wish. There, as well as at home, there has been much deadness intermingled with that which is gracious and genuine. Our congregations and churches have wanted life and power. All needed reviving; and now the command seems to have gone forth, "Awake, oh north wind, and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices may flow forth."

We shall introduce one pleasing exemplification of this from the communications of our Missionary, Mr. Valpy, and shall select one village, that of Ukkirankottei—

"Ukkirankottei was the first village where the movement commenced in the Surandai district. In this place there is a congregation of about 220 souls. This congregation has been established for upwards of eighty years. The people were originally Romanists. Up to the month of March of the present year they were, perhaps, one of the most disorderly

and unsatisfactory congregations in Tinnevelly. Drunkenness and other species of the lowest vice, neglect of the Lord's-day, continual quarrelling, &c., were the striking features here. Blessed be God! since that time a marvellous reform has taken place throughout the whole village.

"In the first place, with the exception of four cases, drunkenness has entirely disappeared from among them. Secondly, There is a general acknowledgment, on the part of the heathen, that those who were formerly a disgrace to their religion have now become respectable and decent-living people. Thirdly, One fact more may be mentioned as an evidence of the reality of this work, namely, their entire desistance from law-suits, from which, at one time, they were *never* free. Now they have resolved to abstain from them altogether. Their principles have already had one or two severe tests; nevertheless, prayer to Almighty God is the only law-suit they can be induced to make. I can speak with great satisfaction of their regular attendance at the daily services in the church, of increasing intelligence evinced at those services, of a better observance of the Lord's-day, of larger attendance at the Lord's Supper, and of a deeper interest generally in the concerns of their souls.

"There is now scarcely a house in the village, in which private and family prayers are not regularly observed. Frequent prayer-meetings are also held amongst the people in their own houses, and many of these meetings have been held for the special purpose of interceding for some hitherto unconverted member of their congregation.

"There is a desire to go forth into the neighbouring villages to preach to the heathen. Sunday afternoon is the time selected, as affording the most suitable opportunity for this.

"Their plan is, for several to meet in the church for prayer after the noon service, and then they divide themselves into little companies of twos and threes, to go and invite others to seek the Lord Jesus Christ.

"God has been pleased already to give a measure of blessing on this aggressive effort. A man of the Asari, or carpenter caste, has commenced attendance at their church on Sunday. This is the more pleasing, in that our Christians are of almost the lowest caste, and no others have hitherto ever joined their congregation, though it has been established for eighty years."

The rain of the Spirit! How refreshing! Where is the congregation at home or abroad that does not need it? Lord! revive thy work in the midst of the years, and in the midst of the churches!

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#### MISSIONARY WORK IN BURMAH.

WE have occasionally placed before our readers notices of this deeply interesting work, one which God has so greatly blessed. We introduce another fragment from the pen of Mrs. Mason, the wife of one of the devoted American Missionaries who are kindling up such a beacon light amidst the dark heathenism of those lands. Well, other races and countries are thinking too; and we are glad to hear that

#### BURMAH IS THINKING.

One year I visited about 150 Burmese women at their own houses—such as would not go to the Missionary. On one of these excursions, I

went to a door where three fruit-women were conversing. "*Thwa ! thwa !* Go ! go !" was the immediate reception, waving us away with the hand. The heat was intense, and we felt ready to sink ; but at that moment the awful judgment rose so vividly before me, I could not move, but stood there saying, in conciliatory tones, that we had come all the way from home on foot, to tell them of a Friend who loved them.

"Jesus Christ ?" they inquired with infinite scorn. "We want nothing of your Jesus Christ."

We went on, however, telling them of the soul, of their danger, and of the atonement, and finally the hard features of the orange-woman began to relax.

"Don't know, don't know," she muttered in a low voice : "our father, grandfather, grandmother, all go this way ;" and she drew back a little from the door.

"Come in," she said ; but her companions were in no haste, so my interpreter continued, for I could not speak Burmese.

"Ah, we are all sinners," she replied, "but there's no use troubling ourselves now."

"Sit down," said the citron-woman, "it's very hot ;" and gladly we accepted the tardy hospitality. But one kept her hold upon the door, saying she would worship Gaudama as long as she lived.

"Hush ! hush !" murmured the citron-woman ; "we know nothing. All is dark. We are children lost in the jungle."

Two weeks after this, as we passed down the street, the orange-woman hailed us, to know if we had brought "the book," a tract which had been read to them on the first visit. The woman seemed to cling to this tract ; but the third time she appeared indifferent. Feeling very sad, I rose, inquiring if she desired Christians to visit her no more. "No, teacheress," she exclaimed with emphasis, "I am thinking."

Oh how often have those words brought comfort ! When the cold "Go" has met me ; when the loud laugh of derision has wrung after me ; when traversing mountains and burning sands ; when making our way through stifling crowds until our feet were blistered, and we have sunk speechless at our door ; then has echoed around us, "Burmah is thinking !"

It was one morning, while visiting these women, that I met an aged heathen, a person of uncommon mind, who had been, and still was, a most devout Buddhist.

"Don't tell me. I can't learn your prayer. I'm too old. Your Jesus don't know me. I've worshipped Gaudama. I've done good. I've fed the priests. I've built a kyoung. If I take another now, I shall fall between the two. No, no. Let me alone. I am an old woman. If I am lost, I am lost."

"Hush ! hush !" she cried, as we continued pleading. "Tell me not," she exclaimed in a loud voice, "tell me not. Had I heard when young, I might have believed ; but Loonbie ! Loonbie !—*too late ! too late !*"

#### MISSIONARY WORK AT GHAZEEPORE.

GHAZEEPORE, the capital of the district of the same name, is situated on the Ganges, north-east from Benares, by land, forty-six miles. It is surrounded by luxuriant groves of the banyan and

pipal, enlivened by flocks of nightingales, jays, crested sparrows, and many other birds, and by crowds of monkeys. It contains a population of some 41,000 persons. There are German Missionaries located here, who are diligently labouring to spread the knowledge of the Gospel amongst the people. Preaching in the bazaars is a daily business, and is always attended by considerable congregations of natives: they receive also tracts, and pay two or three pice for Gospels. In the months of April and May the Missionaries enjoyed excellent opportunities of preaching to the many thousand opium Assamese from Ghazeepore, Benares, Mirzapore, Chunar, Allahabad, Azimgurh, Jaunpore, Gorruckpore, and Oude districts. The Missionaries spent five hours daily amongst them, and, by dividing themselves into two preaching parties, thereby managed to occupy four different preaching-places. Having much leisure about this season of the year, as soon as the Missionaries had seated themselves on their camp chairs these people flocked around them from all sides, and, squatting on the ground, listened with great attention.

Itinerancies have also been carried out; one to the large Mukkar fair at Allahabad, where six weeks were spent.

The whole way up and down they found very good opportunities for preaching in the villages, and to thousands of pilgrims, who came down from Hurdwar and Allahabad, with baskets on their shoulders, in which they carry water to Baijnath, in the Bhagulpore district. Most of them listened attentively; none of them, however, stopped to lay down his burden, and exchange it with the liberty of the Gospel. Some excused themselves by saying, "We do this for others, Mahajans, who hire us for the purpose." It was a pity to observe how many women and children, who had become lame and weak, were left behind by their companions. Several were lying sick and exhausted on the road, and were unable to move.

In the serai of Gopigunj they witnessed a remarkable instance of foolish devotedness and priestly arrogance. A wealthy Zemindar of Patna district arrived at the inn, accompanied by his Brahmin. The latter being attacked with fever, the Zemindar brought a lota with water, washed the Brahmin's feet, and drank the whole of the dirty water. This act is considered very meritorious, and the water called *churn-amrit*, i.e. "water of immortality." They spoke to the Zemindar about his folly: he had nothing to reply, but said he had heard similar things from the padres at Hazaribagh and Chota Nagpore.

Several orphan children died during the year, and one child of a native Christian. This child was an only son, and died of cholera in his fourth year.

In his great affliction the little sufferer showed remarkable patience and great attachment to Jesus. A few hours before his death he was asked whether he loved the Lord Jesus; and, without hesitation, he replied, "Yes, I love and see Him: He is here." When asked whether he wished to go to heaven, he lifted up his little hands and said, "Yes, I must go there, let me go, let me go, to the glorious and joyful place: I want to go

there." In a few hours his wish was fulfilled. How delightful is it to observe what the grace of God can do in the hearts of little children, to the consolation of the afflicted parents! Heathenism has no such consolation.

The Missionaries express their conviction that the heathen—

At the present time are willing to hear the Gospel, and to take and read religious books; but an outpouring of the Holy Spirit is wanted to deliver them from darkness, superstition, idolatry, caste, and all those bands by which the devil has held them for so many ages, and to reveal unto them the Sun of righteousness, and to enable them to submit to Him as penitent, believing, and obedient sinners. We would most earnestly entreat our readers not only to continue their support, but to help us also with fervent prayer for the conversion of the benighted Hindus and the deluded Mohammedans. May the Lord also strengthen his labourers to persevere with patience and hope, till it shall please the Lord to crown their feeble efforts with success!

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#### ABYSSINIA.

At the desire of the King Theodoros, several lay-Missionaries have visited Abyssinia, and are now resident in his dominions. They are handicraftsmen, who make themselves in various ways useful to the king, and yet at the same time avail themselves of the opportunities which present themselves of communicating a knowledge of the saving truths of the Gospel to the ignorant natives. Their proceedings are mentioned in the last Report of the Jerusalem Diocesan Missionary Fund. One extract is specially interesting—

"One day the king had assembled the learned and the priests. He called us also. They were required to show him all the books used in their churches, and to read passages from them aloud in his presence. As they were in Ethiopic, they read fluently enough. At last, however, he commanded them to read a portion of Scripture in Amharic (the vernacular language), and then they read badly indeed, and their explanations were worse than their reading. On this, the king said, pointing to us, 'My friends here have brought many Bibles in our native language; now I will give to each church a Bible, and you must teach my people from it.' They replied, 'We would rather have a book of laws than the Bible.' 'You have no need of a book of laws,' he answered: 'it is not your business to administer the laws, or punish any one: that is the king's business; your's is to teach. Take this Bible to the Abuna; tell him to examine it, and see if there is any thing offensive in it. Let him mark any thing he thinks so, and send it back to me, that I may get an explanation from my friends here.'"

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#### MORAVIAN MISSION AMONG THE MOSQUITOES.

THE following graphic account of the manners and habits of the Mosquito Indians is from the pen of a Moravian Missionary stationed on the Mosquito shore. He thus writes—

You may have heard about our first voyage up to the Cape Gracias

à Dios last March, and what doors the Lord had opened unto us. The "Messenger" has since made another voyage, and carried all the timber and boards for building the dwelling-house, and on its return brought us the news that brother Kandler has commenced proclaiming the word of salvation to the Indians.

At present six boys are under my charge, living in the Mission house, who are to be trained for future service in the Lord's cause among their own nation. Hitherto they have shown that they wish to learn every good thing in which they are instructed, particularly their Bible lessons, and passages from God's holy word. They remember well what God has said, and what He has done for us. When I show them pictures illustrative of Bible scenes, they ask concerning every thing it means. They are very desirous of being baptized. They often ask me to teach them how to pray aright.

Although I speak to them in their own language, which they like very much, their reading must be in English books, as there are none printed in their tongue; besides, they must learn English, as all our meetings here are kept in that language. They already understand a good deal, but are ashamed to speak. I am at present engaged in translating the Bible History of Dr. Barth into the Mosquito tongue, that we may use it as a school-book; and at some future time, if the Lord grants health and strength, I propose translating the New Testament.

The inhabitants of the Mosquito coast (except the Creoles who came from Jamaica, and some few Europeans) are aborigines. They are divided into two classes, the Sambos, a mixture of Indians and negroes, who have curly hair, and native Mosquitoes, or full-blood Indians, with black, straight hair. The Indians are of a medium size, not tall, but well formed. Their colour is not copper red, but rather a clear yellow brown. The men, who are mostly strong or stout, wear a shirt, besides the *palpura*, i.e. a cloth wrapped round their loins, and some even trousers or breeches. The women wear a short garment, made of cotton, reaching from the hips down to the knees. The children mostly go quite naked. The men and women use beads of white, red, and black colour, as ornaments, out of which they make very pretty necklaces. Their dwellings are huts, with six or eight posts, the roof made of palmetto leaves, as a shelter against rain. The hut has only one room, with a fire in the middle, kept up all day for roasting plantain, around which the women sit in conversation. The men generally go out in the morning to their plantations to work, or to the river and forest to fish or hunt; the rest of the day they are idle, lying in their hammocks. Their implements are calabashes, an axe, bow and arrows, and a spear. Their food consists of Indian corn, plantain, of which they are very fond, pine-apples, cocoa-nuts, fish, oysters, deer, and waree or wild hog. They have plenty of game. Their domestic animals are pigs, fowls, and dogs. The landscape without presents a strong contrast to the poverty within their huts. On coming out of such a poor hut, the mind is greatly relieved on beholding the beautiful savannas, high, long grass, banana, palm and cocoa-nut trees, everywhere growing in abundance. In these savannas a kind of cattle is feeding, which exceeds in beauty all others of North America. Their poverty shows the main characteristic of the people—laziness in a very high degree. This idleness brings with it a dangerous

enemy, the inclination to drink, which, alas! is encouraged by European traders, so that all the settlements are literally drowned with this soul-and-body-destroying element. Yet, on the other hand, we find many good features in their character: they are very good-natured, as you can read in their faces; they are hospitable, honest, and kind to every one, except when under the influence of strong drink. That they are very far back in cultivation of the mind, you can see from all this. Their language, though euphonious, has been but little cultivated, nor had they any writing in it. Every tribe has preserved its own language, which shows that they formerly must have been more numerous than they are at present. The Ramas, for instance, number only about 200. The Mosquito language is, however, the prevailing one, and is understood by all the rest.

Their singing is very monotonous, and used only as a mourning song. The singer is at the same time a poet. Every morning, a woman, mourning for her departed husband, sings for hours concerning his deeds, relating how many turtles he caught, how many deer he killed, &c.

They believe that there exists a great Being (Misri), the Maker, but they do not worship Him. About the evil spirits (ulassa) they have much knowledge, as they believe, and the sukias, or sorcerers, tell them a great many foolish stories, as one can see from their manner of burying their dead. I will give a description of a funeral of the Wullwas. A large group of natives assembles at the house of the dead man; the drum and fife are heard; a small pitpan (boat) is used as a coffin; and a number of women stand around with palm branches to keep off the flies. Suddenly four men rush from the hut, quite naked, with painted faces, and drag the coffin like a sledge, by ropes, into the bush, to the grave. The women then drum, and all follow. The coffin is placed in the earth in great haste. Over the grave they build a little hut, in which they place food and water. Hereupon the four naked men go back and cut down the palm-trees around the hut. Death is, as the sukias say, the work of a demon who feeds upon the bodies of the dead. To rescue the dead man from the demon, they are told to lull the spirit to sleep, and to seize that moment to bury the body. Their matrimony is not founded upon any moral principle, but the wife is the property of the man, bought by him at the price of a cow. If the woman is guilty of having committed adultery, the seducer is compelled to pay the value of a cow. Polygamy prevails among them. A headman, has three or four wives, or as many as he can maintain. The Mosquito Indians have their permanent settlements: such is not the case, however, with the Wullwas, who frequently change their place of abode. In preparing their favourite drink, mishla, they use cassava or plantains. It has the taste of figs, and, when taken in excess, makes them drunk. They are much inclined to the use of all kinds of spirits, such as rum, gin, &c., which they call tapla. Tobacco-smoking is one of their favourite enjoyments.

Among those things which the Indians make for themselves, we must particularly mention their canoes or boats which are long and narrow, hollowed out of a cedar or mahogany tree. Our "Messenger" is thus made out of one cedar tree, forty feet long. They propel them by paddles, which they make very skilfully. They often make long voy-



ages at sea in a small boat. In general, the Mosquitoes are good sailors and excellent swimmers. If a canoe capsizes, they immediately right it, bale it out, and the voyage proceeds without delay.

For hunting they use, if they possess no guns, bows and arrows, with an iron point. They are very expert in the use of bows and arrows, and usually hit the game with great force. The Mosquitos are passionately fond of hunting, and, while engaged in it, seem to forget their habitual laziness. For catching turtles they use a harpoon, with which they strike them. Hunting these constitutes their most profitable employment, the meat being delicious food, and the shell sold at three or four dollars per pound. As to sickness, there is a species of leprosy, which almost universally prevails on this coast. It stains the skin white and brown: it requires great cleanliness, and, by much washing can be healed. Besides this, fever and rheumatism are very common, and every European has to undergo a climatic fever. Snakes are very abundant, and many are poisonous. If the right means are speedily applied, the bite can be healed. We have had several cases here, but only one boy died. About medicine they know very little, only the sukias pretend to be good physicians, to be acquainted with all sicknesses and how to cure them, and the people believe it. The power of these sukias is very great.

If we now ask what means are already used to civilize this nation, and especially to Christianize them, we have to deplore that little or nothing has hitherto been done. The enemies of Christ say that the people are so intemperate that no good can be done, except we give them a little rum. But the Lord has already put their words to shame, when we see the Rama people, formerly very much addicted to drink, now entirely changed. They have put off the old man, and the works of the flesh, and we see that the Lord can do great things, as in times of old, even among this nation, and gather Himself a congregation which will serve Him in truth and in holiness. The Gospel proves a power of God unto salvation to those that believe. Wherever we came on our voyages, we found open doors, and hearts willing to receive the Gospel. "But how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?" Oh may the Lord grant prosperity to our work, that soon the Gospel message may sound from shore to shore. The word of the Lord through his holy prophet—"Nations that knew thee not shall run unto thee"—is about being fulfilled unto this people. The morning dawns: O may the Sun of righteousness shine over the Mosquito shore!—*The Moravian.*

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#### IDOL TEMPLE IN SIAM.

THE chief image is one of colossal size, in a sitting posture. The height from the throne on which it sits to the top of the crown is nine *was*, or fifty-eight feet six inches; its breadth across the shoulders, twenty-eight feet; the arms, above the elbows, ten feet in circumference. Each finger is larger than a man's body, and the nails are fourteen inches in length. The sole of the foot is sixteen feet two inches long—nearly a rod in length! On each side, a little in front, is a standing image of a worshipper, with the palms of the hand placed together. These two images are

at least eighteen feet high. There are about the temple, besides the chief idol, ninety-six other images of Buddha, as large or larger than life. In the four walls are a great number of small niches, in each of which is an image about a finger long.

We made a rough calculation, and found that, including the larger, there were more than eleven thousand four hundred images of Buddha in this single temple. Two persons came in to worship while we were there, going through the usual ceremonies of bowing the head to the ground, lighting tapers, sprinkling themselves with holy-water, &c., and ending by making an offering of gold leaf, which, by simply wetting, they made to adhere to the largest image. We met one of these worshippers again after leaving the temple. He listened attentively to the better way which Dr. H—— opened before him, and to him we gave the last book we had.

Oh how, with my whole heart, I pitied these poor heathen ! As I stood in the temple, I thought, if Christians at home could only see heathenism and idolatry as we see it, the question no longer would be, who shall go to the nations sitting in darkness to carry the light of the blessed Gospel, but rather, who shall remain at home, to point the impenitent there to Jesus ?—*Macedonian.*

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GOING IN THE STRENGTH OF THE LORD.

“ I will go in the strength of the Lord God.”—Ps. lxxi. 16.

I WILL go in the strength of the Lord,  
 In the path He hath marked for my feet ;  
 I will follow the light of his word,  
 Nor shrink from the dangers I meet.  
 His presence my steps shall attend ;  
 His fulness my wants shall supply ;  
 On Him, till my journey shall end,  
 My hope shall securely rely.

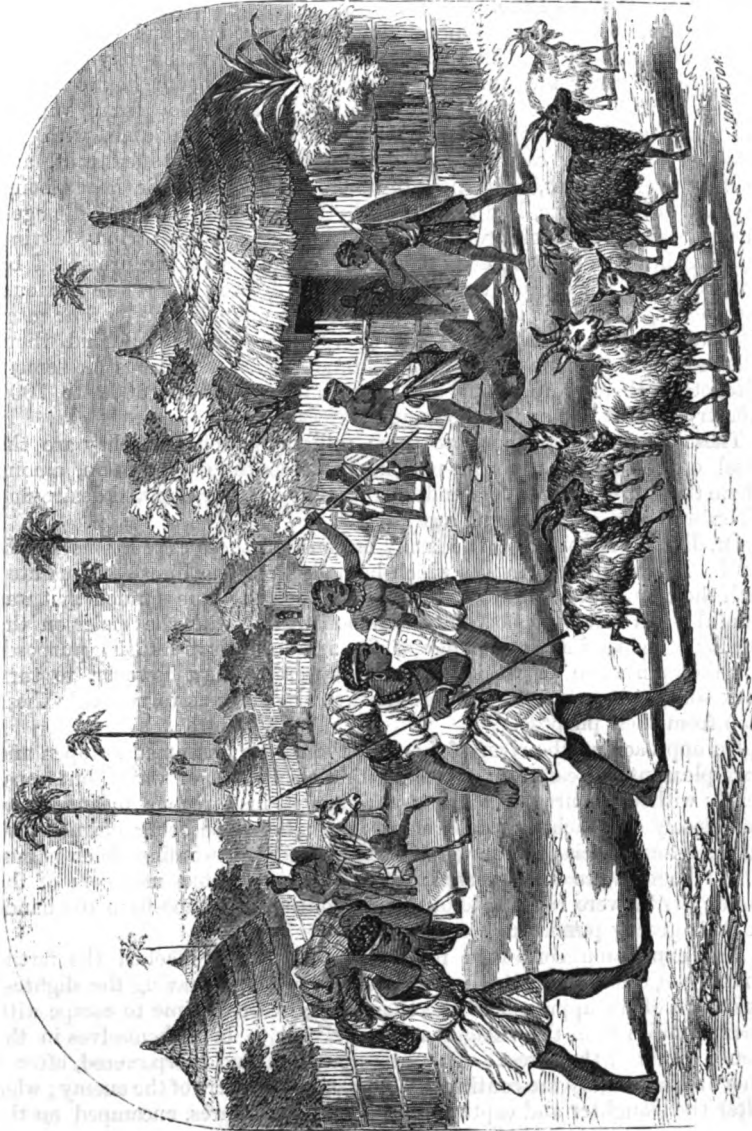
I will go in the strength of the Lord  
 To the work He appoints me to do ;  
 In the joy which his smile shall afford,  
 My soul shall her vigour renew.  
 His wisdom will guard me from harm,  
 His power my sufficiency prove ;—  
 I will trust his omnipotent arm ;  
 I will rest in his covenant love.

I will go in the strength of the Lord  
 To each conflict which faith may require ;  
 His grace, as my shield and reward,  
 My courage and zeal shall inspire.  
 If He issue the word of command  
 To meet and encounter the foe,  
 Though with sling and with stone in my hand,  
 In the strength of the Lord I will go.  
*The Macedonian.*

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## CENTRAL AFRICA.

WE introduce the picture of a scene lying far in the interior of Africa, one of the village homes of a people called the Musgu, to the south of the kingdom of Bornou. If our readers will look at a map of Africa, they



MARAUDING PARTY IN AN AFRICAN VILLAGE.

will find, where the breadth of the continent is greatest, lying mid-way between the eastern and western shores, a lake called Tchad. Around the south-western shores of that lake lies the kingdom of Bornou. Several English travellers have penetrated to this region, and have remained at the chief town (Kuka) for some months, and, amongst others, the enterprising traveller Dr. Barth, who was in those parts of Africa from 1849 to 1855.

The people of Bornou are in religion Mohammedans, and on the day of the great annual fast there is a grand ceremonial, which may afford us some idea of their measure of civilization. The Sheikh has to say his prayers outside the town, and cavalcades assemble from various quarters, consisting of from 100 to 200 horsemen each, with its officer. The heavy cavalry were dressed in a thick stuffed coat, and wearing over it tobes, or tunica, of different colours; their heads being covered with a casque, like that worn by the knights of the middle ages. Their horses were covered with thick clothing of coloured stripes, leaving nothing but the feet exposed; the front of the head being protected by a metal plate. Then came the Sheikh himself, dressed in a white bernous, and wearing round his head a red shawl. He was followed by four magnificent chargers, clothed in silk of various colours. Behind them followed the four banners of the Sheikh, and then numerous horsemen. Altogether there were about 3000 horsemen, and from 6000 to 7000 infantry, armed partly with bows and arrows.

These people have therefore some military power, and they are the cruel oppressors of the wild nations lying southward of them, among whom they make razzias, or plundering expeditions, burning and destroying all before them, and carrying away slaves.

Dr. Barth accompanied the army on one of these expeditions southward. It was the only means which he had of making himself acquainted with the countries southward. He was obliged to witness much that was painful; and lost no opportunity of remonstrating with the Vizier on the cruelty of using their knowledge of fire-arms for slave-hunting purposes and the oppression of weaker tribes. It were as easy, however, to turn back some strong current from its downward course as to persuade these men from their purpose.

On approaching the river of Logone, the country assumed an open and very pleasant appearance; a river, with a clear sheet of water, but apparently without a current, winding through it in tortuous meanderings, and closely approaching the higher ground; the slope being adorned with fig-trees and acacias, which were overshadowed by two fine deleb palms. The villages were all deserted; only a few neglected members of the poultry tribe were running about, endeavouring to escape from the hands of their greedy pursuers.

The expedition continued its journey until they reached the fertile country of the Abare, a tribe of the Musgu, who, not having the slightest suspicion of the approach of the enemy, had scarcely time to escape with their families from the villages, and endeavour to hide themselves in the dense covert of the forest. They were pursued and overpowered, after a short resistance, by the continually increasing numbers of the enemy; who, after the slaughter and capture of many of the Abares, encamped on the

stubble-fields between the straggling groups of the village, which were beautifully adorned by some fine specimens of the deleb palm. Dr. Barth here took the accompanying sketch of this scene of natural fertility and wanton destruction of human homes.

Oh for the time when the King, who shall reign in righteousness, and execute judgment and justice on the earth, shall bring these oppressed tribes under his mild sceptre, and give the nations peace !

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#### HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALFRED AT SIERRA LEONE.

ON the 10th of October last the "Euryalus" cast anchor in the harbour of Freetown, having on board Prince Alfred of England. Great was the excitement amongst the mixed population of the colony, where, under the flag of Britain, so many thousands of liberated Africans have found a secure home and refuge from the slave-dealer. And now, the son of England's Queen, thus come against them, must needs receive a hearty welcome, such as an African knows how to give.

A slight injury to his knee prevented the Prince from landing until the 12th. But on the previous evening, as the Sierra-Leone newspaper, the "African," informs us—

The city was brilliantly illuminated, and, considering the shortness of the time, and that a similar demonstration had never occurred within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, all was highly creditable to the taste and loyalty of our colony. The whole city was in the streets that evening; and large parties of well-dressed persons joyfully, yet quietly and orderly, paraded through the different parts of the town.

At four o'clock of the afternoon of the 12th all hearts were gladdened by the landing of Prince Alfred. As His Royal Highness left the ship, the "Euryalus" and the "Prometheus" fired each a Royal salute. Both vessels were gaily dressed for the occasion, and presented a beautiful appearance. The Prince was met on the wharf by the Governor, the Members of the Council, the clergy of all denominations, the whole of the officers of the garrison, the merchants, the deputation from the African Association, and every class of persons that could be present, to welcome the Prince; the troops in garrison forming a guard of honour; and the saluting battery firing a Royal salute. The moment the Prince touched the shore, the Royal standard was hoisted at Government House, and from the thousands of persons around there went up as hearty and as willing cheers as were ever heard before. The whole way from the wharf to the Government House was lined with the children of the various schools, who, to the number of a thousand, dressed in white, occupied each side of the way, singing, as His Royal Highness passed along, the National Anthem; but such was the uproariously glad cheering that they could not well be heard. On arriving at Westmoreland Street, His Royal Highness passed through the arch that had been erected in his honour, made of the branches of the palm, and crowned with a young palm-tree.

On reaching the Government House, after an Address from the Members of the Council, presented by Chief-Justice Carr, twenty-three gentlemen, representing the liberated Africans of the colony and their descendants were next introduced; when one of them, Mr. R. V. Joaque, read the annexed Address, expressive of their gratitude and loyalty to the Queen—

“MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS—

“We come before you to express our deep sense of the high honour conferred upon us by this visit of your Royal Highness to our shores, to profess thus publicly our hearty devotion and loyalty to Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, and to declare our thankful acknowledgments for the many privileges and great blessings we have received at the hands of the Government and people of Great Britain.

“Your Royal Highness sees before you the representatives of more than a hundred different tribes of the down-trodden children of Africa, once destined, through the avarice of man, to a life of hopeless servitude; but now, by the good providence of our God, and the noble and benevolent exertions of the British Government and people, we stand redeemed, regenerated by the mighty spirit of liberty.

“In the name, then, of the liberated African population of this colony we would confidently assure your Royal Highness of our unfeigned attachment to your august mother, our gracious Queen, our earnest prayers for the prosperity of the Royal Family, and our unceasing gratitude to the people of Great Britain. Within the vast dominions of England your Royal Highness will look in vain for causes similar to those which “grapple with hooks of steel” our impregnable loyalty to the throne and constitution of Great Britain.

“We would not sadden this auspicious occasion by reciting a catalogue of the deep wrongs which the hydra slavery has inflicted upon our country, yet we cannot refrain from pointing your Royal Highness to the thousands of free men who hail with acclamations of delight your advent among us. Think of them, hunted, beaten, branded, degraded below the beasts of the field, by a slavery ending but with death: compare that picture with this which presents itself to the contemplation of your Royal Highness today: behold a population whose very bearing proclaims their freedom to the world, surrounded with all the elements of an advancing civilization, enjoying a widely-spreading Christianity, dwelling beneath their own humble roofs, under their own vine and their own fig-tree, conscious that not all the powers of earth can take from them their lately found, but highly prized, liberty!

“Our hearts beat high with hope that the impressions which the mind of your Royal Highness shall have received during your present visit, will convince you that England has not laboured for the amelioration of our race in vain: she has scattered untold happiness over thousands of families; saved hundreds, who, in their despair, would have met the fate of the suicide or the murderer; planted the standard of a pure and holy religion on our coast; gathered us, with a mother's care, beneath her protecting wings; and now the loud trump of fame proclaims her glory and honour throughout the vast interior of Africa.

“ May the precious blood, the vast treasure lavished on this continent by Great Britain, serve to stimulate her to sustained and vigorous action in the glorious cause of freedom ; may she never sheath her righteous sword until the slave-trade—that foul blot on the civilization of the nineteenth century—be purged from out the world, till civil and religious lierty reign triumphant from pole to pole.

“ We bid your Royal Highness thrice happy welcome to our shores. Long may you live, to adorn the glorious profession you have adopted, to be the pride of the British nation, and a blessing to your illustrious parents ; that heaven may rain down every gift which promotes temporal prosperity or secures immortal felicity on you and every member of your august family, will be for ever our earnest prayer.

“ God save the Queen—long to reign over us in peace and prosperity, in the enjoyment of an overflowing measure of loyal devotion from all her subjects—long to defend our holy and unspotted faith, to expand that benevolence for which she is characterized, and to prepare the way for that universal brotherhood which we believe will one day overshadow the earth.”

To this address (the “ African ” proceeds to say)

The Prince replied in a firm and dignified yet courteous manner, looking every inch a prince—

“ GENTLEMEN,—I have received your address on behalf of the liberated Africans and their descendants here with great pleasure, and thank you for your many expressions of devotion and loyalty towards the Queen, and your prayers for the prosperity of the Royal Family.

“ Your sentiments of gratitude towards the people of Great Britain shall be made known to Her Majesty by me ; and I am sure that no one will rejoice more than the Queen in receiving this assurance from yourselves of your own happiness. That it may long remain undisturbed is my earnest wish ; and that the people of Africa may continue to derive the blessings of Christianity and freedom is the hope of the British nation. I thank you for the welcome which you have given me, and for the kind wishes which you have expressed for my welfare.”

A box, containing native gold, 100*l.* in value, was then offered for his acceptance ; but His Royal Highness declined accepting more than *one* ring, as a souvenir of his visit to Sierra Leone, informing the deputation, that, in accepting so much, he was making a special exception in their favour.

The native chiefs of the surrounding countries were next introduced to the Prince, when Governor Hill addressed them in a few words explaining why he had sent for them—that, in the presence of one of the Royal Family amongst them, they might have a most convincing proof of the Queen’s care and regard for their welfare, and that of their country, in that she did not hesitate to send her own son to a country that was only last year visited with a most fatal epidemic. At the conclusion of the Governor’s address to them, Alimami Saddu Camarah, in behalf of himself and the other chiefs, thus addressed His Royal Highness—

“ We are very thankful to Governor Hill for having given us this great

pleasure of seeing the son of our good friend the Queen of England; and seeing him this day is a proof to us of the Queen's regard for us and this colony, and of His Excellency's respect and kindness to us in inviting us here. What we have seen to-day is more than all our forefathers have seen—one of the royal children of England. It is our hearts' desire to be on terms of goodwill with the Queen and all her subjects. We are all astonished, that, after the great sickness in this colony last year, the Queen of England should so care for us as to send her son to visit us."

We cannot here refrain from relating an incident which occurred at the wharf just before the Prince's embarkation, which to all who witnessed it was deeply affecting. His Royal Highness graciously shook hands with all who were near. Among them was John Macormack, Esq., Assistant Police Magistrate, and the father of the timber-trade in this colony, who had resided amongst us for above forty years, and was still in a green old age. As the Prince offered him his hand, the old gentleman took it in both of his, and in a most impressive manner invoked the blessing of God upon His Royal Highness, the Queen, the Prince Consort, and all the Royal Family, that God might bring them all in obedience to Himself, through and for the sake of his own son Jesus Christ our Lord. The tall, venerable form of the old man, whose hair was white with years, stood in graphic contrast to that of the youthful blue-eyed Prince, as he listened to the words of blessing. There could not well be fitter words to grace his departure.

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#### SHIPWRECKED SAILORS AND CHRISTIAN ESQUIMAUX.

KIND friends who unite in doing needlework for the use of different Missionary stations, will remember to have heard of the "Kitty," which sailed from London on June 25th, 1860, for York Factory, Hudson's Bay, having on board the proceeds of several working parties, for the Rupert's Land Missions, but which never reached her destination. A letter from Okak, a Missionary station on the coast of Labrador, relates the sad tale of her wreck, and the preservation of five of her crew by the Esquimaux. Our readers, as they peruse it, will observe the difference between the savage Esquimaux who boarded the "Kitty" in Hudson's Bay, and the humane Esquimaux who afterwards befriended in their extremity the first mate and four sailors. How is the difference to be accounted for? They were of the same nation. Yes; but the former were untaught heathen, and the latter were Christians.

Last autumn (says the monthly periodical of the London Moravian Society for December last) was characterized in our northern latitudes by frequent and violent storms. This was abundantly experienced by the crew of the Hudson's-Bayship the "Kitty," which sailed from London on the 25th of June, with merchandise for York Factory. The beginning of the voyage was prosperous, with fair winds; but on the 25th of July the ship lost her foremast in a storm. The damage was, however, soon repaired. In the night of August the 12th they entered Hudson's Straits, and became entangled in the drift-ice. On the 21st the ice was rather thinner;



and, though the wind was contrary, they strove to make their escape by tacking. At length the rudder was broken, and a leak was made in the stern by the ice, so that they had to keep the pumps constantly going. Their efforts to secure the rudder, by means of chains, only partially succeeded, and they found it impossible to avoid frequent shocks from the ice. On the 24th they were near the Middle Savage Islands, when six Esquimaux came off to the ship in kayaks. They were savage beings, who had evidently never been in contact with civilized people before, and were quite unacquainted with bread, gunpowder, &c. Their clothing was, however, in pattern, like that of our Esquimaux. They endeavoured to obtain some pieces of iron in exchange for articles of clothing, and, not satisfied with that, tried to appropriate every thing that was not made fast. As soon as any one of them had secured something which he coveted, he licked it, and concealed it under his fur jacket, with gestures which seemed to forbid its requisition. The crew were, therefore, very glad when they left the ship. At the end of August the ship was driven backwards and forwards by the currents, and was in constant danger of being crushed by the ice. On the 3d and 5th of September new leaks were discovered; and so much water entered the ship, that the crew were obliged to labour constantly at the pumps, in order to keep her afloat. At length, finding all their efforts fruitless, they resolved to make their escape in the boats, which had been got ready for the purpose. Early on the 6th, Captain Ellis and ten men entered the long boat, while the first mate, Mr. Armstrong, with four sailors, took the smaller one. For some time they remained near the ship; but being apprehensive that they would be drawn down with her, they subsequently moved off. The spot where the "Kitty" went down is in longitude  $68^{\circ} 58'$ , and latitude  $61^{\circ} 48'$ . The feelings which agitated the minds of the crews of the two boats in the following stormy, snowy, and bitterly cold night, were probably very various. But Mr. Armstrong told us that he often prayed, and cried, "Lord, look down on us!" And his supplications on behalf of himself and his companions did not remain without an answer. It had been previously agreed on to take the long and perilous course to their original destination, and the two parties promised not to separate. But one night, when it was snowing heavily, and the sea was very rough, those in the smaller boat lost sight of their companions, and never saw them again. They could think no otherwise than that their boat sank, and that they all perished.

They now came to the conclusion that they could not possibly perform the long voyage to York Factory in so small a boat, and resolved to run along the coast of Labrador. For a period of sixty-three days they were exposed to the most severe hardships and imminent danger. In the beginning of November they came near Amitok, one of our outlying islands, on which some of our people are in the habit of taking seals in nets. The poor sailors were rejoiced to see human beings; but their joy was speedily damped when they perceived that they were Esquimaux. However, as they felt certain that they would die of hunger in another day, they steered towards the land. As they drew nearer their feelings of joy revived, for the countenances of these Esquimaux had not the rapacious and bloodthirsty expression which they had

observed in those whom they had previously seen. Our people soon saw that their visitors were shipwrecked mariners. They therefore hastened to assist them on shore, and took them to their little hut of sods, in which, and in a tent which they constructed of the boat's sail, they showed them every attention, cut their boots off their frozen feet, and wrapped them in skins, and then supplied them with boiled fish, and such other provisions as they had. The mariners subsequently stated that the beautiful singing and the solemn prayers of this Esquimaux family, at their morning and evening devotions, made a deep impression on them.

On the 9th of November, the wind being favourable, our people brought them to us. It was indeed distressing to see these five emaciated and half-frozen men. Nor were we without anxious thoughts as to the possibility of providing for so large an addition to our family during the long winter. But if our Saviour should ask us, as He once did his disciples on earth, "Lacked ye any thing?" we should be constrained to reply, as they did, "Nothing!" The Lord also helped us in other respects, and blessed the means made use of, so that four of the sufferers soon recovered. The other man had to have some toes amputated, but is now able to use his feet again. Mr. Armstrong and two of the men were sent to the south in the winter. The other two remained here, and intend to return to Europe on board the "Harmony." They all conducted themselves well, and strove to express their thankfulness for the attentions which they received, by making themselves useful in a variety of ways.

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#### THE GOSPEL AMONGST THE SLAVES OF TRAVANCORE.

TRAVANCORE and Tinnevely are the two provinces which lie at the very southern extremity of Hindustan. They are separated from each other by a range of mountains running from north to south. Tinnevely is a dry country, and its climate very hot, especially April and May, the summer season; and over large portions of it spread out the red-sand plains, where the palmyra-tree flourishes. Travancore, on the contrary, is a land of rivers and streams. The south-west monsoon brings up the clouds and rain from the Indian Ocean, and these, stopped on their way by the mountains, pour their treasures on Travancore, and leave Tinnevely unrefreshed. Thus it is productive and rich in vegetation. Possessed of such natural advantages, it ought to be one of the most prosperous of the provinces of India. But it has been exposed to something more blighting and parching than the rainless suns of Tinnevely, and that has been the rule of the Brahmins, who have lorded it hitherto over the Rajah, and so over the kingdom.

With the accession of a new Rajah, however, their power has been crippled, and more hopeful prospects present themselves. The Gospel will be more free to act on the different classes of the population, Brahmins, Nairs, Syrian Christians, and slaves, of whom, out of a population of little more than one million and a quarter, there are 128,000. Amongst these poor people there has sprung up

a great desire for Christian instruction. Oppressed and degraded, they found in Him of whom the Gospel tells them the true Friend, of whom they stand in need, and many, having been converted to the truth, have been baptized, amidst much persecution from their heathen masters. Such, however, is the improvement in their character and conduct which Christianity has wrought in them, that even these men are constrained to acknowledge it.

Some of these people were very recently visited by our Missionary, the Rev. J. Hawkworth, accompanied by the native pastor Koshi. They journeyed in a small open canoe, the country being nearly covered with water, and visited first a slaves' school, which, as it was the middle of harvest, they expected to find closed. This was not the case.

The eyes of some of the very little children especially sparkled with intelligence and interest as they held up thumbs, and counted fingers, toes, ears, eyes, noses, &c. The commandments were repeated correctly; and to the question, "What part of you thinks, remembers, is grieved, rejoices?" it was at once answered, "The soul." It is a step in advance that the teacher of these little low-caste boys is of the same class as themselves.

