

THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY
GLEANER.

1857.

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"IS NOT THE GLEANING OF THE GRAPES OF EPHRAIM, BETTER THAN  
THE VINTAGE OF ABI-EZER?"—*JUDGES VIII. 2.*  
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*Two Shillings.*

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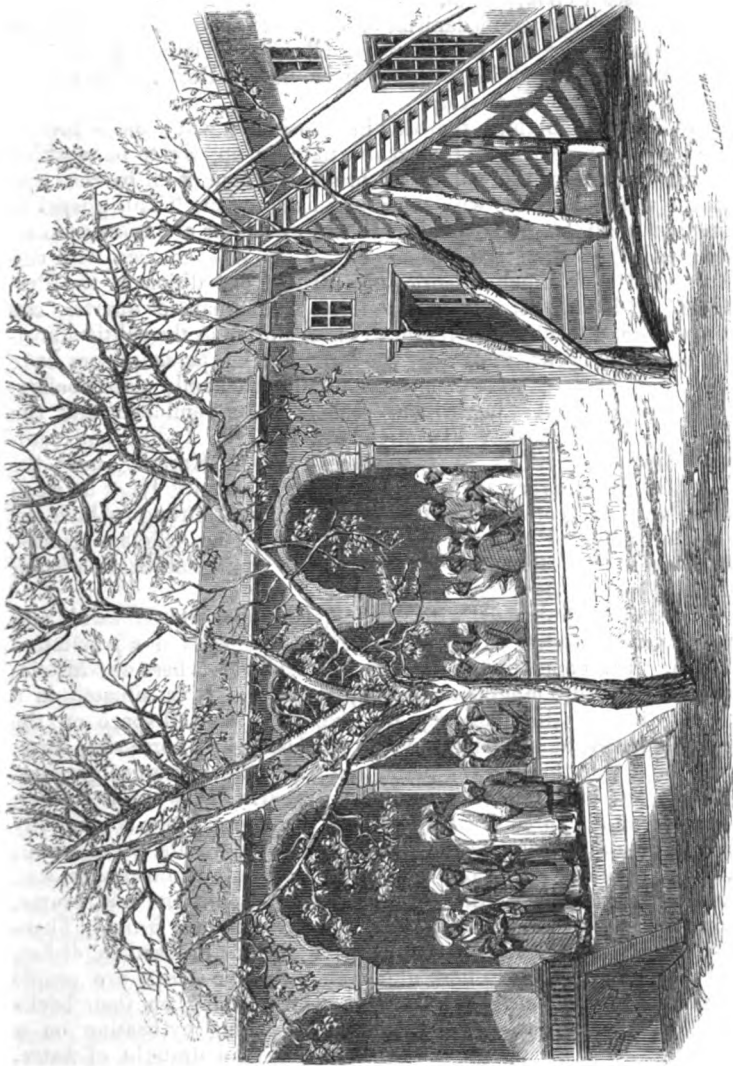
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THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



CHURCH MISSIONARY SCHOOL, PESHAWUR.

## PESHAWUR.

If our readers will look at a map of Asia, we shall be enabled to point out to them a vast area of country where unbroken darkness rests: it is that part of the Asiatic continent which lies between the Euphrates River and the Persian Gulf on the west, and the Indus on the east, and which comprises Persia, Cabul, and Belochistan. These countries are the stronghold of Mahommedanism, and hitherto there has not been the same opportunity for the efforts of the Christian Missionary in these lands as have been found in the dominions of the Porte. They have been as a fortress straitly shut up.

We are disposed to think that this inaccessibility will soon be broken down. God's providence, in a remarkable manner, appears to be working to this end throughout the world; the breaking down of all barriers and hindrances which interfere with the divine declaration, "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." It is in connexion with this that we regard with much attention the British expedition to the Persian Gulf. It is not that war, in any form, or in whatever quarter, can be otherwise than a subject of regret. These storms in the political horizon do, however, occur, and, after the hurricane has passed, doors have often been found thrown wide open, which had been firmly closed before.

It will also be interesting to our readers to be reminded that the Church Missionary Society has already passed the Indus, and commenced Missionary efforts at two places—one at Karáchi, near the mouth of that great river; the other at Peshawur, a city lying between the Indus and the entrance into the Khyber Pass, through which the road lies to Cabul. Peshawur once belonged to the Affghan princes, and was taken from them by the Sikhs, on whose subjugation it fell into the hands of the English.

The division of Peshawur, with the adjacent districts, Hazarah and Kohat, contains, besides the city itself, 1891 villages, and a population of 847,695. The population of the city of Peshawur, where our Missionaries are stationed, amounts to 46,000, less by 9. It is situated in a plain, some 35 miles in diameter; and, except for a small space on the east, is surrounded by mountains, which enclose it in a horse-shoe form. Many streams run through the plain, and water the numerous gardens. The houses are built of brick, generally unburnt, in wooden frames. They are commonly three stories high, and the lower story is generally occupied by shops, which exhibit for sale dried fruits, nuts, bread, meat, boots, shoes, saddlery, bales of cloth, hardware, ready-made clothes, &c., the handsomest shops being the fruiterers', where apples, melons, plums, and sometimes oranges, are mixed in piles with Indian fruits. There are also cook-shops, where every thing is served in earthen dishes, painted and glazed, so as to look like china. In the streets are people crying greens, curds, &c. There are also men carrying on their backs leather bags full of water, who proclaim their calling by beating on a brazen cup, and for a trifling piece of money give a draught of water. The crowd in the streets is a mixed one indeed. Peshawur people in white turbans and large white or dark-blue frocks, or else in sheep-skin cloaks; Persians and Affghans in brown woollen tunics or flowing mantles, and caps of black sheep-skin or coloured silk; mountaineers, with straw sandals and wild dress; Hindús, &c.

The frontier position of the town, the extreme point of our Indian empire towards the north-west, and abutting on those great Mahommedan countries of Asia of which we have already spoken, render it, as a Missionary station, of great importance. Our Missionaries are brought into communication with men of various nations, some of whom may carry back to their distant homes the seeds of Christian truth and life.

Our Missionary operations are carried on by bazaar preaching, and our school. Our engraving, copied from a photograph, represents the school premises. They were a ruined building, and were granted by the authorities for Missionary purposes. Zeal and skill changed them into what our readers see. The pupils are often not children, but men, and of different nations also—some Persians, others Affghans, who come with a desire to learn English, and to whom our Missionaries have the opportunity of communicating the knowledge which maketh “wise unto salvation.”

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SELIM AGA, THE TURKISH CONVERT.

IN the pages of the interesting periodical, “The Book and its Missions,”* there is introduced an account of the above convert, which we will endeavour to abbreviate, so that it may find a place in our “Gleaner.”

Selim Aga is a native of Saloniki, the modern name for the ancient Thessalonica, the second European city in which Paul preached the gospel, where he met with so much of bitter opposition from the Jews, but where he was the instrument of raising up a Christian Church, so faithful and devoted as to be an example to others. It is singular, that, of the modern Saloniki, one-half the population are of the Hebrew race.

Selim Aga, a Turk, and a Mahommedan in religion, carried on a prosperous trade at this his native place.

Some years ago he had a singular dream, in which he saw Mohammed himself, in the character of high-priest at a mosque, but the prophet took not the slightest notice of Selim. He mentioned this dream to a friend of his, a rigid Mussulman, and was told that he would become one day a Christian.

The impression of this dream remained: as he imagined there was no hope for him from the prophet, he resolved to inquire what other religions might do for him. He obtained a copy of the Psalms, and afterwards of other books of Scripture; and, becoming convinced of the truths they contained, he ceased to go to mosque, to say Mohammedan prayers, or to keep the Ramazan. His habits and principles underwent a thorough change.

He longed from the first to profess his faith publicly, and to be baptized; but the consideration for his wife and for his children, of the ages of seventeen, fourteen, twelve, and one, who would have been torn from him, made him delay for awhile his profession, till he could wind up his affairs and leave Saloniki. Before this took place, his wife, sister, and

* Nov. 1856, p. 260.

a Turkish maid-servant in their family—came over to the truth. They broke off their Mohammedan connexions, and united with him in his new course. They kept the Sabbath-day strictly, and took every opportunity to cultivate the friendship of Christian brethren.

Finding himself exposed to persecution from the pasha and others, so that he could not remain with safety at Saloniki, and being anxious to reach some place where he might openly profess his faith in Jesus, he went to Constantinople, where he was kindly received by the Missionaries. After some time his family followed him. Here he soon became known and watched. In order to remove him from Christian society, he was appointed to a situation many miles distant from Constantinople; and, when he appeared indisposed to go, a public order was sent, enjoining his departure the next day. He well knew that to do so would be to forego the hope of following out his convictions, and to place himself in the power of the fanatical Turks. Providentially, on the very morning that he was to leave, an English steamer was ready to start for Smyrna, on board of which he and his family were kindly received, and conveyed in safety to Smyrna, and from thence succeeded in reaching Malta. There he, his wife, sister-in-law, and her child, were baptized by the Rev. I. Lowndes, agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society for Malta and Greece. Some of his answers to questions proposed to him before his baptism are deeply interesting. When asked why he left Mahommedanism to embrace Christianity, his answer was—"In the Mahommedan religion there is nothing that affects and interests the heart; but this I found in Christianity." May Paul's prayers for the ancient Thessalonica Christians, of which his epistles to that church are full, be fulfilled again in these new converts!

A LETTER TO THE HINDÚS.

At a conference of Christian Missionaries of all denominations, held some months ago at Calcutta, it was resolved to issue a monthly letter in English, copies of which might be forwarded, by post or otherwise, to such natives as are familiar with English. This is the first of the series—

ON THE FOLLY OF ADHERING TO BAD CUSTOMS.

My dear Friend—

When you open this letter, and begin to read it, you will perhaps be ready to say, "Is not this another attempt to persuade me to embrace Christianity? It will, however, be useless, for I will never forsake the religion of my fathers. How can I, a Hindú, give up the customs which have been observed in this country for thousands of years, and adopt a religion comparatively modern, which would oblige me to forsake our national customs?"

Permit me to make a few observations on this subject of giving up old customs. We do not wish you to give up any good custom, because it is old. We are quite ready to acknowledge that an old custom may

be a good one; and, if so, we would advise you, by all means, to adhere to it. But do not suppose that every old custom must of necessity be good, so that it would be wrong to forsake it. Distinguish between good and bad customs: adhere to the former, and forsake the latter.

Do not say, It is impossible for Hindús to alter their customs; for Hindús certainly have, of late years, forsaken some old customs, and adopted new ones instead. Consider the changes that have been introduced in the matter of dress and household furniture. How many Babús now have chairs, and tables, and bedsteads in their houses? How many have watches, and wear English-made clothes, although their forefathers knew nothing of all these things? How many Hindús now pursue occupations which had never been heard of in this country until within the last fifty years? Fifty years ago, there were no printed Bengali books; and now, thousands and thousands appear annually at Calcutta. Fifty years ago, no Hindú ever thought of learning English, and now there are thousands of them who read, and speak, and write it fluently, and twenty years hence there will be lakhs of them. The Hindús have been in the habit, for many generations past, of travelling either by country-boats, or walking, or in palankíns, or on cow-carts; but now, great changes are introduced even in this matter. Some travel in carriages drawn by horses; some on steamboats; and if you will go and look at the railway that leads from Calcutta to Raneegunje, you will see, every day, hundreds and thousands of Hindús travelling in carriages propelled by steam-engines, although the railway was only opened two years ago. If there was no other proof than this railway, this alone would be quite sufficient to show that Hindús can forsake old customs and adopt new ones.

Perhaps you will say, In the things which have just been mentioned, adherence to the old customs would be very injurious, whilst the adoption of the new customs is clearly advantageous. Very true: this is exactly what we wish to urge—that you should give up all injurious customs, and adopt advantageous ones in their stead. If you forsake some customs that are injurious, why not forsake all? why will you be your own enemy?

Will you say that it would be a reflection upon your fathers to do so? that it would look as if you thought yourself wiser than they were? You cannot say this, because you have already adopted many customs which were unknown to them. If you get a watch, instead of guessing the time from the position of the sun, as your fathers did, is not this, also, like saying that you are either wiser or more fortunate than they were? But no; by adopting these new customs you do not intend to reflect upon your forefathers at all: you simply maintain your right to forsake that which is injurious, and adopt that which is advantageous to yourself—a right which your fathers, if they loved you, would not dispute.

Perhaps you will say, that, in temporal things, Hindús may forsake old customs, but that they cannot do it in religious things. This again is not correct. About fifty years ago, thousands of infants were thrown into the sea and drowned at the Saugor melá: no one does it now. About thirty years ago, many widows were annually burnt alive with the bodies of their husbands; but now, most people have ceased to remember that

such a custom ever prevailed. Formerly it was thought a very shocking thing to touch the flesh or the hide of a dead cow; but now how many Bráhmans, even wear shoes made of cows' hides, instead of their old wooden sandals? Only a few years ago, no Hindú would have ventured to recommend the marriage of widows; but how many thousands of Hindús, from all parts of India, have lately petitioned Government to make such marriages legal? Do not say, then, that Hindús cannot abandon their old customs which are connected with religion. If you will read your own ancient books, such as the Ramayan and the Mahábhárat, you will find mention made in them of many religious customs, such as the Ashwamedha, that have long ceased to be observed; and you will find that other customs, such as the worship of Kálí and Durgá, were not in use then, which are now almost universal among Hindús.

We would, then, again say, Examine the old customs of your country. Distinguish the good from the bad, the advantageous from the injurious: keep the good, and forsake the bad. In giving you this advice, we are asking you to seek your own welfare, both temporal and spiritual. You have a right to seek your own welfare. If, from a desire to please others, you ruin yourself, will you not, in the end, regret it, and acknowledge that you were very foolish?

It is said, that in a certain country it was a long-established custom that no one should touch the king except his courtiers. Now it happened, one cold morning, that the king, as he sat before the fire to warm himself, approached so near the flame that the extremity of his garment caught fire. At that time none of his courtiers were present: only some ordinary servants were near. These, from fear of violating the custom of the court, not daring to touch the royal person, kept aloof; and the king, from the same fear, did not call them to his assistance. The consequence was, that he was so severely burnt that he died two or three days afterwards. Now, was it not foolish of this king to lose his life rather than forsake the old custom of his court? And would it not be equally foolish in you, rather to ruin yourself than forsake the customs of your forefathers?

You will perhaps ask, How can we know that we shall ruin ourselves, by adhering to the customs of our forefathers? or that we shall be saved by believing in Jesus Christ? To this we would answer, Consider this matter carefully. See whether, by Hindúism, you obtain a well-founded hope of happiness after death; and whether, even in this life, it makes your mind happy, and your character and conduct pure? And if you find that Hindúism does not give you peace of mind, purity of heart and life, and a well-founded hope of happiness hereafter, then be ready to forsake Hindúism. Inquire, also, carefully, whether by believing in Jesus Christ, who made an atonement for sin by His own death, you will not obtain peace and purity here, and happiness after death. If you find that Jesus Christ can bestow these blessings, then hesitate not to believe in Him, and to become His disciple.*

* "The Calcutta Christian Observer," Aug. 1856, pp. 358—361.

THE KAREN PASTOR, THAGHE.

IN a previous Number* we made mention of a city called Toungoo, on the banks of the Sitang, and about 200 miles from the sea, and the tradition of the Karens in connexion with it, that it had once been their home.

In the beginning of 1852 a war broke out between the Burmese and the English, and Rangoon soon fell into the hands of the British; when Sau Quala, convinced that they would take possession of the whole country, wished to proceed forthwith to Toungoo, and commence there Missionary labours. He was persuaded, however, by the American Missionaries, to wait until the war had ended, the country being in a very disturbed state, so that such an attempt could not be made without great danger. The Karens were in much suffering, and, in many of the districts, struggling for life. The chapels of the Christians had been burnt down, their buffaloes and other property taken from them, and their houses consumed. When Bassein was taken, the Burmese officers issued orders that every town and village in the province should be destroyed, the inhabitants driven away, and the country left a desert. How many of them, in this time of tribulation, suffered cruel deaths there are no means of ascertaining; but one instance is on record, in the pages of an American Missionary periodical—that of the pastor Thaghe.

It appears that two men, apparently inferior Burmese officers, deliberately plotted the death of the Karen pastor. In the first instance they seized his two sons and a nephew, which, as anticipated, brought him into their presence, to seek the release of his children. They bound him, and led the whole away to the governor of the town to which his village belonged; but on the way they beat him with thirty stripes, and the young men with twenty-five each. When they reached the presence of the governor, Thaghe's persecutor said to him privately, "If you kill him now, you will not get much money. Let him go free for a little while." So he was dismissed on the payment of thirty rupees.

Subsequently, the governor went to another part of his district, where he was attacked by a party of Karens, and compelled to retreat. At this juncture, Thaghe's old enemy reported that all the Christians were about to rise in rebellion, so the governor ordered their immediate apprehension. Forty, with their pastor, were taken and put in chains. The next day, a few of the chiefs among them were set at liberty, with the promise that if 130 rupees were brought all the prisoners should be dismissed. The money was paid, but the Christians were still retained in confinement. The day following, Thaghe was brought out, and, after beating and torturing him in various ways, they told him that on the payment of 170 rupees he should be set at liberty. He answered that he had no money. They said, "Your Christians give you 100 rupees a year, and you must give it up." He replied, he never received so much. His persecutors then turned to the chiefs again, and said, "If you compassionate your teacher, pay the 170 rupees for him."

* December, p. 139.

This they readily promised to do, and were allowed to go free till they obtained it; but so soon as the money was procured, all the prisoners were removed to another town, and delivered over to a superior officer, denominated, in the narrative, a judge. When Thaghe was brought in, he reviled him, and said, "If thy God be possessed of divine power, let Him deliver thee from thy chain." Thaghe replied, "Should the eternal God not save me in this world, He will in the next." The judge asked, "How dost thou know?" He answered, "The Holy Scriptures say so, and I know of a truth that He will save me." The judge continued, "Through thy skill the white foreigners have made war on our country;" and he then struck him five times with the point of his elbow, after which he increased his irons fourfold. Three or four days more were allowed to elapse, when he was brought again into the presence of the judge, who said to him, "Read now before me from the book of the eternal God, who, thou sayest, will save thee." Thaghe replied, "Were I to read, thou wouldst not listen, but do me evil continually." The judge remarked, "Let the eternal God, and thy Lord Jesus Christ, save thee out of my hands." He then took a stick, as thick as a man's wrist, and struck him thirty blows.

After a confinement of two days more, his original persecutor appeared again, and Thaghe asked him what he intended to do with him and the other Christians. "I will kill you all," was the savage reply, and at the same time he kicked him with his heel, as a horse kicks. The man then went to the governor, and said, "My lord, if you will kill all these people I will give you a hundred rupees." The governor took the money, and said, "I cannot endure the future punishment entailed on killing so many persons." After three days the persecutor brought fifty rupees more to the governor, and again requested him to kill all the Christians. The governor replied, "If thou wilt give thy daughter in marriage to my brother here, I will kill them." The condition was complied with; and when he had delivered over his daughter, the governor said, "Now I believe in this man. If any 'children of the white book'—a common epithet for Christians—come up from below, tell me, and I will kill them."

During this time, the judge brought up pastor Thaghe and beat him every two or three days, who said to the judge, "Do not torture me thus. If thou wilt kill me for worshipping God, do it quickly." At this juncture the persecutor, who was absent, sent a report that the English and "the children of the white book" were approaching, and said, "They will rescue the teacher and his disciples. Go, tell the governor to kill the teacher quickly." His messenger went to the governor, and added, "If thou dost not kill the teacher, they will certainly come and rescue him." When the governor received the information, he went to the judge, who had Thaghe brought out immediately from confinement, beaten with sixty blows, and then crucified; reviling him while on the cross, and saying, "Let thy God come and take care of thee." He finally disembowelled him on the cross, shot him with two musket-balls, had him cut in three pieces, and thrown into a hole that was dug for him. When the original instigator of the deed heard of it, he said to the people around, "Say not that he was killed, but that he fell into the water and was drowned."

Peace to thy dust, pastor Thaghe. No dear friend wiped the drops of agony from thy dying brow. They all lay bound in the felon's prison, because they were thine, and thou wast Christ's. No Christian brother stood by to receive thy last wishes, and record thy last testimony for that Master for whom thou wast "faithful unto death." A heathen Burman, an unconcerned spectator of thy sufferings, was the sole biographer of thy last days. No funeral bell tolled thy requiem. No silver-mounted coffin received thy remains. No marble monument marks the place of thy sepulchre. No eulogy has been pronounced on thy ennobling example. As Stephen was the first martyr in Judea, so wast thou the first martyr in Burmah. Like Stephen, thou didst die in the midst of thine enemies; so, it is believed, like Stephen, thou didst see "the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God." Unnoted as thou hast been, yet shall thy name be inscribed on the banner of Missions, when "the Lord mustereth the host unto the battle:" and when the scoffer asks for the fruit of Missions, we will point him to thy cross, and pronounce thy name, Tha-ghe—"good fruit."*

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THE TWO SWORDS.

ON the wooded banks of a winding stream,  
 A red-skinned warrior stood:  
 Bright was his eye with a savage gleam,  
 And his knit brow wore a cloud.  
 A reeking scalp his fingers clasped,  
 And the red drops, one by one,  
 On the tomahawk fell, which, by strong hand grasped,  
 A terrible deed had done.

"Oh why," he said, "did the white man come  
 To the trackless forest wild?  
 Why envy the simple wigwam home  
 Of the red-skinned warrior child?  
 His words were fierce to a red man's ear,  
 And fiercer his deed than word;  
 But the chief will never a white man fear,  
 Nor yield to his glittering sword!"

Years fled, and again by that flowing stream  
 The self-same warrior stood:  
 No longer his eye bore a savage gleam,  
 Nor his brow an angry cloud;  
 But a placid smile o'er his features ran,  
 As a form met his anxious sight;  
 And he eagerly welcomed an aged man,  
 Though the skin of that man was white.

"There's joy," he said, "to the red man's breast,  
 In the glance of the white man's eye:  
 Come, tell him again of that peaceful rest  
 In the land above the sky.  
 Read of the white and the red man's Lord,  
 When this sinful earth He trod!"  
 He had yielded, at length, to the white man's sword,  
 But that sword was the WORD OF GOD!

*[From the Christian Treasury.]*

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\* "The Missionary Magazine" (Boston, U. S.) Oct. 1856, pp. 388—390.

## THE KUZZEL-BASH.

NOT far from the Kara-Su, or west branch of the Euphrates, is a town called Arabkir, one of the stations of the American Missionaries, which are so happily multiplying over the provinces of Asia Minor, with a view to the evangelization of the Armenian people; and in the vicinity of this town, within a circuit of a few miles diameter, are scores of villages, inhabited by a little-known yet interesting people, called the Kuzzel-bash.

Kuzzel-bash, in Turkish, and in Armenian, Garmir-klookh, signifies "Red-head," and is a term which the Turks also apply to the Persians; for which latter nation the Kuzzel-bash profess great attachment. These facts, perhaps, indicate that this people came originally from Persia, a circumstance not altogether improbable when we consider the proximity of that country to this, and call to mind the frequent invasions from that quarter during past centuries. It is quite certain that the Kuzzel-bash are not Koords, since they do not use the Koordish language, and are very much hated by them. If ever they had a language peculiar to themselves they have entirely lost it, since they now use no language but Turkish. That they are altogether a different people from the Osmanlis is proved by the bitter hatred which the two races entertain for each other. It is true, the Kuzzel-bash are nominal Mussulmans; but they despise the religion of their oppressors, and practise but few of its rites, and those but occasionally. If a pasha or a beg is the guest of a village, the muezzin calls the hours of prayer; otherwise his voice is not heard. The oppressions which they suffer from the dominant race are more severe than those endured by any class of the Christian subjects. In this respect they are the most abused people in Turkey. They are industrious and frugal, and, with protection, would become rich and prosperous; but as it is now, they are eaten up by greedy pashas and other exorbitant officials.

As a race, they are large and fine-looking, some of them presenting the noblest examples of physical development. They never shave, or in any way cut their beards, which gives a dignified air to their middle-aged and aged men. They are entirely free from the vice of drunkenness, not manufacturing or using any kind of spirits. They are not married young, as are the Armenians. Divorce is unknown among them, as are bigamy and polygamy. They do not eat fish, assigning, as a reason, that Jonah was swallowed by a whale, and thus the whole race became impure. Again, they neither eat garlic nor smoke tobacco, two articles of universal use in these countries. For this the reason given is, that every man has an angel on either shoulder, who flies away if these articles are used. They consider unclean, and spit upon, those who violate this custom, as being abhorred of God, who only regards those who are presented before Him by their guardian angels.\*

These people have applied to the American Missionaries for some evangelists to come amongst them and instruct them in the faith of Christ, as they were prepared in a body to renounce the superstitions of their fathers. To this step they have probably

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\* "The Missionary Herald" (Boston, U. S.) Oct. 1856, p. 298.

been moved by the expectation, that if they were formed, according to the privileges granted by the recent firmán of the Sultan, into a Protestant community, they would escape the exactions of their oppressors, the Turks. Such a movement the Missionaries, aware how uncertain and hurtful, to those who make it, is a profession grounded on mere temporal motives, have wisely discouraged, while, at the same time, they anxiously seek to awaken them to a sense of spiritual need, and a desire for the salvation which is in Christ. The first difficulty is the language, as the work of instruction must be carried on in Turkish; and faithful men, who can effectively use that language, are few in number. Were it the Armenian language, the case would be altogether different. There are many of that nation who experimentally know the truth as it is in Jesus; but there are not many of them who are good Turkish scholars. Two young men, however, have been selected, and sent amongst them. They went forth, after the manner of the seventy, on foot, and taking no money with them, in order that it might be seen whether they would be well received for the sake of the message which they brought with them. After an absence of ten days, they returned, having visited sixteen villages, at all of which they had met with hospitality and kindness, the people listening to the reading of the Scriptures, and giving an outward assent to the truths which were placed before them. Everywhere men wished to know what they expected to get in return for the gospel which they read and preached, and could not comprehend their doing it freely. When they come to understand, as we trust they will, the free gift of God to man, they will be enabled to understand how there can be free love from man to man.

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FAKÍRS IN INDIA.

THERE is no class of persons under the sun more deserving of human sympathy and Christian prayers than the fakírs in India. The word fakír is used in two different senses. The first represents seclusion from the world, and the second is synonymous with the English word *beggar*. To both classes is applied the word *yogis*, from *yog*, signifying devotion. Sometimes they receive the appellation "sitters in a corner," *gymnophists*, or naked philosophers. It is their religious views and acts, principally, from which they derive their notoriety. They profess entire contempt of life and the world. Not satisfied with rejecting luxury, they inflict upon themselves penance, and covet all manner of trials and self-denial. Their avowed object is to divest themselves of every human passion, and detach the feelings from every means of pleasure and gratification. Whilst some prefer to spend their days in solitude, amid the great jungles inhabited by wild beasts, and sometimes by still wilder men, others, more degraded if possible, roll their naked skeleton forms in the dust and offal of the streets of cities, and on the highways, throughout the whole land. Some dwell among the tombs of the dead, cutting and lacerating their bodies with stone, as in the days of our Saviour: others

betake themselves to long pilgrimages, and no persuasion can deter them from executing their purpose. Many of these persons give undeniable testimony of insanity; but, strange as it may appear, they are permitted to wander about every large city, with scarce a hand's-breadth of clothing to cover their loathsome bodies. By the lower castes they are extolled for their meritorious acts, and are considered the most holy and virtuous of God's creatures. They would not dare to oppose their will in the least matter: if they did, they think surely the most dire calamities would inevitably follow. Both classes live principally on charity, and their clamour and entreaties for money meet you everywhere.

It would be impossible to give any thing like a correct estimate of the number of these devotees; yet I think I may safely say, without the fear of contradiction, that there are many thousands. It is difficult to conceive of a more shocking or humiliating spectacle than these poor deluded souls present in their acts of worship. Some expose themselves for days, naked, to the rays of the sun, which in this tropical climate are very powerful and unhealthy. Others, not contented with what nature has done for their ease as well as their comfort, hold one or both arms in an upright position, until the muscles become stiffened, and it is impossible to restore the limb to its proper position. Some sit in one posture until their limbs lose their power, and they are maimed for life. Others besmear their bodies with the most filthy offal, and clot their hair with the excrement of the cow. Some go almost naked, in order to show that they have subdued their passions, and have no reason to be ashamed. Others, with their great propensities to make beasts of themselves, are clothed in tiger skins, or have their bodies tattooed to resemble that animal, to show that they reside chiefly in the jungles. Some abstain from food until they become frightful moving skeletons; others must drink their water from a human skull; with many more acts too revolting to be recorded. Even women are to be found among these misanthropic mendicants, and present even a more degraded spectacle than the men. There is every reason to believe that these unfortunate outcasts are often really sincere in what they do, and that they really consider this the only sure path to eternal bliss.

I fear but little can be done directly to better the condition of this class, owing, in part, to their seclusion, and besotted ignorance of every thing reasonable; yet we have every reason to believe, judging from the past, that their numbers will gradually decrease as the light increases.

Oh, that the Lord would cause His people in Christian lands to realize the corruption and the self-debasing practices of thousands of their fellow creatures; that they are dying of hunger, whilst there is bread enough, and to spare, in our Father's house above—for then might we expect a cheerful and universal response to the many entreaties sent forth from this land. Let us hope—let us work—let us pray, remembering what God has promised—“Ask of me, and I will give *Thee* the heathen *for* Thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for Thy possession.”*

A. O. JOHNSON.

* “The Foreign Missionary” (New York) Oct. 1856, pp. 146, 147.

A HOPEFUL EFFORT.—BING-OO, CHINA.

CHRISTIAN men are observing the efforts which are being made to introduce the gospel to the Chinese, with the solicitude of a physician as he administers medicine to a patient suffering under



"I CREEPT LIKE A THIEF INTO MY NEW AND STRANGE QUARTERS."—Yidd p. 15.

dangerous disease. China is in a diseased state. "The whole head is sick, and the whole heartfaint." Their heathenism, dark and cold, because, amidst its gloom, God is altogether forgotten and lost sight of, shuts them up in much misery. But to this is now added the vice of opium-smoking, which, amidst the inhabitants of the seaboard cities, has spread fearfully, besides the mischief going on in the interior, which it is impossible fully to calculate. This vice, as our readers are aware, brings upon those who indulge in it fearful calamities. Every vice brings with it more or less of suffering, as a foretaste of worse sufferings beyond the grave, unless it be repented of.

For this and all the other evils which afflict this great empire, there is one true corrective—the gospel of Christ; and this Missionaries of various denominations are earnestly endeavouring to introduce among the Chinese. Latterly, their opportunities of intercourse with them, and of doing them good, have much increased. They can use the language more effectively, they have been enabled to journey further into the interior, to visit new towns and cities, and have been well received by the people.

As facilities for travelling have increased, our Missionaries have been anxious, not merely to pay occasional visits, but to take up some eligible places, where nothing has been yet attempted in the way of evangelization, and thus spread abroad throughout the land, instead of remaining cooped up at the free ports. In Shanghae, for instance, there are many Missionaries, belonging to different Societies. Looking abroad on the destitution of the country, we cannot be surprised if they have felt anxious to push onward; and an attempt of this kind has been made by our own Missionary, the Rev. J. S. Burdon, the particulars of which have been thus related by him—

I have been enabled, by the Lord's blessing, to effect an entrance into one city, in the way I have been so long desiring to do. To-day, September 30th, I have been nearly a fortnight residing in my own hired room, only a few hundred yards outside the gate of a city containing, with its suburbs, somewhere about 100,000 souls. The name of the city is Bing-oo: it lies to the south-west of Shanghae, from which it is distant about seventy miles. The dialect, though differing from that of Shanghae, is intelligible, and will become more so to me as I mingle with its people. They, of course, have no difficulty in understanding the Shanghae dialect. It is in the province of Che-keang. Its situation is very pleasing, and, I hope, healthy, and its people seem, on the whole, very well disposed. But I must now give you some account of how I have been permitted to gain a footing amongst them, and to live, so far, without molestation, either by the people or the authorities.

I have already mentioned to you, that one of our church members was employed in the service of the Bible Society as colporteur. I thought it would be well to use him as a pioneer, and to try if he could not prepare the way for my obtaining a footing in some place when the cool weather began.

But I need not here repeat how difficult we have all found this in China. Only two or three years ago, moving up and down the country in boats, preaching and distributing the word of God, was thought to be doing a great thing; and as to the idea of living in a village, or near a large city, in a foreign dress, it never, I suppose, entered the mind of any one amongst us. This latter has, however, lately begun to be tried by Protestant Missionaries, dressed in the Chinese costume; but it cannot be said to have succeeded. Mr. Taylor was driven from Dzoong Ming about a year ago, and Mr. Edkins, whom I mentioned in a former part of this letter, was obliged to return to Shanghai a few weeks after Mr. Aitchison and myself.

Where we have delicate ground to walk upon, we must tread warily and softly; and therefore, in July last, the colporteur was sent by us to this city of Bing-oo, prior to my going, which, from its situation, its size, its importance, was thought a good place to try the experiment at. I told him to hire a room for himself, and at the same time to keep in view the opening the way for me. He went in July; in August was settled in his new apartment; and in September, as the weather began to cool, I determined to follow, to see what could be done. I left Shanghai on the 16th of September, in the same boat that I used all last winter, which turned up again for me just in the right time, and arrived here on the morning of the following day, after an extraordinarily quick passage. On arriving, I found out the colporteur, and consulted with him as to what was to be done. He very soon introduced me to his landlord. The room he had hired for himself was certainly a very miserable one; small, damp, dark, with a brick floor which had been probably new and clean some day, in generations gone by, with his bed in one corner, consisting of his matting placed on a door-leaf, a table with a few books on, and a chair or two. I thought I could hardly manage to carry out my original idea of taking possession of his room, and sending him on board my boat. I asked the landlord what was to be done, for I wanted to live on shore. He said he had a house in a quieter part of the place, that he would take me to see. We went, but it was almost as bad as the one that I have attempted to describe. However, the terms were all agreed to, and I was to take possession in a day or two; but he afterwards found there was a serious difficulty in the way, for a person was lying dangerously ill in the house, and she could not be removed on such short notice. I told him, then, that he must manage the matter another way, for I would not take the place; for fear, if any thing happened to the sick person, a still greater prejudice would be formed in the minds of the people against me, and, as a consequence, against my message. He then offered me the room over the one the colporteur had been occupying; and, as this was the very thing I had been wanting, the matter was soon settled. He asked a very trifling sum for the first month, and agreed to settle about the rent, &c., at the end of that time, if all things went on peaceably.

On the 19th, the second night after my arrival, and the second day of my fourth year in China, I crept like a thief into my new and strange quarters, and have, till now, remained in them without any inquiry from the authorities, or molestation by the people. I say I *crept* into my quarters, for I shall not easily forget the way in which I was ushered

into my new abode. This house is built on the side of the wide stream that flows past this city, and in one of the back rooms there is a kind of trap door, which opens on to a flight of steps leading down to the water. When the darkness of night had covered us, the boat was brought to these back steps. I sent in my bed and box, and then crept up, almost on all fours, myself, to the great danger of the steps, which are by no means as firm as the day they were set up. But, however, I am in, and I shall try to keep in as long as I can. How long that may be I know not; but I feel I have a proud, close-fisted, prejudiced, jealous people to deal with, and I have great need of all the wisdom of the serpent, joined with the gentleness and harmlessness of the dove. At first, when I came, I went daily into the city, and preached, as usual when I am out on an excursion, in the temples, and in the streets; but this caused such a riot among the boys, both little and great, that I saw it was likely to endanger my stay here altogether. I have therefore discontinued this practice for the last week, and contented myself with speaking with those who come to see me at my own hired house. It cost me a good deal to give up the street-preaching; but we have to learn, as Missionaries as well as Christians, when it is "our strength to sit still." When once the strangeness of a foreigner, in his own dress, dwelling among them wears off, and there is less danger to my landlord, I shall again go out into the streets and temples, publicly to proclaim the message of salvation; but at present, in a quiet way, I have as many opportunities of speaking for my Master as I want, and the rest of my time I fill up with study. That I am living here is known to most of the people in the city and outside of it, as well as in the mandarin's offices. Whether any steps will be taken to oust me I know not; but this I know, that, if the present be the Lord's time, no power on earth, or in hell, can drive me out, till I accomplish the work He has sent me to do. However, I do not want to boast much. The next mail may carry home news of my entire failure.

We look forward to his next communication with much anxiety. Recent news from China have made us aware that the Tae-pings are approaching Shanghai; and the probability is, that, on account of the disturbed state of the country, he has found it necessary to fall back. The recent collision at Canton between the English squadron and the Chinese authorities is a new and unexpected element of embarrassment; nor is possible to say to what extent the position of English Missionaries along the coast may be affected by it.

We wait for the results of all these movements; nor do we think we shall wait long. We believe that China is not far from being thrown wide open to intercourse with foreigners, unless, indeed, our own unhappy connexion with the opium growth and traffic subject us to a special exclusion. The Tae-pings are most resolute in their antipathy to the opium traffic, and the Tartar dynasty at Peking, so far as its feebleness permitted, has endeavoured to suppress it. May the opium monopoly, which places England in so unfavourable a light before the Chinese, be abandoned, and China soon open to the gospel!

LADIES' WORKING ASSOCIATIONS.

THERE are many groups of kind friends, throughout the country, who are in the habit of meeting together once a month, to work and make up clothing for our more destitute Missionary stations; especially in Rupert's Land, where the climate is so severe, and warm clothing so much needed. We feel that these little meetings require occasionally a word of encouragement. It is not always easy to realize the connexion between the rough piece of work in hand—some coarse and strong material, through which the needle does not pass with facility, and which is tedious and uninteresting—and its arrival at some distant station, where it becomes a welcome gift to some poor shivering Indian—a prize of great value. Could our friends sometimes be enabled to trace their work to its destination, it would cheer and encourage them; and it is always a pleasure when we can introduce into our pages facts of this kind.

York Factory, on the west coast of Hudson's Bay, is the most northerly of our North-West-American stations, being some degrees further north than the Rev. R. Hunt's station on the English River; although not so remote, for York Factory is the port where the annual ships lade and unlade for England; and here there is opportunity of seeing friends, and having brief but pleasant intercourse with them. Church Missionary Point, English River, has no such advantage. It is the most lonely and far separated of all the stations, and our friends there need much sympathy.

In the matter of climate, we cannot say which of these localities is the most severe. Of York Factory, our Missionary, the Rev. W. Mason, says—"The Ladies' Associations in England and Ireland cannot have a better field for their objects of charity and benevolence than here, where the climate is so severe, that all our energies are exerted to keep ourselves from freezing at times, especially the poor Indian, who is so exposed. My tea was once poured out for me to drink, but, before I had finished the cup, it became a solid mass of ice. I was relating the circumstance to one of the gentlemen of the Company. He told me that a similar circumstance occurred to him when on the coast near North River." Our own English winters are sufficiently cold to make us sensible of the need, and thankful for the comfort, of warm clothing. How pitiable, then, the condition of the poor Indian, his wife and little children, if, as is too frequently the case, their clothing be old and insufficient. Let no one say, "We have poor enough at home." I believe the more we do, temporally and spiritually, for the poor abroad, the less, through the enriching providence of God, we shall have of the poor at home.

How much our Missionaries prize the contributions of our Ladies' Associations will appear in the following words from Mr. Mason. "August 25, 1856—I opened some of the goods which had just come from home. Our hearts rejoiced when we saw the charity clothing, sent for our school children by our kind but unknown friends both in England and Ireland. May their work of faith and labour of love be abundantly rewarded by our Heavenly Father, who has promised that a cup of cold water, given unto one of these little ones in the name of a disciple, shall in no wise lose its reward. Kindness is the key to the

human heart; and the Missionary, being the almoner of these charitable contributions to the Indians, is more likely to succeed in persuading them to abandon their evil ways, and accept the still more important blessings of the gospel, gratuitously conferred upon them by God, who is loving to every man, and whose tender mercies are over all His works; who hates nothing that He has made, but wills the salvation of all men." Again he says, August 29th—"A most timely supply of clothing, which will fill the hearts of our dear children with joy. Some of them were so destitute, that I was obliged to buy clothing to enable them to come to school; and I am happy to say, that what has been sent by our kind Christian friends is just what we needed. A larger stock of boys' clothing would be acceptable—as they are quite as destitute as the girls—such as trowsers or coats, or materials to make them."

They are now in the depth of stern winter in far-off America. Our Associations, we trust, are in full work. The spring will soon come round, when packages must be made up for Rupert's Land. The summer there is brief. The ships must get in to Hudson's Bay, and get away, while the water be still open. Let us be diligent. "Naked, and ye clothed me."

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"GIVE ME TO DRINK."

"GIVE me to drink!" and who and what art Thou  
That askest drink of me, a child of earth?  
O wondrous suppliant! Yes, I know Thee now,  
Though once a stranger to Thy matchless worth.

Give Thee to drink! Yes, had I seen Thee here  
Athirst and weary, seated on the well,  
Oh, how my heart had throbb'd Thine heart to cheer,  
This feeble tongue it hath no words to tell.

But, Jesus, say what would'st Thou have me do  
To prove the love I then would fain have showed.  
"I have a little band, a faithful few,  
Pilgrims and strangers on their homeward road.

"Whene'er you see *them* weary on the way,  
Athirst or fainting, then remember ME;  
Think then thou hearest Me, the MASTER, say,  
'Give me to drink'—this boon I crave of thee.

"And Oh! when thou shalt sit with me beside  
The river of life's water, cool and clear—  
The same which issued from my wounded side  
When, in death's agony, I thirsted here—

"I will give thee to drink—Oh! such a draught  
Of life and love from my unbounded store,  
As no poor thirsting spirit ever quaffed,  
When thou shalt drink with Me, and thirst no more."

[*"Madras Christian Herald."*]

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LABOURS AMONGST THE SLAVES OF TRAVANCORE.

THE gospel has to do with man. It is a message to him from God. It meets him under every variety of circumstance, amidst the manifold forms of his estrangement from God; but it penetrates through all outward difficulties, that it may reach his heart, and bring him to repentance. To bond and free, learned and illiterate, barbarian and civilized, it is still "the gospel of Christ, the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." We see it in its power when it humbles the pride of the philosopher, and bows him down at the foot of the cross. We see it in its condescension when it reaches down to the outcasts and pariahs of the human race, and assures them that, low and vile as they are, they are not deemed unworthy of His notice, who lifteth the poor out of the dust and the beggar out of the dunghill. We know what wondrous things have been accomplished among the slaves of Africa. Would our readers wish to hear something of what is being done among the slaves of Travancore? Some interesting particulars of the work which is going forward amongst them occur in the journals of the Rev. Oomen Mamen, one of our native ministers, who was ordained at Cochin in March last.

April 21, 1856—Mepra. At six P.M. I reached the slave school. Notice being previously given that all the inquirers should meet in the school this evening, Púwen, the leading man here, and his family, were present on my arrival. Most of the inquirers were present this evening. Two of the slaves brought three lamps and a large quantity of oil. I have never met such a large and interesting company of slaves flocking our school in so clean and neat dress as on this occasion. I expressed my high opinion of cleanliness, and told them to learn to wash their clothes hereafter. We first sang our favourite hymn, "Jesus alone (is our) trust," then prayed together. On rising from our knees I saw a youth weeping. On my inquiring into the cause of it, he said he wept for his sins. This gave me occasion to preach from 1 John i. 7, "The blood of Christ." Explained the vileness of sin—the death of Christ as the only remedy for sin—the necessity to love Christ—the curse of God resting upon all who do not love Him. (1 Cor. xvi. 22.) All present were deeply attentive: many listened with tears. I sat down and inquired into their trials. They informed me that twenty-seven of them are desirous to be baptized as soon as possible, as they are not kept back by any peculiar hindrance. Among the forty-three slaves present on this occasion, three belonged to heathen masters. One of them, being forbidden to attend divine service, replied to his master, "Sir, God made heaven and earth in six days, and He did not work on the seventh, so that I cannot work on that day: I am wholly at your disposal during the remaining six days." Convinced by this simple statement, the master answered, "If so, you must not work on Sunday." A second slave informed me that his master is much opposed: still, he attends the school without his consent. He said, further, that he was hindered from attending the school two or three Sundays during the late harvest. A third slave came from a great way off: he said, because his master was bitterly opposed he

used to attend the school by stealth. He is a nice young man: he expressed his distress because he had no friends for encouragement at the place he lives. A few young men complained that their wives are opposed to this religion. I think in no other school we have at present so many inquirers as in this.

I cannot express the joy I felt on this occasion. While we were engaged in these holy exercises, the heathen slaves met in a neighbouring devil-temple, to spend the night in singing and shouting in honour of a goddess. We concluded our meeting with prayer.

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#### ABORIGINES OF AUSTRALIA.

ONE of our New-Zealand Missionaries, Mr. Telford, residing at Port Macquarie for the benefit of his health, having had some opportunities of intercourse with the degraded aborigines of that portion of New South Wales, has communicated to us the following particulars—

The Committee will be pleased to learn that I am not altogether idle in Port Macquarie. I generally teach the first class in Mr. O'Reilly's Sabbath-school, and have often little meetings of the poor, outcast, benighted aborigines in the verandah of the house where I reside. Though living in the midst of Europeans, they either know very little, or nothing at all, about God, and Christ, and a future state. Many of them can understand, and speak, a little English. This enables me to tell them some precious truths, which they appear never to have known. When I speak to them of Christ, and of His love in coming from heaven to die for poor sinners, they often express great astonishment; but tell me that they doubt whether it was for stupid black-fellow of Australia. They have similar doubts about churches and schools. When I say, to such of them as understand a little English, that they ought to begin and attend church on Sundays, and begin also to learn to read, they usually reply that the churches and schools were built for the "big white-fellow" only, and that they would not be allowed to sit down in either. I hope that three or four of them have now, for the first time, been convinced to the contrary. A few days ago, one of them, with whom I had been speaking on religious topics, evinced much apparent concern about his ignorant condition, and inability to read, when I showed him a copy of the Bible, and told him whose book it was, and what it revealed. By way of encouragement, I sometimes tell them about the New Zealanders, what they once were, before they knew about the true God and Jesus Christ, and how different they are now. I am endeavouring to collect a vocabulary, and to gain some acquaintance with the grammatical construction of their language. If I could manage to translate the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments into it, I fancy that my residence here for a time would not be in vain. Strange to say, it does not extend beyond the district of Port Macquarie. Other languages or dialects, all widely differing from each other and from it, are said to abound in the adjoining districts. This will form an immense obstacle in the way of Missionary operations, should such ever be attempted among them on a large scale; of which, however, I fear there is little chance. A general feeling among



the Europeans—even ministers of the gospel entertain it—is, that they are so low, mentally, in the scale of human beings, and so brutal in their habits, as to be incapable of religious instruction. My own limited acquaintance with them enables me, without hesitation, to say, that, although they are inferior to the New Zealanders in every respect, and seem to have no ideas of a God, nor of any future state, beyond this singular one, that “when black-fellow die, black-fellow start up white-fellow,” they are intelligent enough to learn all that the blessed gospel reveals, and would, I am confident, be glad to learn, if they had opportunities.

We fear that, for the present, little is being done for “poor black-fellow,” all the energies of the churches being engaged in the effort to provide for the spiritual wants of the vast influx of settlers.

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THE CRIMEA—THE CARAITES.

THE following account of the Caraites in the Crimea is given in the journal of the Rev. H. Stern, of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews.

He thus describes Tchoufut Kaleh, the chief stronghold of the Caraites, situated about two miles distant from Baktshi-Serai—

We entered, through a passage cut into the solid rock, the citadel of the Caraites. The whole place appeared deserted, and the tramp of our horses' feet on the hard stony pavement vibrated sadly on our ears. After winding our way through several narrow streets, in which silence and death-like inactivity seemed to reign, we suddenly came to a little shed, where five old men, in the Tartar garb, were indolently enjoying the fumes of the chibouk. I accosted them in Turkish, and they readily answered all my queries. One of them accompanied us to the house of the rabbi, the best and most comfortable building in the place. A relative of the chief received us, and immediately we were conducted to the best room, where the rabbi's wife, a young lady eighteen years old, was waiting to welcome her guests. I endeavoured to converse with the inmates of the house, but they were exceedingly ignorant, and to all I said had one answer—“The rabbi will be able to speak with you.” To linger away our time, we now visited the synagogue, a neat building, hanging, like the houses, on the very edge of the rock. The interior was covered with carpets, and adorned with a row of silver lamps; also the scrolls of the law were richly ornamented, and an air of wealth, comfort, and prosperity, pervaded the whole sanctuary. Close to the ark of the law stood a glass case, which covered a magnificent elaborately-worked silver cup, that was presented to the synagogue in 1847 by the Dowager-Empress of Russia.

Of a visit to the country, and an interview with the rabbi, he says—

We made along the gorge till we gradually emerged into a beautiful dell, sheltered by lofty hills, and covered with umbrageous trees. This lovely spot is the cemetery of the Caraites, and, by some strange caprice, it bears the significant appellation of the “Valley of Jehoshaphat.” The

rabbi told me that there were forty thousand sepulchral stones in this secluded and peaceful home of the dead ; besides myriads to whose memory poverty, or indifferent friends, had raised no honoured monument. Many of the epitaphs bore evident marks of antiquity, and I would have copied some of the inscriptions had not the approach of the Sabbath, and the gathering shades of night, precluded my doing so. At the rabbi's house they were quite astonished to see me back again ; but a few words from my host convinced them that I was a different person from their daily numerous English visitors, and at once they all treated me like a member of the family. The usual Russian refreshment of tea was instantly brought into the guest-room, and myself and two Caraites, for nearly an hour, were engaged in emptying glass after glass of this harmless beverage. I tried, and tried hard, to draw my two companions into a religious discussion, but it was in vain : their deference for the rabbi's lore was so profound, that, to all I urged, the answer was either a nod of the head or a provoking "Yes." When my two friends had retired, my agreeable and cheerful host made his appearance, and immediately a new edition of tea was again served up. The rabbi laid aside his oriental dress, and, instead of it, was vested in a European garb, which gave him more the appearance of a Russian boyar than of the spiritual head of a religious sect. He was exceedingly frank, and without any reserve communicated to me the whole history of his life. During our *tête-à-tête* conversation, his young wife, robed in a most fashionable style, joined us ; but she did not remain longer than was necessary to afford the stranger an opportunity to admire her fineries. When she was gone, our conversation turned on the subject of religion, and I pointedly asked him what he thought of the Messiah, and the work and attributes ascribed to Him in the Bible. These direct questions he was not prepared to answer, and I therefore continued to explain to him the doctrine of the Trinity and the mystery of our redemption. To my surprise, he made no objections ; but, after a short pause, solemnly assured me that he and his father, who was also a rabbi, had frequently discussed this matter, "and," added he, with great emphasis, "my firm conviction is, that the Messiah must be a Divine Being, and, in all probability, Jesus of Nazareth is that Divine Being." We then adverted to unfulfilled prophecies ; and he readily admitted that there must be a manifestation of God's mercy before there could be an execution of judgment, and a trial of faith before a punishment for unbelief. We were thus profitably engaged till past midnight, and even then he only reluctantly begged me to retire.

In regard to their numbers and general mode of life, he states—

Before leaving the Caraites stronghold, where for centuries this people have struggled against the unrelenting persecutions of the Tartars, and the unmitigated contempt of the rabbinical Jews, I will endeavour to give you a brief outline of the information I was able to collect during my short sojourn among them. According to the most correct statement I was enabled to obtain, their number in the southern provinces of Russia amounts to about two thousand families, of which one hundred reside at Tchoufut Kaleb. The majority of these are in comfortable and affluent circumstances, particularly those at Odessa, who are most wealthy and extensive merchants. During the reign of the Tartars they experi-

enced a variety of vicissitudes ; but ever since the Tauric Peninsula came under the sway of the Czars they have enjoyed every protection and privilege commensurate with those of other subjects. The esteem and regard in which they are held may perhaps be attributed to the honesty and integrity for which they are deservedly distinguished, though, no doubt, their boasted adherence to the letter of the Bible, and their pretended innocence of the death of our Lord, to a great extent enhanced their favourable position among a bigoted and uneducated populace. In their language and dress the Caraites do not differ from the Tartars, only, on a nearer approach, their brilliant eyes, black beards, and noble expression of countenance, bear evident marks that they are of a different origin from the people among whom their lot is cast. The most deplorable deficiency among the Caraites is the utter want of education and intellectual culture : they are active and industrious in the pursuits and speculations of life ; appear to be good husbands and affectionate fathers ; attached to their homes, and loyal to their sovereigns ; but these happy features in their character would shine far brighter if their minds were not bound in the fetters of ignorance, and their souls devoid of every enlightened thought and action. Should a Missionary be permitted to settle in the Crimea he might exert a benign influence among them, and, by the establishment of schools and a judicious system of education, with God's blessing, render the tree of knowledge a guide to the tree of life. The rabbi is quite conscious of his sect's mental degradation ; and, from his own sentiments on this matter, I should think he would hail with pleasure every effort for their moral culture and intellectual improvement.

ANOTHER LAMB FOLDED.

MIRIAM is gone, and we shall see her pleasant face no more among the group of children who gather around. Sobs and tears burst from the hearts of her young companions, as they stood about her death-bed, and witnessed the final struggling of her young life, so soon to be quenched in death. But when the last breath came and went, and the worn and suffering face put on a look of joy and peace, although we wept, yet it was not for her. Her battle was fought, and we had a good hope that the victory was won.

What Miriam now is we cannot tell, for her dwelling-place, as we trust, is with the saints in light, and she has become like unto Him who is altogether lovely ; but what she was during her earthly pilgrimage, those who hail with joy the triumphs of grace in a heathen land may be interested in hearing.

Miriam was one from among a number of children who were rescued from captivity in Cabul through the interference of the British government. The parents of these children were some of the camp-followers who accompanied the British army during the disastrous campaign of 1841 in Cabul ; and when the forces were cut to pieces by the enemy, many of these poor creatures were taken prisoners, and thus remained, subjected to much harsh treatment, until their release was effected in 1847. Some of the children, for whom there were no claimants, found a home in our orphan-schools. Miriam was among the youngest of

those received. She had lost one of her feet by frost; but, although thus crippled, she was able to walk and run with much activity. The girls in India are generally dull, and not fond of study, but Miriam was an exception. In a school of twenty-five, she was perhaps the second in intelligence and aptitude for learning; and the hope was entertained that she might, in after life, become useful in imparting to her country-women the knowledge which she was treasuring up. But our heavenly Father had other plans for her, and we know He doeth all things well.

A few months since she began to droop; and then came the racking cough and wasting fever, so insidious in their approach, and so deadly in their effects. Miriam had not given decided evidence of being a child of God, although there had been a pleasing degree of attention to divine things, and often, when addressed on the subject of personal religion, her serious look, and the falling tear, would show that the appeal was not unheeded. As her health became materially impaired, an increased solicitude was felt for her soul's eternal welfare, and many prayers were offered up in her behalf. In this feeling she herself partook; and although her natural reserve prevented her from saying much, yet she acknowledged that she feared she was not prepared to die. She felt her deep sinfulness, and dreaded to appear before the judgment-seat of Christ. Again and again was she directed to "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world," and gradually the darkness fled away, and she was enabled to lay her sins on Jesus. Her Bible and hymn-book, the Pilgrim's Progress, and the story of the Young Cottager, were always near; and when too weak to read herself, she would ask those around to read to her. On being asked why she loved Jesus, she answered, "Because He bore my sins." Instead of evincing, as formerly, a reluctance to die, she had a strong "desire to depart." The question being put, "If it were the will of God that you should recover, would you not be willing to remain a little longer?" she answered, "Yes, but Jesus is there," meaning that the Saviour's presence constituted the charm which was drawing her towards that better country. Often, when lying in a half conscious state, she appeared to be engaged in earnest prayer, and the words "Our Father" and "Jesus Christ" would escape from her lips. The few last days of her life were a period of great bodily distress. It was sad to look upon her poor emaciated frame, and hear the groans which her suffering wrung from her. Still her hope was fixed on the Rock of Ages, and she looked forward with longing desire to her dismissal. Only a few moments before her death, a reference was made to those mansions which Jesus is preparing for His people. In answer to an inquiry made, she said, "I hope that there is one for me;" and her last words, just as the spirit was leaving its frail tenement, were, "Prepare a mansion for me."

Thus died Miriam, a member of the Lodiana orphan-school, on the 21st of May 1854, aged about thirteen.

M. R. P.



A GLIMPSE AT NEW ZEALAND AS IT WAS.

THE waterfall in our engraving partly conceals a cave, where once, in the bygone days of New-Zealand savagery, a cannibal feast was perpetrated by the great chief Hongi. Three hundred Wangaroa natives



WAI ANIWANIWA (WATER RAINBOW)—FALL ON THE KERIKERI NEW ZEALAND.

were here killed and eaten. The water falls like a beautiful veil over the gloomy face of the cave, as if to hide it from view. New Zealand was once like the dark cave, full of gloom and horror; but blessed changes have taken place in that land. "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God," and it falls in a stream of mercy and light, like a veil over the past, to hide it from view. We would not desire to conduct our readers into the cave, but merely to catch a glimpse of it through the water as it falls, and just so far to remember what New Zealand was, as to thank God for what it has become.

Hongi was the uncle of Ruatara, the young New-Zealand chief under whose protection the first Missionary station at Kerikeri was formed, and, on his premature death, Hongi became the protector of the Missionaries against the jealousies of other chiefs and tribes. In 1820, accompanied by another young chief, Waikato, he sailed for England, and, while there, resided several months, with his companion, at Cambridge, in order to be near Professor Lee, who was then engaged in drawing up the New-Zealand grammar. There was in his mind no interest on the subject of religion, but very much as to obtaining the means by which, on his return to New Zealand, he might become the chief of all the country. "Great interest was excited by the visit of these New-Zealand chiefs, whose finely-tattooed faces excited general attention. George the Fourth honoured them with an interview: he showed them the armoury of his palace, and presented them with a complete suit of armour, double-barrelled guns, and many other valuable articles." On their return homeward, they disposed, at Sydney, of the more useful gifts they had received from Christian friends, such as tools, and implements of agriculture; and no sooner had the shores of New Zealand been reached, than Hongi commenced his desolating wars.

The first victim of his ambition was a chief named Hinaki, who was his fellow-voyager in the same vessel from Sydney to the Bay of Islands, and who vainly endeavoured to dissuade him from the hostility which he threatened. Finding his efforts to no purpose, he collected his tribe, and prepared himself to resist Hongi, who soon made his appearance at the head of 3000 men. A bloody fight ensued; a thousand men were slain, amongst others, Hinaki, pierced with four balls; and a cannibal feast was held upon the field of battle, in celebration of the victory.

This success emboldened Hongi to other expeditions. He penetrated to distant parts of the island, the Thames district, the rivers Waikato and Waipa, and even advanced so far as the vicinity of Wanganui, on the western coast. "He continued every year his hostile raids, first to one part and then to another, always with success. His name spread terror wherever he went: in fact, he became the Napoleon of New Zealand, and declared, when remonstrated with by the Missionaries, that he should not desist until he had subjected the entire island to his control; that, as England had but one king, so likewise there should be only one in New Zealand." In 1827 he proceeded against the tribes in the neighbourhood of Wangaroa, his men plundering and burning the Wesleyan Missionary Station, which had been commenced a year or two before. It was when in pursuit of a party of these natives that he received a gun-shot wound, of which, after lingering some fifteen months, he eventually died. An Englishman, who happened to be in the Bay of Islands

at the time when he returned home after having received this wound, thus describes an interview which he had with the chief—

“ We found him and his party, his slave preparing their morning repast. The scene altogether was highly interesting. In a beautiful bay, surrounded by high rocks and overhanging trees, the chiefs sat in mute contemplation, their arms piled up in regular order on the beach. Hongi, not only from his high rank, but in consequence of his wound, being tapued, sat apart from the rest. Their richly-ornamented war canoes were drawn up on the strand: some of the slaves were unlading stores, others were kindling fires. . . . We approached the chief, and paid our respects to him. He received us kindly, and with a dignified composure, as one accustomed to receive homage. His look was emaciated, but so mild was the expression of his features, that he would have been the last man I should have imagined accustomed to scenes of bloodshed and cruelty. But I soon remarked, that, when he became animated in conversation, his eyes sparkled with fire, and their expression changed, demonstrating that it only required his passions to be roused to exhibit him under a very different aspect. His wife and daughter were permitted to sit close to him, to administer to his wants, no others being allowed so to do, on account of his tapu. He was arrayed in a new blanket, which completely enveloped his figure, leaving exposed his finely-tattooed face, and head profusely covered with long black curling hair, adorned with a quantity of white feathers.”

This man's death was without hope. So far from attending to the words of the Missionaries, he urged his people to prosecute the war, and exterminate his enemies. “ When told he was dying, he said, ‘ No, I am not dying: my heart is quite light: I am not dying.’ The next day he fainted, and was supposed to be dead. When he revived, he said he should die, but not until the morrow. He ordered his powder to be brought to him, and, when he saw it, he said to his children, ‘ Ka ora koutou,’ ‘ You will be safe,’ intimating that the powder would be their protection.” . . . “ When sinking fast, he continued to rally his friends, and said, ‘ No matter from what quarter your enemies come, let their numbers be ever so great, should they come here hungry for you, kia toa, kia toa—be brave, be brave! Thus will you revenge my death, and thus only do I wish to be revenged.’ He continued repeating these words until he expired.”

Such was a New-Zealand war chief. Yet the fierce passions of this man were so restrained towards the Missionaries, that he invariably protected them; and even his wars were overruled for the spread of Christianity throughout the island. He brought back, from the various districts which he devastated, numerous prisoners, who thus came under the instruction of the Missionaries, and, in their afflicted state, were more docile than the victorious tribes of the Bay of Islands. And when, after Hongi's death, better days dawned, and the natives, becoming humanized under the softening influence of Christian truth, liberated these captives, they carried back with them, to parts of the island where the white man had never been, the wondrous tidings of what they had been taught, showed their wondering countrymen what it was to read and write, and communicated to them some knowledge of the truth of the gospel. They thus pioneered the way for evangelists. There was a cry from dis-

tant tribes for the white men to come and teach them also; and an expansion was thus given to the work, which stayed not until Christianity became universally professed throughout the land, and the cannibal wars of the natives have utterly ceased.

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COMMUNION WITH GOD THE HIGHEST ENJOYMENT.

THE highest honours that this world can boast  
 Are subjects far too low for my desire :  
 The brightest beams of glory are at most  
 But dying sparkles of Thy living fire :  
 The proudest flames that earth can kindle, be  
 But nightly glow-worms when compared to Thee.

Without Thy presence, wealth are bags of cares ;  
 Wisdom but folly ; joy, disquiet, sadness ;  
 Friendship is treason, and delights are snares ;  
 Pleasure is pain, and mirth but pleasing madness :  
 Without Thee, Lord, things are not what they be,  
 Nor have a being when compared with Thee.

In having all things, and not Thee, what have I ?  
 Not having Thee, what have my labours got ?  
 Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I ?  
 And having Thee alone, what have I not ?  
 I wish nor sea nor land, nor would I be  
 Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of Thee.

QUARLES.

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MISSIONARY WORK AROUND THE WINNEPEGOOSIS LAKE,
 RUPERT'S LAND.

AMONGST other and older Missionary stations in Rupert's Land, where opportunities are being afforded to the wandering Indian, a new effort has been commenced at a place called Shoal River, on the Lake Winnepegoosis, in connexion with the Missionary work at Fairford, Manitoba. At this spot our native Missionary, the Rev. James Settee, who laboured long and effectively as catechist at Lac la Ronge, is stationed. His first twelvemonth's residence was amidst much discouragement: the heathen were careless, and indisposed to listen. Since then there have been a few baptisms, enough to assure our native brother that his labours are not unnoticed of his Lord, and that the blessing has begun to fall, as yet in drops, by and by in showers. Meanwhile, the Mission is in its rough stage, and much labour has to be endured. "My time is employed in various ways," writes Mr. Settee. "The Church Missionary Society would be surprised to see us doing the work we have to do daily—cutting down wood, hauling hay, getting home fish from the fishery, working from day-light to day-set. The only time we take for reading is when night comes, and then we are so tired, that sometimes we find our eyes close soon with candle light."

Occasional voyages are made to different points, along the shores of the lake, where Indians are likely to be met; and occasionally

considerable danger is incurred on these expeditions. One specimen we select.

"Oct. 3, 1855—I left this morning for Fairford, but the wind kept us at the mouth of the river.

"Oct. 6—I left early this morning, the second time: the water was still high, for the wind had only just fallen. The same evening I saw some Indians: their tents stood in a point where they had set their nets, which were successful. I landed for about half an hour, to speak to them on the concerns of eternity. I exhorted them to pray to God. These Indians are not baptized yet; but I will not ask them: I want them to apply for it.

"Oct. 7: *Lord's day*—Lying in a point in the Winnepegoosis. In the evening we crossed a bay, in case the wind keeps us at the point.

"On Monday the wind from the north: we ran with sail all day. After day-set, shot two ducks and had them for supper. My man John is a pleasant companion: he is a Christian from Fairford. I speak to him on religious topics as we move on in the lake. We see loons, gulls, and ducks: sometimes we kill as many ducks as serve for the day. We hear reports of shooting all along the lake, and smoke rising at different places.

"Oct. 9—We put ashore late this evening, after paddling hard all day with side wind. We sang a hymn, and laid down to sleep. We kept our canoe in the water, so that we might embark at the break of day. I could not sleep: my mind was engaged about the concerns of eternity. John Herbert, my servant, was very restless too. I employed the waking hours in explaining the solar system to John, the plants also, and about our earth. He said, that he could not sleep when he thought about the Great Being. About midnight we found the wind had turned to the north. We would avail ourselves of it; so we embarked. It was quite dark and cloudy. We found the wind high when we got out from land. I heard the waves across the land loud. I said to John that the wind must be high before we could hear it so plain. He thought that there was a rocky island there. We had not gone far, when we found that we had embarked at a great risk. The wind fell, and a most dreadful storm came on, and the water rose so quick, that we could not see where we were going. We ran with the wind: the breakers were rising every minute. I was afraid John Herbert would break his paddle. I kept a small sail up all the time, to enable the canoe to move with the waves. A birch-rind canoe keeps steady when it goes with the waves. If we allowed our canoe to rock with the waves, we might fill with water. The wind, increasing with violence, blew up the water, or I think it must have risen with the breakers. Our eyes were directed to Him, in whose hands we live, move, and have our being. I called upon John Herbert to keep good courage. He expressed his fears often about his paddle. After running about four miles, we saw land; but the nearer we approached to it, it excited our fear. The beach full of round stones and drift-wood, and some trees standing in the water, as there is inundation this summer in the Winnepegoosis. When we came within fifty yards from the shore, it was dreadful to look to the shore, to see the waves dashing against the stones, and on the drift-wood; when in a few seconds a wave came five or six feet above our heads. John had time to call, 'It is done,' when the wave threw our canoe, and us in it, just six yards from the water's edge.

I started up at once, as soon as I knew that the canoe was on land, on dry ground, far beyond my expectation. I called John, for I could not see him, though he stood at one end of our canoe. We could not see up through the willows. We had to feel with our hands. We could not see whether the canoe had received any damage. After we had put our canoe further from the water, we went up further into the woods, and even there some drops from the rocks reached us. We kneeled down and offered a prayer of thanksgiving to our heavenly Father for our preservation from the deep. We offered a new self-dedication of ourselves to the Lord, that we shall be His servants. Thus far I have to acknowledge the goodness and watchful providence of our gracious God. I made a remark, that if there was a boat or canoe out on a lake, they must be in great danger.

“*Oct. 10*—This is a wild morning: the wind is very little lower than last night. It is surprising to see how mercifully we have been preserved. Where we and our canoe fell, is a small opening of the trees, where the waves had made a channel into a swamp that laid near the edge of the lake. It is in this place where our canoe fell, the only clear spot for miles either way.”

These voyages are sometimes well repaid by the welcome which is given to the Missionary by the Indians, and their patient listening to his instructions. The following extract relates to a place called Berens River, on the east coast of Lake Winnepeg—

“*June 14, 1856*—After breakfast, I looked out for the Indians, to whom invitation had been sent. Finding that the time was going by, I made up my mind to go to them in a small boat: a principal Indian accompanied us. We had not gone any distance, when my men espied the natives walking on the edge of the lake. The wind was too high, and therefore they could not come in their canoes, which made them late. It was about ten o'clock in the morning when we met. We landed, and shook hands with them. They having left their tents before breakfast, my men gave them something to eat; after which I addressed them on the plan of salvation made known to a lost and ruined world, for nearly two hours, or perhaps I exceeded that time. Every eye was directed to me. I am sure my brethren in the ministry will believe me when I say that our meeting with those people reminded me of the Saviour preaching to the people by the sea-shore. I felt deeply for these people. When I concluded, I called upon the old men to say what they had to say. The first speaker expressed his approbation of the subject; that, if it came from God, it ought to be attended to; that he would become a praying man, and his family, if our Society would send a teacher to Berens River. The rest of the old men consented to become Christians, and give up their children for instruction. They mentioned two places; the Berens River, or Pigeon River. The distance between these rivers is, I hear, from four to five miles. The meeting of these people was truly satisfactory.”

One remark of Mr. Settee's we would place upon the hearts of our readers—“We can do without other things, but prayer we must have from all our Christian friends.” We trust that Christian friends will give both the prayers and the “other things” too.



"ONLY WAITING."

A VERY aged man was asked what he was doing now. He replied, "Only waiting."

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown ;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown ;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart, once full of day ;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and grey.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home,
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers ! gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart ;
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the magic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear their footsteps
And their voices, far away :
Till they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown ;
When, from out the gathering darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

[*The Macedonian, April 1855.*]

THE CONVERSION, TRIALS, GODLY LIFE, AND HAPPY DEATH,
OF CATECHIST DANIEL, THE FIRST ELDER OF THE RE-
FORMED PROTESTANT DUTCH CHURCH IN VELLORE.

(*From the "Madras Christian Herald," Dec. 19 and 26, 1855.*)

ON the 12th of September 1855 there went away to the world of glory a man whose life among us was like a sweet strain of music. While its melody still lingers in my ears I wish to write, so that I may the more faithfully record the triumph achieved by our gracious Lord in the heart of one who was once a wretched Hindu, but is now a saint near the throne.

His name was Andiappen. He belonged to a respectable caste, and was a worshipper of Shiva. In his youth he attended a heathen school. When he grew up he became a gardener. In this capacity he for more than twenty years served the late G. Vansomerén, Esq., who, finding him diligent and trustworthy, made him his head gardener. He married

a heathen woman of his own caste, and by her had several children. He was much attached to her, and they were as happy as a family can be that has no Saviour, and, consequently, no hope of heaven.

The house of his employer was the frequent resort of Missionaries. On one occasion, when Messrs. Rhenius and Schaffter were there, one or both of them addressed a few words to Andiappen, setting before him the misery of his idolatrous condition, and pointing him to Jesus as the only one mighty to save. What was then spoken to him sank deep into his soul. He resolved that he would be a Christian. His relatives and friends arrayed themselves in opposition. He found that he must suffer the loss of all things if he would follow the Lord. He wavered: then, like Satan, came his old heathen schoolmaster, and, by his wily sophistry, and the power of long-established authority, induced him to refuse the divine call. He decided that he could not forsake all for Jesus. Eight years passed away, but the exhortation of the Missionary echoed and re-echoed through the inner recesses of his heart. He was often distressed, and went out alone in the twilight, under the trees, to pray to the one true God, of whom he had heard, and of whose existence and claims his awakened conscience strongly admonished him. At such times he would almost decide to take up the cross; but when he looked upon the faces of his wife and children, the thought that they, together with all others whom he loved, would cast him off with scorn and bitter hatred, made the cross appear too great a burden.

Nevertheless, the Saviour had marked him for His own. One day he, with the other gardeners, was watering the garden. He was treading the well-sweep. This was work to which he had been used from childhood. He knew well where to place his feet; yet something caused him to put his foot a little aside of its proper position. He fell suddenly from the height, and struck heavily upon a cross timber below, upon which the bucket-holder stands. He was carried, dreadfully bruised, to an hospital, where he long lay in a dangerous state. Thus God led him up to the border land, and bade him look into eternity. His mind was full of terror, and approaching death was recognised as the gate into hell.

While thus stretched upon a bed where pain of body and anguish of spirit were his companions, the Rev. Mr. Elouis, a Missionary, came to preach in the wards of the hospital. The name of Jesus shone like a ray of light across his dark soul. He vowed that if the Lord would heal him he would devote his life to His service. His prayer was heard. He came out again, and resumed his work.

How strong is the strong one who holds the unregenerate man his captive! Andiappen delayed to fulfil his vow. He was afraid, and trembled. It was at this time I became acquainted with his state of mind. I conversed with him. He was still undecided. The time of his deliverance, however, was now approaching. One evening, Mr. Elouis being at my house, Andiappen was called in, and Mr. Elouis urged him, without further hesitation, to determine the great question. The Spirit of grace spread its dove-like wings over his heart, and he gave himself up wholly to heavenly influences. From that day until he entered into his rest I never saw in him the slightest vacillation. Then and there God enabled him to take hold of the Rock. He builded on it. No tempest could ever shake the edifice.

I baptized him. He wished to be called Daniel. It was a bright, beautiful day. I shall never forget it. The heavens were full of light; not more so, however, than the trusting heart and the meek countenance of this beloved disciple. He was the Lord's. He had passed from the dismal desert of heathenism into Christ's garden. He ate of the fruits; he sat in the shade; he breathed the fragrance of the flowers. He bathed himself in the fountain whose waters are Jesus' blood. He was very happy.

A cloud came up on the horizon that very day. The wife who had loved him hissed at him in her rage. He had polluted himself: never more would she live with him. With vehement passion she grasped handfuls of dirt and flung them into the air. She cried out against him with wild fury, as the destroyer of his family. Gathering up every thing valuable in the house, and seizing her children, she fled away as from an unclean thing. The convert lay down to sleep that night in a desolate house. Who can tell the greatness of this trial, or measure the depth of this sorrow? He was a man of much affection. His fears were realized. He was thrown into a burning, fiery furnace; but one walked with him in the midst of the flames, and he had no hurt, neither did the smell of the fire pass on him. He had lost much, but he had found more than all—the Saviour. He gazed on the dying Redeemer, and buried his griefs at the foot of His cross.

The tree had been pruned, and there came forth fresh leaves and fair fruit. He walked with God. The heathen saw the new life. At first they expressed their surprise and abhorrence. Soon they were constrained to respect. A native is very dependent on his wife. She cooks. If she runs away he is left in a vexatious predicament. He comes home from labour: there is no lamp lighted, no dinner ready. The heathen saw this convert uncomplainingly bear his trials. They saw him light the evening lamp, and cook his own food after the toils of the day. They saw a consistent, God-fearing life, and they honoured him.

After a few months, Daniel's employer, through a native over whom he had influence, induced the recreant wife to return. She stayed awhile, and then forsook her husband for ever. In the course of years he often wrote her letters, which breathed the most tender affection, beseeching her to return, but it was in vain. "Forsake Christ, and I will be yours," was her constant reply. "No, never! I love you much, but I will not deny my Lord," was his invariable rejoinder. He several times journeyed to the distant village where she resided with her heathen relatives, and entreated her, for the sake of the love he had ever shown her, to come again to him. I well remember an expression in one of his letters. "When I fell from the well-sweep, it was because I turned to bestow a look of love upon you: will you still refuse to come to me?"

(To be concluded in our next.)

DISCOVERIES IN SOUTH-CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE discoveries of Dr. Livingston in South-Central Africa are most remarkable; so much so, indeed, that we cannot but see in them the indications of God's gracious purpose, that Africa shall no longer continue as it has been, as to the greater portion of it, an unknown land,

but that it shall be opened to the message of the Gospel. Dr. Livingston's discoveries go to confirm an opinion long since expressed by Dr. Krapf, that interior Africa possesses great facilities of communication, in its numerous lakes and mighty rivers. A great part of his wonderful journeys was accomplished in canoes, along the course of mighty streams. One region through which he passed was called "rivers upon rivers:" it consisted, for hundreds of miles, of a "dead level, interlaced by a perfect labyrinth of rivers, with their countless tributaries and numerous entering and re-entering branches."

Dr. Livingston's first journey commenced on June 1, 1849. The starting point was Kolobeng, his Missionary station, situated 200 miles north of Kuruman, the station of the Rev. R. Moffat. The object was to reach a large lake, which had been often heard of, lying to the north-west, across the great Kalehari desert. After 300 miles travelling across a dreary region, a noble river, the Zouga, was reached, along the windings of which, in a native canoe, our traveller proceeded, until the great lake Ngami was reached. The second journey, undertaken the following year, was in the same direction, but extended only a little beyond the Zouga, the prevalence of marsh-fever, and the destruction caused to the cattle by a venomous fly called tsetze, compelling the exploring party to turn back.

Early in 1851 a new effort was made, the river Zouga crossed, and, after traversing a region abounding with springs and inhabited by Bushmen, a new river, large and deep, was reached, called the Chobe, thirty miles down the course of which brought them to Linyanti, the town of Sebitoané, the chief of the Makololo. From this place Dr. Livingston first saw the great trunk river of this part of Africa, called by diverse names in different parts of its course—the Secheke, Leambye, and Zambesi, and which he eventually succeeded in tracing from Linyanti to the eastern coast, where it enters the sea.

Dr. Livingston now prepared himself for a still more arduous undertaking. His first care was to accompany Mrs. Livingston and his children to Cape Town, shipping them from thence for England, that, during his long absence, they might be under the care of Christian friends; and this being done, he turned his face towards the interior, on June 8, 1852; resolved, if possible, to penetrate through the great centre, until he succeeded in coming out on the west coast, in the direction of the Portuguese territories. The first point to be reached was Linyanti. This, however, was not so easily accomplished as on the previous occasion: the waters were at their height, and the country was inundated. It is very probable that to such seasons of inundation may be ascribed the reports which have reached us of a great inland sea. In the direction where the great sea is supposed to be there are probably large lakes, of considerable magnitude, and numerous rivers, and, when the waters rise, they all unite, and assume the appearance of one great sea. Through the inundated country Dr. Livingston and one native companion splashed, until they came near, once more, to the river Chobe, from which they found themselves separated "by a broad *chevaux de frise* of papyrus reeds and other aquatic plants;" and, after these had been broken through, by a still more formidable barrier, "a horrid sort of grass, about six feet high, and having serrated edges, which cut the hands

most cruelly, wore my strong moleskin unmentionables quite through at the knees, and my shoes, nearly new, at the toes." In this mass of reeds, constantly wading, and wet up to the middle, yet, through the goodness of God, sleeping soundly at night, the voyagers were detained three days until the river was gained; and, the pontoon which they carried being launched, they paddled down the stream, and, after twenty miles, reached a first village of the Makololo. Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the natives at his re-appearance. They marvelled how he had come amongst them, cut off, as they supposed themselves to be, from all the rest of the world, by the waste of waters. "The only explanation they could devise for so strange an event was, that he had fallen on them from a cloud, yet came riding on a hippopotamus (pontoon)." The wondrous tidings soon reached Linyanti, and a number of canoes, with 140 people, were forthwith despatched by the chief to bring up his waggons and people, which he had left at some distance behind.

Here, at this point, we must interrupt, until next month, our tracery of these wonderful explorations.

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### SPECIMENS OF PREACHING IN NORTH INDIA.

*Dec. 9th : Lord's day*—I had a great deal of preaching, and no arguing. I spoke on the text, "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that be sick;" a capital text for a bazar sermon. I spoke first of the literal meaning of these words, to which all the people assented; then on the nature of the spiritual sickness, sin. I dwelt also upon the folly of receiving medicine from physicians who cannot help us, and never help any one, but under whose treatment the disease increased. They all assented. I then pointed out how the Hindús had had the same physicians for ages, but that, according to their own showing, the sickness had increased; for in the Sutyug (golden age) there were nineteen parts of health and one part of sickness; in the Talta, the sickness increased; in the Dwafar, the patients became worse; and now, in the Kaliyug (iron age), there were nineteen parts of sickness, and one of health or righteousness; and in a short time there would evidently be nothing left but sickness. Now, under these circumstances, I advised the people, as wise men, to dismiss their physicians, and turn to Him who alone can and does cure people. The people fully understood what I meant, and the crowd was large and the attention deep. May the Lord Jesus bless His word!

*Dec. 17th*—I proceeded to the centre of the town. I had instantly a crowd of people, many of whom I had seen several times. I gave four addresses, and argued for some time with a Mahommedan about the prophet mentioned in Deut. xv. 18, and about the Comforter. We had two things this morning, much noise and much attention. In describing the character of a true Christian, and speaking on prayer, the attention was deep, and even the cavillers listened profoundly. And when I told them what I had been praying, before I met them, and that one of my petitions to the Lord had been to send me willing hearers, truth-searching and truth-loving hearers, and such as would open their hearts and ears to receive the word, they looked at me with astonishment. I then taught them how to pray that God might open their hearts, and make them willing to receive the truth.

In the evening, commenced at the entrance of the street, from west to east. We stopped at a potter's place, and I endeavoured to prove to the people that the potter and his vessels were one, and that there was no difference between them. Several of the bystanders laughed, and thought my argument strange. When, however, I turned the subject, and showed them that my foolishness, in supposing that the vessel and the potter were the same, was exactly their case, they supposing that God and the creature were one, the impression was good, and the subject understood and felt. The crowd was large and attentive, and we might have spent the whole afternoon among them.



### AN INDIAN MOTHER'S LAMENT.

THE following paraphrase of a Dakota mother's lament, containing passages of great beauty, was prepared some years since for the "Dakota Friend"—"My daughter! my daughter! Alas! alas! My hope, my comfort, has departed: my heart is very sad. My joy is turned into sorrow, and my song into wailing. Shall I never behold thy sunny smile? Shall I never more hear the music of thy voice? The Great Spirit has entered my lodge in anger, and taken thee from me, my first-born and only child. I am comfortless, and must wail out my grief. The pale-faces repress their sorrow; but we children of nature must give vent to ours, or die. My daughter! my daughter!

"The light of my eyes is extinguished. All, all is dark. I have cast from me all comfortable clothing, and robed myself in comfortless skins; for no clothing, no fire, can warm thee, my daughter. Unwashed and uncombed, I will mourn for thee, whose long locks I can never more braid, and whose cheeks I can never again tinge with vermilion. I will cut off my dishevelled hair; for my grief is great, my daughter! my daughter! How can I survive thee? How can I be happy, and you a homeless wanderer to the spirit land? How can I eat, if you are hungry? I will go to the grave with food for your spirit. Your bowl and spoon are placed in your coffin, for use on the journey. The feast for your playmates has been made at the place of interment. Knowest thou of their presence? My daughter! my daughter!

"When spring returns, the choicest of ducks shall be your portion. Sugar and berries also shall be placed near your grave. Neither grass nor flowers shall be allowed to grow thereon. Affection for thee will keep the little mound desolate, like the heart from which thou art torn. My daughter, I come, I come! I bring you parched corn. Oh, how long will you sleep? The wintry winds wail your requiem. The cold earth is your bed, and the colder snow thy covering. I would that they were mine! I will lie down by thy side. I will sleep once more with you. If no one discovers me, I shall soon be as cold as thou art; and together we will sleep that long, long sleep from which I cannot wake thee, my daughter, my daughter!"

Poor disconsolate mother! Had she known the gospel, and had its blessed truths illuminated the heart of her dying daughter, she would have had hope in the midst of sorrow.



JAPAN.

JAPAN has been for several centuries a shut-up land, jealously excluding all intercourse with foreigners. It cannot be denied that in so acting the Japanese have preserved themselves from some evils, such as the dire use of the opium amongst the Chinese; but they have inflicted on themselves one injury which more than counterbalances any good that



WOMEN OF SIMODA, JAPAN.

may have resulted from their jealous restrictions—they have shut out the Gospel, of which they have such need, and shut themselves in with the leprous plague of their own corrupt nature. This rigid exclusion of foreigners, and refusal of intercourse with them, the Dutch excepted, have of late yielded a little. Conventions have been entered into, on the part of Japan, with the Governments of Great Britain and the United States, whereby permission is given to vessels needing repair, or requiring supplies, to enter two ports, the local authorities, according to a regulated tariff, supplying workmen and materials: ships in distress are free to enter any harbour.

The communications which have been necessary in order to secure these concessions, have afforded to English and Americans more than usual opportunity of making themselves acquainted with Japanese customs. One magnificent book has been published by order of Congress, containing the proceedings of the American expedition, beautifully illustrated, and presenting a very remarkable contrast to the Parliamentary Blue Books at home; and from this we shall glean from time to time instruction for our readers, which may lead to interest and prayer on behalf of the secluded Japanese.

The American ships lay at anchor for a considerable time off a village called Yoku-hama, in the Bay of Yedo. Here they were accustomed to get on shore, and, in their walks, embrace a circuit of five miles, which afforded them a good opportunity of seeing the country and people.

“The early spring, in that temperate latitude, had now much advanced, and the weather, though never very severe—the thermometer having varied during the stay of the squadron from 38° to 64°—had become more warm and genial. The fields and terraced gardens were now carpeted with a fresh and tender verdure, and the trees, with the full growth of renewed vegetation, spread their shades of abounding foliage in the valleys and on the hill-sides of the surrounding country. The camellias, with the immense growth of forty feet in height, which abound everywhere on the shores of the Bay of Yedo, were in full bloom, with their magnificent red and white blossoms, which displayed a purity and richness of colour, and a perfection of development, unrivalled elsewhere. As soon as a village or hamlet was approached, one of the Japanese attendants would hurry in advance, and order the women and rabble to keep out of the way. This did not suit the purpose of the commodore, who was desirous of seeing as much as possible of the people, and learning all he could of their manners, habits, and customs. He accordingly spoke to the interpreter, and took him to task, particularly for dispersing the women. Yenoske pretended that it was entirely for the benefit of the ladies themselves, as their modesty was such that they could not endure the sight of a stranger.

“The commodore did not believe a word of this interpretation, however adroit, and plainly told Yenoske so. The imputation, though it expressed a doubt of his truthfulness, did not offend the interpreter in the least, but was taken rather as a compliment to his duplicity, which is one of the most cherished accomplishments of a Japanese official. Finding that the commodore was quite alive to Japanese cunning, and was not to be balked of any of his privileges as a sight-seer, Yenoske promised that, at the next town, where some refreshments had been

ordered, the women should not be required to avoid the party. Accordingly, on entering this place, every one crowded out to see the strangers—men, women, and children.