Meeting afterwards with some Nairs (Government servants), they entered into a friendly discussion with them, during the course of which a remarkable testimony was given by one of these high-caste heathen to the benefits which the slaves had derived from Christian instruction. "I told them," writes Mr. Hawkworth, Sept. 26th 1860,

That England once was in a heathen state, and that then our forefathers worshipped images of wood, stone, &c. ; but afterwards our ancestors (at that time ignorant and cruel) began to ask each other where was the wisdom of praying to things that have no life. They heard about the true God, and now, having renounced all idolatry, the English worship the living and true God only. Trusting entirely to the one Mediator, the true incarnation, who came to save sinners, true Christians amongst them have peace with God. Redemption by a Mediator was then explained, and the need of such a plan was assented to. Mr. Koshi then addressed them, saying that we have the true vedum, which fully teaches these things, and offered to read from the true veda, if they would express a wish, which they did. He then read the parable of the Prodigal Son, and pointed out its applicability to our case, as alienated from God, and dwelt on the perfect willingness of God to be reconciled. This led one of the Nairs, who, like the rest, had apparently listened attentively, to start an objection, saying, "Yes, we see that God pardons those who confess their guilt and ask forgiveness, and He does this freely, without that atonement of which master has just been speaking." Koshi then dwelt on the holiness of God, and showed that, because He is holy, He must inflict the punishment of sin. The Nair said, "We are ignorant, know nothing about atonement by a mediator, and therefore God will just forgive our

sins if we cry to Him for mercy." Koshi then began to say, "In that case, if ignorance were a sufficient plea to rid men of responsibility, the poor ignorant slaves who lie, cheat, steal, and—" The Nair at once stopped him, saying, "Nay; the slaves don't lie, or cheat, or steal, or get drunk, or quarrel now. They have left off all these since they learned this religion!" This unexpected outburst was quite thrilling. What a noble testimony to the reality of the work among the slaves, and to the sanctifying influence of vital Christianity—one which, coming from the lips of a heathen on the spot, was a testimony above suspicion. The discussion was then renewed, and carried on in a friendly, yet most convincing way, on the side of truth, and I listened with great pleasure, until, fearing our audience might get wearied, we prepared to leave; and the headman having received a copy of St. Luke's Gospel and a fly-sheet on redemption, they made their salaams, and we came away. We saw only a few of the slave converts; but in each case, in reply to the idiomatic inquiry, "Is it well with thee?" the ready response, confirmed by a beaming countenance, was, "It is well."

How true is it that the Lord "raiseth the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the beggar out of the dunghill, to set them among princes," and to make them inherit the throne of glory. Men of learning and mental power reject, like the Nair, the great doctrine of the atonement; while men who have "never learned" embrace with thankfulness this alone hope for the sinner; and slaves are freed, while free men remain slaves. It is a sad spectacle when pride, the pride of intellect, changes learning, which ought to be such a blessing to the man, into a disadvantage; and men who profess themselves wise, becoming fools, find Christ crucified a stumbling-block.

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#### THE SURE PILOT.

He sitteth o'er the waterfloods,  
 And He is strong to save;  
 He sitteth o'er the waterfloods,  
 And guides each drifting wave.  
 Tho' loud around the vessel's prow,  
 The waves may toss and break,  
 Yet at his word they sink to rest,  
 As on a tranquil lake.  
 He sitteth o'er the waterfloods,  
 When waves of sorrow rise;  
 And while He holds the bitter cup,  
 He wipes the tearful eyes.  
 He knows how long the wilful heart,  
 Requires the chastening grief;  
 And soon as sorrow's work is done,  
 'Tis He who sends relief.  
 He sitteth o'er the waterfloods,  
 As in the days of old,  
 When o'er the Saviour's sinless head  
 The waves and billows roll'd.

Yes, all the billows pass'd o'er Him :  
*Our sins*—they bore him down ;  
 For us He met the crashing storm—  
 He met th' Almighty's frown.

He sitteth o'er the waterfloods ;  
 Then doubt and fear no more,  
 For He who pass'd through *all* the storms  
 Has reach'd the heavenly shore.

And every tempest-driven bark,  
 With Jesus for its guide,  
 Will soon be moor'd in harbour calm,  
 In glory to abide. *Songs of the Night.*

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KANAGAWA, JAPAN.

THE kingdom of Japan consists in a great number of islands, lying off the eastern coast of Asia, opposite to Corea and Chinese Tartary, from which they are separated by the Gulf of Tartary and the Sea of Japan. Of these islands there are said to be as many as 3850; the three larger islands being regarded as Japan Proper, and the others as dependent islands. Until recently the Dutch were the only European nation with which the Japanese held intercourse. They were confined to a small island in the harbour of Nagasaki, the chief town of Kiu-sin. Latterly, treaties with America and England have removed these restrictions to some extent, and foreigners are permitted to reside, under consular regulations, at Hakodadi, in the island of Jesso; at Kanagawa, Bay of Yeddo; in the island of Nippon, and at Nagasaki.

At the last of these places there is resident an American Missionary, Dr. Hepburn. His journals are very graphic and interesting, and some carefully selected extracts may afford to our readers a glimpse into the habits of this singular people. He first describes the town of Kanagawa, its houses, &c.—

This is a long town, consisting mainly of one street. It is built along the Tokaido, or "great eastern road," along which all persons coming to Yeddo from the south and east must pass. It is to this road, I suspect, and to the hotels or inns on it, for the convenience of the "Daimios," or Nobles, and the numerous travellers which daily pass over, that Kanagawa owes its existence, and from thence derives its principal support. The people seem to be mainly tradespeople, coolies, and fishermen, and not overburdened with this world's goods, judging from their houses, furniture, and dress. The population is about 5000. The street, or Tokaido along which it is built, is about twenty-five feet wide. It has no side-walks—macadamized a few feet in its centre with small pebbles. The houses on both sides of this street are difficult to describe. They are small, what would be called a story and a half, built principally of timber and boards, unpainted, with tiled or thatched roofs, projecting some three feet over the side, without glass windows or window-shutters. The lower story is generally all open in front in day time, exposing the store or workshop. It is closed at night by sliding boards along grooves in front. The shop is in front, the

kitchen and sitting-rooms in the rear, except in the inns, where the kitchen seems to be in front. If this is a good specimen of a Japanese village, they are certainly very homely, and indicate a condition of society and of civilization different and far below any thing that can be seen at home. I have, indeed, been much disappointed in the appearance of Japanese houses. They are much inferior in size, build, and beauty to the Chinese. I speak not of Kanagawa only, but of what I have seen at Yeddo, and of the villages between this and Yeddo. Of the houses of the Daimios I cannot speak, only having seen the outside, which is only a plastered wall, some twenty feet high, inclosing a large area, with a large and often handsome gateway for entrance. The houses of the farmers about Kanagawa are still more inferior and mean. The roof is always thatched; no windows or chimney; and the inside blackened with smoke. Such a thing as a chimney I have not yet seen, or a stove, or a fire-place, nor a chair, table, or bedstead, in any Japanese house. The cooking-range is built of stone and plastered, with a few holes in it for setting their pots on. The smoke escapes as best it can. The people sit, eat, and sleep on the floor. The floor is always covered with mats, some two and a half inches thick, and six feet long by three wide. These mats are kept very clean: they never walk on them except in their bare or stocking feet; they slip their sandals off on the outside. In very cold weather they warm themselves with copper braziers, in which a fire of charcoal is built. These braziers are nothing but large copper bowls, standing on three feet. Their houses are so open that they do not experience any bad effects from the charcoal gas.

The country around Kanagawa is beautiful. It is not mountainous, nor level, but broken up into low, ragged hills and small valleys, with an occasional plain or broad valley of some five or six square miles in area. The hills are generally covered with timber, mostly of scrubby oak, chesnut, birch, and maple, with tall pines and cedars, and other beautiful ever-greens. I was surprised to see such a large proportion of the land wooded and uncultivated—I think in this region fully two-fifths. It might be said, on the other hand, that it was all cultivated, for they pay as much attention to growing timber as they do to raising grain. The valleys and lower levels are all sown with rice, or are paddy-fields, and therefore mud-flats, kept inundated with water, for which their numerous little streams and dams give them great facilities. The higher levels are sown with barley, wheat, beans, rape-seed, turnips, peas, buckwheat, and cotton. There are no grass or clover fields; no fences nor hedges separate the fields; they are mostly laid out in terraces on the sides of the hills. The paddy-fields are separated by small dykes and ditches.

A range of mountains can be seen from Kanagawa towards the west, some twenty miles distant; and still further off, some seventy miles, towers up, high above the rest, Mount Fuji, a beautiful cone, some 14,000 feet high, whose top is covered with snow most of the year. Japanese history says that this mountain rose up in the course of a few hours, some 2000 years ago. It was once, I believe, an active volcano: I am told that still there is smoke and vapour issuing from some lower peak.

Presbyterian Record (American).

(To be continued.)

THE HEATHEN WHICH SORROW, HAVING NO HOPE.

DEATH is the great crisis of human existence. It is that moment which stamps the soul unchangeably for eternity, so that in whatever condition death comes upon the man, in that he is fixed for ever. - It is a season of deep solemnity to the human being who is



INDIAN WOMAN MOURNING THE DEAD.

about to die; it is a time of deep affliction to the friends ^{wh} who are left behind. It is just the time when religion is needed to exhibit all its power, as well to sustain the soul in its passage from time into eternity, as to comfort the bereaved friends who are left behind. It is just the time when the Gospel of Christ comes in with clearest light, illuminating the dark valley of death, and so comforting the hearts of weeping friends, that they no longer sorrow, as those who have no hope. But it is also just the time when heathenism betrays its poverty and inability to comfort, and the poor heathen are found without hope.

What a picture of desolation is presented in the poor Indian woman, sitting beside her husband's grave! She has kindled a fire upon it with a few sticks. It will not last long: it will soon go out. It is the emblem of her hopes and expectations of a happy life. No doubt she had once such dreams. But they have burned out; and nothing is left save the dust and ashes of the grave. Oh, when shall the Gospel visit the dreary regions of heathenism, and kindle up, amidst those who have our sorrows without our hopes, a light which death itself shall not have power to extinguish!

Indian graves are generally made on the highest land that can be found, but sometimes they are placed on lowlands. The corpse is put in, sometimes with all the limbs drawn up, sometimes extended. The wood and earth are put over the grave, the pickets lying slanting both ways until they meet at the top. These pickets are put all round, about two rods square. This is nearly all that is done, except that a flag is sometimes put up at a grave, and remains there until worn out.

The dead are wrapped in the dress they die in, and sometimes there are other fine dresses put on over that. Some are put in bark, some in boxes, and others are only wrapped in skins or blankets. Beasts of prey seldom ever touch them. The little red squirrel, they say, sometimes devours the corpse; and therefore the Indians will not eat that animal.

The mourners scarify themselves, and cut their long hair off to about half its original length. The men black their faces and bodies, wear old clothes, and go barefoot. When they possibly can, the women cut their hair, scarify, wear old clothes, go barefooted and barelegged, and tear the borders off their petticoats. The dead are lamented by wailing to the height of the voice. They can be heard two or three miles in a calm evening. For one year they visit the place of the dead, and carry food, and make a feast for the dead, to feed the spirit of the departed.

The orphans go to some of the nearest relatives. Very seldom does the chief look after any but his own, and he is generally so poor that he cannot take care even of his own children as he should do.

Yes, even with all the light and hope which Christianity can give, the sorrows of life are deeply and keenly felt. What must it be then, where Jesus, the Resurrection and the Life, has never been even heard of! How dense the gloom that spreads around! How gone the past! how dark the future! When shall Christians more fully realize the sad condition of the heathen, and haste to help them?

THE VICINITY OF FUH-CHOW.

FUH-CHOW is one of the five ports of China opened to foreign commerce by the treaties of 1842. It is the capital of the province of Fukien, situated about 500 miles up the coast from Hong Kong, and on the New River about thirty-five miles from its mouth. The population of the city is about one million.

The Church Missionary Society has here a Missionary station. It is within the walls of the city in which it is peculiar, for no other Missionary Society has been enabled to obtain a footing within the city walls.

The country around the city is interesting. A winding foot-path leads you among tombs and trees. You pass peach and olive-orchards, orange and banyan-trees, and sugar-cane growing like Indian-corn. Through the rice-fields, which are covered with water, the path is composed of huge blocks of granite. The hills outside the city are reserved for burying-places, with here and there a little incense house among the tombs. In this great city we have at present one Missionary, the Rev. George Smith. In a recent letter he gives the following account of a visit to a mountain east of the city, said to be 3000 feet high; from the summit of which there are visible not less than 500 villages of heathen, all accessible to the Gospel message, if only there were the men to bear it—

July 10, 1860—Started in the afternoon on a journey across the plain, to the Ku-song monastery, in company with Messrs. Collins and Hartwell, the former wishing to see it before leaving Fuh-chow. The journey across the plain was delightful. The road consists of a stone causeway between rice-fields. The crops gave fair promise of an abundant harvest. At the foot of the mountain we got out of our chairs, and commenced our toilsome ascent. There is a well-paved road which leads right up to the monastery, and the view as we ascended was indeed beautiful. But we were ever and anon reminded of the moral and spiritual gloom that envelopes this land. We first came to a little cascade, and characters cut in the rock informed us that this was the place for washing the heart; further we found the stream of spiritual intelligence; and some distance before we reached the monastery, we came to a building where visitors are directed to put on their official robes, and otherwise to prepare themselves for approaching the holy place. This of course we disregarded. It was just nightfall when, somewhat wearied, we reached the place. The doors soon opened to our summons, nor were our dresses scrutinized. The knowledge, that we should pay well for all we had, was a sufficient pass. We were shown into the state-apartments, which the mandarins occupy when they visit the place; but after inspecting them and a little place adjoining the monastery, built as a sanatorium by the itinerant Missionaries, we preferred the latter. Fresh air is not at all required by the Chinese, but is very precious to us foreigners.

Mr. Hartwell and myself had an almost sleepless night, owing to the mosquitoes and other things. At last I went and lay down on the

verandah floor, and managed there to sleep a little. In the morning we ascended to the top of the mountain, about 2800 feet high, and had a glorious view. We could see the entrance to the river some thirty miles off, and the sea beyond, and all around we had a most beautiful panorama spread out beneath us. Our ears were also gladdened by the merry song of a lark, the first I have heard since leaving England. Afterwards we inspected the building: saw plenty of hideous idols, had a little sport with the sacred fish, and viewed the various little nooks where the monks had made little resting-places, or niches for idols. We found all plentifully disfigured with the carvings of former visitors. A tiring descent, a ride in the heat of the day across the country, which was rather fatiguing, and we were once more back, and within the city walls.

Let our readers only imagine themselves on that height, looking down on the vast ocean of human life. What a place for fishers of men to cast their nets! When shall the fishers stand from Fuh-chow to Amoy, and from Amoy to Ningpo, and from Ningpo to Shanghae? And yet it shall be done. The Chinese are among the nations to whom the Gospel shall be preached. May the few European Missionaries in the land be instrumental in raising up a great army of native evangelists who shall do the Lord's work, and gather in fish of various kinds, as the fish of the great sea, exceeding many.

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#### DEARTH IN THE NORTH-WEST PROVINCES OF INDIA.

THE North-west Provinces of India were the great seat of the mutiny. At Meerut was the first outbreak, and Delhi became a place of unutterable horrors. In many other places similar scenes occurred. There was no safety for the European except within strong walls, or amidst the intrepid soldiers of Europe or the Punjab. If the Sepoys burst the bonds, large portions of population followed in their steps, and looted and murdered, as opportunity presented itself. The innocent blood has cried from the earth where it has been shed, and, lo! famine is in the land. It is a judgment, sent, we trust, in mercy, to bring these poor people to see their sins, renounce their idols, and turn to Christ.

An American Missionary, writing in September last, gives some information on this subject—

This hot season has proved one of the most trying I have ever experienced in this country. The heat in the months of June and July was pronounced, all over the North-west Provinces, unparalleled, and the great scarcity of rain had much to do in increasing the heat. The rains set in at last, on the 18th of July, about a month later than usual, and a great relief it was, not only to us, but to the natives too, who declared they had never felt the heat as much as this year. We shall never forget the feeling with which we hailed the first down-pour. The apprehension of a famine, that had been generally entertained, seemed to be dissipated, and the natives expected still an average harvest though it was late in the season.

In these hopes they were disappointed. The rains lasted here about three weeks only, and then ceased. The amount of rain that had fallen had enabled the peasants to plough and sow, but the "latter rain," the "bará barsát," did not follow. For more than a month there has been no rain here at all, and the heat now is as great as it was in May and June; so much so, that our artificial appliances for cooling the house are in full play again. The consequences are, that the crops are burnt up by the sun, and the cattle are dying for want of food. The prices of almost every article of food have increased threefold here from what they were last year, and in other districts, such as Delhi and Agra, it is much worse still. There is not yet an actual scarcity of grain, but the grain dealers, in the hope of large profits, refuse to open their granaries, which are supposed to be full of corn. These unfeeling men hope that the prices will go much higher, and do their best to make matters worse and worse every day. To the natives in general, who live so much on vegetable diet, it seems almost as if their very life was taken from them if grain is dear; and, certainly, it is very hard upon the poorer classes, who have commenced to take but one meal a day in many places, while others are said to have offered their children for sale, though this is prohibited by the law of the land. Should there be a good fall of rain soon it may be a check to the grain dealers, as it will enable the people to plough and sow for the winter; but if this hope fails, I fear the consequences for the poorer classes will be appalling.

These forebodings have been verified. During the rebellion grain was destroyed, and the subsequent harvests were deficient. The year began with scanty stores, and the absence of rain not merely ruined the autumn crop, but prevented the sowing of that which should be reaped next spring. Hence, in the Doab, between the Jumna and the Ganges, and especially in the districts of Agra, Muttra, Rohilcund, Meerut, and Delhi, there has been a famine more severe than has been experienced since 1833, and the misery is intense.

Christianity has an opportunity of manifesting its superiority of principle, and returning good for evil. It has been doing so. A relief fund has been organized, and Government has directed a large expenditure for the relief of the starving poor.

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#### FIRST LETTER FROM A NEW MISSIONARY TO BRITISH COLUMBIA.

WE have received a letter from our Missionary to British Columbia, the Rev. L. S. Tugwell, dated Fort Simpson, October 25, 1860. In this he gives us a description of his transit across the Panama Isthmus, and subsequent voyage along the coast to Victoria, the entire transit from England to British Columbia having occupied sixty-five days, of which forty-nine only were consumed in the voyage, the rest consisting of detentions.

The journey across the Isthmus of Panama was very interesting, the

scenery being extremely wild. Several Indian villages were passed, the inhabitants, judging from the appearance of things, living in a very degraded state. They were no less than six hours crossing the Isthmus, a distance of only forty-seven miles, the train being unusually heavy, and the excessive rain which had fallen causing considerable delay. Our travellers remained four days at Panama, a delay which they did not at all enjoy, Panama being a most wretched place, and very unhealthy. The inhabitants, with few exceptions, are Roman Catholics. The streets are infested with dogs and filth. After four days' detention at this sorry place they proceeded on their voyage by steamers. Acapulco, a small Spanish settlement, half-way between Panama and San Francisco, was touched at. After passing this place, they experienced a merciful preservation. One day, at dinner, the captain was boasting that his ship, although she had been in many storms, had escaped unhurt, and said that it was scarcely possible for a steamer to be struck by lightning. The following night they were overtaken by a terrific thunder-storm. The lightning struck and splintered the mast, and then passed through the upper to the main deck, where, in some marvellous manner, it passed out of the ship; but, for the merciful providence of God, they must have perished. At San Francisco a Sunday was spent, our Missionary preaching twice, in Trinity Church. They had pleasant intercourse with Christian friends, which refreshed them much. Here, too, they met the Bishop of Victoria, from China.

Leaving San Francisco, on board the "Oregon," for Victoria (British Columbia), they reached, in due time, Portland, a town situated about 100 miles up the Columbia River. Here Mr. Tugwell was introduced to the Bishop of Oregon, by a minister of the Episcopal Methodist Church, who manifested great interest in the Mission work to which Mr. Tugwell was going. Of Mr. Duncan, our first Missionary to British Columbia, and who has now been labouring for some years alone amongst the Indians, the Bishop spoke very highly, having met him at Victoria while on a visit there.

On arriving at Victoria they were received by the Bishop of Columbia with great kindness, and invited to his house. Here, also, they met Mr. Duncan, who, as our readers will remember, had come down to Victoria to help on the work there.\*

Mr. Tugwell says, "The work that is going on amongst the Indians has greatly delighted and encouraged us. God has, indeed, greatly blessed the self-denying labours of our dear brother. He is a thorough Missionary, spending and being spent for Christ. Oh, that I may have grace and strength to labour as faithfully and zealously as he has done!

"How I wish the friends of Missions in England could see Mr. Duncan's congregation on the Sunday; they would, indeed, 'thank God, and take courage.' I have never seen an English congregation more orderly and attentive; with but few exceptions, both the children and adults come clean and neatly dressed. The children sing several hymns very sweetly—a morning and evening hymn, composed by Mr. Duncan; a

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\* See "Church Missionary Gleaner" for December 1860.

hymn to our Saviour; and another beginning, 'Jesus is my Saviour;' 'Here we suffer grief and pain;' and some others, in English: also one in Taimsheean, composed by Mr. Duncan. I long to be able to speak to them in their own language. It is most painful to see the poor Indians around one, and to be unable to speak to them of that precious name whereby alone they can be saved. The Indians all up the coast are crying out for teachers; their unanimous cry is, 'Come over and help us.' Now seems to be the propitious moment. Soon hundreds, yea, thousands, of the poor Indians will have perished. Drunkenness and other vices are spreading disease and death amongst them. These sins were introduced, and are still fostered, by the whites. Although I have been only two months here, I have witnessed some frightful scenes of drunkenness. Oh that the Lord of the harvest would raise up and send forth labourers to this part of his vineyard!"

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### A GREAT MOVEMENT FOR PEACE IN NEW ZEALAND.

OUR readers are aware of the calamitous war that has been for some time going on between the Maoris and the British authorities and settlers. To us at home this is a matter of sincerest grief. We are interested in both parties. For the settlers, many of whom have greatly suffered, although in nowise concerned with the origin of the war, we deeply feel; for the Maoris, who, through Missionary efforts, have been converted to a profession of Christianity, and have been raised from deep barbarism to one of comparative civilization, we are as deeply anxious. A great experiment has been going on there, one of first importance to the interests of mankind, whether scriptural Christianity has the power to accomplish a peaceable fusion of a colonial and aboriginal race. That it has the power, no one, who has ever experienced its power on his own heart, can for an instant doubt; but here, in this particular instance of New Zealand under the process of colonization, we wish to see it brought out distinctly and unanswerably before the world. Hitherto, with occasional seasons of disquietude, this great experiment has progressed satisfactorily. Now this war is jeopardizing all in which we are most interested. We see Maoris and settlers, who might mutually benefit each other, engaged in the fearful work of mutual injury. How earnestly do we long to see it brought to an end. But how is this to be done? Both parties are embittered, and both claim to be in the right. The settlers consider that the Maoris are unjustly withholding from them land which they do not want, but which the settlers do. The Maoris consider that the settlers are coveting lands which had been guaranteed to them by solemn treaties, and which were entirely at their own disposal. Thus there are jealousies and mutual distrusts. Amidst the excitement the voice of reason is drowned, and both rush impetuously to arms. How shall the mad proceeding be stayed? The Missionaries have tried to interfere, and have, like Moses, urged, "Sirs, ye are brethren, why do ye wrong one to another?" and, like him, not unfrequently they have met with the reply, "Who made thee a ruler and a judge over us?"

What, then, is to be done? What hope is there of stopping the effusion

of blood? There is a hope! The degree of importance to which our readers will attach to it, will depend entirely on the light in which they regard it. If it be viewed in the light of mere human judgment, we shall think little of it; if it be viewed with an eye of faith, and in the light of God's word, it will be regarded as a great hope.

We shall tell our readers what it is. We have a station in New Zealand called Kohanga (the nest), near the mouth of the Waikato River, the Waikato being the most powerful of the Waikato tribes, and one which we have feared might be led to take part in this war. The Maoris at this station are all friendly to the Government, and have been as constant and steady as ever in the attendance on the means of grace. There are amongst them several real Christians; and although many of the boys, when they reach a certain age, like newly-fledged birds, fly out of the "nest" and go away, others remain and become useful. One of them has been lately ordained; another is a candidate for orders; another is a very useful catechist; others, monitors. In the Institution, also, the matron of which has been there for eleven years, and, although now nearly blind, is still very useful, there are many very worthy young women. One of the young women is quite a right hand in the school; another was some time back married to an European gentleman, who has given to the school a donation of 10*l.*, saying, at the same time, that we had given him a good wife. Such she has proved to be, and has gained the respect of surrounding settlers' wives. Besides, there are many worthy Phœbes and Dorcases. Mrs. Maunsell has regular weekly meetings with these females, and has formed a club amongst them for helping the sick, and supplying them all with clothes in the winter time. Now, here is the point, a little point, and yet a great point—Mrs. Maunsell has been delighted, and we are sure our readers will be delighted also, to learn, while in conversation with one of them, that since the commencement of this war five or six of them have made a practice of meeting together in prayer, and placing it before the Lord.

Nor is this the only instance of this kind. We have referred to the Waikato tribes. Some of the influential chiefs amongst them are for peace, but their position is a peculiar one, for the feeling of many, especially of the young men, is strong in the opposite direction. Such is the critical position of affairs at this moment. Should the Waikato tribes throw themselves into the struggle the war would assume much larger dimensions, and the fire rage more fiercely. Now then, again, the hopeful element breaks in; it is this—most of the well-disposed teachers meet at ten o'clock every morning to *pray for peace*. Archdeacon Maunsell remarks, "I am convinced our gracious Father is answering our prayers, from the different spirit which now prevails. A few weeks ago, 'War, war,' was the cry, and now there is a real anxiety for peace."

These Christian Maoris remind us where our strength lies, and what we had best do in these circumstances. Let every reader of these pages, and every member of the Society, offer up special prayer for the termination of this war. In family prayer let it be remembered, and from every Christian household let earnest intercession be put forth on this point. Let there be prayer for the restoration of peace to New Zealand, and also to the Yoruba Country, which is similarly distracted.

## RAMAIYA BABA.

THIS is an old inquirer, and long an opponent of the truth at Benares, who has been long fighting against the Gospel and his own convictions. Seven years ago he was in communication with our Missionary, the Rev. C. B. Leupolt, but was unwilling to give up his own fame and power to become a disciple of Christ. But the Lord would not let him go, and brought him, at length, in brokenness of spirit, to the foot of the cross.

The Rev. W. Smith, our well-known Missionary at Benares, has given us the following account of the conversion and baptism of this remarkable man, who has been for many years a sort of reformer and leader of a sect among his own countrymen—

Ramaiya Baba, after nearly a year's probation, I baptized in September, together with his wife and three very fine children. He was not the founder of a sect exactly, for he introduced no new doctrines, though all his followers eat together; but he has been for many years a noted *Mahapuris*, or sort of demigod, "in this neighbourhood and in some parts of the Mirzapore district," and was followed by great numbers of people, who fancied that he had the power of working miracles. He was originally a Brahman, born in a village not far from Gharwa, which belongs to this Mission, and was in charge of Mr. Leupolt. Some years ago Ramaiya fell in with Mr. Woods, who was managing the Gharwa estate, under Mr. Leupolt. He was then introduced to Mr. Leupolt, and had also interviews with Mr. Mather, Missionary of the London Missionary Society at Mirzapore. Afterwards I saw him several times in the city of Benares. But in those days he was an awfully wild character, going about holding a woman in one hand, and a bottle of spirits in the other, singing the Ramayan and compositions of his own (for he is a poet), and followed by crowds of people, who, from the great austerities which he had previously gone through, believed that he might do what he chose without blame attaching to him, being raised above, what to the vulgar is sin and holiness—in short, that he was the "Great power of God," or rather an incarnation of God, and they worshipped him accordingly. And, excepting that he is a man of originality of character, and was very candid and straightforward even then, and unselfish, giving away almost every thing that he received, it is surprising what a reverence every one, high and low, who came in contact with him, conceived for him. And even in those days, from the few conversations which I had with him, I could not help feeling, more from his manner and looks than any thing else, that there was something at work in his mind—that he was uneasy and dissatisfied, and wanted something that he had not yet obtained. But, for three or four years, to the best of my recollection, I lost sight of him, and had forgotten all about him; when one day last October I was spending the day in the city, and Thakur, one of our catechists, suddenly came to me and said that Ramaiya Baba wished for an interview. I was a few moments before I could recollect who Ramaiya Baba was, though the name sounded familiar. Well, he came in, and how altered! No longer the half-intoxicated, wild-looking man that he formerly was; but, sad and sorrowful, and

with downcast countenance, and with voice scarcely audible, he said that he had come to be instructed in the way of salvation ; that he had tried all the ways of the Hindus, and found no satisfaction, and his only hope was that he might find rest and peace in Christianity. It is not necessary to go into the details of what followed. He was sincere from the first. He was one of those who "will to do the will" of God, and therefore he soon knew of the doctrine that it was "of God." (John vii. 17.) In becoming a Christian, besides all the honour from men which he has lost, and the obloquy which he has incurred, he has made considerable sacrifices of a pecuniary nature in the large presents and offerings he was constantly receiving, as well as the allowance of a rupee a day which the Rajah of Benares, who had taken a great fancy to him, made him. He hopes that his influence still continues over a large number of his followers, and that many who were his disciples in error, will now follow him in the way of truth. May it be so !

This man is now employed in the Missionary work, with his wife, and one of his disciples amongst his former followers, many of whom he hopes to be the means of leading to that Saviour whom he himself has found.

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JOHN XIV. 23.

ABIDE with me. Fast falls the eventide ;  
The darkness thickens ; Lord, with me abide.  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, oh ! abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;  
Change and decay in all around I see,  
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,  
But as Thou dwelt with Thy disciples, Lord—  
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,  
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,  
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings :  
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea,  
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile ;  
And though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee ;  
On to the close, oh Lord, abide with me !

I need Thy presence every passing hour,  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ;  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ;  
Through clouds and sunshine, oh, abide with me !

I fear no woe, with Thee at hand to bless,  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

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## KANAGAWA, JAPAN.

IN our last Number we introduced some sketches of Japan, its people, and their habits, from the pen of an American Missionary, Dr. Hepburn, who is residing at Kanagawa. We think a few more of his glimpses into this new country will interest our readers.

The Japanese roads are much superior to the Chinese, but very much inferior to the roads in old settled parts of the United States. The Tokaido is a fine road, and partially macadamized: where there are no houses on it, both sides are planted with large pines and cedars; it is kept also in good repair. About Yeddo, also, the roads are pretty good, varying in breadth from six to ten feet. There are few roads in this neighbourhood in which two persons can ride abreast; they are not much more than horse-paths. They use no carriages or wheeled vehicles, either for riding in or transporting goods. This is principally done on horseback, and their roads are cut to suit their customs. The new road, constructed between this and Yokohama, is wider and better made than any I have seen. On this road, and on the Tokaido, some adventurous foreigners have lately been driving in gigs, much to the annoyance of the Japanese, scaring their horses and endangering the lives of pedestrians as well as their own. The Japanese build very good bridges, substantial, well framed together, and secured with iron clamps, always arched, and resting against stone abutments, and protected on the one side with wooden railing. I have seen none over sixty feet long. They are supported on wooden piles: their streams are generally small, rapid, and subject to great and sudden risings. The only river of any size in this region is the Lago, about half-way between this and Yeddo; it is about one hundred feet wide at low water. Over this there is no bridge; it is crossed in flat-bottomed boats, some twenty feet long and six wide.

I have been interested in watching the farmers at work, and in noting the various crops raised by them. The fields are small—from a half to perhaps two or three acres—separated by low dykes, or ditches, or in terraces on the sides of the hills. The land in this province is owned by the Emperor, to whom, I am told, the farmer pays a yearly rent of half his rice crop, and a commutation in the same for all his other crops at the same proportion. They sow barley and wheat in clusters of some twenty or thirty seeds, about ten inches apart, not in drills, or broadcast, as our farmers in the United States, but something as we do Indian corn. I observed them also hoeing or cultivating them through the winter, in the same way. In the early half of May the barley and wheat are in head; the barley is cut in the first part of June, and the wheat somewhat later; the rape-seed is cut a little earlier, in the last of May or first of June. In May, between the rows of barley, wheat and rape-seed, they plant beans, peas, and cotton, and about the time the first are out the latter are some four feet high. They cut their grain with a sickle, close to the ground, and hoe up the roots, and draw the earth towards the new crop which is coming on. They take thus two crops each year off the same field. They do not take their grain home and thresh it out all at once, as we

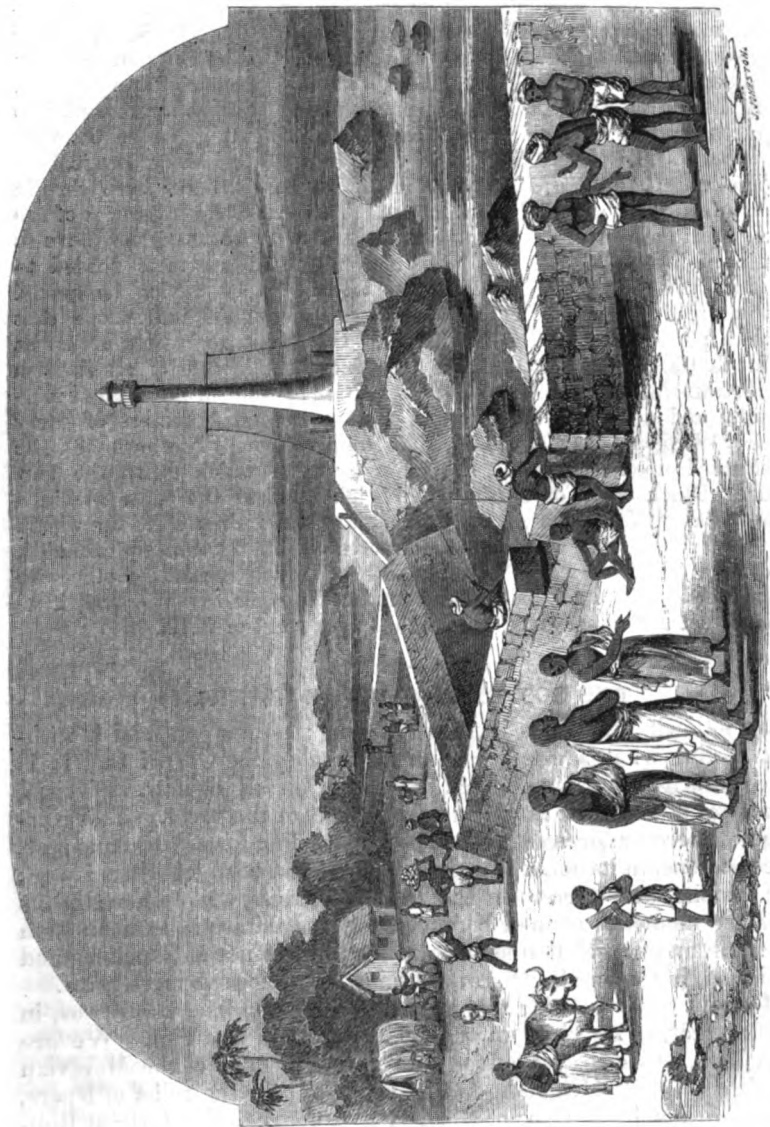
do, but immediately after cutting and tying their grain into small bundles, they bring them together in the same field, or indeed in the road, and burn off the heads of the barley or wheat, by setting the sheaf on fire just below the head. The straw still blazing they throw into a pile, where it is all consumed into ashes; the ashes are used as a manure. The heads of barley and wheat are then taken home and threshed out with a flail. One reason, perhaps, of their burning off the heads of their barley, &c., is the wet and damp season in which they have to harvest; it is in the midst of the rainy season.

When their rice gets to be some six or eight inches high they transplant, in June, into other fields of mud and water, in clusters of some fifteen or twenty shoots, some eight inches apart. They also raise in this region a large quantity of peas and beans. They gather grass from their timber lands and stack it, but not in any quantity. They raise also a little buckwheat. I have seen no field of maize or Indian corn; it is, however, grown in Japan, though I cannot now say what part of it. We have also excellent potatoes, brought from Hakodadi, quite as good as the American. We have had to pay for them about a dollar a barrel. Besides these, we have the sweet-potato, egg-plant, radishes, turnips from a foot to two feet and more long, and carrots; also, a small kind of onion, horseradish, and mustard. The farmers' tools seem to be very few and simple. Their principal tool is a long hoe, about fourteen inches long and five wide. I have not yet seen a plough. They use a kind of harrow, which is dragged by a horse, to level off the rice-fields; this, with the rake, sickle, and flail, seem to be all they use. They use a windmill, just like those in use in the United States, for cleansing their grain; sometimes also a large fan. Rice is cleaned, as in China, by beating it in large wooden mortars, by human power, as far as I have yet seen. In the farming operations, the women seem to bear their full share of the burden, nearly if not quite as much as the men, particularly in planting and harvesting.

Of the fruits of this region I cannot yet speak fully. Last fall, and for two months after, we had an abundance of most delicious grapes. A little later we had oranges, of which there are several varieties. We have also a species of persimmon, very much larger than the American, and a very luscious fruit; also, a large, hard pear, not very good for eating. This spring we have an abundance of very good raspberries, what are called the Antwerp berry; they are large and yellow. I do not think the Japanese cultivate them: they grow wild. I think it quite probable that what are called the Antwerp raspberry came originally from Japan, and were taken to Holland by the Dutch. We have also apricots, plums, and peaches, but, as far as I have seen, all inferior to our home fruit. I see beautiful large red strawberries growing wild, but they are quite insipid and tasteless; the Japanese call them "snake berries." The Japanese, like the Chinese, seem to pay but little attention to cultivating fruit. The climate and soil would, no doubt, be favourable to the production of a great many more varieties than they now have. The apple would, no doubt, grow well about Hakodadi. I ought to say that the oranges we get here come from the more southern provinces.

## CEYLON.

CEYLON is one of the most magnificent islands in the world. The highest summits of the mountainous district, which occupies the southern centre, rise 8000 feet above the level of the sea. Their lofty peaks arrest the clouds, and ensure to the western parts of the island an



VIEW AT POINT DE GALLE, CEYLON.

abundant moisture, and vegetable life develops itself with a variety and profusion unsurpassed by any portion of our earth. The belt of rich soil which nearly encircles it waves with the dense groves of cocoa-nut trees and areca-palms. Curious and delicious fruits are yielded for the use of man, and the warm humid air is laden with perfumes, while here, too, of humble aspect compared with its statelier brethren, the cinnamon-tree yields annually its precious harvest, and the cinnamon-peeler may be seen seated on the ground, with his long knife, separating the bark from the shoots of one year's growth. In the interior, not only the lower parts of the irrigated valleys, but also the sides of every rivulet, as it descends from the hills, however steep they may be, are formed into terraces, and, when these are cultivated, the brilliant green of the rice-crops serves to diversify the general olive-tint of Kandian landscape.

The growth of Missionary work in Ceylon has hitherto been slow in comparison with other fields of labour. The fertilizing influences of the Holy Spirit are required in more abundant measure than they have as yet been bestowed. Fervent prayer from united hearts is needed to produce this: then should the hills and valleys of Ceylon be graced with more than natural beauty, and there are hopeful indications that such a period may not be far distant. Our print represents a view at Point de Galle, the port which is the general rendezvous of all English mail-steamers, and contains a large population of English officials and merchants, and a motley collection of tradesmen and labourers of every variety of colour, from negro black to dingy brown. The town of Galle is situated upon a peninsula, the inner curve of which forms the harbour. Thick walls of considerable height enclose the town within a space of about fifteen acres. The inhabitants are thus shut up within a close fortress, from which the sea-breezes are almost entirely excluded, and must suffer very much from the heat, which cannot be otherwise than excessive in a latitude almost under the equator. The heat, however, is not so intense as on the neighbouring coast of India.



#### THE GOSPEL AMONG THE LEPERS.

THE following fragment is most touching: no one can read it without feeling what a wondrous instrumentality the Gospel is. It is like the bright sunshine, which falls alike on all objects, and visits the ward of the leper as well as the palace of the great. This message of mercy addresses itself alike to all. The lowest, the meanest, are not beneath its notice, it comes with such a compensating power; for it visits the sufferer on the bed of sickness, the prisoner in his cell, the mourners in their bereavement, and ministers to them such strength and consolation as enables them to be not only patient and resigned, but even cheerful in the midst of their respective trials.

Our Missionary at Burdwan, the Rev. J. Vaughan, informs us, in this extract, of his visits to the Lazar-house in that city. We are reminded, as we read it, of the persevering labours of the Moravian brethren, first at Hemel-en-Aarde, a hospital for the relief of lepers, near Caledon, in the Cape-of-Good-Hope colony; and latterly at Rob-

ben Island, to which the establishment has been transferred. Nothing can surpass the self-denying efforts of these devoted men, and He who, of old, did not disdain to touch the leper when he cried unto Him, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean,"—has been pleased to make them instrumental in the conversion and salvation of many of these poor afflicted ones. We rejoice to find our own Missionaries pursuing, with manifest tokens of the divine blessing, a similar course.

At the beginning of this year I commenced visiting a Lepers' Asylum, situated in the neighbourhood of our Mission station. The wretched inmates comprised some dozen Christians, and about sixty Mussulmans and Hindus. Each class has a separate ward. The Christians were visited and instructed, but the rest of the poor creatures were neglected. I therefore gave my chief attention to the latter. At first I felt it not a little trying to the nerves: the scenes are most revolting, and one naturally shrinks from the contemplation of such frightful objects. I very much fear that a feeling of this kind deterred me from looking after them before. However, I determined to make a beginning this year in the strength of the Lord, earnestly imploring Him to bless my poor attempts. He has granted my request to an extent which I hardly hoped for.

My plan was to go from ward to ward, reading the Scriptures, and simply enforcing the truths of the Gospel upon their attention. After a time I got one of the readers to help me in this work.