“The commodore and his officers were conducted to the home of the mayor, or chief magistrate, of the town. This dignitary, with great cordiality, met and welcomed them to the hospitalities of his establishment. The interior was quite unpretending, consisting of a large room, spread with soft mats, lighted with oiled-paper windows, hung with rudely-executed cartoons, and furnished with the usual red-coloured benches. The wife and sister of the town official soon entered with refreshments, and smiled a timid welcome to the visitors. These women were barefooted and barelegged, and were dressed very nearly alike, in dark-coloured robes, with much of the undress look of night-gowns, secured by a broad band passing round the waist. Their figures were fat and dumpy, or, at any rate, appeared so in their ungraceful drapery; but their faces were not wanting in expression, for which they were very much indebted to their glistening eyes, which were black, as well as their hair: this was dressed at the top of the head, like that of the men, though not shaved in front. As their ‘ruby’ lips parted, in smiling graciously, they displayed a row of black teeth, set in horribly-corroded gums. The married women of Japan enjoy the exclusive privilege of dyeing their teeth, which is done with a mixture of vile ingredients, including filings of iron and saki, termed oha-gur, or camri. This compound, as might be naturally inferred from its composition, is neither pleasantly perfumed nor very wholesome. It is so corrosive, that, in applying it to the teeth, it is necessary to protect the more delicate structure of the gums and lips, for the mere touch of the odious stuff to the flesh burns it at once to a purple gangrenous spot. In spite of the utmost care, the gums become tainted, and lose their ruddy colour and vitality.

“The effects of this disgusting habit are more apparent from another practice which prevails with the Japanese, that of painting the lips with rouge. The ruddy glow of the mouth brings out in greater contrast the blackness of the gums and teeth. The rouge of the Japanese toilet, called bing, is made of carthamus tinctorius, and is prepared in cups of porcelain. When a slight coat is applied, it gives a lively red colour; but when it is put on thick, a deep violet hue, which is most prized, is the result.

“The worthy mayor had prepared some refreshments for his guests, consisting of tea, cakes, confectionary, and the never-absent saki: with the latter was served a kind of hot waffle, made apparently of rice flour. The civic dignitary himself was very active in dispensing these offerings, and he was ably seconded by his wife and sister, who always remained on their knees in presence of the strangers. The awkward position of the women did not seem to interfere with their activity, for they kept running about very briskly with the silver saki-kettle, the services of which, in consequence of the smallness of the cups, were in constant requisition. The two ladies were unceasingly courteous, and kept bowing their heads like a bobbing toy mandarin. The smiles with which they perseveringly greeted their guests might have been better dispensed with, as every movement of their lips exposed their horrid

black teeth and decayed gums. The mayoress was uncommonly polite, and was good-natured enough to bring in her baby, which her guests felt bound to make the most of, though its dirty face, and general untidy appearance, made it quite a painful effort to bestow the necessary caresses. A bit of confectionary was presented to the infant, when it was directed to bow its shaven head, which it did with a degree of precocious politeness that called forth the greatest apparent pride and admiration on the part of its mother and all the ladies present."

#### MISSIONARY LABOURS AT FUH-CHAU.

FUH-CHAU, one of the five free ports of China, is a great city, containing a population of some 600,000 souls, and with an increasing European trade. It stands on the north bank of the river Min, and about thirty-four miles from its mouth, situated in the midst of a vast natural amphitheatre, surrounded by mountain ranges, through which the Min winds on its course. The walled part of the city is about three miles from the river, with which it is connected by a long suburb. In the middle of the river is an islet, connected with the northern shore by a stone bridge 420 paces long, resting on forty stone piers; and with the south shore by another bridge, resting on ninety abutments. On the south bank lies another large suburb, about three miles long. Within a circuit of twenty miles are numerous towns and villages, which, with the population of the city itself, may amount to two millions of souls.

We have now two Missionaries in the centre of this vast assemblage of human beings. They have only recently entered upon their work, and have been deprived for a season of the experience of the senior Missionary, the Rev. W. Welton, who has been compelled, from enfeebled health, to revisit England. Their position is of great importance, more especially as they are the only Missionaries resident within the walled town. This advantage was secured through the firmness of Mr. Welton, on his arrival as the first Missionary; and has been since maintained, notwithstanding the efforts of the literati to deprive the Missionaries of it. Mr. Welton's medical knowledge, and his ready help afforded to sufferers on all occasions, more particularly to those who had become deluded by the vice of opium-smoking, had worked very beneficially in conciliating the masses of the people; and of this the present Missionaries, Messrs. M'Caw and Fearnley, are now reaping the good results. Their power of using the vernacular is as yet but imperfect, yet they find themselves well received. Abstaining for the present, until better qualified to do so, from preaching in a chapel, or in the crowded streets, they mingle in conversation with the people, or visit the surrounding country and its temples, distributing books. Thus, in the suburbs and elsewhere, they are feeling their way, and becoming more conversant with the natives, both as to their manners and language. Our readers would like to have a little sample of what passes on such occasions. Mr. M'Caw writes, Oct. 1, 1856—

Lest it might be supposed that we had merely a passive reception in the suburban and rural districts, I may mention some incidents, which are not incidents merely, for they occur every day, and everywhere we go. On going into a village, and on making a pause with the first interrogator, "Where are you going?" on a sudden all the village, old and young, turn out to witness the "red-haired and blue-eyed foreigners." While the old ladies give vent to their astonishment by clapping their hands, very probably the children, screaming intensely, are seeking a hiding-place. A minute more, and all is peace. One man is seen carrying out a long bench or stool for us to sit upon; while a boy is at hand with a ready-made bowl of tea, without cream or sugar, for each of us to refresh ourselves. Then the conversation opens as follows—"Where is your honourable house? How many are there of you? What country are you from? What is your age? What business do you follow? What kind of food do you eat? and how often do you eat rice in the day? Are the clothes you wear made here?" While in the act of answering these inquiries, to their evident delight, a lad appears, offering to us a long brass pipe filled with native tobacco, steaming, and ready for the mouth; but is not disappointed at being informed that we do not smoke tobacco; while another is complimenting us upon our language, by saying, "I kông pâng-iûa ching pâng:" which means, "He speaks the colloquial language very plainly." We then introduce our books, and inform them that we are literary men, come to give them books which speak of God and His Son Jesus Christ, &c. They will listen with admiration for some time, until they are drawn aside from hearing by some inquisitive individual, who sees in our dress something which appears curious, to which he directs the attention of all present. Seeing we cannot profit them afterwards, we give a copy of the New Testament, or part of it, in the colloquial, to the most intelligent of the audience, or often to the Buddhist priest of the district, who frequently appears as an auditor, but also very frequently is unable to read his own language. Then, making a low bow in the Chinese style, we depart with a greeting from all present, "Măin măin kéang"—"Go slowly," which we answer, by saying in the colloquial, "Chéang sâni"—"Please sit," though no one present is either sitting, or has near whereon to sit.

Such is a faint shadow of our appearance among this kind-hearted and benighted people, who know no more the reason why they were born and created, and endowed with the power of reason and language, than the dog which lies at their door. Will heaven-instructed Christians at home hear this last statement without sympathy for the poor perishing wood and stone and clay and brass-worshipping children of Adam?

Their strangeness to the people, and their unlikeness to them in person, dress, and address, have much embarrassed the Missionaries. Prejudices have been formed, which they have patiently to live down. "The Chinese have been told stories from their youth concerning us—that we have eaten our dead; that we steal foreigners from their own country; beat children, so that even still the children run off on our approach; professing to be good, that we bring opium, &c." To remove these distrusts, and establish confidence, our

Missionaries frequent the most crowded thoroughfares, talk familiarly with the passers by, allow themselves and their clothes to be examined, until the people become convinced that they are human beings like themselves. Thus a group of people is gathered hastily around them, in a shop or at its door, to whom they speak; and when the crowd becomes too large, they leave off lecturing in that locality, and seek another. Thus confidence is becoming established, and that is the preliminary step to usefulness. The following little incident shows that this is not confined to the lower classes.

One of our Missionaries has lost his wife since his arrival at Fuh-chau, being thus left with a motherless boy. Some time back, the lady of the district mandarin came with her children to see the little fellow; and more recently the mandarin himself came, while the Missionary was out, and examined all the house, and took the little boy in his arms, and fondled him for a long time. On another occasion, when the Missionary was engaged in lecturing his Sunday class, composed of all the teachers, servants, and colporteurs, three of the mandarin's attendants came in, and remained for some time. They conversed with the Missionary, and thankfully received the books which he offered them. The mandarin's lady appears to have taken a fancy to the little orphan, and promises to come soon again.

Kindly intercourse with people of all ranks is of great importance. Without this, neither at home nor abroad will much good be effected. Let us pray for our Missionaries, that they may be made instruments of much good to this dark, yet interesting and important nation.

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#### NEW MISSION TO BULGARIA.

THE Annual Report of the Methodist Episcopal Society contains the following announcement—"The General Missionary Committee and Board have also made an appropriation for a new Mission in Bulgaria, a country lying south of the Danube, in Turkey in Europe. The Bulgarians are an Asiatic people of a contemplative, religious turn of mind, and of the Greek church. They number nearly 4,000,000 of people, and have repeatedly applied to Protestant Missionaries to come to them with the pure, simple, evangelical word, and with schools for their youth. This people are believed to offer as fruitful a field for evangelical effort as the Armenians of Turkey.

The Rev. C. N. Righter, Agent of the Bible Society, wrote from Constantinople in August last—"Great interest has lately been excited in behalf of the Bulgarians. The new translation of the Psalms recently published was almost immediately exhausted. I was much pleased with a visit I made to a very intelligent Bulgarian a short time since. He estimates the number of that people to be more than 6,000,000. They are rapidly advancing in schools and education, and greatly desire to be supplied with the Scriptures, that they may be relieved from the oppression of the Greek priests, who perform all their religious services in a language unintelligible to the common people. He says that, instead of an edition of 1000, an edition of 20,000 of the New Testament and

Psalms should at once be published. The British and Foreign Bible Society have decided to publish immediately 5000 copies of the Pentateuch, Psalms, Proverbs, and Ecclesiastes, for their benefit."

[*"Journal of Missions"* (Boston, U. S.), Feb. 1857.

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REST IN JESUS.

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. Matt. xi. 28, 29.

Jesus! I rest in Thee,
In Thee myself I hide:
Laden with guilt and misery,
Where can I rest beside?
'Tis on Thy meek and lowly breast
My weary soul alone can rest.

Thou Holy One of God!
The Father rests in Thee,
And in the savour of that blood
Which speaks to Him for me:
The course is gone—through Thee I'm blest
God rests in Thee—in Thee I rest.

The slave of sin and fear,
Thy truth my bondage broke;
My happy spirit loves to wear
Thy light and easy yoke:
Thy love, which fills my grateful breast,
Makes duty joy, and labour rest.

Soon the bright, glorious day,
The rest of God, shall come;
Sorrow and sin shall pass away,
And I shall reach my home!
Then, of the promised land possessed,
My soul shall know eternal rest!

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DISCOVERIES IN SOUTH-CENTRAL AFRICA.

OUR last Number will have informed our readers of Dr. Livingston's safe arrival at Linyanti, the town of Sekeletu, the son and successor of Sebitoané, and chief of the Makololo. Here he was detained by the chief longer than he wished, nor was it until July 1853 that the preparations were completed for his departure to the north-west.\*

The morning of the day upon which Dr. Livingston set out presented a scene of unusual animation and interest at Sekhose, his starting-point, a village on the Zambese. Although the rude children of nature who dwelt there could but imperfectly estimate the importance to them and to future generations of the object of their visitor, they regarded all his movements with extraordinary interest. Upon the banks of the noble

\* The next paragraph, and all those in the smaller type, are from the (London) "Missionary Magazine" for February 1857.

stream many of them were gathered, watching, with extravagant gesticulations and discordant cries, the fleet which rendezvoused upon its waters. There, beneath the bright sky of the tropics, thirty-three canoes, manned by 160 rowers, were awaiting the signal for their departure. Our traveller, having had the choice of this fleet, selected one twenty inches in width and thirty-four feet long, with six experienced and athletic rowers. But though the Zambese rolled down in ample volume against them, no sooner was the word of command given, than they swept through it at a rate which showed that the skill and strength of these inland mariners were more than equal to its force. As they proceeded up the river Dr. Livingston was filled with admiration of its magnificence and beauty. "It is often," he writes, "more than a mile broad, and adorned with numerous islands of from three to five miles in length. These, and the banks too, are covered with forest, and most of the trees on the brink of the water send down roots from their branches, like the banian. The islands, at a little distance, seemed rounded masses of sylvan vegetation, of various hues, reclining on the bosom of the glorious stream. The beauty of the scene is greatly increased by the date palm and lofty palmyra towering above the rest, and casting their feathery foliage against a cloudless sky. The banks are rocky and undulating, and many villages of the Banyeti, a poor but industrious people, are situated upon both of them. They are expert hunters of hippopotami and other animals, and cultivate grain extensively."

After some fifty miles' travelling, the travellers entered the country of the Barotse, where the river changes its name, and is called the Leeambye.

At the time of Dr. Livingston's visit the stream ran low, and the valley was covered with coarse succulent grasses twelve feet high, and as thick as a man's thumb, upon which he saw, in every direction, large herds of cattle grazing. On visiting the higher lands, which form the boundaries of the valley, he found them covered with trees and gardens, which the industrious natives had filled with sugar-cane, sweet potato, manioc, yam, bananas, millet, &c. On the lower grounds, when the waters retire, they raise large quantities of maize and Caffre corn. These productions, with abundance of milk and fish, give to the Barotse country great celebrity as a land of plenty. But, alas! it is also a land of death. "The fever," writes Dr. Livingston, "must be braved if a Mission is to be established, for it is very fatal even among natives. I have had eight attacks of it, the last very severe; but I never laid by. I tried native remedies in order to discover if they possessed any valuable means of cure; but, after being stewed in vapour baths, smoked like a red-herring over twigs in hot potsherds, and physicked *secundum black artem*, I believe our own medicines are more efficacious, and safer."

The previously-unknown region through which we have now been tracking the course of Dr. Livingston, like a large portion of the country watered by the same noble river, abounds with game. "Beyond Barotse," he writes, "the herds of large animals surpass any thing I ever saw. Elands and buffaloes—their tameness was shocking to me.' Eighty-one buffaloes defiled slowly before our fire one evening, and lions were impudent enough to roar at us. . . . Sable antelopes abound, and so do the *nahong*; and there is a pretty little antelope on the



Secheke, called heranyane, which seemed new to me. . . . The birds are in great numbers on the river, and the sand-martins never leave it: we saw them in hundreds in mid-winter; and many beautiful new trees were interesting objects of observation."

During this part of his journey Dr. Livingston suffered much from fever; and such was his exhaustion, that, if he looked up suddenly, his head became dizzy, and he almost lost his consciousness. In addition to this, he was alone, as he had not been on his previous journeys; and the absence of some friend, with whom he could hold Christian intercourse, was specially felt when the shadows of evening closed, and terminated the active occupations of the day.

He was then doomed to bear "the everlasting ranting of the Makololo;" for although most kind, and even devoted to him, they were savages of the first water. "To endure," he writes, "their dancing, roaring, and singing, their jesting, anecdotes, grumbling, quarrelling, murdering, and meanness, equalled a pretty stiff penance."

"You very kindly say," he writes, addressing a friend, "you fear for the result of my going alone. I hope I am in the way of duty: my own conviction that such is the case has never wavered. I am doing something for God. I have preached the gospel in many a spot where the name of Christ has never been heard."

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LUTHER'S PSALM.

"COME, brother Melancthon," Luther would say, when the prospect looked dark, "let us sing the forty-sixth Psalm." If all in our churches, who truly love Christ and His gospel, could join in that Psalm with the fulness of faith, the ardent prayer, the willingness to do all, and suffer all, and renounce all, for Christ's sake, which burned in the heart of the great Reformer, we should have no more doubt of immediate than of ultimate deliverance and victory. Those whose treasure is in heaven, whose love centres there—who can adopt the words as true in their personal experience—may with confidence join in singing—

God is our refuge and strength,

A very present help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed,

And though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,

Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

There is a river,

The streams whereof shall make glad the city of God—

The holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved:

God shall help her, and that right early.

The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved:

He uttered His voice, the earth melted.

The LORD of Hosts is with us:

The God of Jacob is our refuge.

Be still, and know that I am God:

I will be exalted among the heathen,

I will be exalted in the earth.

The LORD of Hosts is with us;

The God of Jacob is our refuge.

THE CONVERSION, TRIALS, GODLY LIFE, AND HAPPY DEATH,
OF CATECHIST DANIEL, THE FIRST ELDER OF THE RE-
FORMED PROTESTANT DUTCH CHURCH IN VELLORE.

(Concluded from p. 33.)

SOME years after Daniel's baptism I removed from Madras to Arcot. I was alone at my station: I had not even a single native assistant in the work of the gospel. I felt confident that Daniel would be a help to me. I therefore, with Mr. Vansomerens's permission, invited him to Arcot, and, after suitable instruction, installed him as catechist. A more faithful one I never knew. To the day of his death he gave me great satisfaction.

New sunbeams fell upon his path. For years he had lived without wife or child. The Lord was now pleased to show him favour. The *Lex Loci* had been promulgated, which directs that change of religion shall deprive no man of his rights. Encouraged by this enactment, Daniel and I visited the district where his family lived. The wife was summoned to court; the case was examined; the claim of Daniel to his children was admitted, and they were delivered to him.

The mother is an energetic woman, and in a few months succeeded in having the eldest girl enticed from her father. We feared we should never recover her. She was taken down the country, and afterward carried to Madras. The magistrate within whose district this transpired got a clue to her whereabouts, and certified the Madras police of her having been kidnapped. The police officers went to the house where she was said to be. The occupants declared they knew nothing of her. The house being searched, a room was found locked. They said it was a store-room, and that the master of the house, who was absent, had the key. The door was forced, and in the corner was seen the crouching form of the girl. This girl grew up to be a fine young woman, and I married her, last Christmas, to a worthy Christian man. The other two children are in our schools, and give much promise.

Daniel was a man of middle stature, rather stoutly built. He was calm, grave, and dignified in his demeanour, and his face beamed with benevolence. He had a strong, well-proportioned mind, which took firm hold of the great points of Christian doctrine. His judgment was excellent. I often asked his counsel. There was a wonderful simplicity about him, which endeared him to all who knew him. He was an honest man. This is high praise in this land of lies, where truth is fallen in the streets. Christian and heathen had entire confidence in him. There was never a suspicion breathed by any one against him. He was a striking exemplification of what God can do, by His grace, in a Hindu's heart. I can say, without reservation, that he was "righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord, blameless." He was a shining light in the midst of a perverse and crooked generation. He came up out of a horrible pit, even out of the miry clay of Hinduism; but he was washed from it all, for he uniformly adorned the profession which he had made. A hard-hearted old heathen, hearing of his death, exclaimed, "Ah, he was certainly a good man." I once visited his native town with him. Though he was an outcast to his townsmen, yet they had been so impressed, in his previous visits, by the sincerity which was stamped upon every feature of his countenance, and shone forth in all his words and conduct, that they paid him those

courtesies which none extend more politely than the Hindu, when so disposed. O that we had more such men! How great is his loss to us! A lamp which burned brightly in this darkness is suddenly extinguished.

When Daniel first entered upon his labours as catechist, though he knew how to proclaim the way of salvation, he could not answer all the objections, and unravel the cunningly-woven sophistries, of the heathen; but he soon became skilled in the work of dealing with them, and none could confound or silence him. I have sometimes listened, with interest and profit, to the able manner in which he handled those who opposed the truth. For some years Daniel was my companion in preaching, both in the streets of the place where I lived, and on tours. All my recollections of him are delightful. He was my friend, my brother, and my co-labourer. I loved him very much.

More than a year ago it was evident to all that his constitution was breaking up. He wished to make one more effort, before he died to reclaim his wife. He undertook the journey in a feeble state, was very ill after he reached her, partially recovered, and prevailed on her to accompany him back. She came, intending a mere visit, but was persuaded to remain. This was in answer to Daniel's prayers. His heart was much engaged for his heathen wife. After her return he failed rapidly. He walked one morning to see our new graveyard, where his dust now reposes, and that was, so far as I recollect, his last walk. He sank gently away from day to day. He had nought to fear. Was not Jesus' righteousness his own? Could earth or hell pluck that robe away? No! he drew it tightly around him, and laid down quietly to die. He had not the slightest dread of death, but was anxious to go and be with his Redeemer. He waited for the coming of the Son of God, as a bride waiteth for the bridegroom. He often expressed himself with humble, happy, assurance. The day before he died, knowing that his hour was at hand, he said to me, "I am a wretched sinner in myself. I have no stock of personal merits to which I can look; but I have the perfect, the infinite, righteousness of Jesus. Resting on this, my soul is peaceful. Death is welcome. May our good Lord bring my family into the fold!" It was pleasant to watch him as he went down into the valley of death. The light on the other side illumined all the defile between. His steps were sure. The strong arm of Christ supported him—how could he slip? He was conscious of his Lord's presence, and, in his feebleness, he leaned upon Him. He was walking in the same calm and self-possessed manner so long as we could see him.

It was a happy death scene, like a beautiful sunset. The glow of a better world was upon the distant horizon where our dear traveller was disappearing. I sat by his bedside, and read to him precious words chosen from different parts of the holy word. His wife, heart-stricken with the now quickened memory of her past unkindnesses, wept bitterly, with her arms thrown around him. Our preparandi lads stood near, with tearful eyes. Mrs. Scudder was there, and my little children came also, for they, too, loved Daniel. The dying man lifted his hand to his head, according to oriental custom, and said to Mrs. Scudder, with a sweet smile, "Salaam, mother! How kind in you to come." To all my questions he replied most satisfactorily. We knelt and committed the

soul of our dear brother to Jesus. When we arose we looked upon his face. It was lifted up to the hills, from whence he, no doubt, saw the angels descending, and above them the Son of God at the gate of the city. "Santosham! Santosham!" (*i. e.* "Joy! Joy!") were his last words, and he passed away from earth to heaven. Thus died a believing Hindu. It was not a death of stupid indifference. He knew and believed all that a sinful soul has to fear. It was not a death of terror. He knew and believed all that a redeemed soul has to enjoy. So he died; not indifferent, not terrified, but in the full enjoyment of a serene, unclouded, soul-assuring hope in Jesus. Daniel was also the name of the Rev. Dr. Poor, who recently died in Jaffna, and his last words likewise were, "Santosham! Santosham!" The black man and the white man looked forward upon the same enchanting prospect, experienced the same joy, and expired with the same thought and the same expression. They were one in Jesus here, and are one with Him in glory now. Blessed gospel! how wonderful are thy achievements! how amazing thy assimilations!

We buried him in our new graveyard, wherein never man before was laid. That body—a temple of the Holy Ghost—has crumbled into temporary ruins, only to spring up a new edifice at the resurrection morn.

"So then death worketh in us, but life in you." Daniel's death has proved a seed of life. She who would not hear of Christ while her husband lived, now gives her ear and her heart to the truth. She has always been very tenacious of her caste, counting it of all things most dear. This she has abandoned. At our last love-feast she partook of food with our church members, thus publicly renouncing her caste. The tears rolled down her cheeks, for she remembered that her husband was at the previous love-feast, and then his entreaties could not have prevailed upon her to come. She has taken up her lot with God's people, and I trust that before long we shall see in her heart and life the warrant for admitting her to the Lord's table.

Thus Daniel's patient life, his unquenchable love, and his gentleness, which seemed wasted for many long years upon this apparently incorrigible woman, have, at the last, produced fruit. He is not here to see this result. A solitary home was a part of the trial belonging to his pilgrimage; but he faltered not; and his meek endurance, his holy walk, and his happy death, have, by God's grace, brought his wife to the gates of the Lord's fold; and, as there is joy in heaven over every sinner that repenteth, he may know it, and rejoice. I have hopes that another branch of this family will also be led to the truth.

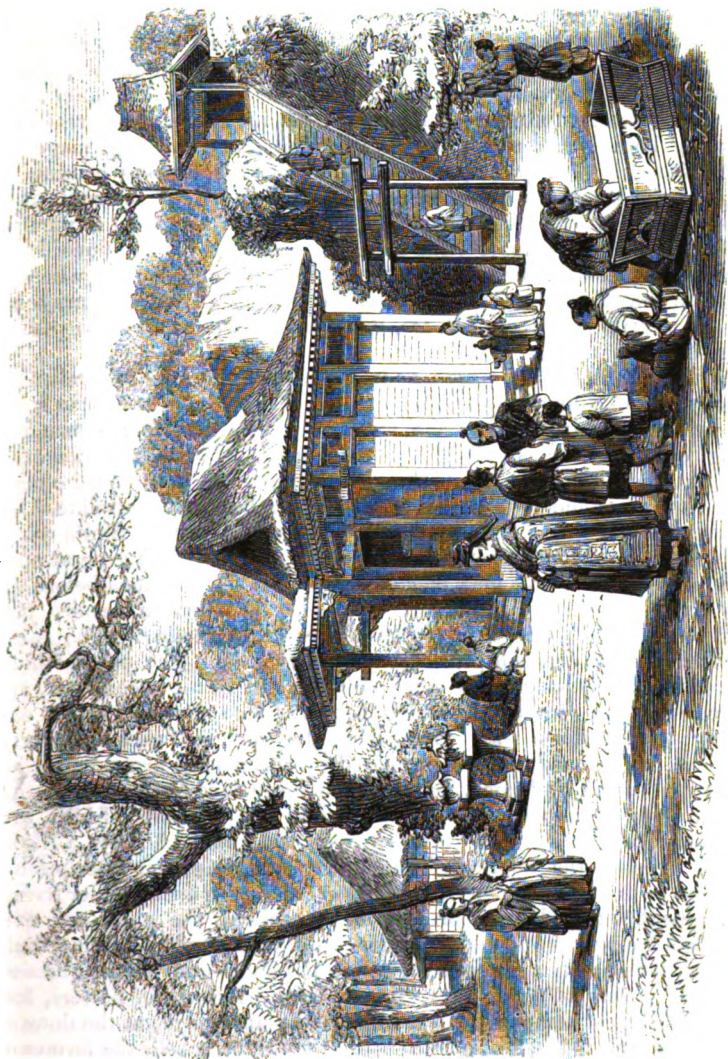
Reader! Pause a moment. Whoever you are, you need, as much as Andiappen did, to become a new creature in Christ Jesus. Have you, like him, repented of your sins and forsaken them? Have you, like him, embraced the Lord Jesus with a living faith? Have you, like him, taken up your cross? Do your heart and life exhibit those fruits of holiness which are the only proof of union to the Redeemer? Do you feel yourself a stranger on the earth, and are your eyes fixed upon heaven, and your feet tending thither?

Vellore, December 5, 1855.

HENRY M. SCUDDER.

HEATHEN TEMPLES, JAPAN.

OUR engraving presents a view of a temple at Yoku-hama, a populous village in the Gulf of Yedo, Japan. In this secluded empire, which is just beginning to hold intercourse with civilized nations, every form of religious faith is permitted to find a home, with the exception of Chris-



TEMPLE AT YOKU-HAMA, JAPAN.

tianity. Unhappily, the Jesuits introduced into these islands that corrupt form of it which prevails in the church of Rome. They did so with great success, and counted their proselytes by tens of thousands. But becoming elated, and grasping at temporal power, they engaged in political intrigues; and, in the war which ensued, they and their followers were utterly overthrown; and Christianity, so impiously misrepresented to the Japanese, is now remembered only to be detested. The false religions which prevail may be briefly mentioned. Sin-syu, from "sin" (the gods), and "syu," (faith), is the original national religion. Its followers are called Sintús. The Sun goddess, Ten-sio-dai-zin, is the chief deity; but there are thousands of inferior ones, called kami, of whom the greater number are deified men. It inculcates the worship of the kami, both in temples and private habitations, and pilgrimage at certain seasons. The principal decorations of their temples consist of images of the kami, a mirror, the emblem of the purity of the soul, and various strips of white paper, called gohei, also an emblem of purity. On festivals the worshipper visits a temple, performs his ablutions in a reservoir provided for the purpose, kneels in the verandah, from whence, through a grated window, he gazes at the mirror, offers up his prayers, with his sacrifice of rice, fruit, tea, drops his coin into the money-box, and retires.

On Buddhism, widely spread as it is, we need not here to dwell particularly. Its leading features are metempsychosis—that the human soul, on leaving the body, assumes the form of inferior animals: hence the taking of animal life is prohibited—the worship of countless idols, the idea that the chief lama, or high-priest king, never dies, and the celibacy of the priesthood. This system of false religion has introduced itself from China, and has intermingled itself very much with Sintúism.

We shall add something respecting their temples. The general character of these structures may be concluded from the specimen before us. They are built of wood; and, although kept in tolerable repair, yet, being left unpainted, soon show the effects of the weather. The roofs are covered with tiles, and project beyond the walls. The posts, which support the superstructure, together with the rest of the woodwork, are covered with the famous Japanese lacquer. The temple in the engraving is of medium size. Sometimes the tiled roof rises fully sixty feet from the ground, and is supported by an intricate arrangement of girders, posts, and tie-beams, resting upon large lacquered pillars. At the rear of the principal temple, on acclivities and summits of hills, are shrines and pavilions within groves of trees, and approached by, a flight of stone steps, in the interior of which are rude images or inscriptions, dedicated to the tutelary deity of the place. Persons passing by, or living near, have thus abundant opportunity of propitiating the good and evil spirits which are supposed to frequent the place, and presenting their offerings, which may often be seen before the doors and at the shrines, consisting of bits of paper, rags, copper cash, bouquets of flowers, &c. In the Buddhist temples there is one main apartment, at the door of which there are, to the left, a drum, and to the right, a bell, the former of which is beaten, and the latter tinkled, when worship begins, to awaken the attention of the idols to the prayers about to be offered. Within, in niches, are ranged in perfect order the ancestral tablets. There are vari-

ous images, as in a Chinese joss-house; while on the walls an occasional picture is hung up, as a votive offering from some individual who considers that he is in some way or other indebted to Buddha, or some of his numerous progeny. Certain boxes for receiving alms are placed about, on which is inscribed, "For feeding hungry demons;" and the assurance which follows, that thereby "merit will be consolidated."

Besides the shrine, or place for worship, the larger temples have usually connected with them apartments for lodging and entertaining strangers. They are also used on festival and market-days, and other occasions, when large assemblages are gathered together, and bazaars, for buying and selling, are not unfrequently held in them.

Around the Buddhist temples lies a graveyard, filled with monuments and tombstones of various forms, among which are distributed statues of Buddha, varying in size from the largeness of life to that of a foot or less. The tombs, as with us, have epitaphs inscribed upon them. When they can be deciphered, which is only while they are new, for they very soon become illegible, they are found to record the rank and death of the deceased, together with a summary of his meritorious actions, entitling him, in the estimation of his friends, to heavenly felicity. An invocation, "Oh, wonderful Buddha!" generally prefaces the inscriptions. Near the recent graves narrow boards, or posts, are placed, on which are written extracts from their sacred books, exhorting the living to add to their stock of good works by diligently repeating the pages of these volumes, or getting the priests to do it for them. At Yoku-hama some of the boards are covered with Tibetan characters, to scare away wicked demons from disturbing the dead.

With what sad feelings the sight of a vast heathen burial-place must fill the mind of a believer in Christ! He is looking upon the resting-place where lies the dust of generations of men, who lived and died in utter ignorance of that Saviour who is his hope and stay. What earnest pity ought we not to feel for those dark lands where Christ is unknown!—that kind of pity which does not evaporate in a sigh, but which leads to prayer and earnest effort on behalf of the perishing millions of our world.

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SARAH DAVIS.

THE following interesting communication has been received from the Rev. B. Ashwell, our Missionary at Taupiri, New Zealand. Our readers will see how the Lord is pleased to deal with many of the young New-Zealand girls—first bringing them to the knowledge of Himself, then taking them away from the temptations of the world to be safe in heaven. He plucks early the flowers that bloom in His garden below, before the heat of the noon-day has spoiled them of their fragrance and beauty. The letter is dated October 30, 1856.

I have the melancholy satisfaction of recording the happy death of one of our school-girls. It is rather singular that several of our girls, just verging on womanhood, should have been so suddenly cut off by death. When near the age of seventeen years, a rapid consumption has quickly removed them from the evil to come, although means had been used to arrest the progress of the disease. A decided case of consumption among

the New Zealanders is seldom or never cured. They have not the stamina of the English constitution, and a few weeks' illness generally ends fatally. This was the case with Sophia and Benaiah: the latter indeed was a sweet Christian. Her life, death, and example, I feel convinced, have been the means of much lasting good to some of our children. Both these girls gave us much satisfaction.

Sarah Davis, the account of whose death I now forward, died August 4, 1856, after three months' illness, aged seventeen. She came to the school young. We considered her a girl of good abilities and an amiable temper; but she was thoughtless and giddy. Several years elapsed before we had any reason to believe that she was seriously inclined. At the death of her mother she was obliged to return to her native village, to take care of her younger sisters. She was at this time about fifteen years of age, and of a pleasing countenance. Her levity of disposition caused us to fear that she would soon be led astray. We lost sight of her for a time, as she removed with her father some distance. I am sorry to say we heard unfavourable reports of her conduct.

About a year and a half after this, she became anxious to return to the school, as an ark of safety and resting-place after her wanderings. I did not readily comply with her request. Her friends were urgent that we should give her another trial; but I feared that her levity of disposition would have an injurious effect on our elder girls. However, as her conduct continued good, we at last consented that she should return. She accordingly came, with her sister, about nineteen months ago; and we were much rejoiced to find that she was quite a changed character—thoughtful, gentle, attentive to her school duties, and anxious for religious instruction. We now felt assured that the good seed, once sown, although apparently lost, had at last sprung up: the bread cast upon the waters had been found, and our labour had not been in vain in the Lord.

After a few months' residence at the school, we observed symptoms of decided consumption. She gradually became weaker, and we felt assured that no human means could restore her. During this time I had frequent conversations with her; and I was much rejoiced to find that she had clear views of her own sinfulness, and Christ as her only Saviour. In March last I had great pleasure in recommending her to the Bishop for confirmation. She rejoiced in this opportunity of publicly declaring that, with the help of God, she would be His soldier and servant unto her life's end. Two months after this event she became so much worse, that her father wished her to be removed to her native village. He was much comforted by witnessing her firm faith in Christ, although suffering much pain. A short time before her death she said to him, "Oh, my father, be decided for Christ: love the Lord Jesus. Remember the great cloud of witnesses by which we are surrounded. Lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us. Run with patience the race set before us, looking unto Jesus, looking unto Jesus. Father, look to Jesus. Go with my sisters to Taupiri school. Be decided for Christ." After this she became insensible, and remained so till her death, which took place the following morning. Her father and sisters came to school, one of whom died in a few weeks from the same complaint. He is in great affliction. I trust it will be the means of leading him to Christ, and making him a useful teacher amongst his own people.



Our school continues to give us much satisfaction, especially our native teachers. We number in all, adults and children, sixty boarders. I am thankful to say we are doing a little to render it self-supporting. Several acres of land are now sown with wheat, potatoes, and maize; and, should it please God to send us a plentiful harvest, we shall be enabled to support a third of the children. The Government allowance does not provide for more than twenty-eight children. Voluntary contributions, and our own efforts, have hitherto enabled us, through the blessing of God, to keep a school, averaging from fifty to sixty boarders, for the last eight years. One of our greatest difficulties is to keep a sufficient number of clothes to ensure the comfort of the children. Prints, calicoes, linsey-woolsey, flannels, and blankets, form a heavy item in our expenditure. Any contributions in such clothing, from the friends of New Zealand, would be received with much thankfulness, and would lighten our labour in this great work. A report of this school having been forwarded by the Rev. R. Burrows, one of the inspectors, I need not add more, excepting an earnest entreaty that the friends of education for our poor New-Zealand children will not allow me to lessen the number of my scholars from the want of a sufficient quantity of clothing.

I believe the drinking of ardent spirits is on the decline among the natives, excepting those in the towns. This district has hitherto remained comparatively free from this fearful evil. I do not know of more than seven or eight natives of the district who have been intoxicated.

I trust the above account may be interesting, and beg an interest in your prayers.

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RESIGNATION.

(See "*Jay's Morning Exercises*," Dec. 21.)

WALKING amid his plants, the gardener sees
 A vacant spot, where yesterday there grew
 A floweret rare, wearing a matchless hue,
 Pouring its scent upon the passing breeze.
 He, wondering, "Who could such a floweret seize?"
 One says, "The Master took it: on his breast
 I saw it blooming: be thy heart at rest!"
 It is enough—the mourner is at ease.

And so, thou loved one, we control our woe
 "Because He did it"—He, whose mercy gave
 A boon so rich to us; and here below
 So long did from the tomb thy beauty save:
 Therefore, if still our grief will sometimes flow,
 We'll bend with RESIGNATION o'er thy grave.

Salford.

S. CLARKSONN.

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### ENTERED INTO REST.

ANOTHER faithful soldier and servant of the Lord Jesus has been called to put off his armour, and enter into the joy of his Lord. The Rev. James Beale, not long since in England, and known to many of our readers, is no more amongst us. He died at Lagos December 17th. He had not been well; and, having been recommended a sea voyage, left Sierra Leone in the steamer for Fernando

Po, in company with Bishop Weeks, who was proceeding to visit the Christian churches in Yoruba. On his return, Mr. Beale stopped at Lagos, intending to rejoin the bishop at Abbeokuta, but was prevented by the hand of death. Mr. Consul Campbell, whose kindness to, and sympathy with, our departed brother we desire gratefully to acknowledge, communicates the following particulars, in a letter dated Lagos, Jan. 7, 1857—

You will learn with deep regret the death of poor Mr. Beale at this place. It appears he had suffered severely from dysentery or diarrhoea before leaving Sierra Leone, for he landed here in a weak state, although in good spirits. He embarked again on board the packet, and went the round of the rivers and Fernando Po. About two days before reaching this the complaint returned, but not with violence, and he landed in good spirits, intending to follow the Bishop and his party to Abbeokuta, which place he was very desirous of seeing. He remained over the Sunday, to hold service in the church; but he found himself only equal to preaching the sermon. He was evidently suffering, and worse than when he landed from the packet. In the evening I went in to see him; and, on learning from him that the complaint was getting troublesome, I recommended to him my remedy . . . and sent my boat outside for the surgeon of the "Bloodhound," who I knew was not afraid to cross the bar. When he arrived he confirmed my fears as to inflammation, and . . . remained one whole day and part of two days, and left clear written directions of the treatment to be pursued, which, I believe, were attended to. Finding him getting no better, and the pain, or inflammation, not subsiding, and complaining of the noise in the yard, I again sent for the doctor, and determined on removing him to my own house on the following morning. However, during the night, Mr. Townsend and Mr. Crowther arrived from Abbeokuta, the schoolmaster having sent to inform them how ill Mr. Beale was. I was thankful when they arrived, as I was certain that the most unremitting intelligent attention would then be paid to the poor sufferer. The doctor arrived on the following morning. . . . Other means were resorted to, but all to no avail; and poor Mr. Beale gradually sank, in full consciousness, expressing but one regret, that he died from home, and away from Mrs. Beale.

The funeral took place in the afternoon of the following day. You know how many it has been my lot to follow to their last resting-place. With the exception of Mr. Peyton's funeral, none other made so deep impression on me as Mr. Beale's. All the Europeans and Englishmen attended it, and about four hundred Sierra-Leone people, and the school-children, numbering, of both sexes, some two hundred. Mr. Townsend, it appears, came to Sierra Leone with Mr. Beale some nineteen years since. They had their seasoning fevers together, Townsend getting over his first, and then assisted to nurse his friend and fellow-labourer, who, contrary to Fergusson's opinion, recovered. It was, therefore, a trying occasion for Mr. Townsend. He had the mournful duty of officiating at the funeral. It was evident he was making great efforts to control his feelings during that part of the service which is performed in the church; but when he came to the grave, and had proceeded with the solemn but beautiful service, his pent-up feelings gave way. There was not a dry

eye among the numerous attendants; and as for the children, they had from the first begun to wipe away their tears, but now they broke out into open lamentations, and gave full vent to their feelings. For a moment the service was suspended, until Mr. Townsend recovered some composure, and the service went on to the conclusion, Mr. Beale's grave being literally watered with tears, not only from infant eyes, but from manhood's also.

On my way home from this painful scene and duty, I could not but moralize on the great change that had taken place in Lagos during a few years. For very many years the tears of stern manhood and tender youth had watered the soil of Lagos; but how different was the cause! men, women, and youths, of both sexes, torn ruthlessly from their families, their homes and country, brought to this place for sale, chained and huddled together in dungeons called barracoons, there to await their cruel expatriation. How many, in this fearful state, unable to bear their sad lot—the separation from their families, uncertain of their future—have, in a paroxysm of despair, sought relief in self-destruction! how many, upheld by some latent feeling of hope, have borne their sad lot, shedding bitter tears over the memory of the past! how many poor children have sought for their lost parents, till their feelings became numbed and indifferent to all around them, and then walked to embarkation on board the slave-ship like living automatons!

All this is now past and at an end in Lagos. The tears shed over the grave of Mr. Beale were a tribute of deep, heartfelt respect for, and regret at the death of, one who had spent so many years of his blameless and useful life in raising the benighted children of Africa from the state of moral degradation to be, many of them, good Christians, and useful members of a rising civilized community.

Need we say that the end of this good man was peace? For the good of Africa he had laboured, and on its shores he resigned his spirit into his Redeemer's hands. When asked by Mr. Townsend whether he had any message for his wife, he said, "Tell her I wish I could have died in my own house; but, as it is so, the Lord's will be done. All accounts are settled; and Mrs. Beale knows all the rest." Afterwards he added, "Tell the Sierra-Leone people at Lagos that I regret their evil ways: tell them to turn to the Lord." Thus, to the very last his mind was exercised about the spiritual well-being of Africa and her children. May that same Lord, who removes, to the glorious resting-place provided for them, His servants who have long endured the heat and burden of the day, raise up others in their stead to carry on His work!

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#### GOOD NEWS FOR AFRICA: THE NIGER A HIGHWAY FOR THE GOSPEL.

WHEN the Niger was first traced to its mouth in the Bight of Benin, great expectations were raised in this country as to the means it might afford of communicating with the interior of Africa, and the great Niger Expedition of 1841 was fitted out accordingly. Its sad details—the fatal fever, loss of valuable life, and afflictive re-

turn of the vessels which composed the expedition—are still fresh in the memory of many. That disappointment seemed to chill people's hearts, and this great river road to the heart of Africa was pronounced so unwholesome and dangerous, that, for many years, no more use was made of it than if it had still remained unknown. This was the more to be regretted, as many of the river tribes had declared their willingness to receive Christian teachers if placed among them, and the promises which had been made them to supply their wants in that respect remained unfulfilled.

At length, in 1855, a screw steamer, the "Pleiad," fitted out by that enterprising friend of Africa, M'Gregor Laird, Esq., entered the Niger, and not only reached the Confluence, but, taking the right-hand branch, the Tshadda, which flows from the east, succeeded in penetrating 300 miles further than ever had been reached by an European before, and that without any loss of life. Again the coming of the white man was welcomed, and again the river tribes claimed the fulfilment of the promises which had been made them. And now we feared that there might be another long delay, and years pass away before Christian teachers raised the standard of the cross on the banks of the Niger and the Tshadda. But this is not the case. Friends are up and doing, as our readers will see on perusing the following article from the "African," a Sierra-Leone newspaper—

#### THE NEW NIGER EXPEDITION.

It is with unfeigned pleasure that we announce to our readers that Mr. M'Gregor Laird has completed a contract with Her Majesty's Government to carry on the exploration of the interior of Africa, *via* the river Niger and its tributaries, for five years, and thus a fair opportunity will be afforded to make systematic attempts to introduce into Central Africa the blessings of Christianity, and the advantages of commercial intercourse. Dr. Baikie is to have command of the expedition, and will have the assistance of two surgeons, a master and assistant, for surveying operations on the part of the Government. The commercial part of the undertaking, and the conduct of the vessel, will be placed under the command of Captain A. Grant, who has had large experience in the Bights, and had actually resided for two years in the Brass River, in charge of a factory there. Facilities will thus be afforded for the regular conveyance of any number of liberated Africans who may wish to return to the land of their fathers, and open a trade with that interesting region. To all such persons Mr. Laird undertakes, for the sum of ten dollars, to carry them from Fernando Po to any place below the Confluence. It is proposed to make the Confluence the base of all the trading operations. Accordingly, a schooner will be anchored off that point, laden with stores and merchandise, and will serve as a centre to which the native traders might resort without interruption.