Several months passed over before any thing hopeful appeared. For a long time the poor creatures listened as though they heard not. The story was, indeed, new to them, but it awakened in them no emotions of surprise or concern. My unbelieving heart already began to doubt whether any good would result or no. At last, tokens of attention showed themselves, then of interest, then of concern. Two Mussulmans were the first-fruits. A little while after, a poor woman, a Hindu, who had evidently been drinking in the word in silence, declared that she too must confess Christ. Very simple and sincere was her faith. Then two men, also Hindus, made the same declaration. One poor fellow had no feet, the other no hands, but it was clear they had hearts deeply impressed with the power of the truth. "Sahib," said one, with an earnestness and feeling quite unmistakeable, "there is only one thing I want. I know I am a great sinner, and I want to get hold of Jesus Christ." I trust, I believe, he had already hold of Him, and so had his friend. These two men have cheered me much. It is something to do one good to see them sitting on the floor listening, with countenances glowing with animation and delight, to the glorious truths of the Gospel. The Spirit, I believe, is their teacher. He has shown them their guilt, and He has revealed to them the preciousness of the Saviour, and the joy of the Lord seems to be their portion. It is singularly pleasing to contrast their happy faces with their poor maimed bodies.

The next candidate was a grey-headed old man. Had I been asked who in the ward was the most unlikely to be brought to feel after God,

no doubt I should have pointed to this very individual. He had been all his life an ignorant Hindu; he had never received the slightest education; his understanding seemed dark and clouded; and, to crown all, he was very deaf, so that he always lost a great deal of what was said. But God took hold of him. He began to feel what he never had felt before, that he was a sinner: he felt an anxiety, which he had never known before, as to the eternity which awaited him. He scarcely knew how to reveal his new feelings; but he said enough to imply that he was in earnest about salvation. I placed him under a preparatory course of instruction prior to his baptism. I wished him, if he could, to master the short catechism and the responses in the baptismal service. The poor old fellow did his best for nearly two months, his Christian leper friends helping him all they could; but it was of no use, Murthiram could not commit the portions to memory. His anxiety increased: he could bear it no longer; therefore one morning he came hobbling up to my door. "Sahib," he said with a deep feeling, "what am I to do? I have tried and tried and I cannot remember the words. My poor head is heavy and thick: what shall I do? Won't you baptize me? I can't learn the words, it is true; but I know this, I am a poor miserable sinner, and I know that there is no Saviour but Jesus Christ: I know He shed his blood for me, and I only trust in his blood for pardon and salvation." Then folding his hands in an imploring attitude, he said, "Do Sahib, do baptize me at once." I was quite affected by the old man's importunity, and, in the words of Peter, I exclaimed, "Can any man forbid water that he should not be baptized." I at once fixed the hour for his baptism. At the same time I baptized also another, a Hindu woman, who had been a candidate for himself. Thus within the last few months have seven of these poor miserable creatures been gathered into the fold of Christ. Very loathsome and repulsive are they to the eyes of man, but I am persuaded that some of them are now lovely and precious in the sight of the Lord. Their poor bodies are truly so many masses of corruption, but inwardly they are washed, they are sanctified; and the Holy Spirit of God will not scorn to tabernacle with them. I know of no objects of suffering more to be pitied than these. They are utterly without hope as regards time, for, once lepers, they must remain such to death. If, then, they have no hope for eternity, they are of all men most miserable. I can understand better now than formerly the compassionate regard which Jesus showed to such sufferers, and the beautiful adaptation of his blessed Gospel to their helpless condition has also struck me very forcibly. Hinduism and Mohammedanism fail to afford one bright beam of hope to cheer their heavy gloom; but the Gospel illumines their darkness, and inspires them with joyful anticipations: it gives them "the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

I have seen how grateful to their ears are the tidings of that better land, where "there shall be no more pain; where the inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick; where there shall be no more sorrow, no more death, because the former things have passed away."

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## THE INDIAN SETTLEMENT, RED RIVER.

THIS little settlement of once roving Indians is gradually rising in importance, and becoming a model village amongst the wild wanderers of the plains, to show, by practical proofs, the blessings that Christianity brings with it, and that godliness hath the promise both of the life which now is and of that which is to come. Some years ago the population consisted of 473 baptized Indians. Pigwys is the chief of the tribe, once at the head of 300 warriors, now a quiet old man, a good Christian, and as he says, happy in his belief.

The church is a new and spacious building of stone, with a wall of the same material enclosing the church-yard. Here stands a wooden school-house, in which some fifty Ojibways, young men, young women, and children, may be found receiving instruction from our excellent Missionary and his wife, the Rev. A. and Mrs. Cowley, and the native schoolmaster, the young Indian women reading the Testament in a soft low voice, with ease and intelligence. On Sundays the church is nearly filled with a congregation exclusively Indian. Their behaviour is most decorous and attentive, the singing is sweet, the forms of the service followed quietly and in order, the responses well and exactly made, a seraphine being played by Mrs. Cowley, and the utmost attention given to the sermon.

The settlement is divided by the river (Red River) flowing onwards in its course to Lake Winnepeg. The settlement is chiefly on the left, the church, the school, and the parsonage on the right bank. In mid-winter this is of little consequence as the rivers, powerfully frozen, become then the route for sledges: in summer also there is no inconvenience felt, the canoes being throughout these countries the one conveyance. But when the winter is beginning, before the rivers are set fast, and still more in spring, when, after the long frost, they are giving way, and beginning to break up, there are occasional interruptions.

Our Missionary amongst this as yet infant flock has many duties. He is not only the Missionary, but the doctor, and the settler of disputes, to whom reference is made on all occasions. Often, therefore, he is sent for, and at all hours. "When the Indians require his services during the night, they come into the parsonage, the door of which is never locked, and tap gently at the stove-pipe, which passes from the sitting-room into his bedroom above to arouse him. They agreed among themselves that they would adopt this novel kind of night-bell, and he has never known them endeavour to call him, after retiring to rest, in any other way: they open the outer door, and steal, without the slightest noise, on the darkest night, to the well-known stove-pipe, giving two or three low Indian taps, and quietly await the result."

There is a farm attached to the Indian Mission, which is cultivated with great care, that it may serve as a model farm, and show the Indians what may be done. The summer is short, and the vegetation process rapid. Scotch wheat, sown on the 16th or 18th of May, is ripe for the sickle on August 24; the common wheat of the country takes about a week longer. Indian corn ripens every year; potatoes are magnificent. In the Mission garden may be found asparagus, beet, and the ordinary vegetables. In the farm yard are ducks, fowls, turkeys, pigs, sheep<sup>1</sup>

with some excellent milking cows. Flowering shrubs and annuals were in bloom on October 3. The air was fragrant with the perfume of mignonette, and the bright orange-yellow escholtzia shone pre-eminent among asters and sweet peas, which had escaped the autumn frosts; wild strawberries, cranberries, and plums, grow in profusion not far from the village, together with currants, raspberries, gooseberries, &c.

We are glad to find that the Christian Indians are doing something toward the maintenance amongst them of Christian ordinances. "The people supply the firewood for the three schools. The sexton looks to them for his support, to the amount of his labour in warming and cleansing the church, digging the graves, &c. They are also expected to provide the wine for the Sacrament, which, if all subscribed alike, would cost them something like a penny and a small fraction every time.

### THE FIELD WHITE TO THE HARVEST.

JESUS once said to his disciples, "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest;" and now He seems to say the same. Too often his people are unmindful of the signs of the times, and of the purposes which he wishes to see carried out. He bids them look up and be more observant of his providential dealings, and more prompt in perceiving what He would have them to do. Truly, at the present moment "the fields are white unto the harvest." Never at any period of the world were there such open doors, such wondrous opportunities for Missionary work. Countries which, forty years ago, were inaccessible, now invite the advent of the evangelist. Already, in numerous places a footing has been gained, and a commencement of the work been made, which only needs to be followed up in order to yield large results. China presents unwonted opportunities. Hitherto we have had to contend there with a contemptuous indifference, thinly veiled over with the formal politeness for which that people are remarkable. But now the Taepings are well disposed to Christianity, and anxiously desire that the Missionaries should come amongst them. In India the people are more willing to hear. One of our Missionaries writes—"The difference observed in favour of our religion, compared with former years, is very striking. In places where a Missionary then could hardly open his mouth, he is now heard gladly. Some, who were formerly our fiercest opponents, have become our friends, and encourage us." East and west, and north and south, there are opportunities. "The fields are white to the harvest."

"And yet how few are the 'labourers' in a harvest so 'plenteous.' What, at the present moment, do our Missions so greatly need as consecrated men? You bring your gifts of property—'Here, send this;' but who proffers himself—'Here am I, send me?' And yet never, perhaps, in the history of our Missions, was the cry of the heathen so piercing—'Come over, and help us,' or the cry of the churches so urgent—'Who will go for us?' I see in our congregations gifted and pious young men, who rise high in the learned professions, who fill important



places in mercantile houses, who become prominent, and wealthy, and useful ; but where is the consecration of such to the Missionary apostolate ? How few amongst the sons of the church can, for Christ's sake, refuse the mercantile inheritance, the proffered partnership ! How easily they persuade themselves that they can serve Christ the best by sending others. And yet they might enrol themselves amongst 'the glorious company of the apostles ;' their's might be the lips from which myriads first heard the name of Christ ; their's might be the names imperishably written in the annals of future empires. Even while I speak, India appeals, and appeals in vain, for men to take the places of those who fall ; and contributed funds for additional Missionaries to the vast empire of China lie unexpended."

It is even so. The Church Missionary Society has at its disposal, for China, an unexpended fund of nearly 9000*l.*, but the men are not forthcoming. The province of Chekeang is open to us. We have occupied a door of entrance at Ningpo. We have been enabled to raise up there a native church, small indeed, but full of promise. We have pushed forward to three important posts, Tsong-gyiao, Z-kyu, and Yu-yiu. The first of these is a village about three miles from Ningpo, with a population around it of some 10,000 souls ; the second is a Hin (third-class city), of about 60,000 inhabitants ; and the third, Yu-yiu, is a city of the same class, still further on the main route from Ningpo to Hang-chow. Thus the way is prepared by which evangelists may at once enter into the midst of a province containing not less than twenty-six millions of people. For this grand field a reinforcement of not less than five effective Missionaries is required from us.

Thus in India, China, the Isles of the Sea, amongst Hindus, Karens, Chinese, Tartars, even in some degree amongst the Japanese, the tribes of the Red Man throughout the wilds of North-West America, the independent savages of Patagonia and Chili, and the sable children of Ham in their vast extent, "the fields are white to the harvest." Let the church of Christ look up and mark how great the opportunity. Let the labourers arise and go forth to do the Lord's work. "He that gathereth in summer is a wise son, but he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame." May the Lord arise, and send forth labourers into his vineyard !

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#### CONVERSIONS IN THE NATIVE-INDIAN ARMY.

INSTANCES of conversion to Christianity are occurring in the ranks of the native army of India. They fill us up with hope and wonder. Before the late mutiny, midnight darkness brooded over its ranks. Any tendency to Christianity was discouraged by the authorities, and ignorance and bigotry reigned supreme. Now, however, the Government declines to interfere with the progress of inquiry and conviction amongst the men, and in different directions individuals are coming forward and professing Christianity before their com-

rades. We are rather careful of putting these things into print, lest, by any means, this promising aspect of affairs should be interrupted; but the following paragraph first appeared in the "Bombay Times," and has been published in the "News of the Churches," and we give it as a sample of similar work going forward in other directions—

"A few weeks ago, a Jemadar, Sheikh Ibrahim, of the 11th Regiment M.N.I., stationed at Thyet Myoo, Pegu, announced his belief in Christ, and was publicly baptized. It appears that the Mohammedans of the regiment were greatly incensed against him, and secretly forbade any of their persuasion from assisting him in any way. This circumstance coming to the ears of Colonel Ireland, the officer commanding the regiment, he at once had the senior Mussulman Subadar up to him, and said, 'Subadar, I will have no one persecuted for their religion's sake in my regiment; and remember, if Jemadar Sheikh Ibrahim is in any way improperly treated, I shall hold you personally responsible.' This caution had the desired effect. Shortly after, the Subadar Major, an old Rajpoot, joined from Madras, and, hearing of Jemadar Sheikh Ibrahim's conversion, went up to him and said, 'As you are a believer in Christ, I honour you for publicly becoming a Christian,' and shook him by the hand. Before the persecution came to the colonel's ears, not a man would cook for the Jemadar; and when one of the subalterns of the regiment, a young but most devout follower of our blessed Saviour, one whose arm is strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, begged him to come and take his meals with him, he said he would gladly do so, but the food was richer than he was accustomed to eat, and he was afraid it would not agree with him. It appears that others in the corps are inquiring, and are purchasing Bibles themselves.

"Two men of the 32d Regiment M.N.I., at Moulmein, have also lately been publicly baptized by Mr. Haskell, one of the American Missionaries there, and several Mussulmans in the town of Rangoon.

"Both at Rangoon and Thyet Myoo, and at Moulmein too, I believe, prayer-meetings have been, and continue to be, held, to pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Perhaps these few conversions are the first few drops of a copious shower."

We shall mention another case, suppressing the names. A native officer, in his boyhood, had attended a Missionary school, and then the conviction crossed his mind that Christianity was the only true religion. Still he never acted upon this. Years passed away; he came to man's estate, and was now a native officer in the ranks of one of our Indian regiments. At length his regiment came to be quartered in the immediate neighbourhood of a Missionary station, and his convictions revived with more power than before, for now he was no longer satisfied to continue, as he had been, a heathen, but resolved, although a Rajpoot—a clan of Hindus who rank very high in caste—to become a Christian, and endure the tribulations consequent on doing so. He has been baptized. On being asked

how he has been treated in his regiment since he had taken this decided step, he said that the officers never spoke to him on the subject, but that the soldiers had come to him, and said, "When you were a Hindu you were very kind to us. What shall we do now that you have become a Christian?" His answer was, "If I become a *real* Christian, which I pray God to make me, I shall be much more kind to you than ever I have been before." May grace be given him so to recommend the Gospel that many may be led to inquire and seek the Lord!

Other instances might be given, but we think it better to refrain. Had the Christian element been allowed quietly to introduce itself into the ranks of our Sepoy army, many years ago, the great mutiny of 1857 would never have occurred.

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#### SORROWFUL, YET ALWAYS REJOICING.

THERE are many of the Lord's dear people to whom it is not given to do active work for his sake. Illness, or other causes, may for a season, or, perhaps, for the whole period of their lifetime, incapacitate them from joining the foremost ranks of the Lord's soldiers who go forth to do battle with "the principalities and powers, the rulers of the darkness of this world." But, nevertheless, let not such be discouraged, for, as it was arranged by David (1 Sam. xxx. 24) with regard to the 200 men who were so faint that they could not follow him over the brook Besor, that they who went down to battle should divide the spoil with those who tarried by the stuff; they should part alike; so with the Great Captain of our Host. To some He allots that they should be in labours more abundant, in perils of various kinds, "in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness;" to others He gives, as to Mary, a place at his feet, and says of them "their strength is to sit still," and their motto might be, as their part is to tarry by the stuff, "Watch unto prayer." Some sow the seed, others water it with their tears and prayers. Some are favoured to reap it, but when the end shall come, then both he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together; for one may plant, another may water, but it is God that giveth the increase.

The following lines were written by Madame Guyon, a French lady of eminent piety, during her imprisonment on account of her firm adherence to the Protestant faith.

A little bird I am,  
 Shut from the field of air,  
 And in my cage I sit and sing  
 To Him who placed me there;  
 Well pleased a prisoner to be,  
 Because, my God, it pleases Thee.

Nought have I else to do ;  
 I sing the whole day long ;  
 And He whom much I love to please  
 Doth listen to my song ;  
 He caught and bound my wand'ring wing,  
 But still He bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear,  
 A heart to love and bless ;  
 And though my thoughts were e'er so rude,  
 Thou wouldst not hear the less ;  
 Because Thou knowest, as they fall,  
 That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round,  
 Abroad I cannot fly,  
 But though my wing is closely bound,  
 My heart's at liberty ;  
 My prison-walls cannot control  
 The flight, the freedom of the soul.

O ! it is good to soar  
 These little bolts and bars above,  
 To Him whose purpose I adore,  
 Whose providence I love ;  
 And in Thy mighty will to find  
 The joy, the freedom of the mind.

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#### ALLAHABAD.

THE native flock which, before the mutiny, had resided at Secundra, near Agra, has been transferred to Allahabad and placed under the charge of a native pastor, the Rev. D. Mohun. The following extract from one of his letters is very satisfactory, affording, as it does, evidence that the great work of winning souls to Christ is going forward amongst these people.

During the year three of our best communicants entered the joy of their Lord. The first and the last were females, who gave very good evidence of their faith in Him whom they served here below, and I firmly believe they have become a royal diadem in the hand of our God. The second was a male, William Lawrence by name. From the time I came here he was always seen with me during his leisure hours, talking upon spiritual things. As far as I can recollect, he never absented himself from the Sunday and weekly services, and lived a very sober and godly life. Not to be tedious, just two days before his death he wanted to take the holy sacrament. Of course I, as a deacon, could not administer it to him, so I brought one of the chaplains, who, having examined him on the ground of his faith, administered the rite. The chaplain was very much pleased with the firm confidence he had in the Saviour of the world. Just an hour before his departure I saw him again, and having read a portion of the New Testament, I prayed with him, in which he gladly joined. After we had finished our prayers, he asked me a few questions about the joys of heaven. Just a minute before his death he

asked his wife, his brother, and a few friends who surrounded him, to remove the ceiling off the house, that he might clearly see the joys of heaven, and also begged of them to lift the bed on which he lay a little higher, that he might soon meet the Lord, who stood to receive him with open arms and with his white-robed attendants; and with these words he closed his earthly career, and, crossing the valley of Jordan, entered the land of glory, to join "the general assembly's church of the first-born" in heaven in singing the praises of Him who had redeemed him by the blood of the Lamb.

During the year I have had the pleasure of baptizing a Mohammedan woman, who, seeing the purity of our holy religion, expressed a desire to join us. She has since been married to one of our native Christians, and, I am glad to say, is doing well.

#### OPENINGS FOR MISSIONARY EFFORT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

In our last Number we introduced some notices of Mission work in British Columbia, drawn up by a newly-arrived Missionary, Mr. Tugwell, and conveying his testimony to the value of Mr. Duncan's labours amongst the Indians. Since then some more communications have reached us from Mr. Duncan, in which he sketches out for us the field of labour. It is but an outline, yet one which will enable us to form some idea of the greatness of the work in these regions, on which the Church Missionary Society has entered.

In the statement I am about to make I shall confine my remarks to the coast of British Columbia (49° north lat. to 54° 40' north lat.), the east coast and north end of Vancouver's Island and Queen Charlotte Island.

Within this compass four distinct Indian tongues are spoken, and, as near as I can ascertain, each tongue is spoken by about 10,000 souls. Commencing with the south, the first tongue comprehends the Indians at Victoria, Cowitcher, Nanaimis, and at several other places about that part of Vancouver's Island, and also several tribes of Frazer River.

Secondly, About 100 miles from Victoria, going up the channel between Vancouver's Island and the mainland, we come to tribes of another tongue. But the main part of this 10,000 are living at and within 50 miles of Fort Rupert, which is at the north end of Vancouver's Island.

Thirdly, The next tongue spoken up the coast is Tsimshcean. The 10,000 Indians speaking it are situated at and within about 100 miles from Fort Simpson, or nearly all of them, viz.

- 2500 at Fort Simpson, taking Fort Simpson as the centre.
- 2500 on the Nass river, about 80 to 100 miles north-east.
- 2500 on the Skeener river, 100 miles south-east by east.
- 2500 in the islands of the coast, south-east.

Fourthly, The fourth tongue is spoken by the Indians of Queen Charlotte Island.

Thus here are 40,000 Indians to whom immediate access can be had, and who are earnestly craving for instruction.

For the 10,000 included in No. 1, the Columbian Mission has provided two Missionaries, who are now studying the language.

For the 10,000 (No. 2), no Missionary is as yet provided. But the Romish priests have been there, and promised a man soon.

For the 10,000 (No. 3), you have provided myself and Mr. Tugwell.

For the 10,000 (No. 4), no one has yet been sent.

I should hope that the Church Missionary Society will take up at least two of the ten thousands; but for this we should want another man. I have paid two visits to the Nishkah Indians on Nass river, of whom there are five villages within forty miles, and numbering about 2500 souls.\* This is decidedly the next place for us to occupy. They are exceedingly anxious for instruction; so anxious, that I have been compelled to make some promises to them. I intend visiting them next spring, while the Tsimsheans are up there fishing; and by next winter I hope to be able to leave Mr. Tugwell, with a native teacher or assistant, to the work among the Tsimsheans, while I go and commence a Mission among this interesting people.

Mr. Duncan prays that a clergyman may be sent to commence a Mission among the Indians at Fort Rupert, or on Queen Charlotte Island, as may be thought best; and he adds, as a reason why this should be done, "It is now or never, if the Indian races on this coast are to be benefited by Christian Missions."

The Lord move the hearts of his people, that the men and means may be given us, for we need them both!

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#### THE MOUNTAIN FLOWER.

In Ross-shire, Scotland, there is an immense mountain gorge. The rocks have been rent in twain, and set apart twenty feet, forming two hundred feet in height. On either side of the natural walls, in crevices where earth has collected, grow wild flowers of rare quality and beauty. A company of tourists, visiting that part of the country, were desirous to possess themselves of specimens of those beautiful mountain flowers; but how to obtain them they knew not. At length they thought they might be gathered by suspending a person over the cliff by a rope. They offered a Highland boy, who was near by, a handsome sum of money to undertake the difficult and dangerous task. The boy looked down into the awful abyss that yawned below, and shrank from the undertaking; but the money was tempting. Could he confide in strangers? Could he venture his life in their hands? He felt that he could not; but he thought of his father, and, looking once more at the cliff, and then at the proffered reward, his eyes brightened, and he exclaimed, "I'll go, if my father holds the rope." Beautiful illustration of the nature of faith. If the Highland boy could only place the strong hand and loving heart of his father to the end of the rope, he would descend the precipice with a fearless mind. Love and power would keep him from falling, and bring him up again with his floral prize, a trophy of the father's affection and his own faith.

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\* An account of this journey is printed in the "Church Missionary Record" for March.

**AFRICAN PALM-WINE.**

LIKE other and more civilized branches of the human family, the Africans are fond of strong drinks, and, when they have the means, are much addicted to intemperance. The only intoxicating drink of their own



**MODE OF ASCENDING THE PALM-TREE IN AFRICA.**

production is the palm-wine. This is merely the sap of the palm-tree, obtained by tapping it under the leaves, and suspending a calabash to catch the liquor as it flows. The wine is of a pale whitish colour, of a sweet but peculiarly bitter taste, and is about as strong as hard cider. The natives increase its bitterness by putting into the wine a root, which probably adds also to the exhilarating qualities of the beverage. Our engraving represents a negro in the act of ascending the palm by means of a rope round his waist, and encircling the trunk of the tree, which supports him as he travels up its branchless stem, planting his foot on the roughnesses of the bark as he raises his foot to place it higher, throwing the weight of his body on the rope until he again finds a firm footing. The calabash, as our readers will see, is swung from his shoulders, that it may not impede the action of his hands. The palm-wine is usually brought out after the principal meal: the large earthenware jar that contains it is placed in the midst of the company; the tuft of leaves that covers it is removed by the woman of the house, who also is obliged to take the first and last draught, to convince the guests that the beverage is not poisoned. But often, instead of having it brought into the house, large parties repair to the woods where the wine is made, and spend the entire afternoon in drinking, often ending in quarrelling and fighting.

There is a text—"Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit." May the time be hastened when that source of true gladness shall be known to the sable nations of Africa; when, gathering themselves around the tree of life, they shall find its fruit to be for meat, its leaves for medicine, and its sap, wine, without money and without price.

#### KORNEGALLE IN THE KANDIAN COUNTRY.

SITUATED at the west entrance of the Bay of Bengal, the island of Ceylon is separated on the north-west from the Coromandel coast by the Gulf of Manaar; on the south and east its shores are washed by the Indian Ocean. In the south centre of the island, which from north to south is nearly three times longer than its average breadth, there is a grouping of high mountains, varying in their elevation above the level of the sea from 1000 to upwards of 4000 feet. These ranges, approaching not nearer to the coast than some forty miles, leave a belt of rich alluvial earth, which nearly surrounds the island, and is well watered by numerous rivers and streams. Amongst these mountain chains repose the most lovely valleys, the hills around them being clothed with gigantic forests, from which mountain streams, gushing forth, break into cascades and cataracts in their descent to the lowland country and the sea.

In this island we have had Missionaries labouring since the year 1818, and there are now nine European and two native clergymen, located in seven stations; at Kandy in the mountainous centre, Jaffna in the north, Baddagame in the south, and Cotta on the west coast. The main features of the work in the Kandy district consist of the Kandy Collegiate School, the itinerating Mission carried forward by the Rev. E. T. Higgins, and the Tamil Cooly Missions among the Tamil labourers on the coffee estates.



Itinerant preaching has been diligently prosecuted in several districts of the Kandian country. The town of Kornegalle is the centre of this work. There is there a native-Christian congregation. A native pastor is now in charge of it, and it is being continually visited by our Missionary, the Rev. E. T. Higgins. The hopeful condition of that congregation may be estimated by the following facts communicated to us by that Missionary.

"I gladly accepted the Bishop of Colombo's offer to visit Kornegalle, and Sunday, February 17th, was accordingly fixed for the day of our first confirmation. Twenty-five candidates from my two congregations came forward, four of whom were Kandians, two low-country Singhalese, and the rest Burghers. Eighteen of the number were sufficiently advanced in knowledge to be presented to the bishop, and all of them, except one who was taken ill and unable to attend, were confirmed. One of the candidates confirmed was a Kandian lady, wife of the Cutcherry Modliar of Kornegalle. She was a Buddhist when I first began visiting the place in 1853, but soon after came forward for Christian instruction, and has since been instructed, baptized, married, and now confirmed, entirely in connexion with this branch of our Mission. Although her knowledge is not extensive, she showed great diligence while under instruction. Her conduct since baptism has been consistent, and she is, I believe, sincere in her profession. Another candidate confirmed was a Kandian gentleman baptized as an adult, and who connected himself with the congregation at Kornegalle from the commencement, and has ever since proved my most valuable helper. His conduct has always been consistent, and he is, I believe, truly pious, and exhibits a strength and manliness of Christian character not often seen in natives. His wife would have been confirmed with him, but she was taken ill, and unable to attend. Of the rest of the candidates, I am thankful to say that they showed great diligence in preparation, and seemed to enter upon the reception of the rite in a serious spirit, which gives ground for much hope and encouragement. You may very well conceive that this first confirmation connected with my own part of the Missionary work, and the first in a place in which I have been permitted to see congregations gradually formed, and steadily increase and advance to their present encouraging state, is a source of deep thankfulness, and I look forward with hope to see them still continue stedfast under the pastoral care of Mr. A. Levera, who was ordained on Sunday last as their native minister; and I earnestly pray that our itinerating work in other places may be blessed, and that I may still be permitted to see more little flocks gathered together to the fold of Christ, and eventually placed with other native pastors, in places now as neglected and destitute of means of grace as Kornegalle once was. In all this there is proof that itinerating labours will answer their end."

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#### WOMAN'S MISSION.

WERE I to seek throughout the earth's domain,  
 From pole to pole, and over land and main,  
 A spot where hearts are light and homesteads smile,  
 It would be found in Britain's happy isle.

'Tis true, a fickle clime must oft be borne,  
 Cold sleet and rain, east wind, and frequent storm :  
 Yet this doth her athletic sons prepare  
 For life's stern conflict, hardship, toil, and care :  
 Her daughters, too, may take a lofty stand  
 In this, our highly-favour'd Christian land ;  
 From her, whose virtue doth a throne adorn,  
 To lowly maiden, in a cottage born.  
 Here they may dwell, loving, beloved, and feared,  
 By man respected, in their home revered,  
 Pursuing thus the tenor of their way.  
 From childhood taught to wield their gentle sway.

But ah ! the contrast see : on India's plain,  
 Her swarthy daughters reared 'midst grief and shame,  
 Unwelcom'd at their birth, unheeded, wild,  
 With mind enslaved—behold the Indian child !  
 For her, entombed within Zanana's\* wall,  
 The languid ear is deaf to wisdom's call ;  
 No pleasure charms, no aspirations rise,  
 No thoughts of heaven, or life beyond the skies.  
 No book, no pen, e'en music's self is mute,  
 She lacks the knowledge how to touch the lute.  
 Behold her now, low seated on the ground,  
 Her languid words addressed to slaves around ;  
 Can they do aught to cheer her dreary day,  
 Whilst beads she threads to while the time away ?  
 No ray of light can ever pierce such gloom,  
 Body and mind within a living tomb ;  
 Nor can she aim at woman's high behest,  
 To train her child in all that's good and blest ;  
 In her no stores of knowledge can they find,  
 No power hath she to mould the infant mind ;  
 Her passions uncontroll'd, impure her heart,  
 Quick to resent, and wound with anger's smart :  
 Sad model she for childhood's asking gaze,  
 The opening mind's impressed with evil ways ;  
 And can there no kind heart or hand be found  
 To raise these wretched ones to Christian ground ?  
 To tell of Jesus' love, their souls to save,  
 Of pardon, peace, and hope beyond the grave ?

Daughters of England ! rich in Gospel light,  
 Whose homes are happy, and whose hearts are bright ;  
 Behold your sisters, still in darkness sit,  
 By death o'ershadowed—yet for death unfit !  
 What can we do to break their prison chains,  
 And give them the glad tidings, Jesus reigns ?  
 Oh ! where are those whose mission is to tell  
 To heathen lands the Saviour loves them well ?  
 Alas ! no Missionary foot ere falls  
 Within the precincts of Zanana walls ;  
 There, he can never take the Gospel plan—  
 They may not look upon the face of man.

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\* *Zanana*—females' apartments.

Are all excluded from this prison ground ?  
 No ! Woman's mission here is clearly found ;  
 No rough repulse her gentle steps arrest,  
 Her loving work is known, enjoyed, and blest.  
 She enters, on this glorious work intent,  
 And each dark eye on her is quickly bent ;  
 No languor now, no weariness, or cloud,  
 As round their teacher fair they quickly crowd ;  
 The mats are spread, low seated on the ground,  
 With wondering gaze they view the books around,  
 And as she culls for them sweet wisdom's store,  
 The wakening mind enraptured thirsts for more :  
 Anon she tells them of redeeming love,  
 Of Him who died and pleads for them above ;  
 Of sympathy divine, till now unknown ;  
 Of endless happiness before that throne :  
 And as they hear the wondrous story told,  
 The tear-drops glisten 'neath the Saree's\* fold ;  
 The full heart thrills, the tongue has accents few,  
 But trembling asks, " Can this glad news be true ?"  
 Ah ! well may these good tidings give relief,  
 Freedom for captives, happiness for grief.  
 Lift up your hearts, dejected ones, and cry,  
 " Christ is my Saviour through eternity !"<sup>b</sup>

Alas ! our labourers are far too few  
 For all the homes now opening to our view.  
 Lord of the Vineyard ! hearken while we pray,  
 And send us help sufficient for our day.  
 And you, ye daughters of our favour'd isle,  
 Who've found salvation, known a Saviour's smile,  
 We need your constant prayers and helping hand  
 For these degraded souls in India's land :  
 With outstretch'd arms and pleading voice they cry,  
 For Christian teaching, love, and sympathy.  
 Let mercy hasten on her heavenly way,  
 And bring to other homes the Gospel ray ;  
 And with warm loving hearts pour forth your store,  
 To send the lamp of truth to India's shore.                      A. M.

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FUGITIVE SLAVES.

HAVE our readers ever heard of the fugitive slaves of Canada ? There are now not less than 60,000. What brought them there, or where have they come from ? They have fled from slavery ; not the slavery which heathen men exercise over their fellows, and who, in doing so, know no better, but a slavery of the most degrading kind, in which men, calling themselves Christians, hold their fellow-men, and so misunderstand the spirit and object of the Bible, as to attempt to prove even from the Christian Scriptures the lawfulness of the practice.

Slavery under the Old Testament dispensation was not prohibited. In

* *Saree*—native dress.

this respect it was dealt with as polygamy was. The full revelation of God's word was not yet given to man, nor could it be until Christ had come to fulfil all that was foretold of Him. Each was so restricted as to ensure its eventual destruction. The Lord girdled round the poison-tree, and left it to die of itself. But Christianity—that is, the revelation of God in its fulness—is a grand system of emancipation; and He who sealed it with his blood came to break every yoke, and to let the oppressed go free. It first releases the soul from the bondage of sin. It thus prepares both master and slave for what is to follow. The master who has experienced the liberating power of the cross of Christ cannot hold his fellow-man in bondage. The slave who has already been made partaker of the higher freedom is prepared to be introduced into the possession of personal freedom. Thus, not by a direct prohibition, but by the force of influence, Christianity destroys slavery. Genuine Christianity and slaveholding cannot harmonize; for the one is destructive of the other, not by an abrupt abolition, but by a gradual process; and if ever they seem to adapt themselves to each other, and Christianity appears to accept of slavery as a congenial institution, it is simply because it is a degenerate Christianity which has lost its power.

In the system which prevails in the southern portions of the United States there is a violation of the plainest moral obligations. The Lord hath said, "What therefore God hath joined together let not man put asunder." But American law authorises the master to put asunder husband and wife, to sell them away one from the other, so that they never meet again. In the same way children are sold away from their parents. Again, the education of the slave is forbidden. He may not learn to read or write. Again, the master has power to inflict corporal punishment to any extent short of life or limb. In some States he may use the horse-whip and the cow-skin; in others he may use irons. Can we wonder if these poor creatures try to escape, and sometimes succeed, although often overtaken and brought back by the help of dogs reared expressly for the purpose.

"In general, after collecting together a few necessaries for the journey of some hundreds of miles, they leave their masters' premises at night-time, and, guiding their course by the stars, or, when they are not visible, by the moss, which flourishes most on the north side of the trees, they make their way through boundless forests and trackless swamps towards the land of freedom, travelling by night, secreting themselves in 'the bush' and waste places during the day, and sustaining themselves by wild fruits and berries, Indian corn standing in the fields, and the nuts of forest-trees. Gradually, as he approaches the north, the poor fugitive finds his friends increasing in number, and he is handed on, in a secret and stealthy manner, from one point to another, by that mysterious organization now known as the *underground railroad*; and on arriving in those districts where public feeling is sure to favour him, he ventures to take the benefit of public conveyances. Happily there are hearts in which God has implanted compassion for the sufferings of others; and the very sight of a poor black fugitive slave will often call forth sympathy as he passes rapidly along. The driver of the log-waggon will ask him to take a seat by his side for a few miles; the bush-farmer will give him a

lift in his bullock-cart; some Aunt Chloe will bring out her corn-cake and her chickens, and bid the poor wanderer rest and refresh himself, ere he proceeds on his perilous way. At length, however, if his route be on the eastern side, he sees in the far distance the white spray of the Niagara Falls; his ears catch the first sound of their rushing waters; he feels that he is almost home; he hastens his steps; the suspension-bridge immediately below the cataract is in sight; his heart beats between hope and fear. Way-worn and exhausted, and half frantic with joy, he crosses it, and now he is safely in Canada. The British flag waves over him; his cruel pursuer can follow him no longer; he has gained the happy land of freedom!"

Are we thankful that in our land there is no such legalized system of oppression? Let us then show our thankfulness, first by taking heed to it that we ourselves be of the freemen of Christ, and partakers of Gospel liberty, and then by diligent efforts to make known to others the good news of this redemption.

TRAVANCORE.

TRAVANCORE is the extreme south-western province of British India, divided from that of Tinnevely by the western Ghauts. These mountains attain, in some parts, an elevation of 7000 feet, and, intercepting the clouds which are brought up by the south-west monsoon, cause them to drop in fatness on the undulations and plains of Travancore, and thus, in the low grounds between the mountains and the sea, rice is raised in abundance, while on the slopes and higher localities grow the hardy palm.

Thus it is a fruitful land. Such is the character which the country bears, being regarded as one of the most fertile provinces of India, the facilities of irrigation, on which depends the productiveness of eastern lands, being specially great. But, "a fruitful land maketh he barren, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein." The wickedness of the heathen is indeed great; so great, that it would not be well to tell our readers what might be told on this point. Moreover, the Gospel has been in the land for upwards of forty years, and churches professing Scriptural Christianity, with native pastors, have been raised up. But this has been done amidst great opposition, and the mass of the people repent not. And thus at length wickedness has brought down judgments, if so be, through the overruling goodness of God, they may be followed by humiliation and repentance.

Fertile Travancore is no longer such, but is suffering at this moment the horrors of a dreadful famine, a calamity unknown in the recollection of the oldest inhabitants. This has fallen more specially on South Travancore, a country containing undulations and fine fertile plains, where the mountains, with their numerous streams and gushing water-falls, have been used to furnish ample supplies of water. The rains in May and June were scant, and food became scarce; and, in some parts, where the people depend on roots and other dry cultivation, entirely failed. As the weeks passed over, the sad effects of this became more and more

visible, and able-bodied labourers were so reduced in strength as to totter along rather than walk. Then came that dread scourge, the cholera, and, finding the people in this weakened state, swept them away in great numbers.

What had been a scarcity is now a famine. A Missionary on the spot writes—

“The people of the labouring classes have hitherto managed by selling the few things they had. Trees in the gardens, tools for their work, and even doors, and other parts of their houses, have been sold to buy food, and now these resources are exhausted. They have eaten roots and leaves, till these have failed. The green tamarind from the trees has made an article of food, and the stones of it are being sold by the roadside. Existence, prolonged by such substances, becomes only a burden to them, as the emaciated body and swollen limbs testify. One feature more must stand distinct in its own darkness. The people are selling their own children, and this for a mere trifle. I hesitate to mention the lowest sum I have heard; but for a quarter of a rupee, and less, they sell their children into slavery to the Mohammedans and others on the sea-coast, and they have the means of disposing of them again, so as to make much profit. Of course they make converts of them at once. The poor starving parents, instead of seeing their children dying with hunger, which they are unable to appease, know, or hope, that they have something to live upon. How deeply we should pity them in this extremity of misery!

“But there is no prospect of a termination of it. The dry season is before us, and in it no produce can be expected. Not only grain and esculent roots have failed, the produce of trees is also failing; cocoa-nut and other trees, in rather elevated situations, wither away. Even if the rains fall in the average quantity in May, there are all the months after the rains until the crops can grow and ripen before any thing can be realized. And, further than this, the seed and cuttings for the dry cultivation have been consumed, so that the most severe effects of the famine are yet to be experienced. Many who are now but just alive have no other prospect before them than that of sinking exhausted into death. The heart faints at the thought, and those who see the poor moving skeletons among the people, and the little children with every bone protruding, and these in such numbers that no local aid can give adequate relief, must eagerly hope that aid from some quarter will be speedily afforded.”

What can be done? Something assuredly. We have no famine at home, either of bread for the body, or, still more, of bread for the soul. We have been labouring to give them the bread for the soul, and they have not cared for it. Let us now contribute to supply them with bread for the body. Our so doing will be the strongest argument to them in favour of that religion which we wish them to embrace. Let us also pray that these heavy calamities may be overruled for good, and that, when “The Lord’s judgments are on the earth, the inhabitants of the world may learn righteousness.”

FRENCH PRIESTS IN POLYNESIA.

NEW Caledonia is one of the largest of the Western-Polynesian islands, being more than 300 miles long, and 70 or 80 miles broad. It was first visited by Missionaries in 1841, and native teachers having been placed there, many of the people began to inquire. But bitter persecution arose, and the teachers were compelled to leave. After their departure nearly the whole of the natives who professed Christianity were slain, and the warriors were seen, by the captain of a whaling ship, returning to their homes in triumph, with the skulls of the slain stuck on high poles. In 1852 the excitement had much subsided, and hopes began to be entertained that the island might soon be re-occupied; but the French Government have thought proper to take possession of it, and to make it the grand centre of their proceedings in Western Polynesia. Unhappily, wherever the French eagle is planted, French priests, and Popery follow in its train, and endeavour to make French influence and power available for a system of coercive proselytism.

This is now being experienced by the Protestant Missionaries in the Loyalty Isles, a group of islands extending from south-east to north-west, in a direction parallel with the eastern coast of New Caledonia, from which they are separated by a channel about fifty miles in breadth. There are three principal islands of the group—Mare, Lifu, and Uea. Christian teachers were landed at Mare about the year 1841; from thence the work extended itself to Lifu, and soon assumed a most encouraging aspect. The inhabitants of the whole land, about one hundred miles in circumference, had renounced heathenism, idolatry, war, and cannibalism, while three hundred persons were in select classes for scriptural instruction. This had all been done through the agency of native teachers, and the necessity for European Missionaries to superintend the work had become evident. Two such brethren reached the island in November 1859, but the French priests from New Caledonia having got there before them, endeavoured to persuade the people to drive away the Protestant Missionaries, and threatened them, if they refused, with the vengeance of their countrymen. But the poor natives had no intention of doing so. Nothing could exceed their joy at the arrival of those whom they regarded as their friends. "God," they said, "has greatly favoured us; He has sent the English Missionary to save us." They were in great dread of a French man-of-war, whose arrival was daily expected, on board of which they feared some of their principal chiefs would be sent away because they would not become Romanists.

We are happy to say, that on this occasion the priests counted without their host. The commander of the man-of-war, on his arrival, disavowed all their proceedings, and declared that, provided the natives submitted themselves peaceably, his Government cared not what religion they professed. We hope it may prove so. We fear, that not unfrequently French officials lend themselves to the action of the priests, not because they care for the Romish faith, but because it is the opposite course to that which the English Missionaries take, and therefore, in their view, identified with French interests. The priests have appealed to the Governor of New Caledonia, and the final issue is yet uncertain. This, however, is certain, that if freedom of conscience be permitted, and no force be employed, the priests will not do much at Lifu. At one side

of the island alone there are upwards of a thousand inquirers. If our readers wish to know what makes the Romish priests active amongst the heathen, compassing sea and land to make one proselyte, it may be briefly answered—their object is to prejudice men against the Gospel. Having done this, the name being changed, they leave them as they found them, dark heathen.