The steamer is to ascend the river in June, and may be expected here in May next. In the mean time Dr. Baikie will probably arrive in the colony by the March mail, to make some necessary arrangements in choosing interpreters, servants, &c. There is reason to believe that he will have instructions to proceed to Sockatoo, and make friends with the Sultán of the Felatahs.

Some time in September or October Mr. Laird will, at his own expense, send a second steamer, which will ascend the river in December, and be ready at hand in case of any accident to the first steamer. The Government have only contracted for one ascent a-year for five years; but, by employing a second steamer, Mr. Laird will place before all emigrants and traders the means of passing between Fernando Po and the Confluence three or four times a year, at the trifling expense of ten dollars the trip. This is indeed, as Mr. Laird calls it, a great experiment. What an opening for settling some thousands of African blood, with a knowledge of the religion and arts of Europe! What an opportunity for employing a staff of young Africans, who might be specially trained and educated for the purposes of scientific discovery!

In our opinion, one of the most effectual methods of making the most of the present wonderful opening would be, the educating a number of African young men, to accompany the expedition, in various capacities. We have five years' time to try "this great experiment," and we hope that the friends of Africa will keep this point before them.

We are glad to see that the Christian public is fully alive to the importance of the present favourable openings for the spread of the gospel into the heart of Africa. We cannot but regard it as a providential dispensation, that, at the very time while Dr. Livingston has warmed the heart of all England with the story of his travels and discoveries in Southern Africa, the noble-hearted M'Gregor Laird, after all his great losses in former attempts to benefit Africa, should have thus proposed so feasible a plan for continuous intercourse with Central Africa *via* the Niger and its tributaries. "I thank God," he writes in a letter to one whose love for all that concerns the welfare of Africa is second to that of no living man, "I thank God that I have lived to see the commencement of this great work, and to have a hand in carrying it out."

The Committee of the Church Missionary Society are, of course, not backward in entering such a door of hope as is here presented them. The Rev. S. Crowther, accompanied by several native teachers from this and the Abbeokuta Mission, who can speak the languages, will be ready to proceed with the expedition in June; and thus the emigrants who may leave here will not be in want of that bread of life which has been hitherto so bountifully supplied them.

Surely there is a bright and hopeful prospect before us. Surely here is a loud call to all, and especially to us as Africans, to stretch forth our hands to God for His blessing upon this new expedition.

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#### LATEST INTELLIGENCE FROM MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

WE are in considerable anxiety respecting our Missionary brethren, of various denominations, dispersed along the Chinese coast, and desire very earnestly to commend them to the prayers of our readers. Some, in the Canton neighbourhood, have narrowly escaped with their lives. Four German Missionaries were labouring at stations on the mainland, distant from thirty to fifty miles from Hong Kong. Yeh, the governor of Canton's proclamation, offering 200 dollars for every English head brought to him, placed all Europeans amongst

the Chinese in the extremest danger. One Missionary, Mr. Lobschied, of the Chinese Evangelization Society, had an express sent to him, warning him to fly. He did, and succeeded in reaching the station of one of the German Missionaries; but scarcely had he arrived there when the house was surrounded by a murderous rabble, who proceeded to force the doors open with axes, pikes, &c. Mr. Lobschied, from the roof, seeing all the approaches occupied by armed men, jumped down a height of eighteen feet, and made for the river, hotly pursued. Into this he plunged, bending down his head under the water up to his chin, some acacia bushes which grew on the bank throwing their friendly shelter over him, and concealing him. From the bank his pursuers threw in large stones, and thrust with their spears in every direction. At length two of them got down into the water. To increase his danger the moon shone brightly, but the acacia boughs overshadowed him. At one time they approached him on both sides within two feet, but did not see him. At length they gave up the search, pronouncing him to be dead. He continued there three hours before relief came. The Missionary who remained in the house was in still more dangerous circumstances. Having burst into the house, the ruffians seized him, put their daggers to his throat, and would have murdered him, but for the timely interference of some of the Chinese gentry and assistants. Soon after, some British soldiers and sailors arrived, sent expressly by Sir J. Bowring for the rescue of the Missionaries, for whose safety fears had been entertained at Hong Kong, and their lives were saved.

At the other cities, according to the last despatches received by us, there had been as yet no disturbance. At Fuh-chau the Chinese were aware, to some extent, of the disturbances at Canton. We find the following extract in the journal of the Rev. F. M'Caw, under date of December 29th—"I have just heard of the destruction of nearly all the foreign honghs by fire. I told my friend the mandarin the news, which seemed to agitate him very much. When I said I thought it would not affect us here, he shook his head, and, apparently in emotion, said, 'I fear it will extend to this place also.' Probably he knows more about the result of the former war with England than many of his neighbours here, as I conclude he was in office at that time."

From other expressions, our Missionaries evidently think it not improbable that they may be compelled to retire from their stations for a time. This will be a great trial to them, as, latterly, they have been well received by the people, and at Ningpo the work of conversion has been going forward in a very encouraging manner.

We introduce a brief extract or two from the journals of our Missionaries at Fuh-chau, which will exemplify this.

*Dec. 1*—Just returned from a walk to the Hung Sang Kio, or Upper Bridge, as the foreigners call it. Distributed thirty-four New Testa-

ments and forty-four copies of Genesis. I addressed the people twice, in discourses of some length, and made, besides, frequent short remarks on our doctrine and our errand here, as opportunity served during our walk. Many of our books were given to soldiers and officers just embarking for the upper districts of this province, to repel the insurgents. To my last audience, on the hill-side above the river, whither they had followed me, I gave copies of the Ten Commandments—some thirty copies in all—telling them that they were the Ten Commandments of that Jesus-Jehovah whom I had been preaching to them of; who made the heaven and the earth—that very heaven they looked up to, with its sun, and moon, and shining stars; and that identical earth their feet trod on, with all its beauties of hill and valley, stream and tree; and who, having come once to die for sinful men, would come again to judge them all, even the dead who were in their graves; for that He would call, and the dead would arise, come out of their graves, and He would then assign them their dooms, and dooms never to be reversed; one class, who had rejected Him, and His salvation, and His laws, to go into everlasting punishment; and those who had trusted in Him, and eschewed their own wickedness, into life eternal.

*Dec. 2*—Visited again by the Ko family, and, on this occasion, by the head of the family, an ex-officer of the adjoining province of Kiang Si. We showed them all our treasures: there was nothing in our houses that we showed them not. But, at the same time, we let them know that we considered these things of small import: all was of small import, all gold and silver, all houses and furniture, compared with that wondrous book we came to bring: that was our whole business: we had no other object but to distribute and expound this book. It was a book, in our estimation, above all books, a book that would teach them to reach heaven and escape hell.

*Dec. 8*—To-day came two of our well-dressed friends, kinsmen of the Kos; and I preached the gospel to them—albeit they came to look at pens and pictures, and whatever of foreign wonders we had about us—as also to the tailor who was at work for me, and who stoutly denied that he had ever committed any sin; first specifying, cheating men of their money, and afterwards, on my questioning him, including all false words, and even all improper thoughts, among the things of which he was not guilty. On my asking him how the guilt of a bad action, supposing one to be committed, could be done away, he at once said, and with evident fearlessness of any contradiction, “By doing well for the future;” though he admitted, when I put it to him, that human laws would not so pardon men; that a magistrate of his own city would not let a thief or murderer go scatheless simply on profession of his avoiding such ill-doing for the future. The Lord make me more diligent in studying how I may speak most intelligibly unto this people!

*Dec. 15*—To-day preached, first at the printer’s in Back Street, standing on the threshold of his shop, and afterwards nearer my own residence, just at the entrance of Back Street. I was determined in the choice of this latter place by the question of a young man, who seemed to have some knowledge of my errand, as to how he should worship Jesus. I stopped, and began to answer him; and a crowd soon gathered, to whom I preached for a considerable space, and gave eight New Testa-

ments among them. Some were very serious and respectful in their demeanour, while some—very few, however—seemed inclined to make sport of my words. One young lad, one of the foremost of the latter class, after I had been asserting, on being questioned as to that point, the superiority of Jesus to all their idols, said, “Had we not better call Jesus to come? If he is so great, so good, can benefit men so much, shall we not call Him to come?” thinking thus to triumph over my exaltation of what he deemed, no doubt, to be an imaginary personage. But I said, “Suppose you call the emperor to come. He is at Pekin: call him to come.” The crowd saw the parallelism, and the laugh was now against the boy, and not from him. I pursued the subject home a little, by saying, “You are a Fuh-chau boy, not very big: go you, call the great emperor from Pekin: will he come, think you?” This comparison was sufficient to blunt the edge of the boy’s joke, and, on the whole, the matter turned to the magnifying of that great Name which we adore; for I did not omit to declare unto them that Jesus was not only as great, but far greater than their almost-deified emperor.

The mandarin’s family, already referred to, have taken particular notice of our Missionaries, visiting them, and inviting them to their house. One of these occasions is thus referred to—

We had a visit to-day from our mandarin friends, to meet an American lady and her husband, a Missionary. I had promised to let them know whenever a foreign lady visited us; and, in less than an hour from our notice, about twenty ladies, with servants, arrived, all in fine dress. I imagine they had never before seen a foreign lady; and no one, when they consider this, will wonder at their anxiety to behold such a rare sight. When they had gratified their curiosity here, they proposed to take our friend down to see their house. So, having consented, we all went down. On our arrival, about forty or fifty ladies made their appearance—from where I cannot tell—and conducted our friend into the inner chambers, where gentlemen cannot go. We remained in the public grand reception-hall, where we had conversation with the gentlemen, and took tea, with cakes and oranges. Our mandarin friend inquired respecting the disturbances at Canton, and seemed anxious to learn why our troops had attacked the governor’s house; and, as he addressed himself to our American friend, he told him the whole truth about the origin of the dispute, of which I was glad, as the Chinese never hear from their own authorities a true account.

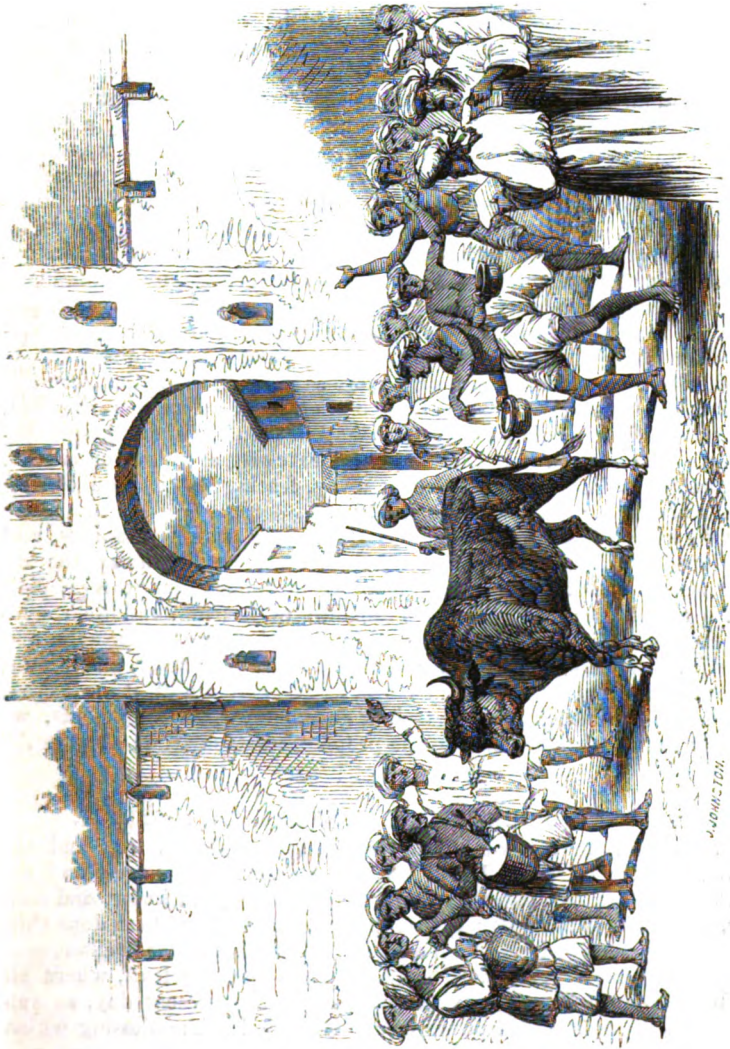
Thus intelligence of events at Canton had reached Fuh-chau, as yet without producing any excitement against the Missionaries. How long this may continue to be so we cannot tell. The following passage is significant—

*Nov. 17*—Engaged to-day in arranging my affairs, lest the unfortunate quarrel at Canton should extend to us here, and render it necessary for us to leave this place. There is a reward, we learn, at Canton, for an Englishman’s head; but as yet we have not heard it mentioned by any of the natives here: our teachers and servants have not spoken regarding it, if known to them.



**IDOLATRY IN INDIA.**

FROM looking at the pictures which generally adorn our Missionary publications, one might be led to suppose that the Hindús are in the habit of frequenting their temples in crowds, and of going and returning in a manner somewhat similar to our worshippers at home. Such



**SCENE AT MIRUT, NORTH INDIA.**

however, is not the case: generally speaking, but comparatively few assemble at one time, and very frequently in such a manner as not to attract particular attention. It is possible to travel far, and reside a long time, in India, without witnessing any, or very little, of the idolatry of its people. There are, however, exceptions to this: in times of sickness and distress many resort to the temples, and endeavour, by various offerings, to propitiate their deities, which can neither hear, nor deliver from trouble. The Rev. A. Medland writes from Mírut—

“At no period, since our arrival, has the idolatry of the people been so publicly exhibited as during the late fearful visitation of the cholera. Hundreds and thousands left their dwellings, and, locating themselves by the road and in open places, were busily engaged in presenting offerings, and occasionally sacrificing some animal—most commonly a goat—to appease their wrathful goddess Kali. When the cholera was at its height, and hundreds were dying daily, a somewhat singular ceremony was performed, strikingly reminding me of the ‘scape-goat’ mentioned in Leviticus xvi. The people having selected a buffalo, a procession was formed, of which the accompanying is a sketch. First came a party of musicians; then the buffalo, driven by a zemindar; after him came two men, sprinkling or pouring milk, and water, and wine; these were succeeded by a company of Brahmins, repeating passages from their shasters; the whole being closed by a miscellaneous crowd, shouting, and making a great noise. Having made the circuit of the city, one ear of the buffalo was cut off, and offered in sacrifice, whilst the animal itself was driven by a ‘fit man’ into the jungle beyond the district. In the event of its approaching any town or village, the inhabitants immediately drive it away, fearing lest it should bring the sins of another place upon themselves.

“Oh, when will these people cease from their profitless vanities, and be induced to ‘behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world?’ At times one is inclined to believe that ‘this people’s heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they closed; lest at any time they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and should understand with their heart, and should be converted.’ ‘Can these dry bones live?’ well might it be asked. In the midst of much that is trying, and many discouragements, we can only answer, in the words of the prophet, ‘O God, Thou knowest.’”

#### SPIRITUAL WORK IN THE TINNEVELLY DISTRICT.

“I WILL plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah tree, and the myrtle, and the oil tree; I will set in the desert the fir tree, and the pine, and the box tree together: that they may see, and know, and consider, and understand together, that the hand of the Lord hath done this, and the Holy One of Israel hath created it.” Such wondrous changes—trees of righteousness growing healthfully and bearing fruit, where all had been a moral desert—are not wanting at the present day, as evidences of the presence and power of our God, and of the blessing which rests upon the faithful preaching of the pure gospel. Some years ago a station was commenced in the Tinnevelly district. It was in every respect a very uninviting spot. It was a wild and dreary place, a large

village in the midst of a desert of sand. Around were to be seen castor-oil shrubs, thorn-bushes, and the palmyra, that most useful tree, which, with numberless other bountiful gifts, shows God's providential care over His creature, man, sinful and fallen though he be, in giving him some means of subsistence wherever he has a home on the face of the earth. The palmyra is to the climbing Shanar what the bread-fruit tree is to the Polynesian, the date to the Arab, the seal to the Greenlander. With its straight, branchless stem, except where it be tufted at the top, it is not a very ornamental tree; and, compared with our wide-spread oaks and limes, is stiff and formal. With the exception of a banyan here and there, the palmyra was the only object to relieve the dull monotony of the fiery-red plain. All around looked parched and dry. Sometimes a strong wind would come, rushing from the mountains, sweeping before it the fallen leaves, and concealing the village in a cloud of dust. The poor people, the inhabitants of these plains, a few years previously had all been devil-worshippers, and many of them were still so; and it was for this reason the Missionary was coming to live amongst them, to teach them of that true God who gave His Son to be the Saviour of poor sinners. He was not discouraged by the cheerless aspect of his future home. Wells were dug in the sand, dug deep, until the waters came, and that in abundance. From the brimming wells they were soon spread abroad in fertilizing streams; and the land, which had been called by the natives "saba nilam," or land under curse, became productive, and yielded every thing which could be wished. The Missionary bungalow stands now in the midst of its garden, where the rose blossoms and the jessamine breathes forth its sweet fragrance, and various trees—the cocoa-nut, the plantain, the vine, and the pine-apple—bear grateful fruit. May the good Lord work the same change in all our hearts, which by nature are towards God as the parched desert! May the waters of life come to reclaim them, that they may yield fruit to Him!

But more wonderful alterations than these have taken place in the plains of Tinnevelly. The dusky homes of the heathen have been changed into Christian villages, and devil-worshippers into the humble disciples and followers of Christ. Over these plains, and amongst these palmyra topes, are to be found no fewer than 27,000 native Christians, their villages having, instead of the devil-temple, their village church or school-house, and their native pastor or catechist to care for them: and we know that amongst this goodly number who have come out from heathenism and profess Christ, amidst much contempt and persecution which they have met with from the heathen around, there are very many God-fearing persons, who love their Saviour, and seek daily to serve Him. We have now before us the journal of our oldest native minister in Tinnevelly, the Rev. John Devasagayam, who for many years has laboured faithfully as an evangelist amongst his countrymen. It is full of interesting points, pleasing facts incidentally mentioned, which show, more powerfully than the most elaborate statement, that there is Christian life among his people. We shall refer to some of these, as we think they will be interesting to our readers.

First, we find mention made of the death of an old Christian servant of the Lord, who had served faithfully as a catechist for many years, until old age and its infirmities laid him by. He came to his

grave like a shock of corn fully ripe. "How happy and shining a light is a true Christian, and how strongly we feel assured of his spirit being conducted to a glorious eternity!"

Very soon following, we find recorded the death of a little boy, a tender bud plucked before it had bloomed here, that it might blossom in heaven. "He was a deeply thoughtful boy, and, three days before his death, read to his dear mother a chapter about the sufferings of Jesus." What a consolation it is, when parents lose their children, or children their parents, to have this hope, that the departed ones have gone to be with Christ! Then are they not lost, but safe. There appear to be many pious children in John Devasagayam's district, who love their Saviour, and give this proof of it, that they try to persuade others to love Him too. One boy of the name of Samuel is mentioned. This Samuel, unlike, in this point, to his namesake in Scripture, has been the means of persuading his mother to serve Christ; whereas the Hannah of Scripture pledged, from the birth, her Samuel to the Lord, who had heard her when she prayed in trouble. Mr. Devasagayam says—"I have many instances in which children prove a great blessing to their parents and friends."

There are also aged widows among the people, like Anna of old, serving God night and day. "Our dear old sister Dheyvay, at Kalienvelei, who has been very ill, is better, but is now able to walk. I went there in the evening, and rejoiced and comforted her by administering the emblems of our Saviour's dying love. She and her companion, another pious widow, enjoyed the blessed ordinance much. I felt humble and thankful for my privilege in serving these two dear Christian sisters."

An interesting fact is related with respect to this aged Christian woman. "One day she said to the catechist, 'Sir, please to come for evening prayers about four o'clock, because all the women, after five o'clock, are engaged in cooking the rice.' The catechist accordingly went the next day at four o'clock, when all the women were engaged with their spinning-wheel. Some of them came to prayers, but others were unwilling to leave their wheel. Old Dheyvay went and took them out of their hands, when they all came to prayer. Such is the influence which she has over them."

The description of Easter-day services is very interesting. "We had a meeting, before the break of day, by candle-light. The children entered the church singing praise to the glorious Jesus, who rose from the grave. The girls sang the following verse—

"The women, on the first day of the week,  
Early in the morning,  
Came to the cave to see the Lord;  
But He had risen previously. Hallelujah!"

Happy and refreshing services were held, 158 individuals assembling around the Lord's table.

Thus these humble Christians have tasted the sweetness of the gospel of truth. The tree of life has been planted among them. They repose under its shadow, and find its fruit sweet to their taste; and, as ever will be the case when men have tasted for themselves that the Lord is gracious, the desire of their hearts is that the good news may be spread abroad, and the heathen be brought in from their wanderings to the

Bishop and Shepherd of their souls. Missionary efforts are not wanting. They are very poor, but they give what they can, and do what they can. "I had a special meeting," writes Mr. Devasagayam, "with my helpers, to consult about the collection to be made for the Church Missionary Society this year. Almost all of them promised me to do their best to promote this object, and to collect weekly rice, which we call 'handful of rice.'" How touching this is! They have no large heap to take from—at the utmost, what barely suffices for present wants—yet they willingly give a handful from the store, "and their deep poverty aboundeth unto the riches of their liberality." How many at home, who have wealth enough to purchase a score of these villages and more, and yet of their abundance give nothing! And shall not the Christian Shanar rise up as witnesses against them—nay, are they not doing so at this present moment? These Christians are also ingenious in devising means whereby to increase their contributions. "The headman of four principal congregations gave me, in writing, that they will collect another day's income from palmyras every year for the Church Missionary Society, besides the annual collection they make for the Church-building Fund." It is customary with these Christians to contribute, to a fund for building churches and school-chapels, one day's income from the palmyra tree every year. Now they have decided, that, on a second day in the year, each palmyra tree throughout the district shall yield its sweet juice to the Missionary cause, to spread abroad the knowledge of that which is sweeter far.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear —.

Nor is this the only way they help. There are itinerating Missionaries labouring diligently in the unreclaimed districts to the north. The various congregations aid this good work by sending out each its catechist, who labours with the Missionaries a month or six weeks, and endeavours in every way to be serviceable, the congregation which sends him bearing all the expenses of his journey and sojourning with the Missionaries. "Gnanamuttoo Joseph, the reader, left us to go northward, agreeably to a previous arrangement, to meet Mr. Meadows. Our earnest prayers were offered to the Lord on his behalf at our catechists' meeting and on the following days. I am thankful to say that I can spare another catechist to labour in that field, and pay them from the Kadatchapuram Church Missionary Fund. Besides their usual salary, I allow them the pay of a cook, that they may not be hindered in their work, but be ready to go wherever they are wanted. I offered, also, the services of a catechist after Easter, and I will send him as soon as I hear from Mr. Ragland. The duties of the catechist and readers in my district are also partly performed by my pious widows and schoolchildren. The former teach the women their catechism: the latter, who are instructed in the school, teach their parents, not only their lessons, but also read to them the Scriptures."

We are reminded, as we place these pleasing facts before our readers, of "a field which the Lord hath blessed." "Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: Thou settlest the furrows thereof: Thou makest it soft with showers: Thou blessest the springing thereof." May He continue to do so, and more abundantly!

## WILT THOU NOT VISIT ME ?

Wilt Thou not visit me ?  
 The plant beside me feels Thy gentle dew ;  
 Each blade of grass I see,  
 From Thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew—  
 Wilt Thou not visit me ?

Wilt Thou not visit me ?  
 Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone ;  
 And every hill and tree  
 Lend but one voice, the voice of Thee alone—  
 Wilt Thou not visit me ?

Wilt Thou not visit me ? I need Thy love,  
 More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain ;  
 Come, like Thy holy Dove,  
 And let me in Thy sight rejoice to live again.  
 Wilt Thou not visit me ?

Yes ! Thou wilt visit me :  
 Nor plant, nor tree, Thine eye delights so well,  
 As when, from sin set free,  
 Man's spirit comes with Thine in peace to dwell.  
 Yes, Thou wilt visit me

[*Anonymous.*]

## DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF SIERRA LEONE.

MORE tidings of bereavement have reached us from the coast of Africa. Good Bishop Weeks has been removed from his labours to rest with Christ. He has gone to spend an eternal Sabbath with his Lord in heaven. Not two years have elapsed since his consecration in the parish church of Lambeth, and, lo ! the Sierra-Leone episcopate is again vacant. He had just returned from an extended visitation in the Yoruba Country, holding confirmations, admitting suitable candidates to ordination, encouraging the Missionaries, and in every possible way strengthening the Mission. He reached Sierra Leone by the "Candace" steamer on March 16th, after an absence of four months, in a very debilitated state, and on the morning of the 17th was carried up in a hammock to his residence at Fourah Bay. There he gradually sank until the afternoon of the 24th, when he yielded up his spirit in the assured hope of seeing Him in whom he had believed. A most touching incident occurred a few hours before his death. He was asked by a friend, "Is the Lord precious to your soul ?" A smile lit up the features that were already showing the effects of approaching dissolution, when he deliberately spelt the word "PRECIOUS," pronouncing each letter distinctly, and then adding, "Very." They were the last words which he was heard to speak, and, soon after, all that was before the eyes of weeping friends was but the cold and earthly tabernacle of the departed spirit.

The above account we have taken from "The African, and Sierra-Leone Weekly Advertiser," of March 23d. The editor adds—

"The late Bishop was no stranger amongst us. It was not yes—

terday that he was known to our community. Our fathers knew him before many of us drew the breath of life. The men of other times, who have long since passed away to that 'other country,' knew him. He had been the successor of Johnson and of Renner, the contemporary of Nylander and other Missionaries of a former generation. And when, after seven years' absence, he again returned to labour and die amongst us, a great change had taken place in our social state. The mountain boys of Regent and Bathurst, and Charlotte and Gloucester, to whom he had been the kind and faithful schoolmaster, had grown up to manhood. Many of them were occupying a useful and respectable position in society. Youths and adults, who, on their first landing from the slave-ship, were brought under his charge and notice, had now become subjects of a higher liberty, having been redeemed and regenerated by Him, whose word is with power, and whose grace could do wondrously.

"Above all was he struck with the state of the Yoruba Country. In broken sentences he would reply, when asked about his visit, 'It is a glorious country, a glorious country!' His career as a Bishop, however short, was memorable. He has established a Native Ministry. Seven native catechists were admitted by him to the diaconate in this colony, and four in Abbeokuta. Bishop Vidal was only fourteen months in actual residence in his diocese: Bishop Weeks was some two months longer. The one was struck down while young, and full of life and hope. The other had been a veteran in his Master's service, and is laid in the midst of those to whom his name had been a household word."

One of the Africans admitted by him to holy orders thus expresses his grief—"Ah! Sir, I have lost my dear father in Christ, who stood for me as godfather on the 8th of October 1834, when I was baptized in the Christian Institution by the Rev. G. A. Kissling." He adds—"March 25, 1857—This morning, after seven o'clock, the sad intelligence reached me, by Dr. Bradshaw, that the Bishop died yesterday evening at five o'clock. In the afternoon I went down to Freetown to attend the funeral procession, which took place at four o'clock. The remains were interred in the new burial-ground, in the presence of a concourse of people so great that their numbers could not be ascertained."

Nor is it only the Bishop's death that we mourn for. The same mail brings us tidings of the death of another valued Missionary, the Rev. C. T. Frey. He had accompanied the Bishop on his visitation to Yoruba, and returned to the colony in impaired health; and, notwithstanding all that medical skill and anxious care could do for him, became worse, until, on April the 21st, it was decided that he should leave on the next day by the steamer for Teneriffe, in the hope that a few days at sea would revive him. Such, however, was his weakness, that it was impossible to remove him; and on the 22d of April he entered into his rest.

Thus the whole of that little group of faithful European ministers, who, a few months before, left Sierra Leone for the Bight of Benin, have ceased from their labours—Mr. Beale, the Bishop, and Mr. Frey. The two latter parted from Mr. Beale at Lagos, expecting that, after a trip to Fernando Po, he might be enabled to rejoin them at Abbeokuta. He was the first to leave this earthly scene, and enter into the home prepared for him in heaven, and he was there to welcome his companions on their arrival in those bright mansions which are above. The

three Christian brethren have again met, not at Abbeokuta, nor in Sierra Leone, but in the presence of Christ.

Bare and denuded indeed the Mission would be at the present moment, like a tree stripped of its foliage, but for the timely ordination of so many Africans, who are labouring amongst their countrymen with much acceptance and blessing; and yet it is at such a moment that the sound experience and godly counsel of those whose faithful labours have given them weight of character and influence, seem, to our poor judgment, most necessary. But we must resolve all into His superior love and wisdom, who says, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." It is thus an exercise of faith to the infant church. The Lord would wean His people in Africa from all human dependences, and teach them to lean upon Himself. Some of them said—"Before the Lord heals one wound He cuts another." One of the Christian ladies, left in a widowed state by these sad bereavements, thus replied—"It is because He had rather see His church bleed than be unfruitful." We entreat the earnest prayers, on behalf of Africa, of all who read this paper.

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THE GREAT REFINER.

BY H. F. GOULD.

'Tis sweet to tell that He who tries
 The silver takes His seat
 Beside the fire that purifies,
 Lest too intense a heat,
 Raised to consume the base alloy,
 The precious metals too destroy.

'Tis good to think how well He knows
 The silver's power to bear
 The ordeal to which it goes,
 And that with skill and care
 He'll take it from the fire when fit,
 For His own hand to polish it.

'Tis blessedness to know that He
 The piece He has begun
 Will not forsake, till He can see—
 To prove the work well done—
 An image, by its brightness shown,
 The perfect likeness of His own.

But ah! how much of earthly mould,
 Dark relics of the mine,
 Dross from the ore, must He behold,
 How long must He refine,
 Ere in the silver He can trace
 The first faint semblance to His face.

Thou great Refiner! Sit Thee by,
 Thy promise to fulfil;
 Moved by Thy hand, beneath Thine eye,
 And melted at Thy will,
 Oh, may Thy work for ever shine,
 Reflecting beauty pure as Thine!

[*The Macedonian, February 1857.*]

THE PORCELAIN TOWER.

It appears, by the accounts published in the "North-China Herald" of the 3d inst., and confirmed in a letter in our last issue, that the wonder of China, the Nanking Pagoda, or so-called Porcelain Tower, exists no longer. Our informant says it was blown up by orders from Hung Siu-tsiuen, about the time that the head of Wei, the northern king, was demanded of him by Shih Tah-kai, the assistant king, under the apprehension that it might be taken possession of by one of the other leaders, fortified, and directed against the city, which it commands.

A description of this far-famed tower will be interesting to our readers at this time. Du Halde says—"It is without dispute the tallest and most beautiful of all those to be seen in China." In 1852, Dr. Taylor, a Missionary who had visited Nanking in disguise, communicated an article to this journal, entitled "A Trip to Nanking," from which we reprint the following—

By far the most interesting and attractive object in Nanking is the famous Porcelain Tower, of world-wide celebrity. It was built about the year 1413 by Yung-lóh, the third emperor of the Ming dynasty. Representations of it are found in nearly all the school geographies of civilized nations; and well do many of us remember the schoolboy idea we formed of its milky whiteness, associated with the term *porcelain*; while in reality but a comparatively small portion of it is white. Green is the predominant colour, from the fact that the curved tiles of its projecting roofs are all of this colour, while the wood-work supporting these roofs is of the most substantial character, in the peculiar style of Chinese architecture, curiously wrought, and richly painted in various colours. The body or shaft of the edifice is built of large, well-burnt brick, and on the exterior surface they are red, yellow, green, and white. The bricks and tiles are of very fine clay, and highly glazed, so that the tower presents a most gay and beautiful appearance, which is greatly heightened when seen in the reflected sunlight. It has nine stories, and is 260 English feet high. At the base, it is over 300 feet in circumference, each side of the octagon being about 40 feet. After the first or ground story, all the others are quadrangular on the inside, instead of conforming to the octagonal exterior. On each face is an arched opening in which one can stand and look out upon the surrounding scenery; but a wooden grating prevents you from stepping out upon the galleries, which are not provided with balustrades. The inner walls of each story are formed of black, polished tiles, a foot square, on each of which an image of Buddha is moulded in *bas-relief*, and is richly gilt. There are, on an average, more than 200 of these images in each story, giving an aggregate of near 2000 in all. A steep staircase on one side of each square apartment leads to the one above, and by this means you may reach the top, from which a magnificent panorama is seen spread out before you—the whole city of Nanking towards the north, but, as it were, at your feet—its fine amphitheatre of hills, yet not so high as to shut out a prospect beyond, in some directions as far as the eye can

reach—then, three or four miles distant, northward, you see the noble Yáng-tze-kiáng, from which a canal leads up to the city, and surrounds it, forming the moat.

A fine, spacious temple, covered with yellow glazed tiles, and filled with gilded idols, stands at the foot of this pagoda, and in the same extensive enclosure. Here we purchased of a priest a native cut, representing the tower, and containing some particulars relative to its history. Of a portion of it the following is a translation—

“The emperor Yúng-lóh, desiring to reward the kindness of his mother, began, in the tenth year of his reign, in the sixth month and fifteenth day, at mid-day, to build this tower. It was completed in the sixth year of the emperor Sien-tuh, on the first day of the eighth month, having occupied nineteen years in its erection. The order of the emperor to one of his ministers, Wong-tí-táh, of the Board of Public Works, was to build a tower according to a draft which he had prepared, and put into his hands. It was to be nine stories high, the bricks and tiles to be glazed, and of the ‘five colours;’ and it was to be superior to all others, in order to make widely known the virtues of his mother. Its height was to be thirty cháng, nine feet, four inches, and nine-tenths of an inch. The ball on its spire to be of yellow brass overlaid with gold, so that it might last for ever, and never grow dim. From its eight hooks as many iron chains extend to the eight corners of the highest roof; and, from each chain, nine bells suspended at equal distances apart: these, together with eight from the corners of each projecting roof, amounting to 144 bells. On the outer face of each story are sixteen lanterns, 128 in all, which, with twelve on the inside, make 140. It requires sixty-four catties of oil to fill them. Their light shines through ‘the thirty-three heavens,’ and even illuminates the hearts of all men, good and bad, eternally removing human misery. On the top of the highest roof are two brazen vessels, together weighing 900 catties, and one brazen bowl besides, weighing 450 catties. The grounds belonging to the pagoda, and occupied by temples and other buildings, are nine li and thirty-three paces in circumference. Having been adorned by the emperor Yúng-lóh, its brilliancy will now endure to hundreds of generations, a monument of recompensing kindness to myriads of years. Therefore it is named Páu-gan-sz, *i.e.* Recompensing Favour Pagoda. An inscription on a tablet within calls it ‘The First Pagoda.’ Its cost was 2,485,484 taels of silver (3,452,000 dollars). Encircling the spire are nine iron rings—the largest being sixty-three feet in circumference, and the smallest twenty-four feet—all together weighing 3600 catties. In the bowl on the top are deposited, one night-shining pearl—one water-averting pearl—one fire-averting pearl—one wind-averting pearl—one dust-averting pearl—a lump of gold weighing forty taels—a picul of tea leaves—1000 taels of silver—one lump of orpiment weighing 100 catties—one precious-stone gem—1000 strings of ‘cash,’ bearing the stamp of the emperor Yúng-lóh—two pieces of yellow satin—and four copies of Buddhist classics.

“In the fifth year of the emperor Kíá-king of the present dynasty, on the fifth month and fifteenth day, at daylight in the morning, the god of thunder drove poisonous reptiles to this pagoda, and immediately three sides of it were injured. The strength of the god of thunder was very

great, but Buddha's resources were infinite, therefore the whole edifice was not destroyed. The two highest mandarins at Nanking and Sucháu, the Tsúng-tóh and Fú-tái, thereupon informed the emperor of the accident, and besought him to have it repaired. So in the seventh year of his reign, on the second month and sixth day, the repairs were begun, and were finished on the second day of the sixth month in the same year, so that the building was as perfect as when new."

Such is the native account of this remarkable edifice; and when, on turning a corner of one of the large temples in the spacious enclosure, we came suddenly in view of the whole structure at once, its beauty and grandeur far surpassed our most glowing anticipations. But by far the most interesting circumstance associated with the Porcelain Tower is the fact, that it is a monument of filial affection—a magnificent tribute of the gratitude of a son for his mother's love.

Here is another of the many striking contrasts between the customs of the Chinese and of western nations. We deposit the record of the commencement of the work at its base, and under the superstructure. They, more significantly, do so on its completion, at its summit. The conception of the Chinese is the most sublime and grand—*Finis coronat opus*; but, practically, they may be wrong, as is suggested by the reports in Nanking, that the tower was blown up in order that the treasures, of course exaggerated in amount by the people, might be more easily obtained from the almost inaccessible depository. Since the possession of Nanking by the Taepings, all the idols in the tower, as elsewhere, have been destroyed, and the floors and means of ascent broken up.

[*North-China Herald*," Jan. 17, 1857.

THE HINDU MOTHER'S TEACHING.

It is not the Brahmins or the Shasters that are the great teachers of idolatry and superstition in India. No: the great pillars of idolatrous superstition are the mothers: they cannot read themselves—that is contrary to Hindú law and practice—but they have their family priests, who worm themselves round them. They are eaten up with superstition: they have nothing else in their minds. Accordingly, you will find, in Bengal in particular, mothers, with their children in their arms, teaching them idolatry. You will see a mother pressing the family idol, with a little child that cannot yet lisp a word, holding it up, and making it look at it, and then bow down its head to it, then taking up its hands, and making a salaam to it. The little child does not actually know what it is doing; but it is not very astonishing, that, by dint of practice and habit, when pressing the idol, it should, by a sort of mechanical agency, go through the process without the mother helping it. Thus, before the child can speak, it is trained up in idolatry.

The mother is the great teacher of the child in India, and she has a catechetical way of setting about it.

The child, perhaps, is hungry in the morning, waiting for its breakfast. An earthen vessel is on the fire. The rice is there, and the child is wondering why its breakfast is so long coming, until, at last, the

mother, looking at the child, and pointing to the fire, will say, "What is it?" "Why, it is the fire, mother." "Yes; but what do you know about it? What does the fire do?" "It makes the rice boil, mother." "What, nothing else?" "It makes me warm." "But, is that all you know about it? Oh, you stupid little thing! Stop; and I will tell you." Then she will put on a grave face, and say that it is a god, giving it a name. Then she will begin to tell stories about the fire-god, and how it is to be propitiated, and what mischief it will do if it is not; and then she will bring some little offering and throw it into the fire, and show the child how it is to be done; and she does this so often, that, at last, the child is able to do it.

Then, the wind is blowing outside. "What is that, my child?" "The wind, mother." "What is the wind?" "Just the wind, mother." "What else? What does it do?" "I see it rolling about the dust and the leaves, mother." "Oh, you stupid thing! I'll teach you." Then the mother will give the wind the name of the wind-god, and teach the child how that god is to be propitiated.

So the mother will teach the child how the water is god, how the sun, moon, and stars, are gods, and tell stories about them. For instance, the sun-god is personified in an endless number of legends. The mother tells the child, "You see, when we worship the sun-god we don't give the whole rice to him. We must have it ground very small." She tells him the whole story; how there was an assembly of gods, and the sun-god was there: how he offended the other gods; and how one of them knocked out his front teeth with a blow: therefore, he cannot eat the whole rice, but must have it beaten small. Then she may draw a moral, and say, "Don't you quarrel with other boys, lest you should be like the sun-god."

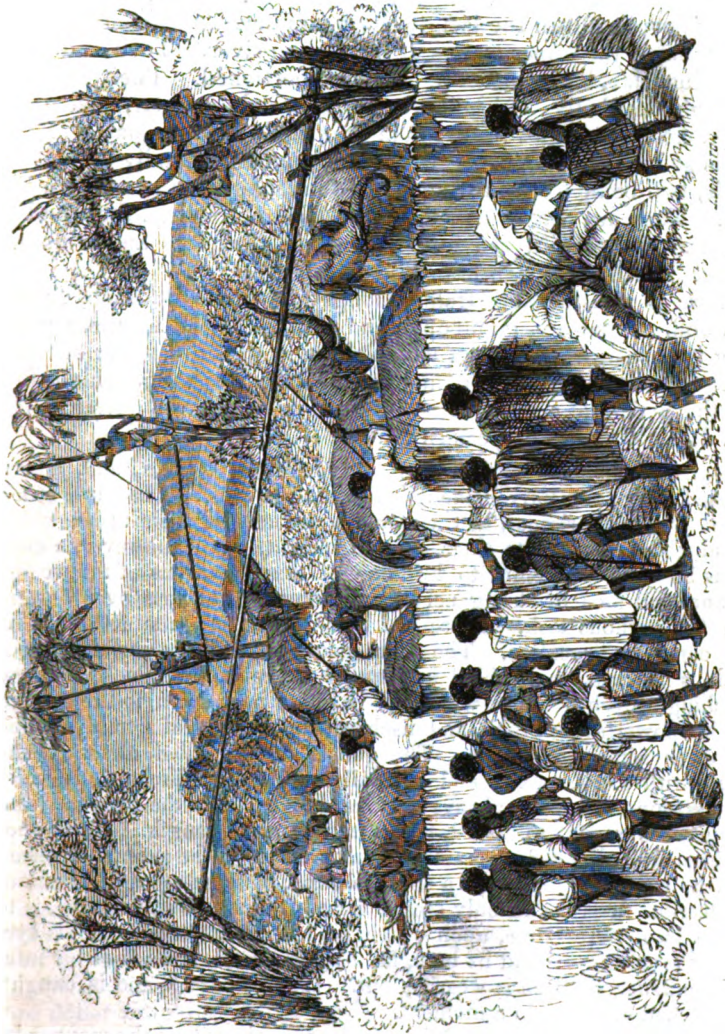
Then, perhaps, the cow is lying outside the door, and the child thinks the cow rather impudent in coming so near, and takes up a stick and tries to drive it away. If the mother sees the child doing this she runs up to him in great alarm, and says, "O child, what are you doing?" "Driving away the cow, mother; that's all." "Do you know what the cow does?" "Gives milk, mother; that's all." "But don't you know what the cow is?" And the mother is in a perfect towering indignation and misery. She does not know what to do, and she tells the child the name of the cow. It is an incarnation of one of their chief goddesses, and she says, "The goddess will be angry. We must go and propitiate her;" and she goes through ceremonies to show how the cow is to be propitiated, and makes the child ask pardon of the cow.

Now, these are the ways in which heathen mothers set about teaching their children idolatry, and those superstitions which they have themselves learned, and which are the root of all the abominations of India. Therefore it is that the mothers are the great teachers in India. And when one beholds these heathen mothers thus assiduous and earnest, oh, how one is led to look back to Christian, Protestant Britain, and to say, Would to God that Christian mothers were but one half as earnest, and one half as assiduous, in imbuing the minds of their tender infants with the knowledge of Jesus Christ and Him crucified, as those Hindú mothers are in imbuing the minds of their infants with idolatry and superstition!