SUFFERING FOR THE GOSPEL'S SAKE.

THE American Missionaries have been carrying on for many years a glorious work of evangelization amongst the Armenians and other subjects of the Turkish empire; nor have the Turks themselves remained unvisited. A portion of the blessing has fallen on them also, and some here and there have had the courage to avow themselves Christians.

Some years ago a Turkish family in Cæsarea embraced the Gospel, and have persevered in their profession, amidst many dangers. Often the life of the father of the family has been in jeopardy from the fanaticism of his countrymen, and once he came in great excitement to the Missionaries, saying, "Now, even now, my enemies will kill me:" but still he has persevered.

It was evident, however, that, because of the fanaticism of the Mussulman population, it would be necessary for him to leave Cæsarea; and, having made the necessary arrangements, he applied to the Government for a permit to remove his family, but it was refused. He then went himself to Constantinople, leaving his family behind him, to see if he could make arrangements to get away, but to no purpose. He returned home in great distress of mind, but in his determination to cleave to his Saviour, cost what it would, his mind remained unchanged.

But now a new enemy appeared against him. An Armenian, a professing Christian, instead of sympathizing with him, stirred up against him the hatred of the Mussulmans. His murder was said to be planned, and it appeared to be full time that a strong effort should be made to save him. The Pasha was appealed to, and not in vain. He and the commander of the troops both declared that they would protect him. The Pasha said, "Who dare disturb him for reading the Gospel? I myself read it." The man himself grew more bold, and resolved to avow his change of religion in the most public manner. In one of the most crowded thoroughfares of the city he cried with a loud voice, "Do what you will, I will not go to the mosque. Regard me as an Armenian idolater if you please, worshipping pictures and the cross; or think me a Greek, or a Catholic, or what you please. I will talk to whom I please, and go where I please, for our Sultan has granted perfect liberty." He reminded them of the fearful punishment which the Mussulmans at Damascus, who had harassed the Christians, had brought upon themselves, and asked them whether they meant to imitate their example: and then he added, "If you want to kill me, behold, there is my house; I keep no weapon but a small knife: come if you think best."

His friends, however, thought it right to send him away. A muleteer, in whom confidence could be placed, was engaged, and a little after midnight, last November 27th, this man, his wife, and three little daughters, mounted their horses for a long and dangerous ride of 240 miles to Samsoun. They reached Constantinople in safety, but there, through

their simplicity, were very near betraying themselves. Their first inquiry was for the Protestant school, although they were plainly a Moslem family from Asia Minor. A custom-house officer observed them, but he was moved not only to let them pass, but called porters, and directed them to the seminary. This man, an infidel, afterwards said to one of the Missionaries whom he happened to meet, "I knew that they were your people. I might have sent them right down to the custom-house; but I winked at the thing, loaded their baggage upon the backs of our porters, and sent them up to your school. I know all about these things." They are now with Dr. Schaffler at Constantinople.

Let our readers observe what people have to endure in other lands for the Gospel's sake. How different this from our circumstances in England. How thankful English people ought to be: and how earnestly should we long and labour for the day when Christ, by his power, shall set the nations free.

NATIVE MISSIONARY WORK IN NINGPO.

At this important era in Chinese history, when the treaty of Peking has secured for the teachers and professors of Christianity, freedom of action, and protection from the authorities, it will be interesting to our readers to know, that, as the result of past labours, a way has been opened by which we may advance into the interior of Che-keang, the most populous and important of the provinces of China. At Ningpo, on the coast, where our Missionaries have been labouring for several years, a native church has been raised up, in which there is much life and activity. Of one hundred and forty members no less than eighty-four are communicants, while twelve are acting as evangelists and schoolmasters. From Ningpo, stations have been occupied in advance towards Hang-chow, the capital of the province. The most distant from Ningpo is the city of Yü-yau, containing about 60,000 inhabitants, where our well-known catechist, Bao, has been located, and here the Gospel has entered upon its old conflict with the corruptions of the human heart; a conflict in which it has gained, and will still continue to gain, great victories. The following incident which occurred to Bao in his labours will show us, that in Yü-yau, as in other places, its first approaches will be met with dislike and opposition, but here, as elsewhere, there will be fruits.

"On the 17th day of the 11th moon (December 28th), I went to visit a rich family living outside the South Gate (of Yü-yau), engaged in the timber trade. From my having had business dealings with this family, while directing the repairs of the house recently hired, I learned that the eldest brother, originally a poor man, had by his diligence raised them to their present state of prosperity; but that now he had retired, and, resigning the whole business to his younger brother, had betaken himself to a monastery about ten li or more from the city, where he had given himself up entirely to the work of chanting prayers and preparing for a future life. All these circumstances I learned from his

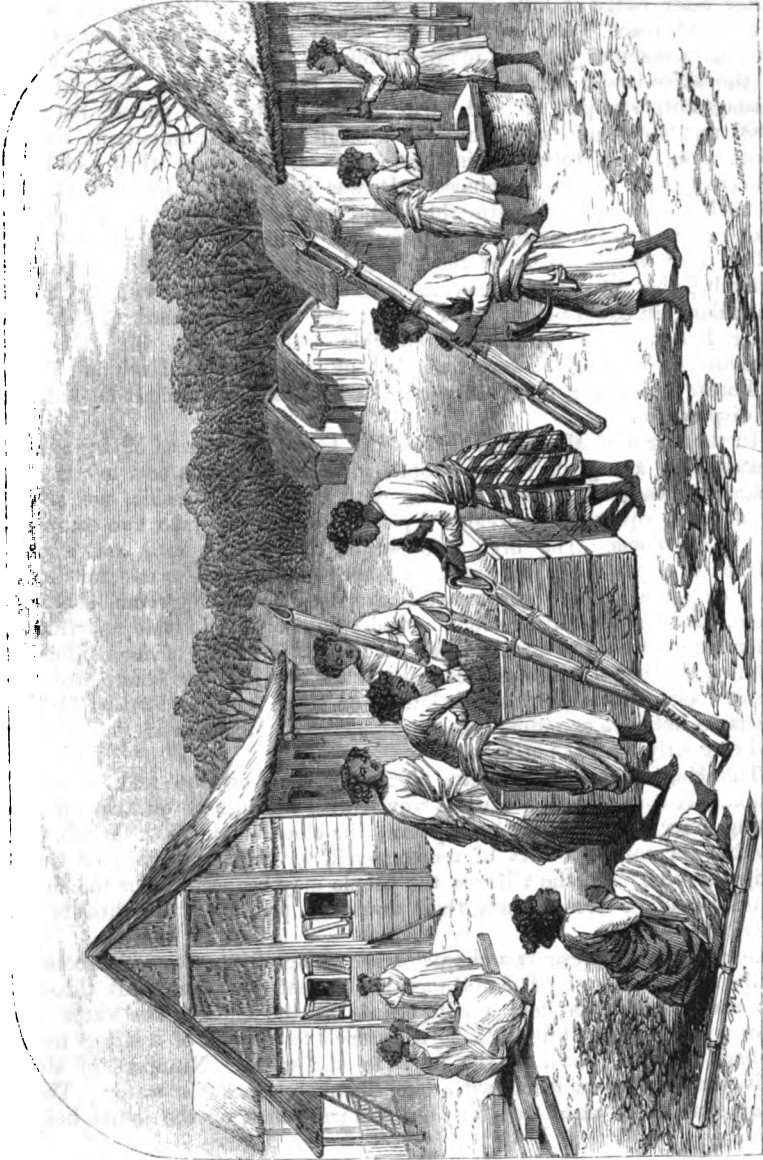
younger brother ; and they made me exceedingly anxious to visit him at the monastery, and tell him of the glad news contained in the Gospel. I am now, however, unable to walk so far, and I had put it off from day to day, hoping for some opportunity of visiting him ; when to-day, on my calling at the house, I was told by the young man that his brother was now staying for a short time at a temple in the city. I was exceedingly rejoiced to hear it, and at once went home for a copy of Luke's Gospel, the one I had with me, Mark, not containing the passage that I had thought of as most applicable to his case. On my reaching the temple, I found him engaged in the occupation of chanting prayers, as I had been led to expect. I immediately addressed him with the words, 'The matter of preparation for a future life is of all things the most important.' He at once began to speak to me in the politest manner possible, and asked me where I came from, and in what trade I was employed. I answered, 'I am not engaged in trade. I also, like yourself, seek to prepare myself for a future life. My business is to distribute books everywhere, and to exhort my fellow-men, telling them that only those who believe in Jesus can obtain the happiness of heaven.' On hearing this, he at once replied, 'It is unnecessary to say more on this subject : you have your doctrines, I have mine. Our religions differ.' And saying this, he turned from me and recommenced his chanting. I said, 'The true religion, honoured Sir, is but one : the way of reaching heaven is only by believing in Jesus.' He again replied, 'Please say no more on this subject : the religion that has been handed down to us for such a long series of years must be true : it is unnecessary to continue our conversation. Good morning.' I then informed him that I was very intimate with his younger brother, on account of whose representations I had called upon him. He replied, 'If you wish to say any thing more on the subject of religion, I must decidedly refuse to hear you ; but if you have any thing else to say, I have abundance of time to devote to you.' 'My good friend,' I replied, 'if you find not the true religion, your time will be abundant to no purpose.' 'Say no more, Sir, say no more,' was his rejoinder. 'Well, then, honoured Sir, let me present you with a small volume, by examining which for yourself you may find the true way of obtaining God's pardoning grace.' 'I'll have none of it—I'll have none of it,' was his only reply."

"SHALL I KNOW YOU IN HEAVEN ?"

WHEN I was among the Choctaws in 1848 (says a Missionary), I spent a Sabbath at Good Land. In the afternoon the dying love of Christ was commemorated, 120 Choctaws sitting down, then and there, to the table of our blessed Lord. On that occasion I addressed to them such words of exhortation and encouragement as seemed to be appropriate. When the service closed, nearly all came forward and gave me the right hand of fellowship. As I was about to leave their rude church, a Choctaw took me by the hand, looked earnestly into my face, and said, "Shall I know you in heaven ?" I replied, that I thought he would. He gave me another look, pressed my hand, and passed away. I saw him no more.

THE MAGALACHES.

MADAGASCAR is an island somewhat larger than Great Britain and Ireland, containing an industrious, intelligent, and civilized population, to the amount probably of four or five millions. The interior is mountainous, the summits rising to the height of 8000 feet.



VILLAGE SCENE IN MADAGASCAR.

This island was visited on several occasions by the Rev. W. Ellis in the years 1853—56. On proceeding to the capital, the route lay through forests, over lakes, through beautiful and fertile tracts covered with herbage, and ornamented by magnificent trees, standing singly or in clumps, and along the course of rivers, where the scenery was of the most rich and beautiful character. As they approached the interior, range after range of hills appeared rising one above the other far as the eye could reach. One summit was called the "weeping-place of the Hovas," a name of just and mournful import connected with the miseries of the slave-trade, which, by virtue of a treaty between England and Madagascar, was put an end to in 1817. Up to that period, between 3000 and 4000 unhappy beings had been exported annually as slaves, great numbers of them coming from the capital, where they had been collected from remote provinces. It was from this summit that the manacled and goaded slave obtained the first view of the sea across which he was to be carried into perpetual bondage. Well might it be called the "weeping-place of the Hovas." The road became increasingly difficult; the sides of the ravines so steep that it was with difficulty the palanquin could be got up or down; and thus the remark of the late King Radama was rendered intelligible, when he said that the approaches to his capital were defended by two generals, Hazo and Tazo, or Forest and Fever, in whose hands an invading force might be left to be disposed of.

In the pages of Mr. Ellis's interesting book, "Visits to Madagascar," descriptions are given of the people, of their dwellings and habits. A Magalasy peasant's cottage is thus described—"The inside, not above twenty feet square, was divided by a rush partition into two compartments or rooms. The first, into which the door opened, was appropriated to a pen for calves and a pen for lambs, and also one for ducks and chickens. The inner apartment was the working-room, cooking-room, eating-room, sitting-room, and sleeping-room. In this apartment, when we entered, the husband was watching a large pot of rice boiling on the fire, and the wife was seated on a mat on the floor before a fragile rustic loom, weaving a fine silk lamba, or scarf, such as is worn by the chiefs on holidays or public occasions." These lambas are of rich colours and elegantly-figured patterns.

The Magalaches also prepare cloths for their own use and for exportation. A coarse kind of cloth is woven with the threads or strips of the young inner leaflets of the rofia palm; the cloth is stiff to the touch, but durable, its colour a sort of nankeen-yellow, varied with two or three strips of blue. In the villages the people may be seen under the shade of outspreading trees, outside their dwellings, preparing the threads for their warp.

Our engraving presents a characteristic village scene, slave girls coming to the well for water. "The well was about twenty feet deep, sunk through the sand, which was kept up by boards at the sides. The water was drawn up in a large bullock's horn fastened to the end of a string made of bark, and let down by the hand to the water. Numbers of slave girls came every morning with long bamboo canes for water. These canes were six or eight feet long, and the partitions, or the joints inside,

being broken, formed cylinders three or four inches wide, in which the water was conveyed from the well to the adjacent houses."

Missionary work commenced at Tananarivo, the capital, in 1820. The Lord opened the hearts of many to attend to the words of eternal life. But the new queen, by whom Radama was succeeded, was hostile to the progress of the Gospel. Persecution ensued, and the Missionaries were compelled to leave in 1836. Ever since there have been outbursts of persecution, and many have suffered; but the Christians have not been rooted out. On the contrary, they have increased greatly. There has not been, in the whole history of Christianity, a more remarkable instance of a work of grace: cut off completely from all sympathy and aid from without, and yet sustained, amidst the most trying circumstances, by the power of God, it has thus acquired great strength of character, and more direct reliance on the Lord Himself. It has been prepared for great usefulness; and whensoever it shall please God that the pressure which, for wise purposes, He has permitted to be laid upon it, be removed, it will, we doubt not, rapidly extend itself over the whole island.

As Mr. Ellis approached the capital, he was met by a little company of Christians. They came to welcome him. "Some of them were remarkable-looking men, whose presence would have commanded respect in any intelligent assembly, and whose past history of peril and deliverance was amongst the most remarkable and deeply interesting of any I had ever listened to."

THE FAMINE AT DELHI.

How changed Delhi is since May 1857! Then it was in full insurrection. The people had risen up in furious rebellion against their rulers, and the streets were stained with Feringhee blood. Ever since, one stroke of calamity after another has been falling on this city. First came the siege, the assault, the capture, and its horrors; then the just punishment awarded by man, fines and confiscations, and the removal of the old Mogul family from the palace, which had become, instead of the seat of royalty, a receptacle of crime. That swept away from Delhi a retail trade of perhaps fifty lacs of rupees annually. Last of all came the drought. Week after week of autumn passed away, with less and less hope of rain; and as the price of food increased, disease and emaciation from poor living spread with terrible rapidity. The people could not bring themselves to think that the English, whom they had so injured, would ever befriend them in their distress, and many laid themselves down to die in absolute despair. The streets and roads became more and more crowded with ragged vagrants, numbers lying prostrated and half dead by the wayside.

But now came into action the holy religion of Jesus, which teaches—"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." They knew that they had injured the Englishman, and they expected no help from him: and yet, now they are being fed in thousands by the very people whom they would have destroyed root and branch. There are three asylums in the city at full work, where thousands of people receive

their daily food. The average number of persons fed daily is—

Men	3063
Women	7924
Children	8048
	19,035

and this is done at the cost of 1200 rupees (120*l.*) daily. Numbers of those relieved are the widows and orphans of the Mohammedan rebels who were killed in the mutiny; and many from among the women seldom or ever before left their secluded and screened apartments. But they are now obliged to come forth and mix with a crowd, though they still keep their faces covered from the public gaze. Some, who are even yet ashamed to be seen outside the purdah, come in small closed-up doolies. Every possible consideration is shown to these reduced gentry, who, having known comfort and affluence in former days, would rather meet death than exposure. They are supplied with one meal a day at their own houses, and receive it with grateful hearts. No one is allowed to go away half-fed, as it is found that half-starved people die as surely, although not so quickly, as famished persons.

So soon as the men recover sufficient strength, they are drafted to the public works, which are going forward in all directions, and which are chiefly with a view to prevent the recurrence of so dread a calamity. Old bunds and tanks are being built up and excavated, and wells are being sunk and repaired in every village where they are required, care being taken that no village shall be without one. There is no doubt that in former times precautions had been taken by the rulers to guard against the tremendous consequences which must follow from a failure of the usual rains; and the remains may still be traced of the ancient system of irrigation which was carried out in the undulating tract of country around Delhi. This is to be revived, and immense tanks formed, where the surplus waters of times of inundation may be stored.

Meanwhile, nothing can exceed the efforts which are being made by Englishmen of all ranks and classes. In the early morning, Missionaries may be seen filling cart-loads of exhausted creatures, and conveying them to the asylums. God is teaching the people a stern but needful lesson. Their idols give them no help. Siva and Vishnu heed not their cries. The prophet of the Mohammedans has either no ears to hear, or no heart to feel; and many of these wretched people, not knowing what to do or where to look, get rid of their wretched lives by flinging themselves down wells.

What a contrast Christianity presents! How gloriously it comes out at such a moment! Who can say what good may be brought out of this evil? These famine-stricken districts may be the first in Northern India where native prejudice shall give way, and where, convinced by its fruits that Christianity is of God, the people shall come forward in numbers, saying, "You have given us bread for our bodies, but we now want from you bread for our souls." Let such be our prayer.

DAHOMEY AND ITS HORRORS.

Is the King of Dahomey to be permitted without molestation to continue his barbarous "custom" at Abomey? Do our readers understand what it is? We do not usually lift the veil which conceals heathen enormities from the public view. It is like the shroud which conceals the dead body, on which decay has commenced its ravages. But at times it is necessary. And therefore we shall proceed to place before our readers a brief sketch of what has been perpetrated at the late custom.

In July last, the new king started from Whydah, the sea-port of Abomey, to be present at the custom. In his train was a Wesleyan Missionary, of the name of Bernasco, who has forwarded these details. On the way, they met a man dressed as a caboceer, riding in a hammock, with a large umbrella and caboceer stool, accompanied by a number of men. He was going down to the sea-shore, to be thrown into the sea, to join the two porters of the sea-gate, to open it for the king's father (the late King Gezo) to enter in and wash himself.

On the king's entering the capital, several men, with their hands tied and their mouths gagged, were brought forward, together with one deer, one monkey, and one turkey-buzzard. Being conducted to Gezo's tomb, they were all (men and animals) sacrificed, one excepted, their heads being cut off. One man was to go to all the markets and proclaim what was being done in honour of Gezo; another was to go to the waters, and tell the living things therein; another was to go to the roads, and tell the travellers; a fourth was to go up to the firmament, and tell the hosts; the deer was to go to the beasts of the forest; the monkey to the swamps; and the turkey-buzzard was let loose, to tell the birds of the sky.

The great sacrifices commenced on Sunday, July the 29th. The night before, the whole population slept at the king's gate, and, at five o'clock in the morning, rose to weep, with a pretended lamentation, for some ten minutes. Before it was concluded, one hundred men had been slain, besides the same number of women, within the palace. These proceedings continued for three weeks, during which it is said that not less than 2000 human beings were thus cruelly murdered. Each day the heads might be seen piled up at the gate of the king's palace, sometimes ninety, sometimes sixty, the blood flowing on the ground like a flood. In the midst of all this, the king glorified himself, assuming royal titles, and throwing cowries and pieces of cloth among the people to be struggled for.

When shall these abominations cease? How true it is that the "dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty!" A dark place is this kingdom of Dahomey. Its king is a human butcher, and his palace the shambles.

He has been threatening, since his succession to the throne, the invasion of Abbeokuta. Here, however, he finds himself unexpectedly hindered, a letter having been addressed to him by the British Government, warning him, that, should he do so, all his places on the coast would be committed to the flames.

But more than this is needed. It is well to intimidate this blood-thirsty king and people, so as to prevent their wasting other lands; but what is required is, that their eyes should be opened to the evil of such deeds, so that, of their accord, they should abandon them, and this the

Gospel of Christ can alone effect. It has done this for other nations ; it can do so for the king and people of Dahomey. May the efforts put forth by the Wesleyan Missionary Society for the enlightenment of this people be abundantly blessed of God !

JOHN WILLIAMS.

ON the shore of one of the South-Sea Islands, there landed, in the year 1817, one who was destined to do, for religion and humanity, in that part of the world, very much what Captain Cook had accomplished for science in the same regions : we refer to John Williams. Missionaries had preceded him ; islands, before his arrival, had been Christianized ; but his arrival was the signal, and, to a great extent, the occasion, of a succession of evangelic triumphs, which, for rapidity and extent, were quite Pentecostal, and which entitle him, above all other Missionaries, to the designation, which common consent has given him, of the "Apostle of the South Seas." Who could have imagined, when they saw an apprentice lad in the shop of a working ironmonger in the City Road, London, with difficulty restrained from undue meddling in the mechanical part of the business to which he had a marked predilection, and in which he contrived to gather many hints ; or, still more, that saw him standing loitering at the corner of a London street on a Sabbath evening, and waiting for bad companions ;—who could have imagined that this was the man with whom the eternal destinies of thousands on the other side of the globe were mysteriously linked ? Yet that very evening was to be the great crisis of his history. His master's wife, going to worship in the Tabernacle, noticed the loiterer, with difficulty induced him to accompany her, and there he heard words by which he was saved. The eccentric Matthew Wilks, who was then minister of the Tabernacle, thought that he discovered gifts in him which might be turned to good account in the Mission field ; the choice of the London Missionary Society confirmed his shrewd discrimination : how soon did it appear that he was one whom God had chosen ?

We cannot speak of John Williams as possessed of a high order of intellect, furnished and disciplined by a long and systematic course of education. We must rather describe him as one whose peculiar gifts pre-eminently suited him for the post to which Providence called him, and whose simplicity and unity of object in the use of those gifts commanded higher success than the greatest intellectual powers could have done had they been unsuitable. We are even inclined to think that there were spheres of Missionary enterprise in which Williams would never have blazed out of obscurity, and would have died with moderate success. He would have made poor work of it with Carey, among his manuscripts and dictionaries ; or with Judson, unravelling the metaphysical subtleties of the Pantheists of Buddhism. But there, among a simple people, and with no ponderous national structures and massive systems to assail and upset—idolatrous and vicious, indeed, but not so intellectually perverted and proudly wedded to their systems as the Burmese or the Hindus—he was on the very spot in the Mission field which suited his peculiar powers.

With a natural spirit of adventure and love for the sea, it required no sacrifice for him to launch out into the ocean, and to search for new

groups of islands. He was in his very element when out on the deep, and landing teachers and evangelists on some coral strand. And then his great natural mechanical powers enabling him to meet the constant difficulties that were arising in these voyages, and which nothing but mechanical powers, and ingenuity, and fertility of resource could have met, made him one among a thousand; while in the application of these gifts in the presence of the islanders, he commanded their wondering respect, and drew out their imitation. It was a great step upward in civilization, when, with his own hand, he built his house after the English fashion, and furnished it with simple English comforts; and there was not a man in the island who did not receive a healthful impulse from the spectacle. Who that has read his "Missionary Enterprises," can ever forget his story of the chip of wood that could speak? or that immortal narrative of his building the ship that was to bear him to the most distant island groups, and preparing the bellows that were to help him in heating the iron—bellows that were consumed in a night by rats, and then goodnaturedly and patiently renewed? Who has not in imagination followed "the Messenger of Peace" threading its way among the coral islands, with somewhat of the interest with which we may suppose the primitive Christians to have followed the "Castor and Pollux" that bore Paul from Melita to Rome? Who has not rejoiced over the introduction of trial by jury into many an island, and the substitution of just and humane laws, into which Christianity had breathed something of its own spirit, for those sanguinary enactments that seemed to sport in blood? Who has not pictured to his mind the Missionary passing from island to island with his favourite sermon on "God so loved the world," and whole communities, led by their chiefs, bringing their idols, and laying them down at the Missionary's feet? Those must indeed have been great days in his history, when he saw some blood-stained chieftain renounce war for ever, and take his seat at the communion-table to declare eternal fealty to Christ the Prince of Peace; and when he could look around him from Tahiti, and reflect that there was not a single island within a circuit of 2000 miles to which the tidings of salvation had not been conveyed.

We cannot doubt that his joyful, hoping spirit contributed mightily to the success of Williams. He had none of Brainerd's pensiveness and gloom, but, like the sunny islands among which he sojourned, his soul lived in a perpetual summer. He was accustomed to say, "There are two little words in our language which I always admired, *try* and *trust*. You know not what you can or cannot effect until you try; and if you make your trials in the exercise of trust in God, mountains of imaginary difficulties will vanish as you approach them, and facilities will arise which you never anticipated." This was the motto of his whole Missionary life. And one is apt to think that life was prematurely closed when, on seeking to introduce the Gospel into Erromanga, he perished beneath the murderous clubs of its people. But events like these have their heaven-side, and may be all bright in their aspect heavenward, though they are all darkness in their aspect to us. Was the proper work of Williams over? or would more success have produced undue elation in the Missionary, and sinful confidence in the mere instrument, on the part of the church?

The Sower (American).

THE BEDOUIN ARABS.

THERE are countries in Africa and Asia on which the sandy deserts have so encroached that they have ceased to be what they once were, fertile and productive lands. Just in the same way have the Arabs encroached upon the more civilized races which occupied the north-western parts of Africa and the Asiatic provinces bordering on Arabia, until the old races have either altogether disappeared, or have greatly diminished. Thus, over the Holy Land these tribes have spread themselves, new hordes urging forwards the older and more settled ones, and in various ways molesting the peasantry, which the Turkish Government is either unable or unwilling to defend. At one time the Bedouins are attacked by the Turks, at another time they have money given them to keep them quiet. When beaten, they waste the villages, and return into the desert: when not interfered with, they turn their animals into the crops of the peasantry, levy black-mail from them, and drive away their flocks and herds. Thus the agricultural population recedes before these roving tribes, leaving their villages deserted, and fertile districts, which, twenty years ago, were covered with a hundred prosperous villages, are now occupied only by a few lingering peasants.

The most greedy of rapine among the Bedouins are the Anezi, who first appeared in the Syrian desert some seventy years since, having migrated from Central Arabia during a famine and failure of pasture. They are divided into many tribes, the most warlike of which are the Fedaan and Ajajara, the most numerous and wealthy are the Seboa and Jelas, and the least esteemed are the Weled Ali and Beni Sochor. These wandering hordes have driven the original Syrian tribes, the Shammar and Mowali northwards and westwards, into Mesopotamia, and to the foot of the range of hills running parallel to the coast; and they continue thus to radiate from the Nejd, their last reinforcement, consisting of 500 tents of the tribe of Amarat, having joined them in 1858. The enormous number of animals following each camp obliges them to rove in detachments of from fifty to two hundred families, and to describe a vast circle every year from the neighbourhood of Aleppo along the right bank of the Euphrates, where they lay in their stock of dates; thence to the southern region of the desert, to pass the winter with their young camels in its warm and dry pastures; and northwards again in spring, to sell their produce near the towns of Syria, purchase grain and manufactures, plunder what they can, and have their annual fight with the Mowali and Shammar successively. The rapid increase of their flocks and herds induces them to impede cultivation in every possible way, with the view of securing pasture. The desert thus overlaps the tillage of Syria, and its advance has been pushed this year as far west as the banks of the Orontes.

An effort is now being made for the improvement of these wild tribes, which it is hoped may be attended with success. During the Crimean war, nearly 1500 men had been raised for the irregular

cavalry of that force from among the Syrian Bedouins. The manner in which they were dealt with during that time, the good pay and rations, the justice, and even generosity, which they experienced, won their confidence; and when the same gentleman, Mr. Skene, who had been Civil Commissioner with the Turkish Contingent, was appointed Consul at Aleppo, some years ago, he found them prepared to welcome him, and he proceeded to improve the opportunity. English goods were introduced amongst them. The advantages of an agricultural life were pointed out to them, and they were advised to settle, and, on assurance that no advantage of this would be taken by the Turkish Government to oppress them, some of them proceeded to do so. They sold their camels and sheep, bought oxen, ploughs, and seed, frequenting, for this purpose, the bazaars of Aleppo, and commenced cultivation.

A new Society which has been formed, the Moslem Missionary Society, is about to avail themselves of this opening, and introduce among them Christian teachers.

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CHRIST IS ALL.

THERE is a Rock amid the billows' foam,  
That lifts its noble crest above the tide ;  
Where shipwreck'd mariners may safely come,  
And cast their all, and there secure abide :  
That Rock is Christ.

There is a Way that leads to God and heaven,  
Away from all the chequer'd paths of men ;  
And never-failing is the promise given  
To those whose happy footsteps walk therein :  
That Way is Christ.

There is a Star amid the heav'nly host  
Whose brightness quenches every meaner light ;  
A beacon to the wand'ring and the lost,  
Guiding them homewards through the shades of night :  
That Star is Christ.

There is a Vine whose fruitful branches fill  
The cup of life, a dying world to heal ;  
Its juice was press'd on Calvary's sacred hill,  
And ever flows, the gift of love to seal :  
That Vine is Christ.

There is a Voice whose tones of love are sweet,  
Beycnd all earthly music, in the ear ;  
Whose fulness ev'ry craving heart can meet,  
Whose accents soften pain, and banish fear :  
That voice is Christ's.

Safety in danger, guidance in despair,  
Sustaining help in sorrow, loss, or shame ;  
And—let a word the sum of bliss declare—  
Salvation offered in one only Name,  
And that is—Christ.

L.

## BAPTISMS OF A HAVILDAR AND NAICK.

AN American Missionary at Moulmein, the Rev. J. R. Haswell, Pegu, communicates the following interesting fact, the baptism of two high-caste Hindus, both of them non-commissioned officers in one of the Madras Sepoy regiments stationed at that place, one being a Havildar, or sergeant; the other a Naick, or corporal.

Had Christianity been thus permitted free entrance into the late Bengal native army, we should have had no mutiny. But it is well to be instructed by affliction, and it is with thankfulness we perceive that now soldiers in India are as free as other natives to inquire, and to profess Christianity, if they be persuaded it is true. The letter, which bears date October 1860, gives the following particulars—

They had heard something of the Gospel before coming to this place last March, and were inquirers after the truth, though they had not as yet taken a decided stand in reference to the matter. On their arrival here, they became acquainted with our Tamil preacher, Francis (supported by our Moulmein Missionary Society), and the Madras Christians, of whom there are several. The men had attended their prayer-meetings, and have been led step by step to reject the religion of their fathers, and to receive the Gospel of Christ; and are now decided Christians, ready to suffer the loss of all things for Christ.

A week ago last Sabbath, their comrades, believing they were to be baptized on that day, came around them to dissuade them from becoming Christians. The son of one of them, a lad of fourteen or fifteen years, told his father he never would eat with him again if he became a Christian. Others of their relatives in the regiment said the same, and also inquired what they would do about their families in Madras, who would certainly disown them? They replied, "We dare not disobey the commands of God, and endanger our salvation. God is able to change the hearts of all our relatives, and we will trust in Him."

After much entreaty, and threats of loss of caste, &c., failed, their friends said, "Well, you will be baptized secretly in the chapel, so that none of us can see you." "No," replied the men, "we wish to be baptized in the river, that you all may see."

This wish was expressed by them on Lord's-day evening, in connexion with the incidents just related; and though notice of the baptism had been given to take place the next Sabbath in the chapel, we decided to have it in the river, and appointed the following Wednesday evening for that purpose.

According to this arrangement, we went down to the water. A large concourse, composed of Mohammedans, Hindus, Buddhists, and Christians, gathered together. The place chosen was on the banks of the Salwen river, immediately adjoining a large Mohammedan mosque. I think I never witnessed a more impressive scene. The sun was just setting as the candidates professed faith in Christ by his appointed ordinance. The men were both fine and well-built specimens of their race. They walked into the water majestically, their expressive countenances beaming with joy unspeakable. The assembly preserved perfect order, and the silence was such, that every word spoken by him, who administered the ordinance,

was distinctly heard. This was all the more remarkable, as it was the time of a great Hindu festival, and there were fears lest there might be a disturbance; but the people could not have behaved more becomingly, had every one been a devout Christian.

Thus has God wrought for us. To Him be all the glory! Two men of rank in their regiment, highly spoken of by their officers and respected by their comrades, have "made a good profession before many witnesses" of their faith in the Son of God as the Saviour of sinners, and that under circumstances which ungodly men acknowledge cannot be from worldly motives. They are cut off from their kindred—their wives and children. Oh may God grant to hear their prayer and ours for the conversion of their loved ones, that they may be joined again in the unity of the Spirit. Let us take heart, and gather new strength and energy to hold on our way, never wavering nor doubting the truth, that the hand of the Lord is not shortened that He cannot save any of the guilty sons of Adam.

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#### TURNING AWAY WRATH.

SOLOMON has said, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," and Paul directs "If thine enemy hunger, feed him." Mr. Schaffler, writing from Constantinople a few weeks since, mentions a beautiful instance of turning away wrath by kindness, and thus preventing evil. There had been troublous times in that city. A mob had tried to prevent the burying of a Protestant, and much ill-feeling existed between Turks and Christians, and between different sects of nominal Christians. After alluding to these troubles, Mr. Schaffler says—

"But I will tell you a pleasanter story connected with the Turkish work. Last Thursday, Mr. Williams, our Turkish preacher, was in his hired garden, where he has a washhouse. Opposite to his garden is another, belonging to a Greek. Fifteen soldiers coming up the road between, ran into the Greek's garden. Some climbed upon mulberry-trees and shook them, others picked up the ripe fruit below, and all began to eat. The Greek's neighbours, seeing this, became excited, and most inconsiderately seized clubs and even guns, and ran to attack the soldiers. Mr. W., seeing that bloodshed was coming, and noticing the fright of the people in his garden, ran out, and in a decided tone of voice called the soldiers out from that field. They came, apparently expecting that he would lead them on against the Greeks. But he invited them into his garden, and showing them some of his mulberry-trees, told them, 'Climb up there, shake them, and eat as much as you want.' This invitation was cheerfully accepted. 'Do you want bread to your mulberries?' Mr. W. asked. 'Yes,' they replied. And now he made them sit down in three circles, five soldiers in each, and treated them courteously with bread and fruit. Meantime the Greek's neighbours came in, all cooled down, and beheld in silence. And now Mr. W. began to preach to both parties about God, about love, mutual good feeling, and forbearance, &c. At last the soldiers went away much gratified, and the Greeks (there were about fifty persons there) said, 'You have kept us this day from shedding blood,

and bringing upon ourselves incalculable evil. We are infinitely obliged to you. Come and see us in our houses.'

"This happened in a week of excitement, when a contest commenced thus carelessly, for a worthless trifle, might have brought on the destruction of much life and property; for there was no telling where it would have stopped then."

*The Dayspring.*

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#### THE CHEROKEES.

THE American Board for Foreign Missions has decided to discontinue its Missions among the Cherokees. "Ah," exclaims some man of the world, "we knew it would be so. It is out of the question trying to save these inferior races. They are doomed to perish before the white man. He it is that is intended to spread himself over the face of the world; and so the Missionaries of the American Board have given up the Cherokees; they found, I suppose, that they could do nothing with them." Nay, not so fast, good Sir. They are leaving the Cherokees, not because they could do nothing with them, but because the Mission work is completed. The Cherokees have adopted the Christian religion, and their government has recognised it. Gospel institutions are generally diffused, and a regular civilized community, notwithstanding formidable obstacles, has been raised up from one of the largest aboriginal tribes of the American continent. And thus, while it be admitted that much remains to be done in the strengthening and consolidation of the work, the American Board feels that, as a Missionary Society, its work is done; and that the funds hitherto devoted to this field may be expended more properly on other more needy portions of the unevangelized world. We introduce this fact for the special use of those who are continually asking, "What good have your Societies ever effected?"

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#### MATERIALS FOR MISSIONARY WORK IN THE MAURITIUS.

THE number of Indian coolies sent to the Mauritius in 1860 was 13,286; of whom 7030 were from Calcutta, 4303 were from Madras, and 1953 from Bombay. The cost of importing each male adult, which was, from Calcutta, 7*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* in 1859, rose to 9*l.* 18*s.* 10*d.* in 1860, owing to high freights. The ratio of mortality per cent. was, Calcutta 4.14, Madras .60, and Bombay .76. Of the forty ships which conveyed the emigrants, only five were placed in quarantine. The departures from the colony were 2883 in 1860, a decrease on the previous year. The total emigration from India to the close of the year was 212,913, of whom 61,150 were females. Several coolies having fulfilled their engagements, are now working on their own account, and are—what they cannot be in their own country—proprietors of land. The average rate of wages for new immigrants was Rs. 5.8 per month, with food, and as high as Rs. 50 for mechanics. 927 coolies' children were receiving instruction in Government schools; and 219 orphans were cared for in an asylum. The supply of labour in 1860 was below the requisition of the colony by 23,000.

**THE HEATHEN—"HAVING NO HOPE."**

THE remains of a poor dark heathen are being carried to the grave, after the fashion of funeral ceremony which prevails amongst the Japanese. The body is placed in the sitting posture of the country, in a tub-shaped coffin. A procession is formed, consisting first of a number of torch-



**A JAPANESE FUNERAL PROCESSION.**

bearers, followed by a company of priests, bearing their sacred books, incense, &c. Then comes a crowd of servants, carrying bamboo-poles, to which are attached lanterns, umbrellas, and strips of white paper inscribed with sacred sentences. These immediately precede the corpse in its round coffin, borne upon a bier, and covered with a sort of white paper chest, having a dome-fashioned roof, over which a garland is suspended from a bamboo. Immediately behind the body walk the friends and acquaintances of the deceased, in their dress of ceremony, accompanying, attending, and surrounding the male portion of the family and kindred, who are attired in mourning garments of pure white. White mourning is also worn by the bearers and household servants of the deceased. The procession is closed by the ladies of the family and their female friends, each in her own norimon, or palanquin, attended by her female servants.

When we hear of a death, or meet a funeral procession, one thought, one question, immediately presents itself to the Christian mind—What hope was there in that death; to what did the man trust; what was his religion?

The Japanese are, to a very considerable extent, a civilized people. They have their settled habits of social life, their arts, and literature; but, on the great question of the immortal soul, and its prospects after death, they are in dismal darkness.

Let us go with the funeral to the grave-yard. It is filled with a great variety of monuments and tombstones, some of them simple slabs, others raised tombs or obelisks, all quaintly carved, and planted thickly under the tall trees. The tombstones are called *Sisek*. Some of them are adorned with representations of warriors fighting; or, in the case of women's graves, with drawings of flowers. There lie the remains of generations who lived and died in utter ignorance of the true God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent.

But let us go from the graveyard into the temple. It may be a *Sintoo* temple, the old heathenism of Japan, consisting of the worship of the *Kami*, or mediatory spirits, chiefly deified men; or a *Bhuddist* temple, after the fashion of China and Ceylon.

The *Sintoo* temples are usually placed in sequestered places, under the shadow of some hill, in quiet nooks and sequestered places, where the dense groves of bamboos and other trees offer a delicious and refreshing shade to the pedestrian, who can lounge, upon the hottest days, along shady walks from one temple to another. The distinguishing feature of a *Sintoo* temple is a looking-glass, as emblematic of the soul's purity. On the right-hand side, on entering, is seen a sort of font containing water, and, opposite to it, a large bell. An oblong open box, laced across the top with wire, is a conspicuous object, to remind the worshippers of their duties as almsgivers.

The Bishop of Victoria describes the proceedings of a solitary worshipper. A Japanese gentleman entered the temple, which, it appeared, was his custom to do three or four times a-year. Seizing a bell-rope which hung from the ceiling, he pulled it; a bell, in response to the summons, giving out a cracked and jarring sound. He then seated himself in the usual Japanese posture, on his legs, and commenced to mutter



some prayers, every now and then rising up on his knees, and clapping his hands, then sinking back into the reclining posture, and continuing his repetitions. While thus occupied, another Japanese entered and took his place beside him. They recognised each other, exchanged courtesies, conversed on indifferent matters, and then resumed their devotions. A few minutes sufficed to end them: the worshipper rose up; the duties of religion had been attended to: it had, for the time, no more claim upon him; and the man went forth to enjoy himself, and to live and act according to the course of the Japanese world.

Often death has been by suicide, and the man has died by his own hand, or, at his own request, by the hand of a friend. He has displeased the Government, and is involved in disgrace. He is ordered to destroy himself. If he fail to do so, his family becomes involved in his calamity. The hari-kari used to be the mode, but now the knife is only used to make a slight incision, and then the victim's dearest friend, who stands over him with a drawn sword, beheads him.

Alas, for the poor heathen! they have no hope, and are without God in the world. When shall Christians hear and answer the cry—"Come over, and help us?" There are a few Missionaries in Japan. Let the church help them by its prayers.

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#### THE SPRINGING OF THE SEED.

"BEHOLD, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain." The apostle says of the husbandman that "he waiteth long:" he tells us how long—until the rain come, and the seed spring. Until then he should not cease to wait; and why? Because there is an express promise from God on this subject—"As the rain cometh down, and the snow, from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, so that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth, it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." If, then, the seed which has been sown is the Lord's word, let us not weary to wait for it. We may have to wait long. It is frequently so, and faith is thus exercised; but "in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

Foo-chow is the capital of Fuhkien, a province of China containing fifty-seven thousand square miles and fifteen millions of people. The city is situated on the banks of the Min river, about thirty-five miles from the sea, having a population of about one million. The people are enterprising, hardy, and industrious, speaking a dialect peculiarly their own.