[DR. DUFF.

MODE OF TAKING ELEPHANTS IN SOUTHERN GUINEA.

SOUTHERN GUINEA is that portion of the West-African coast extending southward from the mouths of the Niger, and separated from the unexplored centre by the Sierra del Chrystal mountains, which run parallel to the sea-coast, at a distance of 250 or 300 miles. It



ELEPHANT HUNTING IN SOUTHERN GUINEA.

is peopled by that numerous branch of the African race which has spread itself over the southern half of the continent, and which differs in many and important respects from the negro race to the northward of the Mountains of the Moon, more particularly in language. The tribal differences among themselves are very considerable, although not so much so as to cast doubt upon their common origin. The people who inhabit the mountain regions are of a lighter complexion than the sea-coast tribes. A very remarkable race of people within the last twelve years have descended from the mountains to the upper waters of the Gabun river. Their stature is of medium size, but compact and well-proportioned. Their features, although decidedly African, are comparatively regular, and their complexion two shades lighter than the people on the coast. Their hair is softer than the usual negro hair, and is usually plaited in braids, two being worn in front, and two reaching half-way down the back. They are nearly naked, but, instead of clothes, their bodies are smeared over with red ointment, while their legs and arms are decorated with rings of brass or ivory.

There is considerable traffic along this coast—palm-oil, ebony, red wood, copper-ore, gum-copal, and ivory. There are three ports along the coast, from each of which there is an exportation of ivory to the amount of fifty tons annually. Of the elephants which furnish this article of commerce an interesting account is given in the Rev. J. L. Wilson's "Western Africa"—

Elephants abound in all parts of Southern Guinea, and, if not molested, they frequently come down to the sea-coast. They are much hunted by the aborigines, and chiefly on account of their tusks, which are valuable according to their size and weight. It is, however, a dangerous business to attempt to kill one of these monsters of the woods, and none but men of strong nerves and courageous hearts ever venture upon the perilous task. There are those, however, who follow it as their common avocation. The more common and successful mode of attack is to creep up behind and under the animal while he is busy munching a fresh tree-top, which he has just bent down to the ground with his powerful proboscis, and discharge the contents of a trebly-loaded musket in some vital organ. The gun is usually filled almost to the muzzle with slugs, spikes, and old nails, so that the discharge is really an explosion. There is always serious danger from the rebound, and the hunter is careful to hold his gun at full arm's length. If the shot has been well directed, the animal sinks down to the ground at once; but if he has merely received a slight wound, he turns upon his assailant with terrible fury. The only escape for the hunter, in such a case, is to fly to a large forest tree, upon which he had previously fixed his eye, and, by revolving around its base, he may keep out of reach of his infuriated pursuer until he is wearied out. If he trips up, and is caught, he is dashed to pieces in a moment.

Mr. Preston, of the Gabun Mission, gives an account of the manner by which the Pangwes destroy whole droves of these animals at one time. A forest vine, which is known to be excessively repulsive to the elephant,

is drawn around them when they are busily engaged in browsing, and, so long as they are not injured, they will not break over it. A fence of upright posts is constructed outside of the vine, to give the enclosure additional security. Poisoned plantains are scattered over the ground, and are greedily devoured, and in a short time the animals become so much weakened by their effect that they are prepared to make very little resistance. The people then mount up into the trees, and assail them with spears until they are overpowered. Very frequently, however, one or more persons are killed in this wild and daring sport.

As soon as it is known that one of these animals has been killed, every man in the neighbourhood sets off with his knife and basket for the place, and takes home as much of the carcase as he can manage to carry. The flesh is not only eaten when fresh, but it is dried, and kept for months, and is then highly esteemed.

At some seasons of the year these animals herd together and go about the country in large droves, often committing the most serious depredations upon the farms of the natives. Very frequently large fields of plantains and bananas are utterly destroyed in a single night. The quiet of villages is sometimes disturbed at the middle of the night, by hearing these animals tearing down the plantain stocks at their very doors. It would be dangerous to attack them with fire-arms under such circumstances. If they should be merely wounded by the assault, they would become furious, and scatter their frail huts in every possible direction, and trample to death every human being that they could overtake. The safer and more peaceable measure of ringing bells and beating old brass pans is resorted to, and seldom fails to drive them away from their villages.

How numerous these animals are, or whether they are on the increase or decrease, it is not easy to determine. They have never been domesticated in Africa as they are in India: whether this is owing to less tractability on the part of the African species, or want of skill on the part of the people, we shall not attempt to decide. The Africans are not afraid of attacking the elephant, and they frequently capture them when young, and bring them to their towns, but never train them to any kind of domestic service. It is supposed that not less than one hundred tons of ivory are annually exported from the Gabun and the neighbouring districts. The tusks vary in weight from one to one hundred and fifty pounds. If twenty pounds may be taken as the average weight of a pair of tusks, it would take not less than eleven thousand elephants to furnish the above-mentioned quantity of ivory. The annual exportation increases from year to year, from which we might infer that there is either a real increase of these animals in the woods of Africa, or the people have greater skill in destroying them. A tusk of ivory is valuable in the European or American market in proportion to its size. If it is less than twenty pounds it is denominated a *scrivilla*, and is worth from fifty to seventy-five cents per pound. If it weighs more than twenty pounds, it is called "prime ivory," and is worth from one dollar to one dollar and a half per pound."



LADIES' WORKING ASSOCIATIONS—RESPONSE FROM
NORTH AMERICA.

WE recommend the Lady Secretaries of the different Associations throughout the country to read the accompanying letter to their respective 'circles. It will show our kind friends, who are engaged throughout the year in preparing gifts of clothing for the distant Missionary Stations, how highly their efforts are appreciated, and how cheering these seasonable and valuable presents are to the Missionaries and their wives. We trust it may be an additional incentive to perseverance in this good work.

Indian Settlement, Red River, Rupert's Land, April 7, 1857.

I am sorry at having delayed writing to you so long : it was not wilfully, but owing to the pressure of other duties ; for be assured, it is a pleasant and grateful task to acknowledge such valuable assistance as that which, from time to time, we receive from you and your excellent ladies' working party. It is delightful to reflect that we have those who sympathize with us in our labours, and with our people in their poverty ; and most cheering is it to feel that we work not alone, unheeded and unaided. Many, be assured, my dear friend, are the trials of a Missionary life among such a rude people ; and under these we need, and therefore supplicate, an interest in your prayers. In a temporal as well as a spiritual view, we have much to contend with—much that tries and weighs us down. I can assure you it is no small comfort to be assisted herein. Look at the multitude of little half-naked children committed to our care. To be unable to aid them would be sad indeed. In the first place, it would act as a clog upon our spirits, oppressing and distressing us day by day ; and in the next place it would, by keeping many from school, be prejudicial to their highest interests, by impeding their progress during the short time in which they will be permitted to attend. Under these circumstances, I hardly need say how delighted and thankful we are for your help. I really know not how sufficiently to thank you, and all who have combined with you in your generous labours for the good of this station and people. We are indeed most grateful for all your kindness ; and you will do us a favour by saying so to all your happy circle. Nor is it *our* gratitude alone that we would waft across the mighty deep : we would send you the shouts of the little ones, as they play about, clad in the labours of your hands. We would you could see the smiles, and hear the thanks, of the infirm and the aged, and the prolonged "Ho ! ho !" of the heathen. Surely all would gladden your hearts, as it has ours from time to time, and afford ample compensation for all your labours. Our supply, owing, probably, in some degree, to our having been at home last year, was equal to the demand. We not only distributed as above, but I sold some of the things to pay the carriage and duty, and have a balance to hand over to Mr. Cowley towards the completion of his church, or necessary labour upon the station. We are therefore doubly grateful, being in some measure able to meet both objects. May the Lord reward you all a thousandfold in temporal and spiritual blessings, through Jesus Christ !

Although it is long since we returned hither, I cannot forbear a word or two respecting our voyage, &c. Crossing the Atlantic, we had perhaps

an ordinary passage. Off Cape Farewell we encountered a storm, which showed us the power of the element upon which we rode, tossing about our bark as a very little thing, and threatening, as it were, to engulf us at every wave. Off Labrador we fell in with ice, and ran along it many miles up Davis' Straits. At a little south of Resolution an opening enabled us to enter Hudson's Straits. There we were soon encompassed with field-ice in every direction, interspersed here and there with bergs of almost every imaginable form and size, many being so large that I forbear to repeat what was ventured on board as to their size, lest I should seem to you to exaggerate. Surely these display the glory and majesty of our God. I think no one can have any idea of the grandeur of the scene without witnessing it. After storms and ice, and the discomforts of a voyage at sea, you will readily fancy our delight at reaching York Factory. There we saw several of our people, and others who knew and welcomed us on shore. Our journey inland was tedious, and might have been very pleasant but for the rains and frosts and snow. As we approached this station, the people might have been seen looking out for us, and greeting us as we passed along. The old chief hoisted his flag, and, with his wife, stood on the bank, shouting us welcome at the top of his voice. Some came together to meet us at the landing. One brought fish, another ducks, another fruit, and so on, seeming to vie with each other in welcoming us back to the scene of our labours. And happy did we feel in being again among our people. Our visit home seems now like a dream that is past. May the associations, happy and blessed, long live in our memories!

Since our return, we trust the Lord has blessed our labours. One and another have been added to the church, and things are, we hope, notwithstanding many discouragements, happily tending to the advancement and establishment of Christ's kingdom. On Lord's-days it is delightful to see the noble congregation assembled in our spacious church, dressed in their best, all neat and clean; and to witness the devout attention of a people snatched from heathenism by the mercy of God, and thus placed within the fold of the Good Shepherd. Our services are quite enjoyable; and, now that we have the seraphine—a sweet instrument—to lead the singing, very much like services at home. We are indeed thankful to the many Christian friends, north and south of you, who by their kindness enabled us to procure this aid. May God reward them! It was at your Missionary meeting, I think, or one in your neighbourhood, Mr. Cowley first met the Duchess Dowager of M——. Her Ladyship has kindly aided us since in our work here, and undertakes to support a child in our school, at a cost of some 5*l.* or 6*l.* a year, and clothing. Curious enough, too, there he also saw Miss H—— for the first time, who did so much in this way for the Orphan Home here. We feel obliged by her services in the cause of Christ. Her name is associated with another little one whom her dear sister and her husband, the Rev. D. T——, has undertaken to support in school at the same cost as that of the Duchess. Surely this is a precious link in the communion of saints, whose associations bring refreshment and delight to the soul. It is indeed blessed to labour for Christ: no service is like it. May God give us hearts to serve faithfully and diligently while we are permitted to work at all! Believe me, yours sincerely and gratefully,

ARABELLA COWLEY.

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

I SHINE in the light of God,
 His likeness stamps my brow;
 Through the shadows of death my feet have trod,
 And I reign in glory now.
 No breaking heart is here,
 No keen and thrilling pain,
 No wasted cheek where the frequent tear
 Hath rolled and left its stain.

I have found the joy of heaven,
 I am one of its saintly band,
 To my head a crown of gold is given,
 And a harp is in my hand.
 I have learned the song they sing,
 Whom JESUS hath set free,
 And the glorious vaults of heaven ring
 With my new-born melody.

No sin, no grief, no pain—
 Safe in my happy home,
 My fears are fled, my doubts all plain,
 My hour of triumph come.
 Oh! friends of mortal years,
 The trusted and the true,
 Ye are walking still in the vale of tears,
 But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget—Oh! no,
 For memory's golden chain
 Shall bind my heart to the hearts below,
 Till they meet and touch again.
 Each link is strong and bright,
 And love's electric flame
 Darts swiftly down like a beam of light
 To the world from whence I came.

Do you mourn when another star
 Shines out from the glittering sky?
 Do you weep when the raging voice of war
 And the storms of conflict die?
 Then why should your tears run down,
 And your heart be sorely riven,
 For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
 And another soul in heaven?

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### CONVERSIONS CONNECTED WITH THE EDUCATIONAL WORK IN TINNEVELLY, AND TRIALS OF THE YOUNG CONVERTS.

THE natives of India are very desirous that their sons should be conversant with the English language, because they consider that, in a temporal point of view, this will be a great advantage to them. They therefore send them in considerable numbers to the Missionary English schools, in which instruction is given in that language, but where the pupils, according to the standing regulation of such schools, read the Christian Scriptures. The parents send their children to the schools, although fully aware of this, either disbelieving the awakening and con-

verting power of the truths which they contain, or else willing to undergo the risk for the sake of the advantage.

In these schools just such results are produced as might be expected. Under the constant inculcation of revealed truth, many of the youths become convinced of the falsehood and folly of heathenism. In most instances, however, the conviction is not sufficiently strong or decided to induce an open renunciation of heathenism. They know the persecution and trials to which they will be exposed, and they shrink from them. But there are other cases, in which the word is so brought home to the heart by the power of the Spirit, that the youth cannot so continue. There is a pressure of responsibility on his conscience. He feels that his conviction ought to be honestly followed out; that, if convinced that idolatry be false, he ought not to conform to it; nor withhold from confessing Christ, if persuaded that He is the true God and eternal life. Such young persons, therefore, from time to time, come to the Missionaries and ask for baptism. The tidings soon spread throughout the town: the heathen are roused to a state of intense excitement. The parents and friends have recourse to tears and entreaties, and, should these prove unavailing, to violence. The magistrates are appealed to. Sometimes, amidst the severity of the trial, the youths give way: at other times they are enabled to stand fast. The school becomes abhorred for a time in the eyes of the natives, who withdraw their children from it, and make use of every weapon to crush it. But, after a time, the excitement subsides, and affairs return to their former level.

Such events have just occurred at Palamcotta, in the Tinnevelly District. We have there an Institution in which catechists and other suitable candidates are prepared for holy orders, and also an English school for native youth. In the latter end of February last, the *múnshí* of the Institution, a Vishnuvite—for among the Hindus there are gods many and lords many, and some follow Siva and others Vishnu, &c.—and two young men from the native English school, communicated, through a third party, to the Principal of the Institution, their desire to become Christians. Accordingly, the next Monday, at noon, they came to his house, and placed themselves under his protection. “That night,” writes Mr. Sargent, “was one I can never forget. The wailing of the women and falling of the men at my gate nearly all that night prevented my having any sleep. Next day, on a requisition from the magistrate, I appeared, with the youths, at the court, and was examined; and the youths themselves were heard, and stated they were Christians, and intended to be so, and that they wished to go with me, and not with their friends. As the magistrate had doubts about the age of one, it was proposed by him, and accepted by me, that he should spend the night under the roof of the head assistant collector, and be brought to court next morning. The other young men were handed over to me, under the protection of the police; but no sooner did they put their faces outside the door than there was a rush of relatives and friends, to rescue, or rather take them away by force. Then ensued a scene of confusion, the peons pulling the youths one way, and the people trying to force them away. However, we got them back into the court, and the tumult was so great outside I thought it best to suggest that they should remain there all night, under a proper

guard. To this they assented; and this morning we all appeared again at the court. The magistrate saw the men himself privately. He left them in a private room with their friends, who might use every persuasion they pleased. I was not allowed to be present. I was asked, also, to wait in the head assistant's office, while all these interviews were allowed. By the grace of God, they all stood firm. The magistrate then sent for me, and said, 'With reference to one man (the múnshí) there is no complaint before me, and I cannot detain him against his will. He is free to go wherever he pleases. He wishes to go with you. He may do so. The other young men are youths who have attained to years of discretion, and are able to judge for themselves. I have seen them privately. I have allowed their friends to see them privately, and use any arguments or persuasion they please, but the men do not waver in the least. I consider them at liberty to go where they please. They say they wish to go with you. I therefore hand them over to you,' or words to that effect. I, of course, accepted them, and said that I placed myself and them under the protection of the magistrate; that I looked to him for the safe transfer of the youths to my house, and protection while there, for a reasonable while.

"This was immediately granted. The Tinnevelly and Palamcotta heads of police, with their men, were mustered, and these, with the collector's peons, escorted us without hindrance to our house, or rather, I should say, the printing office, as I thought the upstairs rooms there a safer place for them. Our first duty was to join with the dear young men in thanksgiving to the God of all grace. Indeed, I said all along that they could never stand the fiery ordeal to the last, if the work were not of God. It is no easy thing to conceive the trial these men have had to pass through. O that God would keep them in soul and body, and make them useful instruments in His church!"

One of the youths is son-in-law to one of the court vakeels of Palamcotta. About a year ago his father-in-law thought that he perceived in him symptoms of a leaning to Christianity, when he was directed to quit the school immediately, lest, if he continued any longer under instruction, he should become a Christian; but the boy threatened, in that case, to return to Madura, where he has an elder brother. He was therefore reluctantly permitted to attend school as before, without further molestation. He was not the only person who was endeavouring to grope his way out of the darkness of Hinduism: the múnshí was in a similar state. The process of inquiry appears to have been going forward in his mind for a considerable time; first, in consequence of conversations with a previous múnshí of the Institution, who had embraced Christianity. Thus a conflict commenced in his soul. In this state he describes himself as praying—"O Lord, I am ignorant as to what resolution I should form respecting the knowledge of divine truth. All that I seem confident of at one time, I find at another to be wrong. What, then, shall I do? O Lord, look graciously upon me, and, by whatever means Thou art pleased, mercifully grant that I may learn to know Thee, and the way in which I should walk. My heart is full of secret sin, and I am utterly incapable of knowing what is good: teach me, then, the path in which I should go. Thou knowest that, through my pride, I have been unconscious of my inability to

please Thee, and that I assent to nothing, but what I see by demonstration. Wherefore, do Thou teach me what is truth." This became his daily prayer. On being appointed, in June 1855, to be múnshí to the Institution, he became acquainted with the youth to whom we first referred, and, finding him in a state of mind similar to his own, conversed much with him. They determined to regard their conduct with great strictness, recalling each night the faults of the day, and praying thus—"O Lord, do Thou give us grace, that we may not fall into these sins." Meanwhile, the claims of Christianity, in various ways, indirectly and otherwise, were brought before them. At length, the two friends said one to another, "Why should we any further harden our hearts? What peace have we as yet found in seeking an atonement for the sins which strive within us and torment us? For the future, let us see whether Christianity cannot afford us peace." And thus they commenced to read the word of God and other Christian books, looking to God to teach them. In a statement which the múnshí has drawn up, he says—"Although at first we could not understand all that we read, yet, in a measure, we found our difficulties removed and our doubts solved, especially with regard to the fact, that while we, by our sins, deserved the punishment of hell, yet that God, by His great mercy, and without violation of His justice, opened a way of salvation, through His Son; and we entertained the hope, that the more we knew of this way the more grace and peace we should obtain."

Dhanakody, the vakeel's son-in-law, in a similar statement, details the answers which he gave to the questions put to him by the collector. "What is your name, and how old are you?" "My name is Dhanakody, and I am eighteen years old." "What are you?" "I am a Christian." "Why did you leave your father-in-law's house, and all your relations, to become a Christian?" "I found Hinduism to be false, and Christianity to be the only true religion. I therefore embraced it." "How do you know that Hinduism is false and Christianity true?" "Because one purana denies what is said in another, and the Hindu shasters assert that the gods are very fond of carnal pleasures, and are given up to all kinds of wickedness, which cannot be the character of the true God. Whereas Christianity teaches that the true God is righteous, wise, and merciful, but, above all, that He hates sin; that all men are sinners by nature, and can only be saved by putting their trust in Jesus Christ, who gave up His life to save them." "Did you go to Mr. Sargent of your own accord, or were you persuaded by any one?" "Of my own accord." "Where do you wish to go, to Mr. Sargent or to your father-in-law?" "To Mr. Sargent. In obedience to the collector's order, I was obliged to be in a private room with my father-in-law, who shed many tears, and entreated me to go with him. I felt it much, as he had been more than a father to me, in treating me as one of his own sons. I shall never forget his unwearied kindness to me, but pray God that he may be blessed with all comfort, and the salvation of his immortal soul."

The school, as might be expected, is cut down greatly, the numbers in attendance having diminished from 150 to 30. The Hindus are still very furious, and, with unwonted vigour, are adopting measures to crush it altogether. They have established a school into which our former pupils are compelled to enter, although much against their inclinations. We have

no apprehensions, however, on this subject. These ebullitions of the natural mind are like the agitation of the sea, but which, violent as they are, do not last. The stormy wind is under the control of God. After a season it subsides, and there is a great calm. But we ask our readers to remember these young converts in their prayers, that they may be so rooted in Christ as to continue in the faith, grounded and settled, and may not be moved away from the hope of the gospel, either by the violence of persecution or the insidious and more dangerous influence of prosperity.

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HOPE FOR TURKEY.

EVIDENCE has been increasing, of late, that the Missionaries at Constantinople were probably much more nearly correct in their anticipations of advantages to flow from the recent hattî-sherif than many have supposed. Fears have been entertained, very extensively, that it would prove at best a dead letter. Some, indeed, have supposed that it would be much worse than this, exciting the fanatical rage of Mohammedans, and directing it specially against Protestant Christians, while no effort would be made, or was ever intended to be made, in good faith, by the Turkish Government, to enforce its provisions in favour of toleration. Mr. Goodell, however, has quite recently spoken of it as "the great Magna Charta, which secures liberty of conscience" in Turkey, as "a great and glorious beginning," which "came exactly at the right time," and from which they "are certainly enjoying great advantages," though it is not to be expected "that all its provisions will be, in every case and in every place, fully carried out."

The London "Christian Times" says—"Correspondents of the Turkish-Missions-Aid Society, at Constantinople and Aleppo, write, describing the state of things relative to religious toleration, from which it would appear, that, in some cases at least, converts from Islamism are now suffered to live among their friends unmolested. The wife, child, and mother-in-law of one convert have rejoined him, and their re-union is likely to lead to conversion also. Their Turkish neighbours do not think of separating the Mussulman members of the family from the rest. This indicates a great change of public feeling, and shows how the authorities, at present at least, view and treat such cases, in honourable observance of the late hattî-humaïoun. Another case, illustrative of this improved spirit, is that of a Turk who till of late professed Islamism, but now lives in the city with all his family, professing Christianity, and attending Christian worship at one of the chapels. This man refuses to seek personal protection by removing to a Christian quarter: *he thinks it now unnecessary*. He has a trade, and earns his bread, and, though often reviled for his new views, only replies with meekness and firmness, and has thus far remained protected by the tolerant spirit of the Government and people."

The February Number of "Evangelical Christendom" states, that on this subject "clouds are passing away." "The advent of Redschid Pasha to power, and the apparent restoration of the influence of our (the English) ambassador, has dissipated very much of the gloom that was gathering."

Various facts are stated in support of this more favourable view of

the case, and extracts are given from different letters. Among others, there is a letter from the Rev. Henry Jones, Travelling Secretary of the Turkish-Missions-Aid Society, who has been travelling somewhat extensively in Turkey, and visiting many of the Missionary stations, in which he says—

“ There is a wide-spread evangelical movement in all these lands ; and all classes and communities, civil and ecclesiastical, are connected with it. Very much bigotry and gross darkness still prevail, but, so far as I can learn, not a tenth part of either as compared with the state of things ten years ago. In every direction light is springing up, and chasing away the mists of error of many generations ; and let us hope, and trust, and pray, that ere long the whole land may be irradiated with the beams of gospel truth.

“ When in Constantinople, two or three months ago, I found that the prevailing impression was that the *hatti-humaïoun*, so far as any practical results were concerned, was as yet a dead letter. I am truly thankful, however, to say, that, in passing through the interior of the Turkish empire, and hearing the views by all classes, which I have had every opportunity of doing, I am more and more confirmed in the opinion that the *hatti-humaïoun* is *no dead letter*, but that the principle of religious liberty is generally approved by men of influence, and is being carried out through the whole empire ! I have had many very convincing and satisfactory proofs of this, which I hope to have the pleasure of relating to you and the friends of Turkish Missions on my return to England. It will be no difficult task to prove, that already tremendous barriers of Turkish intolerance and bigotry have crumbled before the power of European influence, which is extending itself on every side, and the aid which England and France have afforded to Turkey in her hour of need has greatly tended to increase this influence. The people of the land, of the various nationalities, and of all grades, delight to hear about the wonderful development of European civilization, to which hitherto they have closed their eyes.

“ Our chief ground of hope, however, for Turkey, is that the gospel has free course, and is being preached, not by the small band of Missionaries only, but by scores of native preachers and teachers. It has been our delightful pleasure, in travelling from station to station, to meet continually with those faithful and devoted labourers, and to see how wonderfully the Spirit of God has qualified them for their work, and is owning and blessing their labours. We have also had the peculiar satisfaction of being present at the examination, for the Christian ministry, of the first Moslem who has ever aspired to that sacred office, and of witnessing the sanction which was unanimously given to his appointment. He was the first convert from Moslemism, and is now the first licensed preacher from that religion.”

[“ *Journal of Missions* ” (Boston, U.S.), April 1857.

TIDINGS FROM THE AMERICAN MISSIONARIES IN PERSIA.

MIRZA MAKLESOOT, a young Mohammedan from Borajerd, in the southern part of Persia, came to us a few weeks since, professing his belief in the Christian religion, and desiring baptism. He seemed fully aware of the danger he was incurring, and said he was willing to profess Christ before the world, at the cost of his life. He is very intelligent,

exhibiting a good knowledge of Persian literature, and the Moham-
medan system, as well as a surprising familiarity with the Scriptures.
He gives the following account of himself. About a year and a-half
since he was induced to go to Erivan, as a teacher of Persian. There he
became acquainted with an educated, enlightened, and, as we suppose
from our knowledge of him, a pious Armenian priest, from India. The
priest's knowledge of Persian proved a bond of union between them,
which prevented the young man, then a bigoted Mussulman, from with-
drawing from his society when the priest persistently urged upon him
the claims of the Christian religion. He at first combated them, then
was induced to listen calmly to evidence, and to examine the Scriptures
for himself. He soon became convinced that he had been following a
lie all his life, and that in truth Christ was the Son of God, and the
only Saviour of men. At this stage he naturally wished to ally himself
with the people of God: and the knowledge he had of the Greek and
Armenian churches led him to look elsewhere for sympathy, and for in-
struction more in accordance with the simple word of God. The priest,
who had some acquaintance with members of our Mission, and some
knowledge of our operations, recommended him to us.

A few days since we sent him to Khoy, on his way to Constantinople,
in care of a priest, one of our most pious and intelligent helpers. The
priest, during his five days of travel, had a good opportunity to become
acquainted with the man, and has returned full of wonder and admira-
tion at the zeal, wisdom, and tact he displayed in dealing with his coun-
trymen. He at once took upon himself the odium and hazard of the
Christian name, and was often subjected to much inconvenience and
reproach. At Khoy he introduced himself to a company of respectable
Persians as a Christian from Erivan, and asked permission to discuss the
relative claims of the two religions, saying that he was acquainted with
the Korán and their other religious books, and knew that their system
was false, and that, from the Scriptures and other sources, he could
prove the Christian religion true. These declarations were overheard
with great dismay by the priest; but he soon became so absorbed by the
discussion which ensued, that he forgot his fears in his admiration of the
tact the young man displayed in opening to these Persians the Scrip-
tures, and proving to them that Christ finished the work He came to do,
and left nothing for a future prophet to perform. The priest says his
audience showed no disposition to get angry, but, on the contrary,
listened to him like men convinced of the truth he spake. When he left
the assembly and returned to their room, which was near, they could
hear the company still discussing among themselves, not a few maintain-
ing that the young man had spoken the truth. This is probably the
boldest open assault upon Mohammedanism that has taken place in
Persia since the days of Henry Martyn.

This case, you will conjecture, has awakened our warmest sympathies.
And we cannot but hope that, though compelled to seek a refuge else-
where for the present, he will ere long be allowed to return and preach
the gospel to his countrymen without hazard of his life. We trust that
an all-wise Providence has raised him up for the occasion which he will
soon be called to meet.

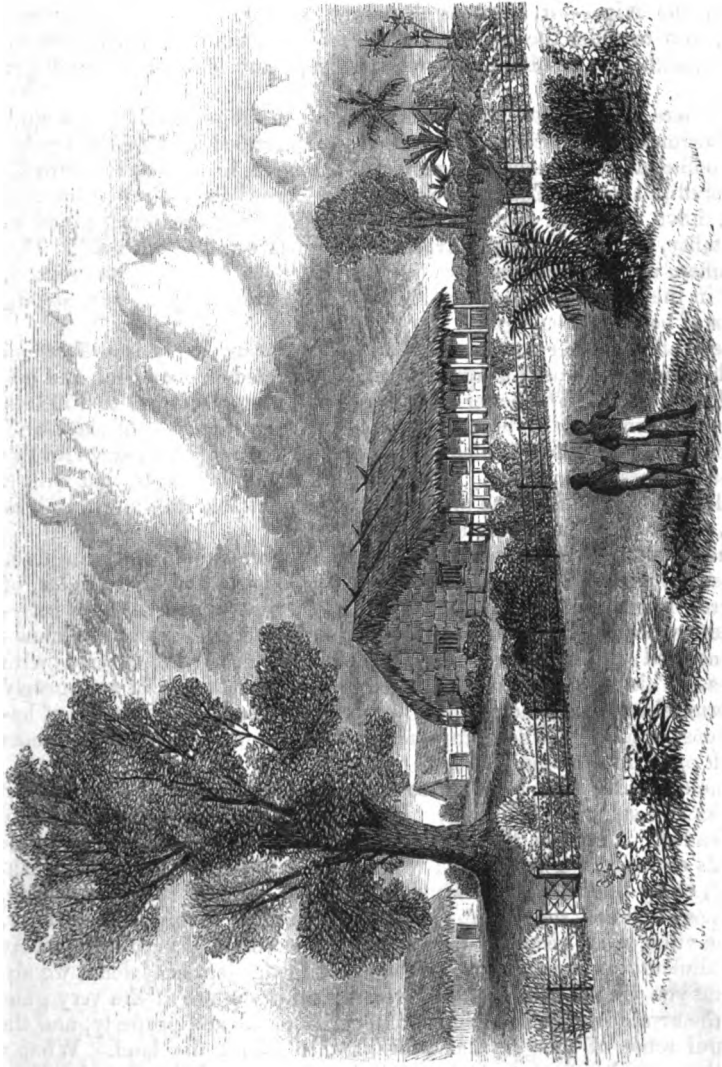
J. G. C.

Oroomiah, Persia, Oct. 25, 1856.

["*Journal of Missions*" (Boston, U.S.), April 1857.]

THE TRIBES OF SOUTHERN GUINEA.

THE attention of the Church Missionary Society has hitherto been exclusively directed to the tribes along the coast of Africa westward of the Niger. But we should be sorry to think that our own interest, and that of our readers, extended no further than the localities of our own Mis-



MISSION-STATION OF THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN BOARD ON THE GABÚN, WEST AFRICA.

sions, and that it ceased when the ground became occupied by the Missionaries of other Societies and churches. Such would indeed be a very narrow spirit, on which no blessing could be expected. It is according to the spirit of the gospel that we should take an enlarged view of the necessities of man, wherever and in whatever circumstances he is to be found, and of the efforts which are being made for his recovery and salvation. More especially as we are now entering on a new Mission—that of the Niger—it becomes necessary that we should look further south, and consider the condition of the tribes on the shores of Southern Guinea, and what of Missionary work is being carried forward amongst them.

And here a distinction must be made between the sea-coast tribes and the Bushmen in their rear. The former are described as “gentle, peaceable, polite, and courteous in a remarkable degree, in all their intercourse with civilized men. They are cleanly and decent in their persons and dress, have animated and intelligent countenances, are much given to hospitality, and are decidedly averse to all warfare and bloodshed.” The Bushmen, on the contrary, are said to be “coarse and ill-mannered, filthy in their persons and dress, and, in almost every respect, bear strong marks of being real savages.”

We shall first refer to their habitations, to bring out this difference. On the coast they are of a square form, constructed of bamboo, and covered with mats. The better class house will range from 50 to 150 feet in length, being equally broad: it is of one story, the floor of clay, and raised, and the interior divided into five or six rooms, which serve for the various domestic purposes. These houses, when well made, and with a boarded floor instead of one of clay, form very suitable dwellings, and, as such, are preferred by foreign residents.

The houses of the interior tribes are much more simple and primitive. “Their villages have the appearance of two long and parallel shades, of uniform height and width, and about twenty paces apart. This intermediate space is their principal and only street. The sides of the houses are enclosed with large strips of bark, while the roofs are covered with leaves. This long shade is partitioned off into apartments of very nearly uniform dimensions, and the only way of determining the number of habitations, or families who occupy them, is by the number of little doors which open into the main street.”

One object for this peculiar construction is, security against sudden attacks and surprises by night. Either end of the long street is strongly barricaded. Through this a small door, always closed at night, alone affords entrance. The outward walls are protected by piles of brushwood, or by thick blocks of wood, which, laid against their inner side, interpose between the inmates and the shots of an enemy from without. These villages are generally perched on the summits of high hills, where it is difficult to reach them, or concealed in the depths of dense woods, so that you are not aware of their vicinity until you are at the very gate. All the arrangements betoken the insecurity of life and property, and the general sense of danger that prevails throughout the land. What a privilege to be permitted to dwell in peaceable habitations! How grateful English people ought to be for all that they enjoy in this respect! How careful to show their gratitude by more earnest efforts for the

wide dissemination of that gospel which can alone give peace to the nations!

The houses of the inner tribes possess, as might be supposed, but little furniture, "a few mats to sleep on, half a dozen or more blocks of wood for stools, and a few of the plainest utensils for cooking and eating." But with the sea-coast tribes it is different. Intercourse with white men has furnished them with chairs, tables, sofas, pictures in gilt frames, &c. "Of late years Yankee clocks have been introduced, and are greatly prized, especially for their ticking and striking qualities. At first they were thought to be too complicated in their mechanical structure to be understood by black men; but one or two men, who had more curiosity than the rest of their countrymen, ventured to take one of them entirely apart, and, after scrutinizing all its parts, succeeded in putting it together again, and set it in motion, both to their own and the surprise of a good many of their countrymen who happened to be present. A few more trials made them adept clockmakers, and now almost every house in the Gabún has one or more clocks. I have known one man to have half a dozen in the same room, all running at the same time, and were valued on the principle, 'the more the merrier.'"*

We must conclude, for the present, our notice of these regions, by observing that the Gabún, where the Missionaries of the American Presbyterian Board have their station—of which we present an Engraving—is a large and important river of South Guinea, very nearly under the Equator, forming an estuary of ten miles wide at its mouth, and navigable to the distance of seventy-five miles.

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#### COMMENCEMENT OF MISSIONARY WORK AT PING-HOO, A CHINESE CITY IN THE PROVINCE OF CHEKEANG.

Two Missionaries, the Rev. J. Burdon, of the Church Missionary Society, and the Rev. W. Aitchison, of the American Board, having felt the desirableness of advancing beyond Shanghai, that post not affording the most promising field for labour, have conjointly made an interesting attempt to accomplish this. The difficulties they have had to contend with, and their present prospects, will be found detailed in the following account, dated Dec. 31, 1856, drawn up by Mr. Aitchison—

The three hottest months of last summer were spent in Shanghai, Mr. Burdon and myself taking our meals and studying together in the city, but sleeping at the houses of friends outside the walls. Early in October we took to our boats again, with the intention, however, of doing our best to secure a permanent footing in some place more or less remote from the influence of the foreign community. Through the blessing of God, this intention has been carried into effect, and we now occupy our own hired house in the city of Ping-Hoo, situated in the northern part of Chekeang province, about seventy miles from Shanghai. Its population, including the suburbs, we estimate at nearly 100,000. It stands in the midst of a vast plain, thoroughly cultivated

\* Wilson's "Western Africa," pp. 261, 262.

and densely populated. One solitary mountain is visible in the southern horizon, a peak of the range which forms the barrier of Hang-chow Bay. Were the entire country open to us, we would by no means select this as the most promising place for a Missionary station. But in present circumstances we must do as we can, not as we would. While the people remain as prejudiced and proud as they now are, while jealous authorities watch with a suspicious eye every movement of the foreign barbarians, and while human treaties exclude us from the perishing millions of the vast interior, we gladly take possession, in Christ's name, of any spot outside the "five ports."

We sent a catechist of the Church Missionary Society to this place some time in August last. He secured a small room in the suburbs, and immediately sent us notice of the fact. About the middle of September Mr. Burdon followed him, and, with the landlord's consent, crept by night into an upper room of the same house.\* Three weeks passed quietly, although the authorities were doubtless cognizant of all that transpired. Early in October I arrived, and, after protracted negotiations, we entered into an agreement with the landlord to the following effect. We were to leave the place for three weeks, on a long-purposed visit to Ningpo, the port next south of us. During our absence the house was to be vacated by its present occupants, and every thing made ready for our reception. Seven dollars were to be paid at once, as earnest money, and seven more on our return; these fourteen dollars to be the rent of the premises for the first six months. We paid the seven dollars as stipulated, and took our departure for Ningpo October 20th.

On the 15th of November we returned, and, anchoring our boat in a retired place, sent for the catechist who had been left in charge. In answer to our inquiries as to the state of things, he informed us that various objections were made by a person who claimed to be the real owner of the house. Suspecting that the whole affair was only a plan to squeeze more money out of us, we paid little attention to the representations made. That night, under cover of the darkness, we transferred ourselves, with bed and baggage, to the upper story of our new abode. Every thing was done as privately as possible, with a view to escape the notice of the rabble.

A few words will serve to describe the residence we were so overjoyed to get possession of. Its two habitable rooms are separated by a wooden partition, the door between them being made by the removal of one wide board. They were both cold, dark, and dirty. Not a gleam of sunshine entered the one that fell to my lot. One inner wall was so much out of the perpendicular, that the area beneath it was forbidden ground to all our household. And yet this miserable apology for a house we were not permitted to retain without a continual struggle. Absurd reports were spread among the neighbours, and the landlord became, or at least professed to be, afraid of a disturbance. On the 8th of December he gave us notice to leave the premises at the end of the month. With heavy hearts we meditated on the probability that our enterprise was thus to end, and prayed that God would interpose in our behalf. Our assistant was directed to seek another house, and as the

\* "C. M. Gleaner," February 1857, p. 13.

month drew near its close one was offered us. We accepted the proposed terms without hesitation, and on last Saturday, December 27th, effected our removal. Our present abode is an improvement on the last, but is, like all Chinese dwellings, exceedingly uncomfortable. Friends would smile to see our bare and cheerless rooms, but we would not exchange them for a palace. We are not without the presence of God, and that makes up for the loss of all earthly comforts.

Having thus told you how we came here, I proceed to give you an idea of what we are doing. At first we kept very quietly within doors, not deeming it expedient to show ourselves, much less to preach in the public streets. The report of our arrival soon spread everywhere, and we thought it well to let the people become accustomed to the idea before they actually felt the reality of our presence. This secret policy is quite abhorrent to the spirit of Protestant Missions, and we gladly discarded it as soon as the way seemed prepared for the more open propagation of the truth. For upwards of three weeks past we have gone almost daily into the city, and delivered our message in the most crowded thoroughfares. Our audiences listen with much apparent interest, and the intellectual knowledge of Christianity is plainly on the increase. The number who come for private conversation is also much larger than at the outset. In a few cases we have almost hoped that the Holy Spirit was commencing His awakening work on the heart, but as yet we can speak confidently of none. A few books have been distributed among those who seemed able to appreciate their contents. For myself, I think the importance of that branch of Missionary effort in China has been somewhat overrated. The number of intelligent readers is much fewer than most persons unacquainted with the facts would suppose. We have been somewhat inclined to open a school, but have as yet come to no decision on the subject.

We find considerable satisfaction in our labours. This city and its neighbourhood are regarded as our parish. Acquaintances are beginning to be formed. Prejudice is wearing away. The report of our doctrines and object is spreading in all directions. We see the first faint glimmer of that light which is destined to increase "more and more unto the perfect day." May it not be that the Lord has chosen us to be the dispensers of His grace to some of these benighted souls? We are not without the hope that our residence here, unimportant as it may seem to some, will be followed by a blessing whose consequences will extend beyond the immediate circle of our operations.

In regard to our future prospects I cannot speak confidently. Our stay here depends upon the will of the authorities, or the disposition of the people, both rather capricious. We know not what a day may bring forth. The present calm may be but the precursor of the coming storm. It would be strange, if, in the face of the treaty, we should be permitted to remain for any length of time. There is another contingency worthy of mention. Affairs at Canton wear a threatening aspect. Taking all things into consideration, I am not very sanguine as to the permanency of our abode here. The next mail may carry with it the news of our return to Shanghai, or at least our departure from Ping-hoo. We will strive to work while, in a double sense, the day lasts.

Is it not time that China was occupying a more prominent place in

the Missionary work? How vast the population, how urgent their necessities, how few the labourers! The commotions at Canton and at Nanking will doubtless result in increased facilities for prosecuting the work of evangelization; perhaps in the overthrow of those barriers which ages of prejudice have reared and fortified. Where are the youthful soldiers of the cross who are prepared to enter in and possess the land? "Come over, and help us!" There is room for hundreds of apostolic labourers.

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A HOME AND A HEARTY WELCOME.

There is a green blade growing,
 And a lovely daisy blowing;
 And a king-cup there, and a primrose fair,
 And all by the green grass growing:
 And there I shall meet, for my weary feet,
 A home and a hearty welcome.

And there is a noble bed
 Where many a prince has been lying;
 But a rest for the head, and a white sheet spread,
 And a door to none denying;
 And, strait though it be, there is room for me,
 And a home and a hearty welcome.

And I have been called to go
 Where all the rest denied me;
 Though dark, I know, is that chamber low,
 And cold will the friends be beside me;
 But cold though they be, they are ready for me,
 And a home and a hearty welcome.

But there will be a window bright,
 When the cock-crow gives his warning;
 And the long dark night will break at the light,
 And joy will come in the morning;
 And I shall arise, through the radiant skies,
 To a home and a hearty welcome.

But hark! 'tis the clarion sound,
 Which calls us from our slumber;
 And the hearts around, from the dull cold ground,
 Spring up in countless number:
 And He bids us all to His golden hall,
 To a home and a hearty welcome.

For us He shed His blood,
 To rescue us when strangers;
 And His word made good, when by us He stood,
 Through all our toils and dangers:
 And now we rest, at His royal feast,
 At our home with a hearty welcome.

No more away we'll go,
 No more from Him will sever;
 From our wandering woe, in the vale below,
 With Him we rest for ever:
 In His world of light, and His kingdom bright,
 We've a home and a hearty welcome.

NEW MISSION IN LAHÚL, WESTERN HIMALAYA.

OUR readers will remember the interesting journeys accomplished throughout these mountainous regions and Kashmír in the year 1854, by our Missionary, the Rev. R. Clark, accompanied by Colonel Martin. That effort was not in vain. It has pioneered the way for a permanent Mission in those countries by the Moravians. Their first intention was to locate themselves in Middle Thibet, but, difficulties presenting themselves, they have selected the British province of Lahúl. There are now three Missionaries at their mountain post, and the work has so far advanced as to arouse the opposition of some of the lamas, as the Buddhist priests are called. Here, as in other parts of our earth, sickness and death are busily at work, and the afflictions which are depicted in the following extract render the introduction of the only balm and solace for suffering man most welcome and seasonable.