It was occupied as a station by the Church Missionary Society in 1850, and during the ten years which have elapsed, much valuable Missionary life and labour have been expended upon it. Dr. Welton, the first Missionary, succeeded in securing a residence for

Missionaries within the city proper, and by his unceasing benevolence, and the use of the medical skill which he largely possessed, softened down very much the dislike of the Foo-chowans to a foreigner. In 1858 he died in England of exhaustion, his constitution being worn out in the service of the Chinese Mission. Mrs. M'Caw died shortly after her arrival in 1855; and her husband soon followed. The health of Mrs. Fearnley gave way, and, with her husband, she has been compelled to revisit home. Latterly, one lone Missionary, the Rev. George Smith, has occupied Foo-chow.

But amidst this expenditure of life, no fruit was visible. The seed had been sown, but it did not show. Not one green blade appeared above the surface, to cheer the heart of the anxious Missionary; and, after ten years, some seemed to think we had watched long enough, and that it was useless to remain any longer. At Ningpo the soil was more friendly, and there a Christian church had been gathered, but Foo-chow seemed as hard as its own rock-bound coast, and to Ningpo, therefore, it was proposed the Missionary should be transferred. But the Society could not—dare not—leave the place. “The husbandman waiteth long.” The Society had waited ten years; a long period, it is true, when the shortness of this earthly life be considered, and yet a short period when compared with the eternal existence of an immortal soul. And now, at the end of ten years, were God’s people to grow impatient and withdraw? It was a trial of faith, in which, through grace, faith was victorious. The Society decided to remain. Scarcely had this decision been come to, than the rain began to fall, and, lo! the seed is quickening into life: glad tidings have reached us from our Missionary at Foo-chow. Mr. Smith says, writing April 5th—

I am sure the Committee will rejoice to hear, that, on Sunday last, I had the great privilege of baptizing the two first converts at this station, Lo Sing Siu Kieng and Lo Sing Seen Sing. May they prove but the first-fruits of an abundant ingathering of precious souls to the fold of Christ! There is every reason to believe that they are Israelites indeed, humble, earnest believers. With regard to the former especially we entertain great hope of his future usefulness: full of prayer and earnestness, anxious to obtain a further acquaintance with the word of God, well educated, conversant with most of the dialects spoken in the province, as well as with the Mandarin, and of a loving and affectionate disposition, he will be a most useful and valuable helper. I propose, if he goes on well, as he has hitherto done, six months hence—that is, at the beginning of the next financial year—appointing him catechist. This he already is in reality, though without the official status. He was formerly connected with a Mandarin, and gained a little distinction by capturing some rebels. Mr. Collins’ visit, and the opening of the temporary dispensary, was the means of bringing him to me. So that though the visit did not obviate the necessity of Mr. Collins’ return home,

we are, in the wonderful providence of Almighty God, indebted to it for the brighter day that has dawned upon this poor, feeble, halting Mission. It brought Siu Kieng to us, and induced me to fit up the place under my house for preaching. This was blessed to Siu Kieng's conversion, and the services which have been continued in this place have brought another inquirer, Sing Puo Sieng Seng Sang, a literary graduate, now a candidate for baptism. For another most hopeful candidate we are indebted to the prefect's unavailing persecution of the convert who procured me, and the man who let me, the preaching-place, and to Lo Sing Siu Kieng's zeal. He managed to obtain access to the prisoners, and in addition to alleviating poor Lo Tang (the imprisoned convict's) sufferings, preached and prayed with the prisoners. The Lord there, in the prison, opened the heart of one to attend to the things spoken. This young man's name is Siu. He was imprisoned on a false charge of embezzlement whilst connected with the Government bank, but is now released. Thus the Lord has made this most painful and vexatious business to turn out to the furtherance of the Gospel. To Him be all the glory! But to turn to the other convert, Siu Sing. During the summer months there are frequent performances at the adjoining Taoist temple. This man came with the multitude to see, and, like many others, stepped in at my open doors to see what was going on within. The good seed found a lodgment in his heart, and he became an inquirer. Afterwards he was visited with a severe illness of some months' duration. His friends told him that it was a punishment for forsaking his own, and embracing the religion of Jesus. But, by the grace of God, his faith and hope remained steadfast, and it pleased the Lord eventually to restore him from a bed of sickness. When he first heard us preach, he held a position corresponding to the publican's in the New Testament, that is to say, he was one of a class of underlings in one of the district magistrates' office, whose business is to collect the land-tax, for which they receive a commission of ten per cent., but make much larger gains by extorting illegal sums from the people. This at once he gave up, without knowing what to do for his daily bread, but believing that the Lord would provide. He is now in charge of the preaching-place, for which he receives a small monthly allowance, which he increases by selling medicine to persons desirous of breaking off opium-smoking. It was very pleasing to see his thankfulness when I offered him the place. It is a hard life for a convert to live, with his heathen relatives, and to be dependent upon them for a maintenance, especially when compelled, from conscientious motives, to give up his occupation.

Since commencing this, I have heard that one of the inquirers, Puo Sing, is undergoing a severe trial of faith. He is dependent upon a school for his living, and his scholars have left him because he has become an inquirer after the doctrines of Jesus. The offence of the cross has not yet ceased. May the Lord give him grace to endure all things for Christ's sake! If sincere, he will only be too valuable to us, as a teacher; but I am unwilling, at present, to hold out the slightest hope of employment to him, as it might greatly endanger his simplicity and sincerity of purpose. The Chinese are only too ready to become hypocrites, if they can obtain employment by doing so.

Our work is full of promise. There are three other inquirers besides

those I have mentioned. Mrs. Smith began her girls' school last Monday, which promises well. Quite a new and most encouraging feature is the friendship and accessibility of the female part of the population. My dear wife has access to their houses whenever she can find time to visit them, and large parties are constantly visiting us, and, what is better, attend the meetings which have been commenced for them twice a-week, on Sundays and Wednesdays. There is, in fact, a wide door and effectual opened to us; and if there are many adversaries, there is also much encouragement. Oh that the Lord may enable us to throw our whole hearts into the work, and mercifully preserve our health. But the Committee must, if possible, soon reinforce us.

Our convert, Siu Sing, has been instrumental in procuring for our American brethren a small room for a preaching-place, as well as a site for a dwelling-place, on the other side of the city, within the walls. Some people in the neighbourhood are trying to get up an opposition; but now that the Mandarins have acknowledged the treaty-right, I do not think they will raise any difficulty. Siu Sing's conduct throughout this transaction, which has been one of some difficulty, and in which, if he had consulted his own wishes, he would have had no concern, has been most upright and self-denying, and has furnished me with a very strong proof of the sincerity of his faith in Christ. I think the Committee will feel, on receiving this, that their decision not to relinquish this station was of the Lord, and that henceforth we may expect a blessing to rest upon our work here. I am full of hope as to the future.

As the mail does not leave till this afternoon, I cannot forbear adding a postscript to say that our yesterday's (Sunday) services were most encouraging, drawing from Mrs. Smith the thankful remark that our Sabbaths were beginning to get quite like "home Sabbaths," except that the services are in Chinese instead of English. We had a large attendance of ladies, some of whom came down to our afternoon service, as well as attending the meeting specially designed for them.

I cannot forbear, in conclusion, adverting with thankfulness to the altered aspect of things here, compared with the Society's last Report, which says that there are at Foo-chow as yet "no preaching chapel, schools, or catechists." These are all now matters of fact, except that the last is not formally appointed, and his labours are of course limited by my meeting with him in the study to help me in the language; but whenever Siu Kieng has the opportunity of speaking to his fellow-countrymen, his whole heart seems in the work.

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FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

At the suggestion of Dr. Livingstone, the London Missionary Society resolved on commencing Missionary work amongst the Makololo, the African nation lying immediately beyond the Chobe, whose capital town is Linyanti, and their chief Sekeletu. The Rev. H. Helmore, an experienced Missionary, who had for twenty years laboured with much blessing among the Bechuanas, was appointed to head this movement in advance, and with him were associated Messrs. Price and Mackenzie. In the autumn of 1859, the two first-named Missionaries, with their families, set forth on their journey of 1000 miles, for such is the distance that lies

between Kuruman and Linyanti. After passing the Zouga, their route lay through a region destitute of water, and there, at one spot every drop of water used had to be walked for about thirty-five miles. At length, after seven months' journeying, amidst great privations, they reached Linyanti in February 1860.

Here disappointment awaited them. They had hoped to find Dr. Livingstone there, but he had not arrived. They had hoped, without detention on the plains, to proceed to the higher and healthier country, but Sekeletu would not permit them. They were soon attacked by the fever of the country. On the subject of this fever, Livingstone had given a note of warning in his book. "The great humidity caused by heavy rains and inundations, the exuberant vegetation caused by fervid heat in rich moist soil, and the prodigious amount of decaying vegetable matter, annually exposed after the inundations to the rays of a torrid sun, with a flat surface, often covered with forest, through which the winds cannot pass, all combine to render the climate far from salubrious for any portion of the human family." "In the course of a week," writes Mr. Price, "we were all laid low, but more especially Mr. and Mrs. Helmore, the four children, and all our servants; but, through the great mercy of God, Mrs. Price and myself were still able to move about a little, although with great difficulty. We were able to attend a little upon our dear friends the Helmores, neither of whom could hardly move a limb. As I was going round one evening to see if they were all comfortable, I found the four children lying on a bed on the outside of the tent, and Mrs. Helmore by the side of the bed on a cushion. They were all asleep. I felt their foreheads, and at last I came to dear little Henry: he was cold: he had just slept the sleep of death. I immediately went and informed his father, who was lying in the tent: he told me I had better not tell Mrs. Helmore till the morning. I took the child into the tent, and wrapped up the body in a piece of carpeting, and engaged men to prepare a grave, that we might bury him the next morning. He was buried by the side of Malatsi, my waggon-driver, who had died a few days previously. When it was told Mrs. Helmore she took no notice whatever, although it was her dear, precious little Henry. This was on the 7th of March: on the 9th, our own dear little baby died. On the 11th, Selina Helmore died, and, on the same day, Thabi of Lekatlong. On the 12th, Mrs. Helmore died. Mr. Helmore had some conversation with her shortly before she expired. She said she had no desire to live: her work was done, and she wished to go home to Jesus.

It was in those trying circumstances of deep affliction that the devotedness of Helmore's character shone forth with especial brightness. After his wife's death, addressing the natives, he said, "Whoever goes back from the work, I will not." It seemed, for a brief period, as though it was intended he should live to carry it on. He improved considerably until the month of April, when, after a visit to Sekeletu, in the town, he came back very tired, and feeling very unwell. He became worse and worse, until he fell into unconsciousness, and in that state his spirit passed away.

Mr. Price was himself extremely ill, and could scarcely follow to the grave the remains of his friend: his wife also had lost the use of her feet and legs. Two of Helmore's children still survived, and for these sur-

vivors he had to care. He resolved to return south. No sooner did the Makololo become aware of this than they began to plunder him. By day, various articles, if not surrendered willingly, were wrested from him by force; by night there was stealing by wholesale. Sekeletu himself was among the chief depredators. Clothes, bedding, grain, were taken from him, a few articles being left with him after much entreaty. In this despoiled condition, they recrossed the Chobe, and there, on the plain of Mababe, death again met them—

“On the evening of the 4th of July, Mr. Helmore’s two children, my own dear wife, and I, met together for our evening meal, when we entered into conversation about what we had seen and suffered; and feeling that we were beginning to breathe again the free air of the desert, we admonished one another to forget the past, and think of our mercies; for we felt that we had still what might, through the mercy of God, bring us within reach of help. My dear wife had been for a long time utterly helpless, but we all thought she was getting better. She went to sleep that night, alas! to wake no more. In the morning early, I found her breathing very hard. I spoke to her, and tried to wake her, but it was too late. I watched her all the morning. She became worse and worse, and a little after midday, her spirit took its flight to God who gave it. I buried her the same evening under a tree—the only tree on the whole of the immense plain of the Mababe. This was to me a heavy stroke, but ‘God was my refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.’”

They have been transferred. Their work here was done, and the Lord released them, and took them home. Such trials are inseparable from the Missionary work. Often in its eventful history has it commenced in sorrow, and the foundation of future victories been laid in bereavements such as these. Singular it appears to be, that while the Missionary party at Linyanti was thus prostrated by fever, Livingstone’s party, lower down the river, in a more unhealthy locality, were enabled successfully to counteract the very same sickness by the use of quinine in combination with an aperient. To the use of this medicine also his book contains a reference (p. 681). Had they known it, their lives might have been saved: and yet they are saved: “He that loseth his life for my sake, the same shall find it.”

BENIMADHAB CHAKRABARTI.

An interesting case of conversion has occurred at Calcutta in connexion with the labours of the Free Church of Scotland Missionaries. A young Brahmin, named Benimadhab Chakrabarti, had been placed at a Government college that he might receive an English education, so as to enable him, when it was completed, to fill some post under Government. The education given in those colleges is entirely secular, and all religious instruction is interdicted. Thus the student has no opportunity of learning any thing about Christianity. But the instruction he does get in geography and other branches of study soon convinces him that his own religion is a lie. Thus he is left without any religion whatever, and comes forth into the world an unbeliever. This youth, under such influences, became what is called a Vedantist; that is, he acknowledged one supreme God, but a God who, according to the ideas of the

sect, has never approached us, or made Himself known to us ; and who is so cold and distant, that the sinner knows nothing of Him and cares nothing for Him. The Vedas, the great sacred books of the Hindus, are no longer regarded by this sect as inspired books, but as mere human writings, of which they may take what pleases them and discard the rest. In short, they treat them as the Oxford Essayists do the Christian Scriptures, both being alike anxious to get rid of inspiration, because it interferes with pride of intellect ; but with this difference, that the Hindu Vedantist has never had an opportunity of knowing the true book of inspiration, else he would have concluded differently ; whereas the Christian Essayist has had that opportunity, and is therefore without excuse.

This young man became not only an unbeliever in revelation, but so earnest in his new opinions as to become a lecturer on those subjects, and thus an active propagator of his infidel opinions. He got hold of a Bible for the purpose—as, in his folly, he thought he could do—of exposing it, and holding it up to derision. But the Lord had mercy upon him. He who opened the book to cavil, as he read became perplexed. The word of God was too strong for him. A struggle commenced in his mind. Not knowing what to do, or how to get rest, he applied for and obtained a vacancy in a branch school of the Free Church Mission at Bansbera. There he met with Christian converts, who took him in hand, and instructed him, until the truth of God, breaking in like a flood of light, dispersed the doubts which had so long clouded his mind, and led him as a true convert to Jesus. Once convinced, he lost no time, but, coming to Calcutta despite of the importunities of his friends, was publicly baptized by Dr. Duff, in the presence of a large assembly of natives. Dr. Duff adds—“ Thus have we had another drop. Oh, for the long-expected shower !”

LIGHT DAWNING IN DARK PLACES.

A FEW years since, a Christian Missionary and his wife, constrained by the love of Christ to preach the good news of salvation where it was never heard, took up their abode in a beautiful valley on the bank of one of India's sacred streams. After many months of patient and wearisome study of the language, they began to feel that they were ready to enter upon the work they had so long anticipated ; and the Missionary commenced going out into the streets and highways, speaking to men wherever he found them, in the workshop or in the bazaar, in the field or in the idol-temple, announcing the Gospel of the Son of God.

While he was thus engaged from day to day, his wife, left at home alone, began anxiously to ponder the question, “ What can I do to save perishing souls among this people ?” One day, as she sat in her room, with grammar and dictionary in her hand, endeavouring to make herself more familiar with the language of the people, she chanced to raise her eyes, and caught a glimpse of the majestic river sweeping past her window, studded with islands set like gems on its bright surface, while the snow-capped peaks of the lofty Himalayas, flashing in the sunlight like molten silver, rose in the distance. The scene was beautiful beyond description. For a moment it fixed her attention, and she gazed upon it

in silent rapture, lost to every thing around her. But it was only for a moment. The next instant her eye rested upon the temples and idol-shrines that glittered on every island and hill-top, which at once called back her mind, with painful intensity, to the great question she had so often dwelt upon, and deepened the conviction that she must do something to rescue this fair land from the dominion of Satan. Presently a group of native women passed by the window. She beckoned to them, as she had often done before, to come to her: they refused, saying they must hasten to the bazaar; and, making a respectful salaam to her, they went on their way. "When first I came here," said she to herself, as they moved away, "women came in crowds to see me, but then I could not speak to them: now, when my tongue is loosed, and I long to instruct them, and lead them out of their degradation, they will not come to me: their curiosity is satisfied: they want nothing more to do with the foreign lady. But I cannot give them up. If they will not come to me, I must go to them. I will visit them in their houses, and see if I can, by any means, interest them in their soul's salvation."

The next morning she commenced her work of seeking them that are lost. She went into the narrow court-yards, sat down by the side of the native women while they cleaned their rice, or worked at the loom, and conversed familiarly with them about their various employments, and all that interested them. Most of them received her with politeness, and some were even pleased that a queen, as they called her, should condescend to come to their humble dwellings. Encouraged by this kind reception, she continued her visits, day after day, until they ceased to feel any fear or suspicion, and came to regard her with confidence, and to give attention to her instructions. She told them of the schools in her native land, where girls as well as boys are taught to read and write, and asked them if they would not like to learn to read. Their eyes sparkled with delight when she promised to bring a primer, and teach all who were willing to learn. And she felt no less pleased with the privilege of opening to them the treasures of knowledge. For a few weeks all went on prosperously. The teacher was surprised at the desire and love of knowledge her pupils exhibited, and their readiness to listen to the truth raised high her hopes of being able to elevate those long oppressed ones to the position which belonged to them as intelligent and immortal beings.

But all her bright hopes and prospects were suddenly blighted. One day, as she entered the court-yard, where she was accustomed to meet her little school, she perceived a change in their appearance: they seemed unwilling to come towards her and take their books as usual. One and another went away on pretences so frivolous as to excite suspicion; and the few that remained seemed to have lost their interest in their lessons. On pressing her inquiries as to the cause of this strange behaviour, they told her that their husbands were displeased, and were constantly finding fault with them for leaving their work to learn to read. Some said that their gooroos had forbidden them to read any more, saying that the Shasters declared that they would certainly be cursed with widowhood if they did.

Grieved and distressed, their teacher earnestly plied her arguments to allay their fears, citing the example of her own countrywomen in proof

of her assertions. She even confronted the haughty Brahmins and the husbands of her pupils, using argument and persuasion to remove their objections. But nothing could change their decision: they positively forbade their wives and daughters to attend her school. She continued her daily visits to them as before, reading the Bible, and explaining to them the plan of salvation; but not one dared again to look at the primer or its forbidden treasures.

This was a heavy blow to the Missionary. She had felt that if she could but succeed in teaching even a dozen women to read, she should thereby strike a powerful blow at the prejudices of the people, and prepare the way for the elevation of the entire sex. But the door was shut against her. Weeks passed by, and her continued efforts failed to produce any remission of the prohibition. Which way should she turn? What new device could she adopt to convince the people that their prejudices were false and unjust? Night and day her thoughts dwelt upon the subject. She could find no pleasure in her own intellectual resources and mental cultivation, while, wherever she turned, she beheld crowds of immortal beings, with minds locked in ignorance and superstition, and grovelling at the feet of a crafty priesthood, having no hopes or aspirations for the future above the beasts that perish.

At length, after much deliberation, the Missionary hit upon another plan which seemed to hold out more encouragement to her. She had often seen little orphan girls in the bazaar, whom no one seemed to care for, and who were destined, she well knew, to a life of shame and ruin. She persuaded a few of them to come to her house; and, winning their confidence by kindness, finally induced them to consent to remain with her. A trifling present to their relatives or acquaintances who claimed to be their guardians, sufficed to gain their consent to the arrangement. Thus in a little time a school of a dozen girls was gathered in the Missionary's house.

She now felt that she had a field of usefulness, where she could labour with great promise of success. While still making daily visits to the houses of the village people, instructing the neglected women in the way of salvation, she yet worked with stronger faith and greater hopefulness upon these minds, which were more entirely under her influence, and more free from the corrupting power of evil associations. With what exquisite delight she watched the opening of those minds—their eager thirst for knowledge, the quick glance of the eye, and the starting tear—as she told them that Christ died for them, as well as for her country-women!

After months of unwearied effort and earnest prayer, how tremblingly she ventured to hope that some of them had felt the striving of the Spirit, and how she wrestled in prayer, that they might not grieve the heavenly messenger. And when they gathered in her room in their weekly prayer-meeting, and one and another described, in simple language, the joy they had found in believing in Christ, oh how the words thrilled her soul with happiness that cannot be expressed!

In this delightful work, not, indeed, without many, many trials, but still with many joys, she spent the last years of her life. Now and then one of her little flock left her to become the wife of a native preacher,

and another orphan girl was taken in her place. The natives sometimes visited her school from curiosity, and, as they heard little girls read more fluently than many Brahmins could do, and saw them industriously weaving and sewing their own clothing, cooking their daily food, and presenting the appearance of modest and intelligent women, they were filled with astonishment, and their prejudices began to give way. "It cannot be so bad a thing," they said, "for our girls to learn to read;" and it was not long before some of them ventured to request the foreign lady to teach their daughters. She gladly received them, and her school soon became so large that it fully occupied all her time, and taxed her utmost energies.

But health at length compelled her to give up her charge into other hands for a season, that she might visit her native land, and recover her exhausted strength; but it was not until she had the infinite happiness of seeing that the barriers of prejudice and superstition which were arrayed against her, in her first attempts to educate her sex, were giving way, and that one link in the iron chain that bound woman in ignorance had been broken.

The education of woman must go hand in hand with that of man; and while we must not, for a moment, neglect the great and primal work of preaching the Gospel to all, young and old, we must insist that educating the mothers of the nation must not be omitted. While the preacher goes forth into the streets and highways, proclaiming salvation, let the more quiet, but not less useful work of teaching the mothers, sisters, and daughters of the land be gladly taken up by Christian women.—*The Macedonian.*

RAIN FOR THE NORTH-WEST PROVINCES.

THE period of the year when the rains are wont to visit the North-West Provinces is close at hand. They failed last year, and the result has been a dearth. What if they should fail this year also? Since 1858 there have been in these blood-stained districts no good harvests: the crops having been more or less short; and should the means of irrigation fail this year, six millions of people will be thrown for the support of life on such supplies as can reach them from other districts of India. But suppose there be a sufficiency of surplus grain elsewhere, how shall it reach the North-West Provinces?

Six millions of people would require, for one year, nearly one million tons. Supposing the average distance from whence the grain has to be brought be 200 miles, a single cart would deliver twenty-eight tons during the year. To deliver a million of tons, therefore, would require the continuous employment of about 35,000 carts, with from about 180,000 to 200,000 draught cattle. But the province of Rohilkund, containing five millions of people, could barely furnish one-tenth of the number; while even if the carts and draught-cattle were available, the cost of transport alone would amount to three and three-quarter millions sterling.

What remedy for such prospects? But one—prayer! It is with the Lord to give the rain. Let us then, in this country, entreat that He may do so.

THE KIRGHIZ.

THE vast plains of Tartary, broken here and there by mountains and hills rising abruptly from the midst of them, are called steppes. They are the home of nomad races, who, with their flocks and herds, wander over them. To some of these people we wish to introduce our readers,

**SULTAN BECK AND FAMILY.**

and in this paper, more particularly, to the Kirghiz. Russia is now occupied in bringing under her yoke these wild tribes; and, with a view to this object, she has surrounded the steppes with Cossack picquets, which are gradually encroaching upon the frontier, and reducing to submission one tribe after another, until at length, their independence being broken, they shall become the subjects of the Czar.

On entering the Kirghiz territory, a desert has usually to be crossed in the first instance, a vast plain, in parts slightly undulating, and covered with rough grass; a solitude unbroken by any sound; so much so, that one might suppose all nature slept, and that every thing possessed of life had sought repose in some subterranean abode. The dreary waste is perhaps succeeded by barren hills, on surmounting which the traveller finds himself in a plain covered with good pastures, over which great herds of cattle are feeding. An Aoul, or Kirghiz encampment, is soon reached, consisting of a number of tents, or yourts. The framework of a yurt is formed of willow trellis-work, put together with untanned strips of skin, made into compartments which fold up. The dome is formed of bent rods of willow, put into the mortice-holes of a ring about four feet across, which secures the top of the dome, admits light, and lets out the smoke. The lower ends of the willow rods are tied with leathern thongs to the top of the trellis-work at the sides, so as to render the whole strong and secure. Over the whole, sheets of voilock are thrown, a kind of felt, made of wool and camels' hair, so as to make the tent watertight and warm. A piece of voilock closes the doorway at night. In the day-time it is rolled up, and secured on the top of the yurt. The interior of the tent is capacious, sometimes forty feet in diameter and thirteen feet high in the centre.

In the centre of the tent, on the ground, the fire is kindled; beside it, on the floor, voilocks are spread, on which are placed divers boxes containing the riches of a Kirghiz dwelling, various articles of clothing, pieces of Chinese silk, tea, dried fruits, ambos (small squares), of silver. On the top of the boxes are laid Bokharian and Persian carpets often of great beauty. In one part of the yurt is the koumis bag, koumis being the milk of mares, which has fermented in the bag, and is the favourite beverage of the Kirghiz. Of this, on the arrival of a stranger on a summer-day, some is always presented in a Chinese wooden bowl, beautifully painted and japanned.

On the bales of carpets the saddles are placed. The Kirghiz being great equestrians, their horse-trappings are highly prized by them. The saddles are often beautiful and costly, decorated with silver inlaid on iron, and with velvet cushions. Their chief weapon is a battle-axe, the head of which is moderately heavy and sharp, with a handle about four feet six inches long, secured by a leathern thong around the wrist. This is also inlaid with silver.

The summer costume of both men and women, consists of two, sometimes of three, silk or cotton kalats, or garments somewhat like a dressing gown. They are made double, so that when one side is dirty the other side may take its place. This inside-out process is persevered in so long as the garment holds together, the question which is the cleanest side having long before changed into which is the least dirty, a

point at the last difficult to be decided. In winter, fur coats take the place of the cotton kalat.

Another important portion of the dress is the tchimbar, or wide trowsers, sometimes of leather and sometimes of black velvet embroidered with silk; these are made so large, that a Kirghiz can tuck the laps of his three or four kalats into them when he rides, the whole being tied round his waist by a leathern strap. The dress of the Sultans and their wives are sometimes very rich. Of one of those chiefs the kalat was of Chinese satin, of a very deep purple colour, with flowers embroidered in various-coloured silks; a rich yellow crape scarf was tied round his waist; his cap was sable, turned up with crimson silk; and he wore light-green boots and yellow over-shoes. The Sultana was dressed in a black velvet kalat, embroidered with coloured silk, with a crimson crape scarf round her waist, and a white muslin dress. Their daughter had a kalat of crimson and yellow silk, reaching a little below the knee, white cotton drawers, and a white silk turban.

The group in the engraving are the family of Sultan Beck, the largest man, and the most wealthy Kirghiz in the steppes, the proprietor of ten thousand horses, with camels, oxen and sheep in proportion.

Every Sultan has his merchant, as well as his mullah, or priest, who is usually the only man in the tribe who can either read or write. He sells his amulets to the Kirghiz, at a sheep for each scrap of paper with a few characters traced upon it.

IMPROVING ASPECTS.

SIGNS of spring are pleasant after a protracted winter. Symptoms of revival in Mission fields, where lifelessness and discouragement have long prevailed, are still more so. Then, indeed, the waiting Missionary may say, "The winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear in the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

Our North-Ceylon Mission, carried on amidst a Tamil-speaking people, long appeared dull and cheerless. But we rejoice to find that it begins to assume a new aspect, and the hearts of our Missionaries are cheered, as they hasten to communicate to us such points of interest as will be found in the following extracts—

On Easter Tuesday (says our Missionary, the Rev. C. C. M'Arthur, April 4th), we had our service for thanksgiving for the harvest just gathered in, and by the sale of first-fruits, which took place after the meeting, we realized a sum sufficient to support a girls' school for a year or more. This is a large sum for a poor congregation, and at such a time, when every thing is so dear, and also when it is remembered that the Sunday before we had a collection of two pounds for the relief of those who are suffering from famine in India. . . .

This was one of the most interesting meetings I have seen in Ceylon. The church was quite full on the occasion, so full, indeed, that many of the young had to sit on the floor. After the Tamil service, the Missionary scenes were exhibited, and the collection was made after the New-

Zealand fashion, the people bringing up their offerings to the communion-rails, while two or three were singing a Christian hymn to one of their own native tunes. The various articles were sold by auction, after the meeting, to the highest bidder. Paul the barber brought a cow, which was sold for a pound; and another man brought a calf, which was sold for ten shillings. Our good friend, Mr. Spaulding, from Oodooville, was with us, and made an excellent speech after the people had brought their offerings. He said he was glad to see such a readiness on the part of the people to give; but added that they had not brought half of what they ought to have brought, and that it was wrong for them to speak of their contributions as alms. He said, "They are no alms, but a long-standing debt which you owe to God and to the Church Missionary Society." The willingness with which our people now give is quite a new feature in our work.

As we have had such large numbers attending our church for some time past, that on several occasions we were short of seats for them, I proposed to our Christian people that each Christian husband in connexion with the church should buy a new bench for himself and family, and that the old benches should be reserved for the entire use of the heathen and schoolchildren who attend the church. To this arrangement many of them at once agreed, and twelve benches were ordered forthwith. These benches are placed in the middle aisle, and are occupied by the Christian families, with the heathen and school-boys on the right, and the girls and the poor Christian females on the left. By this arrangement we have got rid of the undesirable custom of separating families in a place of worship, and we have the advantage of seeing at a glance what Christians are either late or absent, as their seats will not be occupied if they are not in church. This, indeed, was made an objection by some who are not quite regular in their attendance on Sunday worship, but was silenced by the rest. I look upon this also as another favourable sign, and I think the time is coming when we shall require a gallery. May I live to see it full of true Christians!

Our daily prayer-meeting at five in the morning is still a source of much pleasure to me. Most of the Christians about the station are regular in their attendance, and the number of heathen boys from our school who attend is on the increase. We have fifteen adult candidates for baptism, under a regular course of instruction, and many of them were most anxious to be baptized on Easter Monday; but I wished to delay the administration of that sacred rite till I had seen more of them. Two of them are connected with the best families in Nellore, and they are regular attendants on the means of grace. They are not ashamed of Jesus, though they are often reviled for his name's sake. May God keep them all steadfast unto the end! We have much cause to praise God, for all these tokens of his favour. I daily feel more and more my own helplessness, but God is able to make his strength perfect in my weakness, and to glorify his own holy name in the sight of the heathen.

A few days ago I had a message from the head Brahmin of the temple, requesting me to visit another Brahmin, who was on the point of death—a man who, forty years ago, had been one of Mr. Knight's pupils in the English school. I went to the house at once, and found several Brahmins,

together with their wives. The poor sick Brahmin was very much neglected, and was given over unto death by the native doctors, who all forsook him and fled, the reason being that they do not like to be in the district when they think one of their patients is likely to die, for fear they should lose their good professional character. I saw I could not save him, but administered medicine, which seemed to lessen his sufferings for a time; but he died in the evening. This poor Brahmin, who was looked upon by the people as a partaker of the divine nature in much higher degree than other men, was wholly neglected by them, and left on the cold, wet floor, with only a cajan leaf under him, and about half a yard of cloth to cover him. I got him removed into the house verandah, and had him covered with a rug. It was but little that I could do in directing the dying man to the Good Physician, as his mind began already to wander; but I made my visit an occasion of entreating others to prepare to meet their God. Not a tear was shed for the Brahmin at the time, which rather surprised me, as I had witnessed before the wild way in which the people in general give way to their grief. On the morrow, however, the mourners assembled, and began their heathen unmeaning noises, by which they express their grief. The following day the corpse was carried past our house, on the shoulders of other Brahmins, to be burnt about half a mile from us. Some of the heathen have been asking "How is it that these holy Brahmins send for the Missionary, by whose very touch they are defiled, and that, too, when forsaken by their own people?"

THE SHAN-TUNG PROVINCE.

MISSIONARIES are beginning to penetrate into the interior of China, and bring with them the Gospel, into regions where hitherto it has been utterly unknown. The Shan-tung province has been just entered by two Missionaries belonging to the London Missionary Society. Its area is equal to that of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and contains a population of nearly twenty-nine millions of people. It stands out with a bold peninsula into the Chinese Sea, its coast being rugged and full of undulations, in which are some good harbours, the principal of which is Cheu-fu, where the French troops assembled previously to the attack on the Taku forts. The grand canal traverses this province. The Tai-Shan, one of the highest mountains in China, is situated in Shan-tung. It is a famous place of pilgrimage, its bases and sides being covered with the most magnificent temples in the province; and, in the spring season, the roads leading to it are covered with pilgrims coming to pay their vows and offer their prayers.

The people are said to be "thrifty, harmless and unsophisticated. They are finer in appearance, and more manly in character, than those of the south. The humanity which one sees here is more intelligible to us as foreigners, being more like that we have been accustomed to. They seem also to be more susceptible of religious impressions. Many of them have a distinct notion of a Supreme Being, who dwells not in temples made with hands, and who cannot be represented in carved wood or chiselled marble. Idolatry, though common, has not appa-

rently as strong a hold on the general mind as it has in the province of Kiang Sú. The priests are fewer and poorer, and the temples are not so numerous, opulent, and ostentatious. Though the opposition of the human heart to the truth as it is in Jesus, is as universal as unregenerate man, and will manifest itself wherever the Gospel is preached, still it seems that Christianity will win some of its speediest and most brilliant victories in Shan-tung. This people are better prepared for the reception of the truth in its simplicity and purity than any I have hitherto seen in this land. There is one feature in the social life of the Shan-tung people which will, in course of time, prove very helpful to the onward progress of the Gospel, namely, their clannish disposition. Everywhere there are small towns and villages, with populations varying from 500 to 5000, entirely of one or two families. To influence one family is, to a certain extent, to influence the whole; and the conversion of the principal man or men would be followed by the respectful attention, at least, of the whole clan to the truth."

The Missionaries have visited two cities besides Cheu-fu, namely, Tung-chau and Hwang-hien, the latter being situated on the immense plain which stretches far into the west. It is on the highway to Peking. The people were quiet, harmless, and, with few exceptions, received with eagerness the New Testaments and tracts which were distributed.

DESTRUCTION OF PORTO NOVO.

THE Yoruba country has been for some time back sadly distracted with war, to the great interruption of all that has been going forward for the Christian instruction and improvement of its inhabitants. Towns between which the Missionary could travel in security, as Abbeokuta and Ibadan, have been in deadly enmity with each other, and the Missionaries at these respective cities have found themselves separated by a fiery conflagration. As this unhappy state of things is unfavourable to the growth of Christianity and civilization, so does it help the revival of the slave-trade; and advantage has been taken of it, by evil-minded persons on both sides, to seize on persons belonging to the opposite party, and sell them into slavery. Especially has the king of Dahomey been active in kindling this war, and, as the great slave-hunter and slave-dealer of this part of Africa, to turn it to his own advantage. We fear, indeed, that the secret of the war lies here, and that it has been got up in order to afford opportunity for kidnapping and other slave-trading practices. Men who would not think of stealing goods, do not hesitate to steal men. Petty thieving in Yoruba is very rare. A woman can leave her market basket without fear of its being robbed, and even indicates in her absence the price of the articles, so that a man may help himself, leaving the price in cowries. A man may leave a box by the side of the river, with only a little sand in it, to show that it is not left unintentionally, and it will not be touched; but in stealing and selling men there is no such scrupulousness.

The great nest of slave-trading transactions is the town of Porto Novo. Thither the slaves have been brought from the interior, and here the Portuguese and Dahomians have been always ready to buy, the one for

transshipment, the other for sale or human sacrifice. After various warnings, addressed by the British authorities to those of Porto Novo, to no purpose, this place so far as the power of doing mischief is concerned, has been destroyed by a British squadron. The expedition consisted of the gun-boats "Brune" and "Fidelity," with ten boats belonging to the squadron. The Porto Novians had been making preparations for six weeks, and threatened a formidable resistance, being assisted by the Dahomians. At four on the afternoon of Thursday, May 23rd, the barrier above Badagry was passed, and next morning, at 7 A.M., the flotilla reached Porto Novo. Their reception was a heavy fire of musketry from both sides of the river, which was replied to by rockets, shot, and shell, so vigorous and well-directed, that within an hour the town was in flames, which gradually increased, until they rose high above the trees, which hitherto afforded the inhabitants a grateful shade. The troops were now landed, and, after a sharp engagement, the natives were dislodged from their strongholds, and sent flying in all directions. Their loss is said to have been severe; that of the English consisted of one man killed and five slightly wounded. We trust that the destruction of this nest of slave-dealers may hasten the termination of the Ibadan war, by increasing the distance to which slaves must be sent for exportation.

One of the British officers, Capt. Jones, of the 2nd West-India Regiment, proposed to revisit Abbeokuta, where, previously to the battle of Porto Novo, he had several interviews with the Alake, for the purpose of pointing out the places in the defences of that city which are most open to assault, in case the Dahomians should carry out their long-threatened plan of attacking it. May peace soon revisit the land!

HAPPY DEATH OF AN INDIAN GIRL.

SOPHIE ROUBETI was the name of the Indian girl whose happy death we are about to mention. She died at Highland, Kansas, January 25th, 1861, aged about eighteen years. By her mother, she was a member of the Mission-band of the Sac tribe of Indians. Her father was a Canadian Frenchman, whose education had been commenced with a view to his becoming a priest in the Catholic church. But he soon abandoned his education, and sought a home among the Western Indians in the employment of the American Fur Company.

Sophie's father and mother died in the summer of 1851, within about three months of each other, and she and two younger sisters were thrown upon the world without a known relative nearer than a heathen aunt, living in the village. "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." The day after the death of the mother (who died last), these three little orphan girls were brought to the Iowa and Sac Mission, the two older on foot, and the youngest in the arms of the Missionary.

Sophie, the eldest, seemed predisposed to the ways of the whites. As fast as she could learn the refinements of civilization and the principles of the Gospel, she seemed disposed to adopt them, and, like Zaccheus, was ready to come at the very first call of the blessed Saviour. In the summer of 1855 she united with the church, and from that time until her death she lived a most consistent and exemplary life.

About three years ago she showed signs of uncertain health ; and, about twelve months since, evidences of confirmed consumption were manifest. Every indulgence and attention was given, and every hopeful remedy that could be reached was employed ; but to no purpose. Her decline was gradual and uniform. Her true condition as to health was always fully before her mind. She was frequently talked to on the subject of religion. Down to near the time of her death, she frequently spoke of her fears and doubts, arising always out of a deep sense of her own unworthiness and sinfulness in the sight of God, and the natural depravity of her own heart. But as she drew near to death, these fears gave way before a true and living faith—a faith which, in her case beautifully “wrought by love, purified the heart, and overcame the world.” The most lively evidence of this will be seen in her own doings and sayings, as she drew near and entered the Jordan of death.

By economy of the annuities divided to her by her nation, she had saved some means. Of this, 200 dollars were on deposit in the savings'-bank in St. Joseph. On the evening before she departed, and after disposing of her clothing, and other little matters, she called to her side the one who had care of her money, and said, “Of that money in St. Joseph, I want you to give 100 dollars to the Highland University, and 100 in any way you think best, to teach little children about Jesus. And now,” said she, “if this will do, I am done with the world : I am ready to go : I want to go : I want to drink of the ‘water of life,’ that I thirst not again. Oh, I feel thirsty ; I want a large draught of the water of life, that I thirst not again.”

One who was attending her, supposing that death was not so near, spoke of changing her clothes. “No, no,” said she, “I don't want to be changed, until I put on the garments of salvation.” And she added, “I am going very soon, and I want all to be quiet, and the room to be still, and no one to cry or make a noise, that I may go quietly away and be at rest.” Afterwards, she called her two little sisters to her bed, and said, “Kiss me—kiss me again ;” and, in a most affectionate manner, she bade them farewell, and urged them to live by faith in the Redeemer, so that they might all have the hope of a happy reunion in heaven. Every moment of breath and strength that she could spare was spent in most earnest and tender admonitions to those around her to live near to God, and prepare for death. Not long before her departure, she said to one supporting her, “Is not the village band playing this evening ?” On being told it was not, she said, “I hear delightful music ; I thought the band was playing. Oh, it is delightful ! Listen, and I think you can hear it !” and added, “I have now lost the use of one of my hands [it was cold in death], but if I could use it I would raise and clasp both my hands for joy in the beautiful prospect.” She continued, as she had strength, to exhort and to praise, until, just before her departure, she exclaimed, “Jesus is coming ! they are coming ! raise me up !” and in a few seconds, without a struggle or a moan, she ceased to breathe.

Her grave-clothes, by information from herself, were all found in order in her trunk, arranged and put there by her own hands long before, when she was able to be about. The following verses were found written in her own hand, on the inner lid of her Bible—

“ Worlds should not bribe me back to tread
 Again life's weary waste,
 To see my future overspread
 With all the gloomy past.

“ My home, henceforth, is in the skies :
 Earth, sea, and sun, adieu !
 All heaven 's unfolded to my eyes,—
 I have no sight for you.”

To the writer, and to those best acquainted with Sophie, the evidences of her regeneration and sanctification are not found so much in her dying sayings, as in her blameless and becoming Christian life. In her humble sphere she was “ a burning and a shining light.” All the Christian graces had their beautiful proportions in her. Her gratitude and devotion to those who showed her kindness, and especially to those who had been instrumental in bringing her out of heathen darkness, seemed to have no bounds. Such was her truthfulness and honesty, that, with those who knew her, her statements were never called in question ; and the keys to any treasure would have been safely trusted in her hands. Her devotions were constant ; and, of late, her reading was almost entirely of the Scriptures, and such books as “ The Saint's Rest.” On her death-bed she repeated, with much interest and delight, many of the sayings of Baxter, especially about the resurrection, and the spiritual body of the saints. She had a good mind, capable of a high cultivation.

The nation to which this Christian girl belonged has, for over twenty years, stedfastly resisted the Gospel, until their case seemed almost hopeless. But God's promises to his Son will be made good—“ I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance.” And his revelations to his servants will be surely fulfilled. The great multitude which no man could number, which John saw, was made up from “ all nations and kindreds and peoples and tongues.”—*Foreign Missionary.*

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 PSALM CXXX. 6.

How oft the morn has cheated us,  
 As, with unsleeping eye,  
 We lay upon our silent couch,  
 And watched the changing sky.  
 How often, as the heavy hours  
 Stole by with soundless haste,  
 We've said, “ Ah ! now the dawn begins,  
 The weary night is past.”  
 Hours went and came, but yet no streak  
 On eastern cloud or hill ;  
 We looked in vain, no sign appeared :  
 'Twas night and silence still.  
 'Tis thus, beguiled with fond desire,  
 And sick with hope deferred,  
 The watching church, with eager ear,  
 The well-known song has heard—  
 “ He whom you looked for is at hand ;  
 Both hopes and fears are done.”  
 No, 'tis not yet ; and still she waits  
 The still unrisen Sun.

Age after age, in love and faith,  
 She has, with longing eye,  
 Been watching every streak of dawn  
 In yon perplexing sky.  
 And shall she now give up her trust,  
 And turn her eye away,  
 As if there were no sun for her,  
 No hope of light and day ?  
 She will not, for she knows how sure  
 The promise of her Lord ;  
 She will not, for she knows how true  
 Is the unchanging word.  
 The morn shall come ; nay, He himself,  
 Brighter than morn's best ray,  
 Shall come to bid the night depart,  
 And bring at last the day.  
 Then shall the weary night-watch cease,  
 When, counting each lone hour,  
 She marked the shadows flitting by  
 The lattice of her tower.  
 'Twas not in vain she kept the watch,  
 When all around her slept ;  
 'Twas not in vain she waited thus,  
 And loved, and longed, and wept.  
 It dawns at last, the long-loved morn ;  
 It comes, the meeting day ;  
 And in its joys shall she forget  
 The sorrows of delay.

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#### NATIVE MISSIONARIES IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

THE Samoans are a group of islands in the South-Pacific Ocean, of volcanic origin, moderate height, and beautifully diversified, the highest mountains possessing an elevation of some 4000 or 5000 feet. The larger islands contain some splendid valleys and large tracts of finest land, being well watered and enlivened by numerous streams or waterfalls, and are said to be clothed with a richer verdure even than the lovely island of Tahiti.

The inhabitants are a fine people, generally above the middle size, of a reddish brown colour, with black hair and fine dark eyes, not unlike Europeans in feature, and capable of high intellectual and moral cultivation. In their heathen state they were fearfully degraded, and idolatry, and all the crimes which follow in its train, prevailed amongst them.

The light of the Gospel first broke on this dark land in 1830, when John Williams planted on its shores the first native teachers from the Society Islands. Nor was this the only effort. In 1832 some natives of Ravavai, one of the Austral islands, nearly 2000 miles distant, having been driven by contrary winds out of their course, after drifting on the ocean a long time, reached Tanna, the eastern Samoan island, and, being Christians, began to teach the natives what they knew, and gathered around them a few con-

verts. Thus, in various quarters, heathenism was attacked, and it broke down rapidly. Congregations were raised up, and the necessity for native teachers became evident. A Mission seminary was begun in 1844, where, up to the present time, 300 natives have been taught, of whom 131 are labouring in Samoa, or the new Missions to the westward.

This most useful institution costs but very little money. Perhaps there is not, in the whole world, an instance in which more good is done at so little expense. Fifty pounds sterling a year—nearly all that is wanted to buy tools, stationery, and clothes for the students—is raised by the children of the Sunday schools at Hobart Town. Every student has a plot of ground upon which he grows yams, taro, bananas, and other food, most of which goes to supply himself and his family, and the remainder he is allowed to sell. Besides these separate allotments, many cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees grow upon the grounds of the institution, the fruit of which is fairly divided among the students; and then, if they can spare the time, they are at liberty to go out and fish.

They are never idle. As soon as the day dawns the bell rings. After spending some time in reading and prayer, they work or fish until eight o'clock. Then the bell rings again. All bathe and breakfast, and then, from nine o'clock until four, they are busy in getting that knowledge which, with God's blessing, is to fit them for future usefulness. The evening is spent, as they may prefer, in the garden or the workshop, or in catching fish for their suppers. After family worship, they read, write, or converse, until half-past nine, when the bell rings for bed.

The Samoan seminary is only one of three institutions in which Christian natives are trained for God's work in the South Seas. We cannot show their value better than by giving one or two instances of the kind of men who have been trained up in these institutions.

Few changes have been more striking than that of Savage Island. But this was brought about through the instrumentality of a native of that once-barbarous but now lovely spot, who was taken to Samoa, and, in the institution, was led to love Jesus Christ, and there became prepared to serve Him. In 1846, and after sixteen years of vain endeavours to place a teacher on those shores, Peniamina was landed there. Many were the fears of the Missionaries for his safety, and many were the prayers they offered on his behalf; and there was reason to tremble and to pray. But though the good man knew the danger into which he was going, he was ready to brave it, and even to lay down his life for the sake of the Lord Jesus.

The night of his landing was dark and stormy. Having with him a canoe from Samoa, and a chest containing his little property, the natives were alarmed lest these things should bring disease into their land; but they were still more afraid of him than of his goods, and therefore an armed crowd collected around him, and expressed a desire to take his life. In a mild and kind tone he reasoned with them, told them he was not a god, that he could not bring disease among them, and that he was merely a man, and one of themselves. He then explained to them why he had come. It was to tell them the wonderful truths and the good tidings he had learned at Samoa. Then he spoke to them about the

great God and the gracious Saviour; about heaven, hell, sin, and salvation. But he did more. In the midst of this wild and wondering crowd he knelt down and offered prayer on their behalf. The hearts of some were touched, but others cried out still for his life. "Let us kill him now," they said; "let us do it while he is alone, and before disease breaks out: by and by others will join him, and then it will be a hard matter."

But God preserved this bold and faithful man. He had already raised up some friends for him, yet none of them would let him sleep in their huts. That first night was a dreary time to Peniamina, for it rained heavily, and, like his great Master, he had not where to lay his head. Next day he opened his chest, and showed the people his property. Some things were stolen, and others he gave away, until nothing was left for himself. Was it wonderful that success should reward such a spirit of courage and compassion? And if such is a specimen of the men prepared in the Samoan seminary, no other proof is needed of the value of that institution.

Great were the trials and dangers of the first native teachers at Tanna. Two died, others were brought low by disease. One, while on his knees in the bush, offering his evening prayers, was struck down by the club of an unknown savage from behind him. But though the heathen raged around them, and they had reason to expect speedy death, one of them thus wrote home to his Christian friends:—"We know not what a day will bring upon us, but we do know that these can only kill the body: the soul is in the hands of our Master." Driven for a time from the island, in 1850, these good men returned to their work, once more willing to risk all for Jesus' sake; and the spirit in which they acted is expressed in the following extract from one of their letters—"Our hearts are often crying because of the wickedness of the people of this land, but we are not quite without joy. Our work is a work of joy, and Jesus is fulfilling his word, 'Lo! I am with you, even to the end of the world.'"

Many Christian teachers have become martyrs in the great work of spreading the Gospel. Among these were Samuela and his wife, who were murdered by the savages of Futuna. As they were much loved by their Christian friends in Samoa, there was great sorrow for their death; but that death seemed only to quicken the desire in others to go forth on the same dangerous errand. At a public meeting the Missionary described to the people what had taken place. "Tears," he writes, "for Samuela and his wife were freely shed, while all seemed united in a sentiment beautifully expressed by one of our native teachers, who has since offered to go forth to the same work. 'It is well,' he said, 'that they have fallen in the cause of Christ. They did not fall from their Christian profession. They are now with Jesus, which is far better. How many have fallen while fighting, or seeking after worldly gain, and yet how many are found pursuing the same thing; and shall we, because our brethren have fallen by the hands of those they went to save, fear to press forward in the same cause? No!'"

Such is the spirit of the Christians in Polynesia. If we at home had more of the same spirit, the word of the Lord would soon run and be glorified.

**CONDITION OF SLAVES IN SLAVE-HOLDING STATES OF AMERICA.**

We shall introduce our readers into some of the mysteries of this system. When they have perused them, they will wonder that men, professing to believe in the Christianity of the Bible, should not only identify themselves with such an evil, but even persuade themselves that



FUGITIVE AMERICAN SLAVES ON THEIR WAY TO THE FEDERAL CAMP.

it is an institution of God's appointment, and carries with it his sanction.

In the newspapers, advertisements will be found to the following effect—"The subscribers continue to sell negroes at their office. From their experience they can safely insure the highest prices for all negroes entrusted to their care. They are prepared to board and lodge negroes comfortably at 25 cents per day."

Let us imagine ourselves in Richmond, the capital of Virginia, about to attend one of these sales. The office is provided with a few deal forms and chairs, a desk at one of the windows, and a block, accessible by a few steps. A sufficient number of bidders and buyers having assembled, the sale commences.

A negro boy is first put up for sale. He is told to mount the block, which he does immediately. The auctioneer, putting his hand on the shoulders of the boy, says, "Now, gentlemen, here is a very fine boy, seven years of age, warranted sound. What do you say for him? I put him up at 500 dollars: any one say more than 500 dollars?" (560 is bid) "560 dollars: nonsense. Just look at him. See how high he is. You see he is a fine, tall, healthy boy. Look at his hands."

Several persons step forward to examine the boy. He is made to open and shut his hands, that the flexibility of the small fingers may be ascertained. The hands, and mouth also, having given satisfaction, the sale proceeds, and he is knocked down to the highest bidder.

In this way, men, women, and children, are sold as cattle at a sale. The man who buys considers them as his property, and leads them away.

It must be understood, that some of the States are more properly breeding States. Such are Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri. In these there is as much attention paid to the breeding or growth of negroes, as to that of horses and mules. They are purchased by the cotton States for labour on the plantations.

According to the law of American slavery, what is the condition of such persons? In the Supreme Court of North Carolina it was ruled thus—"A slave is one doomed in his own person and in his posterity to live without knowledge, and without the capacity to make any thing his own, and to toil that another may reap the fruits." The master has power to inflict corporal punishment to any extent short of life or limb. Education is forbidden to the slave. He may not be taught to read or write. The relations of husband and wife, parents and children, do not bind the master. If it be for his interest or pleasure, he may separate families, and sell the members away, one from the other.

A writer describes the negro-cabins in South Carolina—"They were not more than twelve feet square within. They stood in two rows, with a wide street between them. They were built of logs, with no windows—no opening at all, except the door-way, with a chimney of sticks and mud; with no trees about them, no porches or shades of any kind. The slaves were at work on the plantation: the majority were women. They were doing precisely the same work as the men, driving the carts, loading them with dirt and clumping them upon the road; cutting down trees, and drawing wood by the hand to lay across the miry places; hoeing and shovelling. They were dressed in coarse grey gowns, generally very much burned and very dirty, which, for the greater convenience



of working in the mud, were reefed up with a cord drawn tightly round the body a little above the hips. On their legs were loose leggings, or pieces of blanket wrapped about and lashed with thongs. They wore very heavy shoes. On their heads they wore handkerchiefs or men's caps.

The overseer rode about among them on a horse, carrying in his hand a raw-hide whip.

We cannot be surprised if, from such a state, these poor degraded creatures are glad to escape whenever an opportunity presents itself. Many of them have taken advantage of the present war to get away. Our engraving represents a group of them, pushing on, under the screen of the forests, towards the outposts of the Federalist army.

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### NEW MISSION IN THE KOI COUNTRY.

THAT portion of India known by the name of Gondwana, and lying to the south-west of Bengal and Behar, and behind Orissa, which borders it on the south-east, is a country but little known, inhabited by various wild tribes: to the north lie the Santhals; and southward, towards the Upper Godavery and its affluents, are the Koi people. Amongst this race a new Mission has been commenced by the Rev. F. W. Alexander, and some extracts from his journals, as introducing them to a new sphere of Missionary labour, and new races, will be interesting to the readers of the "Gleaner." As botanists, when they penetrate into countries previously unvisited, expect to find new specimens of Flora, so philanthropists look for man. He, in all his varieties, is the object of their research, and new tribes, from a desire to do them good, are to them objects of deep interest.

The houses of the Kois are built of bamboo plastered over with mud; the roofs come down in a great slope, and the side walls are built up so as to leave a great part of this slope for a verandah. Under this there is an elevated platform of clay, and this seems to be the reception-place, so to call it, of a Koi householder. The family are all seen here, either idly sitting or doing household duties. In this place I was received, and a cot was placed for me to sit down on: very great interest was manifested whilst I spoke on indifferent topics, but the moment I began to speak about religion, they seemed to shut up themselves in themselves. They listened, or rather appeared to listen, well to all I said, and as long as I choose to speak, but I could hardly get an answer from them. If I asked them a question, I was invariably answered as follows,—“What do we know? Only such a person as your honour knows that. Tell us.” Surely this would appear to arise partly from want of ever having their minds exercised on such things, and partly from fear of some evil happening to them from their answer.

The rain still continued all night, so that I was greatly afraid of its filling up the *vâgus*, or mountain streams; but as I was assured the floods subside as quickly as they rise, we set off at 7 A.M. Two Kois

carried my baggage. As the Kois always willingly provide a cot, I did not take one with me. About one hundred yards beyond the village the jungle commenced, and it continued the same character throughout the day's march. The jungle we passed through in no way resembles what is generally understood by that word, viz. a tangled impassable brushwood, and trees of immense size, growing closely together. The term "shrubbery," conveys more accurately what I saw all along the line of march, and indeed I may say, all of the Koi country I passed through is more like a well laid-out ground than any thing I know of. Except along the rivers, and towards the hills, the trees are not of a large kind, in general about fifteen feet high, I think, and growing at an easy distance from one another. Between them there is most luxuriant grass: in many places it was higher than my head when I was on horseback, and in general, I think, it grows to a height between four and five feet. Accustomed to the wretched grass of the plains, this was really a beautiful sight. We passed, also, very great quantities of wild indigo, also a sort of wild rice, and the cassia tree. I have no doubt that there are many other interesting and valuable products growing here.

The country is emphatically *a land of waters*. Many times we passed fine meadows with the water trickling over them without any care from man. The little rivulets and small streams, and the deep *vágus* are, I might almost say, innumerable; almost every two or three miles we crossed one of the latter. These *vágus* would be called rivers in the low country, and well deserve the name. Their depth may be judged from the fact that my luggage had to be carried over them on the heads of the coolies, and even thus, in many instances, we found it difficult to cross over. To cultivate the land the inhabitants are far too few. In our day's march of twenty miles we only passed six small villages. All the Koi villages I saw throughout the whole tour were of one character, containing on an average five or six houses, often two or three, and never more than ten or fifteen. As we approached the Godavery, the people seemed to improve in appearance: the men were larger and better fed, and the women not so degraded as along the Sebrée. Within thirty miles of the Godavery I noticed that some of the men wore gold trinkets on their persons. Still little clothing was used by either sex. I found it very hard to get them into conversation at all, and much more so when religion was touched upon; but two or three fair opportunities did occur through the day of preaching Jesus. All that I spoke with seemed to understand and speak Telugu well, very much like the lower castes in our own districts, but I am not quite sure that they understood much of the Scripture terms we are obliged to employ in preaching. All that I spoke with said they worshipped Amavara and Muthgalamma, village goddesses. I rather think these names were borrowed from the Mallas around, but their own proper worship is the spirits said to inhabit all their mountains. As we advanced towards the Godavery, these names were dropped, and all said with one word, "We worship the spirits of the mountains." They know well, however, that the great God, creator, preserver, and punisher of the human race, is different, and sometimes they say offerings are made to Him. They also worship Beemadúr, from whom they say they are all descended. The Kois call themselves, and

are invariably called Doralu, "lords or gentlemen," and their women are called Dorasánu, "ladies."

We shall continue to give, from time to time, such intelligence as may reach us concerning this new Mission in a land of waters. "Blessed are they that sow beside all waters."

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### ACCOUNT OF PAUL, A NATIVE EVANGELIST IN THE TINNEVELLY MISSION.

BY THE REV. J. THOMAS.

It has been suggested to me from several quarters that some special notice should be taken of this eminent servant of Christ; and as he was associated with me for upwards of twenty years in the Tinnevelly Mission, it was naturally expected that I should answer to the demands so made. When I took pen in hand, with the view to accomplish this task, those verses in Isaiah lv. occurred to me, as conveying to us the mind of the Lord upon this sorrowful dispensation.—"My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

Paul was born in the village of Kallangavilei, in the Asirvadhapuram district of the Tinnevelly Mission. His father was a cultivator of the palmyra trees, and in early life he had himself been actually engaged in the work of climbing.

His mental training was absolutely nothing, which he much lamented; and endeavoured, when a young man, to learn to read his native tongue, by going when convenient to the village school, and by striving to make out the religious tracts which fell into his hands from time to time.

He was baptized by the late Rev. Mr. Rhenius, with other members of his family, and for some time after pursued the business of trader between North and South Tinnevelly. During this time, being naturally of an active turn of mind, he made some progress in Christian knowledge, and was led to offer himself as a candidate for admission into Mr. Rhenius' preparandi class. Here he continued but a short time, and was sent out as a reader by that eminent servant of God.

My first interview with him I well remember. He was a catechist in a small village in the Mengnánapuram district, upon the receipt of the minimum salary then given to catechists in the Mission, when I took charge in 1838.

As soon as I took up my residence at Mengnánapuram I began a weekly meeting for the instruction of the catechists, at which Paul was the most constant and diligent of attendants. He never, I believe, missed a meeting, and never let slip any single item of information, whether directly or indirectly communicated, which he thought might be made use of. All went down upon his palmyra-leaf memorandum-book, and years afterwards I heard the things which had formed the subject of study at our meetings, reproduced in Paul's sermons with astonishing felicity and freshness. He soon attracted my notice by the sermons which he preached, in his turn, at the monthly meetings of the catechists,

and he rose to be one of the most efficient catechists under my care. He laboured most diligently and successfully at several of the largest and most important congregations, until he was promoted in 1855 to be inspecting catechist of the district of Saththankullam. For some years he was catechist of Vellalenvilei, and I well remember, that soon after removing him there, I asked one of the people who accompanied me, as I returned home one evening from holding service, how he liked the new catechist. His reply was, "Hitherto we have been as men looking at the wrong side of the glass, but now we see ourselves as we are." Many of his sermons as catechist showed such unequivocal marks that he was a man of superior mind, a sound divine, and eloquent speaker, that I felt no hesitation in recommending him to the Corresponding Committee, to be proposed to the Bishop for ordination. After the usual preliminary examination by two of the Missionary brethren, Paul was approved of as a candidate, and admitted to deacons' orders at Mengnánapuram, on St. David's day, in the year 1856, and continued to reside at Saththankullam until his death. As that district was under my care, I had to visit it monthly, especially for the purpose of administering the Lord's Supper. On those occasions I always left one of the sermons to Paul, and I can truly say that I never listened with such unfeigned pleasure to any other preacher. He was a profound divine, handling the most difficult questions with astonishing ease and clearness. Some of his sermons have made a lasting impression upon my mind, one especially from the words, "Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth." No master in Israel ever handled the subject of God's sovereignty and the election of grace, on the one hand, with man's accountability on the other, with more accurate nicety than he did. The impression upon my mind was, "This man is at perfect ease when descanting upon the mysteries of religion, and has penetrated further within the veil than any one I have ever met before." And again he preached another remarkable sermon from the words, "Who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

Never shall I forget it, and never did I feel so entirely subdued as when he described the shame which Jesus endured in order to save sinners. Nor did I ever feel so transported to the "heavenly places" as when he described the glory which the Saviour received as the reward of his sufferings. It was the last sermon I heard from him, and I never expect to hear such a sermon again. He was mighty in the Scriptures, and quoted, memoriter, verse after verse, throughout his sermon, from every part of the sacred volume, with perfect ease, without ever once referring to his Bible. He never took so much as a scrap of paper to the pulpit in the form of notes, and yet he always rigidly adhered to his text. His imagination was fertile, his resources in illustration inexhaustible; his language clear, copious, appropriate, and euphonious, in the highest degree, and abounding in alliteration, which is considered a great beauty in Tamil. One of the native Christians, when referring to his preaching, after his death, remarked to me, that his words passed out of his mouth like pearls upon a string; referring, I doubt not, to the beauty and regularity with which they followed one another.

Paul was frequently in the habit of assisting the Rev. Mr. Schaffter at the adjoining district of Suviseshapuram, and after one of those visits I received the following note from Mr. Schaffter, which shows what his estimate was of Paul's power as a preacher, and I think it fully corroborates my opinion.

"MY DEAR THOMAS,

1st December 1856.

"Yesterday we had, I may say, the privilege to have Paul with us, and to hear him preach. What an effusion of genius and natural eloquence! Towards the end of his sermon, what beautiful figures, and evidently quite original, were made use of, and in this beautiful dress the true Gospel was presented to us all. We were really edified. A most excellent thing in Paul is, that his great talents are equalled by his modesty: no pretension. We like him indeed very much, and whenever you can let him come here on a Sunday, we shall be very thankful. I never had heard him preach before, and I must say the reality passed the expectation by far.

"Ever affectionately yours,

"P. SCHAFFTER."

He always secured the complete attention of his audience throughout his sermon, indeed I may say before he began; for as he ascended the pulpit, every eye brightened, and universal silence prevailed. He read his text, not in a hurry, and, true to nature, he *talked* slowly, and all but hesitatingly for some minutes; but while listening to him, or "ever one was aware," he carried away his audience in a manner at once delightful and irresistible. Paul withal was a most humble man, sincere and loving, and his great gifts and abilities never proved in any degree a snare to him. This was a charming feature in his character, and secured for him universal respect and esteem, both from Europeans and natives. It may be asked, Whence had this man these wonderful gifts and graces? My only answer is, "From the fountain of all knowledge, wisdom, and grace—from the Spirit of Jehovah through the Holy Bible." Not, however, without earnest effort upon his part, for he was a most diligent and indefatigable student, especially of God's Word. He was also a man of prayer. You felt that as soon as he knelt down and opened his lips in supplication he was engaged in no strange work, but in that which was familiar to him: he was in his element.

His labours at Saththankullam have been greatly blessed. He constantly went among the heathen, accompanied by one or two Catechists, and was very successful in bringing many over to Christianity, and the whole district improved through his faithful preaching of the Gospel. Christ was his constant theme, and the Spirit crowned his labours. He was ordained priest in December 1859, and from that time administered the Lord's Supper in the Saththankullam district, and thus materially lightened my labours.

During the close of the present year, cholera prevailed throughout Tinnevely to a fearful extent, and Saththankullam was visited with the scourge.

On a Tuesday evening Paul went to visit a poor widow woman, a member of the congregation, who was labouring under a fatal attack: on his return from her house he was seized with premonitory symptoms.

The disease yielded at first to the usual remedies, but he had a severe relapse, and though he lived until the following Friday, the 23d November, he never rallied again. He was conscious of his approaching departure, but exhibited a firm faith in the Redeemer, and maintained to the last a calm and quiet frame of mind. As far as I can learn, he died at the age of 50. The Church in Tinnevely has sustained, in his death, an irreparable loss. Paul was her own peculiar offspring, nourished at her side, and had received no extraneous advantages. He knew not a word of English, and had never been in any Theological Institution.

Well might she be proud of such a son, and rejoice in his usefulness and honour. But, alas! he was cut down at a time when, by God's blessing, great things might have been expected of his labours. What a loss! When shall we see his like again among our Hindu converts! But we must be still, and know that Jehovah is God. He is the Supreme Ruler and Disposer of all events: what He wills is just, yea, is best. Here must our regrets and sorrows end, for we know that He doeth all things well.—*Madras Church Missionary Record.*

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L I N E S

Suggested by a touching account of the death of a beloved daughter, sent home to America by the bereaved mother, a Missionary's wife at Cesarea, Turkey

It was the noon of night ;—  
 The dwellers of an ancient Moslem town  
 On Asiatic shore were wrapt in sleep ;—  
 Hushed every sound ;—no hurrying footsteps  
 Echoed along deserted, stony streets ;—  
 And darkness reigned, as if a pall of death  
 Were hung o'er every roof within its walls.  
 One lonely lamp gleamed through the murky shroud,  
 Like a pale star, with sad, uncertain rays.  
 It marked the spot where Love was keeping watch  
 Beside a couch of suffering and death.  
 An angel hovered near, on folded wings,  
 And bent, with pitying eyes, above the scenes  
 Of earthly grief.

A cherished "bud of promise" languished there,  
 Whose tender leaves had just begun to ope,  
 And shed sweet fragrance in that Christian home.  
 Her very being seemed instinct with *love* ;  
 And like a ray of sunshine, soft and bright,  
 She flitted here and there, warming the hearts  
 Of parents who, for Christ, had left their all,  
 To live and labour in that stranger land ;  
 And oft, when sad and toil-worn, had her voice,  
 With bird-like music, chased away the clouds.

But the Destroyer came.  
 A blight was on that tender plant ;—it drooped.  
 With trembling hearts they watched its fading leaves,  
 And strove to bring new life and colour back ;  
 But all in vain. That little head bent low ;—  
 No earthly helper near, with healing balm,  
 To stay the progress of the fell disease.  
 And she must die!—their darling, angel-child!

Alone, they knelt beside her little couch,  
 And from "the depths" an agonizing cry  
 Went up to heaven for aid in that dark hour.  
 The ministering one drew near, with fluttering wings,  
 And peace, like heavenly dew, fell on their souls.  
 The struggle o'er, again their prayer arose:  
 "Father, thy will be done! We'll drink the cup  
 Thy hand of love hath mixed—submissively.  
 She is thine own; we yield her back to thee."  
 Now fainter grew her breath,—one gasp,—'twas o'er!  
 The soft light faded out from those dear eyes,  
 Before the rosy-fingered morning came,  
 With gentle touch, to wake a sleeping world,  
 And found within that home an empty shrine.  
 But ere the angel bore their child away,  
 He touched their eyes, and faith's keen vision saw  
 Her upward flight to heaven.  
 And when the "golden gates" wide open flew,  
 To "let the little traveller in," a song  
 Of joyous triumph rose from earth!  
 The mother turned away from that bright scene,  
 To robe the lovely form of marble clay,  
 For the cold, silent tomb;—her last, sad task;—  
 Folded the dimpled hands across the pulseless breast;  
 Brushed back the clustering hairs from the fair brow,  
 And gazed a long, last look on that loved face,  
 With all a mother's heart;  
 Then laid her little one in faith to sleep,  
 Till the last trump shall sound.

The mourning parents sat beside their dead,  
 With none to whisper words of sympathy  
 In their sweet, mother tongue;  
 But when the lifeless form was gently borne  
 To its last resting-place, with tearful eyes,  
 And sympathizing hearts, by those to whom  
 Their lips had brought "glad tidings of great joy,"  
 And bands of dark-eyed children sweetly sang  
 Of the "Good Shepherd," and the "Happy Land,"  
 Their stricken hearts were comforted. With thanks  
 To Him who thus had given a "hundred fold"  
 For all their sorrows, toils and cares, afresh  
 They clasped their armour on, for the blest work  
 Of gathering priceless souls for God and heaven.

*Constantinople, Feb. 1861.*

M. A. W.

### APPEAL TO CHRISTIANS.

ARE the 400,000,000 of China indeed accessible to the Gospel? It is a thought almost too good to be believed—too great to be comprehended. Would that Christians would fix their minds upon this thought, dwell upon it, revolve it and re-revolve it, until some adequate conception is attained of its vastness, and what it involves, and until their hearts are filled with unutterable desires for the salvation of this immense multitude. Are there not many Christian hearts to pity, to weep over, to pray for, and to bring the Gospel to these hundreds of millions now

rendered accessible? Their condition, filled with all unrighteousness and wickedness, buried in darkness and superstition, and travelling on to "the blackness of darkness for ever," calls for the deepest compassion, and the most strenuous efforts to enlighten and save them. What is done for this generation must be done speedily, for it is passing away at the rate of about 30,000 souls every day. Oh that God would pour out his Spirit upon Christians at home, that they might be incited to come to the rescue; upon us who are in the field labouring, that we might discharge our duty faithfully, "as ambassadors for Christ;" and upon this poor people, that they might be awakened to a sense of their condition, and flee to Jesus to save them ere it is too late.

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THE CRIPPLE OF EYBER—A MIRACLE OF GRACE.

VERY seldom do the records of the world present a case exhibiting more strikingly the power of Christian faith than does the following narrative, furnished by Mr. Dwight, of Constantinople. Visiting different Missionary stations in Western Asia, Mr. Dwight came to Killis, an out-station of Aleppo, and he writes—

"I witnessed in Killis a most remarkable spectacle. We heard that a poor cripple had been brought there lately, from a place in the Taurus mountains, called *Eyber*, about two days' ride distant, and that he was rejoicing in the hope of the Gospel. We (Mr. Goss and myself) called upon him. The hovel that he was in would not have been considered fit for animals in America. It was constructed of mud, had only the ground for a floor, and was composed of a single low room. He was lying on his back, with nothing under him but a piece of coarse hair bagging; and his head was supported by a very small and thin straw pillow, resting upon a pile of stones. He was covered with rags and filth, and his bodily infirmities were calculated to excite our deepest commiseration. His bony hands were drawn firmly together, so that he could by no means open them, and his elbows were quite stiff. The flesh was gone from both hands and arms, and I presume, in a great measure, from his whole body. If ever there was in this world an object of pity, that man was such an object. And yet, from the time we entered the room until the time we left it, he never uttered one word of complaint, never even spoke of his pains and sufferings, or of his poverty; but his whole conversation and his whole appearance were those of a most perfectly contented, cheerful, and happy man! For twenty years he has been in this crippled condition, unable to move his limbs; and previously he was a robber, and lived by his own wickedness.

"Four years ago, while in his mountain village, he heard of the Protestants. Subsequently, some copies of the New Testament found their way to his village, and one of them was read from in his hearing. A native Protestant first explained to him the Gospel way of salvation, and two years ago he thinks he received, by faith, the Lord Jesus Christ; and ever since he has been filled with peace and joy.

"Many a king and emperor might well envy him his lot. Within the last year, notwithstanding all the disabilities and discouragements of his condition, he has actually learned to read, and now he keeps the New

Testament by his side, and from time to time comforts his desolate heart by reading from its sacred pages. He appears to be somewhat over fifty years of age. Truly, here is a miracle of grace! I asked him if he felt that his sins were forgiven? 'Yes,' said he, 'by the grace of God our Saviour, Jesus Christ, I have found peace. I have no hope in any thing else but Christ, but through him I have peace and joy.' He said he had no fear of death left, but was ready to depart whenever it should be God's will. I inquired particularly about the terms on which the sinner can be admitted to heaven. He said, 'It is all by the free grace of God. Nothing that the sinner can do can ever avail to purchase pardon and eternal life. Even if he were to collect a heap of silver as high as from earth to heaven, it would all avail nothing.'

"Oh what power there is in the Gospel of Christ, to enlighten and transform so dark a mind, and to put hope, and life, and peace into such a soul! A few years ago, he was an ignorant, degraded, hardened, and abandoned wretch. And now, if anybody were to look into his hovel and see him drawn up and withered by disease, and often racked with pain, lying neglected upon the hard ground, he would feel that he was the most miserable of all human beings. And yet there are few happier men in this wide world! I went there hoping to impart some good, but I received far more than I gave. I went hoping that I might afford him some little consolation, but he became God's instrument in greatly comforting my own soul.

"We do not yet know what great results may follow the conversion of this one man. The leaven is spreading in the mountain village from which he came. It has now become an out-station of Aintab, and ten Armenian families have already declared themselves Protestants. It seems plain that this is the work of the Holy Spirit, and we have reason to expect that it will extend through all that part of the mountains. Mr. Goss was to go there from Killis with two of the members of the church session of that place, and a native helper, whom he was to leave there, the church in Killis promising to pay fifty piasters a-month towards his salary, or nearly one-third."—*Journal of Missions.*

A CASE OF DIFFICULT DECISION.

SUCH cases often present themselves to Ministers at home and Missionaries abroad—cases of conscience, in which it is difficult to advise, and cases of ministerial responsibility, in which it is difficult to know how to act. Nor is it indeed only Ministers and Missionaries. There are few private Christians who have not had experiences at times, in which, in the management of their private concerns, the path of duty has been otherwise than clear to them. At such a time we grope our way, like one who, caught in the mists on a mountain side, is fearful of losing his path. But there is One who has promised to guide us, who has said, "I will bring the blind by a way that they know not: I will lead them in paths that they have not known." To Him, in the prayerful searching of his word, let us look, and we shall not be left without the needful help.

In the Home and Foreign Record of the American Presbyterian

Church, a case of this kind is mentioned by one of their body, as having recently occurred at Allahabad—

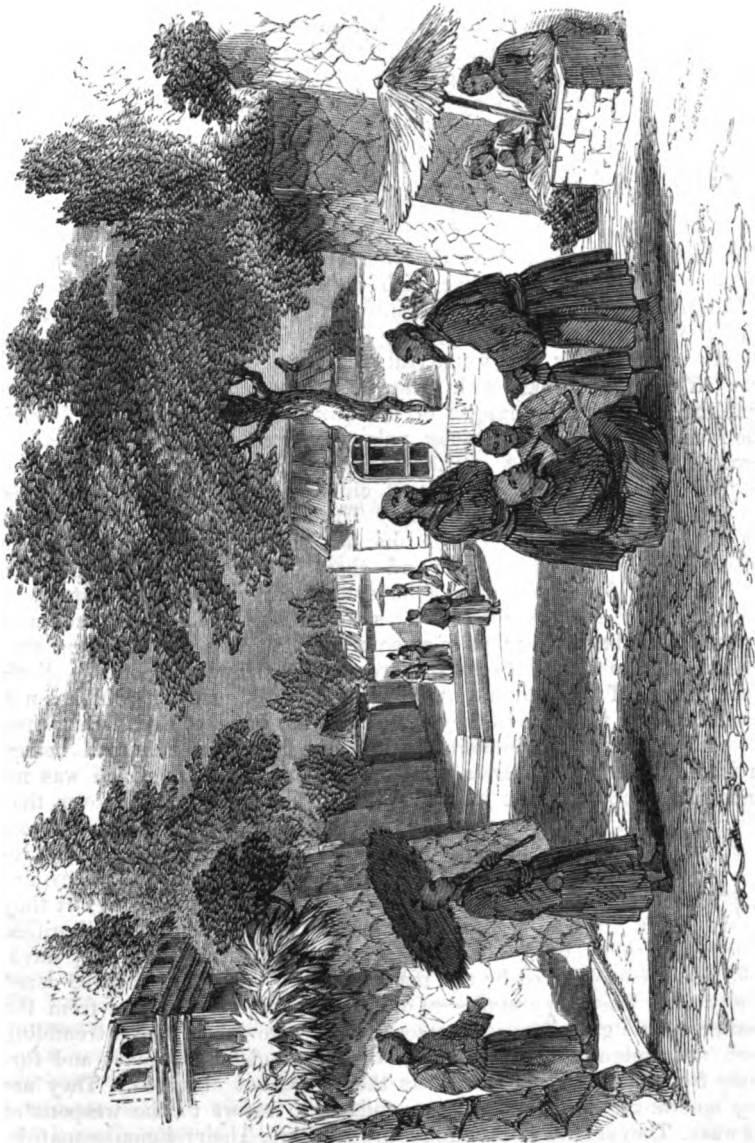
An interesting case of a prisoner in the jail, who was there on the charge of aiding and abetting the mutiny, may be mentioned more particularly, as showing the difficulties which we are frequently called upon to encounter, and also the possibility of an error in this particular case. We were informed of the strong desire expressed by this man for baptism and admission into the visible church, through the doctor in charge of the jail. We visited him several times; and found him persistent in his desire and anxiety to follow Christ, but we feared this anxiety might be caused by some possible worldly advantage, which he fancied would result from his baptism. We felt that it was due to him and the cause to be particularly cautious in all our interviews and dealings with him. To test him thoroughly, we kept somewhat aloof, and each time of more than usual absence we were sure to receive a letter or message, begging for our presence, and baptism. In one of these letters he threatened to report us to the Bishop; and when he found we were not subject to his jurisdiction, he told us that he would report us to the Lord Jesus Christ, the great Bishop and Master, as refusing him the badge of his service, and the honour of publicly professing his faith and attachment to the only Redeemer of mankind. He renounced, in the most public manner, Islamism. What interested me more in this man was our recollection of him in 1844, whilst at Futtehgurh, where he was in the habit of visiting Mr. Rankin, of our Mission, for religious conversation. He was intelligent, and thoroughly acquainted with all the controversial works on Christianity and Mohammedanism. He died very suddenly, and, since his death, I have felt as though an error had been committed in not complying with his request for baptism. He recanted all his error before the prisoners, and constantly declared his faith in Christ as the only true Saviour.

It is consolatory to remember that the man's salvation was not dependent on the decision of the Missionary, and the administration of the sacrament of baptism, but on his having laid hold on Christ by faith. Such the Lord directs to be baptized, and they who are such, if rightly instructed, will desire to be so. But when the administration is prevented by circumstances over which they have no control, their willingness in such cases is regarded as equivalent to an actual administration.

But one point in particular is especially satisfactory in this fragment of intelligence. It shows that the Missionaries have access to prisoners in the jails of India, at least whensoever a prisoner desires their attendance, for the purpose of receiving Christian instruction at their hands. We have often thought of, and commiserated, the position of these unhappy men, many of them prisoners for life; and therefore, unless some opportunities be afforded for the light of Christian truth to reach them, shut out from that which of all men they most need to know, there is no class of men which more confessedly needs the Gospel: they are hopeless as to this life. They ought not to be excluded from the hope of recovery as to the life which is to come.

LOOCHOO.

THE group of islands known as the Loochoo is said to be in number thirty-six, at a considerable distance from each other. and lying between the islands of Kioosioo and Formosa. It is a question yet discussed to what power these islands belong. By some they are said to be a depen-



SCENE IN A LOOCHOO VILLAGE.

dency of the Prince of Satzuma: others suppose that they belong to China. The probability is that they are a dependency of Japan, although they compromise matters with China by paying tribute to that country. These islands are remarkable for their picturesque beauty. The appearance of the great Loochoo, as seen from the sea, is thus described—"The shores of the island were green and beautiful from the water, diversified with groves and fields of the richest verdure. The rain had brightened the colours of the landscape, which recalled to my mind the richest English scenery. The swelling hills, which recalled to my mind the richest English scenery. The swelling hills, which rose immediately from the water's edge, increased in height toward the centre of the island, and were picturesquely broken by abrupt rocks and crags, which, rising here and there, gave evidence of volcanic action. Woods, apparently of cedar and pine, ran along the crests of the hills, while their slopes were covered with gardens and fields of grain." Again the same writer describes his entrance into the harbour of Napha—"We found a narrow channel, winding between the groves of mimic foliage, and landed upon the rock which rose about a foot above the water. Here the little pools which seamed the surface were alive with crabs, snails, star-fish, seaprickles, and numbers of small fish of the intensest blue colour. We hung for some time over the coral banks, enraptured with the beautiful forms and colours exhibited by this wonderful vegetation of the sea. The coral grew in rounded banks, with clear, deep spaces of water between, resembling, in miniature, ranges of hills covered with autumnal forests. The loveliest tints of blue, violet, pale green, yellow, and white, gleamed through the waves, and all the varied forms of vegetable life were grouped together along the edges of cliffs and precipices, hanging over the chasms worn by currents below. Through those paths, and between the stems of the coral groves, the blue fish shot hither and thither, like arrows of the purest lapis-lazuli; and others of a dazzling emerald colour, with sails and fins tipped with gold, eluded our chase. The water was so clear that the eye was deceived as to its depth, and we seemed now to rest on the branching tops of some climbing forest, now to hang suspended, as in mid-air, between the crests of two opposing ones." Such is the beauty of the land and sea of these favoured islands. Sin has not touched these: they are as they came from the hand of God. But when we come to look to the inhabitants of these islands, the human beings for whom these lovely islands were destined, that nature which was intended for a crown to the inferior works of God, we soon discover that here, as well as elsewhere, man has grievously suffered from the effects of sin, and the want of its only cure, the Gospel of Christ. In many respects the Loochooans are superior to other heathen people. They are hospitable and inoffensive, and remarkable for their cleanliness; but they are subject to a fearful system of espionage from the insular authorities. Everywhere there are spies: they infest every corner and every threshold, and are so dreaded by the mass of the people, that if these dared at any time, when they were sure of not being seen, to receive from the strangers little gratuities and presents, they were taken with a trembling hand, and instantly concealed, while their eyes glanced rapidly and furtively from side to side to see that they were not observed. They are very ignorant, and have long been obliged to resort to the weapons of the weak. They are therefore cunning and insincere. Their religion seems to be

a mixture of Confucianism and Buddhism. The disposition of the native authorities towards Christianity is thus expressed in a communication received from them by an English captain, when the Bishop of Victoria was at the island—"Our gentry, as well as the common people, are without common capacity; and although they have attended exclusively to Confucianism, they have as yet been unable to arrive at perfection in it. If they should now, also, have to study, in addition, the religion of the Lord of heaven (Christianity), such an attempt would surpass our ability, and the heart does not incline to it." What an admission is here of the powerlessness of false systems of religion to improve the state of a people, and, at the same time, what a confession of the antipathy of the natural heart of man to the reception of the only belief that can really aid him. Truly there is wanting nothing less than a divine Power, even that of God the Holy Spirit, to show them that the religion of the Lord of heaven is the only one that can avail them, telling, as it does, of a God who stooped to save sinners, to raise them out of all their degradation, and make them to sit with Him in heavenly places.