The inhabitants of Lahúl have recently experienced a very severe visitation. Sickness and death entered almost every house. May the blessed result of this affliction be, that their hearts are in some measure prepared for the willing reception of the comforting, healing gospel! The epidemic referred to was malignant dysentery, probably caused by unwholesome diet, more particularly bad flour, as the corn had been spoiled by wet, after it was cut. Last winter but little snow fell, and during the unusually dry summer great quantities of old snow melted, the water of which may have contributed to the disease, snow-water being commonly used for drinking. We attended to the sick, wherever we could gain admission to them, and as long as we had medicine; and the Lord was pleased to bless our efforts in not a few instances. At first, the sufferers and their friends would not come to us, and we had great difficulty in ascertaining where there were sick persons. They had recourse to the lamas, who professed to drive away the disease by the reading of incantations, and other heathenish ceremonies. On one occasion the lamas performed their sort of music, and read formulas, the whole day, at the bedside of a sick person. In the evening, the disease, in the shape of a man made of straw, was carried into the fields by torch-light, and, amid the shouts of the crowd, was burned, and the ashes buried. After the mortality had continued for two months, the chief gopas ordained burnt sacrifices to propitiate the angry gods. When this availed nothing, the lamas declared that such an obstinate disease had never before appeared among them. Some even gave us pretty plainly to understand that we were to blame for it, having displeased the gods by our remarks against their religion. We did not fail to tell them, emphatically, that their dumb idols had no power to remove this affliction, but that the living and true God alone could help them. In the course of the epidemic we gained their confidence so far, that not only parents brought their sick children to us, but even the most respected lama of the province came for medicine for his son and daughter-in-law. He also wanted advice for himself, but from another cause. He is a notorious chang-drinker (*chang* is a spirituous liquor prepared from barley), and, while in a state of intoxication, got a fall, and injured his head severely. When the wound

began to heal, he and his sons performed a musical service before his domestic idols, accompanied by the discharge of fire-arms, &c., in order, as they said, to return thanks to God. It is truly affecting to hear the lamentations of these people for the dead. After the burning of a corpse, it not unfrequently happens that one of the survivors will sit down in the open air, and give utterance to loud lamentations. The hopeless condition of these poor people really affects one so much, that, on such occasions, one can hardly avoid weeping with them. But the Lord will yet bring liberty for the captives, and opening of doors for them that are bound: this is our hope, for they all belong to Him. During the pestilence, but few of the dead were burned. Most of the bodies were carried, shortly after dissolution, to a bridge, about fifty feet above the waters of the river Bhagar, and, without ceremony, precipitated into the stream. We have still one event of a painful character to mention. A young woman, who was helping to carry timber for our building, fell, with five of her companions, into a raging torrent, in consequence of the dilapidated state of a bridge which they were passing over. All efforts to save her, or even to recover her body, were fruitless. We lost no time in making this sad event known to Mr. Jenkins, who kindly sent a present of ten rupees for the father of the young woman. We were at first in fear that this misadventure might lead the people to view us and our undertaking with feelings of dissatisfaction. Such, however, was not the case. Indeed, such events are only too common. Another woman, who, however, was not in our service, perished in a similar manner about the same time.

The following portion from a German hymn, introduced by the Missionaries in one of their letters, will show the spirit in which they are addressing themselves to their work, which, in the first instance, is likely to prove as difficult and rugged as the crags and rocks around them.

“ Brethren, let us be daring,
 Ourselves not sparing,
 And ease and rest forswearing,
 Which toil forget;
 Be we for work preparing—
 Nor linger yet—
 A cheerful aspect wearing,
 Not sadly caring,
 But our part gladly bearing—
 Our task is set.”

German Hy. Book, No. 1328, 3.

MISSION-LABOUR AMONGST THE SLAVES OF TRAVANCORE, AT THE OUT-STATION OF THALLAWADI.

BY THE REV. J. PEET.

Most of the houses in this district are built a long way apart, upon small plots of ground redeemed from the surrounding paddy-fields; so that, like Egypt when the Nile overflows, the several houses can be reached by water-carriage only; yet, from the appearance and longevity of some of the people, the place seems as healthy as most parts of Travancore.

In many respects the choice of this place, as a Branch Mission station, appears to me admirable. On the one hand, it lies within a mile of an enormous Popish mass-house, the extra sanctity of which annually attracts multitudes of Papists, Syrians, and heathen; while at and about Thallawadi vast numbers of very respectable Nairs and Syrians reside. Our converts there are from the Syrian community. They consist of a small, but, for the most part, prosperous people—prosperous in worldly property—and all that I have seen of them indicates that they know the truth, and cordially love it. I have preached and administered the sacrament to them several times this year, always with pleasure and satisfaction. While on the occasion of a marriage there, on a week-day, which a large concourse of heathen, Papists, and Syrians came to witness, I felt much delighted by the eagerness with which some of our people requested me to address that mixed multitude. My mind had been made up to improve such an opportunity, though I was not the less pleased to find our people alive to the subject.

On that occasion I went round to the different groups, to make to each some suitable remarks, and then assembled all together, and, after occupying about an hour in contending with objections, and explaining the way of salvation, a Papist, who had shown a great deal of bigotry and hatred—so much so that he would not enter our church, but stood outside by the window—appeared to be a great deal softened, and when I closed with prayer he sunk his head upon the window-sill, and, when all was over, left apparently most deeply affected.

There is a place in the Tiruwella Mission called Mépra. Here I found that Mr. Hawksworth had a station for slaves, who had been evidently well instructed in the knowledge of Christ, and I found several apparently under deep conviction. After other interviews—and the slaves had frequently requested me to admit them into the Christian church—we held together the following conversation on the subject.

Missionary.—“With regard to baptism, while I am thankful to be able to offer the prospect of it, there is need for further instruction, and some trial of your sincerity. And first for your learning: the Rev. Mr. Koshi, now located at Thallawadi, will kindly see to that, and you will strive to improve every opportunity that can be afforded you for that purpose, and will take care your children attend the school put here for your express benefit. Will you promise this?”

Slaves.—“Most gladly and thankfully.”

Missionary.—“Well, next, your sincerity must be tested by going to work and assisting me. Before baptism, you require a decent place for the purpose of divine worship. Now, though very difficult for me to provide means, I propose the following plan for our mutual agreement. Towards the intended place of worship I promise to give what you cannot, if you promise to give what you can. What say you, men?”

Slaves.—“Assuredly we will do so.”

Missionary.—“Now, then, look! what a little tumble-down, discreditable place you now have for a school! and to hear Divine worship on the Sabbath! Now at once, then, I will give you a boat, and you must go to the jungles, cut down and bring two or three posts, and I will give what else must be had to enlarge the present place. But as to the

ground on which it stands, I hear that, now there is a certain prospect of your being admitted into the Christian church, Christ's enemies purpose to pull down this school, and forbid you to assemble here for worship. This I have seen, and provided a remedy. Yonder there is a place procured for Mission purposes by Mr. Hawsworth. There it is as it is, and no one can turn us out. But we must break through the shell before we can eat the cocoa-nut. Shall we try to fit it up for our purposes?"

Slaves.—"That will be good."

Missionary.—"Well, a beginning has already been made, perhaps by Mr. Hawsworth's order. You see that at present it is a place where two streams meet, and these have scooped out the sand, so that now it is merely a deep gulf; but to prevent the loss of more sand has been the purpose of that embankment. Now I will find you in boats and tools, and between your times of labour you must bring earth to fill it up—of course you will not be paid for your labour—and when the ground is sufficiently high, I will erect a church there. Are you willing?"

Slaves.—"Quite so."

Missionary.—"Well, get to work as fast as you can. I will see immediately about making the wood-work for the church, at Mavelicara, and have it brought here when the ground is high enough; and may the only supreme God crown our purposes and work with success, for Christ's sake!"

Next I had to look for the means. The Rev. H. Andrews handed over to me ten rupees from some, to me, unknown friend, for the purpose of a slaves' school. For this I was thankful, though but less than a little of what I should want. However, work was begun. At first I proposed to myself to erect a laterite stone wall on stout stone pillars; but, upon reflection, I considered, that, as it would be needful to place layers of boughs and branches to prevent the new soil from being washed away, the ground would not for some time bear the weight of a stone wall. I therefore procured stout iron-wood pillars, and well charred them, upon which I erected a neat building, capable of holding some eighty, or, in need, a hundred or more souls, after the slaves had faithfully and cheerfully performed their part of the agreement, at an expense of labour that would have cost me many rupees. When this was done, and Mr. Koshi agreed with me that the people were proper subjects for baptism, a day was appointed for that purpose, the Rev. Messrs. Andrews, Koshi, Mamen, and several readers, &c., being present to assist. In the course of an affecting and solemn service I had the privilege to admit twenty slaves into the Christian church by baptism, and afterwards married so many of them as had previously lived together, or who had proposed to unite on this interesting occasion. The tone of the whole service was very impressive, especially to us, who knew the state of the converts' minds.

Since baptism the converts have walked without reproach. The wife of one was forcibly taken away by her heathen friends, who refused to let her go to her husband unless he sacrificed to their former god. This probably was the effect of fear of vengeance from their god. The husband said, "I have been stamped with Christ's seal, and can do nothing

against Him." An appeal has been made to us, and I trust a little judicious counsel will settle the dispute.

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A PICTURE OF EGYPT.—ALEXANDRIA.

(From "The New York Journal of Commerce," February 27, 1857.)

*Alexandria, Dec. 6, 1856*—I am in Egypt. . . . The low coast of Egypt came into view three days since, and our good ship passed into the harbour of Alexandria. . . . My first surprise was a harbour crowded with hundreds of merchant ships, and all busy loading with the wheat of Egypt, as in the days of old, when the valley of the Nile was the granary of Rome. And when I landed on the wharf, and passed through the marts of business up to the large square, and looked at the fine hotels and counting-houses, and comfortable and stately private residences, and the beautiful Gothic stone church—an ornament to the city, and an honour to the English who have erected it—and saw the European costumes, and heard the English, French, and Italian languages on every side, it seemed as if all the great nations were combining together to open the tomb in which Alexandria has been so long buried, and bring her forth to the life and glory of former days. There was enough in the streets, however, to remind me that I was in Egypt. Long trains of camels, marching on with their majestic and gentle step, or kneeling meekly down to deliver their heavy burdens to their drivers; crowds of little donkeys bearing rapidly away turbaned Arabs; and donkey boys, in bag trousers and red fez caps, running behind, to apply their rough whips to the donkeys' sides; the Egyptian women sitting in the markets, or by the side of the streets, vending their wares, and arresting and fixing your attention by their peculiar veils for the mouth—the veil is fastened on the upper part of the nose, and hangs down over the mouth and chin and breast, widening as it descends, while a string of brass ornaments, studding thickly the ridge of the nose, and extending sometimes over the mouth down to the chin, increases the frightful ugliness of the wearer; and, finally, the countless number of the blind and one-eyed people who pass you at every turn, and the houses with latticed windows, from which imprisoned women peep out upon strangers so curiously; all remind you that you are in Egypt, and that the Moslem is on every side. This impression was deepened as I passed out of the city into the suburbs, and saw the poor mud hovels in which the wretched Egyptians of the lower class are crowded together, without light, without air, without the comforts of cleanliness, or the capability of appreciating it. . . .

There are several noble avenues, shaded by the acacia and tamarisk, in the outskirts of the city, crossing each other in different directions, and affording beautiful drives in the cool of the day. Our carriage wound through them on our way to Pompey's Pillar. . . . A few Arab hovels were near, and their inmates crowded around us, clamorous for *bakshish*, and offering us specimens of granite, which they affirmed had been broken from the pillar. I mounted the pedestal, and found a loose piece of stone lying just beneath the battered column, and bore it away as a relic of the past. From this spot of lonely grandeur we went, by another avenue of tamarisks, to the beautiful gardens and summer palace of a

brother of the Pasha, passing, in our route, some extensive groves or orchards of the date palm. These trees, now seen by me for the first time, and in bright and delicious contrast with the sandy fields around them, with the scarlet flowers, and golden oranges and lemons and dates which we found in the garden, cultivated and guarded by turbaned Arabs, made up a rich picture of Egyptian scenery, for which I was hardly prepared. An Arab climbed up the rough uneven sides of a palm, at my request, and plucked for us the yellow fruit fresh from the branches, where it hung in clusters, just at the junction of the lower limbs with the trunk. We afterwards walked through the principal rooms of the kiosk; and though we found no such splendour as exists on the Bosphorus, yet there were fountains and divans, and well-furnished apartments, where the owner must find real Eastern enjoyments during the oppressive heats of summer. . . .

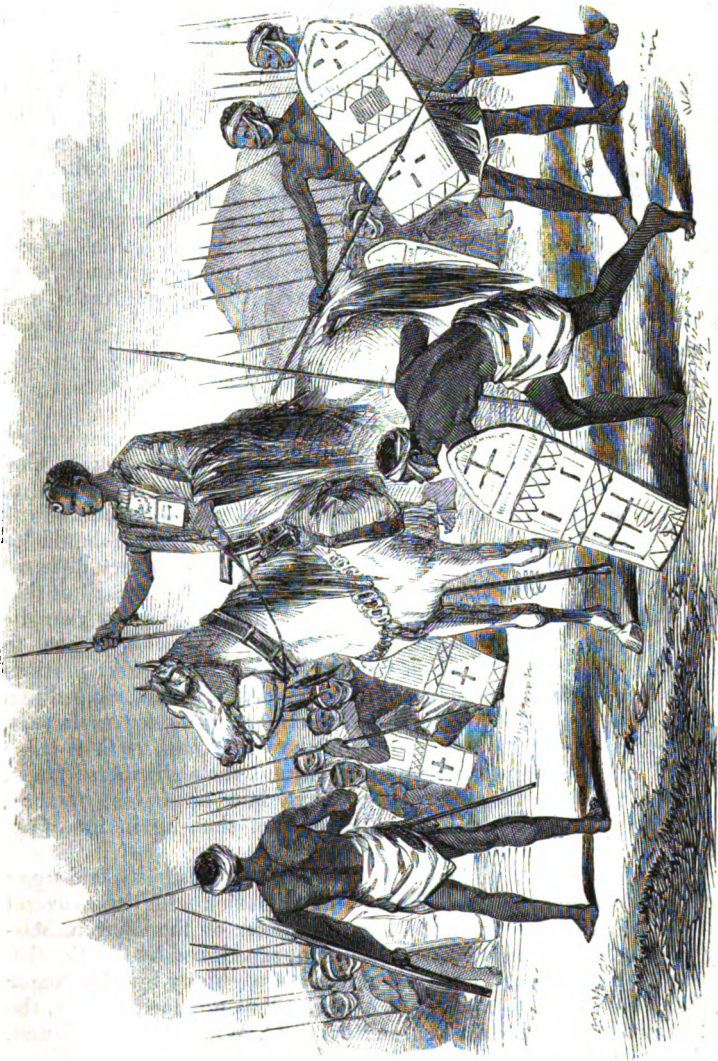
The Pasha was not occupying his palace at present, being on a visit to Upper Egypt, though no one seemed to know exactly where he was. His palace was open to visitors, and, under the guidance of our dragoman, we rode thither to see it. Passing through a heavy gate, guarded by soldiers, we found ourselves in a very large open court, the palace, consisting of a long range of ordinary buildings, bounding it on one side. Near the centre of the range we dismounted, in front of a low and unattractive entrance, and at first met with a very decided refusal to our application for admission. A few words from our dragoman, who seemed to have an understanding with the guard, removed all difficulties; and, passing several other officials at different posts of duty, we were soon in the midst of some of the most luxuriously furnished rooms I have ever seen. Ascending to the second story by a flight of steps immediately under the lofty dome of the palace, we were introduced into a room of great beauty. The floor was of black walnut, polished to the highest degree, and inlaid with marble and pearl, while the curtains suspended from the windows, and the chairs and sofas, were as rich as the finest silk, and lace, and gorgeous gilding, could make them. The room adjoining this, called the "hall of audience," was still more brilliant. The entire floor was of ebony and ivory, inlaid in small and delicate squares, and shining like one great mirror beneath your feet as you walked across it. The divan, where the Pasha sits crosslegged in Turkish gravity to receive his visitors, and, in fact, all the furniture of the apartment, seemed to correspond with the floor, and appeared to me like one of those rooms which Aladdin's lamp might have created, and not the poverty of degraded Egypt. But there was something in reserve more wonderful still. Our guide led us to the sleeping apartments of the Pasha; and there, under the lofty ceiling, in the centre of the room, stood the bedstead of this luxurious lord of Egypt, and all of *solid silver*.

Egypt is once more, as it was of old, the great crossing point between west and east. Its commercial position is most advantageous. But one thing is wanting, and without that a nation and country cannot rise. Let us pray for the fulfilment of the promise, "Blessed be Egypt my people."

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KANEM.

KANEM is a country lying on the eastern shores of the lake Tsad, the great lake of North-Central Africa. The African travellers, Barth and Overweg, penetrated into it during the months of September and October 1851, but under circumstances which afforded little prospect of



A KANEMMA CHIEF.

attaining any satisfactory knowledge of the country. They joined themselves to a wild Arab horde which infests the border region between the great desert, northward, and the fertile regions of Negroland, and whose plundering habits soon involved them in conflicts with the Kanem people. Having fired a hamlet, and driven away the flocks and herds, the tribes around united against the Arabs, and pursued them; and a battle ensued, during the varying success of which the travellers were placed in great danger. Eventually the Arabs were compelled to retreat, so that the visit to Kanem was brief, and meagre of results.

Kanem was once studded with large and populous towns, but the whole land has been wasted by the wars so common in Africa, and the country is desolate, although occasionally beautiful. Some of the vales are described as extensive, and richly clothed with vegetation, but with scarcely any traces of human industry. The more cultivated portions of the country lie eastward, and some idea of its improving character might be collected from the site of the hamlet burned by the Arabs. The lower portions of the valley were adorned with thick groves of date-trees, and beautiful corn-fields; while the higher grounds were covered with fields of millet. The booty carried off by the Arabs, and which they were afterwards compelled to restore, consisted of camels, cattle, sheep, and goats.

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#### NEW MISSIONS TO CENTRAL AFRICA.

New discoveries involve new responsibilities. In proportion as God permits hitherto-unknown countries to be penetrated, and the veil of obscurity which had been thrown over them to be drawn aside, new efforts are needed to carry out the Lord's command, that His gospel should be preached to every creature. In this respect our position is very different from that of evangelists in apostolic times. The "all the world" of that age was but a fragment of what we know now; and every year the circle of discovery is being enlarged, more especially with respect to Africa, within the limits of which were to be found the largest portions of the unknown territories of our earth. The Niger and Tshadda expedition of 1853 made us acquainted with extensive opportunities for usefulness, and tribes who longed for the coming of the white man, as that which they hoped might bring peace and security to their distracted lands. Again, Dr. Livingston's explorations have laid open vast regions, inhabited by populations who have hitherto been shut up in ignorance of God.

The Christian church undoubtedly feels the responsibility laid upon her, and new Missions are being initiated in connexion with these several branches of discovery. First, the Niger Mission of the Church Missionary Society. The new Niger expedition, sanctioned by the English Government, has been arranged, as to its details, chiefly by Macgregor Laird, Esq., the well-known friend of Africa. Two ordained natives, the Rev. S. Crowther from Lagos, and the Rev. J. C. Wilson from Bathurst, Sierra Leone, accompany it, together with the native catechist, Simon Jonas, from Fernando Po. There is thus a double object in view, commercial and Missionary. Trading stations are to be formed along the

banks of the Niger and its tributaries, where regular traffic shall be prosecuted, and constant communication sustained between the river and the island of Fernando Po. The first stations will be in the Ibo country and at the Confluence; and at both of these it was intended that Missionaries should forthwith be located; but we regret to find that the Missionary force sent out with the expedition is only sufficient for the first of these. The Confluence is most important as a point of occupation, on account of its vicinity to various tribes whose languages are represented in Sierra Leone—the Igberá, the Nufi, the Bassa, the Igara, and the Hausa. But the occupation of this centre must be deferred for the present, unless the deficiency of a regular Missionary force be compensated for by the incidental efforts of Christian *émigrés* from Sierra Leone. To such as may be desirous of returning to their own lands, from whence their parentage has been derived, every encouragement is afforded: passages on board the steamers are granted at low rates to such Africans as, from education and character, are likely to prove a blessing to these interior lands.

Besides this, it is proposed that the Rev. Samuel Crowther should ascend the river above the Confluence, as far as Rabba, proceeding from thence by land to Sokoto, the capital of the Foulahs, with the intention of establishing friendly relations with the Sultan. Thus, liberty of transit through his territories may be obtained, and opportunities be afforded of developing new efforts for the amelioration of the interior tribes. Mr. Crowther will then endeavour to penetrate westward, by Illorin, to the Yoruba country; but Illorin is at present in a disquieted state, and the character of the people is proud and repulsive to strangers. The feasibility of this portion of the route is, therefore, very uncertain.

In connexion with the discoveries of Dr. Livingston, the London Missionary Society is preparing for new and important efforts. On the north bank of the great river Zambesi, high ground is described as extending, which, it is thought, would afford an healthful and eligible site for a Mission station. The tribes which had occupied it—the Makololo—were driven away from it some few years back by the incursions of a hostile tribe to the south of the river. But it was thought they might be induced to return; and that, by the simultaneous commencement of Missionary work amidst these tribes, as well the Makololo as their enemies, the Matabele, peace might be restored and preserved. These new Mission stations it is hoped will become centres, from whence branch efforts will be thrown out. A special appeal has been made by the Society to its friends and supporters for the necessary funds. The responses have been sufficiently encouraging. A donation of 500*l.* commenced the fund: this was followed by a second of the same amount, and by a third, from an unknown benefactor, of 200*l.*, besides many contributions of 100*l.* and under.

We commend these new undertakings on behalf of Africa to the prayers and sympathies of our Christian friends.

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DELHI.

How suddenly calamities supervene! What need there is to be always ready! Who could have imagined in May last, when the Anniversary

Meetings of our various Religious Societies were being held in London, that our countrymen in India were on the point of being plunged into scenes of horror from which death has proved to many a welcome refuge? Who can read the sad details which each mail brings from India without bitter anguish? Our native soldiery of Bengal, whom we had disciplined and armed, breaking out into a frenzy of rebellion, have used the very weapons which we placed in their hands in the murder of many of their own officers—nay, more, they have stained their hands with the blood of defenceless women and children. At most of our great military stations in the North-west Provinces deeds have been committed which not all the waters of the Ganges could avail to wash out. Men stand amazed at the horrible nature of the catastrophe: they wonder that the sepoys could eat our salt, and yet hate us so vindictively; or else that, hating us so vindictively, they could conceal it so long.

Among the list of places where the native soldier has shown no pity, and the surprised and defenceless European has met no mercy, Delhi stands forth in fearful prominence.

Last December, the Bishop of Madras, engaged on a visitation tour throughout the Bengal diocese, a duty so often and faithfully discharged by the aged Metropolitan of India, but to which, on this occasion, he felt himself unequal, reached Delhi, accompanied by our Secretary, the Rev. G. G. Cuthbert. He was received as a guest at the Residency by the Commissioner, Mr. S. Fraser. Soon after the Bishop's arrival he was waited upon by the chaplain of the station, the Rev. M. J. Jennings, and by the two Missionaries of the Gospel-Propagation Society, the Rev. Messrs. Jackson and Hubbard.

It so happened that the commander-in-chief, Sir G. Anson, was expected, with his family, the same day from Meerut; and about three o'clock a company of sepoys were marched into the Residency grounds, and drawn up near the door as a guard of honour to receive him. Perhaps even then treachery was lurking in the hearts of these sepoys. For two long years, it is supposed, preparations for this outbreak have been going forward, and yet, among the thousands that have engaged in it, there were none found sufficiently faithful to their superiors to give timely warning. The fact was, these soldiers were chiefly Mussulmans and high-caste Hindús; in other words, the most bigoted and fanatical portions of the population, to whom, moreover, Missionaries had no access; who were thus shut out from all opportunities of improvement, and thus presented the most suitable materials for evil and designing men to work upon.

The next day was Sunday. In the handsome but peculiar-looking church, built very much on the plan of the large Mohammedan tombs which abound at Delhi, a large congregation was collected, and an appeal from the Bishop on behalf of the Additional-Clergy Society was responded to by contributions to the amount of 40*l.* At this, and all the other services, the singing was well performed, Miss Jennings, the chaplain's daughter, acting very effectively as organist, and members of the congregation forming a choir.

On the Monday there was, in the forenoon, a military levee, held in a great tent in the camp; and in the afternoon a pretty good congregation

assembled in the church, when forty-two Europeans were confirmed, the ceremony being followed by an address from the Bishop. On the next day, at seven A.M., twelve native Christians were confirmed, and, amongst them, two individuals of superior intellect and acquirements, who, from the time of their embracing Christianity, some few years back, had been enabled to maintain a Christian profession with consistency before their countrymen—one, the native-assistant surgeon, the other, the professor of mathematics in the Delhi College. One of the Missionaries, Mr. Jackson, read part of the service in Hindústání, the other, Mr. Hubbard, presenting the candidates.

Amidst the vast population, Mohammedan and heathen, of this great city, the little native congregation which had been raised up, the commencement, as was hoped, of greater things, and the Mission school, under the superintendence of Mr. D. C. Sandys, son of the Rev. T. Sandys, one of our Missionaries at Calcutta, were objects of great interest. True, it was the day of small things, especially when viewed in contrast with the hundreds on hundreds of Mussulmans, who, on their sacred days, filled the vast square of the Jumma Musjid, or great mosque, of Delhi.

After the confirmation the Bishop left, proceeding to Meerut; and the large party, which had met together on sacred and social occasions, separated, never to meet again in this world. A few months passed over—not many—not five months, and the insurrection broke out in all its atrocity.

Fugitive troopers arriving from Meerut on May 11th, were instantly joined by the native soldiery quartered in the city. The work of destruction commenced. It was fearful. Whole families were butchered. Nothing was spared that was European; no native that was a Christian. Amongst others, the Commissioner, Mr. Fraser; the commandant of the palace guards, Captain Douglas, whose escort remained passive, while the mutineers cut him down; the good chaplain and his daughter; one of the excellent Missionaries, Mr. Hubbard, and their promising flock of native Christians; the young schoolmaster—all these we hear have suffered death under its most cruel forms, and their blood cries to God for vengeance, speedy vengeance, on those false creeds of the Hindú and the Mohammedan, which so feed and strengthen man's bad propensities as to make him far more cruel than the dread tiger of the jungle. Who would not prefer being cast into the tiger's lair, rather than into the hands of Bengal sepoy? These false religions, Mohammedanism and Hindúism, fill the heart with hatred to the Christian name; and to make soldiers of such men, and put arms in their hands, is to sharpen a sword against ourselves. Let there be no more Mussulmans or high-caste Hindús admitted into the ranks of England's soldiery!

THE GOSPEL REJECTED.

A MISSIONARY in South Africa says—"We once met a company of men, young and old, one of whom addressed us, as speaker for all, in the following language—'Teacher, white man! We black people do not like the news you bring us. We are black, and we like to live in dark-

ness. You trouble us; you break up our kraals, and eat up our cattle; you will be the ruin of our tribe. And now we tell you to-day, if you do not cease, we will leave you, and all this region, and go where the gospel is not known or heard.' 'But,' said I, 'how is this? If I oppose your customs, it is because the word of God is opposed to them, and because they are wrong. Your children I teach, as I do you, to become wise, and good, and happy. But how do I eat up your cattle, and break up your kraals and your tribes? All that I obtain from you I pay for, do I not? And I sometimes try to do you a good turn besides.' 'Yes; but you teach repentance and faith; and a penitent, believing man, is, to us, as good as dead. He no longer takes pleasure in our pursuits, nor labours to build his father's kraal, but leaves it and joins the church, and tries to lead others after him. *And as to our cattle, our girls and our women are our cattle; but you teach that they are not cattle, and ought not to be sold for cattle, but to be taught and clothed, and made the servants of God, and not the slaves of men. This is the way you eat up our cattle.*' "

["*Journal of Missions*" (Boston U. S.), June 1857.]

THE DAY LABOURER.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." Eccles. xi. 6.

Sow ye beside all waters,
 Where the dew of heaven may fall:
 Ye shall reap if ye be not weary,
 For the Spirit breathes o'er all.
 Sow, though the thorns may wound thee;
 One wore the thorns for thee;
 And, though the cold world scorn thee,
 Patient and hopeful be.
 Sow ye beside all waters,
 With a blessing and a prayer:
 Name Him whose hand upholds us,
 And sow thou everywhere.

Sow when the sunlight sheddeth
 Its warm and cheering ray,
 For the rain of heaven descendeth
 When the sunbeams pass away:
 Sow when the tempest lours,
 For calmer days may break,
 And the seed, in darkness nourished,
 A goodly plant may make.
 Sow when the morning breaketh
 In beauty o'er the land;
 And, when the evening falleth,
 Withhold not thou thine hand.

Sow, though the rock repel thee,
 In its cold and sterile pride:
 Some cleft there may be riven,
 Where the little seed may hide.

Fear not, for some will flourish,
 And, though the tares abound,
 Like the willows by the waters
 Will the scattered grain be found.
 Work while the daylight lasteth,
 Ere the shades of night come on ;
 Ere the Lord of the vineyard cometh,
 And the labourer's work is done.

Work ! in the wild waste places,
 Though none thy love may own,
 God guides the down of the thistle
 The wand'ring wind hath sown.
 Will Jesus chide thy weakness,
 Or call thy labour vain ?
 The word that for Him thou bearest,
 Shall return to Him again.
 On!—with thine heart in Heaven,
 Thy strength—in thy Master's might,
 Till the wild waste places blossom
 In the warmth of a Saviour's light.

Sow by the wayside gladly,
 In the damp, dark caverns low,
 Where sunlight seldom reacheth,
 Nor healthful streamlets flow :
 Where the withering air of poison
 Is the young bud's earliest breath,
 And the wild, unwholesome blossom
 Bears in its beauty—"Death."
 The ground impure, o'ertrudged
 By life's disfiguring years,
 Though blood and guilt have stained it,
 May yet be soft from tears.

Watch not the clouds above thee ;
 Let the whirlwind round thee sweep ;
 God may the seed-time give thee.
 But another's hand may reap.
 Have faith, though ne'er beholding
 The seed burst from its tomb,
 Thou know'st not which may perish,
 Or what be spared to bloom.
 Room on the narrowest ridges
 The ripened grain will find,
 That the Lord of the harvest coming
 In the harvest sheaves may bind.

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 CANTON—YEH AND HIS CRUELITIES.

Soon after the first act of hostility on the part of the English, the governor-general, Yeh, issued proclamations, offering rewards to all who would bring the heads of any foreigners to his office. This immediately aroused the cupidity of the worst portion of the community, and their victims were the unoffending seamen at Whampoa, or others in situations quite removed from actual hostilities. The bodies of seamen buried at Whampoa were even disinterred by these miscreants, and their heads presented for the reward. A small postal steamer was boarded by a few unarmed persons, as passengers, who then smuggled arms on board in a basket, and rose on the captain and crew, killing them all, and taking

their heads to Yeh, who, by his atrocious proclamation, had encouraged such outrages.

But the murder of unoffending natives reflect much more upon the authorities. With a disregard of life which we might think they would avoid for the sake of their own cause, and to induce the people to co-operate with them, they have rather stimulated the soldiers to seize and destroy. Four or five hundred Chinese were employed by foreigners in and around the foreign factories, at the commencement of hostilities, all with the knowledge and consent of their own rulers. These were now looked upon as so many traitors, and obnoxious to punishment. Most of them got safely away into the country, the further from Canton the safer; but scores preferred to remain with their employers, assured that they were safer than with their relatives. Men were stationed to guard the factories, by the English admiral, and though Chinese could pass out, beyond the lines, they must have a ticket, as evidence of their character, before they could return inside. It is within bounds to say, that a hundred natives were arrested merely because they were seen passing in and out by their countrymen, and I suppose all such have been decapitated. One evening I sent a lad to the house of a Missionary, about two miles distant. He had no ticket, nor any thing foreign on his person; nor had he lived in the factories, nor did he go from them; but when he told the street guard where he was going—so it is inferred—and where he was sent from, they arrested him, and next day his head was cut off. A cooly, who was seen landing a *Chinese* table on the opposite side of the river, and coming in the direction of the factories, was seized, and executed in a few hours. The boat-women, carrying passengers ashore from steamers, were seized and murdered by liers-in-wait, who said they were acting under the sanction of Government; which, in fact, had made itself responsible for such horrid deeds, by the rewards and proclamations it had issued. If these acts could have been of the least avail in the general contest with the English, they might be accounted for; but as it is, they can only be ascribed to the cruelty and cupidity of the emissaries of the Government. If there was a chance of getting a few dollars from a poor man, by arresting him on a charge of connexion with foreigners, no feeling of pity, no regard for himself or his family, no sense of justice towards an innocent man, had the least weight, but he was taken before the tribunals, and in most cases executed. It may be stated, however, that doubtless many of these unhappy persons were seized, and lost their lives, without the knowledge of the higher officers; for, in such times of disorder, many take advantage of the opportunity, and wreak their private vengeance. S.W.W.

*Macao, January 1857.*

[*"Journal of Missions" (Boston, U.S.), June 1857.*

#### ONE OF THE "GREAT MULTITUDE, WHICH NO MAN CAN NUMBER."

THE "great multitude" is being gathered in, from all ranks and all nations. Various agencies and instrumentalities are being employed for this purpose; and amongst others, the Jerusalem Diocesan Schools, as appears from the following encouraging fact, communicated by the Bishop—

"An Abyssinian youth, who had been four years in the Diocesan

School, but who had been forced to leave it by bad health, has been quietly residing at the Abyssinian convent, and is now not expected to live till this evening. He was known to very few, but was always considered a quiet, serious lad. Now that his end is approaching, he is very full of joy, relying simply on the merits of Christ, and desiring to be with his Saviour. Each day he repeats to his nurse, a pious woman, 'I am dying, and have nothing—nothing—nothing to bring with me; but Christ has done all for me, and is all to me. God will receive me for His merits' sake.' He often repeats favourite hymns—especially the following—

' Not all the blood of beasts  
On Jewish altars slain.'

and

' Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.'

"The other day, Mrs. Palmer, the schoolmaster's wife, visited him. He at once asked her to sing this latter hymn to him, and, when she had finished, said emphatically, 'Nothing in my hand I bring. Simply to the cross I cling.' 'The cross of Christ is the ground of all my hope and joy.'"

Even while writing the above, the Bishop received intelligence of the boy's death from the Rev. Mr. Valentiner, who was with him to the last, and "declared," the letter continues, "his full confidence that the dear boy died in Jesus," having scarcely ever seen such evidence of a living faith. A few moments before he expired, he was asked whether it was in Abyssinia he had learned to know Christ as his Saviour. 'O no,' he replied: 'it is Mr. Palmer who has led me to Christ, where I have found peace and salvation.'"

This may well be called the "first-fruits of the Gentiles." The Jewish "first-fruits" have been already gathered. Witness that interesting anecdote related by Bishop Gobat, at the last Annual Meeting, of the aged Jew, brought to the knowledge of Christ by means of his daughter, a child of not more than ten years old, attending the Diocesan school, who, to the consternation of the Rabbis, and the delight of the Christians, died, openly professing that he "died in the faith of Jesus of Nazareth."

"You may imagine," the Bishop continues, "what encouragement this is to us all who take such interest in these schools; but this is not all. We have other signs that God blesses us. A young Abyssinian Falasha (*i.e.* Jew), about fourteen to fifteen years of age—at first, wild and wilful, but now his behaviour is not only good, but he—is so convinced of the truth of the gospel that he earnestly desires to be baptized. We trust the work is begun in him. Another boy, an Arab, was examined the other day by Mr. Koelle, of the Church Missionary Society, who at once decided to take him as his dragoman and teacher; and this, too, after he had in vain sought for such a person at Beyroot. We trust that this lad, too, is deeply impressed with the truth of Holy Scripture, with which, intellectually, he is thoroughly acquainted."

*[Fourth Annual Report of the Jerusalem Diocesan Missionary Fund.*

#### THE KAREN MISSION.

WE have occasionally introduced into the pages of the "Gleaner" notices of the interesting Karen Mission, and more particularly with

reference to the native pastor, Sau Quala, and his labours at Tounghoo and its vicinity, where, during the last three years, there have been as many as 3000 adult converts. This district has been recently visited by the American Missionary, the Rev. Dr. Mason, and the results of his observations will be found in the following communication from him, dated Jan. 15, 1857—

I left Shwagyen for Tounghoo by land with two elephants, and reached the borders of the province on the 2d of January. When the Christians heard of my arrival, twenty men started to meet me, and cut a road for my elephants, the bamboo scrub being quite impassable in the interior. I had taken the road to another village, the inhabitants of the village connected with Shwagyen having volunteered their services to prepare the way before me; while the chief and his followers of a third village, were busied at the same time in clearing a path for me to their hamlet. Missing both these parties, I proceeded onwards to the village of Khupghai. The road being exceedingly difficult—mountains so steep, that places for the feet of the elephants to step in had sometimes to be dug in their sides, and gorges so narrow that the animals could scarcely turn aside and pick a practicable track among the rocks with which they were filled—it was not until the morning of the third day we reached the place of our destination. The first night I slept on the top of a paddy crib in an old field, a thousand feet above the plains seen in the distance; and darkness overtook us on the evening of the second day, when the natives proposed to encamp out again; but having no tent, and the north wind at this season blowing very keen over the hills, I refused, determined to go to the village, if we travelled till midnight: so on we went, up and down, down and up again, with a beautiful moon peeping now and then through the trees. We were in a deep dell, when the path required us to ascend a precipitous mountain side; but on turning the heads of our elephants, through weariness they positively refused to go, and, when goaded by their drivers, they made the forest resound with their bellowing, but not a foot onward would they raise. I had to acknowledge myself fairly beaten, and the next best thing to be done was to find the nearest dry spot on which we could spread ourselves down, for in these glens the ground is frequently very wet. After retracing our steps a few hundred yards, I called to a man on foot to feel if the ground were dry in the areca-palm grove through which we were passing, when my attention was arrested by the figure of a stranger in the shade. He announced himself a Christian, and urged us to come and spend the night at his house, which was about a quarter of a mile from the road, on a little hill with a gentle ascent, and the only difficulty in the way, a deep stream, he said he could overcome by leading us to a practicable ford. It appeared that he heard the tinkling of the bells that hang to the necks of the elephants, and, the report having reached him that I was somewhere in the jungles, he came down with his son after us, to see if it were not the teacher. His hospitable home was reached about ten o'clock, where the most comfortable place in it was spread down with mats for my reception. When we had dined—for we had not stopped before from early dawn—I announced prayers, and the only daughter of my host, a pretty girl of sixteen, brought forward a New Testament and hymn-book, joining with her sweet voice in the praise of God. Fancy my

emotions ! Three years ago not a soul in these jungles had heard of the Saviour; when it was my privilege to be first to proclaim His precious name. Now, the first house I am led to enter, in the field of my charge, is furnished with a family Bible and hymn-book, whose owners prize them as a precious treasure, just as the old covenanters did. Surely it is the Lord's doings, and is wonderful in our eyes.

Before we could reach Khupghai next morning, the news had reached the village that the teacher had come; and the hill sides were covered with men, women, and children, who had come out to meet him, each anxious to seize his hand before he could descend from the elephant. In one corner of their very neat meeting-house was a place matted off for my sleeping-room, and curtained all around with new Burmese silk, such as the wealthier Karens purchase for their best dresses. My Karen guide wore a lower garment, for which he paid twenty-five rupees, and above it a Shan jacket of considerable value. The native preacher here I found well provided for by the church, without requiring aid from any other sources.

The next evening found me at Kholu, in the midst of some of the grandest alpine scenery I ever gazed on. It stands on the mountain side, one or two thousand feet above Yan Creek at the base; and, looking across the valley, mountains are seen piled on mountains as far as the eye can reach, with forms as varied as the pictures of the kaleidoscope. But by far the most delightful part of the prospect to me is, that, while standing in that Christian village, three other Christian villages are visible on the mountain sides beyond. From one, where I observed the smoke curling in a little nook, we could not be distant more than four or five miles in a direct line across the valley, yet I was told it would be as much as my elephants could do to reach it by travelling all day. On the mountain range where I stood, which bounds the valley on the south, are six Christian villages, and on the northern range are no less than fifteen. When I look around me, I find myself in a Christian country, raised up as if by magic from the darkness of heathenism in three brief years.



#### AMERICAN TESTIMONY TO THE OPENINGS FOR USEFULNESS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE city and suburbs of Constantinople alone present to us a great field, in a state of much forwardness for the harvest, and yet very inadequately supplied with labourers. One of our native brethren, in speaking of this field recently, remarked, with as much truth as poetry, that "Constantinople was like a broad piece of ground full of springs, and wherever any one dug down to a little depth, he was sure to find water." We have only to open our mouths to preach in any quarter of this city where Armenians are found, and men are ready to come and hear. There are Samatia, and Eyoob, and several other quarters, in each of which there is a people ready prepared for us; but we are not prepared for them. They invite us to come and teach them the gospel, that alone giveth life; but we dare not go. The certainty of succeeding deters us; for we find that we must learn to fear prosperity, more than almost any thing else. . . .

To show you the state of things in the Armenian community here, I will state, that recently one of our Protestant brethren had some busi-

ness matter that called him to the Patriarchate several times; and on one occasion, one of the persons present, before all the rest, said to him, "Why do not you Protestants challenge us to a public discussion of the points of difference between us? If we are right, then you ought all to return to our church; and if you are right, then we ought all to become Protestants." The individual to whom this proposition was made appeared before our Church Committee the other day and stated the case, adding, that the Armenian who suggested this plan acknowledged that the Protestants were likely to have the advantage; "for," said he, "you have in your hands only the sword of the Spirit, while we have nothing but a fragile reed to fight with." . . .

It was stated by Mr. Barker, the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in our Bible Committee meeting yesterday, that, during the last two years, more than thirty-five hundred copies of the Turkish Scriptures and parts of the Scriptures, in the Arabic character, have been sold to Turks from the dépôt in Constantinople; while, during the thirty years previous, he doubted whether he had sold thirty copies! This, surely, is a very significant fact. And there are many other significant facts before us here, upon which I cannot now dilate, showing that God's time of visitation to this land has come; and if Christians in America are not ready to enter upon this great and promising field, with open hands and large hearts, the privilege and blessing of such a service will be given to their brethren in other lands. God's chosen instruments, I have no doubt, are ready somewhere, and, from present appearances, they will soon be put in most active requisition.

We have just been urged, from a very unexpected quarter, to send Missionaries among the Abbassians, on the Georgian slope of the Caucasus; a tribe of four hundred thousand souls, heathen, literally, in religion, and yet having many interesting traits of character. The Russians have nothing to do with the internal affairs of their country, they being governed by their own prince, who, we are assured, wishes American Missionaries to come and settle in his country. How strange!

I trust the Lord will soon give you enlargement, in regard to funds. The silver and the gold are His, and He wants us to ask Him for it, and to ask in faith.

[Letter from Mr. Dwight, Feb. 27, 1857, in "The Missionary Herald (Boston U.S.), June 1857.]

#### THE FRENCH AND SIAMESE TREATY.

THE Treaty between France and Siam was signed Aug. 15, 1856. This Treaty secures what was not stated either in the English or American Treaties—the right of priests of the Roman-Catholic church to travel anywhere, to build churches, and to found schools, in any part of the kingdom. The zeal of the French Government for the promotion of religion among heathen nations is worthy of note. In Siam, as in China, the interests of the priests were made a matter of negotiation, as much as those of merchants. Would that Protestant America and England were as much disposed, in their commercial stipulations, to have regard to the advancement of the kingdom of Christ!