So opposed are the authorities to the teaching of Christianity, and so close the bondage in which the people are kept, that, up to the present time, the efforts of Missionaries to obtain a good working status in these islands have been unsuccessful.

INTELLIGENCE FROM YORUBA.

In a previous Number we referred to the bombardment of Porto-Novo. We have now to state that the submission of the king has been followed by his consent to a commercial treaty, prohibitory of the slave-trade, and promotive of legitimate trade. For this purpose the acting Consul started from Lagos at noon on the 12th of June, accompanied by the Rev. J. A. Maser, the Church Missionary at Lagos. The next afternoon they reached the Porto-Novian barrier. "About six miles below Porto-Novo for the protection of the river, sticks or trees are fastened into the river bank, of some sixteen feet long; but the present appearance is rather that of a large mass of grass composed of floating islands, which are periodically detached from the extensive swamps above Porto-Novo, and which form a large green band across the river extending for about a mile towards the town.

"Some sticks had to be pulled out in order to make a passage for the steamer; it was also necessary to haul down part of the grass into the river. This took them the whole of Friday afternoon, and they had to anchor below the barrier for the night. As this large mass of grass has come down from Porto-Novo in less than two months, it is probable it will cover the whole of the river in less than a year. The water is not stopped, but it flows through and below the grass. On the morning of Friday the "Brune," entering the channel made on Thursday evening, pressed full speed against the mass of grass, which, detaching itself into islands, gave way, and the steamer soon came through it, though when the ship returned and came up again, no passage remained, as the grass floated back again where the steamer had gone through. On Friday, at two P.M., they arrived at Porto-Novo. The town is situated on the con-

tinental side of the lagoon : it is covered by many high trees, and the houses peep through the bush in detached groups. Before the town, towards the lagoon, is a broad swamp covered with high grass, as it is seen at Badagry. There are a few scorched trees and some houses without roofs to be seen from the ship, but nothing more to indicate the great destruction which took place two months ago. On Saturday morning the king's messengers came to fetch the Consul over to the king, who had an interview with him. The king was lying in a white sheet, his head covered with a white cap, and a spittoon of silver at his right side.

"After the private interview with the Consul was over, Mr. Maser saw the king, who promised that if all was settled, he also should be included; and Mr. Maser was then told that the king hesitated to sign the treaty. On Monday morning the Consul went again to the king to hear his final answer, and to our great joy the king was ready to sign the treaty. After he had taken the pen into his hand, he asked the chiefs, who were sitting on the ground in the open air before his hut, three times whether he should sign the treaty, and they all answered in the affirmative, he made his mark to the name Soji. Seven guns fired from the 'Brune' announced to the people of Porto-Novo that the treaty had been signed. The king gave the merchants and Missionaries who had come from Lagos permission to choose ground wherever they liked; accordingly a piece of ground was selected for the Church Missionary Society, which Mr. Buko was to show to the king's men, to clear and fence it in with sticks. The whole country round the town is under careful cultivation: every spot seems to be occupied: the whole place looks like a garden. The hoe which is used is longer, stronger, and narrower than those used in the interior. There are a good many Yorubas there as well as the Popos. The Porto-Novans dwell in Porto-Novo itself, and about twenty villages."

At Abbeokuta the war with Ibadan is still burning. Within the town itself, another conflict is going on, that between light and darkness. Two facts we are about to mention contrast strongly with each other. The first is an evidence of the increasing power of Christian knowledge and principle amongst the people.

"On Monday, July 1st, at eleven A.M., a meeting of the Church Missionary Society was held in the Ake church. The proceedings were in Yoruba, with the exception of two speeches which were translated. There was a good attendance. The meeting lasted till nearly three P.M., when there was a collection, which is expected altogether to amount to nearly 25*l.* Nine bags, six heads, thirty-three strings of cowries, besides 15*l.* 10*s.* in silver and notes, were collected on the spot. This sum is devoted to the Female Institution, which it is intended shortly to establish in Abbeokuta."

Missionary meetings at home may take example by this far-off one in heathen Abbeokuta. It shows when people give willingly, how much may be done. But we say heathen Abbeokuta, for the other fact evidences how retentive heathenism is of its old strength and rule.

"On Saturday, July 13th, an Oro meeting was held on account of the war. At this meeting orders were given that no more of the Ijaye people were to be kidnapped by the Egbas. After the meeting a

poor woman was put to death who had been caught in the morning outside the walls of her house ; for the rule that any woman caught in the street when Oro is out, shall be put to death, is strictly adhered to by the Yoruba tribes."

TAMIL COOLIE MISSION.

LARGE numbers of coolies from Southern India are employed on the coffee-plantations in the Kandy district of Ceylon. In the year 1854-55 some of the coffee-planters invited the Rev. W. Knight, one of the Society's Clerical Secretaries, who was at that time in the island, to visit these settlements, and devise, if possible, some means of promoting the moral and religious welfare of the coolies while they remained in Ceylon. The result was, the commencement of Missionary operations on a new and interesting basis : the native churches in Tinnevely were to supply the catechists, the planters to provide the salaries, and the Church Missionary Society was to be honoured by the management and superintendence of the whole work, of which the coolies were to receive the benefit.

The area of the Mission is extensive. The catechists, under the superintendence of our experienced Missionary, the Rev. S. Hobbs, are engaged in visiting 500 estates, and preaching "to upwards of 100,000 people scattered over a mountainous country upwards of 3000 square miles in extent. The difficulties necessarily attendant on such an undertaking are enhanced by the migrations of the people, many of the new inquirers returning to their country before the catechists can pay them a second visit. Nevertheless, as many as twenty-three adults have attained sufficient knowledge of the leading doctrines of Christianity to give a clear account of the essentials of their faith, and receive the rite of baptism ; and there are still several candidates. It is also a remarkable coincidence, that the district in Tinnevely in which the Christian church has lately received such large accessions from the heathen population, is one of those from which large numbers of coolies visit Ceylon. Whether the efforts of the catechists here have contributed in any degree to this result the Committee have not heard, but it seems probable, especially as it is known that there are Christians residing there who received their first religious impressions in Ceylon."

This is a fact of much interest and importance. Fragments of races, separated from the national masses to which they belong, and consequently free from the tyranny of prevailing customs and other counteracting influences, have not unfrequently been found more open to the action of Christian truth than if they had remained at home. Advantage should be taken of these opportunities. If, as these Indian coolies do, they retain connexion with the parent stock, not only will they be benefited themselves, but, on returning home, they will communicate to their friends and relatives the knowledge they have acquired, and thus act as leaven in the lump.

The great want which this interesting work has to contend with is one very general over the Missionary field—a deficient supply of labourers. For the wide field of effort to which we have referred, there are only six catechists.

"Very urgent requests for duly-qualified catechists had been made to

all the Tamil Mission stations which have training institutions connected with them. Such appeals have been made to Tinnevely, Jaffna, Madura, Nagercoil, Neyoor, Trichinopoly, Madras, &c., and though they have been kindly received, the needful supply has not been granted. It is gratifying to know that the reason why catechists have not been sent here is, that they are so urgently required in their own country, and that new converts, requiring instruction, continue to be so numerous, that every available catechist is required to teach them. In one district alone, in Tinnevely, during the past year (1860) as many as fifteen hundred persons have renounced their heathen errors, and sought Christian instruction.

"This being the case, we may reasonably hope that the want will be but temporary, the very cause of it being of such a nature as eventually to furnish a fresh supply. In the mean time, the Directors of one of the Church Missionary Society's Training Institutions in India have offered to maintain and educate candidates, especially for Ceylon. Two or three Tamil Christians, who have manifested considerable zeal, have already been sent over from Ceylon to that Institution, with the view, eventually, of their employment here."

The catechists are courteously received by all classes of the people. From the European gentlemen residing on the estates they receive unvarying kindness. "The conductors, canganies, and coolies continue to be well affected towards the catechists, although they know, and by this time thoroughly understand, what their object and desire is ; for there is nothing which wins the respect of the Tamil people more than a courteous and candid straightforwardness. The genuine feeling of the Tamil people towards the catechists is strikingly illustrated in a department of the Mission, small indeed, compared with the rest, but of growing importance and great interest, namely, the native estates in the neighbourhood of the town of Kandy. Within a circuit of about three miles round the town of Kandy, there are now as many as sixty small estates owned by natives, Singhalese, and Tamils, all employing Tamil coolies, varying from seven or eight to fifty in number. As there are no Europeans connected with these miniature estates, it cannot be supposed that the coolies think to please masters by listening to the catechists, and yet some of the most interesting incidents which have transpired during the year have been on these native estates. The catechists are welcomed in almost all of them : the tracts are received and read with avidity, and, in several instances, conviction of the truth has been the result."

Several promising congregations have been brought together, one numbering as many as 200. The total number of Tamil Protestant Christians found on the estates in 1856 was 381 ; in 1860 they were found to be 777, rather more than double.

"One interesting feature connected with these congregations is the Tamil Christian's Friend Society. "It is supported by the Tamil Christians themselves. It is, however, a rule of that Society that the Superintendent of the Coolie Mission for the time being, shall always be the President of the Society. It was thought that the friends of the Mission would be pleased to hear of such a benevolent and truly-Christian movement amongst the Tamil congregations connected with it, and it is believed that they will be gratified to hear of its continuance and prosper-

city. The Tamil Committee have relieved every indigent Christian who had any claim upon their Society according to the rules, and several others to whom the rules would not have admitted a right, but yet did not restrict the (Tamil) Committee from giving as a matter of bounty. Also, on hearing of the distress arising from the famine in Northern India, at their next meeting they unanimously voted a grant of 4*l.* for the relief of the sufferers, in addition to which, collections and subscriptions were made in the Tamil congregations, to the amount of 3*l.* 15*s.* more, so that they had the pleasure of transmitting the sum of 7*l.* 15*s.* to the Famine Relief Fund in Calcutta. They held their second annual meeting on the 25th December 1860, having chosen Christmas-day because they could anticipate a larger attendance than at any other season. There was a good number present, and the speeches made on the occasion were very interesting. They still have a balance of about 30*l.* in their treasury."

One unmistakeable evidence of the sustained and increasing interest felt by the planters, and other inhabitants of the island in the spiritual welfare of the Tamil labourers is the increase in the income of the Mission. We wish it were so at home: here we have a decrease—there there is a large balance in the current account, thus proving that the planters in Ceylon are liberally performing that part in the Mission which they undertook.

THE NIRAKAREES AND THEIR WORSHIP.

RAWAL PINDI is a long, straggling, irregular city, containing about 20,000 or 25,000 inhabitants. If our readers could visit it they would find one or two streets tolerably wide and straight, paved with bricks, and lined on both sides with shops and stores; but, for the most part, they would see narrow, crooked, dirty alleys instead of streets. Here and there are large brick buildings, and the fronts of some are covered with wood minutely and beautifully carved, but by far the greater part of the city consists of low, misshapen mud-houses, plastered over with a mixture of clay and cow-dung. In the suburbs they would see a neat building of brick, "the Dispensary," built and supported by the English Government, for the benefit of the natives; at the principal entrance to the city, a spacious brick building, with a well and garden attached, once the property of Government, now our Mission school; and, at a short distance from this, just outside of the city, the Mission house, which stands out conspicuous as the only European dwelling near the city.

But perhaps very few at home have ever heard of Rawal Pindi, and fewer still have any idea as to its whereabouts. If our readers care enough to look on the map of Asia, they will find the extreme northern part of India somewhat in the shape of a wedge, running into the heart of Central Asia; and though they may not see the name, they may find the spot where Rawal Pindi is situated, not far from the point or "little end" of the wedge, somewhere near the range of mountains which separates the Punjab from Cashmere (about latitude 33° 35' north, and longitude 75° 8' east), on the Great Trunk Road, between Lahore and Peshawur, at a distance of one hundred and sixty-seven miles from the former, and nearly one hundred miles from the latter, which is the last

station, and the frontier post on the boundary of the Punjab and Afghanistan. The inhabitants for the most part are Punjabees and Hindustanees, but there are many Cashmerces, with a sprinkling of Afghans, Persians, &c. There is a great variety of sects and religions—Hindu, Sikh, Mohammedan, Jain, Nirakarees, &c. Some rough sketches of men and things here, drawn from daily experience, may not be uninteresting or useless.

The Nirakarees are an interesting sect; I never met with any of them anywhere else. This new religion or sect had its origin in Rawal Pindi, about forty or fifty years ago. The founder, Guru Diyál Dáss, died only four or five years ago, after the Mission work was commenced here. He taught his followers to give up idolatry and caste, and worship the one living and true God, who is without form, or image, or parts, and hence called Nirakár. It was at one time thought that the worshippers of Nirakár would be very favourably inclined to embrace Christianity. For a time they were persecuted by Hindus and Mohammedans. In order to form their acquaintance, and make them acquainted with the Gospel, I have visited their dharmshála, that is, religious house or place of worship. It is entered from the street by a fine lofty gateway of brick masonry, above the arch of which there is an inscription in the Gurmukhi language, on a tablet set in the wall, and covered with glass. Passing through this gateway into a court-yard, on the other side you see a long, low building, by no means imposing, plastered over with the mixture so commonly used in this country. This house is open in front, showing a long room, the floor of which is covered with coarse cloth. At one end there are several monster books on low wooden stands, some of which lie open, while others are shut, wrapped in embroidered silk covers. In front of what seemed the principal book was a brass lamp burning, and over all a square coloured cloth was suspended from the roof, perhaps to keep particles of dirt from falling on the sacred books. Behind some of the open books were seated gurus—religious leaders and teachers—who read for their own benefit, or that of their followers. Some of them had chowries, or fly-brushes, made of the long white hair of the yak's tail, in their hands, and kept waving them to and fro over the books, to signify reverence, and keep off unholy flies. These books are nothing more nor less than the sacred books of the Sikhs, composed long ago by the Sikh gurus, Nanuk, Arjun, Govind Singh, &c., founders of the Sikh religion. They are poetical, in the Punjabee language and Gurmukhi character, and all written by the hand. When I went on to the platform in front of the dharmshála, one of the gurus politely requested me not to come there with my shoes on, and spread a mat to one side, where I could sit, shoes and all, without defiling holy ground. As it was evening, the time for their services, a number of people had assembled, and I had an opportunity, with frequent interruptions, for conversing and preaching until they commenced their worship. Then they ranged themselves all around the room, sitting on the floor, and following the guru, who began to chant their hymns, in which the names of Nirakár and Nanuk occur very frequently. For a while they sang, swinging back and forwards, and bowing every now and then to the books and kissing the floor fervently. Then they rose and marched around the room many times, singing and bowing, and often burst out into

strong exclamations of "Blessed be Nirakâr!" While the men were thus engaged, several women came, one after another, bearing lighted lamps, from which they poured each a little oil into the large lamp which stood burning before the books; then bowing, kissed the ground, and, repeating the name "Nirakâr," went away. This is the only part the women seem to take in the worship.

"The Nirakârees pride themselves much on being free from idolatry, and being purer and better than Hindus, Mohammedans, and other Sikhs. But in vain I tried to convince them that it was wrong and idolatrous to bow down to a book. They make the excuse that the name of God is in the book, and it is only reverence for this name which causes them to bow thus. On further intercourse and inquiry, I found that they consider themselves to be the true followers of Nanuk and the book, and hence, the true orthodox Sikhs, and not a new sect. When I preached Christ to them, they replied, 'Nanuk will save us, he is our Mediator.' From this it appears that they have not made much progress in reformation, and, indeed, they are not much more inclined to embrace Christianity than others. There are several hundreds of them in this city, perhaps four or five hundred, and a few scattered in some of the neighbouring towns. Perhaps this movement may be considered as another struggle of the human mind towards the truth and a pure religion; and it is likely that it was caused incidentally by the influence of Christian Missions, as a similar tendency to reform has been thus caused in different parts of India. It may be that the minds of these people are better prepared for the reception of the Gospel, although it does not appear very evident as yet. There does seem to be a slight ray of hope and encouragement at times.—*Home and Foreign Record (American)*.

IMPROVING CONDITION OF THE WEST-AFRICAN COAST.

COMMERCE has been developed on the west coast of Africa with the most remarkable results, and it can be proved, that wherever legitimate trade has been fostered and protected on the African coast, and native industry encouraged, the slave-trade has gradually disappeared.

A few years ago, slaves were almost the only commodity exported from the Bight of Benin. In 1857 the total declared value of exports of palm-oil, cotton, ivory, and cotton cloths, amounted to 1,062,800*l*. From Lagos alone there was, in 1857, as compared with 1856, an increase of 1050 tons of palm-oil, 8061 lbs. of ivory, and 81,353 lbs. of cotton. In 1853 the total quantity of palm-oil exported from the same place was only 160 tons. This development of native industry has materially increased the value of labour and of the labourer. In 1853, three strings of cowries, equivalent to 3*d*. sterling, were the price of common labour per day. In 1857, it had risen to fifteen strings of cowries, equivalent to 7½*d*., or 150 per cent. In the former year the value of an able-bodied slave from the interior was from four to five bags of cowries. In 1857, it was from ten to twelve bags, or from 4*l*. 10*s*., the lowest price, to 13*l*. 12*s*. 6*d*., while the price of a domestic slave at Lagos had reached to fifteen bags of cowries, or 16*l*. 17*s*. 6*d*. As a consequence of the increased value of labour, the slaves are enabled, by frugality and industry, soon to purchase their freedom, and thus the system of domestic

slavery is undermined entirely by the operation of legitimate trade and industry.

An enormous development of the trade in native raw cotton has likewise taken place at Abbeokuta, stimulated by Mr. Thomas Clegg of Manchester, and it is only right to refer particularly to this effort, as an illustration of what one man may do, when he sets resolutely to work to accomplish a given object. By stimulating the commerce in cotton—by merely offering to purchase all that could be obtained, and paying for it a fair market value, Mr. Clegg obtained, in 1851-52, nine bags, weighing 1810 lbs., which were exported from that place as an experiment. In 1858, the quantity had reached 1819 bags, weighing 220,000 lbs.; and, in 1859, 3447 bags, or 416,341 lbs. It cannot be too frequently mentioned, that from the year 1784 to 1791 only sixty-four bales of the raw staple were imported into England from America. The great importance of the development of the culture of raw cotton in Africa may be estimated from the calculation, namely, that if the production of this valuable staple increase during the next ten years in the same ratio as it has done during only the last two, Africa will be able, of herself, to supply this country with as much cotton as she requires, the whole produced by free labour.—*Sierra-Leone Free Press.*

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JAPAN.

THESE islands are slowly opening to intercourse with foreigners, although not without inward throes and opposition on the part of some of the Japanese aristocracy. Serious events take place from time to time which are significant of this. Some few months back one of the Governors of Foreign Affairs in Yeddo committed the harakiri (suicide); and, more recently the interpreter of the American Ambassador was murdered at Yeddo. He had been acting as interpreter for the Prussians, who were endeavouring to effect a treaty with the Japanese. After a late dinner, he was returning home, about nine o'clock at night, when he was way-laid. He was on horseback, had three Japanese policemen riding with him, and four men carrying lanterns; yet he was attacked by seven men and murdered.

Notwithstanding such untoward events, the Missionaries are of opinion that Japan will be one of our most interesting fields. "In many respects it has decidedly the advantage over China. The people are curious and inquisitive, ready to receive and adopt any thing foreign. They have not the self-complacency of the Chinese, who regard themselves as already possessing every thing that is worth knowing about religion and philosophy, and they have no aversion to regarding foreigners as their teachers. At the same time, the fact that Christianity has been interdicted may, in the end, prove an advantage rather than a hindrance. There are evident signs of progress in the Missionary work in Japan already. Missionaries can not only reside there, but distribute Chinese tracts, and converse privately (as far as they are able) with persons interested to know more about the truth. A good deal of interest has been manifested in some particular cases, and a knowledge of the Missionaries, and of our religion, has already begun to be diffused among the people. When our Missionaries are able to prepare and print religious books in Japanese, a great deal may be expected from the distribution of Bibles and tracts,

as there is, perhaps, no heathen nation where so large a proportion of its inhabitants, male and female, can read intelligibly. The character which is best understood, and most in use among the common people, is, however, of such a form, that it will be very difficult to print it with metallic type. This is what is called the *Hivigagana* form of writing. The characters run into each other, and the shape of each is determined, in a measure, by the characters which precede and follow it. There is a good deal of hard work to be done in Japan, in studying the language before much can be accomplished, and I trust it will not be long before other men are sent out to assist in it."

The journals of the Missionaries are often graphic and interesting, enabling us to realize something of the features of this distant land. In reading the following sketch, we seem to catch a glimpse of Japanese country life—

"I am a great walker. I love to roam over this beautiful country. I generally strike for the woods: their stillness is congenial. There is no difficulty in finding a path, as they are innumerable, and run in every direction, almost always ending in some more travelled road, or at a farm-house. I avoid the Tokaido and the streets of the town as much as possible, there are so many annoyances. The principal one is from dogs, of which there are a great many, and all without owners. They look well fed, however, and are very much at home with the people. The moment they see a foreigner they commence to bark, and run to get out of the way. This barking extends from one to another, along the whole street, and I am glad to get out of the din. In the streets, too, we meet the curious and the endless salutations of the children, "ohaiyo," "onata," "jiki-jiki," "tojin," "baka," "yoka," which, being translated, mean literally, "good morning," "you," "quick, quick," "Chinaman," "fool," "good," but which in spirit are, perhaps, nine times out of ten, impertinences, and unmeaning familiarities, which they never think of using to one another, especially to those above them. To be sure, we meet with the same thing in the country, but not to such a degree of annoyance. To-day I took my umbrella, as it looked like rain, and made for the hills, passing through a street built upon the banks of a little stream which runs near our temple. Just at the end of this street are two places under a clump of large trees, where the dead bodies of priests and nuns are burnt. I once witnessed such an operation at this place, and several of them at Hakodadi, where, I believe, all dead bodies are burnt. Passing through the paddy-fields, I passed within twenty yards of a large flock of storks, white and grey, when erect at least four feet high, very tame. They were quietly feeding, and evinced no signs of alarm. In my walks through the woods I meet, just at this season, with persons cutting fire-wood; women raking leaves together, and piling them into large baskets, which they carry on their back into the town to burn; women with large bundles of sticks and small bamboos, to be used in the same way; men leading horses loaded with fire-wood, or carrying it in baskets attached to the end of a pole, across the shoulder. Sometimes I meet farmers sitting on their horses, returning from town, occasionally with loud laughter, or a merry tune, especially if they have been taking a little too much *sake* (rum), to which they are too generally addicted. These country-people are very civil: if they salute, it is

politely done, and give the way. I find they are generally afraid of foreigners, and often seem relieved, and take a long breath when they get past. My old black cane is an especial object of attention. They think it is some kind of fire-arm, and if I stop and talk to them, it is the first thing they examine, and seem quite surprised when they find it is only a stick. I expect that I am myself a great puzzle to these simple country-people. They wonder at my walking so much, and in such out of the way places; the object they cannot divine. I expect they think I am surveying the country, and searching out all its intricacies, in order to besiege it at some future day. I have a small pocket-compass which I use to map off some places, but I take good care not to let them see me use it, or all their fears would be confirmed. I find it is quite a common belief among the Japanese, even the most intelligent and better informed, that foreigners wish to seize the country and change their institutions. This feeling has taken such a strong hold of them, and is apparently so confirmed by the war and conduct of foreigners in China, that it is difficult to disabuse them of it."

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THE FALLING LEAF.

THE falling leaf! it speaks to me
Of days that never more can be :
Of freshness gone, of vigour fled,
And pleasures number'd with the dead.

The falling leaf! it speaks of those
Who slumber in a last repose ;
Who bloom'd, then vanish'd from the tree,
And now are what I soon must be.

The falling leaf! the falling leaf!
It says that life is frail and brief ;
It bids me seize the vernal year,
For death's cold winter hastens near.

When through the autumn's grove I tread,
I seem to wander mid the dead ;
For what are leaves that sapless lie,
But types of men that bloom and die?

Yet, falling leaf! there waits for me
A destiny denied to thee :
Thou livest but to fade away :
I die to live—to live for aye !

Yes, brighter sky and fairer land
Shall see the souls of men expand ;
Green leaves of that celestial tree,
Whose name is Immortality.

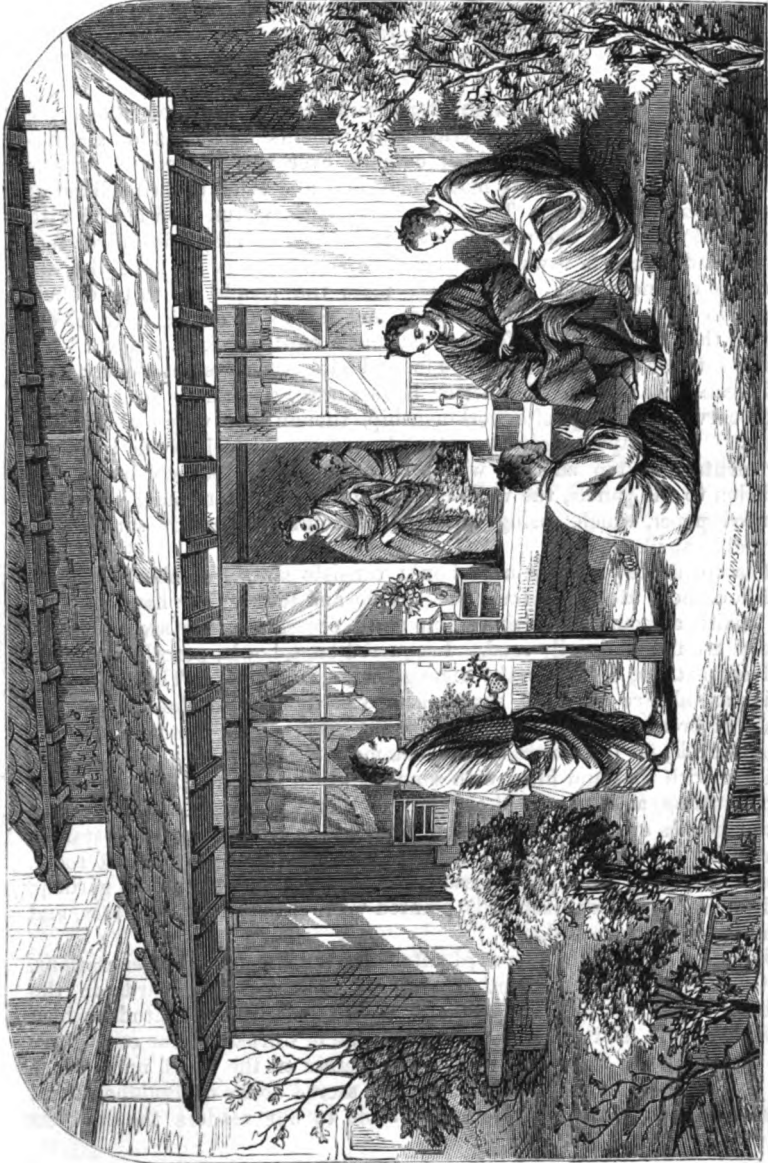
Life's sparkling river bathes its roots,
Seraphs and saints partake its fruits ;
O'er pastures green its branches nod ;
Love is its spring—its sun the living God !

Now then, my soul, the time improve,
Prepare for brighter days above :
Be Christ your all, and you shall rise
Triumphant to a life that never dies.

THE JAPANESE.

THE houses of the Japanese are as singular as the people themselves. They consist of a house within a house.

And first, as to the outer house. Of the better classes the houses are of stone, or are constructed of a framework of bamboo, or lath, covered



A JAPANESE DWELLING OF THE BETTER CLASS.

with tenaceous mud: this being covered with a coat of plaister is either painted or becomes bleached by exposure. Mouldings are often arranged in diagonal lines over the surface of the building, and these being painted white, and contrasting with the dark ground behind, give the houses a curious piebald look. The roofs are often of tiles, coloured alternately black and white, the eaves being extended low down in front of the walls, so as to protect the inmates from the sun, and the oiled paper windows from the effects of the rain. There are, besides, moveable shutters, which by night are fastened to the posts which support the verandahs.

The inner house is a large framework, raised two feet above the ground, and divided into several compartments by means of sliding-panels. The raised floor, which extends over the whole area of the house, is covered with white mats, made soft and thick by being lined at the bottom with straw. These are very neatly woven and bound with cloth, and are all of the uniform size prescribed by law, being three feet by six, and placed in rows upon the floor so neatly as to have the appearance of one piece. Upon these mats the people sit to take their meals, to converse with their friends, and lie down at night to sleep, having then a quilted mat for a cover, and a hard box for a pillow.

The interior of the house is plain and simple, but scrupulously neat and clean. In some of the better houses are occasionally to be found wood-carvings of exquisite workmanship, though not very elaborate in design. The paper windows and sliding screens which divide the compartments are often adorned with paintings of landscapes and birds. In addition to the panels, the walls of the house are often hung with gay painted paper, which, being arranged as rolling maps are with us, is moveable at pleasure.

The furniture of a Japanese house consists simply of the floor-mats and household utensils, which are simple and few. They have no need for chairs, although sometimes, on state occasions, they are provided. Tables are not ordinarily used. Lacquered cups, bowls, porcelain vessels, and chop-sticks, comprise the arrangements for dining. The teakettles, which are always at hand simmering over the fire in the kitchen, are made of bronze, silver, or fire-proof earthenware. In the poorer dwellings there is, in the centre of the common sitting-room, a square hole built in with tiles and filled with sand, in which a charcoal fire is always kept burning, and suspended above it, on a tripod, is the teakettle. The better houses are warmed by metal braziers placed on lacquered stands, containing burning charcoal, which are easily moved from room to room. The dwellings of the upper classes are surrounded by handsome gardens and pleasure-grounds, tastefully planted with fruit and shade trees, and bounded with green hedges.

Japanese life has gone forward after the same fashion for generations. Nothing can be more affecting than to visit the grave-yards in the vicinity of the heathen temples, and think upon the multitudes which have lived and died without the knowledge of Christ. Near each grave are square posts and boards, with the names of the dead, upon which are painted various quotations from the sacred books of Buddha, moral sentences, &c. Some of these may exhibit to our readers the darkness

which is abroad. Here is one—"Multitudes fill the graves;" and then, "To enable to enter the abodes of the perfect, and to sympathize fully with the men of the world, belongs to Buddha. It is only by this one vehicle, the coffin, we can enter Hades. There is nought like Buddha, nothing at all." Again, "He whose prescience detects knowledge, says, 'As the floating grass is blown by the gentle breeze, or the glancing ripples of autumn disappear when the sun goes down, or as the ship returns home to her old shore, so is life: it is a smoke, a morning tide.'" But what hope have the poor heathen of Japan in the prospect of man's immortality? Alas! nothing better than this—"He who has left humanity is now perfected by Buddha's name, as the withered moss is by the dew." The Lord in his providence has opened Japan to intercourse with the nations: may He move his people to send the Gospel to these thirty-five millions of heathen, who, if illuminated thereby, would become a great people. May the sympathies of Christians be powerfully excited on behalf of the blinded Buddhists of Japan, and prompt efforts be made to enter in by the partially-opened door, until, with enlarging opportunities, Christ be preached, as "the only name under heaven given to men whereby they may be saved."

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#### A PEOPLE WHOLLY GIVEN TO IDOLATRY.

THE affecting scenes which are described in the following paper occurred in that part of British India which is called the Telugu country, through which the Godavery approaches the sea,—a great river, which, having its sources on the eastern declivity of the western ghats, flows in a south-easterly direction across the peninsula of India, until at length, through a deep chasm in the eastern ghats, it enters the Telugu country. At Masulipatam, on the coast, we have long had a Mission station. The work is now beginning to radiate and make its way into the interior, and the Koi, a wild people on the Upper Godavery, have particularly attracted our attention. It was on one of these exploratory expeditions into the interior that the Rev. J. E. Sharkey, one of our Masulipatam Missionaries, met with the incidents which form the subject of the following paper—

I have at last had an opportunity of visiting the far-famed annual festival held at Budrachellum, in honour of Rama. It seems strange that the Brahmins should be such enthusiastic worshippers of the sons of Dasaratha, a prince of the Kshatriya, or warrior tribe, a caste inferior to themselves. However, the festival is always celebrated in April when the heat of the sun is intense, and water scarce; and yet thousands, from different and remote parts of the Telugu country, leave their homes and comforts, and endure all the hardships of a journey which, to some extent, is even dangerous, just to obtain one glimpse of a small molten image, rudely polished and ludicrously bedecked with finery. I have no doubt, however, that April and May are about the safest months for a journey to so feverish a district as the Upper Godavery is acknowledged by all competent judges to be.

After making the requisite preparations for my Missionary journey, I left home on the 9th April, reached Ellore on the 11th, and Chintalapudi on the 13th. This last village is about twenty-five miles north-west of Ellore. Here I stayed two days, and, early on the morning of the 15th, resumed my journey, and had scarcely advanced a few miles, when I had to cross a dense forest of about seventy-five miles in extent, and, indeed, I saw little or no open country, and few marks of cultivation, until we reached the western side of the Godavery. I say we, for I had the gratification of being joined by Mr. Bowden and one of his sons at Jaggavaram, a small Koi village in the very heart of the jungle. We visited the village, and were pleased with some of the people in it. Their houses were clean, but they themselves certainly were no specimen of personal cleanliness. The women were better clad than the men, while the children went about naked. The countenances of all were very peculiar, rough, irregular, and wild. They believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, but they worship an idol which they call Korra-raza, whose rites are performed to propitiate the wild beasts of the forest. They repudiate caste, but favour the mark on the forehead, retain the tuft of hair on the crown of their heads, burn their dead, and encourage early marriages. They, however, re-marry their widows. They are exceedingly ignorant and superstitious. Such were the Kois we saw at Jaggavaram; and we were told that there were only four villages within twenty miles of where we were, and that the Kois in general erected their cottages in unfrequented parts of the jungle, where they live intermixed, as it were, with the brute creation. Jaggavaram is about twenty-five miles north-east of Chintalapudi.

After taking in a sufficient supply of fresh water, we proceeded on our journey along a pretty good pathway through the forest, over undulating ground surrounded by hills covered with leafless trees of various kinds and sizes. Here and there we had to cross the dry bed of a narrow mountain torrent; and on more than one occasion we were obliged to supply ourselves with water by digging three or four feet deep in these beds. The next stage was Rogadalafulli, which was about eighteen miles north-east of Jaggavaram, and another eighteen miles in the same direction brought us to the right tract of Godavery, in sight of the temple of Budrachellum. Here we halted for an hour, and watched the people as they streamed down the precipitous bank and across the bed of the river, a wide expanse of sand, rending the air with shouts of "Govinda, Govinda." They seemed one and all highly excited at having accomplished their long journey. Some of the groups proceeded down the river with music and singing, and every countenance seemed to beam with life and expression. It was with perfect astonishment that some of them listened to our Gospel message; and although our statements of Christian truth were altogether at variance with their own preconceived notions of right and wrong, and highly calculated to damp their spirits, which had hitherto sustained them in their perilous pilgrimage, they elicited considerable respect and attention from our hearers; and though now and then an interested Brahmin looked daggers at us as he passed by, we felt considerably encouraged with this opening of our work in one of Satan's strong citadels. A gracious Father's care watched over us by night and by day,

and brought us in safety to proclaim "the way, the truth, and the life" to many who had never heard the name of Jesus, and who never doubted their own religious creed. It was some time before we could get our carts across the bed of the river, which is about two miles wide here. The river was quite shallow, but sufficiently deep for small boats to ply. The heat of the sun was intense, and the wind was gusty and searching. It was noon before we succeeded in obtaining shelter in a Government shed containing a pile of bags filled with salt, and this we had to share with a number of noisy artisans employed by the Government.

In the evening we went into the town, and preached Jesus to the people. Crowds thronged to listen to us. Some of them came from the Drangol district, which is upwards of seventy miles N. E. of the city of Hyderabad, and had, perhaps, never heard the Gospel before. Others belonged to another portion of the Nizam's territories, which they called the Kammamat Sircar, bordering on the Rajahmundry district; and not a few mentioned Anamkonda as their native place. The language of all these people, from the Brahmin downwards, was indeed a wretched jargon, a mixture of Telugu and some other dialect, and yet they know no other language. We endeavoured to speak long and faithfully to them all. We were indeed grieved that so many thousands of both sexes had, in the ignorance and darkness of their hearts, come to pay their homage to a dumb and dead idol. Here was spiritual death in all its marked horrors, but there was in it a life of wickedness, which idolatry emphatically is. But I must say something about the town of Budrachellum itself. Budrachellum, or the rock on which Budruda performed his devotions, is situated on the east side of the river Godavery, and is more a large village than a town. There is but one long and narrow street, part of which is faced and lined on either side with shabby houses. Twenty-four little temples, built with neither art nor taste, in a circular form, crown the top of a low hill. The gopuram, or principal entrance, is out of all proportion, and exceedingly offensive to the eye; and, indeed, nothing that we saw, the river excepted, had any charms for the eye of the beholder. But there was one thing there which the Christian viewed with mournful interest. He saw there, in that narrow street, and around those uncouth temples, thousands of beings with immortal souls calmly and willingly dedicating themselves and their children to the service of the great destroyer. There he saw them standing for hours together, under the scorching rays of a powerful and sickening sun, surrendering up every faculty of the soul to the Father of Lies. It is easy enough to raise armies, overturn kingdoms, and assert what is called liberty; but spiritual freedom, who can establish that but the Spirit of all might and power? Do not these gatherings at Hindu festivals betoken a want, a spiritual want, a need of a hiding-place for the sin-bound and burdened soul to rest in? The Hindus are conscious that something must be done for the removal of sin, and, in the absence of even a bare intellectual knowledge of a crucified Saviour, they are content with a long pilgrimage, involving fatigue, privation, and expense. It is, I believe, to satisfy their consciences than many of these poor people resort to such supposed sacred spots as Budrachellum.

We believe it to be so. These men, "having not the law, are a

law unto themselves." They have a standard set up in their hearts, however erroneous it be, to which they think they ought to be conformed, and they come short of it, and they are troubled and disquieted in conscience because of their sin, and they know not how to get rid of it. Hence the pilgrimages to shrines and temples, the worship rendered first to one god and then to another: they spend much on many physicians, but they are nothing bettered; yea, they rather grow worse. Lord, pity these poor wanderers! Thou hast Thyself said, "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them; I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valley." May that great promise be speedily fulfilled, and opportunities of spiritual instruction be afforded to these poor souls, who, sufferers as they are from the same sad disease with ourselves, have none to tell them of the great remedy.

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THY RIGHT HAND UPHOLDETH ME.

Thy hand supporteth me,
Else my weak arms would soon unloose their hold,
And I should slip adown upon the wold,
And wander, losing sight of Thee and heaven;
My feet with rugged flints all red and riven;
Now safely rest I, feeling fear nor care,
Since in Thy arms Thou dost the feeble bear;
Thy hand supporteth me!

My Father, carry me
Whither Thou wilt; through regions wild and drear,
Through floods of waters, with no land to cheer
My pining vision; or into thick night,
So dark, that neither moon nor starry light
May shine upon me, lighting with a glance
The rocks—the sands—the watery waste expanse
Through which Thou carriest me.

Father, I rest on Thee,
And while my face is hid upon Thy breast,
And I unto Thy heart am closely prest,
The love-full beatings of that heart shall chase
Each lurking fear from its dim hiding-place;
What power can hurt me, since Thy heart beats warm,
Since ever thus Thy strong and mighty arm
Gently enfoldeth me!

Heart Echoes from the East.

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#### THE SHING-WONG-MIN OF CANTON.

THERE is a temple at Canton called Shing-wong-min, or City-King temple, the gods of this temple being supposed to preside over the affairs of Canton. It is therefore much frequented by the Chinese, who come there on the fruitless errand of getting some-

thing of blessing and protection from the genii of the place, and more particularly protection from evil spirits. It is a busy place this temple. The courts are filled with fruit and cake-stands, the tables with fortune-tellers and sellers of incense. These men come, some to traffic, some to worship, and some to lounge away the time; and here the Missionaries, whose business is to sow beside all waters, come to cast their nets. The pulpit is a stone altar some two feet high, and there the Missionary stands, the smoke of the burning incense often rising in his face.

After waiting a minute, a few collect, when he commences talking, and the number gradually swells until it usually reaches two or three hundred, and sometimes more. The sight presented is quite an interesting one. On the right is a row of eating-houses shut in by palings; on the left is a row of large bamboo umbrellas, under which are the traders' tables, and whose voices are heard crying their wares. In front stands a banyan tree, which, though it cannot boast of symmetry or beauty, yet deserves the respect of being mentioned on account of its great age. The crowd assembled, however, is the most interesting. It presents a motley appearance. There is the Chinese gentleman, with his long dignified robe hanging down nearly to his feet, his black painted cue in fine contrast with his white or blue robe, his clean-shaven and shining head gracefully protected by his fan, which is an almost inseparable companion of the Chinese gentleman. In fact, now that we have become accustomed to it, he is a person of really a fine and becoming appearance. There is every grade, from this down to the almost naked cooly, whose head, unshaven for weeks, gives him a wild and savage appearance. As much diversity is seen in their apparent intelligence. Some have thought and character written on their faces, bespeaking for them talents and acquirements of no mean order. The countenances of others would almost deny the existence of thought, while too many have stamped upon them the certain signs of degrading vice. The attention with which the Gospel is heard is very encouraging. Undoubtedly, curiosity has much influence in causing them to listen. But still they listen. All appear to give attention. Many stand through the whole time, from three quarters to an hour in length, and seem to take in every word which is spoken. They also prove that it is in a good measure understood by the questions they ask. When speaking of the necessity of faith, repentance, and a reformed life, in opposition to the mere ceremony of religion, one asks, "There is no need of worship, then?" This and many such questions show they both listen and understand. Oh! when will the dark veil be lifted from their minds? Above all, when will it be lifted from their hearts, and they behold the Saviour in his beauty? "O Lord! how long?"