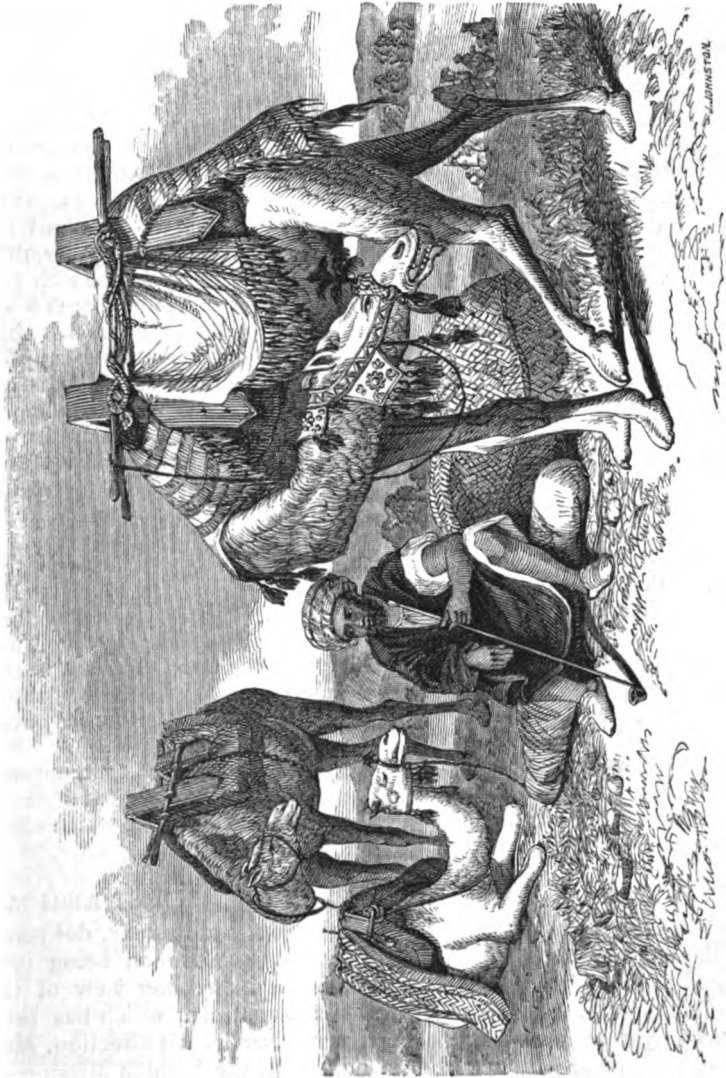
It is suggested by a Presbyterian Missionary in Bangkok, that the same privileges enjoyed by the French priests will doubtless be conceded also to the Missionaries of England and America.

["Macedonian," April 1857]



ARAB AND CAMELS.

There are many and remarkable features to be met with in the various arrangements of the earth's surface. Amongst these are the sandy wastes, which are to be found in various portions of the earth. The ocean is a vast extent of water, ever stirring, kept in healthful action by



ARABS AND CAMELS.

the winds, and which, instead of obstructing, facilitates communication between land and land. The desert is a vast extent of sand, monotonously spread out in every direction—nothing but sand, sand, sand. Instead of refreshing breezes, there is a hot, oppressive, overpowering sun, which beats unmercifully on man and beast; and when the wind is felt, it is as the hot blast from the furnace, sometimes carrying with it suffocating clouds of sand, beneath which whole caravans have been overwhelmed. Generally speaking, the broad parts of these deserts are tranquil, and the only difficulty experienced in crossing them is from fatigue, want of water, and provisions.

Now, one of the points to which our attention ought to be directed, as calculated duly to impress us with a sense of God's goodness and condescension to poor fallen sinners such as we are, is the provision made for the supply of man's wants in every region of the globe. If there be a difficulty, there is something provided which is fitted to meet this difficulty. If the desert is difficult to cross, and thus become a separation between lands, a means of transit is provided for him—the camel, or ship of the desert, as it is justly called. He is made expressly for this special use. His hoofs are tough and pliable, and do not crack with the hot sand, as the hoofs of horses do. If water is scarce, and marches of several days intervene between one well and another, the camel is able to remain longer than any other animal without an external supply. He carries a supply with him—a bag which he fills, when there is an abundance of water to be had, and on which he draws when the supply fails. Moreover, he is strong, and is able to carry the merchandise of his owner, as well as the owner himself: he is patient, docile, and enduring. Some species are remarkable for swiftness, and travel with speed across the burning sands. The value of this animal to the Arab is incalculable, and we cannot wonder that he is much prized by him.

The scene of our engraving lies in Egypt, at the edge of the cultivated land, on the borders of the desert. The Arab has stopped to smoke his pipe and rest his camels. There he sits on his bales, which he has taken off the camel's back. The housings of the animal are intended, not only for ornament, but as a protection against the flies. The bell hangs beneath the jaw, and this, in the night-time, directs the footsteps of those who follow. In front of the saddle is fixed a strong piece of wood, over which the rider throws his legs.

The gait of the camel, when in motion, to one unused to it, appears awkward and ungainly; and sometimes he forgets the patience for which he has been celebrated, exhibits a sullen and vicious temper, which needs to be corrected by the hippopotamus whip.

#### DR. LIVINGSTONE ON THE CAPABILITIES OF EAST AFRICA.

THE following extract from a speech of Dr. Livingstone, delivered on the occasion of the Freedom of the City of London being presented to him, will give to our readers an interesting view of the productions of that portion of the African continent which has been thrown open by his researches, and where, under his direction, Missionary efforts are about to be introduced by the London Missionary Society:—

The capabilities of Africa are exceedingly great, and I believe

that commerce has not yet done any thing like half its work. It is just beginning to extend itself, and Christianity is just beginning with her work for the future. Some years ago we knew nothing at all of many articles of commerce, which now enter into the families of the poorest classes. You knew nothing of gutta percha, or of caoutchouc, which are now applied to innumerable uses; and I believe that, in this new fertile country, which I have had the honour to bring to the knowledge of Europeans, many most useful articles will yet be found; and that we, feeling our dependence upon that country, will do our duty in another respect. There is one article which I believe is quite new to commerce. I have brought a few of the plants with me, and they have been subjected to the manipulation of one of the firms of this city. This plant affords a fibrous tissue; and I have the opinion of one of the foremost firms in the city, that, when prepared, it is worth between 50*l.* and 60*l.* a ton. Now, this plant is totally unknown in Europe: it is a substitute for flax, and will be, I believe, a very excellent flax. Now, this is only one of the many things which, I believe, exists in that country, and which are unknown to the rest of the world. When I came through the country, I came on the principle of having as little luggage as possible. I did not wish to excite the cupidity of the natives, and I went with as small an amount of luggage as possible; and on that account I could not bring away many things which I thought might be interesting to my countrymen at home. But, with respect to the fruits, I passed summarily through the country without a scientific examination of it; but I found upwards of a dozen fruits totally unknown in England. These fruits I cannot be a very good judge of what they are, because, generally, I was very hungry when I got them; but certainly they were much better than the crab-apple, from which we suppose our own apple has come, or the sloes, from which have come our plums. They are very much superior, indeed, to those fruits; and if they had the benefit of cultivation, I have no doubt but that we should have a very acceptable addition to our fruits. The tribes in the interior of the country are totally different from those on the coast. They have always been anxious to have intercourse with white men. They knew little at all of white men, or of what we were. The wonderful manufactures—that of the cotton-plant, for instance—would, I believe, induce the people of a fertile country to cultivate what we need in exchange. We have a little cotton grown at different points all over the country. The cotton does not require much care, as the soil is so exceedingly fertile; and, I think, if any one of you should pass into that country, and travel through grass so high, that, when sitting upon the ox, it quite covers the head of the person so sitting, you would come to the conclusion I have arrived at, namely, that almost any thing might be produced there; and the people in the centre of the country are most anxious to have intercourse with Europeans. Now I hope that God will spare my life to open this field. This flax which I have spoken of, and which is worth between 50*l.* and 60*l.* a ton, is not cultivated at all. If we find they can employ their servants to cultivate such things, and that they can sell them to advantage, and that we can benefit by the exchange, I hope that a way will be got into the centre of the country. I hope that Africa will be opened to the gospel, and that the time will come when the central Africans will be admitted into the community of nations. We ourselves have but lately got

quit of a restrictive system, and we can feel for those who have been compelled, for advantage, to sell their own children for the sake of a little cloth. I have seen children sold for about twelve shells. In the centre of the country you may get a slave for two shells. At the coast those shells are very cheap, but in the centre of the country they are quite as valuable as the Lord Mayor's badge. In order to show his great friendship for me, one of the great chiefs came to me during the night. He did not wish to show his friendship before his people; he wanted to give me a proof of his friendship somewhat in the same manner in which you now honour me. He entered my little tent, and took out a small shell, and hung it round my neck, and said, "There you see a proof of my friendship; and when the path for commerce is made, let it come through my town." I will just again return you my most heartfelt thanks for the honour you have conferred on me; and, as to the future, I hope you will all kindly make allowances for a great undertaking, as it must necessarily be small in the beginning. It is only by hard work that success can be reached. We must work hard, and constantly. You must enter as the way opens, and I have no doubt that the future will be glorious: but the beginning must be in a small way; and although you may not hear of any thing grand or memorable that I have done, yet recollect that I hope to be borne on by the same principles, that have actuated me for the time past, in all future time. I again thank you for the honour you have done me.

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A RECENT INCIDENT OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

THE African race have strong natural affections, and the love of near relations towards each other is very strong, so much so that years of absence have not sufficed to efface it. What these warm-hearted people have suffered from the action of the slave-trade, when parents and children, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, have been torn from each other it is difficult to conceive. Nor have these sad scenes entirely ceased. The slave-trade still lives, and the African, although not to the same extent, continues to be a sufferer.

A boy, the son of a chief in the Kittim river, Sherbro, was engaged, as is usual with youths of his age, in fishing. He was alone in his canoe, which he had brought to anchor, and was completely absorbed in his pursuit.

A large canoe hove in sight, coming down the river. There appeared to be many people on board. They hailed the boy, and told him, if he had caught any fish to bring it, as they wished to buy. Unsuspicious of danger, and anxious to dispose of his day's spoil, he was soon alongside of them, when, lo, they violently seized him and dragged him into their canoe! Alas! it was full of slaves, of which he was condemned to form one. In vain his struggles—they overpowered him; in vain his cries—they gagged him. His father's village was in sight, and there were strong arms there and willing friends to put out for his deliverance had they been aware of his danger, but they knew not of it. How could they? his cries were stifled. It was, moreover, far advanced in the day, and the shades of evening fell rapidly. The departing light took from him all hope, and as the darkness fell thick around him, he found his heart grow more sad and dark, for he who had been free was a slave-boy,

perhaps for life. Cleverly was the victim caught, and the robbers rejoiced in their ingenuity, and mocked the poor boy's grief. Long and dreary was the night. He slept, but it was broken sleep, the sleep of sorrow, full of the remembrance of those whom he should never see again; and when he awoke, there was nothing around him save the wide wide waste of waters. He sat silent and broken down, for help, the help of man, was far away, and of God and his help he knew nothing, for he was a poor heathen boy. Poor Chow Boam, for that was his name, so young, and yet so friendless! He was only a very little boy, and might they not have spared him? Alas! no. Slave-dealers have no pity.

Three days had passed away since they had left the Kittim river, and every hour brought them nearer to their destination, and then they should all be sold to the white man, when, lo, a schooner hove in sight! Right well the slave-dealers knew her, and her mission too. She was British—one of the cruising squadron, on the look-out for miscreants such as they were. The boat's sail was lowered, and they lay still upon the waters, in the hope they might escape notice. But the watchful glass, as it swept the waters, had detected them, and the schooner soon hove down upon them; and as the waters shoaled, the ship's boats were manned, and then commenced the chase. Earnestly did the Susus strain and toil to reach the shore and bolt into the jungle, but the English boats gained rapidly upon them, and then did these bad men prepare for fight. Muskets, knives, and poisoned arrows were formidably brandished. But the muscular hand of the British sailor was soon upon the neck of his prostrate foe, and the bound and pinioned slave-dealers found themselves dealt with as they had dealt with others.

Lieutenant Harger soon carried his prize into Freetown. The court pronounced the seizure good and lawful, and all the slaves were set at liberty, among whom were four boys, and four girls, our friend, Chow Boam, being one of the number. He was sent to Regent, and placed under the care of one of our Missionaries, and there both soul and body were cared for, and he was tenderly dealt with. Poor little fellow! it was, indeed, a happy change for him. But while grateful to his new friends, he could not forget those whom he had lost, and he wondered should he ever see them again, when one day he heard his name called, Chow Boam! He could scarcely believe his ears, for it was the sound of a familiar voice. They were friends, sent by his parents to look for him. They had heard that he had been rescued, and it had put joy into their hearts. The Governor called Chow Boam before him, and dismissed him with words of kindness; and the boy left in a few days, his heart bounding with joy at the prospect of soon seeing his father and his mother in his own home.

Alas! there is a worse captivity, to which we are consenting parties, which takes us away from one better and kinder far than any earthly parent. Who shall rescue us from this, before we are for ever lost? There is one! He is on the watch, to deliver enslaved souls! He has freed many, very many. May He look with compassion on millions tied and bound with the chain of their sins, and break their bonds asunder! and may the words of instruction, which he heard at Regent, be so blessed to him, that Chow Boam may be amongst the number.

"BEYOND THEIR POWER, THEY WERE WILLING."

WHILE the storm is drifting over the Bengal Presidency, the southern part of India has so far remained in peace. May it please God of his great mercy to continue this tranquillity! In the northern provinces, Missionary work, for the present, is suspended; but in the south the Christian churches, through the grace of God raised up from among the heathen, are being established in the faith, and increase in number daily. One proof of their healthy state is their interest in the conversion of their heathen countrymen, and their readiness, out of their deep poverty, to contribute to that great work. In this respect their example may put many from amongst ourselves to shame, who, with large means at their disposal, give nothing, that the gospel may be preached more extensively.

A Missionary, in one of the more settled districts of Tinnevely, thus speaks of the strong interest existing amongst his people, and their willingness to help forward the efforts for the conversion of their heathen countrymen, which are being made throughout the unevangelized country to the northward:—

"The duty of the people, to assist in sending the gospel of salvation to the dark places in the north of Tinnevely, has been brought before them, and responded to in a cheering manner. A hint thrown out at the beginning of the present year has been generally adopted. The head of every Christian household takes a handful of rice from the principal meal of the day, and sets it aside for the native Missionary Society. Also as many collecting pots as I could obtain have been distributed. The handful of rice makes little difference in the meal. The giving of it interferes with no other object. It keeps the subject daily before the eyes of the people, and the last, though not the least, consideration which may be added is, I hope the Society will be nearly seventy rupees richer by it and by our rude collecting pots."

Another feature is, a more pervading spirit of prayer and supplication. May it be as the heavy drops which herald the coming showers. Here, in this fact—the increased spirit of prayer amongst the people—we have the healthful reaction of their Missionary efforts. With what measure we mete, it is measured to us again, and God prepares the church for enlarged blessing, by an enlargement in prayer of the hearts of its people.

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**THE KOY PEOPLE ON THE GODAVERY.**

WE live in a moist climate, where the clouds are ever dropping rain upon the earth. In India months elapse without a shower, and the intense heat parches up the land; while at another period of the year, the rain descends in torrents, for many days together, and in a few hours, more water is outpoured than falls in England, during an entire year. The rivers overflow their banks, and vast tracts of country are flooded. Thus the country is in extremes, suffering at one time from the want, and at another from the waste, of water. What is desirable is, to equalise the supply. At those seasons of the year, when the rivers are flushed with incessant rains, lakes and tanks are necessary, into which the overplus may be introduced, and there stored up, until the dry season comes, when it proves invaluable for the purposes of irrigation. The necessity of such

works had been early seen by the intelligent natives of India, and of late years our own Government has directed its attention to the repair of old works and the construction of new ones; of the latter, the most remarkable are those carried forward on the Godavery. This river takes its rise fifty miles east from the western shore of Hindustan, in the British district of Ahmednuggur, and on the eastern declivity of the western Ghauts, and, after a winding course of 898 miles in a south-easterly direction, falls into the Bay of Bengal. It was decided to try and save, for useful purposes, the surplus discharge of this great river, by the construction of a dam across its bed, where there was no other foundation than loose sand. But this difficulty was overcome. Round pits of three feet diameter are built in the bed of the river. Into these earthen cylinders were sunk, one fitting into the other, as the sand and water are removed. In this way each cylinder is built up to the surface, until it has penetrated from twelve to fourteen feet. The cylinder is then filled with rough stones and clay, by which means a solid pillar is formed, and on such the dam is built, 4200 yards long, from Dowlesweram on the east bank, to Wadapellay on the west.

Now it was during the prosecution of these, and other works of improvement, on the Godavery, that one of the officers engaged in their direction, who had been brought to know the value of a Saviour, and desired to make him known to others, had his attention drawn to an interesting race of people called the Koy people, for whose instruction no effort has yet been made. We introduce his account of them, in the hope that it may stir up many a heart to earnest prayer on behalf of the secluded portions of our race, that they may be visited by mercy.

“An opening has lately been made from our possessions on the coast into a part of the Nizam’s territories, as a field for Missions. A few years ago it was quite closed up. Only one or two Europeans had ever visited it, and it was almost equally an unknown land to the natives of the coast districts, who had, and still have, in a great measure, a dread of penetrating into the interior beyond the Ghauts. Colonel Cotton’s persevering efforts to induce the Government to remove the few natural obstacles which prevent the Godavery from being the great highway of communication between the countries of Nagpore, Berar, and the eastern canal, have resulted in the carrying out of a complete scheme for the improvement of that river, and its full and hearty adoption by the Madras Government. Several expeditions, in the course of the last four years’ have been sent up the river, to explore and survey it, and works of a temporary character, to facilitate the navigation of the obstructed parts of it, have already been commenced, and will, no doubt, be proceeded with in the coming working season. The exorbitant transit duties, which the Zemindars on its banks formerly levied on all produce conveyed by the river, will have been finally put an end to. Thus all the impediments which have hitherto prevented the navigation of this fine river, and the opening out of its valley to Christian influence and European enterprise, are in process of removal. Already trade has sprung up. There is an increasing communication between Budrachellum and the rich deltas of the Godavery and Kistuah. The boundary between the Nizam’s territories and Nagpore includes a narrow strip of country on the north side of the Godavery, along a length of about 200 miles. If this tract of country be transferred to the British rule, increased

facilities will be afforded for the extension of the Masulipatam Mission in the direction of Nagpore.

The whole of this part of the country is thinly populated. It is inhabited chiefly by a race of people who call themselves 'Koy dorahu.' They seem to be a tribe of Gonds, and their language is, I think, a dialect of the Gond. They, however, understand Telugu, and make use of it in their intercourse with the Telingas, who are met with along the banks of the Godavery, and there only, for the interior is entirely peopled by the Koys. It was to their villages, about eight in number, in the neighbourhood of my camp, that I used to go on Sundays this last working season, and found that the grand truths of the gospel can be readily communicated to them through the medium of Telugu. No doubt, however, a Missionary, addressing them in their own tongue, which would, I think, be easily acquired, would be more readily received by them. They are a simple race, dwelling in little hamlets of ten to twenty houses, scattered through the jungles. They subsist partly on the produce of their fields, which they prefer to clear annually from the jungle, and partly on the fruits of the forest. At times, they are, I believe, reduced to great extremities, by the failure of their crops, and in the absence of any communication with the more cultivated and populous parts of the country. They have no caste: though many thousands in number, they consider themselves all of one caste; and though they claim a high descent, rank themselves much upon the same level with the Pariahs, whom they admit into their little compounds and courtyards, and sit and converse and transact business with. They would, I think, willingly learn to read. I once asked whether any of them could read. They replied, that no one in that part of the country could, because they were too poor to maintain teachers; but that in other parts, where there are more wealthy men, many of them read. It is encouraging to see that they are free from the prejudices against learning, so common among the superior castes of the Telugus. They evidently consider reading as one of their customs, which is now only in abeyance, through their extreme poverty.

"This interesting race extends to a considerable distance to the south of the Godavery, and westward, they are to be met with as far as the Prumberta, perhaps farther. On the north they inhabit all that vast tract of country marked 'unexplored' on the map, and there are a few of them on the hilly parts of Rajahmundry, on the eastern side of the Ghauts. They seem to be one of the aboriginal races of India, very similar to the Gonds, Coles, and Santhals. Their religion is of the rudest and most primitive kind. That of those who are met with in the vicinity of the Godavery has evidently been modified, in some degree, by Hinduism. Along with 'the Gods of the hills,' as they call them, they worship some of the Amaras, or goddesses of the Telugus. Religion, indeed, they have none. Their worship consists simply of occasional sacrifices of sheep and fowls, with offerings of rice and fruits to some stone or tree in the forest. There are no Brahmins among them, and apparently no spiritual guides of any kind. Even among the Telugu settlements along the river-banks you may go for miles and miles and not find a single Brahmin. The country is too poor for them. Budrachellum, the principal town, and yet a mere village, of the part of the country where a Mission might be commenced, is one of the most sacred places in India, and yearly attracts to its filthy festival tens of thousands from



all parts of India. From Hyderabad, Chandah, Nagpore, and all central India, as well as from the coast districts, they come. The feast lasts twelve days; and a Missionary would there have many opportunities of sowing the seed of the word, which, when the multitude dispersed to their homes, would often be carried into many a dark corner of the land, where the light of the glorious gospel has never penetrated.

A way of access to these people is now opened. A Missionary might be located in the midst of them, within twenty-four hours of Ellore, and two to three days of Rajahmundry (260 miles from the sea). He would have for his base of operations 200 miles of a river navigable all the year round, by which he might visit, at a very small expense, an immense extent of country; and, at times, at Budrachellum and Doomgudrum, where thousands of work-people will be collected for years to come, he will have opportunities of sending the word of God into the regions beyond." Here is another opportunity of doing good. Who will take it up?



#### NEW HOPES THAT BLOOM AROUND THE MARTYR'S GRAVE.

ALL true Christians are spoken of as soldiers. They are so called because they are engaged in a warfare. They have to contend against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Sometimes the enemy endeavours to overcome by bribes and delusions of various kinds. Sometimes the warfare assumes a more stern aspect, and the Christian, in the midst of violence and persecution, finds himself a sufferer for Christ's sake. So it was with the Lord's people in olden time—they "had trials of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment."

Now, in earthly conflicts, he is conqueror who by superior force prevails over his antagonist; but in the spiritual warfare it is altogether different, and they who are physically weak, and cut down and slain, are the victors. The object of the enemy is to make the Christian unfaithful to his Lord. To effect this, terrors come upon us, and life itself is threatened. But when, amidst the danger, the believer holds fast by Christ, and boldly confesses him, as Stephen did, amidst furious enemies, then, although he be slain, he has conquered, for his faith has not given way—nay, rather than yield his faith, he has yielded his life. Such martyrdoms are a seed which produce plenteous harvests. Such deaths are a seed of life in many a soul. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." After a season of persecution, the truth spreads more vigorously than ever.

There is a persecution going on now in Northern India. Let us not disguise from ourselves the true character of the contest. It is the natural heart, under the instigation of Satan, giving expression to its hatred of Christ and his gospel. The Hindú and Mohammedan say, "We will not have this man to reign over us." They have drawn the sword and use it unsparingly, and there have been martyrdoms there. Undoubtedly there have been many who in death confessed their Saviour. One touching instance may well be recorded in these pages.

At Allahabad the mutiny has been attended with most dreadful cruelties. The 6th Native Infantry, after being declared to be the most faithful of men, rose and murdered their officers at mess. Amongst the

number were six young cadets, who had only just arrived in the country. One of these poor fellows, though badly wounded, escaped with his life : he was, however, shortly afterwards attacked and plundered of all he had, including all his clothes, and again escaped, for the second time, into an adjoining ravine. For five days and nights did this wounded boy struggle to maintain life. He had no sustenance but a little water out of the brook ; his body became frightfully blistered by the sun ; and each night he had to crawl up a neighbouring tree to save himself from being eaten alive by the jackals. On the fifth or sixth day he was taken prisoner, and, on being dragged into the presence of one of the rebel chiefs, witnessed a poor suffering native Christian being threatened with the most grievous tortures if he did not abjure his religion. The poor fellow, who was a catechist in the American Mission, felt sore beset with the terrors before him, and, on looking round as it were for help and sympathy, heard the dying soldier of Christ—for he richly deserves the title—say to him, “ Oh ! Padre Sahib, stand fast in the faith.” He had scarcely received these words of comfort and encouragement, when there was a shout outside, and in a few minutes more they were all rescued by the gallant Colonel Neile. Help came too late, however, for our wounded boy, for he became insensible before he reached the camp, and died shortly afterwards.

In such deaths the enemy is conquered. Heroes like A. H. M. Cheek have boldly confronted the enemy in his stronghold, and claimed India for their Lord. They have laid down their lives in testimony that it is His, and He shall have it. In this fearful outbreak the spell of idolatry, which has so long enchained India, shall be dissolved, and ere the disquieted land has subsided to its former tranquillity, numbers, we feel persuaded, will be found inquiring and turning to the Lord. The seed of gospel truth, long and perseveringly sown amidst the millions of Northern India, has now been saturated by the blood of saints, and it will spring.

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PILGRIMS,—ON !

PILGRIMS,—on ! the day is dawning ;
Strike your tents, and homeward haste ;
Sleep not while the blush of morning
Calls you on the desert waste.
Though the way be dark and dreary,
Life's sharp anguish must be borne ;
Courage, then ! ye faint and weary,—
Linger not to weep and mourn.

Pilgrims,—on ! the storm is beating—
Beating wildly on your way ;
Tarry not—the time is fleeting,—
Shall the storm your footsteps stay ?
Hasten on, through joy and sorrow,
Let whatever may betide ;
Wait not for the calm to-morrow,
Faithful at the work abide.

Pilgrims,—on ! though darkness cover
All earth's pathway to the tomb ;
Angels o'er that pathway hover,
'Mid the deep, surrounding gloom.

Light effulgent beams above you
 From the throne of glory, where
 Bright seraphic ones, who love you,
 Witness all your grief and care.

Pilgrims,—on ! what though in dangers,
 Life's eventful course pursue ;
 Labour on, ye friendless strangers ;
 Grace will guide you safely through.
 What, if trials must befall you !
 What, if fierce temptations rise !
 Shall earth's bitter strife appal you
 While contending for the prize ?

Pilgrims,—on ! the day is ending—
 Life's probation day of woe ;
 Twilight shades e'en now are blending
 With the sunbeam's faintest glow.
 Soon the night of death, impending,
 Shall your toilsome journey end ;
 Hope, like starlight, smiles descending,
 Cheers, while o'er the grave you bend.

Pilgrim's—on ! there's rest in heaven,
 Rest from every anxious care,—
 Rest in Jesus' smiles, forgiven,
 Peaceful and eternal there.
 O ! 't were sweet to toil in sadness,—
 O ! 't were well the cross to bear,—
 If, at last, in joy and gladness,
 We may rest for ever there.

ANON.

THE ZULUS.

THE Zulus are a South-African tribe, inhabiting an extensive territory in the vicinity of Port Natal. Their numbers in 1847 were estimated at from 80,000 to 100,000. They are a fine race of people, the men of a full and commanding form, with regular features and an expressive countenance: the women, from their degraded condition, suffer in appearance. Their moral state is very low. The practice of polygamy which prevails amongst them is productive of great social evils, and helps to deteriorate the whole nation. The only limit to the indulgence of such a propensity is the number of cattle at the man's disposal for the purchase of wives. The country they inhabit is remarkable for the beauty of its landscapes, the fertility of its soil, and the heathfulness of its climate. Missionaries have been amongst them for more than twenty years, but hitherto both chiefs and people have rejected the truth. The Missionaries, as religious teachers, have been disregarded, and the Zulus have persisted in carrying on their cruel wars, destroying the smaller nations around them, and seizing their cattle. When individuals and nations thus harden themselves against His truth, the Lord suffers a season of heavy affliction to come upon them, in order to bring them to a better mind, and tribulation becomes the plough that breaks up the hard and thorny ground. Such, from the following extracts from a letter* of Mr. A. Grout, of the American Board, dated Umvoti,

* Our extracts are made from the "Journal of Missions" (Boston, U. S.) for May, 1857.

Dec. 18, 1856, appears to be the condition of the Zulus at the present time—

Umpande, the chief of the Zulus, is becoming aged, and his three oldest sons, having become men, are each desirous of obtaining the authority. Umbulazi, the eldest, should have the power, yet a large number of the people attach themselves to Ucetywayo, the third son.

On the second of this month, Umbulazi, having retreated before his brother, had reached the Utukela river, the boundary between this colony and the Zulu country, where a battle was fought by the two parties, Ucetywayo being victorious.

Umbulazi's people had been fearing a defeat, hence a great many of their women and children accompanied the army, intending, if defeated, to escape into this colony for protection. The Tukela was too deep to be forded. The army was near the mouth of the river, where the stream was about half a mile broad. Umbulazi's people were no sooner attacked, than they all, men, women, and children, plunged into the river, to cross over, if possible, while their pursuers sprang upon them at once, spearing them indiscriminately. This they continued to do till they were in deep water, when they retired. It was estimated that three thousand succeeded in crossing the river alive, and that two thousand died in the water, either from wounds or by drowning. The dead were mostly taken out to sea by the river; and in a day or two their dead bodies washed up upon the shore, all along from the Tukela to Natal Bay, a distance of seventy miles.

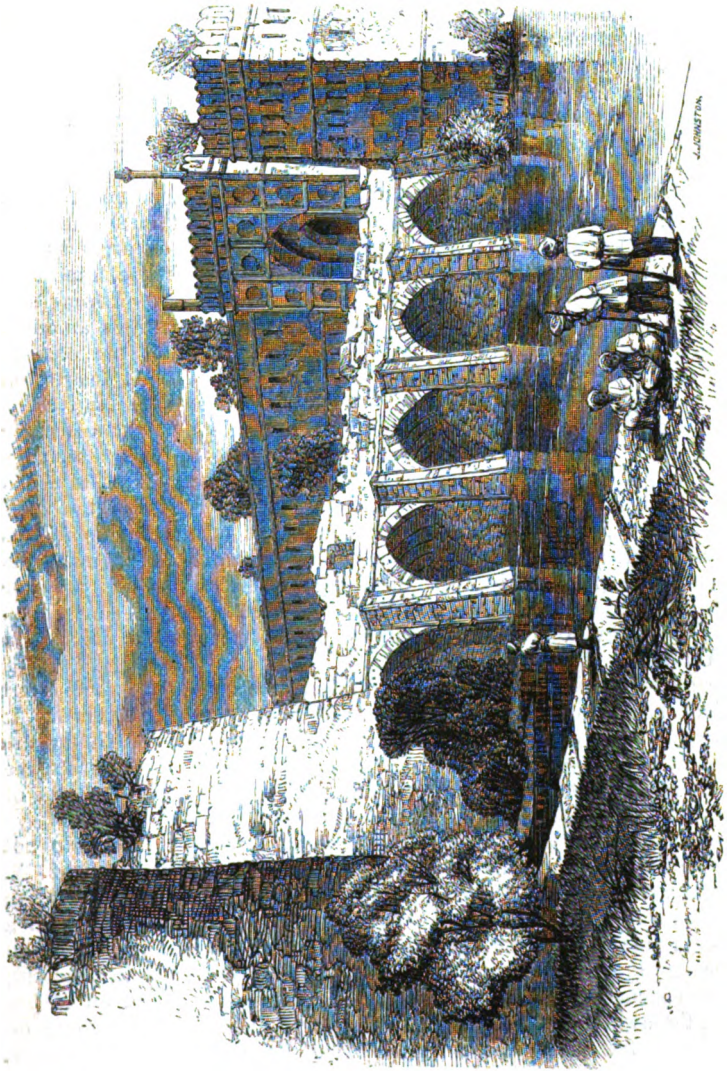
My station is twenty-three miles from the scene of conflict, and for many days after the battle the poor creatures were passing us, a great proportion of the women and children being wounded. One woman, who could not walk, was carried on a frame of poles and reeds all the way from the battle-field to this place. She had seven spear wounds, several of which were deep ones; and though it had been six days since the wounds were inflicted, not one of them had been dressed when they laid her down at my door. Several nursing children were brought along, having six or seven wounds in their bodies. Zulu women carry their children on their backs, supported by a skin, and the warriors, in spearing them, endeavour to strike so as to thrust through both the child and its mother at one stroke, and account it a great feat to do so.

The battle was fought on Tuesday morning. The next Saturday afternoon, Mr. Walmsley, the Government agent on the border, was passing down the river in a boat, and saw a child two or three years of age on the sand, giving appearance of life. He ordered an examination, and, finding it still alive, took it into the boat, and, by great care, succeeded in reviving it. Three of its fingers were nearly cut off, and it had several other wounds. In this condition, and without food, it had continued to live all that time on the sand, burning with heat by day, and suffering from cold by night. Mrs. Walmsley has adopted the child, and by her kind efforts it has nearly recovered of its wounds, and she proposes to see what she can make of such a wonderful little fellow.

It is now reported that many Zulus are crossing over into this colony with their cattle. Several Norwegian Missionaries are in the Zulu country, but we have not heard that they have been molested. The end is yet to be learned and reported.

PRESERVATION AMIDST DANGERS.

WITH what anxiety have we not watched the progress of the Sepoy mutiny! How sad the accounts which each successive mail has brought us! How our hearts have been pained, as we have read of the grievous sufferings to which our countrymen, their wives and children, have been



BRIDGE AT DELHI, LEADING TO THE MUGUL'S PALACE FROM THE AGRA ROAD.

subjected ! Yet the wonder is, not that so many of them have been murdered, but that any of them have been left alive. So extensive was the conspiracy, so carefully concealed, so cruel in its intent, that, but for God's good providence, all of the English name and race must have perished. According to the arrangements which had been made, there was to have been a simultaneous rising of the native regiments throughout India on a given day, when all of European blood and of the Christian faith were to be destroyed, the hatred of the natives towards us being one of a combined nature, against our religion and our race. All the Sepoy regiments had been more or less tampered with, and, with few exceptions, were prepared to take part in the movement. The Europeans, dispersed in little groups throughout the various military stations of the Bengal Presidency, were altogether unsuspecting of danger. The ground was mined under their feet, and the explosion ready to take place, and they knew nothing of it. Had the conspiracy been carried out as it had been planned, the loss of life would have been most fearful. But God, in His overruling providence, prevented this. The first symptoms appeared in the neighbourhood of Calcutta so early as the month of January, when the telegraph office at Barrackpore, a military cantonment ten miles' distant, was burned to the ground. Throughout the month of February there were disquietude and uneasiness amongst the regiments stationed there. These were warnings of the coming storm, calculated to put the English on their guard. At length, on February 25th, there was a mutinous outbreak of the 19th Native Infantry at Berhampore, and the authorities immediately sent a steamer to bring Her Majesty's 84th regiment from Rangoon, for the security of Calcutta, where there was only one European regiment, Her Majesty's 53d. The 19th Native Infantry was disbanded ; a Sepoy of the 34th native infantry, who had wounded the adjutant of the regiment, was hung at Barrackpore ; and hopes were entertained that the mutinous spirit had been quenched by these measures ; when, on May 3d, a native regiment mutinied at Lucknow, and this was followed by a sanguinary outbreak on May 10th at Mirut, and the awful massacre at Delhi, on May 11th.

Dreadful as these events were, yet the conspiracy was not carried out as it had been originally intended. Instead of being simultaneous, it was irregular and disjointed in its action, and time was afforded for the movement of troops, and the adoption of such measures as might serve to counteract the designs of the conspirators ; and thus, that the loss of life has not been much greater, is to be attributed to God's mercy.

Our own Missionaries have been in great danger, yet hitherto not one has fallen under the hands of the Sepoys. At Mirut the Rev. A. Medland was concluding evening service in the Mission chapel when the native troops broke out. He had commenced his sermon, when a messenger rushed in to tell them that the Sepoys were advancing, and murdering all the Europeans. He and his wife succeeded in reaching a place of security, but there had not been a moment to spare, an empty buggy, the owner of which had been murdered, having passed them on their way. At Juanpur, the Rev. C. Reuther, with other Europeans, was shut up in a room in the public treasury, the mutinous soldiers having possession of the town, and every now and then firing balls into

their place of retreat. But prayer was offered, and prayer was heard. The Sepoys went off with the treasure, and left the European party uninjured. They then set out on foot for some place of refuge, but the road was full of danger, and they would probably have fallen in with some roving troops of mutinous cavalry, by whom they would have been murdered, had not God raised them up a friend from among the natives. A lala, or teacher, an influential person in his own neighbourhood, took them into his house, and concealed them for two days, although the town, during that time, was thrice visited by plundering parties. Thus they were enabled to reach Benares in safety. There the Europeans had been in great danger. The native troops had prepared themselves for a murderous outbreak. There were only a few European soldiers, in the place, and the danger was great, when, unexpectedly, the brave Colonel Neil arrived, on June 3d, with a small body of the Madras Fusileers. He was to have left on the afternoon of the 4th for Cawnpore, when tidings arrived of an outbreak of the native troops at Azimghur, some eighty miles to the north; and it became evident that to prevent a similar calamity at Benares, the Sepoy regiment there, the 37th Native Infantry, ought to be disarmed. The Brigadier wished to defer doing so until the next morning. Had this delay taken place, the outbreak would have occurred during the night, and the European families been left at the mercy of these miscreants, but Colonel Neil remonstrated, and the disarmament of the native troops on that very afternoon was decided upon. This was accomplished, but not without bloodshed. Both then, and at subsequent moments of much peril, our Missionaries and their native flock have been mercifully preserved from injury.

At Agra, the whole European part of that fine station, which extended from five to six miles in length, is a mass of ruin and desolation. Our noble college and churches, our excellent Mission houses and magnificent press, all destroyed. But the Missionaries and the native Christians are, thank God, safe within the fort. There are shut up there some 6000 people, of whom 1200 may be English, in civil, military, and other employ. There are about 150 officers, and thirty-five Romish priests. Of native Christians there are 800: the bulk are Anglo-Indians.

But although our own Missionaries, and the native Christians under their care, have been so far marvellously preserved, other Societies have suffered. Several Missionaries belonging to the Gospel-Propagation Society, and some Americans, have been cut off. With those who have been subjected to such bereavements we sincerely sympathize. May our God, in great mercy, soon cause the fierceness of the hurricane to subside, and restore peace to India!

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THE YOUTHFUL MARTYR, ARTHUR MARCUS HILL CHEEK,  
OF EVESHAM, WORCESTERSHIRE.

Four weary nights and days,  
In danger and distress,  
By the river brink he laid  
In utter loneliness:

He hears the wild beasts howl,  
 And the jackal prowling nigh,  
 But 'tis music, to the sound  
 Of the Sepoy's cry.

The boy was scarce sixteen  
 When he left his parent's side  
 For India, with her storied pomp  
 And her military pride.

A few short busy months!—  
 Bleeding and wounded, he  
 By the mutineers in Allahabad,  
 Unseen, in misery,

Crawls from the crimson field,  
 Drinks of the running stream ;  
 Then sinks exhausted—slumbers—  
 And dreams—'tis all a dream !

He has nobly done his work,  
 Nor grudged his young life-blood :  
 For the mothers and the children  
 To the death he stood.

Now life is ebbing fast,  
 But he deems the hour blest,  
 When on his Saviour's bosom  
 He shall sink to rest.

Not yet, not yet, young hero,  
 Though thy work be well nigh done,  
 There's a nobler deed before thee  
 Ere the victory be won !

The fiendish traitors find him,  
 They drag him to their lair ;  
 A man in tortured agony  
 Is writhing there.

It is a Christian convert,  
 Not daring to deny  
 The Lord of life and glory,  
 And yet afraid to die !

With promises of freedom, life,  
 They ply their victim still ;  
 But death in every hideous shape,  
 If he refuse their will.

Oh ! 'twas a fearful moment,  
 A soul endangered then—  
 The immortal, for the mortal  
 Perilled, from fear of men.

There is a hush—a stillness,  
 For a voice, soft, calm, and clear,  
 Issues from lips so deadly white—  
 The murderers' pause to hear.

“ Oh ! whatsoe'er you suffer,  
 “ Oh ! whatsoe'er you do,  
 “ Deny not Christ the Saviour,  
 “ The Lord who died for you !”



'Tis past—the sound has died away  
 Drown'd in the war-cry loud,  
 Of British warriors bursting  
 Upon the murd'rous crowd—

The rescued convert turns to bless,  
 And for the boy to pray :  
 He needs it not, the victory's won,  
 The spirit has passed away.

*King's Lynn, Sept. 5, 1857.*

R. E. C.

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 THE QUARTERLY PAPER.

WITH a view of simplifying the Society's publications, it was decided some time back to unite the "Quarterly Paper" and the "Quarterly Token" in one quarterly publication, and accordingly the old "Quarterly Paper" failed last Michaelmas to make its usual appearance. This drew forth the following earnest appeal on its behalf—

I have no right to address you, nor any excuse to offer for taking up your valuable time; yet I cannot resist the desire to tell you the grief and disappointment which the receipt of the October Missionary parcel has caused me, by its announcement of the merging of the "Quarterly Paper" into the little "Token." Words would fail me to express the regret I feel, and I believe very many will sympathize with me. The "Quarterly Paper" was, I think, one of the earliest publications of the Church Missionary Society. From infancy I have loved the Church Missionary Society. Its Quarterly Papers were among the treasures of my childhood, and they are associated with some of my fondest and earliest recollections. When too young to understand much of the glorious work of our Society, I learnt at my mother's knee to pity and pray for the poor little black children, and those pictures deepened and impressed the lesson more than any mere description could have done. To this day I never look at the picture of Juggernaut ("Quarterly Paper" for Lady-day 1817) without being carried back in memory to the days when I dared scarcely look at its black face and staring eyes unless my mother was by to protect me. Each picture, as it was added, quarter by quarter, to my store, had its own story, its own associations; and much, if not all, of the deep love to the Church Missionary Society, which has grown with my growth, owes its origin and its intensity to those dear Quarterly Papers, and my mother's instructions based on them. She loved them, and taught us to love them. That precious mother has long since entered into rest, but her children rise up and call her blessed. I am now a clergyman's wife, and we have a large family growing up round us. Our eldest boy has a treasured store of Quarterly Papers, as I had. When quite a little child, he began, and has, by the help of friends, got the set nearly complete from their commencement in 1816. They are kept in a case, and added to regularly as the new one comes out. In his earlier days they were his favourite Sunday reading: now it is one of the greatest Sunday treats he can give to the younger children, to show them his pictures, and tell them about them. He dearly loves the Church Missionary Society—so dearly, that it will

not surprise us should he by and bye resolve to devote himself, by God's grace, to the blessed work of a Missionary: and I am sure he owes this love, by God's blessing, to his childhood's treasure, the book of Quarterly Papers. In the sixth form of a large school, he has his Church Missionary Box, and collects among his companions with great diligence and interest. Our second boy, at a younger boys'-school, is following in his steps. Can you, then, wonder that I mourn over the giving up of the "Quarterly Paper," and feel as if a long-trying friend was snatched away from me? And I am not alone in this. Our most diligent collector—one who for many years has gathered some 11*l.* or 12*l.* per annum, in small sums—is almost as sorry as I. She, too, remembers and has loved them from her infancy, and thinks much loss will follow their discontinuance. We have not found the "Token" popular among our Sunday scholars. It has no pretty cover to attract like the "green book," nor has it the large-sized picture on the first page, like the "Quarterly Paper." The children can buy the "green-book" for a halfpenny per month, and its matter is more interesting to them than that of the "Token." It is difficult, perhaps, to judge impartially, but I cannot think the "Token" will ever be so attractive to children, or to the subscribers of a penny a week among the adult poor, as the discarded "Quarterly Paper." The "Token" looks like a small, poor magazine: the "Quarterly Paper" was a distinct thing of itself; at first, peculiar to our Society, though since, I believe, imitated by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and others; and its large picture-covered page gave it a dignity and impressiveness, which the little pictures of the "Token" cannot have. It was, in fact, a *picture record* of the Society's work: its letter-press was merely an addition. In our country towns and villages a vast number of the adult poor cannot read, or, if at all, very imperfectly, especially where the print is small. Thus the picture was all to them. It conveyed its striking lesson direct to the eye and heart. Look at the gradual change and advance in the pictures, from the ugly idols of the early Papers, to the schools, churches, &c. &c., of the later ones. There is a history within the comprehension of the dullest and most unlearned, and not easily forgotten.