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#### GOOD NEWS FROM NEW ZEALAND.

THE state of New Zealand for some time back has been a source of great anxiety to all who have watched the progress of Christian truth in those islands, and who have marked the gradual improvement of a barbarous

race under its influence. A sad war broke out between the Governor and the natives, of which we may with truth say, "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth." The dispute was about a block of land of some 500 acres, which the Governor wished to purchase, but which the head of the tribe, acting on behalf of the larger number of the owners, was unwilling to give up. The question was, whether the chief had a right so to interpose. It was evidently a point for investigation and inquiry before a competent tribunal. We should so deal with such a question in England. Suppose the Government wanted to buy from a cottier in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth or Plymouth a piece of land as a site for their new fortifications, and the squire of the neighbourhood was to interpose, and a question arose as to his right to do so, would the Government forthwith bring down soldiers from the garrison of Portsmouth or Plymouth, and proceed to take forcible possession of the land? Not at all. The question would have been brought into a court of law, and there decided upon. But that was done in New Zealand which would not have been done in England. The Maoris are her Majesty's subjects. They were recognised as such by the New-Zealand constitution. Yet they were treated as though they were aliens. No appeal to law was permitted, no judicial tribunal appointed to decide the question. The military were at once marched upon the land, and took forcible possession of it. The Maori chief felt himself unjustly treated, and he and his people took up arms in self-defence. War ensued, and raged severely in the western district of the north island for more than a year. At the end of that time the chief's people gave in, but great mischief had been done throughout the island. The natives had lost confidence in the Government. They saw the Taranaki chief unjustly treated, and his claims set aside by military force. They saw fresh troops continually arriving, and other chiefs knew not who might next be struck down. Disaffection increased, and there was every prospect of war breaking out on a more extended scale, one which would have involved the whole race, and which, not without great loss to this country, would have ended in their extermination.

Here at home great anxiety was felt upon the subject. By the bishop, and nearly all the clergy in New Zealand, and by the Church Missionary Society at home, every possible effort was made to inform the public mind, and to bring the force of public opinion so to bear on the subject, as that the injustice of the war might be understood, and measures taken to stop it before it became more serious. But besides this, many prayers were offered by God's people, both in England and New Zealand, that He would, by his providence, overrule events to a favourable issue.

That the views taken by the friends of Missions on this subject are the correct ones, is now undoubted. It appears, that so long ago as May last, Sir W. Denison, the Governor-general of Australia, addressed a letter to the Governor of New Zealand, in which, as a friend, he warned him of the erroneous and unjust course of policy into which he had been led. He points out that it would "lead to steps which, if backed up by England, would, in a short time, annihilate the Maori race, and permit the occupation by the white man of the rich land yet in native hands, upon which for years past greedy and longing eyes have been cast." He points out the claims which the Maori has for far different treatment. "He is the

subject of the Queen, and, as such, is entitled to have his rights respected his feelings considered : he has shown an aptitude for civilization which ought to be encouraged : his efforts to raise himself in the social scale should be assisted." "There is no question but that the common and ordinary mode of dealing with the differences between the white man and the Maori, would be to treat the latter as a rebel, to pour in troops, regardless of expense, and eventually to sweep away a race which occupies land of which the white man professes to be in want, though he has millions of acres of which he does or can make no use. This, however, is a very costly mode of dealing with such a matter, to say nothing of its morality and injustice."

Such was the just and wise opinion expressed by the Governor-General of Australia to the Governor of New Zealand and his responsible advisers. It was not acted upon, neither was the document made public, but put aside by the New-Zealand ministers, while the war went on; and it is not until recently that one of the representatives of Wellington has succeeded in obtaining its publication.

Meanwhile prayer has been answered, and hopeful events have occurred which encourage the expectation that the war will not be resumed. Colonel Gore Browne has been transferred from the government of New Zealand to that of Van Dieman's Land; while Sir George Grey, who for so many years of a very critical period was enabled so to direct the affairs of New Zealand as to provide for the best interests of the native and European races, has been appointed to succeed him. His arrival in the distracted colony has caused great joy, and been regarded as the harbinger of better times. In addition to this, the ministry under whose guidance Colonel Browne committed himself to this disastrous war has been defeated, in the results of a general election, on this question of the war, the convictions of the majority of the colonists being decidedly against their policy; and another ministry, in favour of peace on fast and honourable terms, has come into office. Let us trust that all causes of dissension and distrust will be removed, and such wholesome laws and regulations introduced as will prevent all future collision between the races.

In the midst of these troublous times, the Missionaries have continued to prosecute their labours, and the expectation is entertained, that before the close of the year ten or twelve well-qualified natives will be admitted to holy orders, to be supported by the native Christians themselves.

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#### A LIGHT SHINING IN A DARK PLACE.

DEEPLY interesting it is to trace the Gospel light: how small in its beginnings, how it gains strength under discouraging circumstances, until at length "the people which had walked in darkness see a great light; they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined." This, its penetrative power, the Gospel has not lost. Long as it has been in use, that message of mercy retains all its vigour; and in our days, as in those of earlier periods, we find it going forth to do the work which has been appointed it.

Many fields of labour might be referred to, in which we see its influence thus increasing. One very interesting one is that of Central Turkey, amongst the Armenians, a people dispersed throughout those

territories. There it has been moving onward in a wondrous way, letting its light fall now on this city, now on that village, and making use of various agencies for this purpose—now the Missionary, now some Christian native.

Amidst the Amanus mountains, one day's journey from the north-eastern shore of the Mediterranean Sea, lies a town called Aebes, which means "White Cloth," the first settlers having worn white turbans. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so are they about Aebes. From the mountain sides gush large and beautiful fountains of water, while beneath the summer's sun the choicest fruits ripen. The town consists of some five hundred houses, of which only forty-five are Armenian, the remainder being Moslem.

About a year ago there went to reside in this retired place a native Protestant physician, named Garabed. But so poor and ignorant were the people, that they cared nothing for his medicines, and his hopes of success were not realized. What was he to do? Hasten away to some more favourable spot? Had he not been an earnest Christian, to whom the Lord had showed mercy, he would have done so. But he observed the wretchedness of the people, how poor, and ignorant, and vicious they were, and he asked himself, "Why was I brought hither? Perhaps to tell them of the true Physician, who is the healer of the soul." He set to work accordingly. It was no easy task. The people were shy of him, because he was a Protestant; and he had first to win their confidence. He mixed with the Armenians, visiting them at their houses, inviting them to his room, and getting them to play for him on their simple instruments. After a time, he said one evening, to some who were with him, "Shall I not read a little from the Bible." They consented, and he read to them. He then added, "And shall we not pray?" and after reading the Lord's Prayer and other suitable passages, he offered up an earnest prayer in the alone name which gives prayer all its worth and weight in heaven. Step by step the work went on, he to read and pray, and they to listen, until nine of them avowed themselves Protestants. But now he had stayed with them as long as he could, and left them with deep regret. No sooner had he gone, than an Armenian priest arrived there, and tried to bring back the Protestants to the old creed, while they, on their part, sent to Garabed to come and help them. He came, and a public discussion between him and the priest was decided upon, in the presence of the Moslem Beys, who sympathized with the Protestants, and wished them success. There were about two hundred people present, Armenians, Moslems, and Protestants. The subjects agreed upon were the worship of pictures, the intercession of saints, the marriage of priests, &c. The priest was unable to stand his ground: truth was too strong for him: until at length, excited and alarmed, he left the place, and took refuge in his own house.

Nine families of Armenians are now Protestants. What is very remarkable is, that they were the worst families in the place. In all the common vices they were the ringleaders. But it may be said of them, "Such were some of you; but ye are washed, sanctified, justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." Every one marks the change, and Moslems and Armenians marvel at it.

The Beys, or Moslem rulers of the place, have granted full toleration.



"Do you pardon the sins of these Protestants?" said one of the chief Beys to the Missionary, pointing at the same time to several of the converts who were near him. "By no means," was the reply. "If you make laws and they break them, they must look to you, and not to us." "But these," said the Bey, pointing to the old Armenians, "pardon sin." The conviction was expressed that such of them as had become Protestants would be found well-conducted men and good subjects. His reply was, "We do not interfere. There is liberty to do what they choose."

This promise of freedom of conscience was soon brought to the test. One Lord's-day morning the Bey sent to Sarkis, a Protestant who labours for him, to know if he would work on that day. On receiving a negative answer, the Bey observed, "I do not require it: just as you choose." The same day the Bey's wife came to get the Protestant women to do some sewing for her. They said, "We used to work for you on the Sabbath, but now we wish to keep it holy." She was not displeased, but remarked that she was glad they were leaving off their wickedness.

No doubt the wickedness of the so-called Christians in these lands has been a great stumbling-block to the Turks. They did not know that these evil deeds were the fruits, not of Christianity, but of its counterfeit. Now we trust they will begin to know better. They who profess the truth as it is in Jesus, how careful they should be to walk worthy of it, and so commend it to others.

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#### THE COLES.

ABOUT 120 miles in a north-easterly direction from Calcutta, lies the province of Chota Nagpore, and there, along the Vindhya mountains, a most interesting work of evangelization is going forward amongst an aboriginal tribe, called the Coles or Kols. The Mission commenced in 1844, and, after six or seven years, nothing apparently seemed to be accomplished; so much so, that the Missionaries had written home a desponding letter, asking to be removed to another field. The Lord rebuked their unbelief. Scarcely had the letter been written than the first-fruits of a forthcoming harvest were gathered in, by the baptism of four adults. These four soon increased to forty, and then the forty to 400; so that, just before the meeting of 1857 there were not less than 1000 converts living in fifty different villages. These poor people shared in the sufferings of that period, yet the work soon recovered itself, and has now made such progress, that there are in the Mission some 2000 baptized persons, of whom 600 are communicants. Besides these, a vast number of people have broken caste, and thrown off idolatry, eating with Christians, and calling themselves Christians, although not yet baptized. Of these there are said to be not less than 10,000. Nor does this great work seem likely to stop, nay, on the other hand, there is the promise of a great enlargement. The native Christians go through the province, visiting the villages of their countrymen, to the distance of ten, twenty, and fifty miles, telling their neighbours and friends of all that they have seen and learnt at the Mission stations; and so moved are the people that they pull down their head, and ask the Christians to cut off the hair of their head, and the tuft which they wear on the top of their head, and

which they consider to be very sacred, as a token that they give up their caste, with all its privileges. They then begin to learn from their friends the Lord's Prayer and the Commandments, and, coming to the next Mission station, are received as inquirers. Although sometimes coming from great distances, they bring with them the means of supporting themselves, flour, &c., receiving nothing whatever from the Missionaries, except the fuel to cook their daily food.

About ten years ago, when the first inquirers were baptized, they were asked, "What do you think: will more of you come out?" Their answer was, "More! more! all will come!" It seems to promise so: the fields there are white to the harvest.

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#### THE AMERICAN BOY'S LEGACY.

THE viewless messenger, whom the Saviour sends to call his own, entered a happy home in Paris, Illinois. Approaching the youngest member of the family circle, an only son, he whispered, "Come with me." The dear boy was prepared for the journey. He had learned the language of the heavenly Saviour, and had his treasures there; so that, excepting a brief separation from his beloved parents and sisters, he had nothing to call him back. He had, however, a little property to be disposed of before he said his last farewell. At his request it was brought to him, and in a soft, sweet voice he desired that it might be expended for the "conversion of heathen children."

The whole sum amounted to thirty dollars. He had accumulated thus much by saving the pennies and dimes which he received for presents or rewards, instead of spending them on childish indulgences. It was lately sent to Ningpo to print a book of "Bible stories in verse," for the use of Chinese children. The little volume will be nicely embellished with pictures, and on the title page it will bear this inscription, in Chinese, "A little boy named Z. T., on going to heaven, left behind money to print this book, for the purpose of leading Chinese children to repent and believe in Jesus."

How happy it must have made this dying child to feel that he had treasured up an offering to lay at the feet of the Saviour! And will it not heighten for him the joys of heaven to meet before the throne the souls of those who are brought to the Saviour by means of his pious legacy?

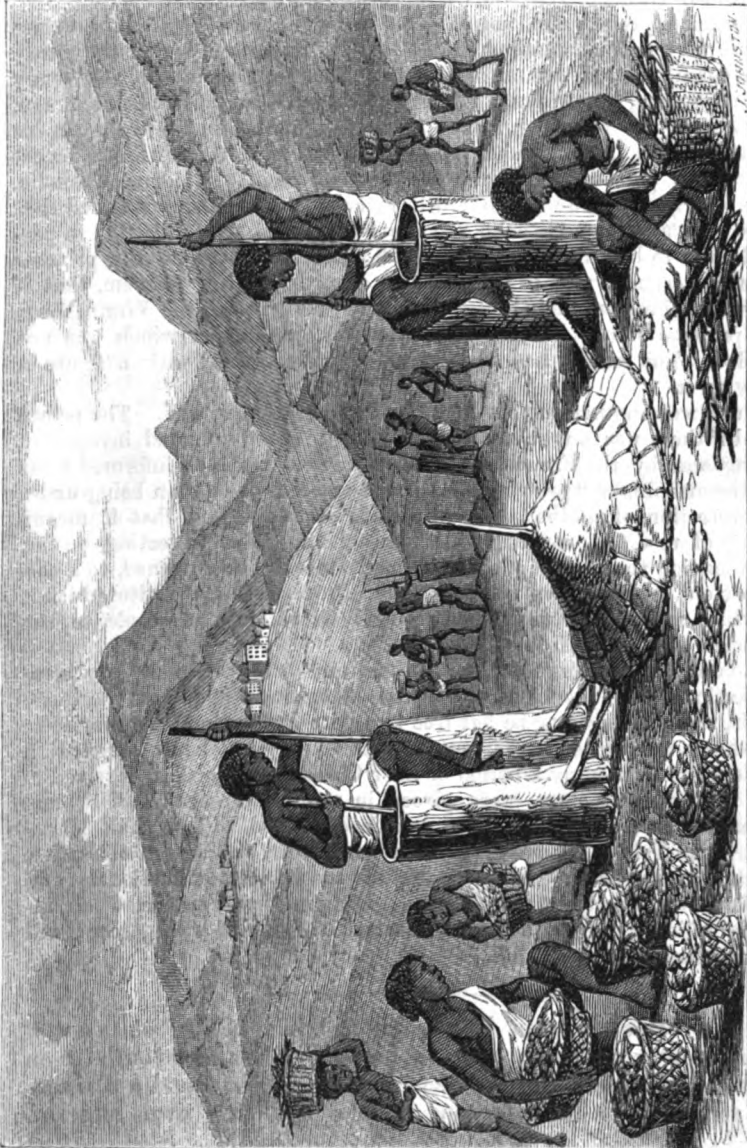
We cannot doubt that the boy, who remembered the heathen in his dying hour, had learned to remember them by laying aside money for the monthly Missionary collection; and we desire all our young readers to think how much the pleasure of giving for the cause of Christ surpasses that afforded by toys and dainties.—*Foreign Missionary.*

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## MADAGASCAR.

RANAVOLANA, the persecuting Queen of Madagascar, under whose cruel rule so many of the native Christians have suffered martyrdom, is dead, and her nephew has succeeded to the throne as Radama II.

Madagascar was visited by the Rev. W. Ellis in 1853—57. From the



IRON-SMELTING IN MADAGASCAR.

year 1838 a cruel persecution had been waged against the native Christians, which reached its greatest point of intensity about the year 1849, when eighteen individuals, including some of high rank and station, were put to death. In 1852 some circumstances of a favourable character having occurred, the London Missionary Society deemed it desirable to seek further information on the spot, and Mr. Ellis was commissioned to proceed to Antananarivo, the capital of the Hovas.

He was especially anxious to meet and communicate with the Prince Royal, who, notwithstanding the hostility of the queen, had courageously persevered in a profession of Christianity, and with him he had many and interesting interviews. He was then about twenty-six years of age, "extremely prepossessing, frank and open in his bearing, and easy in his manner." Mr. Ellis pointedly questioned him as to the truth of a report which was abroad in Europe, that he had become a Roman Catholic. "He declared there was no truth in such statements, but added that there was a Roman-Catholic priest at the capital, who had tried to persuade him to become a Roman Catholic, and had given to the princess his wife a crucifix, and to himself a silver medal, stating to them, that if they wore these on their breasts, and put confidence in the Virgin Mary, the princess would become a mother;" a prediction which was not verified. The prince had the medal round his neck, with a figure of Mary on it.

There was another subject on which conversation turned. The prince asked if there was any truth in the reports of an intended invasion of Madagascar by the French, and wished particularly to be informed what was the meaning of "protection," as in the case of one nation being under the protection of another. He was made to understand that it meant a sort of modified sovereignty, under which "the protecting power, while leaving the people of the protected state to be governed, to a certain extent, by their own rulers or form of government, constituted itself the chief authority, actually governing both rulers and people, to the exclusion of all other foreign influence."

Radama II. has ascended the throne, and has opened friendly communications with the Governor of the Mauritius; and now the question is, shall Madagascar be left free to invite Protestant Missionaries to her shores, that they may resume their Christian labours amongst a people, who, in so early a period of their Christian profession, deprived of their European teachers, were placed in such a furnace of trial, and yet, amidst such sufferings, have remained so stedfast? or shall Madagascar, like Tahiti, be brought under protection, and Jesuit emissaries, introduced into the land, hasten to exclude the Protestant Missionary, and interfere with liberty of conscience? England has disclaimed all intention of interfering with the international affairs of Madagascar: will France follow that example?

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"**THERE** came a woman having an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard very precious; and she brake the box, and poured it on his head." In the following memoir there will be found a like service rendered; a woman, one of the Saviour's own attached

servants, expending her physical strength—the alabaster box of a weakly frame being readily broken—that with a willing service, more precious than the ointment of spikenard, she might bestow herself on Him whom she recognised as her Lord and Head. This simple, yet touching narrative, drawn up by a recently bereaved and deeply-mourning husband, provides that an example of such devotedness should not be kept secret, but that the house should be filled with the odour of the ointment. And we think that our readers will not regret that, to make room for it, we have displaced, for the present month, some of our wonted fragmentary pieces.

#### A SHORT SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND MISSIONARY LABOURS AND HAPPY DEATH OF SOPHIA MASON.

SOPHIA MASON was born in the Red-River Settlement, North-West America, on the 15th November 1822. She was the youngest daughter of Dr. Thomas Thomas, chief factor in the Hudson's-Bay Company's service, and some time Governor of the Red-River Settlement.

Sophia's father died while she was very young, but not before he had made provision for her religious education. He committed her to the care of the first Missionary of the Church Missionary Society in Rupert's Land, the Rev. David T. Jones. When the labours of that devoted Missionary terminated in those cold regions, the care and education of Sophia devolved upon the Rev. William and Mrs. Cockran. Many were the pleasing recollections which Sophia had of her early school-days under both these able Missionaries, who undertook the conducting and superintendence of a superior seminary for the education of the sons and daughters of the higher classes, besides their regular work in the extensive Mission field.

Early in life Sophia became the subject of religious impressions, and so gradual, yet decided, was the work of God's Holy Spirit on her mind, convincing of sin, and leading to the Saviour, that she could not refer to any particular period, or event, which she could affirm was the time, or instrumental cause, of her conversion to God. One incident she related which shows the zeal of the venerable and now aged Missionary, and the efforts he made to lead those under his charge to the Saviour.

In the dead of night a fearful thunder-storm was passing over the settlement, accompanied by vivid flashes of forked lightning, which greatly alarmed the young ladies. Mr. Cockran rose from his bed, knelt down, and prayed most fervently for them, and then repeated the following verse of the thirty-fourth Psalm—

“Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear :  
Make you his service your delight,  
Your wants shall be his care.”

The mind of Sophia was deeply impressed, and she gave herself more fully to God.

God greatly prospered the labours of the Missionaries, and the work demanded the care and full time of the few labourers sent out. The duties of the academy were therefore undertaken by that able and effec-

tive instructor of the young, Mr. John M'Allum, who, with the aid of his female assistants, brought forward his pupils rapidly. Having an experimental acquaintance with religion in his own soul, and inspired with love to the souls of others, he laboured to bring those under his care to the truth as it is in Jesus.

Sophia often referred, in after days, to his expositions of God's word, and his fervent prayers at the family altar. This good man was ordained by the Bishop of Montreal on his visiting the settlement in 1844, but did not live long after that event to exercise his superior abilities in the sacred ministry; yet his works follow him, and many will have cause to bless God that they were favoured with the religious instructions and holy example of the Rev. John M'Allum. His estimation of Sophia's attainments and Christian conduct may be inferred from the fact, that in 1843 he offered to her the situation of governess in the ladies' academy. And here she might have remained, enjoying the social circle of her numerous relatives and friends, in an easy and honourable calling, exposed to no dangers, and away from the privations and severe trials which she had to encounter and nobly endure in the Mission field in the interior of the country; but her heart was set upon the work amongst the heathen, and she did not hesitate to refuse the tempting offer, and choose the dangers and toils of a Missionary of the cross. God inclined her to take this course, which tended most to glorify his holy name, and extend the kingdom of his dear Son. It is little to say she never once regretted the step: she rejoiced in it, and recognised the hand of her heavenly Father, and heard his voice saying, "This is the way, walk thou in it." The parting day arrived. On the 11th of August 1834 she bade adieu to the place of her birth, amidst the tears of her brothers and sisters, and many sympathizing friends, whose sainted spirits have lately welcomed her to the abodes of eternal bliss. Seated by the side of her husband in the boat, the tears ran down her cheeks as house after house disappeared. The time was a trying one; but the presence of the Saviour and the glorious work in view consoled and comforted her; and when on the bosom of the great Lake Winnepeg, tears of sorrow were turned to songs of joy.

Sophia possessed many important qualifications for a Missionary, which she wholly dedicated to the service of her God. With the Indian language she was quite familiar from her childhood; she was no stranger to the customs and habits of the Red Indians. Being well acquainted with their general character, and having a deep sympathy for their wretched state, she longed to be an instrument in God's hands of doing them good. Her deep piety was without ostentation; her gentle, meek, and unassuming disposition was noticed by all who knew her. She enjoyed a solid peace through faith in Christ, which, in the most dangerous circumstances, did not desert her.

At one time, when on the great Lake Winnepeg, she, with her husband and family, was exposed to imminent danger. Night had overtaken the solitary boat, when no harbour was near, except the mouth of the river, which is difficult to find even in daylight, and the sand bar rendered it almost impossible to enter. It was found, however, about eleven o'clock at night, the boat was on the sands. She knocked heavily. The crew

put back to sea, and tried to find the channel, but without success. In this fruitless attempt, the boat and all it contained were in great peril. A little more wind would have caused the boat to founder, and all would have been lost. Yet Sophia, with her babe at her breast, and three more of her children by her side, was calm and resigned, lifting up her heart to God, who is a present help in time of need. About twelve o'clock, after an hour's beating on the sands, the channel was found, and, as wave followed wave, the crew raised the boat from the ground, and forced it along over the sands as it floated, until they succeeded in getting it into deep water on the other side, just in time, for soon after a storm of wind arose, which would have hurried all into eternity.

On another occasion, when running one of the falls in Hill River, her boat stuck fast in the crevice of the rocks, part hanging over the fall out of the water, and the other part being almost buried under water. This was a fearful position, for every moment they expected the rapid current to overset the boat, in which case immediate death would have been the consequence. Here she remained with two little ones by her side, providing as she best could for their preservation, by tying a belt round the waist of the youngest, and giving the other in charge of the servant, until help came, and three boats' crews rescued her from her perilous position. She was calm during the whole time, and engaged in mental prayer for deliverance.

Her abundant labours and earnest zeal for the good of the poor Red Indians never flagged; for their temporal and spiritual welfare she devoted her time, her knowledge, her experience, and finally her life; for she may be truly considered as dying a martyr to the great work of translating the word of God into the language of the Cree Indians. One prominent and remarkable feature in her character was unselfishness: she constantly denied herself for the benefit of others. At the Mission station, where her influence was powerfully felt, mothers found her ever ready and willing to instruct them, to solve their doubts, warn them of danger, and lead them to Christ. The spiritual welfare of the poor Indians lay near her heart, and greatly did she rejoice when the work of God prospered amongst them.

Nor did she consider it beneath her to stoop to the less important affairs of their household arrangements, and while enforcing order and cleanliness on others, her own house was a constant lesson to the eyes of all around. Here the female Missionary takes her stand above the Missionary himself; the wife becomes more useful and efficient than the husband, her influence and her perseverance are greater, and she can enter into the peculiar circumstances of the mothers and daughters of the poor heathen, and the tender sympathy of the female Missionary wins upon their affections, gains their attention, and secures their consent; and then, by God's blessing upon the word preached, they are brought under the power of divine grace.

This work of faith and labour of love was soon followed by its reward, in the great attachment of the Indians to her and her family, some actually risking their own lives to save theirs.

In translations, and in correcting the press, when printing the Book of Common Prayer, the Catechism, and Hymns, her perfect command and

knowledge of the Indian language was invaluable. She entered most willingly into the grand design of giving them the whole of God's revealed will, especially after seeing and hearing the blessed results which followed the dissemination of St. John's Gospel, the first portion of God's word ever printed in Rupert's Land. Most people deem the cares of a family quite enough to employ the time of a female ; but the labours of Sophia, notwithstanding her feeble and delicate constitution, were augmented by the Indian day school, visits to the Indian tents, and daily translations, besides having to attend to the wants of a large family, which she laboured to bring up in the fear and nurture of the Lord, and that in the wilderness, where, in time of sickness, no medical assistance could be procured.

Three years ago she came, with her husband and family, to England. These have been years of suffering and toil. In the autumn of 1858 she was attacked by pleurisy, which brought her to the very gate of death : her life was despaired of, and her medical attendant thought she could not possibly recover ; yet God heard prayer, and raised her up again, but she suffered afterwards from a pain in her left side, and constant headaches. In 1859 a severe cold at Holloway rendered necessary her removal to a milder part of London (Brompton), where her health improved ; and there she laboured night and day to finish the final revision of the Old Testament, having completed the New in 1859. When her husband was away advocating the cause of Missions, she would be labouring at the desk, until pain in the side compelling her to rise, she would walk up and down the room until it had subsided, and then sit down to her work again. This pain was endured unknown to any one until the work was completed, and she could say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." That work had been slowly advancing under her careful superintendence since 1846. The most competent and best-informed Indians had been from time to time consulted : no means within reach were left unemployed. While the husband, the schoolmaster, the interpreter, and others, laboured by day, Sophia would perhaps be engaged in her household affairs, or attending to the children, or drawing designs for the Indian females to work upon their muslins, in which she greatly excelled, and in this way conferred upon them considerable temporal benefits, and then at the close of the day all would be revised by her. But if not otherwise engaged, she would be with us, and her sanction would decide generally any difficulty with respect to the most correct rendering of the passage into Cree. Let the church remember to pray for those who are engaged in translating the Scriptures of truth, that God would give them wisdom and skill, patience and perseverance, faithfulness and love, that they may feel the power of the word in their own hearts, and be enabled by the Holy Spirit to convey its blessed truths to the hearts of those among whom they labour.

In 1846 the first portion of God's word was translated and printed in Rupert's Land, and the most blessed results followed. Indians, unknown to the translators, obtained copies, learned in a very short time to read, and were brought from heathenism to Christianity. Many a poor pagan would have lived and died in pagan darkness, but for the blessed light



which the Gospel of St. John poured upon his ignorant mind. This success only stimulated to further effort. In 1859 the New Testament was sent out, but unfortunately the vessel, on her way through Hudson's Straits, was nipt in the ice, and went down with all its valuable cargo. But there remained in the possession of the British and Foreign Bible Society 2000 more copies, which safely reached their destination in 1860, and most encouraging information has been received, both from the Missionaries who know the great benefit of the Syllabic character, and the Indians themselves.

On the 25th of July, Sophia gave birth to her ninth and last babe, and hopes were entertained that she might be spared to see it grow up, and become a comfort and a blessing to her, but a few weeks served to demonstrate that her days were numbered. The insidious, slow, gradual pulmonary disease made rapid progress towards the close of her life, but that life was not taken until she had put the last finishing stroke to the final revision of the Old Testament.

Her sickness was borne with exemplary Christian resignation: not a murmur, not a single word of complaint escaped her lips; no doubting of God's goodness; no mistrust of his unchangeable love. Throughout the whole she gave the most cheering illustration of the power of the Christian faith to subdue fear, and disarm death of its sting. She who had suffered so much during her short pilgrimage, was permitted to die without pain in body or mind. Her sorrowing husband stood by her bedside, wondering at the great goodness of God in so gently taking down the frail tabernacle without any positive suffering.

The enemy of souls was not permitted to disturb her peace, or in anywise to molest her. She held constant intercourse with Jesus, whom she so often said was precious to her soul, wishing to depart to be with Him, which she well knew would be infinitely better, yet patiently waiting God's own good time—"I have no fear of death;" "I am quite happy."

Many of her favourite hymns were repeated to her, and she would exclaim, "Beautiful!" and one in Cree, which she had composed, and which she had heard so often sung by the Indians in Rupert's Land.

But the Bible was her companion to the last. It had been read daily from her childhood, and now its blessed promises afforded her comfort and consolation when every earthly blessing failed. Unable to hold up the book to read herself, she would ask one of her daughters to read to her.

She lingered for nearly three months after her confinement, and in her was fulfilled the promise, "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon thee, because he trusteth in thee." Shortly before her death delirium ensued; but even then the noble object of her life appeared to be the ruling passion, for in her wandering moments she would imagine herself in the Indian tents, and, speaking in the language of the Crees, would be pointing them to Jesus: sometimes she would be in the Indian school teaching the children, and then, again, engaged in distributing the charity clothing sent out by the benevolent ladies of happy and highly-favoured England.

A few extracts from Mr. Mason's journal will complete this memoir—

"Tuesday, October 8th, 1861—Sophia seemed better this morning, and

she thought she was strong enough to walk across the room, but, in making the attempt, she fell to the ground. I raised her up. She said she had no idea she was so weak. She spoke delightfully of the blessed hope of the Christian, and prayed for the dear children, and then said, 'I hope they will all give themselves to God.'

"She spoke of the 'prize,' and expressed a wish to depart, yet she hoped she was not impatient; she was willing quietly to wait God's time. 'I hope my good God will give me strength to endure all to his glory.'

"She meditated upon those two passages of Holy Scripture—'Fear not thou worm Jacob, I am thy God.' 'Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.'

"*Wednesday, October 9th*—Dear Sophia has been very still all day to-day. It is evident that she is passing the valley and shadow of death, and she is quite sensible of the fact. 'I am going to Jesus,' she said.

"*Thursday, October 10th*—A restless night, with intervals of sleep. This morning, after uttering the word 'heaven,' my dear wife passed into the presence of her Saviour, at a quarter before ten o'clock, without a single struggle, or even a groan.

"Oh how great is my loss and that of the nine poor orphan children. May 'the Lord take them up.' Yet, in the midst of all, we have much to be thankful for. She has been spared to accomplish a great work, the Cree Bible; and to bear such a testimony for Jesus amongst the heathen, by the patience with which she suffered, and her zeal and persevering labours to make known the glorious Gospel of salvation. All, all is due to the sovereign mercy and grace of God, and to Him be all the glory.

"Cut off in the prime of life, her sun going down in noon, yet her days were full; and if every Missionary were only able to accomplish the same amount of temporal and spiritual good, how soon would the shout be heard from pole to pole—'The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our God, and of his Christ.'"



**"BUT THE DOVE FOUND NO REST FOR THE SOLE OF HER  
FOOT, AND SHE RETURNED UNTO HIM, INTO THE ARK."**

OH! cease, my wandering soul,  
On restless wing to roam;  
All this wide world, to either pole,  
Has not for thee a home.

Behold the ark of God!  
Behold the open door!  
Oh, haste to gain that dear abode,  
And roam, my soul, no more.

There safe thou shalt abide;  
There sweet shall be thy rest;  
And, every longing satisfied,  
Thy spirit shall be blest.

Then cease, my wandering soul,  
On restless wing to roam;  
All this wide world, to either pole,  
Has not for thee a home!

## THE GREEK CHURCH—ITS ACTUAL STATE.

**THERE** are some amongst us who appear to think that the corruptions under which the Greek and other Eastern churches labour are not deep-seated, and that it is possible for individuals to remain in their communion and yet have opportunities enough to know what is needful for the salvation of the soul. Now this we believe to be altogether a misapprehension. If of any one of these churches the question were asked, "What shall a sinner do to be saved?" there is not one of them who would give to it a correct answer. Instead of directing the inquirer aright, they would lead him astray. Nay, more, not only have they ceased to teach the truth as it is in Jesus, but if a sinner, by some means afforded from without, finds the truth, they will not allow him peaceably to continue in their communion. He is oppressed and persecuted until he is forced by the oppressive action of these bodies either to give up the old church or give up the truth. When it comes to this, secession becomes a duty. Now upon this subject let the following testimony be attended to—the testimony of one of our Missionaries, who is well known as a lover of the truth, and is an attached member of the Church of England; one, too, whose lengthened experience of Missionary work amongst the Turks and so-called Christians of the East well qualifies him to speak on this subject—the Rev. J. T. Wolters, of Smyrna. This, then, is his testimony—

*May 4, 1861*—The Greeks are preparing for the celebration of their Easter (according to old style) by firing off pistols, buying of lambs, cheese, eggs, and other eatables. This, and, on the part of the females, the cleaning of houses and getting ready their dresses, occupies all their thoughts during Passion Week. They flock to their churches, it is true, confess, and receive (even little infants) the Communion, during Lent, but it has no influence on their hearts, and their sinful lives are not changed. The Greek church is dead—dead in trespasses and sins. Patriarchs, bishops, priests, deacons, monks, and people, are far gone from apostolical purity of doctrine and practice. May the Lord have mercy upon the souls thus perishing for lack of knowledge! A Missionary living long among them cannot but feel deeply for their spiritual welfare. Many of the people would listen with pleasure to the preaching of the Gospel, if it were possible to reach the masses. I am thankful that "the word of God," and Christian books and tracts, are finding their way into their houses. May they, by the Spirit's power, find their way also to the hearts!

One little fact mentioned in his journals will serve to confirm this view—

*June 19*—A poor, old, and blind woman, whom Mrs. Wolters visits from time to time, sent her little granddaughter to-day to tell Mrs. Wolters that she should come and speak some good words to her. Mrs. Wolters accordingly went, and tried, as on other occasions, to speak a word of Christ to her. The poor old creature hears willingly, but, as yet,

Christ and his all-sufficient merit is hid from her mind's eye. In thanking Mrs. Wolters for the kindness she had received, she wished that the most holy Virgin and St. John the Baptist, the patron saint of the Greek church at Boujah, might reward her. She said that the Greek priests will not come "to read her," i. e. to read prayers over her, without receiving twenty-five piastres for the trouble, though they know the woman is very poor, and lives mostly from charity.

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### BANNER FOR THE KARENS.

THE "Missionary Intelligencer" contains a letter from Sau Quala, the native preacher in Burmah, in which he represents the general desire of the Karens for a banner, representative of their Christian as well as national unity. The banner, which may be borne for ages as the national emblem, has the device of a Bible and a sword, with the motto, "The sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." The "Intelligencer" says—

"The Karens have lately resolved to adopt a national banner, and they have appealed to the American Bible Society to furnish them with one. A writer in the "New-York World" of August 8th, describing the presentation of this banner, in the Mariners' church in Cherry Street, to Mrs. Mason, for the Karen churches, remarks, speaking of the Karens—

"This strange wild people are being rapidly Christianized, and they have sent to America for a national flag to commemorate their exodus out of heathenism; the most curious and exhilarating request that we have ever heard of from a new nation."

"The letter conveying their application was written by their chief native pastor, Sau Quala: it was printed in the 'Star,' a newspaper in the Karen language, published monthly, and we are assured that our readers will be interested in its perusal. We therefore give it, only slightly abridged—

"To all the churches at Tavoy, Maulmein, Rangoon, Bassein, Henthada, Kyoukgyee, Shwaygyeen, Toungoo, Prome, Thayet, greeting!

"To the great teachers, small teachers, men and women, Tseetkays, Terays, Gounggyouks, Tsayas, Peons, young women, young men, deacons, elders, old and young, men and women, one and all, greeting!

"I, a son of Tavoy, teacher Quala, trust you all know and understand the word of God, and can speak of the things pertaining to the truth and light which God has given us.

"In order that we may be able to conquer our enemies, and escape from every evil hand, God has given us a weapon. What is it? What kind of a weapon is it?

"It is best that we should now raise an ensign, something to let our children know, and the nations, down to the remotest generation, that hereafter they may speak of these things, and desire to follow us.

"Behold! the children of Judah, when they escaped out of the hands of the Egyptians, in order that their children might understand how they were delivered out of their hands, erected banners with emblems of the hawk, the lion, the bear, and ox.

“Again, the English nation, when they escaped out of the hands of the idolatrous Romans, erected a standard of the cross as a national emblem, and when their king went to rescue Jerusalem from the Moslem invaders, took back Judah’s lion, so that future generations might do the same.

“Again, the Americans, when they declared independence, erected a national emblem of the eagle, also some stars and stripes. This was to inform every nation that they would rise heavenward, triumphant over every enemy.

“Therefore, my brethren, young and old, mothers and fathers, grandmothers and grandfathers, nieces and nephews, uncles and aunts, cousins and friends, children and grandchildren, we, the uncivilized, the children of the forest, barbarians, without books or understanding, without a king or a name on the earth; we, the nation in thick darkness, God has compassionated, and sent his own Son Jesus Christ to take us up out of our darkness and bondage.

“We, in the year of the world five thousand eight hundred and thirty-two, received books from the hands of the teachers; the children of America. We received the Holy Bible, the words of God, and the Ten Commandments, which He gave to his people, the children of Israel, by the hand of Moses.

“This was a treasure more precious than all the books on earth, the best of and above all books, the chief among books.

“My brethren, think: those who formerly had books, had also rulers of their own and a country of their own. They had preachers and schoolmasters, and could devise and execute, with knowledge and skill, both for the mind and for the body. They had wise men and rich men, very many; but we, the Karens, were like wild beats of the mountains, like the wild speckled fowl of the jungles. We had no knowledge, no understanding, no power; but now we have received instruction indeed.

“Now to us, the Karens, God has given books and teachers, and now we, too, have schools and schoolhouses, all our own. Therefore it is well if we rejoice with exceeding great joy; and now let us erect a national banner as other book nations have done. Let us erect it over our schoolhouses, and let us choose for our emblem, not a lion or any beast, but the weapon which God has given us by which to subdue our enemies, even the “word of God, which is the sword of the Spirit.”

“Now, teachers and teacheresses, friends, the children of God among the Karens everywhere, what think you? Will this be good, or will you differ from me? Instruct me, I pray you, if there is a better way.

“Dear friends, let us think of what our mothers taught us, “Dogs go in troops; they catch the deer. Villages united conquer enemies.”

“Dear friends, let us look at Luke xii. 14, 15. I saw a letter—Karen teachers asking support of the foreign teachers, and I was greatly ashamed.

“Brethren, teachers, churches, all, consider, I pray you. The white foreign teachers are our father and mother, but first they had to be instructed by others, but they did not lean on their instructors for their curry and rice. They did not ask their teachers to feed them.

“Let us follow the white teachers, and learn of them till we can make

clocks, and glass, and swords, and cannon, and telescopes, and fire-carriages, till we know the earth's boundaries, and all notions and medicines; but let us support our own schoolmasters and preachers.

“Do we not know? Do we not understand? Birds build nests; the young ones learn. Fathers die; sons take their seats.

“Mothers die; daughters take the mothers' places; and think, I pray you, of king Solomon's words, “A wise son is the joy of his father, but a foolish son is the grief of his mother.”

“And let us not seek for ourselves alone, but seek, plan, and devise for our posterity, down to the remotest generation. Therefore, let us erect a banner for our whole nation, and glorify God that the surrounding nations may know that we have come out from heathenism, and are determined to be a Christian people. QUALA.’”

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#### JOTTINGS.

THE churches on the Sandwich Islands are twenty-three in number, embracing 14,413 members. During the last year the number received was 573. The native Christians contributed for various benevolent objects nearly 20,000 dollars. The receipts of the Hawaiian Missionary Society were 3309 dollars, of which 1981 dollars were expended for the Marquesas Mission.

In Africa, twenty dialects have been reduced to writing by Missionaries. In one of them, spoken by 3,000,000 of people, a newspaper is published, printed by the natives and circulated among 3000 readers.

In China about ninety Missionaries are labouring at fourteen stations. Throughout the whole Missionary field, there are nearly 3000 European and American Missionaries and assistants, and more than 6000 native helpers, through whom about 500,000 have been brought under the influence of the truth.

In the year 1859, the freewill offerings of the native Christians in the Navigators' Islands (Samoa), for the support and diffusion of the Gospel, amounted to the gross sum of 7506 dollars. Twenty-five years since, the first European Missionary landed on these islands.

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#### PERFECT REST.

Ev'n as the mariner, who rowing down  
 Some shallow sparkling stream, feels evermore  
 His keel grate on the pebbles, and his oar  
 Tangled by lily leaves, and then a frown  
 Gathers upon his brow, till past the town,  
 And past the hill-side drifting, either shore  
 Fades slowly, and old ocean's hymn and roar  
 Rising around, the sheep-bell's tinklings drown:  
 His heart bounds with the waters, and his cheer  
 Rings out most joyously: so I, whose glee  
 Had passed away while fathoming the clear  
 Bright waves of earthly love's felicity,  
 Lay lulled to rest without a thought or fear  
 Upon his love's unsounded shoreless sea.

*Heart Echoes from the East.*