Forgive me for all this long letter. Only let me plead for the restoration of the Papers. The notice says "for a time." Oh do not let it be a long time: do give us back what we so love—what the Society has given us so long!

For obvious reasons I do not wish to give my name or abode. I am but an obscure, insignificant individual, and with no claim on your attention but that of a deep and long-cherished love to our blessed Society; but I am writing *facts*, not *imaginary* scenes. May our God long prosper its work, and vouchsafe to you, and all who are engaged in it, His abundant presence and favour!

I remain, with great respect, yours faithfully,

"THE OLD IS BETTER."

This appeal has been effectual. The old will be resumed.

THE HISTORY OF THE CONVERSION OF A BURMESE GENTLEMAN, HIS WIFE, AND THREE OTHER BURMESE, AT RANGOON.

MISSIONARY work of a deeply-interesting character is being carried on by American Missionaries among the mingled people who inhabit Pegu. Some of the Missionaries direct their attention to the Karen nation, amongst whom results of great importance have been attained; others of them affect the Burmans. The late Mr. Ingolls was much blessed in his efforts for the conversion of the Burmans, and his widow perseveres in carrying on the work. When Mr. Ingolls died he had just promised to take a long journey among the Karens, as he had often done before. After his death, Mrs. Ingolls found they were all bitterly disappointed, and such numbers of them came and implored her to go round the villages, where the people were so looking for them to come, that, as there was no one else to take her husband's place, she resolved she would take his little girl, and go, and two native teachers accompanied her.

The people in the first village in the route sent guides and a bullock-cart to fetch her, but the cart shook her so that she was obliged to walk. By ten or eleven at night she reached the village. Her feet were so blistered, that they seemed on fire. The poor villagers gave her the most joyful welcome, and had prepared every thing, in their simple way, for her comfort. As a bath is the great refreshment of the East, every young girl snatched up a jar of water to carry to her in order that she might have a bath.

All that night the natives kept her answering their questions about the Christian religion; and thus she went on from village to village making this extraordinary tour. She did not attempt to preach to them, but merely reminded them of what her husband had formerly taught them. She said she often found she could bring it back to their minds again, even if they had partially forgotten it.

After a long while, she returned to Calcutta, on her way to America, and there she found the captain, a pious man, who had taken her husband a voyage some years before, just on the point of sailing. She embarked with him, taking along with her a very promising Burmese boy, to be educated as a medical Missionary.

No sooner did they reach the land-heads at the mouth of the Hooghly, than the ship struck on the sands, and split nearly in two parts. The captain put her and the little girl into an open boat, and sent them to an English ship that was just in sight. The English vessel sent out one of her own boats to meet them, and thus she was saved, and brought back to Calcutta. While here, she communicated to a friend many interesting particulars, of which the following is a fragment—

“I wish I could remember every word, to tell you of all the beautiful things Mrs. Ingolls told me, but there was one circumstance which seems to me most affecting. I ought first to explain that a native Burman told Mr. Wylie that Mrs. Ingolls spoke Burmese like a native,

and Mr. Ingolls also, on account of his skill in that language, devoted himself to that people, though loving the Karens exceedingly. The Burmans are so cultivated and intellectual, that they take books and tracts with great eagerness. The Christian Burmans persuade every stranger to come to the Missionary's house to be talked to, and receive books.

"One day they brought a Burmese gentleman of such striking and noble appearance, that Mrs. Ingolls felt most anxious that he should meet with her husband, who unfortunately was not at home. She therefore offered to lend him a book instead of giving him one, as she was afraid that if she asked him to come again his suspicions would be awakened that they wanted to make him a convert, but she thought when he came to return the book Mr. Ingolls might be at home. But on his second visit, Mr. Ingolls was out again; so she offered the loan of a second book, and when he returned that, her husband was at home. He was delighted with the book, and expressed a great wish to bring his wife to hear all they told him. He went away, carrying a store of books with him, and telling them that he should come again in a month, and bring his wife with him.

"Mrs. Ingolls was much disappointed that he did not come at the end of the month. At last he appeared, and three of his fellow-townsmen with him. After welcoming him, she remarked that he had not brought his wife. She saw he seemed as if he could not answer. At last, in great distress, he said, "She is dead." "Alas!" Mrs. Ingolls exclaimed, "then she has died without being able to hear the truth." "Oh, no," he said, very earnestly; "she is in heaven." He then told Mr. and Mrs. Ingolls, that, on his return to his home, he said to her, "I am not going to worship our false gods any more:" and then he began to explain to her all that the Missionary had told him; but his poor wife was alarmed, and said, "Oh, you are going to be a heretic, and I will not sit with you." She then fled away into her own apartment. He tried in vain to persuade her to come back, till at last, to comfort himself, he sat down and began reading his books. He read aloud by himself, and very soon he found his wife was listening behind the curtain—for the women's apartments are separated only by curtains. She listened some time, and then she came out, and sat down by her husband, and said, "That seems a good religion: I should like to hear some more about it." He told her all he could, and the next day she was taken ill, and, at the end of a month, she died; but all that time she was hearing the Missionaries' books read to her the whole day long. She had heard them over and over, and over again, and she begged all her friends who came to see her to read to her, and the three who now accompanied him had become Christians through reading to this dying woman. Her husband is now a shining light.

"The poor Karens and Burmese come hungering and thirsting, and they crowd the Missionaries' houses all day long. Sometimes Mr. Ingolls and his wife could get no breakfast till three o'clock in the afternoon, in consequence of people flocking in all the morning. She found that one of her native servants frequently sat up with a party of heathen, reading till three in the morning. There are now a hundred thousand baptized Christians among the Karens alone, and they support all their own native preachers."

HELSINGFORS, FINLAND.

CONTRAST BETWEEN GREEK AND PROTESTANT WORSHIP.

THERE are two Protestant churches here (Helsingfors), in one of which there is divine service in the Finnish language every Sabbath, attended by many people. The other, a beautiful and large new church, is for the use of those who speak the Swedish tongue. It being too early for the latter service, we went to the only Russian, or Greco-Russian church in this place, which is not large, but is very gorgeously fitted up, in true Muscovite style; the *skreen*, which separates the main body of the church from the most holy place or vestry, being covered over with great pictures of the Saviour, the "Virgin Mother," and some of the apostles, most lavishly ornamented with silver and gold. The floor of the church is of boards, and destitute of either carpet or seats of any kind.

When we entered we found a priest, with his long beard, and flowing hair that descended to his shoulders—a man of some thirty years of age, and possessing a pleasant Slavonic face—just commencing the Baptismal Service. Three soldiers and their wives stood before him, but a little way from the door of the church, each woman holding in her arms a very young infant. A bronze vessel, in the shape of a kettle, holding twenty gallons, stood near a little table, and was about two-thirds full of water. The priest went on with the service, assisted by a large good-looking man, of some fifty years of age, in citizen's clothes, who acted a variety of parts, responding from time to time by uttering the words, "Gospodee pome lui!" (Lord have mercy upon us!) and the next moment directing certain men, who seemed to be servants of all work, to get ready the articles needed; anon, he was lighting the waxen tapers, and placing one in the right hand of each parent. I shall never forget the noble tones of his melodious voice, for it was one of the finest I have ever heard.

After having gone through the first part of the service, the priest proceeded to consecrate the water in the baptismal font, by first making the sign of the cross over it, then in it, by drawing his finger through it. This was done three times. He then proceeded to dip his fingers in the sacred water, and make the sign of the cross on the forehead, the nose, the eyes, the ears, the breast, and the feet of each child. After a little, he repeated this operation, dipping his finger often in a small glass of oil. Next he proceeded to take each child, in a perfectly naked condition, from the hands of its mother, and dip it three times in the font, not immersing it exactly either time, but so performing the operation, that, from first to last, the entire body of the little creature was at least under the water, the face coming slightly and very quickly under the water in the third dipping. Each child was quickly received by its mother, and wrapt up in dry clothing, the little chemise of each being first adroitly put over its head.

Towards the close of the service, the priest took a small sponge, and, dipping it in the water, he applied it to the forehead, nose, eyes, ears, breast, and feet of each child, to wipe away whatever of the oil might remain on these members of the body. After this he took a pair of scissors and cut a lock of hair from the head of each child,

which the father received on a bit of paper, which he rolled up, and then carefully threw it into the baptismal font. When the service was over the sacred vessel was removed, and the mothers retired to a corner of the church, and at their leisure, dressed their infants. And thus ended this service, which was one of no little interest to me and to those who were with me.

By this time the congregation began to assemble, and the celebration of high mass took place. Before it was over the church was crowded, all the people standing up, for there was not a pew nor bench in it. More than half of the congregation consisted of officers and soldiers, all, or nearly all, of Slavonic origin, as was manifest from their countenances. There was a considerable number of well-dressed ladies, probably the wives of the Russian officers of the army and functionaries of the Civil Government. Many persons, as they entered the church, immediately turned to the corner at the right hand, and there deposited each a small sum of money, chiefly in copper coin, receiving back the change from the proper person stationed there, in case the coin laid on the table was greater than what they purposed to give; and the chinking of money went on until the service was nearly over. Towards the close, collectors went through the congregation, with bag and plate, to receive the gifts of the faithful. As to the service of the mass, it was fully an hour in length, and abounded in ceremonies intended to strike the imagination of the common people. The two priests who officiated were at times splendidly dressed. At times, too, the folding doors of the *skreen* were opened, revealing the great altar within. A splendidly-bound book was brought forth twice, and passages read from it. Prayers were intoned by the priests, and the responses chanted finely by the choir, but without an organ, for all instrumental music is forbidden in the Greek church.

Towards the close, the Lord's Supper was administered to the children that had been baptized, and to some others, but to no grown person, so far as I could see. The bread and the wine were mingled together, and the mixture, in form like gruel, was given to the children in a spoon, by the priest, the only way in which it could be administered to creatures so young.

Coming out of the Russian church, we entered, at the distance of a few rods, a splendid Protestant church. It is really one of the handsomest churches I have ever seen. It is built of brick, with a foundation of hewn granite, and is stuccoed both outside and in, and has almost the colour of white marble when seen from afar. In the form of a Greek cross, each end has a portico and six fine Corinthian columns. The roof contains a large central dome, and four smaller ones that serve to admit light. All five are of a sky-blue colour, with large gilded spangles here and there over them. The interior walls, columns, and pilasters of the church are perfectly plain. The only ornament is a very large new painting, representing the descent from the cross, that hangs over the altar at the upper end of one of the four ends. A handsome pulpit stands at one of the angles beneath the great dome. The entire floor, excepting the necessary aisles, is occupied by plain but very convenient pews, of a yellow colour.

When we arrived, the introductory services were nearly over: the congregation was large, completely filling the house. They were

singing the third hymn. A grand organ, with a choir of two men and three boys, served as an accompaniment to the congregation, who seemed to sing with much heart. The music was plain but excellent.

This being over, the preacher of the day, the Rev. Mr. Isselman, arose and preached a sermon, which a friend who was with me, and well capable of judging, pronounced to be excellent. It was forty minutes in length, and well delivered, or read rather. The preacher wore a plain black gown and bands. After a short address, he called on the people to pray, and the whole congregation, whether sitting in the pews, or standing in the aisles—as was the case with many—instantly bowed the head, and apparently repeated to themselves a prayer: it was the Lord's Prayer, I believe. Then the preacher read his text, which all the congregation heard standing. It was a beautiful sight. The subject of the sermon was the parable of the Publican and the Pharisee. At the close of the sermon followed the singing of a hymn, the offering up of several prayers, one of which related to the Emperor of Russia and the imperial family, the reading of several official documents of the State, and, last of all, the administration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, in which another pastor, rather too gorgeously dressed—as one sees in all the Scandinavian churches, and too much even in Germany—took a leading part. He commenced by intoning—certainly in an admirable manner, aided in the gentlest manner by a note or two, at briefest intervals, of the organ—the account of the institution of this sacred ordinance, as given in the Gospel. Then followed the administration, which was precisely as it is seen in the episcopal churches with us. As many as eight different companies, of twenty-five or thirty persons each, went successively forward to the semicircular place in front of the altar, and kneeled to receive the consecrated elements from the hands of the two officiating ministers.

The whole scene was beautiful, solemn, and most touching. It was really refreshing to attend a service so simple and majestic, and which contrasted so strikingly with the service of the Greek church, which we had just witnessed. I assure you, that whilst I felt deeply for the poor Russians, and was interested in their serious and devout manner, and offered up my heartfelt prayers for them, I could not but bless God, as I stood in the midst of that Swedish church, and contemplated its noble service, so rational and instructive, that I was born and educated in a Protestant land—in our happy America.

It is by such contrasts that we are made to understand the difference between a pure and scriptural worship, and that which the Roman and Greek churches—adding one superstitious ceremony to another—have, in the course of ages, contrived to build up, dazzling to the imagination, but impoverishing to the immortal spirit.

New York Journal of Commerce.

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A SENSITIVE VITAL ORGAN.

A MISSIONARY at the Sandwich Islands writes—

My observation is ever forcing upon my mind, with new strength, the conviction, unwelcome as it is, that the pocket, even of the great

multitude of Christ's disciples, is a most sensitive vital organ, guarded with a jealous vigilance, and defended, with an earnestness of action that cannot be surpassed, against all external attacks. And when, from time to time, the blessed Spirit moves, silently but powerfully, upon some selfish, niggardly heart of our number, and, unexpectedly to me, sends him with his dollar or two as an offering to the Missionary cause, I feel like going upon my knees and thanking God that, at last, there is a tangible ground of hope as to the reality of that man's faith. As a general rule, I cannot but feel, that when the cries of perishing men reach the pockets of any one of our people, they have unmistakably touched his heart just in the right spot, and furnished him and others with cheering evidence that the love of Christ is in him. Now, as he has opportunity and ability, he feeds his Master's sheep, gathered and to be gathered.

*Journal of Missions.*

### DAKOTA GODS.—AN IMPORTANT CHANGE.

THE Missionaries among the Dakotas say — "Twenty years ago, while we were employed in learning the Dakota language, if we asked any of the people what they prayed to, the reply was, 'Every thing;' and if we asked again to what they prayed most, the common answer was, 'Stones.' When any of them could be prevailed on to assign a reason for this preference for stones, it was, 'They are plenty,' many boulders being found scattered over the prairie. Even their principal men, at that time, freely acknowledged that they worshipped not only stones, herbs, and trees, but wolves, foxes, snakes, and, indeed, almost every natural object and many artificial ones, besides the spirits of their deceased relatives, and a host of imagined invisible beings. Then, if we endeavoured to persuade the men to cultivate the earth, they replied that it was well for white men to do so, but that they were made differently; for if they should work as white men did, they would die: the beings they worshipped would destroy them. And this idea, whether it originated with themselves, or was communicated to them by white men, had a powerful influence upon the minds of many.

"Now, when we inquire of them what they pray to, they almost universally reply, 'Wakantanka,' the *Great Spirit*, or *Great God*; and most of them feel insulted if charged with worshipping such things as wolves, foxes, or snakes. We suppose the change in phraseology is far greater than in fact, and that most of the people render nearly the same kind of worship as formerly, and to similar beings, though under a different name; yet the change is an important one. It affords important aid in preaching the gospel among them, as it is an acknowledgment, on their part, of a Supreme Being who claims their worship and service, and whom of course it is important to please. So, when we address them in the name of this being, to escape the force of our appeal they must either deny or doubt the truth of our message. Under the former phraseology, Wakantanka was only one of a multitude of gods, perhaps no more powerful than many others; or if, as the god of war, or of white men, more powerful, still not *their* god, and consequently having no particular claim to their love, fear, or service."

*Journal of Missions.*



NEPAUL.

THE Ghúrkhás, in the disquietudes of India, have been rendering to us good service. Our readers might wish to know something of them. They are a Hindú race, who conquered Nepaul in 1768, subduing the Newars, or aboriginal inhabitants, a people, whose flat noses, high



TRAVELLING IN NEPAUL.

cheek-bones, and small eyes, show them to be of Mongolian origin. The Ghúrkhas have since remained in the ascendant at Nepal.

Nepaul lies on the N.E. of Oude, being bounded on the south by various portions of the province of Bengal. Advancing from the British territories to Nepal, the traveller first crosses the Terai, a marshy tract, of a very unhealthy character. Then commences the great forest, containing a great variety of noble trees, and from eight to ten miles in breadth. The forest is succeeded by hills, which rise beyond into a mountainous country, which ascending, range on range, culminates in the inaccessible summits of the great Himalaya. The mountainous country between the hills and the alpine regions, having a breadth of from thirty to forty miles, consists of one mountain heaped on another, and diversified by several inhabited valleys, well watered by streams, varying in elevation from 3000 to 6000 feet above the plains of Bengal. Amongst these is the great valley of Nepal, with its cities of Khatmandoo the modern Ghúrka capital, Patn the old Newar capital, and Bhatgong. This valley is nearly of an oval figure, its greatest length being from north to south, in which direction it may be computed at twelve horizontal miles. It is enclosed on all sides by mountains; those on the north and south being of a stupendous character, and those on the east and west, less lofty. The valley, viewed from above, presents a beautiful scene, thickly dotted by villages, and abundantly chequered by rice-fields, fertilized by numerous streams. From other points of view the cities appear, and those sad appendages which proclaim Nepal to be an unevangelized land—heathen temples.

#### HINDUISM IN ITS PRACTICAL INFLUENCE.

ON the 19th of December 1817 a British force of 1100 men, commanded by General Hardyman, defeated 5000 Mahrattas, the troops of the rajah of Nagpur. The victory was gained at a place called Jubbulpur, on the right bank of the Nerbudda, about 222 miles S.W. of Allahabad, which, with the surrounding district, became from that time British territory. Situated in a populous and highly-cultivated country, it has become a large, well-built, and thriving place, with a cantonment for troops, native and European, and a school of industry. Within the last few years it has been occupied as one of our Missionary stations.

On taking possession of the country, we found there a representative of a race of Gond rajahs, which had been prolonged, from generation to generation, for many hundred years, reduced, under Mahratta oppression, to great misery and indigence. This man's condition was commiserated, and, by British benevolence, he was placed in possession of land, which yielded him some 8000 rupees annually.

Time passed on, and Shankar Sahae—for such was his name—had become an aged man, and, with his old age, came the eventful year of 1857, and the paroxysm of rebellion which has convulsed India. The 52d Native Infantry was stationed at Jubbulpur. Several months ago it showed symptoms of a mutinous disposition, so much so, that the Residency was fortified, and the Europeans retired within its defences, keeping a strict look out, and prepared for any contingency. It might have been supposed, that whoever proved false, Shankar Sahae would not, and that he would take this opportunity of repaying to the English

the debt of kindness that he owed them. Alas ! it has been quite otherwise. For two or three months, he, with his eldest son, was busily engaged in plotting the destruction of the English at Jubbulpur, the destruction of the houses by fire, and a scene of general plunder. The European officers in command, having been informed of this, proceeded to ascertain the truth. A *chuprassi* was sent in the disguise of a fakir, to whom the old rajah and his son communicated all their schemes. They were seized and tried, and, being found guilty, were sentenced to be blown from guns in the Residency compound on September 18th. A piteous sight it was to see the old, white-haired rajah with calmness and dignity awaiting the execution of the sentence. As he was bound to the muzzle of a gun, his hands and feet to the wheels, not a feature moved. Miserable man ! what led him to such ingratitude ? His religion, if such it should be called. In his bag, after his death, was found the following invocation to Kalí, the black goddess, to whom human blood is supposed to be a peculiarly acceptable sacrifice.

Close up the mouths of talebearers :  
 Having chewed the talebearers, eat them.  
 Grind to pieces the enemies :  
 Kill the enemies.  
 Having killed the English, scatter them.  
 O mat Chunda (O mother Devi) let none escape.  
 Kill the enemy and their families.  
 Protect Shankar Sahae, and preserve your disciples.  
 Listen to the calling of the poor.  
 Make haste, O mat Hackuka (Devi),  
 Eat the unclean race.  
 Do not delay, and devour them quickly,  
 O terrible mother Kali.

Had the Hindús been Christians, would they have acted as they have done ? Some from amongst them have become Christians, and they have stood with us side by side, and have shown all good fidelity. There are native Christians, to the number of several hundreds, shut up in the fort of Agra. On the evening before the battle of Agra, they came, with their wives and children, to the gates of the fort, imploring to be sheltered, as the enemy was at hand. It was with great difficulty the authorities were induced to admit them. But they have since rendered good service in saving medical stores from a house nearly a mile from the fort, in carrying sick and wounded, and taking service wherever they found it. And in that respect they have been in great request ; all the heathen and Mohammedan servants having fled from the fort.

Is it of no consequence to us whether the man be a Hindú or a Christian ? Such has hitherto been the principle of our Government. We have been made to feel that there is a wide difference. Let us see to it, that for the future we so act as to convince the natives we have learned the lesson. Vengeance there must be : not on the dupes, but on the abominable superstitions which have made them so heartless and sanguinary.

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RENEWAL OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

OUR readers will be pained at the heading of this article. But, nevertheless, it is no less true than painful that the slave-trade at the present

time is being very actively prosecuted, and that by various parties, the Spaniards, Americans, and, we are constrained to add, by the French. It is true, the latter nation disavows the idea of slave-trade proceedings, and calls its efforts free emigration. But no such procedure is practicable on the West-African coast. There are none to be found there disposed to emigrate of their own free will. Their attachment to their native land is too strong. Moreover, in tropical Africa, nine-tenths of the population are in domestic slavery to the other tenth. The slavery is of a very mild character, generally speaking, carrying with it no excessive labour. The masters are not likely to emigrate, nor will they part with their slaves unless they be paid for them, and then the transaction is comprehensive of all the elements of slave-dealing, in which one buys, another sells, and another is bartered, from one owner to another, against his will.

The French, however, have formed other views; and a commercial house at Marseilles, that of Regis, under authority from the French Emperor, has despatched a screw-steamer, called the "Stella," to Whydah, the seaport of Dahomey, for the purpose of purchasing 1200 slaves. They have, however, not succeeded as they had expected; not because slaves are not available, Gezo, of Dahomey, by his cruel slave-wars, undertaking to find the materials; but because they find themselves out-bidden in the market by the Spaniards. The Spaniards ship for Cuba, where the merchants, enriched by the sale of slave-grown sugars in British ports, are able to purchase freely. The Spaniard on the African coast, is in a position to outbid the Frenchman, and give nearly double as much money for a slave. The "Stella," therefore, has been obliged to move further down the coast in search of her so-called free emigrants, while the Spaniards have been shipping freely in the American ships which they have hired for the purpose, because our cruisers have no right of search on board an American vessel, the Americans undertaking to maintain a maritime police at sea for their own shipping; an obligation which they persuade themselves they fulfil by keeping on the coasts a few lubberly, heavy-sailing ships, from which the smart slave-schooners easily slip away.

Our steam-cruisers are, however, active, and are doing something; and the old story is renewed of captured slave-ships being brought into Sierra Leone, and cargoes of slaves landed as liberated Africans. In July last, Her Majesty's Steamer "Antelope" brought in the slave-brigatine "Jupiter," with seventy slaves on board. On August 1st Her Majesty's Steamer "Teazer" gave chase to a suspicious vessel. The chase was a severe one, the slaver crowding on all sail; casks of meat, quantities of rice, twenty-five stands of arms, cutlasses, cabooses, &c., being thrown overboard to lighten her; and, although the cruiser put on all steam and all sail, the prey would have escaped, but that the wind lulled. On board this vessel, the "Abbot Devereux," with two captains and two crews, one Spanish the other American, were found 224 Africans, male and female. They have been landed at Freetown, the men in a very emaciated condition, the women and children well and cheerful. Our last communications from Sierra Leone inform us, that, during the previous week, between 400 and 500 slaves had been landed at that refuge. It is to be feared, however, that a very small proportion only of the slaves come into the grasp of the cruisers, the enormous

number of 30,000 slaves having reached the shores of Cuba during the last twelvemonth. So open and bold have these proceedings become, that in the port of Havanah itself, three distinct landings have taken place, one numbering 400 slaves, the second about 300, and the third consisting of 200 negro children. It is calculated, moreover, that not less than sixty vessels are afloat with cargoes. How long shall Spanish Cuba perpetrate her atrocities, America permitting its sailors and ships to become accomplices with the Spaniards?

Meanwhile, the effect on the lawful commerce which had commenced so favourably in the Yoruba country, has been most disastrous: the chiefs of Ibadan have recommenced their slave-hunting wars; and our Missionaries, in their journeyings, have met unhappy groups of captives on their way through Abbeokuta to Whydah, to be sold to the white slave-dealer. How the earth groans beneath the wrongs and sufferings which man inflicts upon his fellow!

ABRAHAM AND HIS DRUM.

OTTA, a town in that portion of Africa which is known to us by the name of Yoruba, to which the following narrative refers, lies between Lagos on the coast, and Abbeokuta, the centre of our operations in that country. Situated between two powerful tribes, who were wont to be in continual hostility with each other, the Ijebus on the one hand and the Egbas on the other, the inhabitants of Otta were exposed to great suffering, wishing to remain neutral, and unable to do so; compelled to side with one, and then sure to be plundered and wasted by the other. The selection of this place as a Missionary station has introduced a new era in the history of Otta, and a season of peace has been granted to it, to which it had been long a stranger. The Egbas on the one side, and the Ijebus on the other, have been persuaded to leave it unmolested; and opportunity has been afforded of bringing before these poor people the gospel of peace and love, a service in which our native Missionary, the Rev. James White, has been indefatigable. That his efforts have not been unsuccessful will appear from the following touching incident which he has communicated to us—

Abraham Ajaka is one of our first converts here, and was baptized by the late Bishop Weeks, when he visited us in December. He is the grandson of one of the kings of Otta. When a youth, he was fired with an ardent passion of becoming a drummer; but, being extracted of noble parentage, that profession was considered despicable, and beneath his rank, as all drummers are beggars; and therefore every effort was made to divert his attention another way. Nothing, however, but possession could satiate his invincible desire. Contrary, therefore, to his parent's wish, he placed himself under a master to learn the art; and, in course of time, had made such proficiency in it, that he became the most famous drummer in all Otta. He not only acted the part of a drum-major in time of war, to rouse the drooping spirits of the soldiers, and to inspire them with courage, as also to sound the praises of the war-chiefs;

but without his presence, the idolatrous worship and devotion of the pagans would be cold and devoid of life, for then it was necessary to drum the attributes of the various deities, and to awaken them to be propitious to them. It formed, also, a principal part of the rite for the interment of the dead; and when he was employed in none of these ways, his leisure hours were spent in going about with the drum to flatter and compliment the chiefs and men of rank, with a view of obtaining cowries from them. It is principally from this source he derives his maintenance. He was a great opposer of the gospel, and on one occasion he severely beat his nephew for listening to the preaching of the gospel in one of their streets. He has no children, and this has ever been a cause of much grief to him and his wife; and they had vainly spent all their living in supplicating the gods to favour them with an offspring. This was the state in which I found him when I introduced the gospel to him, and, after much difficulty, he accepted a primer from me, simply with a view of obtaining a child from God; but, as he himself afterwards confessed, "I have found what is more precious than children: having Jesus, I forget all about children." A long time after he had embraced Christianity, he gave up all his idols to me, but he thought nothing could part him and his drum; and one of his inquiries always was, whether our religion forbids drumming. Finding that a direct answer would be repulsive to his feelings, and occasion a relapse, I told him not to be in a hurry about that, but that he should not beat it on the Lord's-day. This was a day he could not dispense with, as there are times when the sacred days of the heathen fall in with our Sabbath, and such are lucky days with Abraham, for then he gets more cowries. He thought, nevertheless, he could do it by stealth, and two or three Sundays he set out before daybreak with his drum, but it was very strange—he could not beat it for any length of time; for, as soon as he commenced, the leather burst, and it became useless, and then he saw at once, that though nobody saw him, God saw him, and His hand was against him. Since then he left off beating on Sundays. About ten months ago he came to me to ask again whether our religion forbids drumming. Knowing that, by the instruction he had undergone, he was sufficiently prepared for a more decided answer, I took the following course to convince him. "Whose praises do you celebrate with those sounds you make with your drum?" said I; to which he replied, "The gods'," and then went on enumerating them. I asked, further, "How would you like to have a child, who sides with your enemies, and uses all his efforts to extol and magnify them?" "I would be very indignant," he said. I continued, "Can you be a true child of God when you espouse the cause of His greatest enemy, the devil? And do you not, in effect, recognise idols to be something? Besides, not only the images we worship are sinful in the sight of God, but every thing that our hearts and affections are too much set upon, becomes an idol, for God has the first claims to our affections. I cannot compel you to leave off drumming, but ponder it over in your heart, and you will soon be able to tell whether or not it becomes you." This produced the desired effect. He left off his practice altogether. But he had to encounter many temptations; for his friends and companions endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose by presents and entreaties. He received, also, many invitations, attended with rich offers, all which

he overcame. About three months ago he voluntarily brought me his drum, and said thus—"God is great. I never thought that any one could take off my affections from this my favourite pursuit; but God has done so. Take it, and do what you like with it. I paid fifteen heads of cowries for it (seven and a half dollars). I have been offered much more for it, but I have refused." I received the drum, and have since been considering about what use to make of it, till last Saturday, when the Rev. Mr. Townsend, on his way to Abbeokuta from Lagos, arrived here, and lodged with us. I told him of the drum, and he was anxious to see it; and, on seeing it, he said it is the kind he wanted to purchase for you, and he would have been glad to pay for it. I sent for Abraham, and Mr. Townsend offered to pay for it; but he refused, saying, "Abraham of old sacrificed his only son to God. I have no child, but I give this."

Mr. Townsend has therefore suggested that the drum should be sent to you, with some account of it. But as I think he can manage with it better than myself, I send it to him, to be forwarded to you. The two smaller ones are accompaniments to the mother-drum, without which the sounds would be imperfect. They are generally carried about by two boys after Abraham.

While preparing to send up the drum to the Rev. Mr. Townsend this evening, a messenger arrived from Ado, a town several miles from this place, sent by Asade, one of the chiefs there, with a bottle of rum, to beg Abraham to sell him his drum, as he heard that he had left off beating; but he told the messenger, who happened to be Abraham's own teacher in drumming, that it was too late; and, for the sake of conviction, brought him to me with the bottle of rum. The drum is generally acknowledged to be of the best quality. It requires to be always exposed to the sun in order to be kept dry.

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#### NATIVE-AFRICAN PSALMODY.

OTTA has been already referred to in this Number in connexion with Abraham and his drum. There is another point of interest connected with our congregation there, which has been communicated to us by our Missionary, the Rev. H. Townsend. We introduce his letter just as we have received it. Our readers will understand, that, at the time, he was on his journey from Abbeokuta to Lagos. At the conclusion we shall find mention made of Abraham.

*Otta, Aug. 30th, 1857.*

I finish my letter to you in Lagos, but I feel constrained to write again, in order to give you some account of the development of the musical, and, I suppose I must say, poetical taste of the Otta converts. On my way hither yesterday, my carriers—converts from Abbeokuta—gave me an account of the singing there that appeared novel: they seemed offended at it. "They sing country hymns and country tunes, Sir; and Mr. White allows it: you will hear to-morrow, Sir." But we had not to wait long in order to get a sample, for we overtook some of the Otta converts, and they sang us one or two of their hymns. It seemed to me that they were tunes, although native in their character, yet of considerable length, and more taste than native tunes generally display. I learnt from Mr. White, that, finding a difficulty in getting

English tunes sung, his congregation set to work to correct the evil. The result is, that they have some thirteen or fourteen native-Christian hymns and tunes, the hymns and tunes being composed by the same person. I will give you the sense of the two first. The first consists of two verses of three lines each, as written in Mr. White's book.

## HYMN I.

The Almighty is sufficient to save.  
Do you hold the pillar Jesus,  
                    You sons of Otta ?  
Do you prepare that we may serve the Lord ?  
We have missed the road : we are blind.  
O Lord, have mercy on us,  
                    We despised Ottas !  
Take away the power of Satan over us.

## HYMN II.

What love this is ! what mercy !  
God, the offended, takes His Son to sacrifice  
For sinners such as we are.  
Yes, God Almighty we will serve :  
Let us render thanks.

The tune for the last is of considerable length ; as long, or longer, than our ordinary hymn-tunes. I have taken it down, and, at two-four time, it occupies thirty-four bars. One they sang this afternoon was done with much feeling. It is as follows—

We have served the creature more than the Creator ;  
We served the blind, we served the lame ;  
We served him who had no eyes : they could not save themselves,  
Not to speak of saving us.  
Come, and serve the Creator, all of us :  
Come, and serve God the Saviour :  
Come, and serve Him, who carries all our sins away.

They sang soberly until they came to the words, "Come, and serve," and then they sang with animation, and as loud as they could.

I was much struck with it, being native production. I regard it as very valuable, an earnest of what may be done. I will try to get them, with the tunes, written out, and send you by the next mail. The difficulty is with the tunes : they are so entirely different in character to our music, that it is difficult to arrange. The tunes are one part only.

A native musician has joined the church, and given up his drums. They are very costly here. I have recommended Mr. White to send them to you for the Museum. He played one of these hymn-tunes for me on his drum, not the time only, but the tune also. I never saw a drum in England equal to an African war-drum : rude and barbarous as it is in some respects, yet when they beat on one drum an octave of musical notes, it is more than the monstrous English drum can do.

The congregation here is of a very encouraging character, and there is a nice Sunday-school. One of those first baptized in Abbeokuta is a member of this church : now there are two others also from Abbeokuta. I have been encouraged of late in seeing some of our out-stations : there is enough to show that there is a blessing in them. At Bioku town there are two men who have suffered affliction for the truth's sake, but not yet baptized."



## STREET PREACHING IN A CHINESE CITY.

IT is well to be enabled to realize the position of our Missionary brethren, who, in distant lands, are bearing the heat and burden of the day. We can better help them by our prayers, just as we understand their peculiar difficulties, and wherein they need help. Let our readers peruse the following specimen of street-preaching in the great city of Fuh-chau, and ask themselves what do our Missionaries need?—alone amidst a crowd of curious, loquacious Chinese, intelligent enough on other matters, but on the great subject of God, the soul, eternity, dark as though they had no eyes—what do they need? What patience, composure, wisdom, readiness, utterance! Do they not need the indwelling power of the Holy Ghost? Let this, then, be the burden of our prayers. One of the two Missionaries at Fuh-chau, the Rev. F. M'Caw, of great promise, has been taken to his rest. Mr. Fearnley is now alone, and craves from us help in every way. The following is an extract from his last journal—

*March 16, 1857*—Went down to day, at a later hour than was our custom in the winter months, on account of the increasing power of the sun. To-day we had also a private errand into the city, viz. to change some silver for daily expenses. This took us to a part of the city which we do not much frequent for preaching purposes. Entering a lane to the east of the South Street, I soon separated from my companion, Mr. M'Caw, he proceeding further on, and I being detained by a noisy, eager crowd, clamouring for the books which they saw I had in my bag. I gave one to the foremost man among the crowd, and then, hastily planting my back against the wall of a house to secure my rear, I proposed to tell them a little about the book which they were so anxious to obtain, which, was indeed, the Gospel of St. Matthew. "Why," I said, "the book may be bad which you are thus scrambling for, and then it will profit you nothing to read it, but rather hurt you. I think, therefore, that I had better tell you a little about its contents; and then, if you think them good, distribute the book." "Yes, yes: tell us, tell us," resounded from several voices. And by this time, when they found I could talk to them in their own tongue, they assumed a more orderly and quiet appearance, composing themselves calmly to listen—"When they heard that he spake to them in the Hebrew tongue, they kept the more silence." "It's the more needful," I began, "that I should say a few words in explanation of this book before I distribute it amongst you; for, as compared with the books of this side—the books of your honourable kingdom—it differs considerably. Your books exhort to virtuous action. This book which I bring among you this day also exhorts to virtuous actions, but, further, tells of atonement for sins. You understand me: sin, fault, transgression."—I am always thus particular to test the exact certainty of their comprehending my meaning, for the faces of a Chinese audience are generally singularly apathetic, and you really fear that they have failed to catch your meaning—"You understand," I said, "if a man does bad business he offends against heaven. Now, when a man has offended against heaven, where shall he obtain atonement for his sins? Can he atone for them himself, think you?"

Can he himself expiate them?" Here I paused, wishing to elicit some answer from them; but partly the novelty of a foreigner talking to them ties their tongues; and partly—for all my audience to day in that narrow lane were of the uneducated sort—sheer inaptitude for making a reply to a question thus remote from their ordinary subjects of conversation, kept them silent. So I resumed. "Why," I said, "if I offend against a man, I cannot expiate that offence, much less against heaven. But you'll ask me for a proof—an instance. Well, then, first I'll ask you. Heaven, man. Is heaven great? is man great?" the Chinese idiom for asking is heaven or man the greater?—"Heaven is great." "Yes, heaven is great. You inhabitants of China think that heaven is great; and I, an outside-kingdom man, I also think that heaven is great. Well, to offend against heaven, or to offend against man, which kind of offence is the heavier, the greater, the more important?" "To offend against heaven, that is the greater." "Yes; that is just what I think likewise. Now, if I offend against a man, I cannot do away that offence: for instance, in the street here I do some bad business, beat a man or kill a man for example. The officer seizes me, and thinks to punish me; but I say, 'Don't punish me: I am very sorry: I repent of my misdoing. I will do this bad business no more, but henceforward will do the tip-top good business; I think that you should pardon me, and let me go.' Will the officer let me go, think you? will he thus pardon me? He will not. He will say, 'You've done bad business: you must receive punishment.' Therefore I cannot atone for my sin before man, when I have offended against him: I cannot atone for my offence before the magistrate, when I have offended against him, and he is but a man. And when I have offended against heaven shall I be able to atone for my offence: I shall not, I shall not. It will be utterly beyond my power." Here were murmurs among the crowd at the time that I paused, that a sanguine mind might interpret into some sort of acquiescence in the preceding argument; but whether it be so, or whether they were simply murmurs of astonishment at my earnestness—for you may imagine that I was sufficiently emphatic in my final negative—I cannot determine. However, I resumed, and at this time I brought them to the consideration of my first assertion, viz. that my book tells about the atonement for sins, and who it is that makes that atonement. My words were some such as these—"You cannot atone for sins yourself; but my book tells of One who has atoned, and that is"—pausing to watch their countenance at the utterance of that mysterious name; for here, as elsewhere, those words are fulfilled which Simeon spake to Mary His mother, 'a sign which shall be spoken against.'—that is—Jesus." The syllables had not fully issued from my lips before one general glance and murmur ran through the whole crowd: each cast a most significant look at his neighbour, and each received an equally significant look in return, as much as to say, "Ah! it is this Jesus; it is what they are always telling us about: they have but one tale." Such was the apparent feeling of my audience to day, and it is true of many, many audiences on other days. There was no shout of tumultuous scorn and laughter to-day, as there sometimes is when that holy name is mentioned; but just a quiet smile, that would have been more freely indulged, but that they had been interested in parts of my discourse, and did not wish to give me offence. "Yes, it is Jesus," I proceeded, "who can do this; who can make atonement for sins; and

furthermore, my book says that there is no other besides who can do the same. Man cannot do it for himself; and only one, viz. this one, Jesus, can do it for him. If you ask me how He atoned for sins, what He did to make this atonement, I answer, that he died for sinful men, in their place, in their stead. For instance I am a sinful man: I have offended against heaven: I deserve to die, to go down to hell, and suffer everlasting pain; but Jesus came, and died in my stead, atoned for my sins, rescued me that I should not sink to hell, but should rise to heaven. You inhabitants of China do not yet believe these things, and so you do not love Jesus; nay, you hate Him, and ridicule Him; and when I walk along the streets here, the boys shout and laugh, and say, 'Jesus, Jesus, how big? how high?' But I love Him, and reverence Him, and worship Him, and serve Him, and abide by His injunctions. I am called the 'slave of Jesus.' Men have various designations, and that is mine, the 'slave of Jesus.' You wonder, but no need to wonder, I am properly His slave, for He bought me, and paid much, very much, for my price; more precious than gold, or silver, or brass, even the precious treasure of His own blood, and that He gave for my price. And so I am His slave, and most willing I am to obey His commandments. If He bids me do thus, thus I do. If He bids me not do that, that I do not do." And presently I ceased, and the books were distributed, and I walked slowly home, followed by many boys, and some grown people. "Behold a sower went forth to sow, and when he sowed, some seed fell by the wayside—some fell upon stony places—and some fell among thorns—but other fell into good ground." Therefore sow: if in tears, if in fears, if in much faintheartedness, still sow.



## SONGS OF THE KINGDOM.

(BY THE REV. JOHN EDMOND.)

### ISAIAH XXXV.

DESERT plains shall blossom fair,  
 All with flowery verdure clad;  
 Lonely wastes shall harvest bear,  
 Echoing through the odorous air  
 Voices of the glad.

Regions drear, whose burning sands  
 Nursed afar the fell simoom,  
 Rich as Sharon's cultured lands,  
 Beautiful as Carmel stands,  
 Robed in vines, shall bloom.

Horeb's heights, where horrors frown—  
 Naked wilderness of stone!—  
 Oaks shall shade and cedars crown,  
 Like the mountains of renown,  
 Glorious Lebanon.

Where the robber made his den,  
 Gloomy haunt of blood and fear,  
 Happy homes of holy men  
 Meet the lingering pilgrim's ken,  
 Hymns of praise his ear.

Where the venomed asp had crept,  
 Where the fiery scorpion lay,  
 Where the gorged hyæna slept,  
 Childhood fair, that never wept,  
 Fearlessly shall play.

For the glory of the Lord,  
 E'en our own God's excellency,  
 When the Spirit forth is poured,  
 Second Comforter adored!  
 All the earth shall see.

Strengthen, then, the trembling knee;  
 Bid the fainting heart be strong;  
 Fear not, meek ones, fear not ye!  
 God shall come, and foes shall flee;  
 Wake, O lands, to song!

Lame men, leaping as the fawn,  
 Hail the promised Healer come;  
 Blindness, with its veil withdrawn,  
 Gazes, raptured, on the dawn;  
 Shout for joy the dumb.

Fountains from the desert gushing  
 Cleave with grateful streams the sands;  
 Reeds by glassy pools are rushing,  
 Dragon-lairs are gardens flushing  
 In the parched lands.

There the King's highway is seen—  
 Way of holiness and light,  
 Never trod by steps unclean;  
 Simple wayfarers therein  
 Err not from the right.

There no lion fierce shall stalk,  
 There no ravening beast may roam;  
 God's redeemed alone there walk;  
 'Of the city still their talk,'  
 Whither go they home.

So, at length, with voice of songs,  
 Crowned with gladness fading never,  
 Heaven receives the ransomed throngs;  
 Tears and sighings, woes and wrongs,  
 Flee away for ever.